

"Thy Burden."

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 any eyes;
And all may see its form in weight and size.

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

The burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet, let it press too heavily and long,
He says, Cast it on Me
And it shall ease 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 the days
Her joy and God's high praise.

—Marianne Farningham

The New Parasol.

In *Light and Life for Women*, the following story is told by a lady concerning an experience of her childhood days. She says:—

Twenty-five years ago I was a little girl nine years old. We had moved from New England to the woods of Wisconsin, and my parents had to endure much privation.

One bright day in summer my Aunt Hannah, mother's sister, came all the way from Massachusetts to visit us. She had many nice things, but what pleased me most was her parasol. It was a large one, made of black satin, lined with white, and running up to a point at the top like an inverted cornucopia, having also a cord and tassel. My mother's parasol was very small, and made of black silk. She had owned it six years, and it was worn almost through on the folds, looking when it was raised, as if it would crack open between each pair of ribs.

One day I said to my aunt, "Oh, what a beautiful parasol! I wish mother had one." She smiled and said, "After I go home I will send her one, and this shall be our secret."

O how I thought about my mother's present! I busied myself imagining her surprise,—her stately appearance as she would walk to church beside my father under its grandeur, and the looks of admiration that other ladies would give her. I could not keep it to myself, and the dear little sister who slept with me rejoiced fully as much as I did.

It was my duty to walk a mile to the post-office every day at four o'clock, and I used to announce my return by calling out what I had brought, as soon as I opened the door. If I said, "The *Missionary Herald* and the *New York Observer*," mother was likely to say, "Sit right down, and see if there is any news from Rev. T. S. Burnell, of India;" or else, "Give your father the *Herald*, and let us see what word from Mr. Coan, in the Sandwich Islands."

About a week after my aunt's return, I found a letter for my mother in her hand-writing. I ran home and entered the house, crying, "A letter from Aunt Hannah!" and eagerly watched my mother's face to see how she would receive the news. As she opened the letter, a new five-dollar bill met her eyes. To my surprise she put her hand over her face, and I saw tears falling, and heard her say, "O my Father, I thank thee!" Then reading the letter through, she opened a little writing-desk that stood on the table, and writing three or four words, folded the bill within, sealed it, and directing it to "James Gordon, Treasurer American Board of Foreign Missions, Boston, Mass.," asked me to take it right to the office, so it would be sure to go in the morning.

"Why, mother, wasn't that money for you to buy a parasol with?" I faltered. "O my child!" she said, "I never had five dollars at a time to give to the American Board before, and they need money so much now, for they are enlarging their work, and I have been praying the Lord to let me help them, and he has answered my prayer, and I am so thankful." And tears filled her eyes as she spoke.

That made an impression on my mind that will never pass away. All the way to the post-office and back, two miles of solitary walk, I was thinking about my mother and her sacrifice. How grand it was in her to feel so! What a wonderful institution the American Board

must be that she should love it so! And the decision made then I have kept to this day,—to love and pray for its success, and to help it all in my power.

This story illustrates a principle which I wish we all might appreciate and apply to ourselves. Children are keen judges. That which they see is loved by their parents or Sabbath school teacher, they will love. Their interest will center about that which is talked about and labored for at home. One example such as that related above will do more to make missionaries of the children than any amount of teaching without example. When they see older persons denying themselves of fine dress and luxurious food, and dispensing with articles actually necessary for comfort that they may have means to spread the gospel, then a spirit will be aroused in them to do the same. When dollars are spent for pictures and ornaments, and dimes for the cause of God, we may expect the children to grow up loving themselves and the world more than they love the cause of Christ.

As they hear of the work to be done in Europe, of the heathen in Asia and Africa, of the open doors where light and truth wait for men and means to bid them enter, what is the interest they see manifested in our homes on this subject?

That will be an auspicious day for the cause of missions when garments are made to last longer, when the food becomes plainer, when this or that pleasure is denied that the warning message may go to those in darkness. Then will the children catch the same spirit of love and self-sacrifice. We may also expect that from such homes will come heroic servants of Christ who will add to the sacrifices already made, the offering of themselves as an act of final consecration, and from hearts full of love and zeal the prayer will go forth, "Lord, here am I; send me."—*Advent Review.*

A Man Without a Soul.

When I lived on the Pacific coast, in the early days of mining times, there were not many women there, and it was a rough kind of life. I had had a great desire to do missionary work. I wanted to go into foreign parts, but I found missionary work in my own country, and I have ever since. One day I heard the miners telling my husband about a man that lay dying over in another camp. They said "There is no crime that his hands are not stained with; even the boys from the mines cannot stay with him, he is so wild." I went over to the sage-bush hills until I got to the little cabin. The door stood wide open. The man was there, on the straw and colored blankets on the floor, and as my shadow fell across the doorway, he greeted me with an awful oath. I stopped a moment. I had never heard such oaths. I said, "My friend, don't." He said, "You ain't my friend. I never had a friend." "But it seems sad to me to see you lying here, suffering, and have you lie here and die?" He said, "No one cares anything about me; I never had any friend." I thought to touch his heart, and I said, "Do you remember your mother?" I have hardly ever found any one whose heart would not be touched by these words. He cursed her. I said, "Had you a wife?" He cursed her. I spoke of God and he cursed Him. I spoke of the Lord Jesus Christ, and he did not know what I was talking about. He had been working around sixty years of his life, forty years in the city of New York, and he didn't believe any lie like that. In about two weeks I visited him again; but every method seemed to fail. I wanted the key to the man's heart. I went home, and said to myself, "I don't know that there is any use in going there again." I put my little boys in bed, and left them with a prayer. I thought, suppose one of my little boys should drift into life and wander off, would not I want some woman to try and look after him, and not even give it up after two weeks' labor? I could not sleep. I went away, and prayed to God. I learned what I had never learned before, what it was to travail for a human soul. I asked for myself that I might get such a glimpse of the worth of the human soul that I might know how to work for him. I got it, friends. I started next morning. I had been there often before, when the shadows lay thick and dark, on the mountain side. There went with me a lady and a little girl. The man greeted me with a curse, just as before. It did not hurt me, as other curses had. I furnished him with a clean basin of water, a towel, and clean dishes, as I had been accustomed to do, of which he had availed himself without thanks. So we heard the clear laugh of that little girl come floating in. He said, "What is that?" in a tone of voice in which I had never heard him speak. I

said, "That is a little girl outside." He said, "Would you mind bringing her in, I would like to see a little girl once more." I called her in; she was afraid of him, poor sick man. Finally she bent over him; she had picked some flowers, and with the voice of a little angel, she said, "Sick man, will you have a flower?" He reached out his great bony hand beyond the flowers, and laid it on the plump hand of the little girl, and with a tear starting from his eye, he said "I had a little girl once, and she died, and I have hated everybody since then. I guess I would have been a better man if it hadn't been for that." I said, "I spoke about your mother and your wife, and you cursed them." "Yes," I said, "Would you like to have had your little girl grow up like you? she might have done so if she had lived." He replied, "Great God! I never thought of that. I am glad she died." I said "You loved the little girl, and she is waiting for you; the little hand is beckoning, and you can see her by the help of Jesus Christ." He asked, "What do you do when you talk to him?" I said, "I pray." He said, "Won't you pray to-day?" I knelt down and prayed. The prayer was heard. He lived weeks and weeks, and finally passed over to the other side; but before he died he said to them, "Boys, I want to tell you the story this woman has told me. You know how the water runs down the sluice box and leaves all the gold behind. Well, the blood of the Man she told about, went over me just like that, and carried of the last plank, but left enough for me to be saved, and I shall see Mamie and the Man that died for me by-and-by." At the last moment he said, "I shall see Mamie, and I shall see the Man that died for me." Friends, if God can save my poor Jack, whose hands were stained with human blood, he can save all men that any of you have the care of, if only you go to work for them and save them.—*Pres. Witness.*

Pulpit Supply.

The minister had been ordered to take a holiday. Peter, the minister's man, came to advise him to try the effect of sea air. That being satisfactorily settled the minister remarked, "As to the supply of the pulpit in my absence—I shall only be absent three Sundays, and there are several of the neighboring ministers who owe me a day—Mr. Black, of Greendale—"

"Dinna bring him among us, sir, on any account!" interrupted Peter. "A man that reads his sermon frae beginnin' to en' an' thinks nae shame o't! We winna hae him on hand!" "I don't see that a read sermon should have less effect than an extempore one, Peter," remonstrated the minister. "It shows careful preparation at least."

"Noo, dinna uphaid him in his errors, sir," exclaimed poor Peter, becoming excited. "It's but the thin edge of the wedge—aloo paper sermons an' human hymns, an' vera sune ye'll be prayin' to the Lord o' a' bulks, an' praisin' Him wi' a kist o' whistles! Na, na; religion may be at low ebb among us, but we're no' ready to lay her out in thee deid-claithes yet!"

"Then there is your good old friend, Dr. Moneybags," pursued the minister. "The auld Dominie! Weel, he's a fine cratur, an' has been a powerful preacher in his day, but loosh me, sir, his day's lang past. What wi' his want of teeth an' want o' win, ye canna hear him half over the kirk. As the Scripture has it, 'He speaks in an unknown tongue, edifyin' himself but not the church.' He winna dae either."

"Well, there is Roy of Westerton. You can have no fault with either his sound doctrine or his sound lungs."

"Oo ay," rejoined Peter, drily, "he's soun'; he's like a toom barrel—naething in him but soun'. I never saw a man yet that could speak sae lang an' say sae little. Still-an-on we micht pit up wi' him for aince."

"Peter, you are an inveterate grumbler, said his master."

"Oh, weel—maybe I'm no easy to please—I ken guid preachin' when I hear it as weel as any man; an' to speak the truth, I dinna like to carry up the Bible afore any minister but yoursell, sir."

"I am surprised that my poor efforts should find favour with so keen a critic."

"Oh! that's anither thing—ye're oor ain man, an' we'll uphaid you against all comers. An' troth, unless it be that ye whiles gie oot a human hymn i' the worship instead o' abidin' by the inspired Psalms o' Dawrid, we hae nae faut to find wi' you."

"Well, I am thankful for such a measure of acceptance," replied the minister, smiling; "but to return to the matter of pulpit supply. Mr. Roy is to be asked for one Sabbath, then I propose inviting Monsieur de Blair."

A dry chuckle from Peter arrested the speech.

"Well, what objection have you to make this time?" asked Mr. Home, with a little impatience.

"Oh, nae objection! nane ava. Only," and here he chuckled once more, "we maun gie the folk warnin' that he's comin' so that they may bring their night-caps an' a bite o' bread an' cheese i' their pocches. Ye'll have heard hoo he served the folk at Plovermuir ae Sunday mornin'—carried the service on frae eleven o'clock till half-past twa, an' when they met for afternoon service there was naeboddy i' the kirk but twa odd wives that had never gane hame."

It would be tedious to relate the whole of the long discussion which ensued ere suitable ministers were found for the vacant Sundays; how one was rejected because he took snuff in the pulpit, and another because his ideas of the Creation were believed to be unscriptural, how one was too frothy and another too dull, but at length the parties were agreed upon and written to, and two days later Walter Home found himself in the train speeding southward down the vale of Strathmore.—*Christian Leader.*

Billy Myers's Mare.

One day Mr. Hunt, the temperance lecturer, was making a hard assault on rum drinking in a neighborhood where a Dutch distiller, named "Billy Myers," was a sort of king. This man was present and continually interrupted the speaker by saying in a loud voice: "Mr. Hunt, money makes the mare go!" At first this raised a laugh which Mr. Hunt took in good nature.

At last he stopped for a personal talk with his tormentor, and said: "Look here, Mr. Myers, you say money makes the mare go, and you mean that I lecture on temperance for money, don't you?"

"Yes, that is what I mean, Mr. Hunt."

"Well, Mr. Myers, you carry on a distillery, and you do it for money, don't you?"

"To be sure I do, Mr. Hunt; money makes the mare go."

"And so, Mr. Myers, you say I have a mare, and you have a mare, also; suppose we trot them out together, and see how they compare?"

The meeting was in a grove, and the sharp lecturer knew a thing or two, and so the old distiller found out; for Mr. Hunt pointed to a young fellow who was quite drunk, and was steadying himself by a tree and said: "Mr. Myers, who is that young fellow?" The distiller started as if stung, as he answered: "That is my son."

"Your son, is he, Mr. Myers? He has been riding your mare, and got thrown, hasn't he?"

"And who is that young fellow sitting so drunk on that log out there?"

The distiller uttered an exclamation of real pain, as he said: "That is my son, too."

"He is, is he?" said Mr. Hunt; "I guess he has been riding your mare, also, and she has kicked up and thrown him over her head, hasn't she? Your mare must be a vicious, dangerous brute, isn't she, Mr. Myers?"

The distiller could not stand it any longer, but said: "Look here, Mr. Hunt, I won't say another word if you will let me off."

Billy Myers's mare is a very dangerous beast. She steps off very gayly at first, but she is sure to kick up before you are through with her. The man who starts out on that beast is pretty sure to come home on foot, if he comes home at all; which is by no means certain. Don't ride Billy Myers's mare.—*Selected.*

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1876.....	102,822.14	715,944.64	2,214,093.43
1878.....	127,505.87	773,895.71	3,374,683.14
1880.....	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882.....	254,841.73	1,073,577.94	6,844,680.1
1884.....	278,378.65	1,274,397.24	6,844,404.04
1885.....	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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1887.....	495,831.54	1,750,004.48	10,873,777.09
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