

Thy Burden.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and
crown.
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to all eyes,
And all may see its form, and weight, and
size;

Some hide it in their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and
strong,

Yet, lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on me,"
And it shall easy be.

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair;
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands, and lay it at his feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain or sin or care,
It will grow lighter there.

It is the lonely load
That crushes out the life and light of
heaven,
But, borne with Him, the soul restored,
forgiven,
Sings out through all days
Her joy, and God's high praise.

Rules For Right Living.

1. Keep the body clean. The countless pores of the skin are so many little drain-tiles for the refuse of the system. If they become clogged and so denuded in their action, we must expect to become the prey of ill-health in some of its countless forms. Let us not be afraid of a wet sponge and five minutes brisk exercise with a rough towel every night or morning.

2. Devote eight hours out of the twenty-four to sleep. If a mother is robbed of sleep by a wakeful baby, she must take a nap sometime during the day. Even ten minutes of repose strengthens and refreshes, and does good "like a medicine." Children should be allowed to sleep until they awake of their own free will.

3. Never go out to work in early morning in any locality subject to damp, fogs and mists, with an empty stomach. If there is not time to wait for a cup of coffee, pour two-thirds of a cup of boiling water on two teaspoonfuls of cream, or a beaten egg, season it with salt and pepper and drink it while hot, before going out. This will stimulate and comfort the stomach, and aid the system in resisting a poisonous or debilitating atmosphere.

4. Avoid over-eating. To rise from the table, able to eat a little more is a proverbially good rule for every one. There is nothing more idiotic than forcing down a few mouthfuls, because they happen to remain on one's plate, after hunger is satisfied, and because they may be "wasted" if left! It is the most serious waste to overtax the stomach with even half an ounce more than it can take care of.

5. Avoid food and drinks that plainly disagree with the system. Vigorous outdoor workers should beware of heavy, indigestible suppers. Suppers should always consist of light, easily digested foods—being in the country, so soon followed by sleep, and the stomach being as much entitled as the head to profound rest. The moral pluck and firmness to take such food and no other, for this last meal of the day, can be easily acquired, and the reward of such virtue is sound sleep, a clear head, a strong hand, and a capital appetite for breakfast.

6. Never wear at night the undergarments that are worn during the day.

7. Cultivate sunlight and fresh air. Farmers' wives "fade" sooner than city women, not alone because they work harder and take no care of themselves, but because they stay indoors, and have no work or recreation that takes them out into the open sunlight. It is a singular fact, that women in crowded cities generally get more sunshine and purer air, than their hived-up country sisters.

8. Have something for the mind to feed upon, something to look forward to and live for, besides the round of daily labor or the counting of profit and loss. If we have not any talent for writing splendid works on political economy, or social science, or the genius for creating a good story, or a fine poem, the next best thing,—and in fact almost as good a thing,—is to possess an appreciation of these things. So have good books and good newspapers, and read them. If in the country, cultivate choice flowers and fruits, and help some poor neighbor to seeds and cuttings, or take an interest in bees, or fine poultry, or trout culture, and study always farm and household science.

9. Live in peace! Fretting, worrying, borrowing trouble, giving

way to temper and holding long, bitter grudges—all these affect the lives, poison the blood, enlarge the spleen, and shorten life! Try to be half as wise as that little creature, the bee, who takes all the honey she can find and leaves the poison to herself.—*Sunday Magazine.*

The Secret of a Happy Life.

BY REV. J. W. LAUGHLIN.

It was Saturday night. John Booker and his wife sat quietly by the fire that burned brightly upon the hearth. The week had not been as pleasant nor as prosperous as they had wished, and when they came to foot up the earnings at its close something was wrong; neither could tell where the trouble was. John and his wife were both ambitious and energetic, and withal rather charitable with each other.

But something was wrong this evening. The week had not brought them just what they anticipated.

John was a carpenter, and worked hard at his trade, while his faithful wife kept her part of the work well in hand.

This evening not much was said, and when bed-time came they knelt by the fire and asked God to keep them both; to be their guide and make them happy and prosperous.

Sunday morning came, and, as usual, they were in their places at church.

The minister preached on the duty of consecration and of living for God rather than for self. They both listened and understood. As the preacher grew more enthused with his theme they became more and more interested. The little ruffle in feeling that occurred as they were getting ready for church soon passed away. Their hearts were touched and they both saw how self had been too prominent in their lives.

As they sat together, arms folded, tears running down four cheeks, somehow his hand went out toward his wife and her hand went out toward her husband, they clasped hands and in silence vowed to live more for Christ and each other during the coming week.

The sermon over, they returned home. Monday morning came, and with it the busy cares of the week. Day after day John pushed the plane; day after day he worked with the hammer, adze and saw; day after day, with unbuttoned collar and up-turned sleeves, he did the work of a carpenter, and his wife kept her part of the work going, until Saturday night came again, and with it, the usual settling up.

Bills were all paid, John came home, and once more they were seated around the fire that burned so brightly on the hearth.

"Well, John," said his wife, as she drew her chair a little closer to him, "how have you got along this week?"

"My dear," said John, turning toward his wife, "I haven't any more money to-night than I had last Saturday night, but this has been the happiest week I ever saw. I used to think my trade was not very high, but this week I remembered that Christ was a carpenter, and I used to think I could not do anything for Christ, but this week I have had a new thought about that."

"Last Sunday when the minister preached about doing all that we do heartily as unto the Lord, I just thought I'd try shoving the plane for Christ, and I tell you, wife, it pays. I have tried all week to get myself out of the way and work only for you and for Christ, and there has never been a happier week since we have had a home than this."

Aye! John has the secret of a happy life—more of Christ and less of self.—*Congregationalist.*

"Beating Up That Way."

Dr. Pentecost, in *Words and Weapons*, describes the following scene in one of his sermons:—

It was the last Sunday but one in the Academy, and it was a day of rain and storm. There were few ladies present, but there was a large company of men. Seated in the front row, among others, were three men who paid closest attention to the sermon all the way through. Toward the close of our address we were impelled to make a direct appeal to one of these three men—the one who seemed the most interested.

So turning to him, we said: "Young man, are you a Christian?"

Almost before we had the words out of our mouth he sprang to his feet, answering in a clear, full voice: "Yes, thank God, I am, and have been for the last thirteen months."

"Are you a sailor?" we asked, for there was something about him that suggested his calling.

"Yes," was the response, "and this," pointing to one of the men by his side, "is my first officer, and I am second officer of our ship."

"Is your first officer a Christian too?"

"Oh yes, thank God, he is for Christ."

Then, pointing to the man on the other side, we said:

"And how about your own shipmate who is sitting by you, is he a Christian too?"

"No, not yet, but I think he is beating up that way."

All this was dramatic, and as it was purely spontaneous, the effect was thrilling in the extreme. The prompt response of the young mate, the quaint language of the sea, and the naturalness and earnestness of the man, all tended to electrify the audience. Our next impulse was to appeal to the man who, in the language of the sailor, was "beating up that way," so we said:

"Come, shipmate, why not drop your anchor and come to rest in the harbor of peace right here by accepting Christ?"

At this the sailor man, with eyes full of tears, shook his head and said:

"I am in a fog!"

We are glad to report that at the after meeting he saw the way and came into peace through the Lord Jesus Christ. But we were greatly struck with the expression of the second officer when he said of the mate: "He is beating up that way."

Any one who knows anything about sailor language knows that "beating up" is the process of sailing a ship against the wind. How many souls are beating up to port. It is needless labor, however; the sinner needs only to take Jesus on board, and immediately he will be at the land.

Tell Your Mother.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything! "Not those young ladies" who, going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and *cartes de visites* with young men who make fun of you and your pictures, speaking in a way that would make your cheeks burn with shame if you heard it. All this, most incredulous and romantic young ladies, they will do, although they gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what other girls may do, don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish and wretched young girl can tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of a woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Do not let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtation. And above all, tell your mother everything. "Fun" in your dictionary would be indiscretion in hers. It would do no harm to look and see. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidant, all you think and feel. It is very strange that so many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which most important she should know. It is very sad that indifferent persons should no more about her fair young daughter than she herself. Have no secrets that you would not be willing to trust to your mother. She is your friend, and is ever devoted to your honor and interest. Tell her all.—*Fanny Fern.*

Begin at Once.

Begin at once to do whatever your Master commands. Begin to practice religion. A child never would learn to walk by a hundred talks about the law of gravitation; it must use its own feet, even at the risk of many a tumble. Wait not for more feeling, or more pungent convictions, or for anything that you read of in other people's experiences. These are all snares and hindrances, if they keep you from doing at once the very first act that will please Christ. Have you never opened your lips to an unconverted friend, either to avow your own feelings or to do that friend some good? Then try it; you will strengthen yourself, and may bring an unexpected blessing to him or her. In short, you must begin to obey a new Master; to serve a new Saviour; to strike out a new line of living, rely on God's almighty help to do it. When you give yourself to Christ in this whole-hearted and practical fashion, he will give you a thousand-fold richer gift in return. Yes, he will give you himself! When you possess Christ you have everything.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Machine Religion.

There is a limit to inventions. The preacher may print his ideas on a typewriter at the rate of sixty words a minute, but he must think them out in the old way. The young man may telephone his sweet-heart to meet him by moonlight, but he must win her in the old, old fashion. And there is no patent way of bringing religion and people together. Religion must get incarnate, put on hats and boots, and go to the people one at a time. This is the way Jesus did. He loves mankind. But when we look for the proof of that generalization we find it in the fact that he went home with Zaccheus, and put his hand on Bartimeus, and said to Matthew, "Follow me."—*The Interior.*

The Hidden Child.

One of the most touching tales of maternal affection which I have heard was related by Dr. Norman McLeod, of Scotland, in an address he once delivered. He said that one cold day in winter, a Scotch mother was obliged to cross a bleak mountain with her infant son in her arms. As she ascended the heights the weather grew very cold, and she began to fear that both she and her babe would freeze to death. But she resolved to save her child if possible, and so took her shawl and wrapped it round the little boy and laid him snugly in the cleft of the rock, where the chilling blasts could not disturb him, while she herself waited in the cold.

The night wore away; the poor woman grew numb and cold and stupid, and at last lay down and slept; and in the morning she was found frozen stiff and dead, while the little boy was warm and well, and sweetly sleeping in the rocky cleft, where a tender mother's hands had laid him down.

Such is mother's love.—*Sunday Magazine.*

The Poisoned Tongue.

The snake's poison is in his teeth; but there is something quite as dangerous, and much more common in communities, which has its poison on its tongue. Indeed, your chances of escape from a serpent are much greater. The worst snake usually glides away in fear at the approach of man unless disturbed or attacked. But this creature, whose poison lurks in his tongue, attacks without provocation, and follows up his victim with untiring perseverance. I will tell you his name, so you will always be able to shun him. He is called Slanderer. He poisons worse than a serpent. Often his venom strikes to the life of a family or neighborhood, destroying all peace and confidence.

A Bible in a Milan Window.

A citizen of Milan put into his window a Bible printed in large type, so that passers-by might read therein, and every day he turned over a leaf. Thus many read the book, and so continued its study from day to day. But one morning there was some commotion outside, and on inquiring the cause of it, the good man was informed that he had not turned the leaf! This little incident indicates a certain condition of the public mind, not in Milan only, but every where, and it points to a method whereby that condition might be gratified very largely by a moderate expenditure.

Look Towards the Light.

A weary and discouraged woman, after struggling all day with contrary winds and tides, came to her home, and flinging herself into a chair, said:—

"Everything looks dark, dark." "Why don't you turn your face to the light, aunty dear?" said a little niece who was standing near.

The words were a message from on high, and the weary eyes were turned towards Him who is the light and the life of men, and in whose light alone we see light.

NATURE MAKES NO MISTAKES.

Nature's own remedy for bowel complaints, cholera morbus, cholera, cramps, vomiting, seasickness, cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery, and all diseases of a like nature belonging to the summer season, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which can be obtained of all dealers in medicine.

MIRACULOUS.

"My Miraculous Cure was that I had suffered from kidney disease for about two years, was off work all that time. A friend told me of B. B. B. I tried it, and I am happy to say that I am cured by two bottles." Wm. Tier, St. Mary's Ont.

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A PROFESSIONAL OPINION.

Rev. F. Gunner, M. D., of Listowel Ont., says regarding B. B. B.: "I have used your excellent Burdock Compound in practice and in my family since 1884, and hold it No. 1 on my list of sanative remedies. Your three busy B's never sting, weaken or worry."

A physician of large practice says of Ridge's food: "I can say of this preparation of food that it has never failed me, or failed to agree when given strictly according to my directions. With scrupulous care, there need be very little trouble from bowel complaints; and to this I ascribe the fact that I have never lost a child with any form of diarrhoea or cholera infantum." This is the testimony of thousands who have successfully reared their little ones on it. Give it a test.

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Over quarter of a million profits to be distributed among the Policy-holders this year.

Here are a few facts selected from the Annual Report for 1886:

1. The Interest received from investments more than paid the death losses again last year; a fact which attests (1) the quality of its risks, (2) the quality of its investments.

2. The Premium Income of 1886 was nearly half a million, or a quarter more than in 1885.

3. The profits to Policy-holders for the 5 years—1881 to 1886—are more than double those of 1876 to 1881.

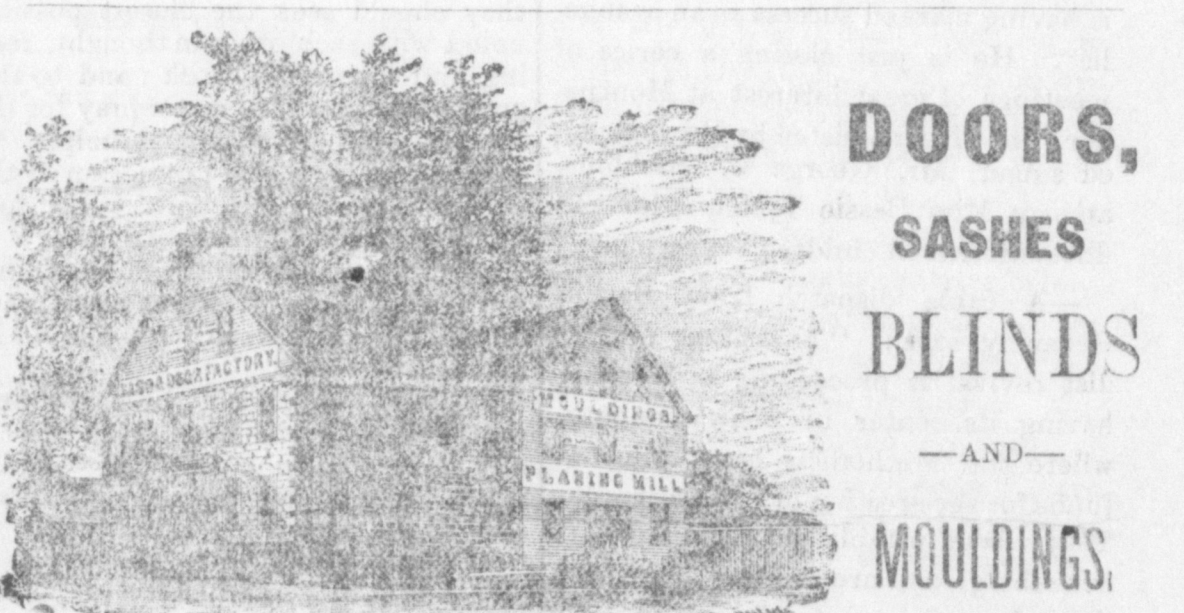
4. The management still rests in such hands as—Sir W. P. Howland, President; Hon. W. McMaster, Vice-President; J. K. McDonald, Managing Director.

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	INCOME.	ASSETS.	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE.
1872	\$48,210.93	\$546,461.95	\$1,076,350.00
1874	64,072.88	621,362.81	1,864,302.00
1876	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.00
1878	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.43
1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.14
1882	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.19
1884	278,378.65	1,274,597.24	6,844,404.04
1885	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
1886	373,500.31	1,573,027.10	9,413,358.07

The SUN issues Absolutely Unconditional Life Policies.

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