

My Burden
BY AMOS R. WELLS

God laid upon my back a grievous load,
A heavy cross to bear along the road.
I staggered on, and lo! on weary day,
An angry lion sprang across my way.
I prayed to God, and swift at His command
The cross became a weapon in my hand.
It slew my raging enemy, and then
Became a cross upon my back again.
I failed many a league, until at length,
Groaning, I fell, and had no further strength
"O God," I cried, "I am so weak and lame!"
Then straight my cross a winged staff became.
It swept me on till I regained the loss,
Then leaped upon my back again a cross.
I reached a desert. O'er the burning track
I persevered, the cross upon my back.
No shade was there, and in the cruel sun
I sank at last, and thought my days were done.
But lo! the Lord works many a blessed surprise—
The cross became a tree before my eyes!
I slept; I woke, to feel the strength of ten.
I found the cross upon my back again.
And thus through all my days, from that
To this,
The cross, my burden, has become my bliss;
Nor ever shall I lay the burden down,
For God some day will make the cross a crown!

Chris. Advocate
Always With Us

We lose much when we forget the great promise of our Lord to His disciples, "Lo, I am with you always." It is easy to realize that He is with us so long as prosperity smiles upon us, but when clouds gather in the sky and the sun is hidden and the storm begins to break upon us we are apt to think that God is not nigh. If we had faith as a grain of mustard seed we should realize His presence at all times. The heavier the burden the darker the hour, the more clearly does He manifest His presence to those who have eyes to see.

This is the secret of strength. When Dr. David Livingstone returned to Scotland after an absence of sixteen years in Africa, the University of Glasgow desired to honor him by conferring on him the degree of Doctor of Laws. On such occasions candidates for honorary degrees usually expect an embarrassing reception at the hands of the young collegians who are present in full force, bubbling over with boyish fun. But when Dr. Livingstone appeared on the platform they received him with silent respect and reverence. He was gaunt and weary from exposure to sixteen years of African sun and twenty-seven attacks of African fever; one arm, having been rendered useless by the bite of a lion, hung helpless by his side. There stood a real hero who had fought many a battle for humanity, and his presence inspired a feeling of awe into the minds of all present. He told them that he was going back to Africa, partly to open new fields for British commerce, partly to suppress the African slave trade and partly to open the way for the Gospel. But the sentiment which stirred all hearts most was this: "Shall I tell you what supported me through all these years of exile among a people whose language I could not understand and whose attitude toward me was always uncertain and often hostile? It was this, 'Lo, I am with you' always even unto the end of the world."

This is the secret of prosperity. "The Lord was with Joseph; and he was a prosperous man." It was impossible to stop the prosperity of Joseph. Under the most adverse circumstances he prospered. In captivity, in prison in famine, still whatsoever he did prospered. The same God is with the minister in the pulpit. There is a great difference in ministers. Some prosper wherever they go, while others never succeed; The man who lives and labors every day in the presence and strength of God may be sent to the most unpromising field in the world, and he will prosper. The same Lord is with the mother in the home, aiding her in the multitude of irksome and difficult tasks which are never finished. The young man leaving home to make his fortune has a memorable experience, if he is a sensitive man. Home was never so much to him before. He did not know how much he loved his home. He thought it would be a light matter to take his departure. But he does not find it so. He has made careful preparation for the event. But one thing is most important of all, and that is to take the Lord with him. If Christ is enthroned within, he is safe. He cannot fail. Whether he shall ever see the worldly fortune of which he has dreamed or not, he will not fail in the best sense. "Whatever he doeth shall prosper."

This is the secret of victory. Gideon had a tremendous task. With three hundred unarmed men he must go out against a vast multitude of warriors with horses and chariots and military equipments. One thing supported him. It was the word of the angel of the Lord, who appeared unto him and said, "The Lord is with thee." That was enough. If God be with, He is more than all that can be against us.

This is the secret of peace. "It is I, be not afraid," said Jesus to His disciples, amid the howling of the storm on the sea when, He appeared unto them walking on the water. He is always near, whether we realize it or not, whether we be on the land or on the sea, whether the howling tempest rage about us or stillness reign. "Let not your heart be troubled," said He to these same disciples at another time. If he be present there is nothing to fear. No storm can harm us. Nothing shall by any means harm you.

"The best of all is, God is with us," said Mr. Wesley on his dying bed. This was the token of peace. "O, what peace we often forfeit," because we do not realize that he is with us. We are never alone.
"With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stillings every anxious fear.
With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam."
Chris. Advocate

The Joy of The Lord Is Your Strength.

Nothing is truer than that joy is strength. The joyful spirit is the strong spirit. Optimism is exhilarating. Pessimism is depressing. These are not merely points of view but mental moods which reveal moral character and indicate spiritual status. But the soul which is filled with divine joy is also filled with divine strength. Divinely inspired joy is the loftiest mood of which we human beings are capable. The divine life is exuberant for it is the overflow of a full nature—the out-going of infinity, and our limited, finite natures cannot but be exhilarated by being overflowed with the divine abundance. This is, in substance, "the joy of the Lord."

The joy of the Lord is the joy of knowing that our sins have been pardoned and our iniquity taken away. This, it is true, is a joy which only a sinner can know. It is therefore a most precious joy, involving as it does relief from the appalling burden of conscious guilt, and from the terrible sense of divine displeasure, and revealing as it does the unsearchable riches of divine love toward us. A free pardon for a million sins, all on account of the merit of another, and upon the simple condition of faith in Him—what a boon! The feeling of joy at knowing that love has found a way to release us, and that God has nothing against us, is exquisite, satisfying, glorious. It is the joy of fellowship with God as our father, Helper, and Friend. To be permitted to hold fellowship with the high and holy One who inhabiteth eternity, whose thoughts are high as heaven, whose ways are above the stars, is a bliss so pure, so ennobling, so rich in possibilities of culture and refinement of soul that no one who has ever tested it can thirst for any other spring again.

It is a joy that comes from chosen harmony with God, and delights in His nature and ways as revealed in the law and in the Gospel. The soul that is pure finds delight in a holy God. There is the thrill of oneness in moral purpose and of divine response to human aspiration. The law, which in our sinful state was our terror, has now become our delight. It is written on the heart. It is cherished and lovingly obeyed, because it is a transcript of the will of God, transfigured into the divine master-passion, love. We obey the law because we love the Lawgiver.

It is the joy of triumph over sin through the power of divine grace. And the soul which has victory over sin has victory over temptation, gets joy out of life's trials, rejoices in sorrow, and sees the silver lining in every cloud that lowers. Whether times be good or bad, whether prosperity or adversity be our lot, whether it be dark or light, true joy always mounts the wave like the bird of the sea. True joy is superior to adverse winds, and rises into highest altitudes when the wind blows hardest. True joy sings its richest melodies in the night. What can be sublimer than a soul triumphant in the midst of a world of sin and sorrow! Such a soul puts on God and goes forth in strength divine. Let everyone seek "the joy of the Lord." "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice."—Evangelical Messenger.

Burdens That Bear Us Up.

BY REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

To-day I visited in a hospital a young girl who had just submitted to the amputation of a limb. She told me that when she first learned she must lose the limb, it almost killed her. But she spent a little time in prayer and, knowing now that it was God's will, because in no other way was there any hope that her life could be spared, she accepted the decision of the surgeons quietly. From that moment there was no further struggle. The secret of her wonderful change was her acquiescence in what she believed to be the will of God. The moment we accept a cross, it is no longer a cross.

This is a secret well worth learning, for it changes all trial, pain and sorrow for him who has it. There are in everyone's lot many experiences which are not easy, many of which try the spirit. It is not possible to eliminate these from our life. No alchemy of grace will change bitter to sweet, pain to pleasure, grief to joy. No strength of faith will make duty always easy or battles with temptation mere play. Every life has its discomforts, its losses its disappointments its adversities, its keen pangs of anguish. The love of Christ neither saves the life from trouble, nor deadens the sensibilities so there is no pain.

But when the hard and trying experience is accepted, the bitterness is taken out of it. It was this that sweetened the cup of Gethsemane for the Master. A study of his prayers that night shows the movement of his heart towards peace. "O my Father, if it be possible let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt."

"O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me except I drink it, thy will be done." The secret of his victory over the sorrow is given in his words a little later: "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" The bitterness was gone. Yet nothing had been taken from the terrible experience that lay before him. Not a drop had been emptied out of the cup. The difference was that the mind of the holy Sufferer had been brought into perfect acquiescence.

So it will be in every phase of life which has in it uncongeniality, hardships, repulsiveness, pain or cost for us; we can get the victory over it by coming to it with an acquiescent mind. There are people we do not like—they repel us. Why try to think of them as Christ does and our heart begins to yearn to help them. Then the repulsiveness is gone.

A duty is distasteful. We remember then that the Master has set the task for us and at once it is transformed.

We face self-denials and sacrifices which it seems to us we can never make. As we think of them, however we realize that Christ is calling us to enter a little way with him into his own experience of suffering. Our shrinking is immediately changed to glad acquiescence.

We come up to the edge of a great sorrow. It seems our heart will break. As we pray, however, our will sinks into God's will and we have peace. The sorrow is not alleviated, but we have acquiesced in it and the bitterness is past.

The old legend says that when their wings were brought and laid on them, the birds complained at being compelled to carry their burden. But when they had accepted them, their burdens, which they so dreaded, lifted them. So it is with every burden which our Father lays upon us—when we accept it, it becomes wings.

Be Steadfast

An even, persevering type of the Christian life is essential to religious happiness and usefulness. To be out of the way much of the time and to be vacillating between right and wrong is a very unsatisfactory state of heart and mind. Some people are in such a tangle as to their relation to the Church and the world that they are in real misery. They find little comfort in their religion because there it is so little of it; and they cannot enjoy the world because of the restraints of their profession and Church relation.

Be steadfast in faith. Faith as a principle can be so strengthened and made a fixity in one's character as to become immovable. Men become Christians by believing; they become doubters by doubting. Our perception of truth is governed largely by our attitude toward it when presented to us. To doubt when it requires an effort and costs a struggle not to believe blunts the keener sense of perception concerning truth, and cultivates a habit of doubting. Steadfastness in faith tends to intensify our power of perception of truth easier and removes the individual farther and farther from doubt.

Be steadfast in service. The responsibility of a definite assignment of work is a thing of vital importance to any Christian. To be continuously free from such responsibility cannot but prove seriously detrimental to faith and grace in the heart. They who are pressed most by practical church work make the greatest strides toward stalwart manhood in Christ Jesus. Close observers well know that it is a hazardous thing for any man to throw off service and fall back to the inactive ranks. Many who have arbitrarily done so have soon grown cold and have lost almost all trace of interest in the welfare of the Church and in their own salvation.

Inactivity in the Church is not a friend to grace. Idleness brings poverty of soul as well as poverty of purse. Work! work! is the cry of the faithful. We are not saved by works, but it is doubtful whether we can be saved without service.—Evangelical Messenger.

The City Over There.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

Two gentlemen were conversing, when mention chanced to be made of a certain western city. "I have a warm and almost affectionate interest in that community," said one of them, "although I have never been there. The dearest friend I have in the world, outside of my own family, has recently removed to T—after having been my next door neighbor for more than twenty years. Until he took up his residence there, and I had not the least interest in the city or its people. Indeed, I thought, from what I had read, that it must be a decidedly uninteresting and prosaic place to live in. Now my whole conception of T—, and my feelings toward it, are changed. I look eagerly for items concerning it in the newspapers. I try to form vivid pictures from my friend's letters, and delight in imagining how the city and surrounding country must look; and I am eagerly awaiting the time when I can make a trip thither and see for myself.

There is another city to which our dear ones go, never to return to the community of which we still form a part. And how their departure to that distant city hallows and endears and beautifies and actualizes it to us! The whole conception of heaven, of the life beyond, changes when we can look out across the separating space and time, and say, "There dwells my loved one." How real becomes the city, which was formerly but a name! We love to sit down and fancy how it looks,—the shining streets; the light that is not of the sun, but diffused everywhere and always with softening glory from the presence of God.

The city has become precious and endeared to us, because among its myriad inhabitants is one whose hand we held when he was going away to be a citizen there.—Chris. Observer.

WHY CROUP IS FATAL

When croup attacks your child you must be ready for it. It comes as an accompaniment to an ordinary cough or it may attack without warning. All ills of children develop quickly, and when any kind of croup appears there should be something at hand to stop it with promptness. Many a child has choked to death with croup because the right remedy was not convenient. Every one should know that the right safeguard for a child's cough or any cough is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam. With this soothing compound in the house, croup is always easily checked and relieved.

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Why Do We Hesitate?

A strange reluctance comes over many when they talk about the soul and its relation to God. It is felt alike by the converted and unconverted. Very often the gay young girl whose heart is running over with mirth and fun, and whose speech sparkles with wit and humor, has deep in her consciousness the feeling that she is unsatisfied—that she wants something better, purer, and higher. She wishes that the Christian woman who is talking with her would ask her a question to the subject of personal religion. The other has no thought of the kind. She even has a faint, undefinable dread that any effort

on her part would be received coldly or be the subject of ridicule. So the opportunity passes. The soul have been within speaking distance, but have failed to communicate with each other. Each goes on its way. The friend of Christ who might have won a soul to Him has been silent, ashamed, afraid. What wonder if to that faithless friend there comes the sad experience that the Beloved has withdrawn Himself and is gone; that, seeking the Spirit, it finds Him not and calling, there comes no answer. Can there be perfect serenity and the full sense of communion with God to one who refuses or neglects so important a duty?—Margaret E. Sangster.

Funeral Flowers.

Francis Murphy says that we ought to bestow our flowers upon the living rather than the dead. If anybody has flowers for him, he wants them to send them to him while he is alive, and not come to his funeral and throw a bouquet in his coffin and say: "There Murphy, smell of that." The temperance orator's teaching is as correct as this expression is forceful. We too often have flowers and praises for the dead, but hyssop and frowns for the living. An exchange tells of a dear mother who lay dying, and her eldest son, as he knelt by her bedside, cried, "You have been a good mother to us." The dying woman opened her eyes, and with a feeble smile, whispered, "You never said so before, John," and she was gone.

Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, before he departed from Boston some days ago for his home in Topeka, left a beautiful bunch of pinks on Dr. F. E. Clark's desk, in the Christian Endeavor office, with a note saying: "I beg leave to place these few modest blossoms on your desk instead of on your coffin."

"If we have kind, words to speak, let us speak them now, while our loved ones are yet with us. If we have loving deeds to do, let them be done to-day. Flowers on coffin lids and epitaphs on tombstones bring no cheer to the living. And how often they but contrast strongly with the absence of the gifts and the words while our dear loved ones live."—Selected.

Open an artery and let the blood flow out, and with it goes the life. Take out the doctrine of the Blood from the Bible and the life is gone, for the life is in the blood.

ALWAYS ON HAND.—Mr. Thomas H. Porter, Lower Ireland, P. Q., writes: "My son 18 months old, had croup so bad that nothing gave him relief until a neighbor brought me some of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which I gave him, and in six hours he was cured. It is the best medicine I ever used, and I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

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