

A Song of the Burden-Bearer.

"I'll drop my burden at His feet,
And bear a song away."
Over the narrow footpath
That led from my lowly door
I went with a thought of the Master,
As oft I had walked before.
My heart was heavily laden
And with tears my eyes were dim,
But I knew I should lose the burden
Could I get a glimpse at Him.
It was more than I could carry
If I carried it alone,
And none in my house might share it—
Only One upon the throne.
It came between me and pleasure,
Between my work and me;
But our Lord could understand it,
And His touch could set me free.
Over the trodden pathway,
To the fields all shorn and bare,
I went with a step that faltered
And a face that told of care;
I had lost the light of the morning,
With its shimmer of sun and dew,
But a gracious look of the Master
Would the strength of the morn renew.
While yet my courage wavered
And the sky before me blurred,
I heard a voice behind me
Saying a tender word;
And I turned to see the brightness
Of heaven upon the road;
And sudden I lost the pressure
Of the weary, crushing load.
Nothing that hour was altered;
I had still the weight of care,
But I bore it now with the gladness
Which comes of answered prayer.
Not a grief the soul can fester
Nor cloud its vision when
The dear Lord gives the spirit
To breathe to His will, "Amen!"
Oh, friends, if the greater burdens
His love can make so light,
Why should His wonderful goodness
Our halting credence sligh?
The little sharp vexations
And the briars that catch and fret—
Shall we take them to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell him about the heartache,
And tell him the longing, too;
Tell him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do;
Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.
MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Christians Under A Cloud.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Every Christian ought to live in the sunlight of Christ's countenance. But there are many who spend much of their time under a cloud. Perhaps the reader of this article is one of them; and he does not seem to understand that it is his own fault that he does not enjoy more assurance of hope, and more of the joys that are promised to believers. My friend, this depression that you complain of is not the result of providential afflictions, or of any other person's sin, it is the direct result of your own sin against both your soul and your Saviour. Christ commands you to believe Him, and you disobey. He bids you look to Him and you either shut your eyes, or else look elsewhere. He invites you to lean on His everlasting arm, and you seek some prop of your own. He promises that if you seek the grace that is sufficient for you, He will bestow it; and then you insult Him with doubts. Instead of opening every window of your soul to the gracious assurances of His lips, and the joy of His presence, you have a pertinacious habit of barring up the windows and then complaining that you live in the dark!
Analyze your own feelings honestly and you must admit that your cloudy life is of your own making. When you read the eighth chapter to the Romans, you perceive where Paul found his peace, assurance, radiant hope and abounding joy; but there is a pitiable self-conceit in your own heart which pretends that what sufficed for Paul is not clear enough, or strong enough, or efficacious enough for you! In addition to this perverse view of yourself, there is a perverse obstinacy in your way of creating all of Christ's offers and promises. You hold fast to your doubts, instead of holding fast to Him. If you have ever chased a bat around your parlor with a broomstick, you have discovered that it was easier to keep the bats out, than to try to expel them. Now, when harassing and tormenting doubts come to the doors of your heart, instead of bolting the door against them you let them in; you harbor them. Doubting Christ is a sin; and a doubting thought must be treated as Joseph treated an impure thought suggested by a wanton woman he slammed the door in the face of it. To every skeptical whisper of Satan, you most promptly say "Get thee behind me!" Turn at once from the devil's suggestions to Christ's clear declarations. Cry unto Him for help and lay hold of His promises, as sinking Peter stretched forth his arms to Jesus. This wicked habit of doubting and disbelieving your Lord, must be dealt with as a tippler must deal with his habit of indulging in his wine or

his whiskey. You must break it up. Lay hold with all your might and main of your Bible—every line in it that God has put there—and then say to yourself "If I go on any farther in this way I shall become a wretched infidel. I will shake off the first serpent of doubt that tries to fasten on my hand, and I will fix that hand on Christ. Lord! I will cling to Thee; help Thou me to conquer this accursed unbelief!"
I have somewhere read that the eminent Swiss writer, Dr. Merle D'Aubigne, was grievously troubled with doubts during his student days. He went to his old experienced teacher for help. The veteran refused to discuss them and said "Were I to rid you of these doubts, others would come. There is a shorter way of destroying them. Let Jesus Christ be really to you the Son of God, an almighty Saviour; and His light will dispel the darkness, and His spirit will lead you into all truth." The old man was right. He saw that the young student was falling into a sinful habit that would grow worse by tampering with it. To attempt to poke away the clouds with your own hand, is sheer folly; your true course is to plant yourself in the clear broad sunshine of Jesus Christ, and stay there. "Sur, of my soul, thou Saviour dear," is a line that ought to be said or sung, every hour of the Christian's life.

Some good people are the prey of naturally despondent temperaments; such need a double supply of grace, and must pray for it. So must they whose digestion is weak and whose nerves are over-sensitive. The worries of business or household cares, the loss of sleep, or the derangement of the bodily machinery, put such Christian folk under a cloud pretty often. To-day they sing like larks; to-morrow the barometer goes down and they are in the dumps again. Such people should look after their bodily health as a spiritual duty. Moreover they should keep their Christian faith where it would not be exposed to every east wind, or drenched to death by every shower that falls. Keep a good supply of tonic Bible-texts within reach; and take them freely the next time that an auge-fit comes on.

There is still another class of professed Christians who darken their own lives by wilful violation of Christ's commandments. They sin away their hopes. The darkness that overshadows them is of their own making. Their transgressions, like a thick cloud separate between God and their own souls; Christ's countenance is hidden as in a gloomy eclipse. Perhaps my desponding friend thy own backsliding has carried thee out of the sunlight into the death-shadows. No church member who neglects his Bible and honest prayer, or who pursues crooked paths in business, or who indulges in fleshly lusts, or who is content to live in breach of his sacramental vows, can ever expect to enjoy a clear assurance of hope, or the sunshine of Christ's countenance. Bunyan describes a melancholy group of backsliders groping among the tombs; and when "Christian" beheld them, his eyes gushed out with tears. Such wanderers may well cry out "Where is now my hope?" There is no hope for all backsliders except where erring and fallen Peter found his, and that is by speedy repentance and return to a forsaken Saviour. If thy sins have put thee under a cloud, then return speedily unto Him who will abundantly pardon; and never until you get back to Christ, will you get back once more into the sunlight.

Christian Trials.

All Christians do not have the same trials, nor are they in all cases of equal severity. But no Christian is entirely exempt from them. Some there are who seem to have almost uninterrupted prosperity and happiness. Others go mourning all their days.

Some of our earthly trials are loss of health, friends, property, reputation. There are Christians who hardly ever need to say, "We are sick," and who know but little from experience of the sorrow of bereavement. They are prospered in worldly things. They have but seldom reason to complain of the assaults of the backbiter or slanderer. To others full cups of disappointment, sorrow and suffering are wrung out. The Christian observing this apparent inequality in the divine dealings with the people of God, and feeling that the hand of God is laid heavily upon himself, is sometimes perplexed and troubled, as though strange things had happened to him.

But there is really nothing strange or inexplicable in the sharpest trials any of God's people are called upon to endure. If they are quite free from them, there is more reason for surprise. The early Christians were subjected to "fiery trials," and yet the Apostle Peter exhorts them, as "though some strange thing had happened unto them." Every Christian ought to expect trial

in some form. Christ Jesus, the High Priest of our profession, was "in all points tempted (tried) like as we are." He suffered the trials of poverty; He endured bodily pain; He was persecuted and despised. He felt the pangs of hunger, the weariness of long journeys and exhausting labour. The servant of the "Man of Sorrows" ought not to expect to be free from like hardships.

The trials of Christians do not come upon them accidentally. "Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, neither doth trouble spring out of the ground." "Shall there be evil in the city, and the Lord hath not done it." Whatever men of the world may think in regard to afflictive dispensations, Christians "know that we are appointed thereunto." They expect them; they see in them not the hand of an angry God, but of a loving Father who "doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." Job's friends looked upon his afflictions as expressions of the divine wrath against him, when they should have regarded them as the corrections of a loving Father. "In a little wrath I hid My face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy of thee, saith the Lord, thy Redeemer."

The late Albert Barnes said he never knew a Christian that was not benefited by trials. It is natural for us to shrink from and desire to escape them, and yet if we thought less of the present evil and more of future good, they would come to us with a less cheerless aspect than they frequently do. "No chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

A comforting thought in connection with the trials of Christians is this: that when they are borne with submission to the divine will they supply the best evidences we can have of our sonship. Peter was unwilling that his Lord should perform the menial service of washing his feet, but when his Master said, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me," then Peter begged him to wash not his feet only, but also his hands and head. Knowing that the trials which overtake the Christian are designed for his good, are necessary, and afford proof of his gracious relationship, he "counts it all joy when he falls into manifold trials."—United Presbyterian.

The Light of the World.

This is what Jesus predicted of his disciples. When he made this declaration he emphasized the other side of their influence and power from that which he had characterized when he spoke of them under the figure of the salt. Then they symbolized that hidden, mysterious working power, preserving and purifying everything it touches. Now he speaks of the outward, visible manifestation of their influence, which, like the light of the sun, was to fill the whole world with its glory. They were to possess those qualities which would cause them to resemble in some degree the natural light in illuminating, elevating and ennobling mankind. It matters not what is the station, the education or the wealth of those who enlist in Christ's service. If indeed they are true disciples they will be the salt of the earth to preserve it from corruption, they will be the light of the world to guide it in darkness.

One important respect in which Christians are to be like the light is purity. Light is among the purest things known. "Pure as the light" is proverbial. But light is not only pure, it imparts purity. It shines into dark, unwholesome and forbidding places, and carries health and purity into every corner and crevice into which it penetrates. On no point were the Pharisees so scrupulous as that of outward purity. They believed they were defiled by contact with bodies that were unclean, and were made pure by an outward ceremony. But Jesus in his teaching cut right across all such formalism and pronounced his blessings upon the "pure in heart," and of them he said "they shall see God."

Another is gentleness. How gently do the rays of the morning sun creep over the hill-tops; steal through the trees and tempt forth the grass and leaves and flowers, covering the earth with vernal beauty. Christ's life was the embodiment of gentleness. He came to his own, and they received him not. He was rejected, betrayed and crucified. When he hung upon the cross and was reviled he reviled not again; when he suffered he threatened not but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously. In all his intercourse with men he showed his life was in harmony with the religion he came to establish and to teach. The Christian's model in all other respects, he must be in this if he does

not wish to misrepresent his spirit and teachings.

The power which the light has to draw all things up to itself is still another respect in which Christians should resemble the light. The flowers always lift up their bright faces toward the sunlight; the vines reach up their hands as if to make the golden rays a trellis on which to mount up higher. By prayer and communion and worship the Christian must not only be drawn nearer to God, but by his silent, persuasive influence he must draw others away from the world unto God.—Inquirer.

Help the Preacher.

Preachers are called a very sensitive class of men, and the most of them will not deny the charge. The character of their work tends to make them sensitive. And because they are sensitive is the very reason why they need the help which it is easily within the power of many, if not all, of their hearers to render them, especially when they preach. Any preacher who is quite indifferent to the listlessness of his hearers must be a very thick-skinned and dull man, and, of course, a poor and uninteresting preacher. It may seem to be a very small matter, to a hearer, to cast his eyes around the church much of the time during the delivery of the sermon, as though the sermon were of no special interest to him; but it is a matter of much importance to the preacher. Even one disagreeable hearer (i) has done much to hinder some preachers from doing their best in the pulpit on a single occasion. On the other hand even a thoughtful and attentive boy may greatly help a preacher. A certain preacher tells his experience in these words: "It was a pretty fair sermon—so the minister thought; at least, it had done good in other places. But he began to suspect that for that Sunday the lines had fallen to him in unpleasant places, when just then he noticed on the front seat, a small boy, with big black eyes. He was sitting bolt upright; the black eyes were fixed on the preacher's blue eyes, and an electric message sped between the two pairs of eyes. The boy did not know it, perhaps, but the minister did know it. The sermon was not a five-minute's sermonette, for children; but the boy listened, just the same. In fact, the discourse was written for Father A. and Brother B. and Mr. C., and for the pillar behind the pillar; but, as they would not listen, the minister began to preach to the boy."

He warmed to his subject; he recovered his failing grip on his theme and to the audience. He kept glancing into those black eyes for encouragement, and they never failed him, to the very end. Who was the boy with the black eyes? No one seemed to know, though the minister made inquiries after church; but one thing the minister did know,—he helped the preacher, and, in a sense, saved the sermon. Let members of churches profit by this important lesson. Let them studiously remember, every time that they go to church, that they are responsible, in a large degree, for the effectiveness of the pastor's preaching, in the matter of attentive listening. While it is of great importance that the pastor should have the power of the Holy Spirit to help him, it is also very important that he should be helped by the power of appreciative hearers.—Watchman.

Every Christian Has a Mission.

There is, perhaps, no one point which requires more to be pressed on the attention of Christian men, women and children in the present day than this: that every one is sent into the world with a mission—that is, for some particular object. He is not sent here merely to vegetate and die; he is sent to do something for his Master; and there is no one who has not some talent which he can employ for God. Every one has a mission. We know what the world considers to be their mission—just to live as happily and comfortably as they can; just to kill time, without any thought of what will become of them when they are called from earth.

And what do many Christians regard as their one and only business in this world? Why, they think that their mission is to take care of the salvation of their own souls, and that when they have secured that they have done all that is required of them. My friends, that is but the beginning of the work, not the end. Having been led to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, having become united to him by a living faith and thus been saved for ever, you are then to work, not for yourselves only, but for your fellow-creatures—for mankind.

Having been raised up "from death unto life," show the life which is in you; show it in action—press forward in your Christian course, and let your Master see that you are willing to do

all that he has commanded you to do in his service. Endeavor to discover what is your mission in the world. "Mission" may be a cant word, but it contains the sum and substance of Christian usefulness in the world.

Endeavor to find out the gifts God has imparted to you, and set yourselves to work with them; and whether the door may be wide or narrow, whether it be in your power to benefit many or only few, if you do the work which God in his providence has given you to do, you will at last hear your Master say to you: "He has done what he could." What we can is all that our Master requires.—Sir E. Buxton.

Trials.

1. The pain and anguish of conviction of sin and repentance unto life.
2. Conflicts with the world, the flesh and the devil.
3. Personal sickness and pain.
4. Treachery of pretended friends.
5. Loss of property, means of living, etc.
6. Death of dear friends.
7. Our own death.

But out of them all we shall triumphantly come.

We have seven sources and grounds of hope and comfort.

1. The love of God the Father.
2. The grace of Christ.
3. The communion of the Holy Spirit.
4. The promises of God in the Bible.
5. Prayer and access unto the holiest of all.
6. The fellowship and sympathy of God's people.
7. The assurance that out of much tribulation we shall enter the kingdom of God.

We are not to understand that God's people are exempted from troubles, many and aggravated, but only that these afflictions shall do them good. Troubles are like the refiner's fire burning away the dross and purifying the gold.

Cowper well expresses the thought: "Trials make the promise sweet, Trials give new life to prayer; Trials bring me to His feet, Lay me low and keep me there."

But in the end trials shall raise us to glory.—The Rev. A. J. Reynolds.

Random Readings.

There is no man so bad but he secretly respects the good.—Franklin.

Ambition is but the evil shadow of aspiration.—George Macdonald.

Nations are educated through suffering, mankind is purified through sorrow.—Mazzini.

Work is God's ordinance as truly as prayer.—George D. Boardman.

The seeds of repentance are sown in youth by pleasure, but harvest is reaped in age by pain.—Colton.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of our Creator is the very extensiveness of His bounty.—Paley.

The praise that spurs thee on, And higher lifts thy quest, Heaven send thee! Better none Than in it thou shouldst rest.—Matthew Sidney Knight, in Harper's.

The same furnace that hardens clay liquefies gold; and in the strong manifestations of divine power Pharaoh found his punishment, but David his pardon.—Colton.

God will not always chide, but He will always love; His anger endureth but for a moment, His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting.—Rev. J. Smith.

'Tis the property of all true knowledge, especially spiritual, to enlarge the soul, by filling it; to enlarge it without swelling it; to make it more capable and more earnest to know, the more it knows.—Bishop Sprat.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

Among the many remedies for Worms, McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup takes the lead; it is the original and only genuine. Pleasant to take and sure in effect. Purely vegetable.

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

If that lady at the lecture the other night only knew how nice Hall's Hair Renewer would remove dandruff and improve the hair she would buy a bottle.

Mr. John McCarthy, Toronto, writes: "I can unhesitatingly say that Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the best medicine in the world. It cured me of Heartburn that troubled me for over thirty years. During that time I tried a great many different medicines, but this wonderful medicine was the only one that took hold and rooted out the disease."

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

1890. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. 1890.

On and after MONDAY, 9th June, 1890, the trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.
Day Express for Halifax and Campbellton 40
Accommodation for Point du Chene 11.00
Fast Express for Halifax 13.30
Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal 16.35
Express for Halifax 22.30

A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving Halifax at 6.30 and St. John at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.35 and take sleeping car at Montreal.
Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.
Express from Halifax (Monday excepted) 6.10
Fast Express from Montreal and Quebec (Monday excepted) 8.30
Accommodation from Point du Chene 12.55
Day Express from Halifax and Campbellton 18.00
Express from Halifax, Pictou and Mulgrave 22.30

The 6.30 train from Halifax will arrive at St. John at 8.30 Sunday, along with the express from Montreal and Quebec, but neither of these trains run on Monday. A train will leave Sussex on Monday at 6.47, arriving at St. John at 8.30. The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity and heated by steam from the locomotive.
All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent
Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
6th June, 1890.

Canadian Pacific Railway

NEW BRUNSWICK DIVISION.

All Rail Line to Boston, &c. The Short Line to Montreal, &c.

ARRANGEMENT OF TRAINS

In Effect August 14th, 1890.

Eastern Standard Time.

LEAVE FREDERICTON.

6.00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points, to Vancouver, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, and points north.
10.30 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John and all points east.
3.15 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, etc.

RETURNING TO FREDERICTON.

From St. John 6.35, 8.45, a. m.; 4.45 p. m.; Fredericton Junction, 8.10, a. m.; 12.00, 6.25 p. m.; McAdam Junction, 10.40 a. m.; 2.15 p. m.; Vancouver, 10.20 a. m.; St. Stephen, 7.50, 11.25 a. m.; St. Andrews, 7.35 a. m.

ARRIVING IN FREDERICTON.

9.20 a. m., 1.10, 7.20 p. m.

LEAVE GIBSON.

6.45 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points north.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON.

4.50 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points north.

H. P. TIMMERMAN, Gen. Supt.

A. J. HEATH, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

Gen. Supt.

Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agent.

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