

Poetry.

Cast Thy Burden.

"Cast thy burden upon thy Lord and He will sustain thee." Hast thou a care whose pressure dreads Expels sweet comfort from thy bed? To thy Redeemer take that care, And change anxiety to prayer.

The Visitor's Pulpit.

No Night in Heaven.

BY REV. J. B. MULFORD.

The Scriptures reveal a marked contrast between earth and heaven. The former is represented as wholly unsatisfying to the higher wants of the soul, seeing it has measured duration, dissolving substance and fading glory. The latter is portrayed as perfect in construction, infinite in resources and eternal as the years of God.

In the figurative use of the words "no night" may be discerned almost, if not entirely, all that which renders heaven what it is, and that makes it an answer to human aspirations. Of every earthly experience, into which there enter inadequate conceptions, restricted visions, fruitless efforts, the flight of joys, the exile of peace, night is very highly descriptive. But God has prepared a place for dying mortals, a rest for weary man, where there shall be no night forevermore.

NO NIGHT OF NATURAL DARKNESS.

Night is the cover for crime; the time and fitness for every act of treachery. Under its protecting mantle, they who purpose harm to their fellows, pursue their nefarious work.

Through the gloom steals the assassin. In the midnight stillness creeps the robber. By the shaded lamp sits the gambler. Verily, night is the day-light of villainy and crime; of law breaking and law evading. And until the dawn of day chases the shades of night into covert and cavern, these men and women of evil hearts and criminal propensities, are busy in their chosen avocations; making the darkness to be dreaded because of their bloody hands and heinous deeds.

But heaven is the land of eternal day; the abode of the Sun of Righteousness. "There shall be no night there;" but in the unfolding effulgence of the glory of God, we shall walk without fear, and in sweetest tranquillity spend the years of bliss. There the saints will need no candle or light of the sun, for the Lord God will shed far and wide the beaming radiance of his smiling face.

NO NIGHT OF WEARINESS.

"I am so tired" will never tremble on the lips of the glorified, for there remaineth a rest for the people of God. This is an expression closely confined to a present world. We hear it from the child, the student, the patriarch. From the soldier on the field, the sailor on the sea, the merchant at his desk, the mother in her home. Sleep, the angel of the downy wings, must often hover over earth's tired children, and woo to forgetfulness and rest.

But in the presence of God, none shall ever say "I am weary." The saints shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint. They shall serve night and day without fatigue and bring their reinvigorated powers into constant exercise without the disheartening prostrations of lassitude. There is room and reason for thankfulness, for the eternal exercise of willing powers, and for the eternal exclusion of the weariness of earth from the activities of heaven.

NO NIGHT OF MENTAL DARKNESS.

So long as mortals dwell upon earth, they must tabernacle upon the lowlands of all mental development and attainment. The acquisitions of the most profound and fertile minds are but shells from the shores, that contain at most but drops of that which lies far out beyond and deep down below. Such may whisper in human ears sweet sounds, murmurings of mighty deeps, but incomparable with the roar of their native waters.

To men of mortal powers, progress in thought is only relative; and attainment

in any and every department of mental culture, measurable and limited. Flights of imagination in their loftiest soarings, at last must stay, and with drooping wings flutter to earth. Delvings of deepest thought in their most profound researches, at last reach the rock. Science, so lauded, so pursued, is tinged with shadows of incompleteness. Literature, so varied, so multiplied, bears the impress of still undeveloped intellect. Art, with all its magnificent achievements, stands out from a background of inadequate conceptions and imperfect workmanship. But amid the infinite worlds there will be no mental darkness. Realities will take the place of conceptions. Manifestations will be substituted for distant and darkened visions. And substances will supersede the shadows of faith.

The mind, at that day, in that place, divested of every weight and unloosed from every fetter, shall exert its powers within a sphere of perfect liberty, and achieve, as never before, the glorious possibilities of its creation. Heaven will be a mental paradise, in which, by the goodness of God, will be gathered every element suited to feed and sustain the infinite expandings of thought and knowledge.

NO NIGHT OF DEATH.

Human days are ever fleeting, human life is ever dying. The world which at the blush of morn looks so bright, at the dusk of eve is robed in wintry desolation. One hour we hear our loved ones, and joy fills the heart. Another, and lo, a dead lamb in the fold; a silent, death-cold form, with ashy brow and folded hands. Little dresses wet with tears are laid away. Tops and balls are laid out of sight. No broken cart to mend; no kite to make to reach the sky; no tiny finger from which to kiss away the pain.

"The singing birdling from its nest has flown." That bowed form of the praying mother, over whom the angels loved to hover to catch the incense of hallowed devotion, is a vision lost and gone. He, whom affection and reverence called father, is one of earth's countless dead. How true it is, that the time that now is, is the night of death, whose sable curtains fall sooner or later around every human form. But God has better things in store. He is fitting up a mansion which shall eternally endure. There shall be no night of death in heaven; no separations, no tears, no parting. That that go in shall come out no more forever. There never will a voice grow still, or an eye grow dim. Entered once within the gates of pearl, infinitude will be the measure and eternity the duration of redeemed and glorified life.

"No more death!" O! is this not the gladdest proclamation a sorrowful world has ever heard! "No more death!" O Christian, let it be as the breaking of day over the night-land of your soul. Let it be the sweet and soothing echo of angel choirs, as they chant the praises of Him who was dead, but liveth forevermore.—Baptist Weekly.

"Still Upward—The Winding About Went—Still Upward."

Ezekiel xii. 7.

BY REV. J. HUNT COOKE.

We remember once going up, with a party of friends, the narrow, gloomy, winding stairs of an old church tower. Ascending a few steps we came to a loophole, and looking out saw the main street of the town; a little higher there was another, through which there was a view of the church-yard; from another still higher nothing could be seen but the dark wall of the adjacent building; the next one we came to brought a wide stretching prospect of green fields, golden corn, silver river, and distant hills. Still going up, the next loophole afforded a view of the business street again, but from a higher position; the next revealed the churchyard once more, but from a greater altitude; and so on all the way, the same scenes recurring, though each seen from a higher point of view, till we reached the glorious sunlight and wide-spreading views from the top. This is an emblem of life.

Now modern philosophy tells us that the natural direction of progress is spiral. Mr. Hinton in a memorable article in a medical review illustrated this by pointing out that "throughout almost the whole of organic nature the spiral form is more or less distinctly marked." It may be seen in the upward movement of a bubble in water, in the way a stone sinks in a quiet pool, in the direction of root fibres, in the growth of leaves round the stem of a plant, in the turn the blood takes in passing through the heart. The minutest thing known—the impulses of light—and the

mightiest—the stars of the firmament—are believed to have spiral movements.

Our life is a winding round through the seasons of the year—spring, summer, autumn, winter; each one as it recurs finds us older than when we witnessed its scenes before.

With less evident regularity we pass through seasons of comfort, of sadness; we are filled with hope and cast down with disappointment; we plunge into activities; we visit the cemetery with tearful eye. But each time we see joy or sorrow, or life or death; we are conscious of advance; we have attained a higher position, and can look upon them from a loftier point of view.

It is the same in our spiritual lives. There are times of peaceful rest; times when a cold chilling atmosphere is about us, and it needs effort to keep warm; times of great conflict with temptation; times of terrible doubt, and times of rejoicing with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But, as each one comes again, the believer is conscious of being farther from earth and nearer the sunlit skies. The doubt may be harder, the foe may be severer, but he is stronger for the effort to overcome. Each spiritual winter finds him more vigorous to withstand the chills; each spring has sweeter flowers; each summer has brighter sunshine; and if the kinds differ, each autumn brings yet more precious fruit.

Does not the same law often govern the progress of churches? They do not always continue in the excitement of a newly settled minister, nor are being stirred up by a time of revival, nor are struggling to pay off a debt, nor are tried by some wretched dissension, nor are enjoying the matured teaching of an experienced pastor. Well if, amidst all, there is real progress, not simply such as is seen in the results of a few months, but such as is apparent after the lapse of years.

The one grand thing for us, is to seek that amidst the unavoidable windings of life each step shall be upward, farther from earth, nearer to heaven. Such it is, and ever must be, with all those who live the life of faith on the Lord Jesus, and are led by the Holy Spirit. For the path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

A winding about Amidst change is our life, Now clouds and now sunshine, In peace or in strife, With God for our leader, Whatever may come, Our course is "still upward" And nearer our home.

Dean Stanley's Sermon to Children.

The customary service was held in Westminster Abbey, on Saturday afternoon of Innocents Day, when Dean Stanley preached to the large congregation of children which had assembled.

After a special service of praise and prayer, Dean Stanley ascended the pulpit and announced the text: "As the arrows, in the hand of a mighty man, so are children of the youth." Addressing himself, in simple words, to young children, the Dean narrated the old fable about a heathen giant, named Christopher, who wanted to find a master mightier than himself, and worthy of being served. In this state of mind, and being unable to pray, he was advised by a good old man to go to a deep and rapid stream so as to be of service to travellers who required to cross over; and thus do some good. The giant took this advice; and there, one dark and stormy night, he heard the voice of a little child crying to be carried over. The giant lifted the little one, and waded into the stream, which, before he had gone far, he found to have been so swollen by the rains as to make it doubtful whether he would succeed in getting his charge across. Looking into the little child's face, he beheld the shining light of the child Jesus, who said to him, "Thou art carrying one who himself bears the burden of the sins of the whole world." The story further related how the giant, when he reached the other side, fell down on his knees and worshipped the child, who was stronger than himself, and whom he resolved to serve to the end of his days. This old fable, said the Dean, suggested two lessons—first, that whether old or young, when we know not how to believe or how to pray, we could do our duty by working for the good of others, and God accepts that as if it were a prayer. Some one had said:

"He prayeth well who loveth well, Both man, and bird, and beast."

We ought all of us to try to learn to say our prayers properly. That will help us to do what is good. But we must also all

remember—both old and young—that our prayers are of no use unless we strive as much as we can, both in our work and in our play, "to live more nearly as we pray." The second lesson was this, that the child Jesus, who, according to the fable, was carried on the shoulders of the giant, was the type of all children. Parents had upon their shoulders the burden of their children's future character. They should rejoice in their children, remembering always the heavy responsibility resting upon them in carrying their little ones through the great river of life, and further in preparing them for the dark river of death. The children, however, would be a help by their innocence and truthfulness. Though children might be a burden upon parents' shoulders, they were "as arrows in the hand of a mighty man," and if rightly trained and nurtured in the admonition of the Lord, might, indeed, be blessings. The Dean then related a touching anecdote of an Edinburgh street Arab: The poor Scotch lad, named Sandy, one day accosted a gentleman, the Dean's friend, at the door of his hotel, and implored him to buy a box of matches for a penny. The gentleman said, No. The boy implored him to take two for a penny, and entreated so much that the gentleman said he would take one for a penny; but having nothing less than a shilling, and judging by the boy's frank countenance that he was trustworthy, he asked the boy to run and get change for the coin. The boy went, but did not return. Days passed, and nothing was heard of him. Still the gentleman was persuaded the boy had not been guilty of dishonesty. At length, one day, a little boy came up to him in the street, and said, "Did you buy the matches of Sandy, sir?" "Yes," said the gentleman, whereupon the lad proceeded: "While Sandy was coming back with your change, sir, he was knocked down and run over. He lost all his matches and your change, and got both his legs broken. But here is fourpence of the money, sir, which he has managed to get; he gave it to me to give to you, sir." The gentleman found it was all true; he found the two little lads lived together, almost alone, and that poor Sandy was stretched on a bed of straw, with his legs broken. The gentleman was so pleased with the hand and looked after them well. The Dean expressed the hope that if any of the children present ever felt inclined to tell an untruth, or to take what they ought not to take, they would remember this little anecdote of a poor neglected boy's strict honesty.

The sermon over, Leslie's anthem, "Suffer little children," was sung, followed by the well-known hymn, "Hark, the herald angels sing," in which the congregation heartily joined. The Dean concluded the service with the benediction.

Bismark On Religion.

In the very interesting extracts from Dr. Busch's copious dairy of Prince Bismark's utterances, forwarded by the Berlin correspondent of the London Times, occurs the following; bearing on the Prince's religious belief:

"I cannot conceive how a man can live without a belief in a revelation, in a God who orders all things for the best, in a Supreme Judge from whom there is no appeal, and in future life. If I were not a Christian, I should not remain at my post for a single hour. If I did not rely on God Almighty, I should not put my trust in princes. I have enough to live on, and am sufficiently genteel and distinguished without the Chancellor's office. Why should I go on working indefatigably, incurring trouble and annoyance, unless convinced that God has ordained me to fulfill these duties? If I were not persuaded that this German nation of ours, in the Divinely appointed order of things, is destined to be something great and good, I should throw up the diplomatic profession this very moment. Orders and titles to me have no attraction. The firmness I have shown in combating all manner of absurdities for ten years past is solely derived from faith. Take away my faith and you destroy my patriotism. But for my strict and literal belief in the truths of Christianity, but for my acceptance of the miraculous groundwork of religion, you would not have lived to see what sort of Chancellor I am. Find me a successor as firm a believer as myself and I will resign at once. But I live in a generation of pagans. I have no desire to make proselytes, but am constrained to confess my faith. If there is among us any self-denial and devotion to king and country, it is a remnant of religious belief unconsciously clinging to our people from the days of our sires. For my own part, I prefer a rural life to any other. Rob me of the faith that unites me to God and I return to Varan to devote myself industriously to the production of rye and oats."

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THREE desirable and conveniently located properties, for sale in the Annapolis Valley: No. 1. Situated at Lower Middleton. Consisting of two acres, in a high state of cultivation, a very fertile young orchard of over 100 trees, best varieties and quality, of early and winter fruit. A commodious and well arranged house, containing 8 Rooms, Kitchen, Pantry, Store-Room, Cellar and Wood-Shed. Barn property divided into Carriage and Harness Rooms, Horse and Cow Stable—Pit and Hay-loft; never failing well of water, buildings well protected with ornamental trees—entire property well kept and in good repair. Within a few minutes walk of three Churches, one mile from Railway Station, half mile from Post Office. Quiet Pleasant and Healthy locality.

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