

Psalm XVII.

VER. 4-8, 15.

By Thy Word, my feet I've kept
From the paths of sin and loss;
In Thy footprints firmly stepped,
Held unwavering, by Thy cross.

I have called, O God, on Thee
Ever wilt Thou answer send,
And incline Thine ear to me,
Hear my words, my prayer attend.

Thou who saven by Thy might
All who trust in Thee repose,
Now unto my wondering sight
Marvels of Thy love disclose.

Keep me safely, King of Kings,
As the apple of Thine eye;
'Neath the shadow of Thy wings
Hide me as from foes I fly.

So Thy face, when life is past,
I in righteousness shall see,
Waking—satisfied at last—
With Thine image formed in me.

Anecdotes Related at Recent Evangelistic Meetings.

A RECLAIMED DRUNKARD.—“Two months after I had been saved, I was holding in my hand a large jar of whiskey. All my old desire for drink came back to me with awful power. I hesitated, and was in doubt, but the thought that God says ‘Be thou clean,’ came to me, and appealing to God for help, I poured the liquor out into the gutter. A little later in the day I was similarly tempted, through the mistaken kindness of a friend, but, through God's grace, I again conquered. I immediately went to the Lord, and said: ‘Oh, Lord, I gave up myself wholly to thee to keep me.’ And next morning, at a prayer and testimony meeting, I could step out on the platform and say that the Lord had given me victory over my besetting sin.”

AN UNEXPECTED CONGRATULATION.—“In the pretty rural parish of Seend, where I much enjoyed the affection and sympathy of my friends, I had to encounter at times, much reproach and opposition for the truth's sake. However, I felt then, as I still do, that the opposition of ‘some’ is the best commendation a minister can have, and was content to let it be so. The offence of the cross shall never cease, and most certainly it had not at the time of which I am speaking. During one of these little occasional storms, an excellent farmer and well-known local preacher among the particular Baptists, Mr. Harry Pocock by name, accosted me on the high road, and shaking me warmly by the hand exclaimed, ‘Sir! I congratulate you! You've escaped the woe.’ ‘The woe, Mr. Pocock! What do you mean?’ I inquired. ‘Why, sir, the woe.’ ‘Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.’ (Luke 6:26.)

THE CHIEFS' QUARREL ENDED.—Mr. Thomas Canning said: “There is a touching story of a North American Indian, who was a great chief. There was nothing among all his treasures that he loved so much as his little daughter. Another chief, a friend of the former, and a constant visitor, also loved the little girl, who looked upon the two, her father and his friend, as the only two beings in the whole world worth loving. But there came a time when the two chiefs quarreled, and the little girl no longer saw her friend. She was not a strong child, and, shortly after the quarrel between the two chiefs, she became seriously ill, and soon it was evident that she must die. One day, as her father bent over her, watching her fade away, she said to him, ‘Father, I want you to be friends with—(naming the other chief).’ The father started back, passion depicted on every feature. He could not be friends with that man. But there lay his daughter dying, and it was her request, probably her last. He bowed his head, and said hoarsely, ‘Yes, I will.’ The girl died, and at her grave there stood on the one side the grief-stricken father, tears streaming down his face, while, on the other, was the alien chief, also in tears; and they became firmer friends than ever, over the grave of her whom they both loved. So, over the body of Christ, the propitiation for our sin, God the Father extends his hand to the sinner, whom he thus reconciles to himself forever.—*Christian Herald*.

A Girl in China.

When between six and eight years of age, my girl-cousin took that step which affected all their after-lives. At that age all well-born Chinese misses have their feet bound. It is a fashion they are obliged to follow. If they do not, they would not be recognized as ladies when they grow up, and they would become a disgrace to their families. Chinese aristocrats are as proud and jealous of their good name as the bluest-blooded of European nobles. Anything that lowers them in the eyes of their neighbors is carefully guarded against. Accordingly, only the daughters of poor and humble parents are permitted by society to

retain the feet as nature bestowed them.

The process of binding is a gradual one. From first to last, hands were wound round the tender feet to prevent their growth; but at first shoes were worn nearly as large as the natural size; in a year or so the shoes will have to be smaller, and as the feet decrease in size till they attain to three or two and a half inches in length, so shoes are made to fit the lessened foot. But, oh! the suffering that goes with it! This never has been exaggerated in any account. Many a time have I heard my cousin groan with pain as the tortures of binding were being undergone. Yet, strange to say, those girls would not have had exemption from the process on any account. To be ranked as servants, working-girls? Not they. The Chinese young lady chooses to be fashionable even though she undergo torture for several years and incur helplessness for life.

Don't imagine, however, that Chinese ladies are unable to move. They can, most of them, walk short distances. But it is true that the spirit is taken out of them by this species of suffering, and that they are oppressed by a sense of physical helplessness and dependence.

The work that little girls in China do is light. Trifling things about cooking, such as shelling of peas or assorting of greens, were given over to my girl-cousin. Between meals, the little girls were taught to sew, embroider and to spin flax. They were never so happy as when a group of them sat together at work; one would tell a story, another would follow with a ballad, singing it with peculiar plaintive tone which is considered a part of the ballad's charm. My cousins were early taught to read and write, and in company with us boys, until they were eleven or twelve; then they were thought too old to be left in society with boys very much; especially was it so after some young strangers came to our school, which was established in the men's living-rooms.

In closing this chapter, I wish to call attention to the fact that Chinese girls—though you may think they lead a humdrum sort of life, though it be true that they are strangers to the exciting gaieties enjoyed by American girls—are usually contented and think their lot a pleasant one. It is the custom, I am aware, to represent Chinese young ladies as languishing in their apartments and contemplating with tearful eyes the walls that confine them. To be sure, they do not have that excess of liberty by which some American girls are spoiled; yet they are not kept under lock and key. They have that liberty which is consistent with our ideas of propriety. They make visits, they call on their neighbors, they go to the theatres, they see the sights, they witness boat-races, and do many pleasant and social things besides. But whatever they do, there is always this limit—they are not permitted the acquaintance of young men. And when they are married, they are restricted to the society of their husbands. You perhaps think their existence a failure. They look upon the sort of life that American girls lead as very improper.—*Christian Union*.

“Just Once.”

The temptation to step aside “just once” from the strait and narrow way comes not infrequently to the young Christian. If Satan can but gain our consent to one departure, he knows that succeeding steps in the wrong direction will easily follow. The following extract from the recently published life of Dr. Judson, by his son, may come as a timely word to some tempted and hesitating soul: “A native Christian woman told me that she was about to engage in something which Dr. Judson considered not conducive to her spiritual good. He sent for her and remonstrated; but she would not give up her darling project. ‘Look here!’ said he, eagerly, snatching a ruler from the table, and tracing not a very straight line upon the floor. ‘Here is where you have been walking. You have made a crooked track, to be sure; out of the path half the time; but then you have kept near it, and not taken to new roads, and you have not so much as you might have done, mind, but still to a certain extent—grown in grace; and now, with all this growth upon your heart and head in the maturity of your years, with ripened understanding, and an every day deepening sense of the goodness of God—here, bringing down the ruler with emphasis to indicate a certain position, ‘here you stand. You know where this path leads. You know what is before you. Some struggles, some honors and finally eternal life and a crown of glory. But to the left branches off another very pleasant road, and along the air floats, rather temptingly, a pretty bubble. You do not mean to leave the path you have walked in fifteen years—fifteen long years altogether; you only want to

step aside and catch the bubble, and think you will come back again, but you never will, Woman, think! Dare you deliberately leave this strait and narrow path, drawn by the Saviour's finger, and go away for one moment into that of your enemy? Will you? Will you? WILL YOU?’ ‘I was sobbing so,’ said the woman, ‘that I could not speak a word; but he knew, as he always did, what I meant; for he knelt down and prayed that God would preserve me in my determination. I have made a great many crooked tracks since,’ she added, tearfully, ‘but whenever I am unusually tempted I see the teacher as he looked that day, bending over in his chair, the ruler placed upon the floor to represent me, his finger pointing along the path of eternal life; his eye looking so strangely over his shoulder, and that terrible “Will you,” coming from his lips as though it was the voice of God; and I pray just as Peter did, for I am frightened.”—*Christian at Work*.

Weighed in The Scales.

Adoniram Judson, the apostle of Burmah, graduated from Brown University an avowed infidel; his most intimate friend, a brilliant student, was also a skeptic. The two friends often talked over the question—momentous to one on the eve of graduation—“What shall we do to make for ourselves a career?” Both were fond of the drama, and delighted in the presentation of plays, each wrote with ease and skill, and so, after many discussions, they almost determined to become dramatists.

Judson graduated in 1807, with the highest honors. A few weeks later he went to New York to study the “business” of the stage, so that he might be familiar with its requirements in case he should become a playwright. His dramatic project did not, however, retain him long in the city, and, prompted by a love of adventure, he started on horseback to make a tour of two or three of the New England States. One evening he put up at a country tavern, and was assigned a room adjoining one occupied by a young man sick unto death. The dying man's moans were distinctly heard by Judson, whose skepticism was not strong enough to keep him from musing on the question, “Is that young man prepared to die?”

During the night the groans ceased, and early next morning Judson arose, sought the landlord, and asked:

“How is the young man?”

“He is dead.”

“Who was he?”

“He had recently graduated from Brown, and his name was—”

Judson was stunned, for the name was that of his skeptical friend. Abandoning his journey, he returned to his father's house a dazed, stricken man. The shock unsettled skepticism. He determined to make a thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon his faith and conduct. He entered Andover Theological Seminary, not as a student for the ministry, not even as a Christian, but simply as a truth-seeker. What he sought for he found in Him who is truth. He found more—the life and the way. He submitted to the truth, received the life, and walked in the way with a martyr's spirit, and high often to the martyr's crown, until he heard the call, “Come up higher?” Then he departed from his earthly apostolate. He wrote no drama, but his life was a sublime spectacle. No crowds laughed at his wit, or were thrilled at his delineation of human passion, but hundreds of men blessed him as their father in God.—*Youth's Companion*.

How To Read.

After reading a book or an article or an item of information from any reliable source, before turning your attention to other things, give two or three minutes of quiet thought to the subject that has just been presented to your mind; see how much you can remember concerning it; and if there were any new ideas, instructive facts, or points of especial interest that impressed you as you read, force yourself to recall them. It may be a little troublesome at first, until your mind gets under control and learns to obey your will, but the very effort to think it all out will engrave the facts deeply upon the memory—so deeply that they will not be effaced by the rushing in of a new and different set of ideas; whereas, if the matter be given no further consideration at all, the impressions you have received will fade away so entirely that within a few weeks you will be totally unable to remember more than a dim outline of them.

Form the good habit, then, of always reviewing what has just been read. It exercises and disciplines the mental faculties, strengthens the memory and teaches concentration of thought. You will soon learn in this way to think and reason intelligently, to separate and

classify different kinds of information; and in time the mind, instead of being a lumber-room in which the various contents are thrown together in careless confusion and disorder, will become a storehouse where each special class or item of knowledge, neatly labeled, has its own particular place and is ready for use the instant there is need of it.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE CRYING WANT of the times is more bright Christians. A bright Christian will fling out the steady rays of cheerfulness. This is not an unsaintly quality; a dark, foggy day is not half as heavenly as a sunny day. The natural note of a bird is not a scream nor a groan, but a spontaneous song. When a young man or woman becomes converted to Christ, none of their companions ought to say: “They used to be pleasant, but how dull and mopey they are now!” Nor ought a Christian ever to enter any circle with the chill of an icicle or the depressing effect of a wet blanket. And there is another radiation which a bright Christian will emit, and that is good temper. We too often think of ill-temper as a constitutional weakness or a mere unhappy infirmity. Professor Drummond has pungently said in one of his late addresses: “Ill temper is a sin, one of the blackest of sins; it is the symptom of an unloving nature at bottom. The man who has it needs to have his whole nature sweetened; such a man would make heaven miserable; he must be born again before he can enter it; it is better not to live than not to love.”—*Independent*.

—An opportunity is like a pin in the sweepings; you catch sight of it just as it flies away and gets buried again.

—God's mercy is so great that it forgives great sins by great sinners, after great length of time, and then gives great favors and great privileges and aids us to great enjoyments in the great heavens of the Great God. As John Bunyan well says, “It must be great mercy or no mercy, for little mercy will never serve my turn.”—*Spurgeon*.

—All whose names are in the book of life are enrolled for active service; and are not only inscribed there, but are graven on the palms of his hands that his power may ever work for them, and on his heart that nothing may come between them and the love of their great High Priest, who has carried their names into the holy of holies.—*Alexander MacLaren, D. D.*

—What we need is not the blaze of a few powerful electric lights in certain conspicuous places, but the steady shining of every lamp in the whole church of Christ over the land. Brooklyn is not lighted by two or three calcium burners in its public squares, but by innumerable lamps distributed into every street and alley. A genuine revival means a trimming of personal lamps.—*Theodore L. Cuyler*.

—Five minutes' private personal entreaty will often accomplish more in winning souls to Christ than five months' public preaching. Close action is effective. A pistol at a man's breast is more dangerous to him than a hundred cannon thundering at him two miles away. The preaching may mean any one or no one in the crowd; but when you talk to me, you mean me.—*H. L. Hastings*.

—Sidney Smith, when a youth, was said to have been very bashful in company. He remarks in regard to the cure for this painful affliction: “It was not very long before I made two very useful discoveries: First, that all mankind were not solely employed in observing me—a belief that all young people have; and next, that shamming was of no use, that the world was very clear-sighted and soon estimated a man at his just value. This cured me of my shyness, and I determined to be natural.”

LUCY'S POP-OVERS.—Two tea-cups sweet milk, two tea-cups sifted flour, heaped a little, butter size of walnut, two eggs, one table-spoonful sugar, a little salt; beat the whites to a stiff froth; bake twenty minutes in hot pans (half full) and serve immediately.

NEW WAY FOR FRIED BREAD.—Cut some Vienna bread into long slices, and about one inch thick; soak for two minutes in cold milk, and then sprinkle with pepper and salt. Dip into a beaten egg and fry. Squeeze a few drops of lemon over and serve immediately.

“POTATO EGGS.”—Mash some potatoes with a little warmed milk or cream, butter, salt, and the yoke of an egg, well beaten up. Form the mixture into egg-shaped balls by pressing it into an iron spoon (buttered). Slip the potatoes out of the spoon upon buttered paper, put them into the oven to thoroughly warm but not to become browned.

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