

When I Reach Home.

When I reach home I shall no more be lonely
Nor tempest tossed;
When I find rest I shall remember only
Those who were lost
From out my life in youth's bright, early morning,
And are now safe
Within the dear Lord's kind and tender caring,
Freed from all grief.

When I reach home I shall seek out my loved ones,
And I shall know,
E'en though my soul, unused to heaven's splendor,
Blindly may go;
Still love shall draw unto itself its kindred,
Swiftly and sure;
And the blest ties which He on earth hath sanctioned
Shall abide secure.

When I reach home I shall remember only
What bringeth peace;
And joy shall follow sorrow as the morning
Bringeth release
From error's sway, and evils dark which gather
At midnight hour;
O, to awaken in the glorious dawning,
With spirit power!

When I reach home I would not selfish linger
Near the white throne;
But to some burdened heart, some fainting mortal,
Gladly I'd come;
If I might whisper to some soul the story
Of pardon won,
Then would my spirit know the grander glory
Of His "Well done!"

ADA ABBOTT DUNTON.

The Tangled Skeins of Life.

BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS, D. D.

There are several ways by which our lives may get into a bad snarl. It would be easy enough to keep life from getting tangled up if it had only one thread, but every life, however humble, is made up of a number of threads, and unless each goes into its regular and rightful place there is bound to be a tangle for somebody to unravel.

First, there is the double thread of the body and the soul. A man is not all body, nor is he all spirit. The spirit lives in the body and in some mysterious way controls it, orders it about, makes it go on its errands, and work for it generally. But, on the other hand, the body exercises a great influence over the spirit. If the body is sick or depressed it affects the spirit. The world is not wise enough yet to know all there is to know concerning the delicate and wonderful relation between the body and the spirit. But by the aid of the Bible we have learned enough to keep out of serious snarls if we follow its direction. We have learned that it is the duty of the spirit to be master. Whenever the soul abdicates its throne to the body there is a bad tangle. The soul is to look out for the body and take good care of it, but it is to master it and keep it under. The human body is a glorious servant, and a good house when kept in repair, but a dangerous and reckless master. The only way to untangle the snarl, if there has come to be a wrong relation between the body and the spirit, is by the grace of God to bring the spirit to the throne.

There is another chance for a tangle in the relation of the spirit to God. When the inner man—that is, the spiritual man—is under the power of sin the whole man goes wrong. But when the better instincts of the soul are aroused, and the man becomes conscious of God, and he surrenders to the divine will, a wonderful transformation takes place, which Paul describes as "putting off the old man with his deeds" and "putting on the new man" who is created in righteousness. There is a chance here for a bad tangle where a man or a woman comes into the church and undertakes to lead the new life with the old man still in control. There is always a snarl in such cases. One cannot lead the Christian life without the Christian spirit, and the Christian spirit comes with the putting off of the old man and the putting on of the new. Many people who do not find enjoyment in the Christian life, such as others joyously tell about, are often, no doubt, in this trouble. They are trying to lead the new life, but in the old worldly spirit, and naturally everything gets tangled up. The spirit must fit the life. Ask God to help you put off the old man and clothe you with the new, and the tangled inconsistencies of your life will soon be unraveled.

There is another fruitful source of tangled skeins, and that is our relations to others. On the social side every human life is made up of many threads. These go all right so long as they are woven together in the right way, but it is like a piece of crocheted work: if you take a false stitch everything goes wrong. Human lives were made to work together, but they can only work

together harmoniously in one way, and that is in the spirit of love. It can never be done on a selfish basis. People who are determined to have their own way all the time, and be cared for luxuriously like travelers in a high-priced hotel, are entirely out of place in the Christian Church. Christ is the key to all life in the Christian Church, and that key is incarnate unselfishness and love. To become a Christian is to become like Jesus, and that means to become loving and unselfish. If you will look into the matter you will find that all the troubles you ever knew among Christians, or, indeed, anywhere else, came from selfishness. And the only way to bring about peace and harmony, the only way to bring about forgiveness and drive away all unkindness, is to get hold of the snarl and change the selfishness into love. The whole tangle will fall to pieces as soon as you do that. That is the reason that genuine revivals of religion are such great peacemakers. The moment people begin to consecrate themselves to God, and come into close personal communion and personal fellowship with Jesus, all the tangled skeins and misunderstandings begin to unravel themselves, and the first thing you know all the snarled threads in the community that have been knotted and twisted into all sorts of ugly tangles are all cleared away.

There is one other place where we are in danger of tangled skeins of which I must speak, and that is between the double threads of time and eternity, of the present life and the immortal life into which this must soon issue. There is always a tangle when we permit ourselves to lose the relative relation of this life to the other. Everything goes straight so long as we remember that we are only here for a little while, and are to be in heaven through all eternity. We can be patient and self-denying and keep cheerful and forego fretfulness and grumbling, so long as we keep clear before our eyes the fact that we are only camping out here, just living in tents for awhile, but that there is going up for us in heaven a beautiful mansion that is to fit all our needs and where every wish of the soul is to be completely gratified forever. Everything is bearable while we feel that way about it. The tangle only comes when we drive our tent pins down solid and begin to think that this is all there is of it, and to act as though we thought, if somebody got a better tenting place here than we do, we are beat out and cheated forever. O, the snarls that come from pilgrims regarding themselves as settlers! But if we get close to God and come into sweet fellowship with Christ the snarl all unravels at once, for as we get close to Jesus heaven becomes real to us, and we see that to have the best tenting place on earth, and to have the gayest, showiest tent that the kingdoms of this world could provide, would be to be miserably cheated if thereby we lose the glorious mansion which we may have in heaven.—Chris. Advocate.

On Loving Ones Enemies.

Some time ago a brief editorial appeared in our columns dealing with the above subject, in which it was stated that considerable misunderstanding was manifest, and not a little cant expressed by many relative to it. A short time after the appearance of the item in question a note reached us from one of our brother ministers, asking for further light on the subject, and a fuller statement of our ideas regarding it. The opportunity to accede to such request has never come to us until the present. Our words now must be brief and merely suggestive. Turning to the New Testament, we are struck at once by the clearness and emphatic character of the teaching there set forth on the subject. It is true that the Jews to whom Christ mostly addressed his message had become, through oppression, naturally resentful. A sense of injustice had become a part of the national heritage, and a feeling for revenge had become ingrained in the character of the people. This fact may have led Jesus to dwell more upon that topic than he might otherwise have done, but it does not say that his plain teaching on the subject is not as applicable to us as it was to them. There is no escape from the obligation that is laid upon us by his words, as recorded by St. Luke: "But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you, bless them that curse you, pray for them that despitefully use you." The question is one of interpretation and application.

We might begin our study of that text by asking a question very similar to that of one of the lawyers of old, "Who is my enemy?" Taking him first of all to be a man whose evil deeds and evil thoughts are directed especially against ourselves, are we to believe that Christ meant to say that we are to love the man that hates us, so that

he would curse us to our face, and do every manner of mean thing to us that comes to hand? Both the words and the actions of Jesus would seem to say, "Yes," with a just and consistent interpretation of that word love. There may be some things that we cannot forgive, but all manner of personal indignities and evil speaking, and even open hatred against ourselves, we must in the spirit of Christ. And not only forgive, but in a more positive way love the wrong-doer in the spirit of the Master who wept over the Jerusalem that slew him.

How, then, shall we regulate our conduct toward such an one? Manifestly our actions must be made to accord with that spirit of love, a love that rises above any personal grievance, in seeking the good of a fellow-being who has wronged us. How that is to be done we must decide for ourselves in each instance, under the guidance of the Spirit and our own common-sense. A man has wronged us in a certain way, and it may be our duty to seek to win him over, or the best thing all around may be to leave him alone. Again, it may be best to resist the wrong-doer, and make him suffer for it. Love cannot too far over-ride that innate sense of justice that is in us all, and God does not expect the impossible. True justice, however, is not vindictive, but has its root in love. Again, we may look upon our enemy as one who has done wrong, not so much against ourselves as against another or against society. Standing one day last week at a street corner waiting for a car, we saw a workman come along on his way homeward. It was pay-day. He had stopped already on his way, and was decidedly the worse of liquor. Crossing the corner he entered the saloon opposite. We knew enough of the place to know that he might stay there till his money was gone, and then he would be turned off beastly drunk. What were our feelings toward that saloon-keeper? Was there anything of love in them? Could there be? No, his action in taking away that hard-earned money that should have gone for necessities and comforts for wife and family, and sending the husband and father out to wreck and ruin the home he should have cherished, was a completely diabolical that the one feeling it awakened was hot resentment and indignation, bordering on real hatred. And we said to ourselves, the reason I enter that man's soul some day for that. We did not rejoice to think of it, but we felt it is just and right, it must be because God lives. It is useless to say that we should love the man and hate his deed; the man and his deed were one. We cannot love the utterly unlovely. If we look at men through Christ's eyes, however, there are few that we cannot love. There are some, though, who have so completely abandoned themselves to sin and the doing of the devil's work, that it is impossible. We learn our best lesson in watching what Jesus himself did. He was not all softness and gentleness. His eye flashed fire, he hurled the judgments of God against all oppression and unrepentant sin. Indignities against himself as a man he did not resent.—Chris. Guardian.

Bits of Experience.

BY S. W. H.

"How is it," I asked a friend, who I knew had passed through many troubles with no lessening of faith and hope, "how is it that you have a passage of Scripture to suit every time of need and hour of trial?"

"How does the bee have honey in the winter when there are no flowers?" she replied. "It gathers a supply in the summer and hives it away. So in hours of peace and quietness I have fed upon the sweet promises of God's Word, and when the hour of trouble or sorrow or perplexity came, the honey was there, or as King Solomon said, that which was 'sweeter than the honey comb.'"

"I recall a trial now," she continued, that seemed very great then, but now, as I look back upon it through the long vista of years, it appears insignificant. But a little cloud may hide the sun and cast gloom over the landscape. I wonder if all our trials that now are so grievous will appear trifling when viewed from another life? Will they be indeed the light afflictions that are but for a moment?"

"Tell me about the one you recall, and how you were helped."

"It was in the spring of my twentieth year that I started one Saturday to the little village of Woodlawn to teach the summer term of school. I had set out on my journey knowing that the public hall would carry me only to Hancock, about six miles from my destination. But I had several friends in Hancock, with any of whom I could stay, and I knew they would help me make arrangements to reach Woodlawn in time for school Monday morning. I alighted at the hotel with a cheerful heart and after tea, called

upon my friends. I found one away on a visit, a second with serious illness in her family, and a third all torn up to move to another place. There was no alternative but to stay where I was. It was my first experience in a hotel alone. I did not relish it. Sunday the rain poured down in torrents. I could not go to church. I felt gloomy and forsaken beyond words to express. In the evening the rain slackened, and I went to church. The minister preached from the text, 'Cast thy burden on the Lord and he will sustain thee.' The words and sermon seemed like a special message to me, and came like balm to my soul. I was comforted beyond the power of words to express, and yet nothing had occurred to relieve me from the embarrassing features of my situation. I went back to the hotel, slept soundly all night, and the next morning the host found a trusty person to take me to Woodlawn, where I arrived in time to begin school at nine o'clock.

"Truly has God said, 'My word shall not return unto me void, but I shall accomplish that which I please,' Jesus said, 'The words that I speak unto you they are spirit, and they are life.'"

I am quite sure that every Christian could add numberless instances from his own experience when the words of Scripture have comforted, cheered and guided him.

Mrs. Stowe, in her old age, wrote: "It is affecting to me to recall things that strangely moved me years ago, that filled my thoughts and made me anxious, when the occasion and emotion have wholly vanished from my mind. But I thank God there is one thing running through all of them from the time I was thirteen years old, and that is the intense, unwavering sense of God's educating, guiding presence and care."—Presbyterian.

David's Safeguard.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." "I will meditate on Thy precepts and have respect unto Thy ways." "I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy word."

David had found the safeguard against sin when he said, "Thy word have I hid in mine heart." We know God through His word; we love Him only when we know Him. How very important, then, is the study of God's messages to the world! Is Christianity the first business of life? Then nothing but the best Christianity will do, and to know the best we must study and learn.

We diligently prepare for everything we undertake. The lawyer, the physician, the teacher, the artist, and the artisan think no time too precious, no labor too severe to be expended on perfecting their work. Yet some Christians seem to think that the fitness for their careers will descend in some mysterious manner from the skies, and pass into their souls. It is not true. We must work for all we gain.

Holy living is not something separated from daily life and the law's thereof. It is the most natural thing in the world, and the good Christian achieves perfection in the same way a good lawyer does—by study, consecration, and practice. God has left us a text-book in which the wisest and best men of the past have recorded what they learned and what was revealed to them as God's will. In this book we find directions to guide us in every emergency of life, but we must have the word in our hearts if we would use it. This book also reveals to us the life of our Saviour in such grace and tenderness that we learn to love Him as naturally as we learn to sympathize with Keats when we read his short, sad life story.

Learn more of your Bible; spend hours upon it where you have been spending minutes, and you will soon see the fruit of it in a better life.—Christian Standard.

I carried a check halfway to the bank. Did the bank therefore pay me half the value of the check? Nay: the bank didn't pay me a cent till I went all the way to the paying-teller's window. And then the check was paid in full. Half-trust in God is no trust at all, and gets no reward; and that is why so many Christians lead flabby lives.

SAFE, CERTAIN, PROMPT, ECONOMIC—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a standard external and internal remedy adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, lameness and physical pain.

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A Highland chief of the Macgregor clan fell wounded at the battle of Sheriffmuir. Seeing their leader fall, the clan wavered, and gave the foe an advantage. The old chieftain, perceiving this, raised himself on his elbow, while the blood streamed from his wounds, and cried out: "I am not dead, my children; I am looking at you to see you do your duty." This roused them to new energy and almost superhuman effort.

So when our strength fails and our hearts sink within us, the captain of our salvation cries:

"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world. I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Why are troubles like babies? Because they get bigger by nursing.

WHAT MAKES YOU COUGH.

Did you ever wonder just what it is that makes you cough? In a general way it is understood to be an involuntary effort of nature to eject something from the breath-pipe. As a matter of fact, merely a slight throat inflammation caused by a cold will cause a cough to start, and the more you cough, the more you want to cough. If you allay the inflammation in the throat your cough will stop.

Don't lull the sensitiveness of the throat with medicine containing a narcotic, but give it soothing and healing treatment. This is difficult, because the inflamed parts are in the way of the passage of food and drink. The true cough remedy is something that will protect the throat from the ill effect of catarrhal discharges and also from the irritation of swallowing food.

Such a remedy is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, which for many years has been conquering the most obstinate coughs. It is a soothing compound prepared from barks and gums. Its beneficial effect is quickly felt and the work of healing promptly begun. If you once take Adamson's Balsam for cough, you will never be satisfied without some of it at hand for any new cough. A trial size of the Balsam can be secured of any druggist for 10 cents. The regular size is 25c. In asking for the Balsam, be sure you get the genuine, which has "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Every one warranted, and if not satisfactory after 3 months we will refund the money. All must be sold at once as we want the room at

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Mr. Paul Lariviere, Meadowville Station, Pictou Co., N.S., writes as follows: "I shall always praise Burdock Blood Bitters as the best remedy for skin diseases. I had been suffering from Salt Rheum or Eczema for the past five years and could not get any rest from the terrible burning and itching, which was worse at night and prevented me sleeping."

"Hearing of B.B.B. I thought I would try it, and after using one bottle I was so much relieved that I continued using it, taking six bottles in all, and am now completely cured."

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