

## Resignation.

Pain's furnace-heat within me quivers,  
God's breath upon the flame doth blow,  
And all my heart in anguish shivers  
And trembles at the fiery glow,  
And yet I whisper, As God will!  
And in his hottest fire stand still.

He comes and lays my heart, all heated,  
On the hard anvil, minded so,  
Into his own fair shape to beat it  
With his great hammer, blow on blow;  
And yet I whisper, As God will!  
And at his heaviest blows hold still.

He takes my softened heart and beats it;  
The sparks fly off at every blow;  
He turns it o'er and o'er, and heats it,  
And lets it cool, and makes it glow;  
And yet I whisper, As God will!  
And in his mighty hand hold still.

Why should I murmur? For the sorrow  
Thus only longer-lived would be;  
And may come, and will to-morrow,  
When God has done his work in me.  
So I say, trusting, As God will!  
And, trusting to the end hold still.

He kindles, for my profit purely,  
Affliction's glowing, fiery brand,  
And all his heaviest blows are surely  
Inflicted by a master hand.  
So I say, praising, As God will!  
And hope in Him, and suffer still.

## The Pastor's Call.

"Good morning, Mrs. Minty,"  
observed the pastor, as the door  
opened to his knock.

The door seemed to have a surly  
way with it, and opened scarcely wide  
enough to let the pastor in, although  
Mrs. Minty invited him to enter,  
and, brushing some invisible dust  
from a chair with her apron, asked  
him to sit down.

The pastor saw at a glance that  
Mrs. Minty was not pleased, but he  
could not surmise what was the  
matter. He had accidentally heard  
that day of the sickness of her  
daughter, and at the first opportu-  
nity called to see the young girl.  
Not seeming to notice the mother's  
manner, he said, "I hear that Miss  
Maria is sick."

"Yes! and she might have died  
for all she's seen of you!" replied  
Mrs. Minty, with an energy that  
almost shook the pastor out of his  
seat. The pastor was a meek man,  
and over-looking the rudeness of her  
reply, he asked, "How long has she  
been sick?"

"Two weeks, and over," said the  
mother.

"Have you had a physician?" in-  
quired the pastor.

"Had a physician? What a  
question! Why the girl has been  
almost dead! I wonder you got  
here before she was dead! Had a  
physician?"

These last words Mrs. Minty  
fairly ground out between her teeth  
with ill-suppressed scorn. It now  
became evident that Mrs. Minty,  
on each day of her daughter's sick-  
ness and the pastor's day in call-  
ing, had added to her wrath, and it  
had now reached a degree of inten-  
sity that suggested strategy or flight.  
The pastor resolved to try the form-  
er first.

"Ah! you have had a physician?"  
he observed. "How did he happen  
to call?"

"How did he happen to call?  
Well, did any one ever hear such a  
question as that?"

"Perhaps some one told him Miss  
Maria was sick, or perhaps he was  
passing and dropped in," interjected  
the pastor.

"Do you suppose I'd let my own  
daughter lie sick in the house and  
not send for a doctor?" fairly screech-  
ed Mrs. Minty.

"Ah, you sent for him?" said the  
pastor.

"Do you think he'd come if we  
didn't send for him? How would it  
be known Maria was sick?" replied the  
mother, looking at the pastor as  
though she pitied his stupidity.

"Do you always send for the phy-  
sician when you want him?" asked  
the pastor with provoking mildness.

"Well I declare!" exclaimed Mrs.  
Minty. "What do you ask such  
questions for?"

"I did not know," said the pastor  
"but that, as you expected the  
clergyman to find out as best as he  
could that your daughter was sick  
without sending for him you might  
do the same with the physician."

Something had been gradually  
dawning upon the mind of Mrs.  
Minty, which the last words of the  
pastor, uttered with inimitable good  
nature, resolved into a full intellec-  
tual surmise. Her severe face re-  
laxed into a broad smile. "Ha, I  
see!" she exclaimed. "I thought  
them was mighty queer questions.  
Well, I guess I should ha' sent for  
you, too, seeing as how I sent for the  
doctor. And you didn't know Maria  
was sick?"

"No," observed the pastor. "If  
I had, I should certainly have called  
before this. I accidentally heard of  
her illness this morning for the first  
time."

"Well, really, I hope you'll excuse  
me. Step this way; Maria's in the  
back room; she'll be all sorts of  
glad to see you!"—*St. John's Chroni-  
cle.*

Women can do nearly everything  
because they rule those who com-  
mand everything.—*Balzac.*

## Happy Aunt Chloe.

"How do you feel this morning,  
Aunt Chloe?"

"O, I lives by faith, not feeling;  
but I do have feeling, plenty, plenty,  
praise de Lord.

"Not fearin' or doubtin', wid Christ  
on my side,  
I hope to die shoutin', de Lord will  
provide."

"But do you not feel your afflic-  
tions sometimes hard to bear,  
aunt?" I inquired.

"Dey am hard sometimes to bear,  
but den I goes right to de Lord  
Jesus an He helps me. I tinks I  
can hear de blessed Master say,  
'Cast yer burden on Me, Aunt  
Chloe,' so I jest does as He tells  
me, an' He strengthens dis ole back,  
or takes de burden right away, an'  
makes me jump like a young roe on  
de mountains of Gibboa. An' den  
sometimes I feel so berry, berry  
weak, dat I jes' runs away an'  
hides."

"Hides? What do you mean,  
Aunt?"

"De good Book says dat Jesus  
'shall be as a hidin' place from de  
wind, and a covert from de tempests  
as ribers of water in a dry place, as  
de shadow of a great rock in a  
weary land.' An' Dabid ses, 'Thou  
art my hidin' place; Thou shalt pre-  
serve me from trouble; Thou shalt  
compass me about wid songs of de-  
liverance.' So when de great winds  
blow an' de great troubles come, ses  
I, 'Ole Chloe, yer can't stan' dis;  
yer had better go an' hide till these  
yer troubles be oberpast.' I jest  
runs right inter de Lord Jesus, who  
am de clef rock, an, I am safe.  
When yer weak, child, better run  
an' hide than stan' an' fight it out."

"How true it is," I replied, "that  
all things work together for good to  
them that love God, who are the  
called according to His purpose!"

"Dat's something I hed hard  
work to understan. Dat 'all tings'  
bothered dis ole head 'siderable; so  
I jest takes it to de Lord, and asks  
for 'splanation, an, He gib it me.  
So now when de dark clouds comes,  
I knows de light will be brighter  
an' de music sweeter when dey am  
done gone away."

"You are very happy, aunt.  
Do you never feel tired and  
tempted?"

"Why shedn't I feel happy, chile,  
wid de everlastin' arms underneath  
me, an' de sweet promises to fill my  
heart? What if old Chloe am poor?  
He says dat bread shall be given  
me. Ain't I got a rich Father?  
De gold and de silver am His, an  
de cattle on de thousand hills. Don't  
de blessed Jesus say He 'dorns de  
lilies, an' cares for de sparrow, an'  
counts de hairs of His chil'n? Ef I  
ain't a lily, I trust I's a chile o' His;  
an' if He feeds de chipperin' spar-  
rows, He feed me, who am  
bought wid de precious blood of  
Jesus?"

## Now or Never.

Last year I was addressing a little  
company of young men, of whom  
half a dozen were unconverted. I  
urged upon these an immediate ac-  
ceptance of Jesus Christ! One of  
the group, the son of a church elder,  
decided for Christ, and came out  
openly for him at the approaching  
communion season. A few days  
afterwards, by the fall of an elevator  
in his place of business, he was dash-  
ed into eternity. It was *now or  
never* for him. Upon the pivot of  
a few moments of prompt decision  
would seem to have hinged his end-  
less destiny.

As it proved, that young man by  
his prompt surrender to Christ was  
getting ready to die. But it is still  
more important to get ready to live.  
A merchant in my congregation,  
who had been very godless, came  
into my study one day about noon,  
and with much agitation said to me,  
"The Spirit of God is striving with  
me, and I have not gone over to my  
business to-day; I am staying home  
to settle the business of the salvation  
of my soul; I have settled it." It  
was "now or never" with him as he  
regarded. For many years he served  
Christ with great enthusiasm and  
usefulness, and is now in heaven.

Nearly all the cases of conversion  
in the New Testament have this  
same strenuousness and straightfor-  
wardness about them. There is no  
trifling, no pottering, no hesitation.  
The fishermen of Genesaret, when  
called, drop their nets and straight-  
way follow Jesus. Zaccheus, the  
Ethiopian treasurer, the Philippian  
jailer, the three thousand converts  
under Peter's pungent sermon, all  
experienced a sudden conversion.  
They went by the word *now*, and  
eagerly embraced their opportunity.  
Delay might have been fatal with  
all of them.

Just here is the egregious mistake  
which tens of thousands are making.  
They are often almost persuaded to  
accept Christ; they procrastinate  
only to grow weaker and worse;  
they wait for something that has not  
come, and never will; they foot with  
the momentous question of their  
salvation, and grieve the Holy Spirit.  
Some time they expect to become  
Christians. But, my h-sitating  
friend, unless you come up to this

point, "It is now or never, and I  
decide now," you will in all proba-  
bility be lost. Much of your life is  
lost, at any rate. Nor will you save  
the rest of it unless you promptly  
seek Christ, and seek him not with  
half your heart, but with your whole  
soul.—*Rev. T. L. Cuyler in Evange-  
list.*

## That Other Man.

A noted preacher was being wait-  
ed for on the hills of Wales. The  
time had elapsed, the preacher was  
in town but not on the hillside.  
The people were impatient and the  
host of the preacher sent a messenger  
to tell him that the occasion  
was complete and that the people  
were ready and expecting him to  
come. The messenger went. The  
messenger came back and said: "I  
do not know what is the matter, but  
the chamber door is locked. I  
heard voices within. I listened and  
heard the preacher say, 'I will not  
go unless you go with me.' He is  
talking to some other man. He  
wants the other man to come, and  
unless that other man will come, he  
says he will not appear amongst us  
to-day. What is to be done?"

The host understood the case.  
He said, "All will be well presently."  
And so it was. The closeted preach-  
er unlocked the door, came with an  
invisible companion, one like unto  
the Son of man, and old Wales, ac-  
customed to the noblest religious  
eloquence that ever fell from human  
lips was never more deeply stirred  
and vitally thrilled than when that  
man spoke in the power of the other  
man and revealed the kingdom of  
God to an expectant and thankful  
people.

Do not go without the other man  
—the man Christ Jesus. Do not  
go alone. Say, whenever you go to  
the pulpit or class or sick chamber  
or district of any kind of Christian  
work whatsoever, "I will not go  
alone;" and if that desire be uttered  
heartily, lovingly, honestly, you  
shall not go alone. God the Father,  
God the Son, God the Holy Ghost  
will go with you, and the prey shall  
be delivered into your hand, and you  
shall return more than conqueror  
through him that loved you.

## Self-Operative Helps.

The power of self-education in  
the little matters that help to form  
the indefinable habits that go to  
make the lady we rarely realize  
until we have reached the age when  
bad habits or mannerisms have  
fastened upon us so strongly that  
we never lose the taint of their con-  
trol. Lady Billair says in her ad-  
vice to girls:—

## WHAT TO AVOID.

"A loud, weak, affected, whining,  
harsh, or shrill tone of voice.  
"Extravagances in conversation  
—such phrases as 'awfully this,'  
'beastly that,' 'loads of time,' 'don't  
'you know,' 'hate' for dislike, etc.  
"Sudden exclamations of annoy-  
ance, surprise, and joy—often dan-  
gerously approaching to 'female  
swearing'—as 'Bother!' 'Gracious!'  
'How jolly!'  
"Yawning when listening to any  
one.

"Talking on family matters,  
even to bosom friends.  
"Attempting any vocal or instru-  
mental piece of music that you can-  
not execute with ease.  
"Crossing your letters.  
"Making a short, sharp nod with  
the head, intended to do duty as a  
bow.

## WHAT TO CULTIVATE.

"An unaffected, low, distinct,  
silver-toned voice.  
"The art of pleasing those around  
you and seeming pleased with them  
and all they may do for you.  
"The charm of making little  
sacrifices quite naturally, as if of no  
account to yourself.  
"The habit of making allowances  
for the opinions, feelings, or pre-  
judices of others.

"An erect carriage—that is, a  
sound body.  
"A good memory for faces, and  
facts connected with them—thus  
avoiding giving offence through not  
recognizing or bowing to people, or  
saying to them what had best been  
left unsaid.

"The art of listening without im-  
patience to prosy talkers, and smil-  
ing at the twice-told tale or joke."  
*Christian Union.*

Th of Permanency of Christianity.

If one man's life could be pro-  
tracted through three or four cen-  
turies, the changes which he would  
witness would be indeed astonish-  
ing; but certain things, it may be  
confidently predicted, would not  
have changed, for they have never  
been other than what they are.  
Sin, pain, death are what they were  
in the days of the Tudors, in the  
days of the Crusades, in the days  
of the apostles and evangelists, and in  
the days of David. Sin, pain, death,  
they are the permanent elements in  
the life of human beings, and be-  
cause they are permanent, religion  
too will last. Only a robust faith in  
the Unseen, only faith in our  
Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ can  
relieve the human heart when face

to face with the solemn, irreversible  
conditions of our life. So long as  
they last, the religion of the cruci-  
fied will last too. If the sense of  
sin could be dragged by a false phil-  
osophy, if pain could be forgotten, if  
chemical science could only arrest  
the march of death, then the religion  
of Jesus Christ might die; but, as  
matters stand, it is too intimately  
associated with the facts of human  
life, it strikes its roots too deep in  
the experiences of the human heart  
to vanish at the bidding of any un-  
believers. So long as men sin, so  
long as men suffer, so long as men  
die, Jesus Christ, our Lord will be  
believed in, will be worshipped as  
the Light of the World, as the  
Divine Master, whose teaching and  
whose death has made the darkness  
of human destiny to be light indeed.  
—*Canon Liddon.*

## Not Afraid.

We are not afraid to go alone  
on a journey to a strange place where  
we are sure that a friend will meet  
us at the end of the journey. The  
husband in a distant city telegraphs  
to his wife to come to him, and he  
will be at the station to receive her.  
She has faith in him. She sits in  
the cars all day. She enters the de-  
pot, filled with strangers, at night.  
But there is one familiar face, there  
are the arms of love, and the loneli-  
ness that faith cheered during the  
journey now ends in joyous fruition.  
But our blessed Saviour does not  
ask us to go far away in the spirit-  
world, with the assurance that He  
will meet us by and by. He comes  
down to the starting point of the  
strange journey. He takes us to  
Himself the moment we enter the  
chariot of death. That terror of the  
unbelieving soul is the charioteer of  
Jesus for those who trust in him.  
So there is no loneliness in this try-  
ing hour. It is as when a bride-  
groom comes for his bride, takes her  
in his arms, as she leaves the thresh-  
old of her old home, and bears her  
to the new home that he has prepar-  
ed for her. There is nothing sweeter  
in all the revelation of God's love  
than that promise of His presence  
which removes the loneliness of  
death.—*Interior.*

## Duty.

"Duty" is a grand word. When  
Admiral Nelson, at the battle of  
Trafalgar, signalled to the English  
navy, "England expects every man  
to do his duty," a thrill of enthusi-  
asm was felt by every Englishman  
in that fleet. The thought of duty  
has held many a man firm amidst a  
thousand perils. Yes, "duty" is an  
iron word; "privilege" is a golden  
word. Can we for one moment  
imagine angels or glorified saints  
obeying the behests of the Master  
because it is their "duty"? When  
the heavenly hosts sped swiftly to  
Bethlehem's plain to announce the  
tidings of peace, was the thought of  
"duty" pre-eminent in their minds?  
As permission was given to them to  
descend to the shepherds, did they  
not rather regard it as a privilege?  
"Duty" may be an iron word, but  
the purest gold alone can be coined  
into "privilege."—*Pittsburg Chris-  
tian Advocate.*

## The Way To Conquer.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and  
his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge  
more blunt till he ceased to strike.  
"Leave it to me," said the saw;  
and, with his relentless teeth, he  
worked backward and forward on  
its surface till they were all worn  
down and broken, and he fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer: "I  
knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll  
show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off  
flew his head, and the iron remained  
as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft,  
small flame.

They all despised the flame; but  
he curled gently round the iron and  
embraced it, and never left it till it  
melted under his irresistible in-  
fluence.—*The Examiner.*

A man carried a valise filled with  
money. It rained hard. He com-  
plained of the weather. Reaching  
a thick forest, a robber attempted  
to shoot him. The powder was wet.  
The man escaped. He then said,  
"How wrong was I not to endure  
the rain patiently as sent by Pro-  
vidence! If it had been dry, I should  
probably have been killed. The  
rain saved my life and property."  
So we too often murmur at our  
mercies. If we had our way, per-  
haps we might lose our property,  
our lives, our souls. We often com-  
plain where we should congratulate  
ourselves. We are peevish when  
we should be full of praise to God.  
—*Illustrated Weekly.*

Wrinkles and ill nature together  
make a woman hideous.—*Chamfort.*

Marriage, an institution where  
one person undertakes to provide  
happiness for two.—*Alme. Roland.*

A married man falling into mis-  
fortune is more apt to retrieve his  
situation in the world than a single  
one.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

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