

Forgive thy Brother.

BY JAMES F. MORTON, JR.

Matt. 18:21-35.

Forgive, forgive thy brother,
Though erring he may be;
As God, for thy Redeemer's sake,
Fully forgiveth thee.

Forgive, forgive thy brother,
Or take thy guilt again;
They are forgiven who will forgive
Their erring fellow-men.

Forgive, forgive thy brother,
His debt to thee is small
Beside thy weighty debt to heaven;
Yet Jesus paid that all.

Forgive, forgive thy brother,
If thou would'st enter heaven;
The blood-washed saints alone are there,
Forgiving and forgiven. —Watchman.

The Flowery Kingdom.

The price of Chinese carts in Pekin is very generally fixed at ten cents an hour. Yet one can never be engaged, if the price is discussed in advance, without at least half an hour's argument.

If one is taken without previous agreement as to price, and at the conclusion of the service the proper fare be offered the driver, he will invariably demand more. If this is refused the driver will generally go quietly away. But if through ignorance or mistaken generosity a larger sum be offered the driver flies into a rage, throws the money on the ground, demands three times as much, and a threat to appeal to the police or an hour's argument is necessary before quiet is restored.

A wealthy American gentleman, being in Pekin in his journey around the world, complained to me of the high prices charged by Chinese inn-keepers for rooms. He had, so he said, offered \$2 in payment for a small room without bedding or furniture in a wretched inn. The landlord demanded \$5 for a single night. A long wrangle resulted, and finally the gentleman offered \$3, which the landlord, after more words, had consented to accept.

The customary price for such a room, food not included, is twenty cents, and if the gentleman had offered this sum it would have been accepted without much discussion.

The lack of laws or of their enforcement, for standard weights and measures goes far to facilitate tricks of trade in China. Cloths of all sorts, whether of silk, linen, wool, or cotton, are sold by the foot. But the merchant invariably uses one foot when he buys, and a shorter one when he sells. The foot for cotton goods is longer than that for woolen, which in turn is longer than that used to measure silk.

Steelyards are regularly made and sold in the markets having two sets of pounds measured on them, one for buying and one for selling. I have seen a respectable Chinese gentleman and a fisherman quarrelling over the price, or rather the weight of a live carp, each having his own steelyards, which made a difference of a pound and a quarter in the weight of the fish, which at the utmost could not have weighed over four pounds, unless, indeed, as is sometimes the case, the honest fisherman had forced a pound or two of coarse gravel into its stomach.

In buying various grades of cotton-wool one gets a varying number of ounces to the pound. For the coarse grades one gets sixteen, a full pound; for medium qualities but twelve, while for the very finest twenty-two ounces are called a pound.

Of course, such variations, regularly established by custom, practically counterbalance themselves, the price varying in accordance with the weight. At the same time it is quite impossible to find either season or sense in such practices. If an explanation is asked of the most intelligent Chinese he has none to give beyond the remark that it is an old custom.

I have often been trapped into the purchase of articles which I did not want in the following manner. A dealer in "curios," as they are called, old porcelains, cash, bronzes, etc., would come in and offer some object for sale, making a little speech about its rarity, beautiful forms and color, and close by saying that the price was only five dollars. Not wishing the article at any price, I would say: "I'll give you ten cents."

"Oh, look at it, see how fine it is!" says the merchant.

"Can't, I'm busy, don't want it," I say.

"Well," says the dealer, "I want to sell it to you very much; give me \$4.50."

"No; go away."

"All right, it is yours for ten cents." —*Youth's Companion.*

Finding Rest.

I was once trying to explain to a physician who had charge of a large hospital, what consecration meant, and its necessity, but he seemed unable to understand. At last I said

to him, "Suppose in going your rounds among your patients, you should meet with one man who entreated you earnestly to take his case under your special care in order to cure him, but who should at the same time refuse to tell you all the symptoms, or to take all your prescribed remedies; and should say to you, 'I am quite willing to follow your directions as to certain things, because they commend themselves to my mind as good, but in other matters I prefer judging for myself and following my own directions.' What would you do in such a case?" I asked. "Do!" he replied, with indignation. "Do! I would soon leave such a man as that to his own care. For, of course," he added, "I could do nothing for him, unless he would put his whole case into my hands without any reserves, and would obey my directions implicitly." "It is necessary then," I said, "for doctors to be obeyed, if they are to have any chance to cure their patients?" "Implicitly obeyed!" was his emphatic reply. "And that is consecration," I continued. "God must have the whole case put into his hands without any reserves, and his directions must be implicitly followed." "I see it," he exclaimed, "I see it! And I will do it. God shall have his own way with me from henceforth."

A Christian lady who had this feeling was once expressing to a friend how impossible she found it to say, "Thy will be done," and how afraid she should be to do it. She was the mother of one only little boy, who was the heir to a great fortune, and the idol of her heart. After she had stated her difficulties fully, her friend said, "Suppose your little Charley should come running to you to-morrow and say, 'Mother, I have made up my mind to let you have your own way with me from this time forward. I am always going to obey you, and I want you to do just whatever you think best with me. I know you love me, and I am going to trust myself to your love.' How would you feel toward him? Would you say to yourself, 'Ah, now I shall have a chance to make Charley miserable. I will take away all his pleasures, and fill his life with every hard and disagreeable thing I can find. I will compel him to do just the things that are the most difficult for him to do, and give him all sorts of impossible commands.' 'Oh no, no, no!' exclaimed the indignant mother. "You know I would not. You know that I would hug him to my heart, and cover him with kisses, and would hasten to fill his life with all that was sweetest and best." "And are you more tender and more loving than God?" asked her friend. "Ah, no," was the reply, "I see my mistake, and I will not be any more afraid of saying 'Thy will be done,' to my Heavenly Father, than I would want my Charley to be of saying it to me."

Better and sweeter than health, or friends, or money, or fame, or ease, or prosperity, is the adorable will of our God. It gilds the darkest hours with a divine halo, and sheds brightest sunshine on the gloomiest paths. He always reigns who has made it his kingdom; and nothing can go amiss to him. Surely, then, it is nothing but a glorious privilege that is open before you when I tell you that the first step you must take in order to enter into the life hid with Christ in God is that of entire consecration. I can have you look at it as a hard and stern demand. You must do it gladly, thankfully, enthusiastically. You must go in on what I call the privilege side of consecration; and I can assure you, from a blessed experience, that you will find it the happiest place you have entered yet. —*The Word and Way.*

Only a Few Days to Live.

A Boston journal tells of the following: A judge was in the waiting-room with other patients, waiting his turn, when one of them, a stout, genial, middle-aged man, began talking to him. "It is ridiculous, my coming here," he said; "it is a mere trifle that will wear off by itself. But my wife would have me come—you know what women are. It is nothing but a peculiar feeling at the tip of my tongue—a kind of numbness." At this moment he was summoned to the physician's office.

The conference was a long one. At last the door opened. The man came out. He was pale. His large face was covered with drops of sweat, as if he had received a mortal blow. He stopped and turned to the physician, saying, hoarsely, "Doctor, you're sure there is nothing to be done—no operation—no?" "I know of nothing," said the physician, gently. "No cure has yet been discovered for your disease." "And—how long?" There was a moment's silence. "Not more than two months. Sit down, let me bring you some water." "No, no," he hurried, staggering to the door, muttering, "I have not time. I have so much

to do. Only two months!" He died within the two months, but in the interval he worked incessantly to get his affairs in order.

How many have been called away when they least expected it, and not had two minutes' distinct warning, much less two months. Oh that we might learn to do and be, and speak and live, each day as if it were to be our last, and as we shall wish we had done by and by.

A Lesson For Fathers.

I knew a child of exceptionally quick and strenuous impulses. Though effeminate, he was not obedient, and needed to be watched as a weasel to be kept from mischief. His father told him to pick up a pin. The father thought the boy refused, but the father was mistaken. A sharp rebuke. The boy began to sulk (I had rather hear a child swear than see him sulk). "Come here sir!" The child did not stir. The father lost his temper. He seized his boy tempestuously; carried him into another room for punishment. The moment's delay brought the man to himself. He sat for a little while with the child in his arms. Then said: "My son, we have done wrong. I have lost my temper, and you have lost yours. It is worse for me to do that than it is for you, because I am bigger and stronger and ought to be wiser than you. I ask God to forgive me. I ask you. I must be right before I can help you to be right. Help me to be a good father so that I can help you to be a good son." The sullen defiance left the child's face. His arms clasped the father's neck. "Father I didn't say what you thought I did!" The child was six years old. He is now sixteen. The father is a quick-tempered man. But I have heard him say repeatedly that, for ten years, he has never had occasion to rebuke his boy, by word or gesture, for the slightest approach to disobedience. The man of fifty and the boy of sixteen appear to live and have their being in each other as a single soul. —*Selected.*

FLEEING FROM SIN.—We often say, "Flee from sin, as from the face of a serpent." Perhaps few of you know how a man feels when, for the first time, he finds himself, as I remember finding myself, within a few inches of a serpent—when he sees the cobra de capello rearing its head ready to strike, and knows that one stroke of those fangs is death, certain death. That moment he experiences a varied passion, impossible to describe; fear, hatred, loathing, the desire to escape, the desire to kill, all rush into one moment, making his entire being thrill. Now, take two men; one is in the face of that serpent, and the other is in the presence of the old serpent called Satan, the devil. One is in danger of the sting, the other is in danger of committing sin. Which of the two has the most reason to flee? Oh, thou that art tempted to sin this day against God, flee from sin as from the face of a serpent—a far deadlier serpent is that old serpent the devil than the other. Fear every sin—"abhor it." The Apostle's word is not "dislike it," "disapprove of it," "have a distaste for, an aversion to it"; it is not even the ordinary word "hate," but a word much stronger than any of these—a word which in the original is never used except this once in the whole of the New Testament. The literal meaning of it seems to be, Hate it as you would hate the River Styx; and to the people to whom he wrote, the idea conveyed was, Hate it as you would hate the way to hell. So it is the way to hell. Hate it always as you would hate the way to hell.

Be a Christian at Once.

Why do you not decide to be a Christian at once? Do you think you are to sinful? But God says, "He that is athirst, let him come." Are there doctrines which you do not believe? But the promise is, "If any man willeth to do his will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God." Do you fear lest, having begun a Christian life you may not be able to hold out? But it is declared, "My sheep hear my voice and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, and no one shall snatch them out of my hand;" and also, "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation make also the way of escape." Are you afraid that your happiness may be diminished by the restraints of religion? "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace." Do you hesitate because you think you can do so little for Christ? But "If the readiness is there, it is acceptable according as a man hath, not according as he hath not." Is there some sinful indulgence so dear that you cannot decide to abandon it? "Be not deceived; God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that

shall he also reap." Do you mean to be a Christian at some time and merely are delaying a little before you decide? "Behold, now is the acceptable time; behold now is the day of salvation!" —*The Congregationalist.*

What Women Have Done.

The best example of self-denying liberality in the Bible is recorded of a woman. The best example of loving service in the Bible is recorded of a woman. The best example of conquering prayer in the Bible is recorded of a woman. It was no great gift, no great services, no great prayer. The gift was a widow's mite. The service was the anointing of Jesus with a box of ointment. The prayer was a mother's prayer for a daughter possessed with a devil. But the gift and service and prayer were in self-denial, and love, and faith. And so in the sight of God they were of great price. Jesus never let fall such words of royal commendation as concerning these three women. Of the poor widow he said: She hath cast in more than they all. Of Mary with her alabaster box of precious ointment he said: "She hath done what she could." And to the praying mother he said: "O woman, great is thy faith. Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Surely such giving, such service, such prayer is possible to every woman. —*Herrick Johnson.*

An Opportunity.

There is nothing in life that slips by more stealthily than an opportunity. The artist knows this when he hastens to record with his pencil the impression which is his for the moment, lest intervening matters shall cause it to be dimmed or effaced. The scientist bears it in mind as he concentrates his powers for a glance into the telescope, or for a movement of the crucible. And in all other spheres the fact is recognized by him who avails himself promptly of the time which is "for every purpose," and of the fine filaments of circumstance which are ready to make his act efficient. If we realize that such seasons of advantage have come to us and gone again unheeded, we are saddened, whether our loss be a temporal benefit to ourselves, or a never-returning occasion for doing good to others. Yet this pain will be a blessing if it shall teach us that in order to have our deeds wrought harmoniously into the swiftly-moving web of life, we must be on the alert to use God's proffered opportunities while they are opportunities. —*S. S. Times.*

Boy's Opinion Of Girls.

Mark Twain gives the following as a sample of a boy's composition on girls: "Girls are very stuck up and dignified in their manner and behaviour. They think more of dress than any thing and like to play with dolls and rags. They cry if they see a cow in a far distance and are afraid of guns. They stay at home all the time and go to church on Sunday. They are always sick. They are always funny and making fun of boys hands and say how dirty. They can't play marbles. I pity them poor things. They make fun of boys and then turn round and love them. I don't believe they ever killed a cat or anything. They look out every nite and say, 'O, aint the moon lovely!' This is one thing I have not told and that is they always now their lessons better boys."

When Charles Kingsley was dying, he said "It is not darkness I am going to, for God is light. It is not lonely, for Christ is with me. It is not an unknown country, for Christ is there." Then, after telling how earnestly he was looking forward, he added very solemnly, "God forgive me if I am wrong, but I look forward to it with reverent curiosity." How delightful such conceptions of the "Father's house" are! To the dying man of faith they are inexpressibly comforting. To the busy Christian who cherishes them in the heyday of life, they are a sure prophylactic to the fever of worldliness. —*Zion's Herald.*

One evening as Mohammed, after a weary march through the desert, was camping with his followers, he overheard one of them saying, "I will loose my camel and commit it to God." The prophet immediately exclaimed, "Friend, tie thy camel and commit it to God." We can not expect an indulgent Providence to make up for our neglect of proper effort. No amount of faith is an excuse for laziness.

There are three things which the true Christian desires, with respect to sin: Justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification that it may not be. —*Cecil.*

It is worth a thousand pounds a year to have the habit of looking on the bright side of things. —*Dr. Johnson.*

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