Equity Sale.

THERE will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called) on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the city of Saint John, in the city and county of St. John, on SATURDAY, the 3rd day of December next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Tuesday, the second day of August, instant, in a suit therein pending, wherein Ann Ruddock, Andrew L. Ruddock, William Ruddock, Francis Ruddock, Joseph Ruddock, Mary Ann Ruddock and Andrew L. Ruddock and Joseph Ruddock, Executors of the last will and testament of Francis L. Ruddock, deceased, are Plaintiffs, and Charles G. Turnbull and Mary A. Turnbull are Defendants, and by amendment between Andrew W. L. Ruddock, William Ruddock, Francis Ruddock, Joseph Ruddock, Mary Ann Ruddock and Andrew L. Ruddock and Joseph Ruddock, Executors of the last will and testament of Francis L. Ruddock, deceased, Plaintiffs, and Charles G. Turnbull and Mary A. Turnbull, Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned, Referee in Equity, the Equity of Redemption of the said Defendants in the mortgaged premises described in the Bill of Complaint in the said suit and in the said Decretal Order, viz., to wit:

"As all those two lots, tracts and parcels of land situate, lying and being in the Parish now the town of Portland, in the County of Saint John, hereafter mentioned and described, that is to say: First, that lot, tract and parcel of land herein before conveyed by the late Honorable Ward Chipman and wife to Thomas Walker by Indenture, bearing date the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, registered in the records of deeds in and for the said County of Saint John, in Book F, number three of said records, pages 353 and 354, and therein described as: all that lot, tract, and parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Portland, in the county of Saint John, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:

"Beginning at an iron pin or bolt placed by the said parties hereto on the southerly side of a road four rods in width lately laid out by the said Ward Chipman, leading in a northeasterly direction from the public highway running from the city aforesaid toward Sandy Point, twenty rods from the said iron pin or bolt along the southerly side of the said road, North, forty-six degrees, thirty minutes; East, two chains and thirty-three links to a stake, thence South forty-three degrees thirty minutes, East four chains and thirty links to a stake, thence South forty-six degrees thirty minutes, West two chains and thirty links to a stake, thence North forty-three degrees thirty minutes, West four chains and thirty links to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one acre, be the same more or less." Also all that other lot, tract and parcel of land hereinbefore conveyed by the late Honorable Ward Chipman to Jacob Walker by Indenture, bearing date the first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-nine, registered in the records of deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John aforesaid, in Book F, number 3, of said records, pages 354, 355 and 356, and therein described as all that lot, tract and parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the Parish of Portland, in the County of Saint John, bounded and described as follows, that is to say:

"Beginning on the southerly side of a road four rods wide, lately laid out by the said Ward Chipman, running in a northeasterly direction from the public highway leading from the city of Saint John towards Sandy Point, at a stake being at the northeasterly corner of a lot of land sold and conveyed by the said Ward Chipman to Thomas Walker, thence from the said stake North forty-six degrees thirty minutes, East on the said road, two chains and ninety links to a stake, thence South forty-three degrees thirty minutes, East one chain and ten links to a stake, thence South nineteen degrees, East three chains and fifty links to a stake, thence South forty one degrees thirty minutes, West to a stake up the southerly corner of the said Thomas Walker's lot, and ..... on the eastern line of the said lot North forty-three degrees thirty minutes, West four chains and thirty links to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one acre, be the same more or less; together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon and the rights and appurtenances to the said land and premises belonging or appertaining and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, right, title, dower right of dower property, claim and demand whatever both at law and in Equity of them the said Charles G. Turnbull and Mary Ann his wife into or out of the said premises and every part thereof."

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

Dated August, the 29th, A. D. 1881.

HUGH H. McLEAN,
Referee in Equity for the City and County of St. John.

SILAS ALWARD,
Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

W. A. LOCKART, Auctioneer. 5 tds

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Fourth Quarter.

Lesson X. December 4. Matt. 13: 1-9.

PARABLE OF THE SOWER

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The seed is the word of God."—Luke 8: 11.

I. THE SOWER. 1. *The same day.* In which Jesus was teaching in a house in the city, and his mother and brethren came for him (Matt. 12: 46-50). *Went Jesus out of the house.* Where but few comparatively could hear, and where he was surrounded by the captious and contentious Pharisees. *And sat by the sea side.* Where was abundance of room, and where the multitudes could be taught more freely, and without any controversy, the great and blessed truths of the kingdom.

2 *And great multitudes were gathered.* From the city and surrounding country to hear the now famous teacher. *So that he went into a ship.* Or boat, probably a fisherman's boat, perhaps belonging to one of his disciples. *And sat.* It was the universal custom of the rabbis when they taught. He was thus above, and yet within hearing of the *whole multitude* who *stood on the shore.* At the north end of the lake of Gennesaret there are small creeks, or inlets; and, as if on purpose to furnish seats, the shores on both sides of these narrow inlets are piled up with smooth bundles of basalt.

3 *And he spake many things unto them in parables.* At this time, probably on the same day, Jesus spoke eight parables, seven of which are recorded by Matthew in this chapter, and one other one, by Mark only, together with several of those in Matthew.

WHY JESUS TAUGHT BY PARABLES. The reason is given in vers. 11-15, following this lesson. His object was so to veil the truth that it might be received by those who, *if they saw,* would not perceive, and, *if they heard,* would not understand, lest they should be converted (*i. e.*, who were *determined* not to receive the truth, since its acceptance would have required repentance and a change of life.

Behold a sower went forth to sow. The expression implies that the sower, in the days of our Saviour, lived in a hamlet, or village, as all these farmers now do, to guard against robbers.

The Sower designates (1) Jesus Christ, who came forth from The Father and heaven to sow the good seed in this evil world. (2) The Apostles who, taught by Jesus, and under the influence of the Spirit, scattered over the then known world the truths of the kingdom of God. (3) All who go forth to preach or to teach, in public or in private, the truths of the Word of God.

The Good Seed is the Word of God (Luke 8: 11), the spiritual truths which God has revealed to men in various ways, but especially by his Son Jesus Christ. All spiritual life depends on a divine seed sown in the heart by the divine Sower.

II. THE GOOD SEED BY THE WAYSIDE. 4 *And when he sowed.* Sowing is always done by hand; the ground is first scratched with a plough, which runs about four inches deep; the seed is sometimes covered with a harrow, sometimes trodden in by the feet of animals. *Some seeds fell by the way side.* The ordinary roads or paths in the East lead often along the edge of the fields, which are uninclosed. . . . Hence, as the sower scatters his seed, some of it is liable to fall beyond the ploughed portion, on the hard, beaten ground which forms the wayside. *And the fowls.* Small birds. *Came and devoured them up.*

THE INTERPRETATION (ver. 19). (1) *The wayside hearer* hears the word, but does not understand it, on account of thoughtless, spiritual stupidity, arising not so much from want of intellectual capacity, as from preoccupation of mind. The way is the heart, beaten and dried by the passage of evil thoughts. (2) *The fowls* typify Satan, "the wicked one," and all his various agencies. In the application Christ imputes those wandering thoughts, which do the work of truth robbers, to the evil one whose agents and instruments they are.

III. THE GOOD SEED ON STONY GROUND. 5 *Some fell upon stony places.* Or rocky places, where a thin stratum of soil covered the underlying rock. *And forthwith* (immediately) *they sprung up because they had no deepness of earth.* It sprang up sooner than the rest, because the dry, underlying rock drew the heat of the sun, and warmed the seed into earlier life.

6. *Scorched. . . . because they had no root.* The hot Oriental sun soon scorched them with its beams, evaporating their vital juices, and having no root, they withered away for want of needful moisture (Luke 8: 6).

THE INTERPRETATION (vers. 20, 21). (1) *The stony ground hearers* are those whose emotions are touched, but whose will and character are unchanged. They are moved by the winds of popular excitement or enthusiasm, but there is no new life. Joy without thought is the definition of the stony ground hearer. (2) *Their experience.* Persons whose feelings are thus easily moved,—whose religion consists largely in sympathy and romantic dreams concerning the kingdom of God,—if their deeper nature is not touched, will soon fall back into their old ways.

IV. THE GOOD SEED AMONG THORNS. 7. *And some fell among thorns.* Where the soil was good, but was pre-occupied by roots and seeds, if not by thorn-plants.

INTERPRETATION (ver. 22). *The thorns* are first, "the cares of this world,"—anxious, unrelaxing attention to the business of this present life; second, "the deceitfulness of riches,"—of the riches which are the fruit of this worldly "care"; third, "the pleasures of this life,"—the enjoyments, in themselves, it may be, innocent, in which worldly prosperity enables one to indulge. These "*choke*" or "*smother*" the Word. The thorny-ground hearer never makes up his mind to be resolutely against evil. The true hearer seeks *first* the kingdom of God and brings forth fruit to perfection.

V. THE GOOD SEED IN GOOD GROUND. 8. *But other fell into good ground,* of which there is much more in the field than of thorny or stony or wayside places. *And brought forth fruit.* Two things are necessary to fruit,—good seed, and good soil free to receive it. With these, under ordinary care, fruit is certain. *Some an hundredfold,* etc. "The return," says Trench, "of an hundred for one is not unheard of in the East, though always mentioned as something extraordinary."

THE INTERPRETATION (ver. 23, Mark 4: 20; Luke 8: 15). From all these we learn that the true hearer *receives* the Word in *an honest and good heart, understands* it (personally applies it), and *keeps* it, and brings forth fruit with *patience*, giving it careful nurture and continuing through all hindrances to the end.

In Pekin, China.

Wheelbarrows, piled high with neatly cut, crisp green cabbages, were the first things we saw on entering the outer gates. It was disappointingly a common place. This they told us was the Chinese city—there are four cities here within each other; namely, Chinese, Tartar, Imperial, and Forbidden cities. Much to the disgust of my carriers I leaned forward, wishing to obtain a better view of a battlemented wall about forty-two feet high, that stood on the right, dividing the Chinese and Tartar cities. A wide desert of a road, deep with dust that had been blown in high drifts and great hollows, was in front; a canal on the left, and, far beyond, a glimpse of one-storied houses with fluted tile roofs; the general gray aspect of everything being cheerless in the extreme. After a seemingly endless ride along the wall, we passed another gate into the Tartar city.

It was evening as we entered, just before the gates were closed. We were therefore spared the din and confusion of midday traffic, that we have since always regarded with increasing wonder and dismay. During the busy hours there is an uninterrupted procession of camels, carts, mule litters, chairs, very fat Chinamen astride of little donkeys, the owners of the poor beasts running beside them to accelerate their pace by continual blows, musical wheelbarrows, heavily laden carts with tandem teams, crowds of pedestrians—line of wretched beggars squatting along the wall with their heads in the dust, mingling their pitiful petitions in shrill voices with the yells and imprecations of the drivers—so that the arch overhead echoes with deafening uproar.

All foreigners reside in the Tartar city, but the glimpse we got of it was not more encouraging than what we had seen beyond its gates; in fact, it all looks like a vast suburb. The streets, ungraded and unpaved, are dust-swept in winter, and quagmires in summer, with green suffocating pools in the hollows, that would create a pestilence in any other climate. The heavy cart wheels sink into bottomless pits during the wet season, and people have actually been drowned in the streets. The odors then beggar description, nor are they improved in the dry season, when, to lay the blinding dust, the sewers are opened, and every afternoon the liquid from them is dashed recklessly about by means of a long pole with a bucket at the end! Garbage and slops are thrown in front of the houses, and the city scavengers, dogs, rag pickers and magpies feast at their leisure.

There is probably no race as uncleanly as the Chinese, to which their streets bear ample testimony. Notwithstanding the dirt, there are certain features that make the streets picturesque; the "bit of color," so much in demand, is never wanting. The banks are showily carved and gilded. There are signs, streamers and tassels of all shades on the shops, big auction tents made of thousands of bits of rag, where the energetic auctioneer—as naturally he should do on the opposite side of the world—begins at the highest possible price and bids down. There is an unending variety of combination in the colors worn by both sexes. The young women and children are wonderfully whitened and rouged to the eyebrow, with a streak of deep red in the middle of the lip, which is supposed to make the mouth look smaller. Perhaps it is from this constant use of cosmetics that the old women look like parchment, and make a fairly good type of witch. Tartar women do not disfigure their feet as the Chinese people do. They wear shoes like the men, or with an elevation under the sole of the foot, the toe or heel being unsupported. The small-footed women, contrary to our ideas, walk a great deal, and even work in the fields, though, it must be confessed, their gait is neither rapid nor graceful, as they balance themselves with their arms. They have naturally very small hands and feet.

They coiffe themselves according to rank, the soldier's wife wearing her hair in a stiff club behind the head, across from ear to ear, while the more ordinary mortal has what is called the magpie's tail, which is a good description of the way the hair stands out behind, drawn over a stiff frame and held in place by silver ornaments. Both women and children wear artificial flowers in their hair, and rarely in the coldest weather any head dress, while the men have wadded hoods, fur ear protectors and various kinds of hats. It looks odd in winter to see them in pale mauve, light blue, pearl gray, or pea-green hats, with sable cloaks. They remind one, also, of Mr. Wilfer in their apparent capability of getting a whole new "outfit" at the same time. They wear the most beautiful silk gowns with what was originally a handsome silk jacket, but now marred by use and with a long line of black grease down the back from their cues. All the well-to-do people dress in silk and satin, while blue cotton, well wadded in winter, and sheep-skin worn with the "skinny side out," protect the poorer.—*American Magazine for October.*

Never Get Into Debt

Not many years ago a young man came in town to finish his studies at the office of one of our best lawyers. He was well educated, intelligent, agreeable and kind; but he was poor, and in order to support himself tried to get a class in French. A few scholars came and the thing did not pay. After a while he paid his landlady, left his boarding house, and took to the woods. On the side of a hill, in a thick pine grove, he pitched his tent, where he cooked his food, ate, slept and studied. Of course, his strange conduct made a great deal of talk. One morning, after a terrible thunderstorm during the night, his friends hunted him up.

"You'll be sick of your bargain after this," they said, and be glad enough to have a waterproof roof over your head."

"I did not take to the woods from choice," answered the young man. "I could not see my way clear to pay for lodgings, and I am resolved never to be in debt. I know too well the danger of being in debt—my scanty income will carry me through the summer, when I hope better times are coming."

Gentlemen offered to aid him but he sturdily refused their offers, got through his studies, and has now a large business, which handsomely supports him.

Was not that plucky? And did he not well think that the danger of being in debt is a serious danger? I wish more people thought so. Getting loose in money matters is often the beginning of ruin. When a boy or a young man falls into the habit of borrowing money, spending freely, having things charged, neglecting to pay, dodging his creditors, promising to pay and not keeping his promise, he is on a bad way. He forgets, he loses the sense of honor, and is slowly but surely letting himself down, down, down. The history of many a man shows how far down it may be, even to robbery and murder. Two of the worst murders ever committed in Boston were done by respectable men to hide their debts. One killed his intimate friend because he could not pay a debt which he was owing him. The other, a young man, shot in cold blood in broad day a young associate, that he might rob the bank he was in of a few thousands to pay his debts with. Both did their work coolly and apparently without any twinges of conscience.

Both were above all suspicion. They had borne a character fair to the world; but there was a weak spot, a screw loose, a canker at the core. They were loose in their money matters. Debts were dogging at their heels. They had lost their uprightness; and having lost that the devil can tempt a soul to anything.—*Child's Paper.*

Prayer.

In reply to the question, "What place has prayer for temporal blessings in your system of natural law in the spiritual world?" Professor Drummond, as reported, said, in one of his talks at Lakeview last month:—

A large, splendidly equipped steamship sailed out from Liverpool for New York. Among the passengers were a little boy and girl, who were playing about the deck, when the boy lost his ball overboard. He immediately ran to the captain and shouted, "Stop the ship; my ball is overboard!" The captain smiled pleasantly, but said, "Oh, no, my boy; I cannot stop the ship with all these people, just to get a rubber ball." The boy went away grumbling, and confided to the little girl that it was his opinion the captain didn't stop the ship because he couldn't. He believed the ship was wound up some way in Liverpool, and she just had to run, day and night, until she ran down.

A day or so afterward, the children were playing on deck again, when the little girl dropped her doll down into the engine-room, and she supposed it, too, had gone overboard. She said, "I'll run and ask the captain to stop the ship, and get my dolly." "It's no use," said the boy, "he cannot do any thing; I've tried him." But the little girl ran on to the captain with her story and appeal. The captain came and peeked down into the engine-room, and, seeing the doll, said, "Just wait here a minute." And, while the ship went right on, he ran down the stairway, and brought up the little girl's doll, to her delight, and to the boy's amazement.

The next day the cry rang out, "Man overboard!" and immediately the bell rang in the engine room, by orders from the lever in the hands of the captain, the great ship stood still until boats were lowered, and the life rescued. Then she steamed on, until she reached her wharf in New York. As soon as the ship was tied up, the captain went up town and bought the boy a better ball than the one he had lost.

"Now," said the professor, "each of the three prayers was answered. The little girl received her request without stopping the ship; the little boy by a little waiting received his also; and yet, for sufficient reason, the ship was stopped by a part of the machinery itself, not an afterthought, but something put into the ship when it was made."

What Do You Preach.

Let the preacher inquire whether he has given due prominence in his discourses to the love of God. Let him ask himself whether he has not been dealing in side subjects away from the great centre, and forgetting the attraction that is always in the Cross. Who has not heard of the great mistake committed by the first Moravian missionaries to Greenland—how they began their labors by seeking to instruct the people concerning the being of God and the evidences of Christianity, and the future state of reward and punishment, and wondered why they saw no fruit, and how they were at once enlightened and reproved by perceiving the effect produced upon the minds of some of the natives by their hearing—or rather, I should say overhearing, for it had not been intended that they should hear—the reading of the account of the sufferings and death of Christ?

"What is that you read?" they said. "Read it to us again." And then there began a great movement among them, which resulted in the conversion of multitudes.

Ah! yes, does not the temptation of the modern pulpit take it just here? The preacher wishes to be intellectual, original, eloquent, and chooses his themes so that he may be able to make manifest these qualities. But God is not in these, for, though they may awaken admiration, they are, after all, cold, stern, marbly things, and do not reach the heart. Nothing will touch that but "the still, small voice" that tells of Jesus and His love. That is the only instrument the Spirit will employ in changing a man's nature. Let the pastor, therefore, get back to that, and preach it with a love corresponding to that of Jesus in his own heart, and he will never lack results. Well said the good Angel James—and from his own experience he had a right so to speak—"Raise me but a barn in the very shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, and give me a man who shall preach Christ crucified with something of the energy which the all-inspiring theme is calculated to awaken, and you shall see it crowded with warm hearts; while in the statelier building hard by, if the Gospel be not preached their, the matins and vespers shall be chanted to the statues of the mighty dead." Let the desponding pastor heed these words, and let him try the "still small voice" telling of the love of Christ upon the cross; and though the Jew may call it an offence, and the Greek pronounce it folly, he will find that it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.—*Rev. Wm. M. Taylor, D. D.*

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