

Almost Home.

MR. J. E. WILLIAMS.

Lead me a little longer, Father! Very soon I know
That I shall reach the ending of this rough and toilsome way.
The evening shades are coming on—the ruddy after-glow
Upon the hilltops marks the swift approach of close of day.
My feet are aching, and my heart, long tried, has weary grown;
The burdens have been heavy—the afflictions so severe;
My strength, at best, is weakness—Father leave me not alone,
For I am safe, in light or shade, if thou, my Lord, art near.

Lead me a little longer, Father! With my hand in thine.
I walk securely. By thy side temptations lose their power;
No sorrow can overwhelm me while upheld by grace divine.
For the rare glory of thy love illumines my darkest hour.
And, though amid the shadows of the fast approaching night,
The path that I should go my tear dimmed eyes may fail to see;
Yet, to the very end, that path will glow with heavenly light,
If down at last, most steep decline, my Lord is leading me.

Lead me a little longer, Father! Just ahead I see
The gates of pearl and jasper—and beyond them lies my home!
Sometimes, even now, the music of the angels floats to me;
While voices that I've loved below are sweetly calling, "Come!"
I hasten on with eager step toward that happy land,
Beyond the gray horizon, where the sun of earth goes down;
Content to know that all the way my Father holds my hand
And that ere long he'll give to me an everlasting crown.

Chris. Standard.

Rest Not in Flight, But in Work.

Probably every Christian, when confronted by peculiarly difficult and trying conditions of life, has given utterance to the almost despairing cry of the psalmist, "Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away and be at rest." What sweet solace these words, wrung from the soul of a man sorely oppressed, have given to human hearts! That David was in difficult straits when he wrote the psalm in which the words occur is seen from these passages from it:

"I am restless in my complaint, and moan:
Because of the voice of the enemy,
Because of the oppression of the wicked;
For they cast iniquity upon me,
And in anger they persecute me.
My heart is sore pained within me:
And the terrors of death are fallen upon me.
Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me,
And horror hath overwhelmed me."

But if David ever got rest or found peace for his disquieted soul it was not by flying away like a dove on its wings; for there is neither rest nor satisfaction of soul in flight. Rather, one's distresses increase and multiply if he attempts to avoid them by fleeing from them. He cannot escape from himself; he is the unwilling prisoner of his own thoughts, passions, ambitions, and fears, and he cannot shake himself free from them. These go, in a measure, to make up his atm sphere, and he can no more flee away from them than he can from his material environment. If he is to be at peace and enjoy rest of soul he must have this sweet experience, even though surrounded by influences that do not naturally contribute to this result.

Many persons, beset by hard conditions of life, endeavor to console themselves with the fond delusion that if they were in other and different circumstances they would surely be content. The poor man imagines that the rich man is free from the things that vex and harass, because of his wealth; the man in a humble sphere looks with envy upon him who is exalted, and imagines he is enjoying release from life's care and care; and so on throughout the various and varying stages and situations of life there are those who rebel against their condition and think that they should be supremely happy if they were situated as certain other persons are, or are supposed to be. This distemper afflicts many Christian people, and is the initial cause of much of the spiritual unrest and dissatisfaction that vex their souls. They do not seem to understand that every man has his burden; that wealth does not purchase contentment; that neither high position, great learning, social influence, abundant leisure, nor any of the things that contribute to the fulfillment of what is called worldly ambition can give to the soul the peace that passeth understanding. Nor do they seem to know that this peace may fill the heart of the child of God even though there are heavy burdens to be borne,

severe trials to be endured, fierce temptations to be encountered, and long and hotly contested spiritual battles to be fought. To be content in the midst of a hostile environment seems a contradiction and absurdity, and yet it is a fact clearly established by Christian experience. The apostle Paul, whose Christian career was a tempestuous one in many respects, does not cry out for the wings of a dove to bear him away to the beautiful mountains of rest, but he says with pardonable spiritual exultation, "I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." He seems to have found an antidote for dissatisfaction in incessant toil for the benefit of others. And here, after all, lies the chief secret of contentment. Inactivity is the forerunner of a multitude of disquieting spirits, who, when once in possession of the soul's castle, quickly succeed in changing the former contented life into a wretched mockery. The often-quoted words of Goethe come to mind:

"Rest is not quitting the busy career;
Rest is the fitting of self for one's sphere.
'Tis the brook's motion—clear without strife,
Fleeting to ocean after this life.
'Tis loving and serving the highest and best,
'Tis onward unswerving—and this is true rest."

Like the distraught psalmist, many a saint has cried out for release from the opposition and discouraging cares and burdens of life. How often have these words been upon his lips:

"O where shall rest be found,
Rest for my weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole."

The sought-for rest lies near at hand, and the weary soul has but to put itself in right relation with God to obtain and retain it. Not the wings of a dove, but a closer walk with God, is the way of its securement. Not in flight is it found, but in the complete and cordial acceptance of the invitation of the Son of God, who said to the weary and heavy laden, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." The heart that is filled with the spirit of Christ will not be fretful or discontented, but will be possessed by a peace that will give sweetness to life, and by a spiritual satisfaction that will be serene, complete, and abiding.—N. Y. Advocate.

A Spiritual Church.

Spirituality may be predicated either of an individual or of a church. "I could not speak unto you as unto spiritual; but as unto carnal" is Paul's judgment of the church at Corinth. Each church possesses its own type and degree of spiritual life, for which it soon acquires a definite reputation among its sister churches. Its numerical or financial strength, its size or its location do not more distinctly govern its influence or determine its individuality. "They are a spiritually minded people" is as clear, and full of meaning as "They are a wealthy people." Moreover the distinctive idea of a church of Jesus Christ is that of a spiritual force in an ungodly world. Other agencies may aim at entertainment and refinement, the life-purpose of the church is to make people holy. To divert the energies of a church into any other channel is to waste its resources, and to subvert the very end of its existence.

Spirituality denotes first of all, a certain quality of thought and aim. To be spiritually minded is to be Scripturally minded. The views and aspirations of a spiritual church are derived from the Word of God. Worldly wisdom contributes little or nothing to spiritual power. Not human opinion, ingenuity, wit, or philosophy; but God's thoughts increase the church's strength and stature. This is the only kind of mental activity that directly promotes spirituality. Carnal opinions multiplied to infinity avail nothing. "The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." "Lord, to whom shall we go, Thou hast the words of eternal life." The church that most fully assimilates and vitalizes the recorded Word of Christ most nearly approaches the idea of a spiritual church.

The emotional life of the church may be either carnal or spiritual, according to its source and stimulus. Lovelessness is the very essence of carnality. "For whereas there is among you envying, strife, divisions, are ye not carnal?" "The fruit of the Spirit is love." There is, however, in our churches a great deal that is called love, joy, peace, gentleness, long-suffering, etc., which is utterly devoid of spiritual character. The happiest people or the most peaceful people, are not necessarily the most spiritual. It is not mere joy, but joy in the Lord, in His love, in His work, in His gifts, in Himself, that is the fruit of the spirit. No amount of social aesthetic,

physical or merely intellectual peace and joy can either constitute or directly promote spirituality; and indeed these emotions when arising from carnal sources may even subvert and displace the real fruit of the spirit. It is the peace that Christ possesses and bestows, the peace that embraces righteousness, the peace beyond the conflict, the peace that is first pure, which is the real, living, growing, ripening, fruit of God. It is the gentleness and long-suffering that can tolerate no evil, the patience of holiness only that is truly Godly.

Spirituality is also characteristic of the activities of the church. It need hardly be said that very much of the bustling work of many of our churches is to say the least, unhelpful to the spiritual life. Its aim and method are alike carnal. Not that there is any sort of work that is in itself distinctively and essentially spiritual. The work derives its character entirely from the wisdom, the motives and the manner of the one who does it. Is it work that "God requires should be done? Is it a work that will please Him? Is it done for love of Him and for His glory? Is it done in His way? These are the all-important questions. The church does not so much require to set itself to the task of discovering new plans and methods of Christian work, as to see to it that its work is Scriptural, and that it is true-aimed, and performed in the zeal and gladness of the Lord.

The requisites to the church's spirituality are everywhere obtainable. The inspiration of numbers, of architectural beauty, of the best music, in some places may not be possible; but neither are these things essential. A clear knowledge of God as He is revealed to us, especially in His Word, the warm glow of His great love in the heart, the joy of His presence, and true fervor, in His work, will make any obedient band of genuine believers a spiritual church.—Can. Baptist.

What Is Wanted.

Not a school of methods; not a council of war; not a discussion of doctrines nor a defence of dogma, but a convocation of prayer; an upper room tarrying at Jerusalem; a seeking for the old paths; a crying for a return of former times; a discovery of lost treasures; an abandonment to the Holy Ghost; a praying that the Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into his harvest. The pentecostal movement of the twentieth century must move, first of all, to its knees. It is possible to plan away the spirit of prayer. We might preach away the presence of the Spirit. Performances often preclude power. Programmes may prevent the precipitation of results. The greatest of all ministerial qualifications is in this, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The soul of all worship and the success of all Christian work is this: "Wheresoever two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in their midst."

The presence of God—that is what is wanted, and that, too, in a sense different from that which makes up the divine omnipresence; different, too, from that in which the spirit may be said to attend much of our church service and assembling of ourselves together; different from that in which he accompanies many of our lives and most of our ministries; different from what attended even disciples before the day of Pentecost; different from what he was ever in the world with men before this dispensation; but not different from what the fathers of every church in the land have experienced; nor different from samples some of us have seen and felt upon this very mountain top. The living Christ in every believer as a proof of his own crucifixion and a seal of his resurrection, and the living Christ walking in the midst of the golden candle-sticks—this is the soul of the movement we would see inaugurated. As God hath said: "I will dwell in them and walk in them, and I will be their God and they shall be my people."

The Law of Church Life.

"And the Lord added to them day by day those that were being saved." (Acts 2:47). This was because the disciples were ceaseless in their efforts to win the lost to Jesus. They were commanded to "Go ye therefore and make disciples of all nations." They understood this to be the supreme command, and that the church's first and greatest mission was one of conquest. They understood perfectly well that, failing to do this, their whole cause would prove a failure. They also knew that time or seasons could not stay the work of death; that men were in constant peril of eternal ruin and, therefore needed the benefits of redemption immediately; and with an energy born of the Holy Ghost they went forth to turn and overturn,

and achieve unparalleled victories. Unquestionably the same work of conquest would have been perpetuated until this day had the church "continued steadfastly in the apostles' teaching" and the aggressive and vigorous methods employed by them.

No church can long preserve distinctive Christian peculiarities that fails to gather from the world those that are being saved. Some may think because the pastor is popular, the pews crowded, and the finances in good condition, that there is no need of evangelistic effort. Such thought can not long dominate in the policy of any church without that church lapsing into the Laodicean state (Rev. 3. 14-20.) No church, no matter how learned and eloquent its pastor; how beautiful and inviting its house of worship; how attractive, interesting and enjoyable its order and forms of worship; and how numerous, select, cultured, and influential its patrons, can long retain spiritual life and vigor that does not add to its membership those that are being saved. A society without spiritual life and vigor is not of the church of Christ, though it be called by all the saints in the calendar.—New York Observer.

A Consecrated Vacation.

And so you did not dream that the few words you said in that meeting, where you spent a Sunday or two last summer, were a stimulus to more than one heart. Yet they were. Many of our hearers seldom went out of their own neighborhood, and your fresh young voice rang like the bell of another sphere upon their ears, and as they turned their heads to look at the "stranger speaking," they were reminded that they were one of an "innumerable host," of a mighty army, whose encampments stretch to the ends of the earth. We need more consecrated vacationers in every town and village. This does not mean that we would burden them with "overmuch effort during days set apart for rest; but it does mean that they come filled with the Spirit of Christ. Some one has said our work is too often "a perspiration, where it should be an inspiration." If we are in the vine, we cannot be fruitful. There is a great gift between a holiday from religion and a holiday with religion. A fortnight's dissipation, leaving behind the Bible and the Sabbath, may have its enticing elements, but it is, after all a very muddy reflection of true joyousness.

"Come ye yourselves apart into the desert place and rest awhile."

Our vacation should be a time of heart-rest, as well as rest of body and mind—a time when the soul lays aside its earthly cares and looks, exultant, up into Father's skies. Stronger bodies and purer minds are sent back by the communion on Mount Hermon than ever came through the witcheries of Vanity Fair. No one holidays like the Christian. Who else could go forth knowing that he is the King's own Son? Who else can hear the same voice from sky and field and sea? Young man from the office—young girl from the counter, go forth with the royal name—your family name—written upon your forehead.—Ex.

HARD, RACKING COUGHS

Barring accidents, the person who gets along with the least amount of cough will live the longest. Of course the right time to attack a cough is at the commencement, when it is a simple thing for the right treatment to drive the cough quickly away. As a general thing however, people spend so much time experimenting with various remedies that the cough is well under way before they know it. Then comes the long siege. You feel the hard, racking all through your system, and get relief from nothing. You fill your stomach with nauseating mixtures to no purpose. Then you use compounds containing narcotic, which deceive temporarily, and leave you slightly worse. Some coughs of this kind hang on for weeks and months, and, of course, they frequently develop in serious lung troubles. A true specific for all coughs is Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and it should be kept in the house against any emergency. With a cough that has become chronic the first effect of this remedy is a lessening of the dull sensation of pain which usually is felt with such a cough. Then you are conscious that the soreness is leaving you, and presently the desire to cough grows less frequent. All this process is brought about by the healing properties of the Balsam. It is a compound of barks and gums. You can test it. 25 cents at any druggist's. Get the genuine with "F. W. Kinsman & Co." blown in the bottle.

Alone with God

In the days of hurry and bustle we find ourselves face to face with a terrible danger, and it is this—no time to be alone with God. The world, in these last days, is running fast. We live in what is called the "age of progress," and, you know, we must keep pace with the times. So the world says. But this spirit of the world has

not confined itself to the world. It is, alas! to be found among the saints of God. And what is the result? The result is no time to be alone with God, and this is immediately followed by no inclination to be alone with God.

This "desert life," as many call it, is of an importance that can not be over-valued. Let us turn to the pages of God's book. On scanning its precious pages we find that the men of God—God's mighty men—were those who had been in "the school of God," as it has been well said; and his school was simply this—"in the desert alone with himself." Far removed from the din of the haunts of men—distant alike from human eye and ear—there they were equipped for the battle. And when the time came that they stood forth in public service for God, their faces were not ashamed—nay, they had faces as lions; they were bold and fearless, yea, and victorious for God; for the battle had been won already in the desert with him.—London Christian.

Cradled On The Rocks.

My observation is that most of the men who have pushed their way to the front in commerce, art, science, letters, statesmanship—yes and in spiritual power also—have been cradled on the rocks. Many of them were nursed on the breast of poverty. Young Benny Franklin, munching his roll of bread through the streets of Philadelphia, with a few coins in his pocket, stands to this day as about the best representative of the start which America's foremost men have been compelled to make. A Judge in one of New York's courts told me that on his first day in this city he hampered down paving stones in the streets to earn money enough to pay the captain of the sloop who brought him hither from Rhode Island; and Sir Thomas Lipton is rather proud of the recollection that in his boyhood he was obliged to borrow the pennies to pay the postage on a letter to his parents.—Theodore L. Cuyler.

Take thy self-denials gayly and cheerfully; and let the sunshine of thy gladness fall on dark things and bright alike, like the sunshine of the Almighty.—James Freeman Clarke.

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