

I Take My Cross.

BY THE REV. ERNEST G. WESLEY.

Though I tread a path unknown,
Knowing not how hard, how long;
Praising Thee with joyful song—
Forward, as each step is shown—
I take my cross
And follow Thee.

Cheerless days and starless nights,
Weary, rough, and thorny way;
On Thy truth my heart shall stay,
Thou wilt lead me by Thy night,
I take my cross
And follow Thee.

Toiling up the hillside steep,
Called to face dark hours of strife,
Faint: despairing even of life—
Knowing Thou thy child wilt keep,
I take my cross
And follow Thee.

End, at last, of toil and pain:
Only waiting for Thy call,
Trusting Thee, my "all in all,"
Pardoned all my guilt and shame—
I leave my cross
And dwell with Thee,
—M. Star.

Putting Ourselves in Their Places.

"Of what good is my school education to me now?" questioned a young mother with a big family of little ones around her. "I am more thankful for the stitches my old black mammy taught me to put in, and the dishes I learned to make in the home kitchen, than for all the Latin father labored so hard to teach me, or the French exercises that occupied my school days."

"Nevertheless," I answered, "your school education, as you call it, is of more advantage this day to your husband and children than all your housewifery accomplishments."

"Oh, you are mistaken!" cried the little lady. "I never have a bit of use now for the things I learned out of books."

"Maybe not for the things learned," I said, "though I doubt even that. But what you gained in the learning has made, if you'll pardon me, a most comfortable, companionable wife, a wise and thoughtful mother."

"I'll accept your delightful, complimentary conclusions," said the wife, "but I don't at all see how you reached them. What pray, did I gain in the learning?"

"A nimbleness, my dear, in the precious accomplishment of adapting yourself to others, of perceiving their undercurrents; in short of putting yourself in their place. That is a thing that not every educated woman gains; some fail to be thus educated by education, but no uneducated woman has it, or at least not one in five hundred. When John came home last night cross and unsociable, you divined at once that something was wrong, and forbore to question or allow him to be worried."

"Ah! I was so glad, when I found out what it was, that I had not added a feather to his burden," said the wife, tears rising at the remembrance of her husband's trouble.

"Yes; but if this much-abused education had not given you the mind-quickness to jump at that conclusion, poor John would have been stung and annoyed with question and criticism. To-day, when your little boy came and asked for a soup-plate, because it was the only thing big enough to hold his sprouting seed, knowing you to be a careful housekeeper, I trembled lest you should refuse."

"Why, no, cousin; my little boy's experiments in natural history are worth the price of the soup-plate three times over."

"And much interest you would have felt in his experiments, except for your poor maligned education! It has not been fifteen minutes since I heard you speak kindly to Bridget about not dusting properly when the orthodox way to treat such carelessness is to fly into a rage and tell your domestic that you never saw such behavior, and you won't stand it."

"But really, Cousin Frances, I think Bridget is a little near-sighted; and if I could persuade her to wear glasses—"

"Ah, my dear," said I, "you are beyond question a slanderer of your best friend! I have given three proofs that you are a good wife, mother and mistress; I think I have shown that it is a gift as much as a grace; and for this gift of quick perception, of ready insight, of sympathetic interest, of intelligent understanding, of putting yourself in another's place, you are indebted to your good education. Shame on the ingratitude that basely decries its benefactor!" —Elizabeth P. Allan in *Congregationalist*.

Social Customs of the Eskimos.

Their social customs are full of interest and individuality. Their way of eating, for instance, is decidedly peculiar. Cutting a long strip of gory, greasy meat from the mass before him, the Eskimo gourmand takes one end of it in his mouth, and then pulling on the

other until it is strained tight, with a quick slash of the knife past his nose severs a mouthful and swallows it without mastication, repeating the operation rapidly until the limit of his storage capacity is reached. A civilized spectator, watching an Eskimo family at dinner, cannot fail to be struck with the wisdom of Providence in giving these people such short noses, as, were the features any longer, they would infallibly suffer early abbreviation.

In the matter of amusements the Eskimos are not badly off. They have a form of cup-and-ball, the ball being a block of ivory pierced with holes at different angles, into one of which the players strive to insert an ivory peg as the block falls, the position of the hole determining the value of the stroke. Another game closely resembles dominoes, and contains pieces running as high as "double thirties," but sequences are not regularly carried out, the breaks in them seeming to be without system. They have a game exactly like solitaire, with the exception that ivory pegs take the place of the glass balls. The special amusement of the women is a species of "cat-cradle," which has been brought to such perfection that they develop from twenty to thirty different figures in it. Indeed, they are extremely clever in performing tricks with string, winding and twisting a piece in and out among their fingers, and then disentangling it by a single pull on one end.

Such are some of the manners and customs of the quaint, harmless, and—despite their dirt—lovable people whose home is among the dreary regions to the north and south of Hudson's Straits. They have many admirable traits of character. They are wonderfully patient and enduring in times of trial and suffering; honest and intelligent to an unlooked-for degree; perfectly fearless in the chase, yet so peace-loving in their disposition that quarrels are almost unknown; hospitable, docile, keenly appreciative of kindness, and ready to share their last bite with white visitors; willing to work when opportunity offers, and content with small remuneration. So many good points have they, indeed, that the sad certainty of their gradual extermination is rendered all the sadder thereby.

The First Martyr in China.

In the city of Pok-lo, on the Canton East River, a Confucian temple-keeper received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London mission, became convinced of the folly of idolatry, and was baptized by Dr. Legge. He gave up his calling, and set to work among his acquaintances and friends as a self-appointed Scripture-reader. He would go through the streets of the city and the country around with a board on his back containing some text of Scripture. So successful was he that in three years' time about 100 people were baptized; and so mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that surprise and hostility were excited, and a fierce persecution broke out.

The Christians were driven from the villages, and their property was plundered. The colporteur was seized and twice within forty-eight hours dragged before the *literati*, and called upon to recant. This he refused to do. He was therefore tortured by being suspended by the arms during the night. The next morning he was brought forward in an enfeebled state, pale and trembling, for a second trial. The officials and mandarins were cowed into submission by the gentry; but this brave old man was still firm in his resolve to cleave to his Bible and Christ, and expressed a hope that his judge would some day embrace the new doctrine. This was more than they could tolerate, and like the judges of Stephen, they ran upon him with one accord, and killed him on the spot by repeated blows of their side-arms, and threw him into the river. Thus perished the first Protestant Christian martyr in China.—*Christian at Work*.

Family Worship.

Eighty-two years ago, in the Switzerland of Connecticut towns, a son was born to a godly mother—one of several children. The father was a farmer, and at one time owned 800 acres of land. Wearisome work on the hard hills was the boy's business, and the common schools of this pristine period his college.

On the day on which he was received into the church, a family altar was set up in his home; and from that time to this, for more than half a century, except in cases of sickness, the head of that household has offered his morning sacrifice. No stress of work in haying or harvest, no number of hired men helping in the tillage of hundreds of acres, no influx of perhaps ungodly guests coming from near and far, were permitted to intermit this reading of the Bible and this service of prayer.

For more than half of this time there were in the large parish weekly afternoon church prayer-meetings,

which, with his wife and children, he attended, as a rule, whatever the condition of his work or the state of the weather. For this half century the interests of the church have been among the matters uppermost in his thoughts and plans, sharing in his money; and ever present in his prayers; and the question quite frequently asked, by both pulpit and pew, now that the sun of his life is sinking in the silver West, is "What shall we do when Mr. N—dies?"

His two children became Christians almost as a matter of course. One of them has long been the faithful wife of a well-known preacher, and the other is a leading partner in one of the foremost manufacturing companies in New England—a man of large benevolence and earnest Christian work. To me this is an ideal of Christian life—God and his kingdom first; afterwards, and subsidiary, the world.

Now, is the race of which this man is a fair type dying out? and, if so, is the race taking its place an improvement? Is the absence of the family altar in so many of our modern professedly Christian homes a step up, or down? Is the hurry of business and pressure of work, which in so many cases is assumed as the reason for not attending a weekly evening prayer meeting, much less one in the day-time, more, or less wholesome for body, mind or soul, than the habit of this man and his family thirty years and more ago?

I may be mistaken, but I believe that if to the present appliances for reaching the masses at home and abroad there could be added the feeling that more or less largely filled the lives of Christians fifty years ago, the conversion of the world would soon be not a matter of faith, but of fact.—H. L. Reade, in *Congregationalist*.

Punishment Of Ch' L'en.

Some time ago, as I was coming up the street, I met a young married friend, holding her little boy by the hand. The child had evidently had a fall, for the pretty suit he wore was covered with splashes of mud. "Just look at Willie's new coat," she said, in an aggrieved voice. "It is perfectly ruined; and I have had such trouble to get it made. Is it not too bad?"

While I was expressing my sympathy, the little fellow looked up into my face with a woful expression on his own. "And mamma is going to whip me just as soon as we get home," he cried.

"I certainly am," she said, in the same indignant tone. "I have told him, at least fifty times, to take hold of my hand, and he will never do it, and this is the consequence." "It seems to me," I answered, somewhat dryly, "that if you have condoned the sin of disobedience for forty-nine times, it is for the sin of falling down that the child is to be punished; for, if the accident had not happened, I imagine that the fiftieth act of disobedience would also have passed without comment."

Her cheek flushed for a moment, then her honest hazel eyes met mine steadily. "Your reproof is a just one," she said, "and I shall not forget it."

I would like other young mothers, also, to carefully consider this question of punishment, for it is a most important one. While grave moral faults are often passed over carelessly, a child is frequently very severely dealt with for the tearing of a dress, or the breaking of an ornament, or any other fault that involves trouble or expense, even though the mischief may have been unintentionally done.

Shocking as the statement may sound, it is not true, that when the angry mother relieves her annoyance by punishing the object of it, she is really revenging herself upon it for the trouble it has occasioned?

Certainly, it is very provoking to have beautiful things broken, and work that has been the result of so much patient labor destroyed through heedlessness and carelessness, yet, some time ago, when I heard a child, who had torn a handsome dress, answer sagely to another who had told her that "her mother would whip her for tearing it," "No, my mother never whips for clothes," I felt sure that she was in wise as well as loving hands.—*Selected*.

Temptations In The Path Of Duty.

It is not alone when a man has turned aside from the path of duty, nor yet when he has slackened his interest in the work to which God has sent him, that he is liable to be tempted, and that his struggles with temptation are likely to be real and prolonged. It is a mistake to suppose that one who has a busy hand and an active mind and a hearty spirit, in the line of well-doing, shall be shielded from temptation, shall have no inclination in the direction of mis-doing. Temptations assail the believer in the path of duty; and he who perseveres in the right must persevere in spite of temptation, not in freedom from it.

It was when Jesus was desiring to "fulfill all righteousness," and when he was at the highest point of his spiritual privilege, that his first recorded temptations met him; and the record shows that those temptations were such as are liable to confront every follower of Jesus in the path of his personal duty—as a believer. Jesus was tempted to distrust God's word; he was tempted to presume unduly on God's intervention in his behalf; he was tempted to seek his individual advancement in honor and power at the expense of his Father's glory. And what believer in Jesus can say that he has never been tempted in all three of these lines of temptation?—*Sunday-school Times*.

Be Faithful.

The plainer, humbler duties of life are not less important than the services which rank higher in popular esteem. To a passenger on one of our fast trains it is a matter of small importance whether the president of the road speaks four languages or one; or whether the stock has gone up or down that day. But it is important to be assured that a common section hand put every spike in the right place as he put in a new rail on the track that day. To have left one out, or to have driven it in the wrong place, means a wreck with its loss of life. It is pleasant to be waited on by a conductor who wears a neat uniform and a pleasant face; but the begrimed engineer, who stands at his post apart from observation, has the lives of all the passengers in his hand.

It becomes every Christian to magnify his office, however humble. To someone the smallest task we perform will appear supremely important, as their welfare depends on the manner in which we have performed it. The foot of some valuable life will press on every plank in the bridge. It is because our conduct touches life, God has enjoined upon us the utmost fidelity to him in the smaller duties.—*Baptist Weekly*.

It Is Well To Remember.

That economy is a great revenue. That not every one who dances is glad.

That it is as natural to die as to be born.

That the road is never long to a friend's house.

That we have all forgotten more than we remember.

That busy lives, like busy waters, are generally pure.

That labor disgraces no man, while man disgraces labor.

That the strongest men are often the most tender-hearted.

That life is too short to be spent in minding other people's business.

That he who buys hath need of a hundred eyes, and he who sells hath enough of one.

That inclination never wants an excuse, and, if one won't do there are a dozen others ready at hand.—*Good Housekeeping*.

Laughter.

Chavasse, an eminent surgeon, says: "Encourage your child to be merry and to laugh aloud; a good hearty laugh expands his chest, and makes his blood bound merrily along. Commend me to a good laugh—not to a little, sniggering laugh, but to one that will sound through the house; it will not only do your child good, but will be a benefit to all who hear, and be an important means of driving the blue devils away from a dwelling. Merriment is very catching, and spreads in a remarkable manner, few being able to resist the contagion. A hearty laugh is delightful harmony; indeed, it is the best of all music."

RANDOM READINGS.

A contented spirit is the sweetest of existence.—*Dickens*.

What a dark world this would be without the Sun of Righteousness! "The heart that is fullest of good works has in it the least room for the temptations of the enemy."

A diamond with a flaw is better than a pebble without. But the flaw adds nothing to the value of the diamond.

There are no songs comparable to the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, and no politics like those which the Scriptures teach.—*Milton*.

Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come; buy wine and milk without money and without price.

When daily life is to do the will of God, no disappointment is possible, neither can failure come in. Step-by-step following is the most quieting, disentangling thing in the world.

Christ will make us bright, cheerful and fruitful for good, just as the sun will warm up the cold, frozen earth, cause the vegetation to become green again and the music of the birds to float out upon the air.

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