

Revenge.

Revenge is a naked sword—
It has neither hilt nor guard;
Wouldst thou wield this brand of the Lord?
Is thy grasp, then, firm and hard?

But the closer thy clutch of the blade,
The deadlier blow thou wouldst deal,
Deeper wound in thy hand is made—
It is thy blood reddens the steel

And when thou hast dealt the blow—
When the blade from thy hand has
flown,
Instead of the heart of the foe,
Thou mayst find it sheathed in thine
own.

—The Century.

TALKS TO YOUNG MEN.

The Triumphant Young Man.

Life is a battle. All life is. Our physical existence is a contest with the laws of decay. Our mental life is a struggle with ignorance. Our moral life is a battle with temptation. And our spiritual life is a war with depravity. Men do not float into success, they strive for it. All mastery comes by contention. All triumphant life requires courage, perseverance and faithfulness.

1. The triumphant young man conquers his work. One of the first and most important lessons for a lad to learn is work first and play afterwards. The wood sawed, the chores done, the lesson learned, then for fun. He who thus attains the habit of work before play, has learned one of the secrets of success. But to be triumphant over work means not only promptness, but thoroughness, so that when you are through you can say, "This is done not half done." When a lesson is only half learned, only skimmed over, time is lost, but when the lesson is completely learned, it is mastered forever. Work done the best it can be done is a victory. When the lesson is learned or the work done, and one can say, "I know that lesson as well as any one knows it, and that work has not to be done over," he is succeeding. Such men rise on granite steps—each one solid and a foundation for the next. Laziness is one of the original sins. Tardiness causes one half of life's failures. He has mastered the most of life's battles who has conquered the disposition to fold his hands and wait awhile. Promptness is victory.

2. He is a triumphant young man who conquers his own disposition. Nervousness covers a multitude of sins, but the old farmer was about right when he called it "cussedness." It is a weakness—this boiling over so quickly. People say, "Oh, I was born so—with a quick temper I can not help it." So much the more need of being born again." Self-control is the greatest of all control. Self-possession is one of the highest of all possessions. There is more manhood sometimes in holding one's temper when a shirt button is gone or when the dinner is late, than in facing a cannon's mouth. Excitableness is a blessing when controlled, for it gives energy to the virtues, but it destroys dignity and self-respect when it gains the mastery. The more fiery a horse the better when under control, but the more dangerous when he gets the power in his own possession. A boiling, hissing, steam-engine is a magnificent machine when governed, but a fearful destroyer when let loose. A madman is one who has lost control of himself. So the temper approaches madness when it boils over. The passions will boil, but keep them from boiling over. Getting "mad" is the tiger conquering the man. Fighting is the brute rising above the soul. He who consents to quarrel is conquered before he begins. By consenting he has surrendered.

3. The triumphant young man conquers his passions and appetites. These were all given for our joy and usefulness, but when they use us, and not we them, then the animal rises above the spiritual and the man is a slave. No man is free who is led by his passions. When a man must have a glass of wine or a cigar, he is a slave. When any pleasure becomes a necessity it is an evil. When a young man thinks he must go to the theater or ball room, he has lost his freedom. His manhood is under. The triumphant young man is the one who controls the appetites and the passions and the fire in him for good. In physical games men throw off all incumbrances. Everything that interferes must go. Thus the evil of many things is not in the positive injury they do, but that they keep the soul from growing. All such things the triumphant young man rises above.

Twenty-five years ago, two young men went to Lowell from a rural town in New Hampshire. They were old schoolmates and each came from respectable homes to seek their fortunes. They found work in the same shop, boarded at the same house, and occupied the same room. At the close of the first week's labor, after supper,

Charles said, "Come let's go and have a drink, buy a ticket to the show and have a good time." They started. Soon, however, Henry said, "Charles, I'm not going to do it. I'm going back to the room and write home. I promised mother I would not take a drop that would intoxicate, would keep good company and go to church." "You are a silly fellow," said Charles. "I'm bound to enjoy life. You may be a slave to your mother's whims if you want to. I'll be free." Each took his course. To-day, Charles is in a drunkard's grave, having died poor, unhonored and almost unwept. Henry is one of the most wealthy, useful, honored and happy deacons in Lowell. Which was triumphant?

4. He is triumphant who, looking back can see wherein he has gained the mastery over his selfishness, can see wherein he hates sin more and loves the good as he did not, who finds that he has grown in his intelligence, his generosity, his charity, and his usefulness—in other words, who can feel that his moral manhood has advanced.

5. Lastly, he is triumphant who has conquered his heart and given his will to Christ, and thus risen above the mere human and entered into fellowship with the divine. A man rises superior to himself when he consecrates himself to Christ. He is triumphant when his sins are forgiven, when peace has entered his heart and he has become a child of the King, when free from social bondage his life is useful and he dies in joyful trust in Christ.

I stood at the bedside of a dying young man who had lived a life of refined, social pleasure, free from immoralities; who was intelligent and amiable but trusted in his cleanness and morality. He had felt that he was good enough without Christ. But as eternal things came nearer to his soul, he began to see his own heart, until a deep, sad look of bitter dissatisfaction came to him and he cried out in dark despair for help. That was not triumph.

I stood by the side of another bright, intelligent young man, who had for several years been an earnest Christian, and as I knelt by his side with weeping father, mother, and sister standing by, and asked him how it was, his quick, joyful, triumphant answer was, "Oh, this is splendid! Christ is so near." He was triumphant.

Her Religion.

BY MRS. M. E. SANGSTER.

The summer boarders who had lingered latest at a certain mountain inn were packing their trunks for departure. With the bright leaves, and the first frosts, although the landscape was lovely, and the air exhilarating, the matrons and maidens felt themselves beckoned to town, and already one and another was laying aside the holiday feeling, and beginning to think of all she would have to do when she took up the old routine again.

"I shall be glad to the last day of my life that I came here this year," said Mrs. Frahl, a pale, tired-looking woman, to her friend Mrs. Tibert. "I have learned something from Miss Huldah that neither sermons nor Sunday-schools ever taught me, and I think, or at least I hope, that I may get more good from my Bible in days to come. I've been so weary and worried all my life—you know nothing about trouble and care, Mrs. Tibert, with your devoted husband and lovely children, and plenty to do with in the way of money; you ought to be cheerful, of course, but Huldah Brown is worse off than I am, and her religion helps her."

"It ought to help us all," replied Mrs. Tibert, gently.

"It's very well to say that it ought," was the answer. "But we both know that it does not help every one as it helps her. Look at her now."

Both ladies glanced from the window to see Miss Huldah making her way, slowly, by the aid of her crutch, to a garden-seat under a great golden maple. Trooping around her were nearly all the children in the house, some frolicking in front, others dancing by her side, one carrying a hassock for her feet, another a pillow to make an easier rest for her back. Presently she was established in her favorite place, and the children arranging themselves about her in various attitudes she began telling them a story.

"Huldah is poor, and plain, and lame. She has no specially shining qualities, and nobody ever heard of her outside a very narrow circle," said Mrs. Frahl. "But she has simply been an angelic presence in this hotel, all summer. Think of the quiet, peaceful Sunday afternoons we've had, because she chose to hold a Bible-class for those young people out there on the lawn—a class which drew into it not the children only, but the gay girls and the young fellows from college. Think of our Sunday evenings, when

we've gathered in the drawing-room, and had such charming hours of praise, all because Miss Huldah set things in proper train, knew whom to enlist, who could sing, who could play, and which were the hymns that everybody knew. Think of how ready she has been to make strangers acquainted with one another, and to set shy people at ease. Think of the books she has sent, and the old ladies she has amused. Why, she hasn't seemed to once think of herself all these weeks!"

"There is a charm of manner about the little woman," Mrs. Tibert assented thoughtfully. "But why may we not attribute it all to natural amiability? Why do you set the whole credit down to religion, as if hers were a more pronounced affair than that of others?"

"I peeped over her shoulder yesterday, when she had her 'Every Day' text-book in her hand, and this was the verse: 'In the multitude of thy thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.'"

"Miss Huldah," I said timidly, "I've always been tongue-tied, so far as my inner life is concerned, though you won't think so this morning. I'm afraid, 'tell me, do you find God's comforts a constant delight?'"

"She paused a moment, then her face lighted, and that rare smile came into her eyes."

"I haven't words to describe the peace and joy," she said, "the blessed resting on the dear Redeemer. The sense of my dependence never leaves me, but the strong arm never fails me, either. You have seen a little child lying softly in the hollow of the father's arm—that's the way I feel since I've just let myself go, and have learned to give myself up to him, doing his will so far as I see it, and never resisting it, even in thought."

"We talked a little longer, and she quoted that stanza which we all know,

"In a service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me."

"I ventured to ask, 'Miss Huldah, do you never feel anxious about the future? Are you never afraid of what may happen in days to come?'"

"Why, no," she answered, laughing. "There are no 'ifs' and 'mays' in my heavenly Father's pledges. I just accept what he promises, and 'he that believeth hath everlasting life,' you remember. It's just 'glory begun below,' you see."

"Somebody called the dear little woman away, and I watched her white gown, and the tall crutch, as she walked down the broad path between the lilies. I made up my mind that her religion was the right kind, since it kept her from needless worry, and made her strong when others would be weak, and sweet when some would be bitter. I made up my mind to ask God's help to let his comforts delight me, too, and I hope I'll have grace given not to fret so much if my dividend fails, nor to be so disappointed that my boy prefers business to college, nor so vexed that Edith is going to marry a poor man, when another, who had a fortune, wooed her with so much ardor."

The fact is, Mrs. Tibert, my religion has never done much for me in my everyday life. It hasn't had a fair chance. I've been such a worrying soul. But, and the worn face grew younger in the smile which illumined it, "I'm just going hereafter to believe that the Lord knew what he was about, when he said, 'Take no thought for the morrow, your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.'"

Dear friends, are there not more of us who need an every-day religion, in which no "ifs" nor "mays" disturb the even tenor of our faith?—
Congregationalist.

Fault Finding.

There are parents who truly love their children and mean to make them happy, yet who form a habit of reproving them for every slight misdeed or awkwardness, and with reckless disregard of their self-respect or sensitiveness, snub and rebuke with stern voice and hard manner, in the presence of other members of the family and even of strangers. Such treatment hardens into stubbornness or irritates and discourages children, and we have known persons who said, that when children they had a constant sense of being under censure, and a source of annoyance to their parents. A lady once said, "I always felt in my father's presence, ill at ease, and as though I was a trial to him, as on account of my awkwardness of manner, or inadvertency of speech, I was the subject of constant reproofs. 'Don't let your shoulders drop forward in that slovenly manner,' 'sit up,' 'step livelier,' 'don't draw your sentences,' 'don't speak so loud,' and so on, till I felt that no effect of mine would ever make my presence agreeable to my father. Some one says truly that, 'Reproof that pushes the reprovand down from the reprover does ordinarily more harm than good. A constant tone of 'I am disgusted with you' never helped anybody."

There are teachers who oppress their pupils with the sense of being only tolerated. The sharp sarcasm, the sneer, and generally disgusted one in which some teachers reprimand pupils, who in their estimation are stupid or negligent. It is only a wonder that so many children survive such discipline, and are preserved from hardness of heart, or broken spiritedness, for such would be the natural effect of such treatment. There is no possible excuse for thus bruising the tender hearts of children, offending their self-respect. It is a direct disregard of the Golden Rule—"As ye would that others should do unto you, do ye even so to them."—*Baptist Weekly.*

Entire Consecration.

As earth is but a point compared with heaven, so are earthly troubles compared with heavenly joys.

Certain Moravian missionaries, in the old time of slavery, went to one of the West India Islands to preach, and found they could not be permitted to preach there unless they themselves became slaves; and they did so—they voluntarily entered into bondage, never to return, that they might save slaves' souls.

We have heard of another pair of holy men who actually submitted to be confined in a lazar house that they might save the souls of lepers, knowing, as they did, that they would never be permitted to come out again; they went there to take the leprosy and die, if by so doing they might save souls. I have read of one, Thome de Jesu, who went to Barbary among the Christian captives, and there lived and died in banishment and bondage that he might cheer his brethren and preach Jesus to them.

Brethren, we have never reached to such devotion; we fall short of what Jesus deserves. We give Him little; we give Him what we are ashamed not to give Him. Often we give Him our zeal for a day or two, and then grow cool; we wake up all of a sudden, and then sleep all the more soundly; we seem to-day as if we would set the world on fire, and to-morrow we scarce keep our own lamp trimmed; we vow at one time that we will push the Church before us and drag the world after us; and by and by we are like Pharaoh's chariots with the wheels taken off, and drag along right heavily.

O for a spark of the love of Christ in our souls! O for a living flame from off Calvary's altar to set our whole nature blazing with divine enthusiasm for the Christ who gave Himself for us that we might live! Henceforth take upon yourselves in the solemn intent of your soul this resolve, "I will unloose the latches of His shoes; I will seek out the little things, and I will do them as unto the Lord, and not unto men, and may He accept me, even as He has saved me through His precious blood." *The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Heaven "Thrown In."

It is also true that a compromise life is the most unhappy and wretched of all lives. It is not only very uncertain that he who sits between two stools falls to the ground, but that during the short and unhappy time that he manages to maintain his balance, he is in a miserable state of suspense and uncertainty. For a thoroughly unhappy man commend us to the Christian with the pricking conscience, who is living a half-and-half life, and who is willing neither to give up the world nor to cast Christ aside wholly. For a thoroughly happy man commend us to him who, though poor and humble and obscure, is willing to follow Christ wholly. In this connection a familiar story of Father Randall, one of the founders of the Free Baptist Denomination, is pertinent. As the old man was about to die, some of his friends, gathered about his bedside, remarked: "Well, Father Randall, you've had a hard time here, but you'll have your reward in heaven." This was a theology that the old veteran could not countenance, even by his silence, and straightening up on his dying bed, he cried out: "No, not so, not so! I've had my reward every day as I went along, and heaven will be thrown in at the end." It is no otherwise with every devoted child of God. He will have his reward every day of his faithful life, and heaven will be the additional gift of God's free grace at the end.

Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto, writes: My little daughter, 7 years of age, has been a terrible sufferer this winter from rheumatism, being for weeks confined to her bed, with limbs drawn up, which could not be straightened, and suffering great pain in every joint of limbs, arms and shoulders. The best of physicians could not help her, and we were advised to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which we done, and the benefit was at once apparent; after using two bottles the pain left, her limbs assumed their natural shape, and in two weeks she was as well as ever. It has not returned.

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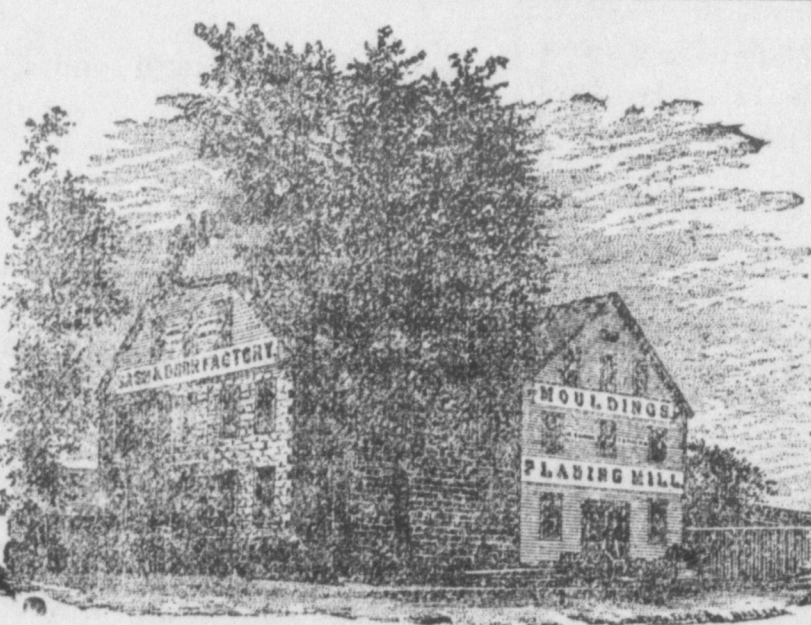
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880	141,402.81.	911,132.93.	3,881,478.14
1882	254,841.73.	1,073,577.94.	5,849,889.19
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