

ON TRIAL  
—FOR—  
3 MONTHS  
—FOR—  
25 CENTS.

# The Reporter

AND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD  
SHOULD HAVE  
THE REPORTER  
—ONLY—  
\$1.00 PER YEAR.

Herman H. Pitts,  
Editor and Proprietor.]

FREDERICTON, N. B., SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1888.

[100 per Annum.  
Vol. XLIV, No. 38]

**Professional Cards.**

**F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.**

LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS OF EDINBURGH.  
LICENTIATE OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS OF EDINBURGH.  
LICENTIATE OF THE FACULTY OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS OF GLASGOW.  
SPECIAL CERTIFICATE IN MIDWIFERY.

—OFFICE FISHER'S BUILDING

**I. C. SHARP, M. D., C. M.**

(Late Resident Surgeon Montreal  
General Hospital)

Marysville, N. B.

**FISHER & FISHER**

Attorneys and Solicitors.

OFFICE IN  
Fisher's Building, Queen Street,  
FREDERICTON, N. B.  
C. H. B. FISHER, Q. C. G. FRED. FISHER, B. C. L.

**Quebec Fire Association Company**

ESTABLISHED IN 1818.

**A Non-Tariff Company.**

Insurance effected at reasonable rates.  
FISHER & FISHER, AENTS.

**William Wilson,**

SECRETARY-TREASURER, YORK,  
Barrister and Attorney - Law  
Conveyancer, etc.

Office, Queen St., F'ton, Opp. Post Office.  
Accounts Collected, Loans Negotiated.

**B. H. TORRENS, D.M.D.**

DENTIST

—OFFICE:—  
FISHER'S BUILDING,  
QUEEN STREET  
RESIDENCE. ST. JOHN ST.

**JULY 6, 1888**

**Remnants,  
Remnants.**

We have just received another lot of

**MILL REMNANTS**

—IN—

Grey Cotton, Gingham and Shirts from the Gibson Mill, also a lot of other Remnants which we are selling regardless of cost.

**Ternant, Davies & Co.,**

202 Queen St., F'ton.

**C. & E. EVERETT,**

MANUFACTURERS OF

**FINE FURS**

Ladies' Seal Sacques,  
Ladies' Astrican Sacques,  
Ladies' Fur-lined Circulars,  
Gents' Fur-lined Coats

A full line constantly on hand, or made to order when desired.

**11 King Street**

**Our Pulpit.**

**The Blessed Awakening.**

SERMON PREACHED BY  
**REV. A. J. MOWATT.**

In St. Paul's Church, Fredericton, July 15 h.  
*"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."*—Ps. XVII. 15.

The text has been a sort of battleground of the critics. The bone of contention among them has been the import of the words: "when I awake." The most of us easily find the doctrine of the resurrection taught here, but not a few who have theories of their own to bolster up, authorities in Biblical criticism, do not want to find the doctrine of the resurrection in the text, and they look and grope blindly and vainly for something else. They try hard to make out that the doctrine of the resurrection was not known nor held till much later on in the history of the church, and if that could be made out, then of course David could not refer to the resurrection, whatever he referred to.

And what was it he referred to? The words, "when I awake," are to be taken in some sense, and the sense they are to be taken in must be in keeping with the scope of the whole passage. And some would take them in their baldest literal sense. They understand the awakening here to be simply the awaking from sleep in the morning, a view that at once reduces the passage to the veriest commonplaceness, and empties it of all its beauty and grandeur. Others again, perceiving the utter inadequacy of such a view, have recourse to the idea that the awaking here was from the dreary lethargy of a season of sore trial, a long dark night of trouble and sorrow. But that view is so clearly a makeshift to get over a felt difficulty that it carries no weight. And so the only view that is worthy of being entertained is that that regards the awaking here as the awaking from the sleep of death. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

Now, in further discoursing from the text, observe first here, as forming a sort of dark background to it, the psalmist's unuttered thought as to the emptiness and unsatisfactoriness to him of the world and the present life. If he had been satisfied with life as it was, and with what the world had done for him and was promising to do, then, I infer, he would not have looked forward with such evident satisfaction to the life to come. He says in effect: "I am not satisfied with this life. I am very far from being satisfied with it. I find nothing in it but disappointment, vexation, chagrin, and with heart-sickness and soul-loathing I turn away from all there is in it for me. But then I see something better awaiting me in the life to come, and so in view of the good to be I tolerate as best I can the evil that is. I shall yet be satisfied. I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

There were those, he admitted, who were, or seemed to be, satisfied with the world. They had nothing in the future to look forward to—nothing as good as the world was doing for them, and they were satisfied to be as they were and with what they had. Their portion was in this life, and they had no interest in, and cared nothing about, what was beyond. Their little all was bounded by the narrow horizon of an utterly worldly life. To eat and drink, to fill their belly with indulgence, to have a good time, was what they lived for, and as they had about all they could ask or desire in that respect, they were satisfied. They had plenty, plenty of the world's good, plenty to eat and drink, plenty money, plenty society, plenty honors, plenty children and plenty for them, plenty of life, in a word, plenty of everything, and so they were satisfied. Like stall-fed cattle they were being fattened for a day of slaughter, and they knew it not, nor cared.

As for the psalmist, however, he envied them not their ease and plenty. He had nothing in common with them, and they and he were ever in a state of open hostility. He could not let them alone, and they could not let him alone. "Keep me as the apple of the eye," he prays, "hide me under the shadow of thy wings, from the wicked that spoil me, my deadly enemies, that compass me about." And then he describes them as inclosed in their own fat, as a lion greedy of prey, as more mouth and belly than anything else, and as so satisfied with themselves and the state they are in. But as for himself, he was not satisfied, and he did not want to be satisfied. Only sordid souls and obese worldly

hearts could be satisfied, and it was not a comfort, but a calamity, to be satisfied.

Are you tossed about, my hearer, and find no place of rest for your weary troubled life? Is your lot hard, full of disappointments, not at all such as you had hoped when you set out to live your life? Is your experience bitter and trial-some, deep calling unto deep, waterspouts and waves emptying their fury upon you, dark valleys and dreary life-wastes around you, sorrow and suffering preying upon you? Are you asking in a fretful mood what you have done that you are so tempted and tormented, and are you almost ready in your despair and the madness of your grief to curse God and die? You look around you and see how it is with others, how well it is, their life full of ease, their days glad some with sunshine, the world's good flowing in upon them, their business prospering, health and plenty theirs, their children spared to them, the lap of luxury their couch, and you cannot understand why it is so well with them and so ill with you, and the dark thought comes to you that God is not dealing fairly with you.

Ah! my hearer, there are questions here that the wise and good in all ages have been perplexed about, and have not been able to answer; but, one thing know, it is not all of life, nor the best of life, to have it sweet and easy all our days. It may be the worst of calamities to be satisfied with life, and the highest good to be put to it hard. The richest wine of life is that which the feet of many trials have rudely trampled out of our experience. God in mercy to us sends us the disappointments of life, and the losses and crosses that keep us from liking the world too much, and so with David we find less and less satisfaction in this life, and more and more in the contemplation of the life to come. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

There was a time when David thought, and there is a time when we all think, that the world is not at all a bad place to live in, and life well worth the living. Life opened up to him full of hope and promise, exceptionally so. A crown dazzled his eyes. Wealth and honor and power gleamed before him, and beckoned him to come on to their possession and enjoyment. And he came on, and was crowned, and wealth and power were his to the full. But what a crown of thorns he found his crown to be, and what an emptiness the brilliant life was he was called upon to live. And so it ever is, and ever must be, in the experience of every one who is truly in earnest. We take hold of life, of what it offers and promises, and we think we can find so much of good in it, and we are sure we can make so much out of it for ourselves. We are in earnest. We want to do good, and crown life with a real success. And so we live. But alas! what a failure we make of it. The voyage of life so often ends in shipwreck. The good we want to do we fail to do, and the evil we do not want to do we somehow do. We make mistakes with our eyes wide open. We meet with mishaps where we should not have met with them. And even our so-called success is so weighted with responsibilities, and such a poor success is it, and we are so used up in attaining to it, that we have no satisfaction in it. "Vanity of vanities," our plaint is, "all is vanity." Disappointment, emptiness, vexation, sorrow—such is the warp and woof of human experience, the background of the most useful and even most brilliant life, and men are glad there is an end to it.

Secondly, the blessed awaking. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

We have sometimes gone to sleep with the tears standing in bead drops on our cheeks, the tasks we worried and worked over all the evening undone, the questions we were perplexed about unanswered, and not only unanswered but in a worse tangle perhaps than if we had not touched them, and the outlook for us about as dark and uninviting as it could well be; and then we have awakened so often to find streaming in through our casement upon us the glad rosy sunlight, and we could not tell how it was nor why perhaps, but still we found it so, that the tears of the night were all gone and joy had come with the morning, the tasks we had worked with and worried over the night before to no purpose not hard at all to do now, the questions that had puzzled us and come to be tangled up in our hands in the dim lamplight so easy to unravel and answer in the clear daylight, and the outlook that seemed so uninviting and threatening when we went to sleep so full of promise and so radiant with hope when we awoke.

Or again, we have been travelling, and

we have lain down to sleep where the scenery was wild and bare, mountains of rock piled high overhead, yawning gulfs opening their jaws to swallow us down, roaring torrents, cataracts of foam, raging tempests, darkness and dangers growling around and threatening us with dire disaster; and still we have slept, for God giveth His beloved sleep, and in the morning we have awaked perhaps and found ourselves in a new world, the storms and darkness of the night gone and the sun shining gloriously, the deserts and mountains with their dangers left far behind and around us a land of lovely meadows and waving wheatfields, gardens and orchards abloom with beauty and rich with fruitfulness, men at work and children at play, and all so peaceful and prosperous.

Now, so with the christian. So often has he a hard life-day of it toil toil, work and much of it and little for it through the long weary years, tears and trouble, disappointment and sorrow, suffering and loss, forsakenness and neglect, darkness and doubt. He wants to do right, to live nobly, but he makes mistakes, and mistakes too that the repentance of years cannot correct, and the tears of years cannot wash out. He is misunderstood and misjudged, and by those who should know him best, and so the good he would do and could do, and with so much of whole heartedness and willing handedness, he has not the opportunity of doing, for men have no faith in him. Thus, sometimes from one cause, and sometimes from another, one's life is made so much harder than it need have been, and so much less done and enjoyed of good than should have been.

By and by the night comes on. It grows dark with him, and the tasks of life are not half done; the questions of life and destiny still unanswered, and not only unanswered, but unanswerable, so tangled up by his unskilful meddling that seemingly they can never be unravelled; duties that should have been done neglected, so much to regret over, and repent of, and be humbled and sad about. Oh the gropings in the dark! the battles with doubt! the fears and misgivings! Not always in the evening-time is it light. Good men go to sleep sometimes anything but satisfied with their life-day. They feel they have made little of it considering their opportunities. They see as they look back over it where they made mistakes and were so blind to their own best interests. With bitter sighing perhaps, and with a multitude of vain regrets, they have to confess, that notwithstanding all that the love of God in Christ has done for them, they have made but a poor unworthy use of life. At last, disappointed, worn and torn, wasted with disease, the wreck of the years, and yet not without hope, trusting in Jesus for salvation, crying to God for mercy, and reaching out with a groping faith to take hold of eternal life, they fall asleep.

They are asleep sometimes before they know it, so suddenly and sweetly it comes. Over their senses it steals, and they are asleep. God giveth His beloved sleep. And what a sleep it is He gives them, so sweet, so restful, so untroubled and dreamless! You come and look into the face for the last time, and you see that the struggle of years is over, the tears all wept—you wipe the last ones from the faded cheeks—the pain gone, the burden borne, the work done, and you say, looking up through your tears to God with trust and thankfulness: "God giveth His beloved sleep!"

Oh the unutterable preciousness of the gospel that gives us to hope, and not only hope, but triumph, in the darkest hour that can come to us! Poor and unsatisfactory as his life has been, and none realizes it more than the christian himself; full as it has been of human frailty and failure; yet, in Jesus, and because of His blood and agony on the cross, he can lay down his head on the death-pillow, not without regrets indeed, not without tears, feeling that the life he has lived might have been better, fuller of good, but for all that, in confidence and hope, and sleep. But how could he sleep, if there was no Jesus to take the sting out of death, no Jesus to atone for the past and inspire with hope for the future? It would not be sleep; it would be the unquenchable fire, the undying worm, the horror of eternal death.

And then for the christian there is not only the blessedness of sleep, but the better blessedness of the awaking. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." He closes his eyes on the sad scenes of life, the sin and sorrow of the years, the mistakes and mishaps of the past, the deserts crossed, the mountains climbed, the deep waters

flooded, the weeping faces of beloved friends, to open them upon a new world, a deathless life, and unfading glory, scenes of sweetness and blessedness transcending anything that we can have any conceptions of, and, above all, the ineffable presence of Jesus himself.

We hold that immediately the disembodied spirit of the believer passes into the blessed presence of God. "This day thou shalt be with me in paradise" And paradise is no midway state, no limbus bordering on the confines of darkness, but where Jesus is, and Jesus is on the right hand of God, in the Heaven of heavens. "With me"—what a transition, a translation, from the world's poor friendships and companionships to being with Jesus! Let us not mourn for them as if a great calamity has befallen them, for they are so much better off than they were when here with us. That itself is an awaking, a glorious awaking, but the fulness of its glory and blessedness will not be enjoyed till the happy reunion of body and spirit in the resurrection of the saints. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

But this brings us, in the third place, to the consideration of what the satisfaction will be that the Psalmist looks forward to in the resurrection-state. And He profoundly and expressively describes it in three words: "with thy likeness." "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

We have all our ideals as to what we would like to be and up to which we try with more or less of effort to rise. A boy's ideal of what he wants to be when he is big is to be like his father—big like his father, strong to do like his father, wise and good like his father, and so much else that he sees or thinks he sees in his father worthy of his admiration. And well for the boy who has in his father an ideal in some measure worthy of him. As we grow older, and our experience of men and things widens out, our ideals of manhood grow too. There are men we know and love and admire, or have read of in books or heard of, who seem to us the ideal of what we would like to be, and we let their influence and example influence us, their wisdom teach us, their virtues or supposed virtues inspire us. But so often, as we come to know them better, we find so much that disappoints, that we look elsewhere, or perhaps lose faith in men—ourselves as well as others—and let things go. And that is a calamity.

To the christian the ideal man is Jesus and the ideal life the life to come. He follows up the ideal through the years, follows it up closely, hoping perhaps to come up with it, and making himself believe indeed, that he is getting nearer and nearer to it. By and by there comes a time in his spiritual experience when he wakes up to know and realize that he cannot be in life what he has been living for and aiming to be, and in so far as he has been dreaming and working with that in view, he has been making a mistake. But now it is a good to be, a glory to come, he is hoping for. The ideal has passed over into the hereafter. You no longer are a fool. But he is not. Now he is as he did not and could not be before as he grows fast in grace; now he can do what he could not once; now he can do what he toils, rejoice in failure and disappointment, and triumph where he would find defeat. He is no fool, for, see it is his ideal is doing for him, how it is making him, what a satisfaction reason even now yielding him. And he sees so much more of the ideal, how much more will be reality when it is his, do; if his hope is so blessed as a hope simply, what will it be to him when it is fruition! "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."

The christian's ideal is to be like Jesus and with him where He is. And that ideal is to be realized. Man was made at the first in the Divine image, and although he soon lost it, there could never die out of him wholly the memory of what he has been, and the longing to be again what he had been. It is the cry not only of the christian man, but of men: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!" It is the memory of the past in him uttering its voice from the ruins of his God-likeness. And the gospel gives him not only to remember it, and dream of it, but to grandly realize it. He knows and feels, he is sure, he will be like God and with God. "I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness." And the beloved apostle puts it into still plainer words when he says: "We know not what we shall be, but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like

Concluded on fourth page.