Conversation for the Culture of the Christian Life.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

Let us try to think concerning some of the relations in which the Lord Jesus Christ stands to us. It is a fact of our physical life that, while we are immediately dependent upon a great many things, we are immediately dependent upon the sun. Byron's dream was not all a dream, when the darkness wrapping the earth around, and the chill and gloom, because the sun was blotted out of the heavens. All possibility of life and growth hangs directly on the sun-beam. George Stevenson, who invented the first locomotive, was once standing on a terrace, when he saw the smoke and steam of a locomotive at a distance. Turning to a friend, he said: "Do you know what drives that engine?" "Well, I suppose some Newcastle driver." "But what makes the engine go?" The friend confessed himself unable to answer. "Well, then, I will tell you; it is the sun that drives that engine." The light and heat of the sun laid up in the corn-fields of millions of years ago, and now by the action of heat disimprisoned in the fire of the engine, makes the heat which makes the steam; and it is the steam which makes the engine go. When we are carried along the track, that which carries us is nothing but the sunbeam. As we warm ourselves before a coal fire, the heat is only sun heat. Because the heat of the sun millions of years ago found a receptacle among the plants of the carboniferous era, that same heat is now disengaged by bringing heat into contact with the carbon. We are warm because the sun is warm and because the sun was warm. The mill-wheel turns by the push of water; and it is the sun, after all, which turns the wheel, because it is the power of the sun that lifts the water up into the sky which forms clouds and falls in rains and, then coalesing down the hillside, becomes streamlets. And the vital processes of our bodies also depend upon the sun. I suppose our nervous system is a kind of battery, though we do not know much about it. We only know that there is a strange something which carries our messages from the brain to the finger tips; and this, no doubt, depends upon the sun. It is the heat that stores the germ in the kernel. It is the sun which lifts the plumule upwards, and pushes the radicle downwards. It is the sun which pumps the sap along the channels of the tree. If the sun were permanently eclipsed there were only darkness and death and cold. And this is the relation in which our Lord sends to us, it would be interesting to take note of all Scriptures in which the Lord is spoken of as a Sun. As we hang for physical life on the great orb which is in the visible heavens, so we hang for spiritual life on Jesus Christ, who is our spiritual Sun. Keble's hymn is true:

Sun of my soul, my Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live,
Abide with me when night is nigh;
For without thee I dare not die.

In the first chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, thirtieth verse, there is a kind of condensed statement of the relations which the Lord Jesus stands to us. "Of him are ye in Christ Jesus, who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." If we think about it carefully, you will see that these are very wide and including relations. It is as if the apostle had said, well, everything you need you will find in Jesus Christ. "Of God, Jesus Christ is made unto us wisdom." Well, it is a wonderful thing to be wise; it is a wonderful thing to have an absolutely unclouded piece of wisdom. We cannot, because we need it all our lives, conceive the joy it is to be sure there is some source where we can get answers to the deepest questions which will ask them elves about us and about death. For instance, very frequently we are much troubled and burdened, and it seems to us as if the path of duty turned back upon itself. So many say to me, "I do not see why God should treat me so; there is that other person, he does not seem to be so treated." How frequently to this question "Why," we offer an answer only an echo, and we are in darkness and trouble. Now, here is something that can help us greatly; we may be sure that we are not the sport of chance; we are in the grasp of a wise Providence; and then in the darkness we will see a gleam of light. We should be absolutely certain that there is around us a kind and loving and special Providence that lays its hand on us as a mother lays her hand upon her child. If Jesus Christ is anything, he surely teaches us this. He points us to the chattering company of sparrows (and they were just as numerous and pestiferous in Palestine as here, and two of them could be bought for a farthing,) and he says, "Your father reckons them; are ye not much better than they?"

Years ago, I was moving, and everything was turned up, and all the furniture was in tremendous disorder, and it was all as uncomfortable as possible. Yet my little child was absolutely unconcerned amid all this disorder, because she knew that nothing that could harm her would come out of it all, for she had absolute trust in her father and mother. Well, we cannot tell why that thing is hedged up, and this thing is askew, but if we are absolutely sure of a particular Providence as special as that of a parent for her child, we need not be anxious. And you get this assurance from Jesus.

I find within myself instincts for prayer. Even in trouble; my arms are very short, but, stretch them as I may, I cannot begin to reach the extent of the trouble. Then my instinct is to pray. Yet, how can I have faith it is of any use? I want to know absolutely and certainly whether God will hear prayer. If I let Jesus Christ be made unto me wisdom then I know.

Then, there is this mighty question about the existence of the soul after death. It seems very strange that we know so little about what is beyond this life. Sometimes, I find myself trying to add to my stock the items of knowledge concerning that other state, and they are very dim and very small, comparatively. I reason about it, but do I reason from right premises? Are the links unbroken, and do they lead me to right results? If I turn to Jesus Christ as my wisdom, I know, for he says, "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise," and "In my Father's house are many mansions;" and we also read, "If the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And so, if I let Christ be my wisdom, I may be shining with joy; but this life would not be worth the living without the shining of Jesus Christ.

This Scripture says, Jesus Christ is made unto us *righteousness*. I do not know of a better illustration of this than that wonderful story of the Prodigal Son. When he came to himself, I have no doubt that his rags looked raggeder, and his filth looked filthier, and his distance from home still more distant. But he made his weary way back, notwithstanding his rags and scabs and filth, wondering whether when he reached his father's house he would be received. "But when he was yet a great way off his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." And when he began to falter, "Make me as one of thy hired servants," the father broke in and said to his servants, "Bring forth the best robe, and put on him." This best robe was a shining white garment, which covered the whole person, and when the boy put it on him he was all completely enwrapped, and you could not see the rags and filth. Undoubtedly, he was pretty bad. Yes, I suppose he was; but, as far as *outward* relations were concerned, he was in royal plight, and no servant could point the finger and say, "What a sight he is!" So, the Lord Jesus Christ treats us. We have all been in the far country, and were pretty well covered with rags and filth; but when he comes to us he throws over us the "robe of righteousness." Jesus Christ "was made in the likeness of sinful flesh and for sin," and, while every tinge of depravity was eradicated from his nature, he was made in our nature, and wrought out a righteousness absolutely complete, as to sin, on the one hand, and as to expiating the doom attached to it on the other. And when I believe him he wraps me about with the robe of his righteousness, and I am justified; the Lord has nothing to say against me.

But, then, not only is the Lord made unto us wisdom and righteousness, but he is made unto us *sanctification*. Be sure he does not leave us in filth; he sets to work to cleanse the inner foulness. Sanctification has to do with our internal cleansing. Christ, by the power of the spirit, puts a new spirit into us. He, by the power of the spirit, fills us with love for himself. He holds us in contact with himself, and we "beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same from glory to glory." So that, bye-and-bye, by sanctification, we get *inwardly* adjusted to the law. He is made unto us sanctification.

This Scripture also says that he is made unto us *redemption*. This is a somewhat singular word. It is as if the Apostle had exhausted every other word in his vocabulary and now therefore uses this general word to include everything.

Well, since he is all this, and he alone is all this, and since we can only receive all from him just as we receive life physically from the sun, we can easily see what ought to be the main purpose of our Christian life, the keeping of ourselves always in the light of him.

In our spiritual state, if we let clouds come between ourselves and Jesus Christ, we have a hard time. Prayer-meetings do not give comfort, and your private prayers do not amount to anything. What you have to do then is to sweep away the clouds; for we have volition over these spiritual clouds. Our aim ought to be to keep ourselves in the shining vision of Jesus Christ. And don't you see that if you do that it is like a sunshiny day in summer, with the blue sky, and the fragrance of flowers? What is the end and aim of the Christian life? Is it to have summer always shining down in your heart? Keep yourself always in this vision of Jesus Christ, and then all questions will get decided as to what you should do.

If all this is true we ought to believe a wide way and a great way towards Jesus Christ. Some people will believe towards him as to righteousness. They believe he forgives their sins, but they believe nothing else, and they get just as much as they believe and nothing else. They have the memory of a time when they were converted, and their mind reverts to that; but they should believe towards God as not only wisdom and justification, but they should believe towards him as their sanctification. Just as the earth has a great faith toward the sun, whose beams will start the germs of vegetation, we need a great faith towards Jesus Christ. Well, we shall have it if we know more about Jesus Christ, and we shall know about him if we read more about him in the New Testament. Lyte, who wrote that sweet hymn:

Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,

wrote also another hymn, less familiar, but of similar import. It is this:

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and knew no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast,
Who opes his arms and bids the weary come.
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And since then I am his and he is mine.

Yes, he is mine, and nought of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forego his love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied,
The ill is only what he deems the best.
He for my friend, I'm rich with nought beside;
And poor without him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come—I take, or I resign—
Content while I am his, and he is mine.

Whate'er may change, in him no change is seen,
A glorious sun, that wanes not, nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms, he walks serene,
And sweetly on his people's darkness shines,
All may depart—I fret not nor repine,
While I my Saviour's am, while he is mine.

He stays me falling; lifts me up when down;
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown;
Which, in return before his feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace his shrine
Who deigns to own me his, as he is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half his love,
But half discern him, and but half adore;
But when I meet him in the realms above,
I hope to love him better, praise him more,
And feel and tell, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am his, and he is mine.

—*National Baptist.*

A Thieves' Parlor Visited by a City Missionary.

The Rev. James Wells, M. A., of Glasgow, in a recent address, said: "I entered a house where seven or eight men were playing at cards. As they were satisfied at a glance that I had nothing to do with the police, I at once announced myself as the missionary, and they with equal frankness announced their profession: they were regular thieves. I was in a thieves' parlour, or den of thieves. The house had scarcely a stick of furniture in it, for the householders held themselves in readiness to flit at a moment's notice. The men did not look like other men. Evidently their clothes had not been made for them, but had been got ready-made—probably at a pawn-shop. They had cropped heads, slouching round backs, and stunted, unhealthy-looking, back-boneless frames. They entered freely into conversation with me, and spoke quite respectfully. The oldest man among them—about forty—was an Englishman, called Friday, perhaps because, as in the case of Robinson Crusoe's man, some great event of his life had taken place on that day. He was a returned convict and the chief of the crew, by merit raised to that bad eminence. He ruled them with a nod, and owed his undisputed authority apparently to the sheer intensity of his iniquity and his extraordinary force of character. His spirit seemed a compound of hatred of good and hatred of man—a compound of Cain and Ishmael, and I thought that I had never before met anyone so hardened and defiant. He gave me a disquieting idea of the meaning of the phrase 'the dangerous classes.' He had lustrous eyes, sunken cheeks, and a hollow, consumptive cough. I expressed regret at his poor health. 'Yes,' he said, 'I belong to a consumptive family, not one of whom has lived past forty-five, and I am now over forty.' I reasoned with them and they all condemned themselves except Friday. 'No,' he said sternly, 'society has wronged me and I am just taking my revenge upon society; that's fair enough.' 'But,' I replied, 'You must be beaten sooner or later; for you are weak, man is strong and God is stronger; both God and man are against you.' 'No,' he yelled furiously, 'Friday will never give in.' He then described with admiration the death-bed of an old thief whose name seemed a household word with them and who, with his latest breath, rid culed 'the parson' who wished to pray with him, and died blaspheming.

"The next in point of age was 'Tommy,' who might be about twenty-seven. He had lately come out of prison and was in bad health. Though brought up a Romanist, he had an extensive acquaintance with the Bible, which, he told me he had gained in prison. He frankly admitted the truth of all I said, confessed his misery and self-dissatisfaction, but pleaded that he could not now keep himself. He deeply regretted that his father, who was also a thief, had not taught him a trade; he had been 'born in the business,' as another thief said; and no one could have added more feelingly than he did—'I am like the unjust steward in the parable. I cannot dig and to beg I am ashamed.' His deep feeling drew out my sympathy, and subsequently I had friendly interviews with him.

"A well dressed young fellow, who was master of the house, told me that he must be a Catholic, because his father had told him so. He said that as master of the house he levied blackmail on the rest. Four or five heavy-necked halflings completed the crew. They were apprentices at this thieves' college, though they had not yet taken out their degree, but they would soon be fit for it. They showed me some silk handkerchiefs which they had stolen, with the marks torn out. One showed me my own handkerchief which he had abstracted from my pocket during conversation. At my request he showed me how he had stolen it, and so I got my first lesson in pocket picking. They showed not a little hardened bravado, and a tendency to magnify their adventures. They had narrowly escaped detection the previous evening, as they had stolen, among other things, a basket with six bottles of brandy. They were revelling over their spoil when, roused by the alarm of the detectives, they threw up the window and dashed the bottles in pieces against the wall. They described the episode with great animation and dramatic effect. They showed a most intense hatred of policemen and were quite sure that a thief had not so much to answer for on the Judgment Day as a policeman. I said, 'Is it fair or manly in you to take away from an honest workingman the money he has wrought for, and to do it by coming sneaking behind him?' They evaded the question, but maintained strongly that there was the strictest honor among thieves, and in proof of it quoted the case of the governor of Milbank Penitentiary, whose watch, stolen in London, was returned to him by post by the thieves, as soon as they knew it was his, and all this in token of their respect for him. As I was leaving, Friday said, 'Well, you're the first stranger that has visited us to-day and I take it for a good sign. I think we'll have good luck to-night,'—and a loud, rude laugh signified their hearty approval of the sentiment. Unwilling to let him have the last word, I made another appeal to him. 'Nay, nay,' he replied with piercing emphasis, 'none of your canting and praying for me; be sure Friday will die plucky; Friday will die plucky and no mistake.' With these defiant tones ringing in my ears I came sadly down the stairs.

"Three or four months afterwards, when near the Tron steeple, some one gently touched my arm. Turning round I found my friend Tommy, much excited. Courteously lifting his cap to me, he said: 'Do you remember that day when you saw us all in Princess Street?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Do you remember what Friday said to you?' 'Yes, he said that he would die plucky.' 'Well, he got seven year from Lord Ardmillan, yesterday, for stealing a watch; he never spoke a word after, nor lifted his head, and he was found dead in his cell this morning.' Poor Friday! after all, he did not die plucky. I told this story to a friend of mine, an advocate, who mentioned it to Lord Ardmillan. His lordship remembered Friday quite well, and, true christian philanthropist that he was, he was profoundly affected."

—There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it.—*Mary Lyon.*

Did Skipper Jack Make Harbor?

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"It is going to be a bad night," growled Skipper Jack Tolman, as he walked the deck of the "Petrel." He gave an order to the man at the helm, then glanced at the canty canvas the "Petrel" was carrying, and finally looked off toward the northeast. "A bad sky all round to the nor'ard, and worse still in nor'east," he muttered. "It don't rain yet, does it?" He held up his hand to the sky, saw suddenly felt a raindrop. "She's a comin'; rain is a-comin' sure. Wind is dreadful uneasy. Still, everything is snug and tight above and below, for'ard and aft, and I guess the 'Petrel' will stand it. I hope to make harbor 'fore dark."

"Harbor!" how pleasant the thought of a refuge in contrast with the driving wind, the howling sea, and the ugly rocks of Naylor's Point too!

"Must get round Naylor's Point somehow," exclaimed Skipper Jack. "Good to get home and see Jerry."

Jerry was the skipper's son, a life almost near its end, tossed and broken upon waves of suffering, but soon to have rest.

"Good to see Jerry; good to get into harbor," said the skipper once more. "Hard a starboard!" he here shouted the man at the helm.

The "Petrel" readily obeyed this command from his master, and as the canvas felt the stronger pressure of the wind, the foam around the vessel's bows was piled up like a drift of January snow.

"I will step down into the cabin," said Skipper Jack. "I hope Fred has turned in." Fred was the skipper's nephew—a boy of seventeen—now making his first voyage in the "Petrel."

A generous, active and manly fellow was Fred Tolman. In his uncle's opinion he had but one fault: Fred had become "pious." This was no recommendation in the eyes of Skipper Jack. Disregarding God, he was not at ease with one who did regard him.

"Don't like to have these folks round that pray and read their Bibles," muttered the skipper when he heard about Fred's new life. "Only thing I have against Fred."

In the mind of Fred's mother—a praying woman—Skipper Jack's opposition to religion was her only objection to Fred's venture at sea with his uncle. But sometimes any harsh opposition to the truth is only a sign of a serious disturbance of conscience within. Skipper Jack was rebuked by his nephew's quiet, reverent life.

In the snug little cabin of the "Petrel" sat Fred Tolman busily reading.

"Ho, boy! Thought you had turned in."

"Well, Uncle Jack, thought on the whole I wouldn't, thank you."

"Readin', Fred?"

The skipper saw Fred's Bible in the sailor boy's hands.

"Thought I would, uncle; sort of quiet down here, you know."

Fred's answer irritated his uncle. "Well, boy, that won't get you into harbor. The storm is breakin' on us fast; no time to be readin'."

Fred said nothing to this relative anxious to have his nephew "turn in" a moment ago, and now, because the latter was reading his Bible, anxious to have him turn out.

"S'pose you think you have got into a comfortable harbor? That's the way with you pious folks—thinkin' only of themselves and lettin' the rest of the world go. Well, Jerry he has nothin' to do with sich things; he bears his pain like a hero. He don't need your prayin' or your readin'—" He stopped; Fred had quietly closed the Bible and left the cabin.

"What a fool I am!" thought Skipper Jack. "I don't treat the boy decent. I'm ashamed of myself. Been bellowin' away like a mad bull." He looked round upon the now empty cabin. There was that Bible. He took it up involuntarily, opened it care essly and saw these words: "There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked." He dropped the book as if it were a bomb about to explode, and rushed upon the deck. When he looked at the great wrathful sea tossing the "Betrel" from billow to billow, he felt that all that raging of the waves was an image of the disturbance in his own breast.

The rain now began to sweep across the ocean. It relieved Skipper Jack to see this new element of discord, for he had felt his own deficiency only when the nephew that he hectored calmly took his irritating remarks, and showed that the nephew's religion was a force superior to the uncle's irreligion.

But there was Jerry at home. If Skipper Jack was out in a spiritual chaos, outside of a harbor, Jerry kept him company.

"The boy don't want Fred's port he has been makin' for; and if Jerry can get along, his father can, I guess," reasoned Skipper Jack. In this frame of soul he had emerged upon the deck of the "Petrel."

"Ho, ho!" he soon shouted. "This won't do!" He turned to the man at the wheel and cried, "Bill Lappen, you go to the bow. Keep a sharp lookout. I'll take the wheel."

The crew of the "Petrel" was very small, and in this rough weather it seemed weaker still. Going round Naylor's Point, too, the vessel's course was very much vexed. Would the "Petrel" weather that point and make harbor? Might she not be blown out to sea? Then, Naylor's Point was an exceedingly rocky projection—a kind of giant foot thrust out by the land to trip up heedless vessels.

"Tough time!" groaned the skipper, gripping the wheel.

How hard it was to steer, the wind pouncing down, the waves rushing, the rocks threatening, and a fierce rain slashing and dripping everywhere! When did the wheel ever seem so hard to manage?

"Just let me help you," said Fred, stepping forward cheerfully.

Skipper Jack felt exceedingly mean to accept the help of a boy he had ridiculed, but aid was imperative.

"Hard a starboard! hard, hard!" the lookout would shout, and round would go the wheel obediently.

Such a difference as there was between the two faces at the wheel—Skipper Jack's so anxious, unhappy, stormy; Fred's quiet and at rest.

"Hard your hel-um!" the lookout was shouting.

"Goin' to be a slim chance to get round that p'int," murmured the skipper. "There now! There she g—goes! There! Yes, we are skippin' round in good style."

After a weary half-hour the skipper was not only in the harbor, but at home. He went at once to see his son.

"Well, Jerry," he exclaimed, "how are you to-day?"

The consumptive fastened his hollow eyes on his father.

"I—I am better."

"Better, Jerry?"

"Not in body—but—but—I have got—peace."

"What Jerry? Got into harbor?"

"Father, I have found a Friend; I've found a Saviour. Yes, if this's getting into harbor, I—am there; and I think, father, it's about time for you—"

The skipper rose and left the room. He sought a little corner up in the shadowy garret, and there fell upon his knees, in a distress greater than any in nature, whose wild stormy gusts howled about the roof of the mariner's home.

"Can't hold out any longer," he groaned.

No more opposition now, but over waves of stormy penitence the soul of Skipper Jack came into harbor at the foot of the cross.—*Ex.*

Christian Courage.

In all ages there have been found christian ministers who were bold in their resistance to tyranny and in their denunciation of unrighteousness, even at the risk of their lives. One of the most heroic of all was Andrew Melville, a man hardly second to Knox in his influence upon the development of the Scottish Church. Here are two or three characteristic examples of his courage and plain speaking, from Dr. W. M. Taylor's "Scottish Pulpit":

When Morton, who was then regent of the kingdom, indignant at something which Melville had said, remarked, in a most suggestive manner, "There will never be quietness in this country till half a dozen of you be hanged or banished from the land," Melville replied: "Tush, sir, threaten your purple minions after that manner. It is all one to me whether I rot in the air or in the ground. The earth is the Lord's: *Patria est ubicumque est bene.* I have been ready to give my life when it would not have been half so well sacrificed at the pleasure of my God. I have lived out of your country ten years as well as in it. Let God be glorified; it will not be in your power to hang in exile his truth."

On another occasion he was sent by the General Assembly as one of a deputation to lay a certain remonstrance before the king, and when the papers were read to the assembled council, the Earl of Arran exclaimed, in a tone of indignation, "Who dares subscribe these treasonable articles?" Whereupon Melville calmly answered, "We dare," and at once took the pen and appended his name. Again, in 1596, when a number of the clergy were admitted to an audience with the monarch, and his Majesty had accused them of holding seditious meetings (for so he characterized the meetings of the Church for its own purposes), and of alarming the country without reason, Melville was moved to speak after this fashion: "Sir, we will always humbly reverence your Majesty in public, but since we have this occasion to be with your Majesty in private, and since you are brought in extreme danger, both of your life and crown, and along with you the country and the Church of God are like to go to wreck for not telling you the truth and giving you faithful council, we must discharge our duty, or else be traitors both to Christ and you. Therefore, sir, as diverse times before I have told you, so now again I must tell you, there are two kings and two kingdoms in Scotland; there is King James, the head of this Commonwealth, and there is Christ Jesus, the King of the Church, whose subject James the Sixth is, and of whose kingdom he is not a king, nor a lord, nor a head, but a member.... We will yield to you your place and give you all due obedience; but again I say you are not the head of the Church; you cannot give us that eternal life which we seek for even in this world, and you cannot deprive us of it. Permit us then freely to meet in the name of Christ, and to attend to the interests of that Church of which you are the chief member."

God's Last Call—A Fact.

In a certain Somersetshire town there lived, about four years ago, a young man—John—who was noted for his recklessness and daring impiety. He was always to the front in any mischief or downright wickedness, and this despite a good example at home and the repeated kindnesses of friends and well-wishers. In the year 1884 I was called to the town in which he lived to preach a "mission" for ten days, and the working committee did all in their power to secure a good attendance. Several ladies tried hard to induce John to attend the services, but he persistently refused until half the services had passed by. On the Thursday evening, just as I had taken my place at the organ, the chapel-door was opened, and to the amazement of everybody, John came in. He wished to remain near the door, but finally he came forward and occupied the only vacant seat in the building, close by the platform. The man paid deep attention to the singing and to the sermon, and at the close he seemed as if riveted to the spot. A large number withdrew after the sermon, while an equally large number remained to an "instruction." Among the latter this John remained. When the service was finally concluded, a friend of mine entered into conversation with this man, and accompanied him home. I was afterwards informed that the two men were together until nearly midnight. John admitted the truth of the sermon, and said that he intended to be better, but he could not do it "too suddenly"—he would wait awhile, and then serve God.

My friend would not be put off so easily, and very solemnly did he warn John of the danger of delay, and urge him to an immediate decision, but the only reply was, "Let it alone now. I will come and hear the preacher on Sunday next."

Relating the story to me on the following day, my friend said that the answer he made the man was almost prophetic—"Well John, we shall be glad to see you on Sunday; but, remember you may be dead before then. Now is the accepted time." And so they parted.

When I went down to breakfast on the following morning, almost the first words I heard were, John is dead! I could scarcely believe it; but it was all too true. He had risen at six o'clock that morning to go to work as usual, and had left the house shortly before seven in a merry humor.

In less than half an hour afterwards a workman found his dead body in the highway, but a few yards from his own door—he had dropped dead from heart disease.

Poor John! His promise to be present on the following Sunday was never fulfilled. There was an awful hush at night at the Mission service, and all felt as if the unseen world had been brought close to them.

As I drove to the railway station on the following Tuesday we met the funeral procession wending its way to the churchyard.

Young men and maidens, let this man's sad end urge you to become Christ's at once.—*F. C. Spurr in London Baptist.*

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SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache and Constipation, promptly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pellets. One a vial.

The undersigned, desirous of forming a Limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of Dry Goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale Dry Goods and General Jobbing and Commission business.

3. That the name of all the general and special partners interested in such partnership are as follows: Ward C. Pitfield, who resides at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at he said City of Saint John, is the special partner;

4. That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of Ten Thousand dollars as capital to the common stock.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1888 and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1891.

Dated this twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
(signed) SAMUEL HAYWARD.

City and County of Saint John to wit: Be it remembered that on this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, John Russell Marstons, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the said City and County of Saint John, personally came and appeared Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned and severally acknowledged, the said Ward C. Pitfield, that he signed the said certificate and the said Samuel Hayward that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at the said City of Saint John, the said twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(signed) J. R. ARMSTRONG,
Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

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