

The Timid Pilgrim.

If you, dear friend, in truth are what
Your fears almost deny,
An heir to heaven's immortal lot,
A pilgrim to the sky,
Why walk you through life's little day
With drooping mien and sight—
Bowed to the ground—to dread a prey
Because of coming night?
Why do your hesitating lips
Ask Him who gave you breath,
Avert, good Lord, a swift eclipse,
Spare me from sudden death?"

Such living is of craven soul,
It speaks of fainting heart,
It makes the sepulchre life's goal,
Blots out life's better part,
It shames our manhood, dwarfs our growth
In character and grace,
Belies our boasted faith, and doth
Write "coward" on the face.
If His, exultant walk, nor care
If death, or young or old,
From soiled streets shall kindly bear
You to the streets of gold.

Despise not earth! 'twas made too fair
For insincere diadems,
By cunning architect whose rare
Skill fashioned naught in vain.
But learn to love it not so well
That when its builder calls
You cannot leave its scenes to dwell
Within the jasper walls;
Ay, not so well but that if He
Shall think it not unmeet
To quickly come, you cannot flee
To Him with shining feet.

—Observer.

How He Got Religion.

Uncle Zenas was converted late
in life, and always took his religion
a little hard; and he had so long a
tussle with his former self, and so
much turning square about in his
old tracks to do, that he never
found himself quite able to under-
stand how anybody else could slip
suddenly and quietly, and at the
same time genuinely, into the king-
dom. Hence he always felt a little
nervous and troubled when an
evangelist came along who told the
people that it is "the easiest thing
in the world" to become a Christian;
that "all that one need do is to feel
sorry for past sin, and believe that
he is forgiven of God for Christ's
sake, and the work is done." He
said it made him think of Jer. 6: 14.
"It wasn't done in my case," the
old man insisted, "in that 'ere easy
and kind o' patent way. I had to
sweat under conviction. I had to
groan under the wrath of an angry
God. I had to feel that I was in
danger of eternal hell fire; in fact,
for the matter of that, for about a
week I don't expect I could have
felt much worse if I'd actually been
among the damned. I couldn't
sleep, nor I couldn't read anything
in the Bible but some of them awful
first chapters in Romans, which, if
they arn't inspired, I should like
to have somebody explain how any
human soul ever knew what was in
other human souls like that.

"And when I did come out o'
that 'ere state o' mind, I did come
out—I tell you. It's nine and forty
years ago come the 30th of Novem-
ber next, and yet I remember it as
distinct as if it was yesterday. The
full hunter's moon was shining on
a light snow that had fell—the first
of the season—and, as I was walkin'
up to the prayer-meetin' (for, bad
as I was, and bad as I felt, it kind
o' comforted me to go to the prayer-
meetin', just as a starving chap
might hang around a hotel, within
smell of food, thinking somehow he
might get a chance for a bite), it
came to my mind what my good old
father once said, when I was a boy,
on just such a night. Says he,
'Zenas, my son,' and says I, 'Yes,
sir.' Says he, 'Do you see that 'ere
glorious bright moon?' Says I, 'In
course I do, father.' 'Well,' says
he, 'don't you never forget, not if
you live to be as old as Methusalem,
what that full moon is there for.'
'Well,' I said, 'father, I dunno as I
know what you mean.' 'Well,' he
said, 'when you go home, before
you set down to any apples and
cider, do you get out the great
Bible, and look up the 89th Psalm
and the 37th verse thereof, and
there you'll find that God has set
the full moon up in heaven as a faithful
witness that He is faithful. So
whenever you see that full moon,
you just believe that God will do
exactly what He says He will. If
He says He'll bless a man, He will
bless him; if He says He'll cuss him,
He will cuss him, and no mistake
about it.'

"Well, I walked along, thinking
of my dead father and wishing I had
always done what he told me to;
and, oh, how I did wish I could feel
as he felt that night ever so many
years before, when he set me on the
track of this full moon business!
All of a sudden I turned a corner
of the road that brought the shine
of that full moon square into my
face, and, in the glare of the white
earth, it 'e'en a'most blinded me;
and I said: 'Well, anyway, I'm
glad God can be depended upon—
even if He damns me (who richly
deserves it). I'm glad there's some-
body that can be trusted; and I
wouldn't have it anybody else but
Him, not if I had the arranging of
the whole of it.' Just at this min-
ute a cutter passed me going up to

meetin', full of people, who, with a
loud and cheerful voice, were setting
off into a hymn that used to be sung
in them days:—

"And is salvation brought so near,
Where sinful men expiring lie?
Triumph, my soul, the sound to hear,
And shout it joyous to the sky!"

"I tell you I never heard such
music as that before. Why, with
God's witness in the sky shining on
it, all of a sudden I could see the
whole business of salvation as plain
as day. I shouted, and I run.
And I stopped 'em, and caught up
with the cutter, and I got onto an
outside runner, and I said, 'For
heaven's sake, sing that 'ere first
verse over again! for it means me,
that does.' And when I went into
the prayer-meetin', the first minute
there was a chance, I got up, and I
said, 'My Christian friends, I can't
say nothin', and I hain't got nothin'
to say; only that whereas I was
blind, now I see; and whereas I was
dead, now I live; and that full
moon shining up there has witness-
ed from my dear old godly father's
heart to my heart that all these
blessed things of Christ are true—
and I mean to have 'em true for me;
and I want you to pray for me that
I may have 'em true.'"

That was Uncle Zenas' "experi-
ence." We've heard him tell it a
great many times. It is our con-
viction that he always felt that it
came a good deal nearer being the
real genuine thing than the article
since, and now, more common. As
to that experience he would frankly,
albeit meekly, have said, with the
great apostle, "I would to God
that ye all were both almost, and
altogether, such as I am."
But Uncle Zenas died suddenly
one day. And when the good peo-
ple of the town gathered to his little
cottage to pay to his memory their
tribute of respect, and to bury him,
everybody started back from the
plain, stained pine coffin, for the
dead face almost glowed with a soft
benignant brightness that no one
had ever seen upon it in lifetime.
And his pastor softly said:—

"Thine eyes see the King in His
beauty;
They behold the land that is very far
off."

—Congregationalist.

For Young Men.

John B. Gough says: "Ninety-
nine out of every hundred men who
are ruined morally, and I might al-
most say physically, intellectually
and religiously, are ruined by the
use of drink. It is the great curse
of this country. Then what shall
we do? What we want is to stir
up the people to move in this mat-
ter. We want you to help us, young
men. It may cost you something,
but life is a battlefield. What a
grand thing it is to be a young man
with all of life before you, to make
of it what you choose, to mould it
as you will, to make it just what
you please. How many are mak-
ing their life a desert, when it
might be a garden! making it a
dreary waste, when it might be
fruitful in good works and holy in-
fluences, stumbling, blundering and
aimless. O, the beginning! So
many go into ruin with all of life
before them. You are like a switch-
man on a railway. Here comes the
locomotive and train of cars, freight-
ed with human life, hopes and hap-
piness, and your hand is on the
switch. You can turn that train
on the wrong track, you can turn it
on to the siding, you can turn it
down the bank, but when it has
passed by, your control of it has
gone forever. Never will you have
another such an opportunity, and
opportunities are passing you day
by day.

"Look at the effects of drunken-
ness upon a man. God made man
in his own image. What mars that
image and stamps it with the coun-
terfeit die of the devil? Drink does
it. 'Man by nature walks erect and
lifts his forehead to the stars,' and
he is crowned lord of creation. What
breaks his sceptre, tears his crown
from his brow, and degrades him
below the level of the beasts? Drink
does it. What sears the heart and
dams up the fountain of pure and
holy affection? It is the drink.
No young man expects any-
thing of this kind to come upon him.
I do not say that it will, but I
want to warn any young man who
is a moderate drinker that he stands
on dangerous ground.

"Oh, it is sublime to wrestle with
an evil desire, this mastery of self
by the force of a high resolve and
the power of a mighty will; 'I will;
I will; by the help of God, I will.'
To him that overcometh! the tree
of life, safely from the second death,
the white stone with the new name,
the morning star, the white raiment,
a pillar in the temple, a seat on the
throne with him in whose name he
has conquered. To him that over-
cometh! Then buckle on the armor,
brave heart; stand firm in the fight.
Aye, though you fall ten times, get
up again, battered, bruised, covered
with scars more glorious than were
ever borne by earth's greatest war-
riors, till by and-by, standing erect,

your armor dented and broken, you
shall shout Victory! Victory! as
you hang your battered armor on
the battlements of heaven, and hav-
ing fought the good fight, lay your
laurels at the feet of him through
whom and by whom you stand re-
deemed forever from the power and
dominion of every evil habit."

A Fidgety Husband.

I would solemnly warn all women
about to marry to ascertain before-
hand that their contemplated hus-
band is not what is called a fidget.
A leaning towards intemperance
may be greatly mitigated in a hus-
band by one's keeping the cellar key
and not allowing him any pocket-
money; but a fanaticism for being
always before the time it is difficult
to repress and impossible to extir-
pate. Better that a bridegroom
should not be at the church door
until after the rubrical hour, and
your marriage be postponed for a
day, than that he should prove him-
self a fidget by presenting himself
at the altar before the clergyman or
yourself is ready for him. Your
self-love may suggest that such haste
is only the result of his eager devo-
tion; but do not deceive yourselves,
young women—he would have been
at the church equally as soon if it
had been to bury you. Tompkins
himself is in many respects an ex-
cellent husband, and I do believe is
very fond of me; but it is timeliness
first and feelings afterwards with
him, I know. When business calls
him on a journey only one eye drops
a tear at parting with his wife and
offspring, the other is fixed on the
clock to see that the cab is sent for
in time to catch the train. That
"catching the train" is the thought
that makes him thin and keeps him
so. Much of his time is of necessity
consumed in travelling, but not
nearly so much as he spends in pre-
paration for his journeys. The day
previous to an expedition is mainly
occupied in packing his carpet bag
and writing out his direction labels.
He leaves over night, as in a will,
the most elaborate directions for the
proceedings of the next morning,
with a codicil, appointing that he
shall be called half an hour earlier
than he at first considered soon
enough. This last command is
wholly superfluous, since he always
wakes of himself long before the
appointed hour and proceeds to ring
the house up. Previous to this he
has kept me from my rest since
earliest dawn by perpetually getting
out of bed to see whether it is going
to be fine. Upon this depends the
momentous question, "Shall he take
his waterproof coat or not?" If he
does, it should be strapped up at
once with the other things already
lying on the hall table ready for de-
parture; not a moment is to be lost.
His toilet is hasty enough, but not
speedy; for in his eager desire on
retiring to rest to have everything
ready for the morning, he has gener-
ally packed up his brushes and comb,
or some other indispensable thing,
which has to be disentombed from
the portmanteau. He generally
shaves over night; but if not, I
tremble for his throat, since I know
with what imprudent rapidity he is
performing that operation in his
dressing-room.—James Payn.

Tact in Ministers.

Tact supplies the soft answer that
turneth away wrath, and also, as
Felix Oldboy tells us in the New
York Post, the severer answer that
foils bumptiousness. Yet no amount
of tact could have saved the hot-
tempered English clergyman who,
having vehemently declared his
parishioners to be "a set of unmiti-
gated asses," was quietly asked by
a by-stander whether this was the
reason why he addressed them every
Sunday as "dearly beloved breth-
ren." Says Felix Oldboy:—

"I never knew a clergyman who
had tact to make a failure in his
calling, and I have seen magnificent
pulpit talents brought into the
dust because of a lack in this direc-
tion. One of our successful city
preachers of fifty years ago had this
quality in its perfection, and a story
in illustration of it comes back to
me as I write. There were Inger-
solls in his day, for the genial ag-
nostic of that name, who has hit so
much more happily than his prede-
cessors the vein of coining his airy
unbelief into substantial dollars, is
not a new creation by any means.
On one occasion the clergyman was
travelling in a stage-coach, in com-
pany with a noisy talker who per-
sisted in thrusting upon his fellow-
passengers the fact that he did not
believe in the Bible. In particular,
he was severe upon the writer, who
had alleged that Joshua commanded
the sun to stand still and look on
while he wiped out the heathen.
The clergyman had been measuring
up his companion, and at this point
he spoke out. 'Did you ever read
the further explanation of that
miracle given in the Book of Zoro-
babel?' he inquired. 'Yes, I
have,' snapped the learned infidel,
'and that doesn't throw any light
upon it, either.' A general roar of
laughter, which followed this con-

fession of ignorance, ended the con-
trovery and bottled up the ag-
nostic.

"On another occasion, this same
clergyman was annoyed by a bust-
ling denominational preacher, who
walked up to him in public, and in
a voice that arrested the attention
of all within hearing, challenged
him to a controversy on the Aposto-
lic Succession. The challenged
man turned sharply, and said, 'Can
you repeat the Lord's Prayer, sir?'
'But,' stammered the man, 'I want
to discuss—' 'Sir, repeat the Lord's
Prayer if you can.' If the man
ever knew the petition, it had now
slipped from his memory, and he
became red and silent. Then his
dignified antagonist turned in a
stately way to the gathering group
of amused auditors, and said: 'Sir,
I will leave it to this intelligent as-
semblage to decide whether a man
who is unable to repeat the Lord's
Prayer is fitted to discuss Apostolic
Succession.'"

Read Helpful Verses.

How many of you, as you take up
the Bible for the morning devotions,
turn to something which will be
of practical use through the busy
day at whose threshold you pause
to render homage to Him whose
kindly presence you need through-
out its hours? There are strong,
helpful words, that will thus read,
stay by the children as they go off
to the schoolroom, stay by your wife
at home, ring sweet music in your
own soul all day long. "As much
as lieth in you, live peaceably with
all men," may keep your boy out of
a fight. "Study to show thyself
approved unto God, a workman
that needeth not to be ashamed,"
may help him to overcome the
temptation to do a little cheating
in his lessons. "Even Christ
pleased not Himself." The memory
of that verse may help your girl to
be unselfish and kind. Read the
Bible, of course; read it so with
your family if you like, but when
you gather them around you in that
precious morning time, give them
as a key-note for the day some help-
ful Old Testament story of faith
and its reward, a Psalm full of praise
or consecration, sweet words of com-
fort and counsel from the lips of
Christ and His apostles. If you
are pressed by cares and have time
but for a few verses, let them be
words that shall be "echoes of bless-
ing" all day, and God alone knows
how much good may be the result
of thus "rightly dividing the word
of truth."

A True Revival.

Every revival of religion recorded
in the Bible, remarks the *Independent*,
seems to have been a revival of
personal righteousness among God's
own people. No amount of outward
prosperity, no increase of numbers,
no new and attractive forms of wor-
ship can possibly make up for or
take the place of the faithful com-
formity to the whole will of God on
the part of those who are called by
His name. The sooner the minis-
ters and churches recognize this
fundamental truth and necessity
and bend all their energies toward
the bringing about of such a revival,
the better it will be for the church
as such, and the speedier shall we
all reach the desired end of seeing
ungodly and sceptical unbelievers
brought under the power of the
gospel.

The Cross Of Christ.

Let the cross of Christ teach us
to look calmly on this suffering
world. Life is full of trials, and it
is a perplexing thing to look around
us and see the race of men groaning
under their burdens. We know
but one satisfactory explanation of
this strange mystery,—thoroughly
satisfactory,—which calms all doubt.
The cross of Christ is the explana-
tion. The cross is the distinct an-
nouncement to us, of that wonderful
law which fills all life,—that
"through much tribulation we must
enter into the kingdom of heaven."
Perfection through suffering,—that
is the doctrine of the cross. There
is love in that law.—F. W. Robert-
son.

Christianity is the sum total of
all the active benevolences of the
world.

Not what we have, but what we
enjoy, constitutes our abundance.

We must seek heavenly things
by doing earthly things in a heav-
enly spirit.

Trouble and perplexity drive me
to prayer, and prayer drives away
perplexity and trouble.—Melan-
thon.

The three essentials to human
happiness are, something to love,
something to do, and something to
hope for.

He who hunts for faults will be
very apt to find them; but we would
advise all such to commence at
home, where they will likely find
enough to prevent their going
abroad to seek for more.

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