Baptismal Hymn.

J. HUNT COOKE.

O love of the Saviour, what words can display,
What thought can imagine, what service repay;
Our hearts full of gratitude, Jesus demand,
The joy of obeying Thy every command.

In love Thou didst suffer the death of the tree,
We die to the world for our love unto Thee;
In love wast Thou buried in weakness and night,
And this, we confess in our baptismal rite.

In love Thou hast risen, Thy glory to show,
The power of Thy Spirit new life can bestow;
In love on Thy throne, hast Thou taken Thy seat,
We follow with gladness the track of Thy feet.

O pardon delaying, our shame O forgive,
In bravest obedience henceforth we will live.
To purer and holier life we arise,
Our souls in the stream of Thy love now baptize.

And when to the river of death we draw near,
To plunge in its waters so icy and drear,
Then Jesus, dear Pastor, be Thou at our side,
O glory, for ever with Thee to abide.

Visitor Pulpit.

THE COLD.

A Sermon Preached by Dr. Talmage, Sunday Morning, January 27, 1884.

Who can stand before his cold?"—Psa. 147: 17.

* * * *

The psalmist lived in a more genial climate than this, and yet he must sometime have been cut of the sharp weather. In this chapter he speaks of the snow like wool, the frost like ashes, the hailstones like morsels, and describes the congealment of lowest temperature. We have all studied the power of the heat. How few of us have studied the power of the frost. "Who can stand before his cold?"

THIS CHALLENGE

of the text has many times been accepted. October 19th, 1812, Napoleon's great army began its retreat from Moscow. One hundred and fifty thousand men, fifty thousand horses, six hundred pieces of cannon, forty thousand stragglers. It was bright weather when they started from Moscow, but soon something wrathier than the Cossacks swooped upon their flanks. An army of Arctic blast with

ICICLES FOR BAYONETS

and hailstones for shot, and commanded by voice of tempest, marched after them. The flying artillery of the heavens in pursuit. The troops at nightfall would gather into circles and huddle together for warmth; but when the day broke they rose not, for they were dead, and the ravens came for their morning meal of corpses. The way was strewn with the rich stuffs of the East brought as booty from the Russian capital. An invisible power seized one hundred thousand men and hurled them dead into the snowdrifts, and on the hard surfaces of the chill rivers, and into the maws of the dogs that had followed them from Moscow. That freezing horror which has appalled history was proof to all ages that it is a vain thing for any earthly power to accept the challenge of my text: "Who can stand before his cold?"

* * * *

"Who can stand before his cold?" "Not we," say the frozen lips of Sir John Franklin and his men dying in Arctic exploration. "Not we," answer Schwatka and his crew falling back from the fortresses of ice which they had tried in vain to capture. "Not we," say the abandoned and crushed decks of the Intrepid, the Resistance and the Jeannette." Not we," say the procession of Arctic martyrs this moment on their way home for American sepulchre, DeLong and his men.

The highest pillars of the earth are pillars of ice. Mont Blanc, Yungfra, the Matterhorn. The largest galleries of the world are galleries of ice. Some of the mighty rivers are at this moment lying in captivity of ice. The greatest sculptors of the ages are the glaciers, with arm and hand and chisel and hammer of ice.

* * * *

Now, this being such a cold world, God sends out influences to warm it. I am glad that

THE GOD OF THE FROSTS

is the God of the heat, that the God of the snow is the God of the white blossoms, that the God of January is the God of June. The question as to how we shall warm this world up is a question of immediate and all-encompassing practicability. In this zone and weather there are so many fireless hearths, so many broken window panes, so many defective roofs that sift the snow. Coal and wood and flannels and thick coats are better for warming up such a place than tracts and Bibles and creeds. Kindle that fire where it has gone out. Wrap something around those shivering limbs. Shoe those bare feet. Hat that bare head. Coat that bare back. Sleeve that bare arm.

Nearly all the pictures of

MARTHA WASHINGTON

represent her in courtly dress as bowed to by foreign ambassadors; but Mrs. Kirkland, in her interesting book, gives a more inspiring portrait of Martha Washington. She comes forth from her husband's hut in the encampment, the hut sixteen feet long by fourteen feet wide—she comes forth from that hut to nurse the sick, to sew the patched garment, to console the soldiers dying of the cold. That is a better picture of Martha Washington.

Hundreds of garments, hundreds of tons of coal, hundreds of glaziers at broken window sashes, hundreds of whole-souled men and women are necessary to warm thisJanuary weather.

WHAT ARE WE DOING

to alleviate the condition of those who are not so fortunate as we are? Know ye not, my friends, there are hundreds and thousands of people who cannot stand before his cold? It is useless to preach to bare feet and to empty stomachs and to gaunt visages. Christ gave the world a lesson in common-sense when, before preaching the gospel to the multitude in the wilderness, he gave them a good dinner. When I was a lad I remember seeing

TWO ROUGH WOODCUTS,

but they made more impression upon me than any picture I have ever seen. They were on opposite pages. The one woodcut represented the coming on of the snow of winter, and a lad looking out the door of a great mansion, and he was all wrapped in furs, and his cheeks were ruddy, and with glowing countenance he shouted: "It snows, it snows!" On the next page there was a miserable tenement, and the door was open, and a child wan and sick and ragged and wretched was looking out, and he said: "O my God, it snows!" The winter of gladness or of grief according to our circumstances.

But, my friends, there is more than one way of warming up this cold world, for it is a cold world in more respects than one, and I am here this morning to consult with you as to

THE BEST WAY OF WARMING

up the world. I want to have a great heater introduced into all your churches and all your homes and throughout the world. It is a heater of divine patent. It has many pipes with which to conduct heat, and it has a door into which to throw the fuel. Once get this heater introduced, and it will turn the Arctic zone into the temperate and the temperate into the tropic. It is the powerful heater, it is the glorious furnace of

CHRISTIAN SYMPATHY.

The question ought to be instead of, How much heat can we absorb? How much heat can we throw out? There are men that go through the world floating icebergs. They freeze everything with their forbidding look. The hand with which they shake yours is as cold as the paw of a polar bear. If they float into a religious meeting the temperature drops from eighty above to ten degrees below zero. There are icicles hanging from their eyebrows. They float into a religious meeting, and they chill everything with their jeremiads. Cold prayers, cold songs, cold greetings, cold sermons. Christianity on ice! The Church a great refrigerator! Christians gone into winter quarters! Hibernation! On the other hand, there are people who go through the world like the breath of a spring morning. Warm greetings, warm prayers, warm smiles, warm Christian influence. There are such persons. We bless God for them. We rejoice in their companionship.

AN ENGLISH GENERAL.

A general in the English army, the army having halted for the night, having lost his baggage, lay down tired and sick without any blanket. An officer came up and said: "Why, you have no blanket; I'll go and get you a blanket." He departed for a few moments, and then came back and covered the general up with a very warm blanket. The general said: "Whose blanket is this?" The officer replied: "I got that from a private soldier in the Scotch regiment, Ralph McDonald." "Now," said the general, "you take this blanket right back to that soldier. He can no more do without it than I can do without it. Never bring to me the blanket of a private soldier." How many men like that general would it take to warm the world up? The vast majority of us are anxious to get more blankets whether anybody else is blanketed or not.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Look at the fellow-feeling displayed in the rocky defile between Jerusalem and Jericho in Scripture times. Here is a man who has been set upon by the bandits, and in the struggle to keep his property he has got wounded and mauled and stabbed, and he lies there half dead. A priest rides along. He sees him, and says: "Why, what's the matter with that man? why, he must be hurt, lying on the flat of his back. Isn't it strange that he should lie there? But I can't stop. I am on my way to temple services. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties." After a while a Levite comes up. He looks over and says: "Why, that man must be very much hurt. Gashed on the forehead. What a pity! Stabbed under his arm. What a pity! Tut! tut! what a pity! Why, they have taken his clothes nearly all away from him. But I haven't time to stop. I lead the choir up in the temple service. Go along, you beast. Carry me up to my temple duties."

After a while a Samaritan comes along, one who you might suppose through a national grudge might have rejected this poor wounded Jew. Coming along he sees this man and he says: "Why, that man must be terribly hurt. I see by his features he is a Jew, but he is a man and he is a brother. Whoa!" says the Samaritan, and he gets down off the beast and comes up by this wounded Jew, gets down on one knee, listens to see whether the unfortunate heart is still beating, makes up his mind there is some chance for resuscitation, goes to work at him, takes out of his sack a bottle of oil and a bottle of wine, cleanses the wound with some of the wine, then pours some of the restorative into the wounded man's lips, then takes some of the oil, and with it soothes the wound. After a while he takes off a part of his own garments for bandage, for the bandits have nearly stripped the man. Now, the sick and wounded man sits up pale and exhausted, but very thankfully. Now, the good Samaritan says: "You must get on my saddle, and I will walk." The Samaritan helps, and tenderly steadies this wounded Jew until he gets him on the beast.

They pass on toward the tavern, the wounded man holding on with the little strength he has left, ever and anon looking down at the good Samaritan and saying: "You are very kind; I had no right to expect this thing of a Samaritan, when I am a Jew; you are very kind to walk and let me ride." Now they have come up to the tavern. The Samaritan, with the help of the landlord, assists the sick and wounded man to dismount, and puts him to bed. The Bible says the Samaritan stayed all night. In the morning, I suppose, the Samaritan went in to look how his patient was and ask him how he had passed the night. Then he comes out—the Samaritan comes out and says to the landlord: "Here is money to pay that man's board, and if his convalescence is not as rapid as I hope for, charge the whole thing to me. Good-morning, all." He gets on the beast and says: "Go along, you beast, but go slowly, for those bandits sweeping through the land may have left somebody else wounded and half dead." Sympathy! Christian sympathy! How many such men as that would it take to warm the cold world up?

FAMINE IN ZAREPHATH.

Everything dried up. There is a widow with a son and no food except a handful of meal. She is gathering sticks to kindle a fire to cook the handful of meal. Then she is going to wrap her arms around her boy and die. Here comes Elijah. His two black servants, the ravens, have got tired of waiting on him. He asks that woman for food. Now, that handful of meal is to be divided into three parts. Before, it was to be divided into two parts. Now she says to Elijah: "Come in and sit down at this solemn table and take a third of the last morsel." How many women like that would it take to warm the cold world up?

* * * *

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

It was his strong sympathy that brought Christ from a warm heaven to a cold world. The land where he dwelt had serene sky, balsamic atmosphere, tropical luxuriance. No storm blasts in heaven. No chill fountains. On a cold December night Christ stepped out of that warm heaven into the world's frigidity. The thermometer in Palestinen ever drops below zero, but December is a cheerless month, and the pasturage is very poor on the hilltops. Christ stepped out of a warm heaven into this cold world that cold December night. The world's reception was cold. The surf of bestormed Galilee was cold. Joseph's sepulchre was cold. Christ came, the great Warmer, to warm the earth, and all christendom to-day feels the glow. He will keep on warming the earth until the tropic will drive away the Arctic and the Antarctic.

He gave an intimation of what he was going to do when he broke up the funeral at the gate of Nain and turned it into a reunion festival, and when with his warm lips he melted the Galilean hurricane and stood on the deck and stamped his foot, crying: "Silence!" and the waves crouched and the tempests folded their wings. Oh, it was this Christ who warmed the chilled disciples when they had no food by giving them plenty to eat, and who in the tomb of Lazarus shattered the shackles until the broken links of the chain of death rattled into the darkest crypt of the manuseleum. In his genial presence the girl who had fallen into the fire and the water is healed of the catalepsy, and the withered arm takes muscular, healthy action, and the ear that could not hear an avalanche catches a leaf's rustle, and the tongue that could not articulate trills a quatrain, and the blind eye was relumed, and Christ instead of staying three days and three nights in the sepulchre, as was supposed, as soon as the worldly curtain of observation was dropped began the exploration of all the underground passages of earth and sea wherever a christian's grave may after a while be, and started a light of christian hope, resurrection hope, which shall not go out until the last cerement is taken off and the last mausoleum breaks open.

Ah! I am so glad that the Sun of Righteousness has dawned on the polar night of the nations. And if Christ is the great warmer, then the Church is

THE GREAT HOTHOUSE.

with its plants and trees and fruits of righteousness. Do you know, my friends, that the Church is the only institution that proposes warmth? I have been for twenty-seven years studying how to make the Church warmer. Warmer architecture, warmer hymnology, warmer Christian salutation. All outside Siberian winter, we must have it a prince's hothouse. The only institution on earth to-day that proposes to make the world warmer. Universities and observatories, they all have their work. They propose to make the world light, but they do not propose to make the world warm. Geology informs us, but it is as cold as the rock it hammers. The telescope shows where the other worlds are, but an astronomer is chilled while looking through it. Chemistry tells us of strange combinations, and how inferior affinity may be overcome by superior affinity; but it cannot tell how all things work together for good. Worldly philosophy has a great splendor, but it is the splendor of moonlight on an iceberg. The Church of God proposes warmth and hope—warmth for the expectations, warmth for the sympathies.

Oh, I am so glad these great altar fires have been kindled. Come in out of the cold. Come in and have your wounds salved. Come in and have your sorrows solaced. Come in and have your sins pardoned. Come in by

THE GREAT GOSPEL FIREPLACE.

Notwithstanding all the modern inventions for heating, I tell you there is nothing so full of geniality and sociality as the old-fashioned country fire-place. The neighbors were to come in for a winter evening of sociality. In the middle of the afternoon, in the best room of the house, some one brought in a great back-log with great strain, and put it down on the back of the hearth. Then the lighter wood was put on armful after armful. Then a shovel of coals was taken from another room and put under the dry pile, and the kindling began, and the crackling, and it rose until it became a roaring flame which filled all the room with geniality and was reflected from the family pictures on the wall. Then the neighbors came in two by two. They sat down their faces to the fire, which ever and anon was stirred with tongs and readjusted on the andirons, and there were such times of rustic repartee and story telling and mirth as the black stove and the blind register never dreamed of. And then the best luxury of orchard and farm-yard was roasted and prepared for the table to meet the appetites sharpened by the cold ride. O my friends, the Church of Jesus Christ is *the world's fireplace*, and the woods are from the cedars of Lebanon, and the fires are fires of love, and with the silver tongs of the altar we stir the flame and the light is reflected from all the family pictures on the wall—pictures of those who were once here and are gone now.

OH, COME UP CLOSE

to the fireplace. Have your worn faces trans-figured in the light. Put your cold feet, weary of the journey, close up to the blessed conflagration. Chilled through with trouble and disappointment, come close up until you can get warm clear through. Exchange experiences, talk over the harvests gathered, tell all the Gospel news. Meanwhile the table is being spread. On it bread of life. On it grapes of Eshcol. On it new wine from the kingdom. On it a thousand luxuries celestial. Hark! as a wounded hand raps on the table and a tender voice comes through saying: Come, for all things are now ready. Eat, O friends, drink, yea drink abundantly, O beloved."

My friends, that is the way the cold world is going to be warmed up by the great gospel fireplace. All nations will come in and sit down at that banquet. While I was musing the fire burned: "Come in out of the cold, come in out of the cold!"

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Like the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the means to use for this purpose.

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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs: none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

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"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.

"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. JOSEPH WALDEN."
Byhalia, Miss., April 6, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died from lung troubles E. BRAGDON."
Palestine, Texas, April 22, 1882.

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SHERIFF'S SALE.

Will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's corner, Prince William street, City of Saint John, between the hours of twelve o'clock, noon, and five o'clock in the afternoon, of Saturday, the 26th day of April next:—

ALL Michael Blackall's right, title and interest in and to that certain lot of land, situate lying and being in the Parish of Lancaster, County of St. John, being part of the land ted property of Richard Sinnot, known and mentioned on the plan of partition made by John C. Keller, and dated the Ninth day of October, A. D., 1878, as lot Number three, (3) and bounded and described as follows Beginning at a fir stake on the South line of the grant to one John Abraham, Twenty-eight chains, Fifty links distant from a Rampike on the North west corner of lot Number Eight, (8) on said plan, thence along the said line West to a young fir on the said line, Six chains and Fifty links, thence at right angles, South to the shore of the Bay of Fundy; thence along the said shore in a South easterly direction, to the West line of lot Number Four, (4) on said plan and thence along the said West line to the place of beginning, containing Twenty eight and one-half acres, more or less, with all buildings and improvements thereon, the same having been levied on under an Execution issued out of the Saint John County Court at the suit of the Maritime Bank of the Dominion of Canada, and other Executions lodged in the office of the Sheriff of the City and County of Saint John.

JAMES A. HARDING,
Sheriff.
St. John, N. B., 21st Jan'y, 1884. 4tds

EQUITY SALE.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction on Saturday, the Third day of May, at Twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner, (so called,) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Saturday, the Eighth day of December last past, in a cause therein pending, wherein Oscar Hanson is Plaintiff, and Vernon Hanson, Ellen Hanson, Gideon K. Hanson, S. Elizabeth Hanson, Douglas McMillan Phebe McMillan, Samuel Mayes, Jane K. Mayes, William Olive and Georgianna T. Olive are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Barrister, the Mortgaged premises described in Plaintiff's Bill and in said Decretal Order as:

"All that Lot, piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the City of Saint John, known and distinguished as lot number nine hundred and twenty one (921), and part of lot nine hundred and twenty, according to a plan of Commons land in Carleton, made by order of the Common Council, and dated the fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1840, the said piece or parcel of land hereby intended to be conveyed forming a lot of eighty feet more or less front on the market place, and running back at right angles in a north-easterly direction one hundred feet more or less along Guilford Street, the said piece or parcel of land having been heretofore conveyed to one Robert V. Hanson by one Frederick A. Wiggins, by deed of Quit claim, bearing even date with said Mortgage, together with all and singular the buildings and improvements, privileges and appurtenances to the said premises belonging or in any wise appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents issues and profits thereof! Also, all of that lot or parcel of land situate in Carleton, in the said City of Saint John, formerly conveyed by one Beverly Robinson and his wife to the said Gideon K. Hanson by Indenture of Deed dated the sixteenth day of May, one thousand eight hundred and fifty three, (1853) comprising twenty feet in breadth, by one hundred feet in length of lot number nine hundred and twenty (920), and twenty feet in breadth by one hundred feet in length adjacent to the part heretofore conveyed of lot number nine hundred and three, the piece of land hereby conveyed having a front of forty feet on the market place, in Carleton, and extending back at right angles to the line of said market place, one hundred feet, together with all the buildings and erections and improvements therein being, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Dated January the Twenty-ninth, A.D., 1884.
AMON A. WILSON,
Barrister.
J. G. FORBES,
Plaintiff's Solicitor. 5-tds

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