

NOTES OF SERMON.

BY REV. E. M. KEENE, D. D.

AT THE FUNERAL OF REV. A. T. RAND, D. D., LL. D., B. C. L., AT HANSPORT, N. S., OCTOBER 7, 1889.

Text: "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the glory of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."—Jude 20, 21.

When a Christian worthy, like our departed friend, has entered into the unseen world, the thought comes to us, "Now he is with Christ." We remember that once he was out of Christ, apart from Jesus, his life not springing from the Father; then he was in Christ, chosen in Him, built up in Him. But now he is with Christ; "for ever with the Lord." What a release! what an advance! "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." No more of toil and eager watching for the morning; he is freed from earthly cares and needs, and is satisfied in that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. He is led to living fountains of water. "To be with Christ is far better." What fellowship, too, our brother may have with those holy men of God who speak as they were moved by the Holy Spirit, whose works he knew and loved so well, who can say? We cannot say that he knows of the meaning of this life, or of the glory of the next. Could he speak again, what would he say? But we are not left for guidance to vain imagination of what the departed knew or would speak to us. We have a surer word. We have Moses and the prophets, Christ and His apostles, and we hear not these, neither would we be persuaded that one rose from the dead. We have the exhortation of the inspired Jude in the words of the text, to build up ourselves on the faith, to look for the glory of Christ.

I have chosen these words because they give an exhortation always timely, and because they seem to me to set before us, as well perhaps as any other passage, the exhortation which is addressed to us by the life and teaching of the man whom we are met devoutly to carry to his burial. The words express what he was constantly saying as he went in and out among us—what he seems still to address to us.

1. In the first place he was saying with Jude, "Accept the faith once delivered to the saints." A genuine, hearty acceptance of the faith in the condition of all growth and blessing. How full was our brother's acceptance of this faith; how sincerely he believed it; how unreservedly he declared it; how entirely he trusted it; how eagerly he acted upon it, we all know. "Faith" was his favorite word, his favorite truth. Let God be true if every man must be a liar. He was a doer of the word. What God had said was fact for him. He did not so much hold the faith as did the faith hold him.

2. Secondly, he exhorted us to build up ourselves on the faith. He knew that it is large enough to satisfy all the demands of the human mind; he desired us to abide under its influence, and to prove its efficacy. He had no place in his thought for a nominal acceptance of Christianity and at the same time an absence of any real sources of strength for the life. In his view man was to be built up in mind, heart, character by the faith of Jesus Christ. For this purpose Jude gives directions that lead us to take hold upon the three persons of the Trinity. Faith in the Father, the Holy Spirit, Prayer is encouraged, is commended in the Bible, and is provided for by the work of Christ, by the power of the Holy Spirit. The life of him we mourn abounded in prayer, and no one doubts that he had the Holy Spirit. He prayed constantly and by word and example says to us:

"Speak to Him then for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet— Closer is His than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

(2) We are to keep ourselves in the love of God. Then life will be joyous, duty will be pleasure; trials will seem light, and rewards will be great. Surely the preacher who has just left us, while he had his full share of troubles, was ever saying that we may be controlled by love and not by fear. "Love divine, all loves excelling," he had experienced; "we love Him because He first loved us" was often his message.

(3) He constantly exhorted us for the coming of our Lord to bring mercy and life to his people. He lived in pious expectation of the advent of Christ. His life, I say, may be regarded as exemplifying the text, to some degree at least. Let us refer to his work among us. He was the Rev. Dr. Tertius Rand, who held the degree of D. D. from Acadia College, Kingston, (Presbyterian), and the degree of D. C. L. from Kings College, Windsor, (Episcopalian), was born in Cassville, N. S., May 18, 1838, and died at Hanpsport, N. S., Oct. 4, 1889. His education was procured, as far as it was obtained, from the schools, at Horton Academy, Wolfville; but he was by nature a student and indebted for his scholarship mainly to his independent study. His efforts to obtain knowledge were persistent and, though made under discouraging circumstances, from the first so successful as to stamp him a man of ability and destined to wield a large influence. He was ordained in 1854, A. D., and had pastorate at Parrsboro, Liverpool, Windsor, and Charlottetown. About 1863 he removed to Hanpsport, where his home was until his death. A few words may be said of his work as a preacher, as a missionary, and as an author.

In his preaching Dr. Rand's individuality shone forth both in his ideas and in his style. In power of illustration he excelled while his thought was biblical, spiritual, highly instructive. His knowledge of the Word was extensive and his love for language and fine discrimination of thought so strong that his expressions of scriptural truths were often rare treats. The narrative or psalm was made to glow with interest and beauty by his

poetic imagery and penetration, while his sensitiveness to the spiritual import of the Word of God to the consciences of his hearers. He preached a great deal throughout these provinces, and through a long life was welcomed to pulpits and platforms by a large number of admirers and friends. For many years he took a prominent place in public exercises, being interested in the philanthropic enterprises, as well as the religious work of his generation. The journals of by-gone years show how diligently he labored, by voice and pen, for the good of his fellow men, and how truly those labors were appreciated. In recent years he has moved freely among our churches and uttered words of wisdom at our denominational councils. But a few days ago, at the sessions of our Baptist Institute, he addressed the brethren present, and in his report of the Convention showed his interest in the work of the body. As he has so long mingled with us at our homes and in our churches, ever lifting up his prayers and kindly exhortations, what inspiration has he given to many a weary Christian. He will be missed and mourned by hosts of our fellow Christians of every name.

His work as missionary to the Indians has a tender interest altogether unique. The story cannot here be repeated in detail. How he gained a knowledge of the language by gathering words one by one from wandering groups of semi-savage; how he patiently collected sentences, and therefrom obtained the grammar; how he sought from one and another those legends the knowledge of which gave him power in his work; how, with the self-sacrifice and even peril it often involved, only he and his Lord know. As this work filled so large a place in Dr. Rand's life, you will be interested in his own account of the origin and early progress of that enterprise. In his report of the Mission, published in the *Christian Messenger*, June 1, 1849, Dr. Rand says:

It was projected in the winter of 1846. Acadia College was its birthplace. Professor Chipman its originator. It will be recalled that at that time an effort was made to collect material for a history of the Baptists in these Provinces; to obtain the likenesses of aged ministers, and to snatch from oblivion several valuable memorials which were rapidly gliding away.

In one of my visits to Horton in connection with these objects, Chipman referred to the Indians. Their case was probably suggested by the natural association of ideas. They were rapidly diminishing and passing away from the earth. Could no effort be made to arrest the progress of destruction? Ought we not as Baptists to include them in our schemes of benevolence? What a pity that their language could not be obtained and saved from oblivion! All this seemed so obvious that it only appeared wonderful that it had not been thought of before. Bro. Chipman suggested that as I had the credit of collecting material for acquiring languages; that I had better undertake this task. It will not be supposed that the difficulties of the enterprise were overlooked by him. Neither of us knew at that time where to lay our hand on a single book that would afford assistance in acquiring the language. He, however, appeared confident that there must be works in existence on this subject. This conversation and subsequent reflection, caused the object to assume a growing importance in my apprehension. I dare not say that either of us, or that any of us, have ever reflected on the value of the deathless spirit of the poor Indian as we should. For my own part I am humbled with the conviction that there has been so much of earth and so little of heaven in all I have attempted. May the God all grace pardon all that has been of human origin in this, and in all our enterprises; and, at the same time, may we have wisdom to discern and grace to acknowledge His hand where that has manifested, and may we be cheered with the reflection that being ourselves accepted in the beloved, all our enterprises, through Him, should be acceptable, and shall "in no wise lose their reward," even though they may appear for a time to be unsuccessful.

"The attempt suggested by my beloved brother was resolved on. Enquiry was instituted. Did any one own a work on Indian customs or language? Brethren at the Association, held that year at Bridgetown, were consulted. Every one seemed to say, "Go, and the Lord be with thee!" This was encouraging. The will of God harmonizes with the promptings of piety and benevolence. It was brought to Bro. Cunningham's recollection that he had seen, some years ago, a Micmac grammar advertised in a newspaper published by some man in Prince Edward Island. Bro. C. Tupper recollects the same thing, and was satisfied it could be obtained at Charlottetown. Probably some one in Nova Scotia had the grammar. Providentially I had a missionary appointment to Charlotte-town. On my way I commenced my researches. While preparing at Windsor to remove my family, I encountered an Indian in Bro. N. Harris's store. I asked him for the names in his language of several objects. He uttered them, and I attempted to fix them on paper. Their length and difficulty of enunciation appalled me. Again and again the effort was renewed, and at length proved successful. But Bro. Harris could utter nothing with all ease, and why should I give over? Finally, I succeeded in committing to paper about a dozen words and sentences.

"I drilled at these during our journey to Charlottetown. I considered an Indian Micmac grammar. It had no existence. Mr. Irving, who had studied with the venerable Abbe Segogue, of Frenchtown, N. S., who understood the language, had made proposals at Charlottetown to publish a Micmac grammar. The House of Assembly had voted fifty pounds in arrangement. But the project failed. He afterwards published an outline of it in the *Royal Gazette*. Through the kindness of the editor, a preserved file of this paper was obtained, containing the wished-for document. It was of great service, Assembly had voted fifty pounds in arrangement. It gave me an insight into the structure and idiom of the language. I think the enterprise would have been abandoned but for this timely aid." And was not this a providential concurrence of events? Here probably was the only place where I could have obtained his assistance. How came I to be appointed to this mission?"

How this work progressed he tells in his interesting story.

"I shall never forget what were my own emotions the morning I left my home with my carpet bag in my hand, equipped with pen, ink, and paper, to attempt writing down, from the mouth of an Indian woman, in her own language, a legendary tale. I prayed earnestly that morning, and I went to the camp praying. There was no religion, it is confessed, in the story, but I trust there was religion in the act of writing it down; and when after several hours of intense application, I returned to my home, exhausted and faint and weary, with my head and heart aching, I do not know as I ever had a humbler, sweeter hope than my Saviour smiled upon me and approved my labors. By His help I had succeeded beyond my mortal expectations."

But the story of this mission cannot here be told. Friends of all denominations assisted with their means.

In 1850, the following action was taken by the Association at its meeting at Nicotax: First, That this Association has been laid under deep obligation by the religious community of Halifax, embracing the external religious denominations and their pastors, and by those in other parts of the Province who have responded to their circular, for their very considerate and generous aid to our missionary Bro. S. T. Rand; also by Emmender Orlebar, B. N., and the friends in Prince Edward Island, who have contributed so essentially to the comfort and support of the missionaries. Second, That the encouragement vouchsafed in the good providence of God to this interesting mission warrants a cheerful continuance of Bro. Rand, in behalf of the Association in this Province, in this very interesting field, hoping for a perpetuation of the friendly sympathy and aid of those who have proffered their services during the past year.

For many years this work went on in patient study and unwearied efforts to commit to the immortal custody of the types the language, and, if possible, the folklore of the people he loved so well. Says Dr. W. S. McKenzie in *Baptist Review* for April, 1883:

"But Dr. Rand's chief work as a linguist is the work which he has done in his other occupations subsidiary, and which entitles him to high rank in philological studies, is that which he has pursued and accomplished with the language of the Micmac Indians, an aboriginal tribe of the Algonquin family, inhabiting the Maritime Provinces of British North America. When about 35 or 40 years ago, he entered upon that task, he stood face to face with difficulties with which few men would have had the courage to grapple. But difficulties, so far from intimidating, have only made him more interested and persistent. With the aid of phonetics he at length succeeded in snatching from the lips of those aborigines and committing to writing their wonderful language, not a syllable of which tongue had ever before been written. In this way he has collected and arranged in a dictionary over 40,000 Micmac words. That work is now going through the press under the patronage and at the expense of the general government of Canada. Dr. Rand has also constructed a Micmac grammar and reader, made a religious tract in several versions of English hymns for the use of the Indians. He has also translated into Micmac the whole of the New Testament and several portions of the Old. His version of the New Testament is printed. Only a few parts of renderings of the Old Testament Scriptures are in type. In the prosecution of these labors, Dr. Rand has also been pursuing with a characteristic religious zeal, missionary effort in behalf of the Micmacs. Eminent linguists have been watching with peculiar interest his contributions to their special branch of learning. They pronounce the Micmac language, and indeed all the aboriginal languages of North America, as among the most regular, copious, rhythmical and complete languages known; and they regard Dr. Rand's contributions on Indian legends and linguistics, and especially his Micmac dictionary, as invaluable additions to the science of philology. The story of his pursuits and achievements in the line of American aboriginal dialect is a thrilling one."

But the results of his work for the Indians no one can know. As he has not published his dictionary, and converts, there may not appear much of directly point to the fruits of his labors; but if we remember that he has preached to thousands of them in their own tongue, that he has ministered to them by prayer and personal work in the field, that he has been generally recognized. Says Dr. McKenzie: "Dr. Rand's activity in literary labors is unflagging. In linguistic lore his attainments are quite extraordinary, almost incredible. He is a master in the languages of Latin, French, Greek, and the classic and the ecclesiastic. He is equally familiar with the Greek, both the ancient and the modern. Nor is he less versed in Hebrew and in Syriac. He can read, and compose, and even think, with considerable facility in a dozen or more foreign tongues.

Our Latin historians have received praise from critics of undoubted authority, and besides the poetical element that always abounded in his preaching and his writings in prose, he has written a number of hymns and poems that have merited and received general praise. Some of these have been placed in place, standard collections and will keep his name dear to the grateful worshipper.

The religious spirit tinged all his work. In 1882 he wrote a brief poem with reference to the comet visible in October of that year. It shows in several respects the character and trend of his thinking. The last two stanzas will give a special interest for us here to-day:

Farewell! bright star! But who will next behold
Thee from the earth? to wonder and admire
Thy flaming train; thy nucleus of gold!
Thrilled as we now are with intense desire
To reach the heights of knowledge high and higher—
To sound those mysteries of earth and sky—
To boundless depths of knowledge we aspire,
For we shall rise to "manhood" by and by
To explore God's wondrous works, in that bright world on high.

We wait the dawn of brighter glory far!
Oh what a bliss will then light up the sky
When Christ the Lord, "The Bright and Morning Star"
Shall with His Royal Train be seen on high,
And shouting myriads up to meet Him fly!
The assembled of all ages gathered there,
The risen dead with those who will not die,
Caught up to meet the "Bridegroom" in the air!
Oh! slumbering world! awake! and for that day prepare!

I have briefly alluded to the lines in which Dr. Rand's work has fallen. It belongs to those who are to follow and who have known him long, to speak more fully of his character. It is evident enough that his life has been intense, earnest, influential. Indirectly his influence might be traced in many directions. His work does credit to the Christian ministry and the Christian religion. His honor as a scholar cannot be separated from his work as a minister, and with what gladness would he ascribe whatever he had been or done to the adorable Redeemer, whose thoughts he discerned and taught. "The learning of the priest is the eighth sacrament," says one. While we recognize the ability and learning of the ministry in general our country always needs more preachers who are students. Dr. Rand's career is a plea for lifelong study.

We may well be grateful for his influence in uniting Christians of various names and creeds. His work was aided, as we have seen, by members of other bodies as well as his own. In later years the Colleges of Episcopalian and Presbyterian came forward with the aid of his own people to twine their finest wreaths about his brow, and to-day they look to us on their behalf to cast our sprigs of laurel upon his honored grave. We hear much said about the narrowness of creeds, but the general appreciation of the work of one like Dr. Rand is evidence of the unity of purpose and the breadth of all denominations. May his memory remain a golden link to bind us all together.

In the verses following the text Jude exhorts us to *accept* the faith once delivered to the saints. What does he imply, are to be reasoned with and convinced, other: are to be received, as it were, by an act of violence, and on some we can only have compassion. Surely our brother's life says with all possible force that his work must not be allowed to cease. Let us, ye sons of Christians of Canada must evangelize the alien races among us, because our country can only secure its needed unity thereby; because they are either our fellow-citizens or wards of the nation; because, above all, Christ commands us to go forth to evangelize every creature. May some one be raised up to carry forward the torch that has fallen from the lifeless hand of our faithful missionary.

His influence, by his simple yet vital and strong faith, has been known to all. To be with him was to believe that he would believe in his life, as by his thoughts and striking analogies, but quite as much by the sense he gave us that he himself walked with God, and that he well interpreted Hebrew seer and Christian apostle, because he was a seer of the truest kind, expressing in his words the mind of the Lord who instructed him.

His nature was intense. What he did was with his might. His mind was active and his thirst for knowledge insatiable to the last. He would come into our houses and search among our books as if for hidden treasures, and would always find something of interest, so eager was his quest for mental food and stimulus. His body failed, but his mind grew; the outward man perished, the inward was renewed day by day. At last the walls gave way, and the soul went to be with God. As we thus behold him he makes apparent to speak, for us once more the immortality of man. As we see him growing in mind, in moral power, in spiritual energy for well nigh eighty years, we say growth is the law of his being, his powers are not to end his existence, his course must be onward and upward, never and never mortality is swallowed up of life. The lantern is shattered, but the candle burns on; the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

"Dust thou art to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

His death was in great peace and joyful anticipation, what we might expect from such a life. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace. Surely he would say to us, live in the spirit and power of the gospel, and fear not the final change.

"So live that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death;
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged by his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

It is easy to be nobody, and the Watchman tells how to do it. Go to the drinking saloon to spend your leisure time. You need not drink much now, a little beer, or some other drink. In the meantime, play dominoes, checkers, or something else to kill time so that you will be sure to read any useful books. If you read anything let it be the dime novel of the day; thus go on keeping your stomach full and your head empty, and yourselves playing time-killing games, and in a few years you will be nobody.

A Cruel Silence.

There are times when speech is unreasonable, but there are also times when silence is wrong and even cruel. If there is much said that should never have been said, there is also much that ought to have free utterance which is never spoken. It is impossible to estimate the amount of happiness and benefit that is suppressed by this untimely silence. A group of persons are discussing the character of one known, perhaps only slightly to most of them. Some one speaks disparagingly of him, or relates some incident tending to lessen him in their estimation. Another who is present knows this to be incorrect, but, instead of vindicating him from the false charge, he says nothing. He may be shy of expressing himself; he may persuade himself that it is not his affair; he may dislike to appear antagonistic; whatever be his reason, he does the absent one an irretrievable injury by a silence that must be deemed cowardly. The honorable impression which he might have corrected sinks into the memories of those who have heard it, and is probably never entirely effaced. He has simply uttered what he knew to be true at the moment of need, all this would have been prevented. In general, when the character or conduct of any absent one is assailed, it is the path of kindness to refute it, if possible; or, if this cannot be, to present some point in which he excels, and which may turn the scale of esteem in his favor. There is in such one such a mixture of good and bad, admirable and blamable, that the way he is judged largely depends upon where the emphasis is laid. Therefore, all good-will and kindness demand that, while we bury his faults in oblivion, we should speak freely and fully of his excellences.

Not only to the absent, but sometimes to those present with us, is silence cruel. There is a wholesome dread of flattery among honest people, which not infrequently leads them into an opposite extreme of withholding praise where it is due. Much discouragement and many abandoned efforts may be traced to this source. Of course, it is not the ideal of manliness to require such a motive, but few approach the ideal, and few can dispense with the motive.

One who has experienced the humble and self-deprecating, and all beginners especially, need every sincere word of encouragement that can be given. It is a stimulus which no parent, no teacher, and no employer can afford to set aside. Has the child been faithful, obedient, and self-denying? Tell him so, and express the real pleasure you feel. Has the young man proved himself trustworthy, indefatigable, intelligent? Let him have the satisfaction of knowing that you appreciate his efforts. Has the timid beginner in some enterprise done well for a first attempt? Do not deny him the incentive to further efforts that your approval will afford him. Silence at such times is not a mere negative, a blank, an omission; it is a positive injury, a bar to improvement, a destroyer of well-earned happiness.

Clearly to see with this is a silence which is even more common, and which comes from a neglect of avowing of ingratitude. No ordinary person would accept a gift without thanking the giver, yet there are gifts more precious than any which can be seen and handled, which are often received and enjoyed without even a recognition. Sometimes it is a sacrifice that has been willingly made on our behalf, or an assistance kindly given, and though we may feel grateful, we do not express it, and our benefactor never knows it. Sometimes we are helped and sustained by the prayers or inspired by the thoughts of a writer, and it does not occur to us to say so in any way to make him aware of it. Yet, perhaps, he is at the same time fainting for just that very knowledge, fearing that his efforts are futile, and feeling but little hope in regard to the result. If all persons would say so, and truthfully avow the good they have received, and utter the gratitude they really feel, it would vastly increase the happiness and stimulate the endeavors of those who labor in secret and cannot tell that they do not labor in vain.

It is as if for hidden treasures, and would always find something of interest, so eager was his quest for mental food and stimulus. His body failed, but his mind grew; the outward man perished, the inward was renewed day by day. At last the walls gave way, and the soul went to be with God. As we thus behold him he makes apparent to speak, for us once more the immortality of man. As we see him growing in mind, in moral power, in spiritual energy for well nigh eighty years, we say growth is the law of his being, his powers are not to end his existence, his course must be onward and upward, never and never mortality is swallowed up of life. The lantern is shattered, but the candle burns on; the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord.

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— A life spent in brushing clothes, and washing crockery, and sweeping floors—a life which is proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet; a life spent in the clerk's desk; a life spent in the narrow shop; a life spent in the laborer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown.—Canon Farrer.

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