

River. The plagues of Egypt, of the wilderness, the bloody wars of Canaan, all are but faint types of some awful calamity which must befall, and now with the certainty of unerring sight the anti-type has appeared at Duck River. There is no mistaking it. Oh, Duck River, would that thou hadst fallen asleep in the everlasting arms of oblivion ere thy ambitious name fell upon the ear of mortal man; would, yea, a thousand times, that thou hadst perished among the cities of the plain than in these latter days the powers of darkness, reinforced by all the satanic hosts, had made war upon the faithful within thy walls; for now, whenever the name of Duck River is spoken men will remember the calamity that has invaded thy borders, and henceforth and forever will regard thee as a hissing and byword among the orthodox of earth.

Do you ask, Has some black-hearted villain, within some obscure and dark corner of her boundaries, steeped his hands in the gore of his fellow-man? Has righteous vengeance, swifter than the lightning, laid him unrepentant in a felon's grave? Has pestilence invaded the land and mercilessly robbed the living of life? Has drought done its deadly work? or has the artillery of the skies thundered its fierce and fatal wrath against doomed Duck River? Would to heaven that these dire fruits of Satan's religion had befallen; for then the peace and prosperity of Zion might have been preserved. The orthodoxy of the faithful was the very life blood of this quiet settlement, but some subtle and unseen enemy has drained it off as steadily as though it flowed through a sluice. The inhabitants would have taken uncomplainingly drought, pestilence, famine and sword, but the present curse is greater than they can bear.

Ye nations of the earth listen, O listen to a tale of woe! "I will a tale unfold whose lightest word will harrow up the soul like quills upon the fretful porcupine." The faithful at Duck River for many years enjoyed peace and prosperity. No strifes ruffled the temper of the brethren; no giddy youths marred the monotony of a long sermon by even a whisper. Everything was done in the good old-fashioned way. But one fatal day, alas! that it should ever have had the honor of putting a night to flight, when the orthodox assembled for worship then Satan appeared also and tempted one of the progressive youths, who had become tired of the good old way, by suggesting that a clock be hung upon the wall, so that all might know the time of day. His heretical scheme, when made known, fell like a death knell upon the ears of the congregation. In vain did the older brethren tell him that such a practice was unauthorized by scripture; that their fathers had worshipped there many years without a clock, and that their worship was accepted; and further, that their fathers had died and gone to heaven unaided by the single tick of a clock. If they went to heaven without a clock why cannot we? And, moreover, the tendency of all congregations who adopt innovations of this kind has been downward from the very beginning. The church in Popkorn county was wrecked by a similar innovation, and must have a clock just because the Methodists in Krabapple valley had one, and were not going to be so far behind the times; but their degeneracy on this account has been so rapid that it is only a matter of a few months or years till they have neither a habitation or a name. Then if any oppose the introduction of a clock you have no right to wound the consciences of these weak brethren, who advertize themselves as such, after being in the church thirty years or more. You will admit, say the orthodox, that all can worship without a clock, but all cannot worship with one, so the clock logically must go. Thus did they reason with the young man and his followers. But all to no purpose; for the next time the con-

gregation assembled there was the clock upon the wall. The effect upon the brethren was terrific. Their blood curdled in their veins, so great was their terror. Their knees smote one against the other; their hands hung palsied by their side, their eyes glared wildly in their sockets; while the howling of the faithful watch-dog in the distance, and the hoarse croaking of the raven upon a neighboring tree added horror to the scene. For a long time the men stood speechless; the women wept, and like Rachel of old, refused to be comforted. When they came to themselves they remembered the hand upon the wall at Belshazzar's drunken feast—grim omen of what followed—but woe, woe, how much greater will be the calamity when two hands appear upon the wall? Fearful retribution will visit the orthodox for the sins of the guilty. Future generations will remember Duck River only as a place that was and is not; while preachers, with flaming tongue, will hold before the gaze of horrified listeners the awful results of heresy as seen at Duck River. But the clock apostacy, the brethren claim, is not the worst. In its wake will follow organs, choirs, beautiful church edifices, paid pastors, Sunday schools, missionary societies, "organizations" of all kinds as unauthorized by scripture, as the clock upon the wall.

But Duck River is doomed. Its race on earth is ended. Its story told, never to be forgotten. Apostacy's dread hand is upon it. Death is the only liberator. Farewell Duck River, thy fame in thy dreadful heresy has been sounded afar. We never heard of thee before, we may never hear of thee again. But know thou these fearful tendencies of our times are hard to counteract. We feel for thee as only a sinner can. We blush because of thy transgressions. We hang our heads in shame. We would gladly aid thee by tongue or pen, but thou hast already gone too far. We will remember thee in thy palmy days, and do our best to forget thee in thy fatal fall so low. Farewell, farewell, a long farewell.

BILDAD.

#### THE TEARS OF JESUS.

In no place in the Bible do we read that Jesus smiled. We have no direct proof that He ever did, but still we can easily persuade ourselves that the face, which in after years was more marred than the visage of any man, was in boyhood days often wreathed in smiles. Smiles are the heritage of childhood years; the sorrows of life have not begun to fall in showers; experience has not curbed youthful vivacity; the native buoyancy of young hearts has not been punctured. And hence we conclude that the hills about Nazareth and the walls of Joseph's humble dwelling resounded day after day with boyhood laughter, bursting from the joyous heart of Jesus. But when He entered upon His divinely given mission and had a foretaste of His toils, when He saw how hard it was to get spiritual ideas into the minds of His followers, when He saw how far the world had wandered from God and how unwilling it was to return, when He saw how cruelly it was going to treat Him, notwithstanding the beneficent purpose of His mission, we feel like saying that He never smiled again. There was too great a load of sorrow on His heart to admit the outflowing of joy. At the beginning of His ministry He attended a wedding feast and no doubt participated in its pleasures; but it may be doubted whether toward the close of His career He would have done even that.

But while we do not read of His smiles we do of His tears. And this, not because tears are more precious than smiles, but because He was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Three times they fall upon the sacred page, but they do not mar its beauty. They are sacredly preserved to forever consecrate earth.

The first time we find tears on Jesus' cheeks is on that sad occasion in Bethany, when the home which He was wont to sanctify by His presence had been cruelly invaded and the sisters of Lazarus were left weeping in sorrow. Jesus came and "Jesus wept." These were tears unsealed by the griefs of others; and, with a thrilling eloquence which no words can equal, they will speak of the tenderness of Jesus and of that divine sympathy which reached down to the depths of the deepest sorrows. They say to us in most touching tones, If you would take Jesus for your example, then "weep with those that weep."

The next time we learn of sorrow breaking up the fountain of His tears, they do not flow on account of family bereavements, but because of the blindness, the stubbornness and the wickedness of a city. He had tears for those who had none for themselves. He was approaching Jerusalem for the last time. Its glorious history was passing through His mind. It was the city of David—the type of that city whose builder and maker is God. His temple was there. What favors had not God shown that city? What protection had He not given it? But Jesus looks into the future. He sees the Roman army on every side. He sees the heathen soldiers tearing down God's house till not one stone remains upon another, and He weeps. The wickedness of the people had wrung these tears from Jesus' eyes. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen doth gather her brood under her wing and ye would not. Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." The picture, as Jesus sees it, is appalling. They have rejected Him; they are going to bring about His death; and then calamities such as have befallen few cities will come upon them with lightning speed and thundering power. No wonder He wept tears on account of the wickedness of others. "Shall our cheeks be dry?"

Once more and only once do we find Jesus weeping. He is not in the home of sorrow mingling His tears with the tears of those whose hearts have been crushed. He is not gazing upon a crowded city ripe for destruction, but ignorant of its danger. He is alone; He is treading the wine-press. The sun has disappeared; the night has fallen; all around is still. He is in a garden. His disciples are asleep. The world's sins are pressing His heart with tremendous power. The hour of His deepest sorrow has come. How can He drink the bitter cup which the world has filled and presses to His lips? He shrinks from it and says, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." "He offers up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears unto Him who is able to save Him from death, and was heard in that He feared," for "there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven strengthening Him."

Tears for other's sorrows; tears for other's sins. But that is not all. Let us never forget that tears, set free by the power of our own suffering and griefs, are forever sanctified by this scene in the garden of Gethsemane.

H. W. S.

#### News of the Churches.

St. JOHN, N. B.

During the past month Bro. Stewart has preached twice at Vanceboro. Two persons confessed their Saviour and were buried with their Lord in baptism.

Our young people have the largest Society of Christian Endeavor in the city.

Our Sunday-school is increasing in interest. A Young Men's Class, lately organized, is well attended.

Some of our young folks, directed by Sister Emma Christie, are going to build a missionary ship.