

The Bless of Blessing

BY REV. THEODORE CUTLER, D. D.

"He blessed him there" Where? On the spot. The scene of Jacob's wrestling with the heavenly presence...

So much for the piece in which Jacob received the remarkable blessings which gave color to his whole life...

He never blesses a man while in the attitude of disobedience. Jonah playing trumpet is never out of the sea...

A young lawyer, during a powerful revival in his church at B—, left home in order to escape from his wife...

"Well, child—well," serenely interposed the old lady, "God will provide. He always does, and he'll do it for you too..."

And she sat down and wrote to Walter Robbin's widow, enclosing that last twenty dollar bill which was to have bought the warm winter cloak for the old lady...

"There's a fire, dear," said Mrs. Robbins, "but we can't have much, for there's only a peck of coal left in the box..."

Who will send the MESSENGER AND VISITOR as a Christmas present to a friend, or to one of the Lord's poor?

Trusting in Providence

"It's gone! to be snappin' cold, to-night, mother, and so I tell you," said Miss Eliza Robbins, warning her claw-like fingers over the blaze of an armful of pine-logs...

"You're always fadin' out some good thing or other, mother," said Eliza, a little petulantly. "The world is full of 'em!"

"Well, then, I'm glad to hear of 'em," said Mrs. Robbins, who had a sweet, plaintive voice like a whip-poor-will. "The Lord, he's a deal better to us than we deserve..."

"Bless me!" said Mrs. Robbins. "Well, there ain't much but rock and malleable iron in this place, and neighbor Carter don't half feed his cattle..."

"But, mother," said Eliza, "think what you are doing. Another family in this neighborhood is getting a lot of noisy children, racing and screaming about..."

"Dear, dear! that's bad!" cooed Mrs. Robbins. "No money at all. Poor soul poor soul!"

"Well, I'll make the old gray shawl do for another year," said Mrs. Robbins. "No, it's not a good idea, either—to spare..."

"You don't care for your hard gray eyes," said Mrs. Robbins, looking wistfully up. "But that was to buy you a warm, warm cloak, mother..."

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Who will spend a day in canvassing for subscribers for the MESSENGER AND VISITOR?

The Rev. Dr. Obeonity

The other day the Rev. Dr. Verbootsy, a man of rare excellence of character and accomplishments, but greatly afflicted with neuritis, was introduced to our acquaintance...

Here comes another friend of similar sex staiment, and suffering from a like affliction of intelligibility, the Rev. Dr. Obeonity. He is neither too wordy nor too windy, but foggy, often, as the Banks of Newfoundland. Which is worse, a huge pile of brush, or the uncertain twilight beneath it is still an open question...

"It's a poor place," said she; "but mother is right—you are welcome!" The children looked timidly around at the black beams which traversed the roof overhead—the deep set windows, with their broad ledges filled with milk-plants and fish geraniums—the strings of red peppers above the mantel—and the brass candlesticks, which glittered as if they were made of gold, and then the fire—the great, open chimney-place—the blazing logs—the sunny-shaped andirons, with round heads, and the great Maltese cat, asleep on the gandy rag rug...

But when it came to hot waffles, and maple molasses cookies, with fennel-seeds in them, and milk—just as much milk as the deep set windows, with their broad ledges filled with milk-plants and fish geraniums—the strings of red peppers above the mantel—and the brass candlesticks, which glittered as if they were made of gold, and then the fire—the great, open chimney-place—the blazing logs—the sunny-shaped andirons, with round heads, and the great Maltese cat, asleep on the gandy rag rug...

"Where are you going, Emma?" said a mother to her little daughter. "Up to Mr. P's." "What for?" "To see Mr. P. to see if he can't get me a new dress. He's a good man, and he'll do it for me. He's a good man, and he'll do it for me. He's a good man, and he'll do it for me..."

Among the heroic band of missionaries in Uganda is Rev. Alex. M. Mackay, a son of Rev. Dr. Mackay of Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Young Mackay was associated with the late Bishop Harcourt, and his experience of savage life has been varied and terrible. In a letter dated 28th June he described the terrible persecution to which the Christians here have subjected the heathens...

The presentation began by a Christian page of the King's refusal to carry out an order involving abominable immorality. The lad was threatened with instant death but ultimately escaped with a cruel beating. But the King said, "These Christians are disobedient and learn rebellion from the white man. I shall kill them all, and he set about to carry out his threat. The more prominent Christians were first seized. About a dozen of them were hocked to pieces the first day, and their members left lying on the road in all directions..."

"A Holy Life—A holy life is made up of a number of small things; little words, not of eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles or battles, nor one great heroic act of mighty martyrdom, but up the holy Christian life. The little unobtrusive things, the habits, the habits of silence, that go to the making of refreshment, not the 'waters of the rivers great and many,' rushing down in noisy torrents, are the true symbols of holy life. The avoidance of little sins, little temptations, little weaknesses, little follies, little indulgences of the flesh—the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life..."

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To Sunday-School Workers

One of the most valuable helps for the Sunday-School workers is the "CHRIST IN THE GOSPELS..."

Optimus regarding this new little Bible. "This harmony has a completeness not to be found in any other. It is a 'Helpful and Labor-saving.'"

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J. HARRIS & Co. advertisement: "27 & 29 Water St., SAINT JOHN, N. B. NOTICE TO ALL. In answer to frequent enquiries..."

E. H. MACALPINE, A. M. advertisement: "Barrister, Notary, Etc. REFERENCE IN EQUITY. OFFICES: NOS. 12 & 13 FUGALY BUILDING, Prince Wm. St., ST. JOHN, N. B."

THE HIGHEST SATISFACTION advertisement: "DR. BULL'S Balm of Gopher Wood. Dr. Bull's Balm of Gopher Wood. Dr. Bull's Balm of Gopher Wood..."

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