

Following Jesus.

Master! bid me rest awhile;
I have journeyed many a mile
O'er a dark and toilsome way;
May I rest awhile today?

Long I've known 'tis good for me
Patiently to follow Thee;
Pardon me when I forget
That my way to Thee is set.

Thornier paths by Thee were trod
Thou the sinless Son of God;
Should I then cast down my load
While I tread an easier road?
Lord! Thy gracious voice I hear:
"Weary child! be this thy cheer,
Thou art ever in My sight,
Even in the darkest night."

"Mine thy burden; bear it on
Till thy time of rest shall dawn;
Stand as morning's lightest beam
Shall My yoke of service seem."

Rise, my soul! whate'er thy lot,
Stand therein, and fear it not:
Ever go where Jesus leads;
He provides for all thy needs.

—Thomas MacKellar, Ph. D.

The Shepherd Psalm.

BY REV. EDWARD JUDSON, D. D.

The thought that meets us at the very entrance of this Psalm is recuperation. Out West there are vast tracts of land, unclaimed and unfenced, over which cattle and horses roam at will, their ownership being indicated by a brand. So in oriental countries, from time immemorial, there were just such ranges for cattle and sheep. The shepherd could lead and pasture his sheep wherever he pleased, always keeping with them, night and day, to claim ownership and to protect them from danger. The sheep were not kept in fenced pastures, as with us, but were taken from place to place, wherever food was plentiful. Hence the flock often had to take long and up-hill journeys. As the season advanced, the lowlands and the foothills would be grazed bare by the sheep or parched brown by the fierce sun, and the shepherd would have to take his flock to the fresh upland pastures. When a multitude travels, whether it be an army or a flock, there is always great suffering. In these hard trips that the sheep had to take the weak and the sick fell out by the way—the old and the lambs, as well as the ewes great with young. The vulture and the eagle circled overhead ready to drop down on the disabled straggler, and the wolf sniffed the path along which the sheep had trailed their tired feet. One recalls Jacob's pathetic remonstrance: "The flocks and herds with young are with me; and if men should over-drive them one day, all the flock will die." And Isaiah's tender words: "He shall feed his flock like a shepherd; he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young."

The Psalmist seems to take a kind of kodak picture of the sheep at the end of a long day's march. Having traversed hot, sunny wastes and climbed stony hill-sides, they come at last to the desired place of rest. The sun is setting and the long shadows of the mountains refresh the sheep. A little stream widens out into a tranquil pool. The banks are clothed with lush herbage. This is just the spot for which the shepherd has been looking. How glad the sheep are! They drink deep of the pool. They eat their fill of the green grass. They lie down in it at full length and chew the cud with perfect contentment. This restores the sheep. It would restore anybody, when he is tired, to have all he wants to drink and to eat and to have a place to lie down and stretch himself out. Every element of recuperation is here—the food, the drink, the place to lie down. The effect of all is to restore the sheep.

Jehovah gives rest to the soul that trusts him. The Christian life begins with rest. We are over-driven by the world, stained with sin, torn with remorse. Jehovah comes to us in Christ as a good shepherd. The first thing he does, is, not to lead us, but to rest us. It is his love to us and not our love to him that saves us. The very first step in the Christian life, strange to say, is not to do something ourselves, but to rest in what Christ has done and is doing for us. It is hard to make people believe this. They want to do something themselves, either to climb up to some high plane of goodness or to have some peculiar glow of religious feeling. The doctrine of grace is that we believe that the sins of a lifetime are forgiven for Christ's sake, and not for anything that we do or feel ourselves. It is the difference between rowing and sailing. I lay down the oars with which I have endeavored in a futile way to stem the swift current of evil heredity and the momentum of long continued evil conduct, and I proceed to spread the white sail of faith, which is caught and filled by the divine Spirit. So I am borne on toward the desired haven.

All through the Christian life we feel these touches of recuperation. Sabbath comes and smooths the soul's plumage soiled and torn by sin. Through the emblems of the holy communion, in his own mystical way Christ refreshes the soul that trusts him. Through secret prayer, by meditation on his Word, in the serene fellowship of his people, our wearied spirits are renewed. We should not speak of these functions as Christian work. They are Christ's way of resting us, so that we shall be calm and strong to do his work. The church is a kind of House Beautiful. The Christian fares like Bunyan's pilgrim, whom they laid in a large upper chamber, whose window opened toward the sun-rising; the name of the chamber was Peace, where he slept till break of day.

But the Christian's life is not all rest. Recuperation is followed by guidance. The morning comes. The sun is gleaming on the eastern hill tops. The sheep have been fed and watered and rested. The shepherd comes and says: "Get up; it is time to be moving." The sheep reluctantly arise. The shepherd goes in advance of the flock. He leads straight away to the next oasis. If he did not know the direct route, if he led his sheep in wandering ways, they would perish, and he would lose his reputation as a shepherd. So the Psalmist says: "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness," or rather in straight paths, "for his name's sake." So the Christian life means following Christ. It involves progress and obedience. There is constant advance. And the advance is in the path that Christ takes. The Christian will not stand still. His life is one of activity, the direction of which is determined by the will and example of Christ. He walks in his steps. The norm of his development is the mind of Christ. Nice and scrupulous conformity to the divine will is the distinctive mark of the Christian. And his acquiescence will be cheerful, like that of an affectionate and beautiful child who anticipates the parent's wish. As Theodore Parker used to say, "When I see the inevitable, I fall in with it." We may be reluctant at first, and our acquiescence may lack cheerfulness and enthusiasm, but the longer we travel the narrower way the brighter it becomes. The best of the wine is at the last of the feast. The One who walks in advance of us reaches back his hand to help us over the difficult places, and every now and then he speaks an encouraging word to us. We come more and more into Faber's way of thinking:

"I worship thee, sweet will of God,
And all thy ways adore,
And every day I live I seem
To love thee more and more."

But we need comfort as well as recuperation and guidance. Sometimes the path leaves the sunny pastures and drops suddenly down into the dark canon where the sun's rays never penetrate. Here lurk the serpent, the wolf, the Bedouin Arab. The sheep's heart stands still with fear. But the consciousness of the shepherd's nearness dispels the terror. His voice sounding through the gloom reassures. With his staff, which he not only uses to lean upon but as a club of defence, he stoutly protects the sheep. How faithfully is portrayed here the experience of the Christian! The way darkened; sorrow comes, affliction, sickness, age, death. But in each gloomy defile the voice of Christ sustains the soul. As thy days so shall thy strength be.

Bubbling Over With Joy.

There is something contagious about gladness. The occasion of heartfelt appreciation is made of by the thoughtful. When, four and fifty years ago stores of food were brought to the famine sufferers in Ireland the outburst of joy was so great that the church bells and the town bells were started, and the population turned into the streets to give vent to their gratitude.

We are told that at the siege of Paris in 1871 when George Moore the philanthropist distributed relief, although people were so far gone with starvation that they were scarcely able to move away with their parcels, many of them fairly broke down with joy.

When Charles the Fifth landed at Tunis thousands who had been slaves within the city arose, when they heard his approach, broke their chains, and rushed toward the gate. When he entered the town they knelt down and hailed him as their deliverer.

A poor cripple in the early days of the first century was cured through Peter. In his gladness he did three things. He learned the art of walking suddenly. The power of God operates quickly when it is the Lord's will. This man was so pleased with his walking powers that he developed them into leaping. Demonstration is not out of place under these circumstances. He went a step farther and

he praised God. The people saw him walking, and leaping and praising God, and the joy was a teaching that impressed them greatly.

A native was asked by a Hindu trader what he put on his face to make it shine so. When reply was made that he had not put anything on it, the Hindu retorted, "But you do. All you Christians do. I have seen it in Agra, and in Ahmedabad, and in Surat and in Bombay." "Well, perhaps, we do," said the happy convert, "and I'll tell you. What makes my face shine is this—it is happiness in the heart. Jesus gives me peace and joy."

There was great joy in a city where Philip preached. And that gladness which comes from a heart, or from a company that has felt the workings of God's grace and love is a boon to the community. The more of God-imparted joy, the better for the world.—Presbyterian Review.

Consecration.

BY REV. DR. MARCUS DODS.

Consecration is not an act to be performed once for all, never to be repeated. Rather it is an act that commits us to a state of life, like the act of marriage. And rightly to live in this state, we must learn honestly to say, morning by morning, "I put myself at thy disposal." Use your present zeal and willingness. Follow where love draws. Rather kindle than damp your enthusiasm. Your ardor may commit you to a position that calls for sacrifice and self-repression. But that is why it is given. Count upon Christ being able to sustain you in all good resolve. From the first day of your connection with Christ you are free to ask him for the supply of all your need. In this respect our discipleship follows the law of all human relationship. A child, as he grows older, does not become more the child of his father than he is at birth. The wife does not become more a wife as time goes on. The relationship is one and the same through out, and carries with it the same responsibilities and the same privileges. A relationship is born full grown, and admits of no degrees; it may be made more or less use of, but itself abides the same. So, our connection with Christ springs into being full-blown. As time goes on, we find more relationship and are more conscious of the bond that binds us to him. But from the first he is our Saviour, from the first he is pledged to us by his blood, and can give to us no surer pledge.

For consecration, as for the whole spiritual life, it is faith that is required—the belief that the love of Christ is really our inalienable possession, that his purposes include all that is of any value, and that in giving ourselves to him we not only do the right thing but take the straightest road to usefulness in life and lasting happiness.

Self-Pity.

Self-pity is a deadly thing. Whatever crosses our life may hold, whatever unwelcome tasks, uncongenial associations, griefs or burdens are ours, let us not fall into the habit of self-commiseration. It is a habit easily, almost unconsciously, formed, and it will grow until it crowds out courage, usefulness, and sometimes even reason itself. The soul brooding over its own bitterness loses all power of discrimination, and sees all things in a distorted light. Every commonplace happening becomes a peculiar misfortune, and troubles, which are indeed "the common lot of all," are regarded as unique and unequalled. Face your trials honestly, call them by their names, but utterly refuse to sit down with them, as Job did with his friends, for any long bemoaning. Suffer you must, but you need not brood. Give your sympathy to others, but fight as for your life against the luxury of self-pity.—Forward.

A Growing Dissipation.

Not enough has been said in regard to the growing dissipation of sensational reading, and reading for amusement. The reading of books which tone up the mind and purify the heart, which give a man brain force and make his purpose stalwart, has given place to a daily ration of chaff scented wind and seething froth, and by the time we have a couple of generations brought up on this kind of mental and moral pabulum there will be a race of degenerates, with here and there a normal man as a curiosity. Some one has said that this is an age of mediocrity; and there is very little great talent among men. May it not be due largely to mediocre reading? Above all things, give the children reading which will make men and women of them, and do not forget to put the Bible at the head of the list.

John Ruskin says: "It is of greatest importance to you, not only for art's

sake, but for every kind of sake, in these days of book deluge, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature and live on a little rocky island of your own with a spring in it, pure and good." There is no spring like that well of water in God's Book which springs up into everlasting life; and remember that many a life has been made everlasting, not only in respect to blessed duration, but also in respect to perpetual influence for good, perennial fragrance of virtue, as the direct result of reading that Book, both in its pages and in the transcripts of it made from time to time by consecrated genius.—Brethren Evangelist.

Cheer Him.

Brother, sister, does your pastor seem dispirited and lack enthusiasm? Try a few words of encouragement and commendation on him. Give him a cordial handshake; slip a dollar or two into his hand as a surprise; tell him of some special help you, or your wife or children, have received from his sermons or his conversation, and then note the effect. Preachers, like other men, have their times of discouragement, and need help. "Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ." A high building was burning. A poor fellow was on the roof, with no way of escape. A brave fireman ascended to the top of the ladder to convey him a rope, but the ladder was too short. Then he climbed the spouting a certain distance with the end of the rope in his teeth. But his strength and courage seemed to fail. One man below shouted to the gazing crowd, "Cheer him! Cheer him!" They did cheer him. He rallied, carried the rope to the man above; who quickly tied it around a chimney, and, hand-over-hand, both descended safely to the street below. Some times all a disheartened pastor needs to make him efficient is a few words of hearty good cheer.—The Telescope.

Woman and the Home.

Woman, in her weakness, is yet the strongest force upon the earth. She is the helm of all things human; she comes in many shapes and knocks at many doors; she is quick and patient, and her passion is not ungovernable like that of a man, but as a gentle steed she can guide even where she will, and as occasion offers can now bit up and now give rein. She has a captain's eye, and stout must be that fortress of the heart in which she finds no place of vantage.

Does thy blood beat fast in youth? She will outrun it. Art thou set toward ambition? She will unlock thy inner board and show these roads that lead to glory. Art thou worn and weary? She has comfort in her breast, Art thou fallen? She can lift thee up, and to the illusion of thy sense give defeat with triumph. Aye, she can do these things, for nature ever fights upon her side. And thus women rule the world. For her men spend their strength in gathering gains; for her they do well and ill and seek for greatness to find oblivion. But she still sits like yonder sphinx and smiles; and no man has ever read all the riddle of her smile or know all the mystery of her heart. He must be great indeed, who can defy the power of woman, which, pressing round him like the invisible air, is often strongest when the senses least discover it.—Christian Work.

What is needed in our home is a higher type of living. The child that comes from a home where father or mother is nagging, and hears either parent speaking unconsciously in the church, will have a contempt for religion.

CROUPY COUGHS OF CHILDREN.

The tendency to croup is a foe that all parents have to fight. Croup comes in the night, when the help must be right at hand if it is to be helped at all. Adamson's Botanic Balsam is a blessing to all families where there are children subject to croup or any mean cough. It has wonderful reputation for its efficiency and fully deserves it. You cannot tell what night your child may wake up choking to death with croup. In such a case what do you do? Send for a doctor and wait an hour, or perhaps two hours, while the child is grasping for breath? How much simpler where the true specific for croupy coughs and all throat troubles is right at hand. Indeed, no other way is safe with young children in the house.

Adamson's Cough Balsam is a most delicate medicine for children, relieving the little throats at once. Its action is soothing and certain. It clears out the phlegm, which produces the croupy condition, and is a safeguard which no mother who knows about it will dispense with. All coughs and inflammation of the throat or bronchial tubes are cured by the Balsam with promptness that surprises. All druggists sell it, 25 cents. The genuine has F. W. Kinsman & Co. blown in the bottle.

Peculiarities of the Black Sea.

John Murray recently showed how remarkably the Black Sea differs from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea. The latter current is salt, and, being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphurated hydrogen, this will not maintain life, and so the Black Sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells exactly like rotten eggs.

A young woman recently told her pastor that she believed she loved the Lord Jesus, and that she would like to confess Him openly and unite with the church, but she was afraid it would be difficult for her to be as sober and as solemn as perhaps she ought to be, because it was her very nature to be misanthropic and joyous. And she was told in reply to bring all her healthful happiness, vivacity and cheeriness into the church with her and serve the Lord with all the joy and gladness possible. The church is the place for whole hearted animation and good cheer. Henry Drummond is credited with saying: "Christianity wants nothing in the world so much as sunny people; and the old are hungrier for love than for bread; and the oil of joy is very cheap, and if you can help the poor on with the garment of praise, it will be better for them than blankets."

An old legend about Thomas, the doubting apostle, suggests an important and needed lesson. Years after the ascension his doubts as to reality of the Lord's resurrection returned with such powers as to occupy all his thoughts. He went to the other apostles to state his trouble and ask for advice, but they were too busy with their work to listen. He then sought the women of Galilee on the same errand, but they excused themselves with the plea that they had no time to talk on such a subject. At last it dawned upon him that idleness was the cause of his spiritual distress. He set himself to his work, and his doubts never returned. The application is easy.—U. Presbyterian.

SORE FEET.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Armagh, P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was troubled with burning aches and pains in my feet to such an extent that I could not sleep at night, and as my feet were badly swollen I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last I got a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil and resolved to try it and to my astonishment I got almost instant relief, and the one bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

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