

It was not on the field of... That the reason for my... Drank the alluring pop... Down to the heights of... From the hope of a... He bartered his manhood... Through the gate of a sin... Mo poor, weak boy, went... The only same old story... Like the reason of a fane... But I never once thought... I thought he'd be true to... But alas for my hopes all... Alas for his youthful pride... Oh, no nothing every day... No bar in their pathway... The thousands of boys...

THE HOME History of a Chinese

In a little house of bamboo... a roof like a big hat, with... and with only a back door... dirty street like an alley... When she opened her... spread upon the bare ground... corner of the room stood... figure, looking like an ugly... fact it was the household... some income was burned... The only picture that... the wall was the picture of... printed in bright red and... cheap, thin paper. There... chair, nor a bed, nor a stool... cradle in that room. She... the floor, blinking her eyes... as all babies do, but she... she had gotten into a... ed enough to understand... and mother were saying... "We don't have rice enough... said the father.

"We could make a lady... this mother." "She's better dead," G... Bister down her now,"... "We could sell her for... feet," begged the mother... So they kept the baby... her fists shut up so tight... lips drawn together in a... pucker. They gave her... Amoy, although girls in Ch... numbered instead of name... very fast and fat and cum... very black, and so was... straight bangs. Her lips w... roses, and her teeth as... She was a very happy littl... five years old.

One day, soon after her... her mother told her that... bound feet, and be a "lady... "betrothed" to Sing... Chinaman. Sing Lee's... to pay almost a hundred... Amoy. She was to become... his son when she would l... older, and when her feet... the proper size.

Amoy was delighted to... feet were to be bound. S... begged that her feet mig... and that she might be... many of her little friends... mother took Amoy's feet... and began to bind them... was of the opinion that... PITRETT had signed the certificate... She then bent the four to... bound them very tight. T... ed the heel under and... bandages about, thus lea... great toe to grow to its na... in a few days how Am... hurt," "betrothed" to Sing... Chinaman. Sing Lee's... to pay almost a hundred... Amoy. She was to become... his son when she would l... older, and when her feet... the proper size.

BAPTIST Book & Tract Society, 91 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N.S.

CHANGE OF TIME. 2 TRIPS PER WEEK 2 FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co. TO BOSTON, WHICH BEGINS SECOND QUARTER. APRIL 1st, 1890.

THE undersigned hereby give notice and certify that a certain limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, constituted under the firm name of "W. C. PITRETT & Co." for the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and for the carrying on of limited partnership registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds of the City and County of Saint John in the said Province, the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1888, and terminated on the 22nd day of March, A. D. 1889, did terminate and is now dissolved the said partnership, and the certificate of limited partnership signed by the said W. C. PITRETT and SAMUEL HAYWARD.

THE undersigned, desirous of forming a limited partnership under the laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certifies that the name of the firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is "W. C. PITRETT & Co." and that the general nature of the business to be carried on by the said partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of dry goods and other merchandise, and generally wholesale dry goods and general jobbing and commission business.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK. CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN, N.S. Be it remembered that on the twenty-seventh day of December, A. D. 1888, at the City of Saint John in the County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, GEORGE B. SEELY, a Notary Public in and for the said Province, who was duly authorized and sworn, residing and practicing as such, and who, personally came and appeared WARD C. PITRETT and SAMUEL HAYWARD, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned, and was of the opinion that they were duly qualified to execute the same, and that they had signed the said certificate, and the said SAMUEL HAYWARD that he signed the said certificate.

WINTER SASHES. The best and cheapest place to buy your WINTER SASHES is at A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO. If you want DOORS or BLINDS go to A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO. BALUSTERS & NEWEL POSTS cheap at A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO. Lots of MOULDINGS at A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO. Waterloo Street. Factory-CITY ROAD.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY Co. SUCCESSORS of HUNTER'S BELLS Co. BLYMERE MANUFACTURING Co. CATALOGUE WITH 2200 TESTIMONIALS. Bells, Church School Fire Alarms. No duty on church bells. MENEELY & COMPANY WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS. Favorably known to the public since 1828. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells; also, Chimney and Vents. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. Bells of Pure Copper and Tin for Churches, Schools, Factories, and all other purposes. VANOUZENS & TRIFT, Chemists, N. S.

Baltimore Church Bells. Since 1844 celebrated for Superiority over others, are made only of Pure Bell Metal, Copper and Tin. Bells of all sizes, from the smallest to the largest. For Prices, Catalogue, etc., address BAYNE & BAYNE, 101 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md. PURDY'S FREE FRUIT RECORDER & EVAPORATOR. Agents wanted for all reliable fruit recorders. See A. H. Purdy, Paterson, N. J.

One person in each Society on a paid position of good work for a long time. For more particulars apply to the Society at the following address: SOCIETY OF THE GOLDEN RULE, 101 N. Second St., Baltimore, Md.

CHANGE OF TIME. 2 TRIPS PER WEEK 2 FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co. TO BOSTON, WHICH BEGINS SECOND QUARTER. APRIL 1st, 1890.

COMMENCING TUESDAY, March 13th, and until further notice, one of the fine steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7.30, Eastern Standard time.

Always travel by the Palace Steamers of this Company. All Ticket Agents sell by Steam Popular Lines. For rates, Rooms and further information, apply to G. F. & P. A. WALDRON, General Manager, Portland, Me. C. E. LACHALER, Agent, St. John.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '89. Winter Arrangement '90. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 26th DECEMBER 1889, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Service of Cholera. The visit of this horrible demon to London has not been an unmixt evil. It invaded the metropolis in 1832 and slew 7,000 victims. This woke up serious enquiry, and they passed a sanitary act in 1848. They were slow and feeble until, in 1848, the demon again appeared and slew just double the number. Then the metropolis awoke in earnest.

SCOTT'S EMULSION DOES CURE CONSUMPTION In its First Stages. Palatable as Milk. Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon cod liver oil wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

WATERMAN'S BAKING POWDER. GATES' INVIGORATING SYRUP. This preparation is well known throughout the country as a safe and reliable cathartic and FAMILY MEDICINE, superseding all others, and should be in every house.

For Coughs, Colds, & La Grippe, A little night and morning will soon make them well. For BRONCHITIS, it gives immediate relief. For IRREGULARITIES OF THE BOWELS, nothing can be found so good, as it causes no griping nor pain. For ASTHMA AND PALPITATION OF THE HEART, one dose will give instant relief. RICK HEADACHE, STOMACH AND PIN WORMS yield at once.

The Trappist Monks of Oka. A few years ago the Provincial government of Canada was induced to grant to a band of priests, who arrived from the land on the banks of the Ottawa near its junction with the St. Lawrence, and there they established themselves as the Canadian headquarters of the Trappist order in the monastery of Oka. They at once devoted themselves to the cultivation of the soil and to teaching the surrounding farmers the methods of scientific agriculture. They erected silos, introduced the use of artificial fertilizers and new methods in dairying and stock-raising till now the district of Oka has become one of the best agricultural sections in the province.

The monks rise at one o'clock every morning, and after repeating the office of the Virgin they arrange their cells, which measure five by six feet, and contain a wooden bedstead, with a hard straw mattress and pillow. Discipline and a crucifix complete the furniture. Then they have an hour for meditation, after which the chapter takes place. All repair to the chapter room, and each in turn publicly confesses his willful and other faults against the rule, and if any one should have happened to notice a fault in the penitent he will accuse him of it also, and if it is acknowledged a penance is imposed, which consists of a flagellation or some other bodily mortification.

After this somewhat frugal meal work is resumed, and is only interrupted for the office. The monks never speak, excepting at the meals, and when they do they exclaim, "Memento mori," remember death—and this they repeat in unison around a half-day grave. Visitors are welcome, and may make the monastery a regular retreat, for whose accommodation the monks are now about to erect a new building.

This is the severest order of monkhood in America, and it is a curious comment on the conservatism of the church that, in one hour's ride from a large city (Montreal), one can come upon such medieval scenes.—New York Times.

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THE POWER OF THE SEA.—According to an item in a recent number of Science, an iron column, twenty-three feet long and weighing some 6,000 pounds—part of a new lighthouse being built—was, in course of operations, landed at Bishop Rock, England, and a storm coming up, the lighthouse crew, by the aid of a crane, each end to strong eyeballs. Three days afterwards it was found, on examination, that the great column had been tossed up by the waves a distance of some twenty feet to the top of the rock, where it was swaying about like a piece of timber. Two days afterwards, when the workmen were able to land, it was found that a blacksmith's anvil, weighing 150 pounds, had also been washed by the waves completely out.

At a late meeting of a Scotch mutual improvement society the works of Shakespeare formed the subject of the evening, and a doctor, an admirer of the bard, read a highly eulogical paper on his plays. After the meeting had dispersed, a tailor approached the doctor, and remarked, "Ye think a fine lot o' yo' plays o' Shakespeare, doctor." "I do, sir," was the emphatic reply. "An' ye think he wis mair clever than oor Rabbin Burns?" "I think so, doctor, but I can't say for certain, as I never made a comparison between them." "I said the medico indignantly. "Maybe no," was the cool response; "but ye tell us the nicht that it wis Shakespeare who wrote those well-kent lines, 'Uncey lies the head that wears a crown.' Noo! Habbie wud never ha' written a play as nonsense as that!" "Nonsense, sir?" thundered the indignant doctor. "Ay, juist nonsense! Rabbin wud ha' kent fine that a king, or a queen either, diana gang to bed wi' the croon on their head. Theyng him it wer the back o' a chair."

For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the Skin, take Northrop and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. Mrs. B. Forbes, Detroit, had a running sore on her leg for a long time; commenced using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and she is now completely cured. Her husband thinks there is nothing equal to it for Ague or any low Fever.

Some may think that Burdock tea would be as good as Burdock Blood Bitters, but in the latter compound there are a dozen other herbal medicines equal in good as Burdock for Blood, Liver and Kidneys.

Pepin consulted her about his disguises, and soon began to rely on her nimble fingers and quick wit to aid him in his fresh devices; Basil, chained to his pallet by pneumonia, forgot his pain when she sang; the young mothers caught her spirit of cheerful endurance, and the children were happy to play at her feet. "She is the sunshine of our cavern, yet it never seems to occur to her," Rene said one night to his mother, as he sat with little Gabrielle on his knee and watched Eglantine, by the light of the peat-fire, make merry with his sister over a worn garment they were mending.

"That is Fulcrand Rey's signal," exclaimed the young surgeon, starting joyfully to his feet, and putting the babe into his mother's arms, went out. Eglantine had not seen the young pastor since he had come to the chateau to baptize her child, and remembering all that had come between, she held back a little, as the others pressed forward to greet him. But the minister's glance at once sought her out.

"Unto whom much is forgiven, the same also loveth much," he whispered, as he pressed her hand, and as her eyes filled with tears, he looked around the group with a bright smile. "I have good news for you all. Pastor Brousson has once more ventured back to preach the Word to our persecuted flock, and will meet us to-morrow evening in the old place—to speak of the love and favor of our God, and partake with us of the emblems of our Lord's dying love. You have longed for this, Rene tells me," he added, turning once more to Eglantine. "He says you will leave your babe for a few hours to meet the King in his banqueting-house."

"I have longed and thirsted for it," she said simply. "My babe will be safe with Antoine and Pepin's wife, who is not at all just to travel." "Then I will give you a token." He drew from his breast a small square of block tin, and showed her on one side the rough outline of a shepherd carrying a lamb, and on the other the inscription: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

"May it be to you an emblem of the white stone and the new name which shall be known to your Lord and yourself," he said solemnly, as he placed it in her hand. Agnes had crept to her mother's side and whispered in her ear. Monique Chevalier glanced at her son. Rene hesitated only a second. Then he took Pepin's hand and led her up to Fulcrand Rey.

"Agnes has never made a public profession of our faith," he said quietly. "She is eager to do so now, and kneel with us at the Lord's table. She is over the prescribed age, and I think fully entitled to share the solemnity of the engagement." "I am sure of it!" Fulcrand Rey held out his hand. Agnes, with a face fair as still as a star, laid hers within it.

"I give you joy, my sister," said the young minister solemnly. "In the world you may have tribulation, but in Him you shall have peace. Are you able to hold fast by Him, even in these stormy times?" "I will try," she answered in a low voice. "Has He not promised to help me?" "Deep, soft light in the minister's eyes. He has indeed, Agnes. You could not set your foot on a rock, though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, the soul that has put its trust in Him cannot be shaken. Rene, glancing past her to his friend, gave her a look of surprise, and then, as if he had never seen her, he turned to his wife and threw his cloak over her shoulders.

"I go with you," he said quietly, and they went out together. The next night proved cold and bleak, with a drizzling rain falling. Every care had been taken to keep the coming service secret from the authorities, but there was always danger of a surprise, and the refugees hailed the inclemency of the weather as a pledge of greater security. The place appointed for the gathering was a ravine on the edge of the hill, several times narrower than the Chevaliers' hiding-place, and to reach it by the appointed hour, they were obliged to start as soon as twilight fell. Pepin was to be left behind to take care of his wife and children and old Antoine. Jean Bonneau led the way, his brave little wife tripping at his side, and a baby snug and warm under his cloak. The young parents, anxious to obtain for their son the right of baptism, were not to be intimidated by the weather. Eglantine, who had no such excuse for exposing her more delicate child to the cold, had left the chateau with her mother, and was able to afford her aunt some assistance, while Rene took care of Agnes. A deep, quiet joy filled all their hearts. The communion of saints and the preached word were the wings left to them, who had given up all else for their religion. They yearned for them, as they did not for the homes they had left. Like David's longing for the sanctuary, it had grown at last to be a hunger and thirst with which heart and flesh failed, and for which they were willing to run any risk and suffer any discomfort. The rain was falling in torrents, and the wind howling in the tops of the cliffs, when they reached the glen, but several hundred people, men, women, and child-

THE POOR MAN'S SHEAF.

He saw the wheat fields waiting All golden in the sun? And silver and stalwart reapers West by him one by one. "Oh, could I reap in harvest!" His heart made bitter cry. "I can do nothing, nothing, So weak, alas, am I!" At eve, a fainting traveller Sank down beside his door. A cup of cool, sweet water To quench his thirst he bore. And when refreshed and strengthened, The traveller went his way, Upon the poor man's threshold A golden wheat sheaf lay. When came the Lord of harvest He cried, "Oh, Master kind, One sheaf have I left behind. But that I did not bind. I gave a cup of water To one athirst, and he Left at my door, in going, This sheaf I offer Thee." Then said the Master softly "Well pleased with this am I; One of my angels left it. With thee, as he passed by, The man did not join the reapers. Upon the harvest plain, But he who helps a brother, Binds sheaves of richest grain."

Selected Serial. HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER XVII. THE COMMUNION IN THE GLEN.

The next day Eglantine brought a letter and put it in her foster-brother's hand. "Do you think you could dispose of these, Rene? You and Jean will not always be able to find game, and we ought to make some provision for the winter." "The first frosts had already fallen, and she had seen his anxious glance that morning at their one barrel of meal. Rene's hand trembled as he recognized the set of pearls which had been Henri's wedding gift.

"You ought not to part with these, Eglantine. They were his mother's; they ought to be kept for his daughter." "They would be M. Renaud's, if it were not for you. Do not refuse me, Rene. Am I not one with you, and have you not given me something beyond price?" He took a bracelet from the box, and gave the rest back to her. "You shall have your wish, Eglantine. Pepin goes down to Nismes to-morrow. He shall take the bracelet to the jeweller, and I will purchase some trimmings for my mother a few weeks ago. Whatever he gets for it, shall be spent in buying bread for ourselves and our friends."

"And when there is need of more, you must not pain me by refusing to take the rest," she said, with a firmness which would yield the corn, Rene? Who will sell it to you?" "There is a miller half way down the mountain, who will let us have all we want. No, he is not one of us," answering her inquiring glance, "but he is grateful for what we do for his sick wife last year, and he does not sympathize in the severity of the means used to our people. I have only to slip the money under his mill-door one night, and we will find the meal in the cave near his house, the next."

"She looked so faithfully into his face, that a crust, with a truth, is sweeter than a duke without," she said, smiling through tender tears. "Rene, I am happier here than I could be anywhere else in the world—unless I could be with Henri in his prison. I cannot believe he is dead, do not think I would for move, if I believed that you as do, if he had no need of my prayers; and oh! I do so long to let him know that I, too, have found God, and that I am praying for him night and day. It might make it easier for him to endure." "I see you do not share my conviction," she said, wiping away her tears. "It is a part of my discipline not to know, Rene, and I will try to bear it bravely. My aunt says you have decided to leave the hut, and take refuge with the Bonneaus and Pepin and his family in the cave."

"Yes, it is a gloomy dwelling-place, my sister, but it is safer, and offers greater protection from the weather. You have lifted a great burden from my heart," he added, taking her hand. "What with the milk of our goats, and the game Jean and I will be able to find, the meal Pepin will buy with your pearls will certainly keep us above actual want. We begin to lay in a store of driftwood in the cave, and if our enemies do not discover the secret of our hiding-place, we ought to pass the winter without suffering."

"And in the joy that no man can take from us," she added fervently. "And from that hour she arose and ministered unto them." Rene could think of nothing but the beautiful Scripture phrase, as he watched the healed soul lift the burdens, share the cares, and recall the sunshine for those about her. "The strained loof passed from his mother's face; Agnes' soft laugh was heard once more; Jean ceased over the moodiness that had begun to creep over him;