



Take the veil from our hearts, and join us in one communion with all Thy saints on earth and in heaven. Amen.

BIBLE QUESTION COMPETITION.

This competition is open to all the readers of PROGRESS, and is more especially intended to interest the young people—the boys and girls who are, or should be attending Sunday school. The following rules should be strictly observed:

RULES FOR COMPETITORS.

1. A prize of one dollar will be awarded every week for the first correct answer that reaches the office. If there is no correct answer the person who sends the first best answer will receive the dollar. In case two correct answers reach the office at the same time the dating stamps of the post offices at which they are mailed will be taken into consideration.
2. Competitors must write on one side of the paper only, giving name and address in full with each answer. These need not be published except in the case of prize-winners and successful competitors.
3. The winner of a prize will not be eligible to compete for another for four weeks.
4. All replies must be received on or before Saturday one week after publication of the questions, thus allowing competitors a clear week for their efforts.
5. No post-cards can be received. All replies should be addressed to the "SUNDAY READING," Editor PROGRESS, St. John, N. B.

Miss Annie Watson, Fredericton, is the successful competitor for "Prize Bible Questions No. 20." I am sorry that a misprint of "his" instead of "her" in the second question, has been misleading to some competitors, who gave Abraham as the person who saved his nephew from being murdered. Abraham rescued his nephew Lot from being carried away captive. I am very much surprised that no one answered the third question correctly. Don't you remember the Sunday school lesson for June 21, 2 Kings, 25, "The Siege of Jerusalem." When Nebuchadnezzar carried away captive the king, princes, and all the mighty men of valor, even ten thousand captives, and all the craftsmen and smiths, 2 Kings, xxiv 14, were carried into Babylon. "But the captain of the guard left of the poor of the land to be vine-dressers and husbandmen."—2 Kings, xxv, 12. So from an earthly point of view the poor were blessed, and inherited the land, they became the possessors of vineyards and fields—Jeremiah, xxxix, 10. Scriptural character was answered correctly by all. Job, in answer to the third question, I consider very good, and I hope all will learn to say with him through the vicissitudes of life: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." NEAL.

Answers to Prize Bible Questions No. 20.

1. Isaac was deceived in his falling years by his son, Jacob, when he tried to make his father believe that he was Esau. (See Genesis xxv, 26-28.)
2. Jephthah, the priest, with his wife, saved Jotham from being murdered by Athaliah his grandmother. 2nd Chron. xx, 1 to 12; also xxiii, 1 to 15.
3. Blessed are the poor in spirit for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Matt. v, 3. And thus she saved Moses, who applied to Job in a temporal sense. When God (Jehovah) his power, Job felt that he indeed was poor in spirit as well as in worldly goods, and he exclaimed: "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now my eyes have seen thee. Wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes. God calls Job his servant and blesses him and doubles his former possessions. See Job xxxviii, xxxix, xl, xli, xlii.

Scripture Character No. 8.—Miriam, sister to Moses and Aaron, daughter of Amram and Jochebed, was born in Egypt, Exodus ii, 4. (2) She showed she was an obedient daughter and an affectionate sister by standing to see what would happen to her brother; 2nd, by suggesting her mother as a nurse, Exodus ii, 7. (3) And thus she saved Moses, her younger brother's life, Exodus ii, 7-10. (4) She was a prophetess and musician, Exodus xv, 20. (5) She was punished for murmuring against Moses with Egyptian leprosy, but was after forgiven and cleansed from it, Numbers xii, 1 and 3, also same chapter, 10-15. She died and was buried at Kadish at the end of the wanderings of the Israelites, Numbers xx, 1. ANNIE WATSON.

MORNING SERVICE.

It is a good thing to draw near unto God. Draw nigh unto God, and He will draw nigh unto you. Acquaint yourselves with God, and be at peace.

Humble yourselves in the sight of the Lord, and He will lift you up. Thoughts of peace, faith the Lord, do I think towards you. Ye shall go and pray unto Me, and I will hearken to you; ye shall seek Me and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart.

The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him, and He will show them His will. It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord.

Let Us Pray,
Almighty Father, the God not of the dead but of the living, we have joy together in all who have faithfully lived and peacefully died, and in whose truth and beauty are ever now in our hearts. May we be assured that they who are absent from us have found a more perfect rest in Thee, and the crown of an unending life. No longer can we care for them, but Thou wilt care for them better than our love could do. By pastures green and by quiet waters, into higher life Thou wilt lead them, O Thou Eternal Lover of souls. Cherish and bless them, we pray Thee, and give unto us great peace and great hope as we think about them in this still hour.

HYMN.

One Life.
Planted in Christ, the living vine,
This with one accord,
Ourselves, in humble faith and joy,
We yield to Thee, O Lord.

Joined in one body may we be:
One inward life partake;
One be our hearts, one heavenly hope
In every bosom wake.

In prayer, in effort, tears, and toil,
One wisdom be our guide:
Taught by one Spirit from above,
In Thee may we abide.

Samuel F. Smith.

SERMON.

God's Gospel for Men.

BY REV. JAMES STALKER, D. D.
Preached at Glasgow University, Sunday afternoon. "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption."—Cor. i, 30.

I remember hearing a naturalist describe a species of jelly fish, which he said lives fixed to a rock, from which it never stirs. It does not require to go in search of food, because in the decayed tissues of its own organism there grows a kind of sea-weed on which it subsists. I thought I had never heard of any creature so comfortable. But the naturalist who was describing it went on to say that it was one of the very lowest forms of animal life, and the extreme comfort which it enjoys is the very badge of its degraded position. As you rise in the scale of life, you come upon animals with multiplying wants, and it may be laid down as a general rule that the nobler any form of life is, the more complex will its wants be found to be.

This interesting fact of natural history applies to human life also. A savage has very few wants. Compare his kit, if he be a hunter, with the kit of a man of letters, and you will find that the latter has a much more complex set of wants. The simple life of an African kraal with the arrangements for the police, the water supply, the post office, the telegraph system, and so on, is a far more complex set of wants than the life of a savage. It may be laid down as a general rule, to which, however, there may be exceptions, that the progress of civilization has for its badge the multiplication of wants.

But this law extends further: it holds good in the spiritual sphere. If you go back and trace the history of human nature in its higher types, you will discover that this has been the principle of ascent. In the ancient world, three races stand out, head and shoulders, above their neighbors, the Greek, the Roman, and the Hebrew. And if you go deep enough in the study of their history, you will discover that each of them felt some want of human nature as it had never been felt before, and taught the nations to feel likewise: and this was its contribution to the progress of the world. And now the place which any individual occupies in the scale of human progress depends on the reproduction of these catholic wants in his experience, and the intensity with which he feels them. A man may live and die without feeling them, and he may be all the more comfortable on this account: but his comfort is like that of the man who is content with the degradation of his position. It is the glory of Christianity to be intimately associated with these deep catholic wants of the soul: it is the divine provision for their satisfaction. This is precisely what is meant when it is said in our text that Christ is made of God unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, because each of these four things answers to a profound need of human nature.

Wisdom.—Perhaps St. Paul mentioned this first because he was writing to Greeks. Our text occurs in the First Epistle to the Corinthians, and the Corinthians were Greeks with the outstanding features of their race strongly marked in their character and life. One of these was the passion for knowledge.

This is a part of human nature, but it does not speak out in all races or in all ages. It is curious how little savages care to know. Some of them cannot count up as far as ten. They do not know the people living on the other side of the mountains which girdle their valley. They do not inquire whence the rivers come which fertilize their fields, or whether they flow from a little cove from the soil, but do not suspect the mineral wealth which may lie beneath the surface. They go on from generation to generation doing the same things over and over again, and the grandson is no wiser than the grandfather. Intellectual curiosity has not been stirred in them; it is there, but it is latent. In Greece, however, this latent capacity broke out as a great excitement and longing, which went on increasing from century to century. The Greeks sent out travellers on every hand, who gathered the most comprehensive acquaintance with the lands, the world in which they lived. They made amazing progress in ascertaining the natural history of plants and animals. They noted with keen eyes the position and movements of the heavenly bodies. This thirst grew even deeper. Men of vast intellect reach arose among them, and hurried inquiry forward into still more important regions. The knowledge of matter led on to the knowledge of mind; the pursuit of knowledge deepened into the pursuit of wisdom. Socrates, the wisest of them all, told his fellow-countrymen that the knowledge of the stars was far less important than the knowledge of their own souls. What is man? In his short life what is he meant to do? What is the prize which, if won, makes life a success, and which, if lost, makes life a failure? Who is the man of men whom all should strive to be like?

Such were the questions on which the Greeks, under the guidance of their sages, wrestled their intellects. They strove hard to find the answers to them, but the greatest of them only called them a failure; and this is, I think, the reason why they did not possess the intellectual gifts of the Greek. He had no art to speak of,

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whole being goes out to an ideal object that it becomes intolerable to think that death is to interpose and end the development which has promised to be so vast, but has only commenced. Sometimes it is while standing by a death-bed, on which lies one whose physical frame is worn to a shadow and on the verge of dissolution, but whose mind, instead of decaying with the body, seems only to be disengaging itself from obstructions and beginning to participate in its native strength, that one is pierced with the conviction that the spirit does not die with the body. But perhaps the most authentic intimation we receive is that dread of something after death which accompanies the commission of crime, and gathers round the soul as a great hope of dissolution, it looks back to the unpardoned sins of a lifetime. In that dread hour men know that they have not done with their sins yet, but will have to face them again beyond the veil.

Thus immortality is not only a great hope, but also a great terror. We passionately long for it, and yet, at the same time, we recoil from it in guilty fear. Who can reconcile this contradiction? Our text gives the answer: "Christ is made unto us redemption." He is both our redemption from death, and our redemption from sin. In Him the great hope of immortality receives its justification, and in Him the great terror is transmuted into immortal joy.

Is not this a gloriously human gospel which I have been preaching today? It meets us in our utmost straits, and delivers us. Have you your most thoughtful, your sanest moments, that the gospel seems truest to you? If you have ever been really wise, really sane, really a man, that was the time when you were nearest accepting Christ. It is in superficial and shallow moods when one soul in blinded with the glare of the world, and satisfying itself with vulgar prizes, that Christ appears unreal and unnecessary. Know yourself and you will know Him.

Yet, on the other hand, how gloriously divine this gospel is. By a single gift, God has given all that human nature desires. He has given us Christ, and there is not a deep want which Christ does not satisfy. In the name of all to whom He is precious, let me commend Him to you. "Oh, taste and see that He is good, who trusts in Him is blessed."

HYMN.

Redemption Draweth Nigh.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now breaketh a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden treasures call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden treasures call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O, note the sun's rays
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succor and to smite.

He comes, the wide world's King;
He comes, the true heart's Friend;
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;
He comes, to fill with Light
The weary waiting eye;
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

—T. T. Lynch.

Benediction.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with us all, now and evermore. Amen.

No Trouble Whatever.

Wash day always puts the best of men out of good humor. A tossed up house, cold dinner, and the general unpleasantness that always characterized the day, made the steam laundry an institution that has been hailed with delight by hundreds. Now washing at home is unnecessary, when one can get it done so cheaply at Ungar's. The laundry is delivered promptly, and there is no trouble whatever. The rough dry system has met with general favor. By this the clothes are washed and dried and delivered all ready for ironing.—Advt.

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THE WHOLE HOG.

The origin of the expression "killing the whole hog," is lost in mystery. Probably it was derived from the action of those Mohammedans who being told that there was but one portion of the hog they could not eat, discussed the subject with such earnestness, exemplifying the certainty of their correctness by their actions, that between them all the whole hog was eaten. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the public, in purchasing an article want it complete. They want to know what to buy and to get it all. The fact that in purchasing Turkish Dyes they "get the whole hog" has had not a little to do in popularizing these most popular dyes ever placed on the market. The range of Turkish Dyes colors extends over the whole range of colors. There is hardly a color, or even a shade of color, that is not to be found in the TURKISH DYE sample cards which are to be found in the shops in Canada. Then again each package of TURKISH DYES contains in itself, it does not require a "shading card." The dye does the whole work and does it perfectly.

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Equity Sale.

IN THE SUPREME COURT IN EQUITY

Between DAVID O'CONNELL, Plaintiff,

and

PETER P. BYRNE, Defendant.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so-called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on TUESDAY, the 14th day of JULY next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made in the above cause, on the Thirtieth day of April last past, and with the approval of the undersigned a Referee in Equity, pursuant to the fourth chapter of the Act of the General Assembly of this Province, passed in the fifty-third year of the reign of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, the mortgaged lands and premises described in the Plaintiff's Bill, and in the said Decreeal Order, as:

"All that certain lot piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Musquash in the City and County of Saint John, and being lot (number 2) two in the grant to Ebenezer Scott and 'other, and bounded as follows to wit, on the 'southerly end or front by the Musquash river, on 'the westerly side by the easterly side line of lot (number 1) one in the same grant now called 'number (6) six, on the northerly or rear 'side by land owned now or lately by Thomas 'R. Jones and others and on the easterly 'side by other land owned by the said Peter P. 'Byrne, the land hereby conveyed containing one 'hundred acres more or less, the said lot number (2) 'two being the land on which the said Peter P. 'Byrne now lives, together with all and singular 'the buildings and improvements thereon, and the 'rights and appurtenances to the said land and 'premises belonging or appertaining, and the rever- 'sion and reversion, remainder and remainders, 'rents, issues, and profits thereof, and all the estate, 'right, title, interest, property, claim, and demand 'therein, both at law and in Equity, together with the 'said Mortgage, of in to out of or upon the said 'lands and premises and every part thereof. 'For terms of sale and other particulars, apply to 'the Plaintiff's solicitor or the undersigned Referee. 'Dated this 24th day of June, 1891. 'E. H. MACALPINE, 'Referee in Equity.

C. N. SKINNER, Esq., C. C., Plaintiff's Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKHART, Auctioneer.

DO YOU?

next few minutes she might see him and once more that voice which fell as if on her ears. The door was opened by a lady, who started at sight of her, and led her to a second or two without asking. Is he—Captain Fothergille—here?" asked. "He is," the valet answered, gravely. They have just brought him." "Then tell him I am here, he will be here," said the lady.

Barly gazed at her curiously. "Have you not heard?" he asked. "I have heard nothing. He would have come to me, but my impatience was so great that I could not wait and I have so much to do. Let him know that I am here," she said. "That would be now impossible," he answered. "I don't understand you," she said, "telling one hand to her head as it willed.

"Come in and I will explain," he said, "dying the way to the room where she had seen him. Arriving here he handed a chair, and standing a little way apart, said: "Something has happened—"

"I know; but he has explained it, and I free," she interrupted. "Something has happened to your husband; cannot you guess? he will never see him again."

"That is false, I have seen him, and nothing can separate us now." "There is one thing which parts us all," said, still more gravely. "Something at comes to every man, and oftentimes in least expected; do you not understand?" Captain Fothergille can never hear you again—he is dead."

"Dead," she repeated, as if the word had no significance for her. "My husband!" "This is some trick by which you want to keep us apart—it cannot be, I'll believe you."

"Then come," with me, and you shall see yourself," answered Barly, with pity in his eyes and gentleness in his tones. He opened the folding-doors, and there, in the light of the shaded chamber, she saw her husband lying white and rigid in his coffin. She stood silent and trembling, a threshold, stole forward, slowly, tottly, and gently, until she stood beside the lifeless form, and with one outstretched hand touched the marble forehead. Then, suddenly, a loud peal of discordant laughter rang wildly through the room.

"That is not my husband," she cried.

"You must be," he said, "I am not dead; he is waiting for me, but I cannot find him, he is seeking me, and I stay here. This is but a dream in which I see him shining—white, cold, and helpless: a horrible dream from which I shall awake presently. Let me go," she cried, and, arily, seeing her outstretched arms, she cried, "I cannot, he expects me; he waits for me; listen, he calls me! I come my love! I come!" she exclaimed, dashing past the horror-stricken valet, her arms outstretched, her head uplifted, as she rushed into the next room. Before reaching the door she suddenly paused, clasped her hands above her head, swayed a moment as if striving to keep her balance, and then with a deep groan fell heavily forward; the heart throbbing no more; the tortured spirit had found release from further sorrow. Barly bent down his head and reverently kissed the lips of the dead.

[THE END.]

"I want to contest my wife's will," said a countryman breaking into a lawyer's office early Monday morning. "Is she dead?" inquired the lawyer, for want of something better to say. "You bet," blurted out the visitor. "I wouldn't be contentin' it if she wuzn't. You never knowed that woman, I guess."—Detroit Free Press.

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