### The Alabaster Box.

BY REV. C H SPURGEON.

"She hath wrought a good work on Me." —Mark 14: 6

This holy woman had displeased the disciples. She must have been very sorry to do that. She would not have wilfully grieved the least servant of her Lord. But she did so without the slightest blame on her part; it was the unexpected consequence of a most blessed action, and the fault lay with those who complained of her holy deed, and not with her. I am going to talk about this blessed woman with this hopeful desire—that you and I may imitate her ever-memorable example. I shall have nothing to say but to open up the meaning of our Lord, as far as I know it, when he said, 'She hath wrought a good work on me,' or "in me." The passage might be rendered—only the translators do not like to use the term—"She has wrought a beautiful work on me"—a comely work. "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." This is a thing of beauty, which is a joy forever to the church of God, in that constant memorial of her which is blended with the preaching of the Gospel of Christ! for as long as the gospel is proclaimed this Mary of Bethany shall have a memorial, because of what she did. What was there beautiful about her work—the breaking of the alabaster vase, and the pouring out of the liquid nard? What was there beautiful about that? The first and chief beauty, perhaps, was that it was altogether a glorifying of Jesus. She meant when she poured that ointment on his head to honor him personally; every drop of it was for himself, out of reverence for his actual personality.

She was not so much thinking of his deeds of love, or of his words of truth, as of his own unrivalled and most precious self. She had seen his deeds of love when Lazarus was raised, she had heard his words of truth when she sat at his feet; but now she felt an adoring reverence for his thrice blessed person, and she brought that box of precious spikenard, and offered it to him as her Teacher, her Friend, her Lord, her all. Suggestion was made that she should have sold it and given it to the poor; but she longed to present one offering to him direct, and not by any roundabout method. Doubtless she was not behindhand in her gifts to the poor, but she felt that when she had done that she had not satisfied the cravings of her grateful heart towards him who had become poorest of the poor for her sake. She wanted to give something to him—something suitable for such a One as she conceived him to be—something suitable for the time and circumstances then present with him. I think this holy woman knew more about our Lord than all his apostles put together. Her eyes had peered within the veil. You remember that only a day or two after this he rode in triumph through Jerusalem a proclaimed King. Should he not first be anointed? And who would anoint him to the kingdom visibly with oil but this consecrated woman? She was come to give a royal anointing preparatory to his proclamation in the streets of his capital city. At any rate her spikenard must be poured out alone for him. She forgot the poor just then as she quite forgot the disciples. Martha was busy at the table waiting upon them all, disciples and Master; but Mary had consecrated all her thoughts on Jesus. She "saw no man save Jesus only." Blessed exclusiveness of vision! What she did must not be for Peter and James and John with Jesus, but it must be for him alone, who indeed is alone, above and beyond all others, worthy of a homage all his own. Because she had a love for him beyond all others that she had ever heard of, her heart must find expression in a deed of love which must be entirely, wholly, only towards himself.

She must do it herself personally, and not by proxy; and she must do it unto him distinctly, directly, openly. Others might smell the spikenard. That she did not wish to prevent; but still the perfume was never meant for them, but for him exclusively. She poured it on his head; she poured it on his feet; she would anoint him from head to foot with this token of her intense and reverent gratitude, and her boundless love: she felt wrapped up in him, her Lord and her God; and so her whole offering was for him, and for him alone. What a joy to be permitted to do anything for him whose great love holds us fast! I feel as if I would fain at once retire from you all to indulge my heart in this luxury.

A second beauty lay in this: that it was an act of pure love, altogether of love to Jesus. The other woman—blessed was she also among women—I refer to that woman who was a sinner: she also came and brought an alabaster box and did much the same thing as this Mary of Bethany. But she did what Mary did not do: she mingled weeping with her ointment: she washed his feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. That was a beautiful act in its own way, but Mary's deed is a beautiful thing in another way. In this lies the distinction: there does not seem to have been in Mary's act any remembrance of personal sin, though, doubtless, that feeling was in her heart, and had brought her to the higher stage of adoration of her pardoning Lord. Her sin was put away long ago, Mary had sat at Jesus' feet, and had chosen the good part, and the matter of pardon for sin had been transacted a long while before; and now, although in her heart their is deep gratitude for it, and for the raising of her dear brother Lazarus, yet it seems to be quite absorbed in the deeper thought of her soul, for she had attained to an all-consuming love for himself.

### "Beyond, There's a Name."

BY CAPTAIN R. KELSO CARTER.

A great battle was in progress—thunder of artillery, rattle of musketry, clash of sabers, cries of the wounded, carnage wide and terrible. From the crest of a commanding eminence a battery was doing deadly work. Whole squadrons fell before its sulphurous breath, and the ranks were mowed down like grass as the iron hail swept from the height.

"I must be taken," said the general in command. "Who will volunteer for the forlorn hope?"

A colonel stepped out before his regiment, and, pointing to the death-dealing guns, cried: "Men! there is danger, there are wounds, there is suffering, there is mutilation, there is death, but beyond there's a NAME!"

One wild cheer rang out along the line, and the charge began. Men fell on every hand, but they rushed on. At every discharge wide lanes were cut through the living mass, but the rest closed in and pressed on—on through fire and flame and shot and shell; on over the dead and dying and suffering; on and on, through blinding smoke and deafening roar and flashing flame, bayoneting the gunners at their pieces, until the few undaunted survivors raised their victorious flag over the captured battery, and turned the guns against the foe.

Brothers, there are rugged heights in the pathway of those who would "follow on to know the Lord," upon which, ever and again, the adversary plants his heaviest guns, and which must be taken if any real advance is to be made. His artillery is well aimed at the most vital points. The guns are double-shotted with slights and insults, loaded with the grape-shot of numerous neglects and petty unkindnesses, and charged to the muzzle with the canister of desperate and mysterious circumstances. What is to be done? Will you storm the battery? It can never be taken any other way. No truce or treaty will avail. Satan knows no truce with an active Christian; he only waves the white flag over the sleepers.

Brothers, there is danger! It is no flowery path that stretches between you and the "knowledge of the holy." There is trouble; there is tribulation; there is keenest suffering; there is separation, often from your dearest friends and relatives; there is ostracism from "the world;" there is humiliation; there is persecution; there is a cross; there is death. But, brothers, beyond there is a NAME! Not a name of glory among men, but a name of glory in the heavens. Not the acclamations of the world but the testimony that you please God. Not the shout of a human multitude, but the rejoicing anthems of legions of angels. Not a name given among men, but the "name of my God, and the name of the city of my God," the "new name," the name of Jesus, which the King of kings will write upon your soul. The name that is above every name; the name to which every knee shall bow, and which every tongue shall confess; the name that has all power in heaven and earth.

"Beyond, there's a name!" Will you face the tribulation and suffering and distress of this present evil world? To him that overcometh there's a name. You will be crucified, but your cross will be your crown, on which you will sit with Him who died for you. The world may write "King" in mad derision, but the angels and saints above will swell the mighty chorus: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us for our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests with God and his father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

"Beyond, there's a name!" Will you say Amen, in advance, for all the misunderstandings, and trials, and weary waitings, and cruel taunts, and cutting neglects, and bitter words, and keen privations that lie between you and the capture of Satan's last stronghold; between you and the reward to "him that overcometh?" Is the way too steep for human feet? "I will make thy feet like hinds' feet," and "cause thee to walk in the high places of the earth." Is the conflict too severe? does your hand grow weary? "I, the Lord thy God, will hold thy right hand, and will say unto thee, Fear not." Do the foes rise giant-like and terrible? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life; I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee." "Only be thou strong, and very courageous." "Beyond, there's a name!" Look up; press on; conquer, though you die. "Beyond, there's a name!" Hallelujah!—*Christian Advocate.*

### Eternal Growth.

"As thy days, so shall thy weakness be," is the law for all of us mature men and woman in regard to outward life. But we may be emancipated from that dreary law in regard to the true life of our spirits, and, instead of getting weaker as we get older, we may, and we should, get stronger. We may be, and we should, be moving on a course that has no limit to its advance. We may be traveling on a shining path through the heavens that has no noon-tide height from which it must slowly and sadly decline, but tends steadily and forever upward, nearer and nearer to the very fountain itself of heavenly radiance. "The path of the just is as the shining light which shineth more and more till the noon-tide of the day." But the reality surpasses even that grand thought, for it points us to an endless approximation to an infinite beauty, and to ever growing possession of never-ending fullness, as the law for the progress of all Christ's servants. The life of each of us may and should be continued accession and increase of power through all the days here, through all the ages beyond. Why? Because "the life which I live, I live by the faith of the Son of God." Christ liveth in me. It is not my strength which grows so much as God's strength within me, which is given more abundantly as the days roll. It is so given on one condition. If my faith has laid hold of the infinite, the exhaustless, the immortal energy of God, unless there is something fearfully wrong about me, I shall be getting purer, nobler, wiser, more observant of His will, gentle like Christ, every way fitter for His service, and for larger service as the days increase.

Those of us who have reached middle life, or perhaps got a little over the water shed, ought to have this experience as our own in a very distinct degree. The years that are gone ought to have drawn us somewhat away from our hot pursuing after earthly and perishable things. They should have added something to the clearness and completeness of our conception of the deep simplicity of God's Gospel. They should have tightened our hold and increased our possession of Christ, unfolding more and more of His all-sufficiency. They should have enriched us with memories of God's loving care, and lighted all the sky behind with a glow which is reflected on the path before us and becomes calm confidence in His unfailing goodness. They should have given us power and skill for the conflicts that yet remain, as the Red Indians believe that the strength of every defeated and scalped enemy passes into his conqueror's arm. They should have given force to our better nature and weakening to our worse. They should have rooted us more firmly and abidingly in Him from whom all power comes, and so have given us more and fuller supplies of His exhaustless and ever-flowing might.

So it may be with us if we abide in Him, without whom we are nothing, but partaking of whose strength "the weakest shall be as David and David as an angel of God."

If for us, drawing nearer to the end is drawing nearer the light, our faces shall be brightened more and more with that light which we approach, and our faith shall be "as the shining light which shines more and more unto the noon-tide of the day," because we are closer to the very fountain of heavenly radiance, and bathed and flooded with the outgoings of His glory. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The promise ought to be true for us all. It is true for all who use the things that are freely given to them of God; and while thus it is the law for the devout life here, its most glorious fulfillment remains for the life beyond. There each new moment shall bring new strength, and growing millenniums but add fresh vigor to our immortal life. Here the unresting beat of the waves of the sea of time gnaws away the bank and shore whereon we stand; but there each roll of that great ocean of eternity shall but spread new treasures at our feet and add new acres to our immortal heritage. When life is immortal, the longer it lasts the stronger it becomes, and so the spirits that have stood for countless days before His throne, when they appear to human eyes appear as "young men clothed in long white garments," full of unaging youth and energy that cannot wane. So, while in the flesh we must obey the law of decay, the spirit may be subject to this better law of life, and "while the outward man perisheth, the inward man be renewed day by day." "Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall but they that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."—*From "The Week Day Evening Addresses," by Alex Maclaren, D. D.*

### Ephesus and its Ruins.

The journey is made by an English railway in about two hours and a half, the distance being about fifty miles. The road is up a valley, which is a bed of pebbles, boulders, and sand. There is not a doubt that the ocean waves swept through this vale for many ages. It is a valley of wonderful fertility. Vines cover the ground, and among these are scattered, like orchards, olives which are of a delicate, silvery shade of green. Here are the most luxuriant fig trees, hundreds of them, with their great notched leaves on branches fifteen or twenty feet from their trunks. The mountains on each side are covered with soil, and in the spring are rich in abundant pastures. But they are the homes of the brigands, who are increasing in number and ferocity under the effete Turkish government. They venture into the very streets of Smyrna, and by their allies therein they mark every stranger who may be thought worth robbing, or whose friends are able to pay a ransom. It is, therefore, somewhat perilous to visit the ruins, and will become, in all probability, more so, until there is a government able to cope with these brigands.

As the ruins of Ephesus are neared the mountains open out until the valley in which are the ruins is entered, and at the point of entrance they close in so as to include a circular plain of probably five or ten thousand acres, with Mount Prion within the circle. The first object in view are the arches, about thirty feet high, on which the aqueducts rested, some of them in a good state of preservation, while many are gone. The water-course can easily be identified, and its flow from the mountains traced, but at the time of their use there must have been far more water than there is now, for such a city could not have been supplied from any source now attainable.

Beyond, on the east, on what the Turks call Ayasaluk, is the Acropolis, a splendid ruin, Roman in its material and structure. It has been faced with marble and backed up with brick, which is peculiarly Roman. One is reminded of the same construction in ruins in Rome, such as the Baths of Caracalla. The destruction of such arches, seven to ten feet in thickness, is an unaccountable surprise, but earthquakes, the storms of the heavens, and the slower but surer destroyer, time with its neglects, will account for it. The real desolation of this once magnificent city does not appear, for nature hates ruins and does its best to hide or adorn them. Life is always fighting death, and the ivy and myrtle will begin at once to cover up the wrecks of the past. God has appointed for all things graves or hiding-places against the time of catastrophe or of decay.

It is a disappointment to find the ruins of the temple of Diana in the plain between the Acropolis and Mount Prion. A building of such proportions, to our ideas, would have had a much better effect on the mountain, but ideas, like men, are as changeable, and it is useless to speculate. This ruin was discovered by the English archæologist, Mr Wood, who at his own expense has made most of the excavations now to be seen. The pavement was the first part reached from under eighteen feet of alluvial deposits, then the walls, gates, and columns, most of which have been carried to the British Museum. There is little now to be seen except a great pit, half filled with water in the rainy season, but as we behold it, full of rubbish and dry dirt; but the grave of the Temple is here, and as in all other of man's greatest creations, they lie down at last in the capacious bosom of earth.

The Temple was of the Ionic order, with eight columns in front and two rows of columns on the sides; these were five feet in diameter and thirty-six of the number sculptured. The Temple was one hundred and sixty-four feet wide by three hundred and forty-three in length. The whole structure rested on a platform nearly ten feet from the pavement. The Statue of Diana was made of wood and kept veiled. According to the apostle Paul, the Ephesians believed that it had come down from heaven the gift of Jupiter. On her head was a mineral crown, on her breast the signs of the zodiac, the necklace was of acorns, lions were engraved on her arms to denote power; her hands stretched out to receive all that would come. The Temple had large estates and immense revenues, and was an asylum for criminals and debtors. Its priests were Eunuchs, many of whom were descended from Athenian princes, and took the title of kings. The priestesses were virgins so beautiful that King Aristarchus, the Great, left the city to avoid their temptations, and all this is reduced to skeleton fragments and powdered dust. There is not a graveyard so poor as this grave of once colossal grandeur. Only goodness is immortal. The poor Asiatic who surveyed it and was persecuted on account of it, with his companions, lives, and the superstructure which they built on the rejected corner-stone remains, all else is dust. The destruction of this eighth Temple is imputed to a degree of Constantine, dating between A. D 341 and 352. While he may have issued the decree it was but the echo of that uttered in the last message from heaven to the seven churches. Dead orthodoxy, a sound creed but a cold heart, was its curse. The decree was written against a loveless heart, the same decree of death which the apostle Paul wrote as a postscript to one of his letters, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ let him be anathema, marantha." So the Temple of Diana is gone, her statue is gone, Demetrius and all the men of his craft are gone and their shrines also, and the worshippers of the great Temple are gone too.

The pilgrim treads carelessly in its rubbish. The air is filled with clouds of dust, of the ashes of the multitudes who lived and died in the glory and decay of the wonderful city whose curse was, "Because thou hast left thy first love."—*The Presbyterian.*

### Telling the Truth.

ELEANOR A. HUNTER.

They teach two things at West Point which I wish were taught with equal thoroughness in every school in the land. One is to love the flag of our country, and the other is to speak the truth. The word of a cadet is accepted always unquestioningly, but if he is detected in falsehood he is dismissed from the service; and it would be well for every school if all were governed upon this point in a manner at once as trusting and as rigid.

Sometimes there comes a crisis in a boy's school or college life when a falsehood seems so easy, and the truth so hard to tell—nobody knows how hard save the boy who has to tell it—that the sympathies of his friends would be very deep if they knew of the struggle, and if by writing this article I could help any boy who is in such a strait, I should be very glad.

Some time since I heard a boy who was in college giving his brother an account of a recent college scrape from which he had wisely retreated in time.

"You see," said the narrator, whom we will call Don for the time of this story, "we had settled on that night for 'the rush,' and Prex got hold of it in some way, so he said in chapel that morning that no member of the sophomore class should be out that evening after eight o'clock without being able to give a satisfactory account of himself; if he was out and was recognized he would be expelled."

Now Don was at that time a sophomore, and he was and is a lad with both a heart and a conscience, but he is so bubbling over with fun, and brimming with life and vitality, that his more valuable qualities are apt to be somewhat obscured.

"Well," he went on, "as soon as it got dark we rigged up so that it wouldn't be quite so easy for old Savage" (the college proctor) "to spot us, and we went out on the campus; all the fellows were there shrieking and howling, and in for a good time and we were just getting formed into line when I felt some one touch me on the shoulder, and there was old Savage. 'Beg your pardon, Mr. B——,' says he, as polite you please, 'but I must request you to go at once to your room and to stay there, if you do not, I shall be obliged to report your name to the president, and you know what the consequence will be.' And he warned all of the other fellows, too, but some he didn't call by name. You see Prex had told him to give us one more chance. Of course we all scattered, and some of us went in; I did, but O, how I did hate to! But I knew it would be sure death if I did not, for Savage had my name listed, and I thought of mother, so I went up to my room and pegged away at my Greek all the evening. Some of the fellows came back later, and they were called before the Faculty and expelled, but there were a few that there wasn't proof positive about, and some of them lied out of it, and they stayed. Well," continued Don, sitting up and looking very earnest, "it was a falsehood they told, and no mistake. Every fellow in college knows it, and Prex suspects it, but he can't prove it, and I look at them as they are going about, and I think they must feel mighty mean. But the question is, if I had been in their fix wouldn't I have done the same? I tell you when expulsion comes so near as that, it looks like a very serious business. You think of the folks at home and all the trouble there will be there, and you don't have to tell on anybody else, you know. It is just to keep still about yourself, and it is very easy to do that and very hard to do the other thing. I'm glad I didn't have to choose. I'm glad I went in when old Savage told me to."

I thought then of another boy, whom I had known years ago, who had once to make that very choice, and who at the last moment chose the right and told the truth, though he then thought that it ruined his prospects for life. He had with a number of others transgressed the rules of his college, and he was summoned before the Faculty to answer the charges against him. A little deceit would have saved him, and one of the members of the Faculty, knowing it, suggested that he might not be reliable; but the boy turned to the old president, a man whom the greatest madcap among them loved and honored, and said, "I have never told you a lie yet, President F——, and I don't mean to begin now."

"That is quite sufficient," responded the president, who knew the nature with which he was dealing. "I believe you. Proceed with your story."

The boy told it, was convicted, and expelled from the college. How he bore the shame and disgrace of that time he never could tell, but he was saved as by fire, and he left behind him with his college life his old foolish self, and strove with all his might to make himself a noble man, and he succeeded. And I feel sure he would not have made the man he is to day had he remained in college through his own deception, and graduated at the expense of a lie. But he won his manhood through a bitter struggle, which he need not have fought if he had bravely resisted that sudden sharp temptation which wrecked his college life.

I find that there are two morals to my talk this time. One is that it is never too late to mend. No matter how far you may have gone astray, dare to turn around and do right at whatever cost, and you may be sure that it will be better for you both in this world and the world to come.

And the other moral is, don't go wrong. Keep in the straight path all the time for, after all, that is the easier and happier as well as the nobler way.—*The Christian at Work.*

—In the Spanish Peninsula, there were not a score of Protestants thirty years ago, now there are ten thousand. These include a majority of the population of Villaescusa, the result of a movement beginning in "the purchase of a Bible by a working man, solely on account of its cheapness."

### Happy Aunt Chloe.

"How do you feel this morning, Aunt Chloe?"

"Oh I lives by faith, not feeling; but I do have feeling, plenty, plenty, praise de Lord.

"'Not fearin' or doubtin', wid Christ on my side,
I hope to die shoutin', de Lord will provide.'"

"But do you not feel your afflictions sometimes hard to bear, aunty?" I inquired.

"Dey am hard sometimes to bear, but den I goes right to de Lord Jesus an' He helps me. I tinks I can hear de blessed Master say' 'Cast yer burden on me, Aunt Chloe'; so I jest do as He tells me, an' He strengthens dis ole back, or takes de burden right away, an' makes me jump like a young roe on de mountains of Gibboa. An' den sometimes I feel so berry, berry weak, dat I jes' runs away an' hides."

"'Hides'? What do you mean, aunty?"

"De good Book says dat Jesus 'shall be as a hidin' place from de wind, an' a covert from the tempests as ribers of water in a dry place, as de shadow of a great rock in a weary land.' An' Dabid see, 'Thou art my hidin' place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about wid songs of deliberance.' So when de great winds blow an' de great troubles come, see I, 'Ole Chloe, yer can't stan' dis; yer had better go an' hide till these yer troubles am oberpast.' I just runs right inter de Lord Jesus, who am de cleft rock, an' I am safe. When yer weak, child, better run an' hide than stan' an' fight it out."

"How true it is," I replied, "that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to His purpose?"

"Dat's something I hed hard work to understan'. Dat '*all tings*' bothered dis ole head 'siderable; so I jest takes it to de Lord, an' asks for 'splanation, an' He gib it to me. So now when de dark clouds comes, I knows de light will be brighter an' de music sweeter when dey am done gone away."

"You are very happy, aunty. Do you never feel tried and tempted?"

"Why shedn't I feel happy chile, wid de everlastin' arms underneath me, an' de sweet promises to fill my heart? What if ole Chloe am poor? *He* says dat bread shall be given me. Aint I got a rich Father? De gold an' de silver am His, an de' cattle on de tousand hills. Don't de blessed Jesus say He 'dorns de lilies an' cares for de sparrow, an' counts de hars of His chil'n? Ef I ain't a lily, I trust I's a chile o' His; an' if He feeds de chipperin' sparrows, con't He feed me, who am bought wid de precious blood of Jesus?"

### Mr. "Ten Minutes."

A touching story is told of the late Prince Napoleon. He had joined the English army, and was one day at the head of a squad riding horseback outside of the camp. It was a dangerous situation. One of the company said: "We ad better return. If we don't hasten we may fall into the hands of the enemy." "Oh," said the prince, "Let us stay here ten minutes and drink our coffee." Before the ten minutes had passed a company of Zulus came upon them, and in the skirmish the Prince lost his life. His mother when informed of the facts, in her anguish said: "That was his great mistake from his babyhood. He never wanted to go to bed at night in time, nor to arise in the morning. He was ever pleading for ten minutes more. When too sleepy to speak, he would lift up his two little hands and spread out his ten fingers, indicating that he wanted ten minutes. On this account I sometimes called him 'Mr. Ten Minutes.'"

How many have lost not only their lives, but their precious, immortal souls, by this sin of procrastination! When God calls we should promptly obey.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

### Insufficiency.

Mr. Spurgeon closed a recent sermon as follows: "Brethren, I am conscious that I have not preached as I ought to have preached this morning. I have been mastered by my subject. I could sit down alone and picture my divine Master on the cross. I delight to do so. It is my comfort to meditate on Him. I see Him hanging on the tree, and carefully survey Him from His head encircled with the thorn-down to His blessed feet, made by the nails to be fountains of crimson blood. I have wept behind the cross at the marks of the dread scourging which he bore; and then coming to the front, I have gazed upon His pierced hands, and lingered long before that opened side. Then I feel as if I could die of a pleasing grief and mournful joy. O, how I then love and adore! But here before this crowd I am a mere lisper of words—words which fall far below the height of this great argument.

"Ah me! ah me! Who among the sons of men could fitly tell you of His unknown agonies, His piercing anguish, His distraction and heart-break? Who can fully interpret that awful cry of 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?—My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?' Alone, I can hide my face and bow my head; but here, what can I—O, Lord, what can Thy servant do?

'Words are but air, and tongues but clay,
And Thy compassions are divine.'

'I cannot tell of love's bleeding, love's agony, love's death! If the Holy Ghost will graciously come at this time and put me and my words altogether aside, and set my Lord before you, evidently crucified among you: then shall I be content, and you will go home thoughtful, tender, hating sin, and therefore more deeply happy, more serenely glad, than ever before. The Lord grant it for His name's sake! Amen."

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WM. DANIELS.

Spring Hill, October, 1883.

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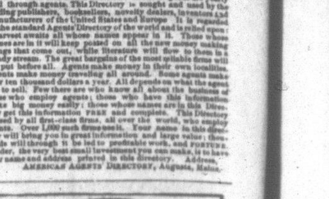


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ARTHUR I. TRUEMAN, Sec.-Treas

OFFICES:
Cor. Prince Wm. and Church Sts.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

January 30, 1888. 6tf

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 the 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. 1898.

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 Armstrong, 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 signors 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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**SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.**

CHESTER, N. S., MARCH 2nd, 1888.

*Messrs. C. Gates, Son & Co.*

GENTS:—I must write and tell you what your Syrup has done for me. I was sick and the doctor attended me for one whole summer. He helped me of one disease, but my liver was out of order and food would distress my stomach, and I had pain in the head and a very poor appetite, and could not get relief till I used a bottle of your No. 1 Syrup. I found that it helped me, and I used another, which has completely cured me. No family should be without it in the house.

MRS. ALEXANDER DAUPHINEE.

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DEAR SIRS:—For nearly three years I have suffered very much from indigestion and could never get anything to do me any good, till meeting a friend of mine (Mr. Gathercole) a short time ago, he recommended me to try a bottle of your No. 1 Invigorating syrup, and after taking one bottle I felt like another person. I can confidently recommend it to all who suffer from this complaint. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this testimonial.

Yours very truly
F. NEALE,
15 Newton Street, Millom,
Cumberland, England.

May 4th, 1888.

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**HERBERT W. MOORE,**

**Barrister-at-Law,**

**SOLICITOR IN EQUITY, CONVEYANCER**

etc., etc.

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