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Keep Up Your End.

"When I was a boy in the lumbering region," said an old doctor, "the fellow who would not hold up his end of the log, but let the weight sag on the others, was looked upon with contempt by all the camp. Wherever I go now I think I see logs carried—one end held up by heavy, willing hands, and the other dropping out of lazy, selfish ones."

"Or quite as often, it is the wife who stints and saves until her life is barren and her children are born in poverty, while the husband spends his time at saloons and pool rooms."

"What a Saviour. How wonderfully constituted. He was God, as it was necessary He should be; and yet not merely God, but man, too. A Saviour with two natures; one reaching up to God, the other down to us. How wonderful that He should not only have made man, but that He should surround himself with our circumstances—become subject to our temptations as we are subject to His."

"I Forgot It." The American Grocer gives the following advice, which every young man will do well to remember:

A successful business man says there were two things which he learned when he was eighteen, which were ever afterwards of great use to him, namely, "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything."

Mr. Gladstone is reported to have made some very wise observations in a brief interview which he had with Dr. Talmage in London. It is not an uncommon thing for the great statesman of England to speak memorable words. In common conversation as well as in his public addresses sentiments of rare beauty and value proceed from his lips. This is one of the finest we have seen: "Talk about questions of the day; there is but one question, and that is the gospel. It can and will correct everything needing correction. All men at the head of great movements are Christian men. During the many years I was in the cabinet I was brought into contact with sixty master-minds, and all but five of them were Christians. My only hope for the world is in bringing the human mind into contact with divine revelation. There was a time when those who advocated the claims of Christianity were obscure men, while the statesmen and scholars and leaders of thought denounced it. Now the leading statesmen, scholars, thinkers and reformers of the age believe in the gospel and rely on it as the chief hope of humanity."

Home is Still Rome.

Rome is still Rome, as the following statement will show. An English young lady, under age, went to Italy under parental arrangements to study Italian and music; she was drawn, by her relations to a nun, to enter a convent; and being back to England, as expected, an English solicitor went to Rome, and applied to her by her mother's mental anguish to return home; his interview with her, through a grated window, was watched by a concealed onlooker, using secret signs; the solicitor found that his negotiations with the mother went to Rome, accompanied by nuns the mother saw her; acting under advice, she still refused to leave the convent; for a time priests and monks baffled the English and Italian lawyers; even an appeal to the Pope in person was vain, and not until the case came before a proper tribunal was its illegality proclaimed. It may be added, she is entitled to the uncontrolled use of £30,000 on coming of age. This is the record of an event in the last decade of the nineteenth century. It is the story of Rome of to-day.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

Dividing Off.

Now, let us divide off. Let those people who do not believe the Bible, and who are critical of this and that part of it, go clear over to the other side. Let them stand behind the devil's guns. There can be no compromise between infidelity and Christianity. Give us the man who stands out in opposition of infidelity rather than the work of those who believe the Bible and do not believe it, who accept the miracles and do not accept them, who believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures and do not believe in the inspiration of the Scriptures—trimming their belief on one side to suit the scepticism of the world, trimming their belief on the other side to suit the pride of their own hearts, and feeling that in order to demonstrate their courage they must make the Bible target and shoot at it. Dear reader, who for the love of God, are very much, and that is, that the Lord made out to manage this universe before they were born, and will probably make out to manage the universe a little while after they are dead. While I demurely stand by the side of the Bible and the critics of the Bible go clear over where they belong,—on the devil's side, I ask that all the friends of this good Book come out openly and above board in behalf of it,—that Book, which was the best influence ever received from our ancestors, and which will be the best legacy you will leave to your children when you bid them good-bye as you cross the ferry to the golden city.—T. DeWitt Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

Two Girls.

There is a girl, and I love to think of her and talk of her, who comes in late when there is company, who wears a pretty little air of mingled responsibility and anxiety with her youth, whom the others seemed to depend upon and look to her for many comforts. She is the girl who helps mother.

In her own home, she is a blessed little saint and comforter. She takes unfinished tasks from the tired, stiff fingers; she fatters at their work; her strong young fingers are a staff upon which the gray-haired, white faced mother leans and is rested. She helps mother with the springing, with the week's mending, with a cheerful contentment, and a congenial companionship that some girls do not think worth while wasting on only mother. And when there comes a day when she must bend over the old worn-out body of mother lying unhelpful in her coffin, how she will be missed, her long disquiet merged in rest, her sweet will be mingled with her loss, and the girl who helped mother will find a benediction of peace upon her head and in her heart.

The girl who works, God bless her, is another girl whom I know, she is brave and active. She is not too proud to earn her own living or ashamed to be caught at her daily task. She is studious and painstaking and patient. She smiles at you from behind counter or desk. There is a memory of her in every woman, and she is a beautiful mountain range, each given far up the hill, and the sight of her should be a fine inspiration for us all. It is an honor to know this girl—to be worthy of her regard. Her hand may be stained by factory grease or printer's ink, but it is an honest hand and a helpful hand. It stays a misfortune from many homes; it is the one shield that protects many a forlorn little family from the almshouse and asylum.—St. Louis Christian Advocate.

THE BANZA MANTEKE CHRISTIANS.—Mr. William Manteke, of Bishop Taylor's mission on the Congo, recently visited a Baptist mission at Bansa Manteke, and writes of it to African News:—"I went to Bansa Manteke, the place where the Baptists have had such a great revival. As I passed through the towns of the Christian natives, women, and children looked around to shake hands. I rejoiced to see the notable difference between them and the heathen. I reached the station Saturday afternoon and stayed till Monday. On Sunday the large, iron church was almost packed with natives to worship God. They sang hymns, several in prayer, after which brother Fredrickson, their minister, preached in their language. He then called on one of the native evangelists to speak, who jumped in some words, though I believe they are yet heathen. He said, 'I was tried to persuade him to go back to heathenism, but he answered them, "Do you think if I should fall into a water-hole, and someone pulled me out, I would jump in some and though I might get into a hole, I would not jump in." He spoke with great force and fluency, and though I did not understand all he said, I was benefited to hear him. The Baptist brethren have done much toward mastering the language. The dictionaries, grammars and translations from the Scriptures have been a help to us.'—Baptist Missionary.

tans, and their many failures in prayer. If he leads in prayer, instead of saying, "The Lord, he prays for some one who is present, or at the church in general. Occasionally he is seen at a church social, and when he comes brother or sister who is trying hard to cultivate a feeling of friendliness and good fellowship among the people approaches him with a warm greeting and shake of the hand, he replies with a shade of sarcasm: "If this was prayer-meeting night, you wouldn't see so many here. And he usually adds some remarks regarding the worldly tendencies of Christians at the present day.

His favorite victims are among the young people. In dealing with the unconverted he does not talk directly to them on the subject of religion, giving them a chance to state their position or to ask for guidance. That might entangle himself. He prefers to shoot his quills from a distance, aiming at them as they pass, or giving them a side shot now and then, when talking to others in their presence. If a young disciple fails to bear his part in the prayer-meeting, he of the sharp quills has something to say to him about being untidy, or not showing colors. And when, after a hard struggle and much prayer, the timid beginner has uttered a few words in public, he is reminded by the same mentor that religion consists in something more than speaking in meeting.

The one great fear of these people seems to be lest religion should be made too pleasant and too attractive. They are exceedingly careful to strain out every grain of undue levity from their religion, while they swallow whole the bitterest canals of faith-finding, uncharitableness and complaining. Quadruped porcupines hibernate. So do the bipeds. They roll themselves up in a ball—spines outward—and sleep for months at a time. Don't touch them, however, or make them up for the spines are as sharp as ever. You must them from church, and you ask the reason. Asleep! Oh, no! They never sleep. They never grow cold in the work. They stay away from church because it does them no good to go. The spines are so sharp that they are not touched by his sermons. He is afraid to preach the stern, full gospel. Or the church is so worldly, unspiritual, that they are utterly discouraged. So they stay at home, coiled up in their spinous shells, and live on their own spiritual diet of faith-finding, uncharitableness and complaining.

The quadruped porcupine is very useful in some countries as a destroyer of vermin. The use of the biped porcupine does not rest upon the same principle. It is used as a specimen of the then unnamed species that St. Paul called "a thorn in the flesh." If so, the Almighty still sees it to allow them to remain in the church as a means of developing in themselves a deeper experience of grace and charity. It is their becoming our duty to bear with them. Yes, we must love them if it is possible for love to penetrate their quill armor. But, fellow-Christians, don't imitate them! Be whatever else you please, but don't be a porcupine.

A Lawyer Converted.

At a recent service conducted by Major Whittle, he related the following incident: "A lawyer once came into one of our meetings. He remained to the close, and came back the following week, and was one of these. He said, 'I was explaining the Faith and repentance, showing how many people go wrong by thinking they must have the feeling first, ignoring the fact that they are disobeying Scripture, and looking for a sign instead of Christ. I told them the story of the man who had left his house. His father was dead, but he refused to stay and comfort his widowed mother, having resolved to see the world. He came one day, and when he entered the house discovered his mother on her knees praying for her son, and telling God how he was breaking her heart. The sight touched him. He saw how selfish and sinful he had been, and throwing himself beside his mother, exclaimed, "O, mother, pray for me that your Saviour may be my Saviour, too." It was the sight of her whom he had wronged, and who still loved him, that brought him to a sense of his guilt, and it is the sight of Him whom the sinner has wronged that brings the tears of repentance to the eyes of the guilty one. As I was speaking, the lawyer, with a laugh, turned his face into a snarl. He thought he had been drinking, but he undecieved me. At the end of the meeting he jumped up with a face radiant with joy, and said, "Fifteen years ago I was a Methodist minister, and did all I could to get repentance. When I failed I made up my mind that I was one of those shut out. I kept away from churches for fifteen years, saying I was not invited. Then I came into this meeting I know not, but that word was just what I wanted, and now that I have looked away from self to Christ, I have found Him to be my Saviour." That lawyer became a Sabbath-school superintendent, and an earnest Christian worker."

Pleasing God.

Pleasing God—what a privilege, what an unexpressed pleasure! It is a great joy to feel that we please Him whom we love above all other beings and objects. Oh, to please Him. What a glorious thing, to be in His love! His love is now, no contentment, and the heart in complete harmony with God—His will the rule of thought and action. How pleasantly every work and duty of life moves when in such a state. Temptations are easily overcome, and trials borne with a calm resignation. Life has now become a joy, and is prized as an inestimable gift for doing good and blessing the world. The apostle exhorts thus: "We beseech you, brethren, and exhort you by the Lord Jesus, that as ye have obeyed, with all your heart, to walk and to please God, so ye should abound more and more." Are we following the exhortation of the apostle in every act of life? Are we abounding in pleasing God more and more? If so, we have found, with all this men of grace, "glory begun below." Let us have the great motto of life—to please God in everything.—Zion's Herald.

Are You Going Upward?

I was startled by a shrill whistle outside my window. Then a loud voice was sent far up the street: "Bill, I say, are you going upwards?" Back came the answer: "No, downwards, Jack."

Another shout: "Then here we parts company; our path isn't the same."

And, with a laugh, the two speakers went each on his opposite road, leaving me at my window, full of solemn thoughts about two other ways.

Two ways, and only two! Upwards and downwards. No third—no middle road! Each path has its own name; each, its own peculiar features; each, its own sign-posts, warnings and directions to travellers. One of these roads is very full of cautions, so that no man at the end of his journey may have to say, "I took the wrong turning by mistake."

At the beginning of this road, which, I may as well tell you, is the downward path, there is a large sign-post; on it, as if to warn undecided passengers, before plunging into this seemingly pleasant path, is written: "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death." A little further on, lest the traveller should not have noticed the first caution, is another placed, bold and uncompromising in its statement: "Woe unto him that buildeth his way that leadeth to destruction!" Then another reminder (Oh, how kind and gentle it is!) meets the eye. The poor, deceived, way-worn passenger may now wish that he had never entered this path: the downward, let me tell you a few names by which it is called:

The broad way.—Matt. 7:13. The way of transgressors.—Prov. 13:15. The way of the wicked.—Prov. 15:9. The way of the ungodly.—Psa. 1:6. The way of sinners.—Psa. 1:1. And many others; but these will suffice to show that a road which can be thus described is not a safe road, even if it be fat to look upon.

Thanked be to God, that no poor way-farer, though even a fool, can get so long as the glorious directions in His word remain to show that "Too late!" is never the Saviour's denunciation in this life. Come! come! come! is His voice to the weary wanderer, who has come to you turn from the downward road, whilst the Lord's entreaty is, "Turn you, turn you, why will ye die?" He knows that death eternal must be the end of this way, and He would have you turn your feet into the upward path.

These are some of its names: The narrow way.—Matt. 7:14. The way of the righteous.—Psa. 1:6. The path of life.—Psa. 17:11. The path of the just.—Prov. 4:18. The way of righteousness.—Prov. 12:28.

As for the directions, they are very simple and very plain, and may be briefly summed up in four: 1. Looking unto Jesus.—Heb. 12:2. 2. Press toward the mark.—Phil. 3:14. 3. Walk in love.—Eph. 5:2. 4. If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.—Gal. 5:25.

Obedy these directions, by the Holy Spirit's help, and you cannot fail in your upward path. By these, your will be taken out of self, and stripped of self-righteousness, and led on from strength to strength, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your soul. I have set the upward and downward paths before you. "The way of life is above to the wise, that he may depart from hell beneath." Let me ask you, as Jack asked his friend, "Are you going upwards?"

God grant that in reply to your answer I may not have to say, "Then we must part company." But if your hearty response is, "Yes, I am going upwards, by God's mercy and grace," then I shall see you some day at the top of the world, and you, the reader, will rejoice together in that fulness of joy which is the end of the upward path.—Selected.

The Religious Porcupine.

BY THE REV. GEO. H. HUBBARD.

The porcupine is a fitting symbol of the disagreeable. With his long sharp spines sticking out in every direction, he wounds all who venture to touch him. Some assert that he has a habit, in his more than usually disagreeable moods, of shooting of his quills like darts, and thus wounding those at a distance from him.

In our books on natural history these animals are described as quadrupeds; but we have seen a species of biped that, if not identical, is certainly very closely related to them. We find them in our churches, and occasionally they make their way into the prayer-meeting, though they are not regular attendants there. Their religion is of a kind peculiar to themselves, and they wear it as a porcupine does his quills. In their view the chief use of religion seems to be to make everybody uncomfortable who comes in contact with them. And they are nothing loath to shoot a dart now and again at long range. They take a supreme delight in inflicting wounds in the form of reproof, criticism, and the like.

One of these thorny individuals is quite sufficient to taint the comfort of a whole community of earnest Christian workers. He is always watching for a chance to "hit" somebody; and he is no respecter of persons. At the close of the morning service he often greets the pastor, and with a significant emphasis says to him, "That was a capital text you preached from this morning." On the rare occasion when he crops into the prayer-meeting, if he speaks, it is to reproach the coldness of his fellow-Christians.

Caleb—A Model for Christians.

Caleb is one of the noblest characters in the Old Testament. His whole biography is condensed into a few bright and beautiful sentences. He was the chieftain of a clan