SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

Read before the Sunday-school Convention at North Kingston, by Mary L. T. Whitter, and published by request of that body.

There is no class of persons in our churches, not even hard worked, unthanked deacons, who perform as large an amount of labor for which they receive no remuneration as do Sunday-school teachers. Deacons, clerks, treasurers, collectors, trustees and other servants of the church have occasional respite. Sunday-school teachers have no respite. Week after week, month after month, and year after year, they no sooner teach one lesson then they are burdened with the next. Great praise is their due whether they effect much or little.

"Who does the best his circumstances allows does well, acts nobly." The church and congregation in which they labor are their debtors; and I am far from wishing to disparage either the workers or their work. But, is it not right to ask: Does the Sunday-school furnish as good biblical scholars as fifty-two lessons in a year for eight or ten years might be expected to furnish? Are there, relatively, as many now who, Apollos like, are mighty in the Scriptures as there were before Sunday-schools became general? There were, here and there, giants in those days. Is there not reason to fear that the race of giants is becoming extinct? The fault is not in the text book. It must be somewhere else

Among the reasons that might be assigned for this decadence of thorough Bible study are the following:

(1) Parents, in some instances, allow Sunday-school instruction to supersede instruction by themselves. A most dangerous error.

(2) Sunday-school helps, of which there are an superabundance, are at times used not as aids to study but instead of study. Cotton designates man a lazy animal; and some of our qualities are admirably fitted to foster laziness.

(3) Our Sunday-school literature is, for the most part, calculated to induce a superficial habit of reading, and by natural sequence a superficial habit of thought.

(4) The multiplicity of religious books cause even the truly pious to devote less time to the study of the Bible than they otherwise would, and

(5) We teachers need ourselves to be taught.

There are a few persons who, like Thomas Babington Macaulay and Henry Ward Beecher, can read extensively and think profoundly. The number, however, is very small. One can no more become intellectually strong by reading a vast number of books, than physically strong by eating a vast quantity of food. One must reflect: "A soul without reflection, like a pile without inhabitant, to ruin runs," or as Tupper puts it:

"That never thinking over reading plan,
Fashions some patchwork garments for a man,
But starves his mind."

It is possible for one to be well acquainted with a subject, and yet so destitute of the gift of utterance, as to be unable to communicate his knowledge of that subject; but it is not possible for one to communicate that which he does not know; nor to express clearly that of which he thinks confusedly. Feeble and obscure sentences are the inevitable result of feeble and obscure thought. The superficial thinker cannot be the good teacher. Though the little child or the imbecile old woman can understand enough of the Bible to obtain salvation through Jesus Christ, it being the most highly intellectual of all books, requires the closest study. Hence to have more efficient schools we must have more efficient teachers. The question then is: How is a better class of teachers to be obtained? I would answer, Let them receive special training for their work, and would beg to suggest something like the following: Let a number of young persons who will pledge themselves to become teachers, be selected from the most pious and intelligent in the church, and placed under the instruction of the best biblical scholar in that church for a period of at least three years.

As the pastor is supposed to be better acquainted with the Bible than any of his hearers, the instruction of this class would naturally devolve on him; but if it is absolutely impossible for him to take the charge of it, let him, after much thought and enquiry, and perhaps also asking the opinions of neighboring ministers appoint some one of the church to this work.

The character and qualifications of the teacher of this class are of immense importance. He must be in possession of considerable general information, have a profound knowledge of the Bible, and above all, be a man of deep, earnest, fervent piety. Otherwise the undertaking would be a failure. If the blind lead the blind both will fall into the ditch."

The class should meet weekly, and each session occupy at least an hour. The first year might be devoted to the gospel by Matthew, Mark, and Luke and the parallel passages in John. The second year the remainder of John and the Acts of the Apostles; and the third year the Epistles. A careful study of these portions would involve no inconsiderable study of nearly the whole Bible. At any rate enough to preserve the teacher from very gross errors.

At the end of three years the students should be examined by the pastor and leading men in the church, and if sound in the faith receive certificate to teach; and henceforth teachers be selected from this class only.

This preparatory course would render the weekly preparation of the lessons far more effective. There can be no intelligent piety without a knowledge of the Bible, and piety is intelligent in exact ratio with that knowledge. I believe in the right of private judgment, but that right would cease to be a privilege if one were too ignorant to form a correct judgment.

The Bible is an unexhausted inexhaustible mine, and every diligent explorer is sure of a large reward. In it there are beauties on which the human eye needs to gaze long if it would duly admire; there are difficulties which require that the reader have in a measure the same spirit as the great author; there are notes which have only begun to have a response on earth, and there are gems which have never yet been fully seen.

In our study of the Bible we should never forget our dependence on the Holy Spirit. He takes the things of Christ and reveals them unto us. He leads us into the truth. Whatever may be a teacher's natural endowments, whatever training he may have received, how pleasing soever may be his address, his teaching will be productive of but little good unless he is under the influence of the Holy Spirit. Indeed, if he would attain to the highest success, he should "be filled with the Spirit."

The influence of the Sunday-school teachers is an important factor in moulding the religious thought of the rising generation, and if we would that their piety be of stalwart type, the teachers of to-day must be "strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus."

In concluding I want to say a few words to you who are young. I hope that you all believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and that you are engaged in Sunday-school work either as teachers or learners, and if you would escape the wiles of the devil, if you would grow in grace, if you would have the mind in you which was in Christ Jesus, if you would be instrumental in bringing others to Christ, if you would help the weak and raise those that are fallen, if you would be strong mentally, morally and spiritually, if you would have the highest joy of which the human soul is capable—communion with God—diligently, reverently, prayerfully study the Bible.

The Professor at the World's Fair.

My friend, the young Professor says, the world is being resolved into two classes,—those who go to the Fair and those who stay at home. The Professor has been there. I have not.

I asked him what he liked best at the Fair. He did not answer me at once, he is slow of speech sometimes, but swift of thought, and I waited patiently.

"I wish you could see the pictures!" he said at length. "There is a marine you would like—waves, waves, waves, and boundless waves beyond. They roll up to your feet, they swish against the rocks and over the grey-stretch of sand-dune, they retreat with whisperings. They are foamy, they are black, they are blue, they are luminous green, they are all you know the sea to be. What you get out of the picture depends upon what is in yourself. To some some its horizon is the end of the canvass—I could see no end, it went on and on. I sat by it half an hour and felt as though I were being washed in it's salt healing breath, inwardly, my soul's horizon broadening. As I visited the rest of the exhibit I found myself humming:

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea."

I know of nothing else like it.

"There were many other beautiful pictures," I suggested questioningly.

"Yes," he answered. "Yes, many indeed. I liked the Russian collection, their brilliant coloring, the vigorous handling of some subjects, the court scenes were fine. The gay dressed groups told me stories. I liked—I'll tell you about an odd one. The catalogue captioned it a Forest of Norway Pine. It was a phalanx of tree-stumps. No tops visible, nor ground nor sky, the boles bare and limbless.

I thought it must be hung wrong and twisted my neck and eyes to see if it were not a raft of logs instead of a forest. I had read of the chanticleer taken by tourists to Norway for that strange winter season—did you never hear of him. Well, this ambitious bewildered "fowl of the air" supposing it perpetual sunrise crowed all winter, crowed himself at last to an icy alien grave! We bipeds don't understand Norway, you see. But don't you think a Norwegian would understand that painting; can't you picture him gazing at it, especially if he had been long exiled; can't you *feel* what *he* would see in it!—the silence, the reaches, the vistas, the green brush at the tips, and the rush of the wind through them, the odorous wind! O, he would hear and see it all, because it was in him. I saw all there was in me of it, and I called it a failure."

The Professor was pacing the parlor, his hands behind him. "And what do you think I visited next," he asked.

"The other works of art, the statuary, the——"

"No, no!" he interrupted. "I didn't. I went to Midway Plaisance and saw Buffalo Bill's wild west show. O, it was delightful! You do not know the charm of a circus. You think only of the jaded horses and the vicious appearing Indians, the rough looking men, the vulgar clown, the hard-faced women, and you have only sympathy for the parental Gradgrinds. But you should see it all at night—the Indian's squaw covered with savage splendor of blanket and feathers, the ponies gally trapped, their riders resplendent in tinsel and spangles, the clown irresistible in jollity and rainbow raiment, the whole ring ablaze with lantern and torch, the bands in full swing of play and the rollicking, foolish crowd shouting and clapping their applause; I believe it would stir even your renunciative blood; and you would begin to sympathize with the juvenile Gradgrinds, reared on such hollow feasts of "facts," and forbidden to view even the hills of a show. O, I remember "show day" when we were boys! We lads were up and away at dawn, and across the marsh to watch for the gay colored vans—no trains then—great waggons drawn by the circus horses. We would fight for the best vantage, the highest limbs in the old willows that commanded the roadway. How awed we were, though when it came abreast us, all the wild animals of our boyhood's lore we supposed in those caged vans—the wonderful groups of the Geography's pictures — Asia, Africa, Europe, and even the pouched and polysyllable beasts of Australia. We followed on behind the waggons, counting our hoarded pennies, wondering as to the fineness of the 'exhibits,' and longing for a peep of the foolish clown and the tinsel-robed girls. Then to hurry on to the town and keep ahead of the procession, to linger all day about the green common, where they made their ring and pitched their tents. Those tents; O, how white and gleaming they looked to us when we were children and forbidden to enter! I have never seen a white one since then; like many another thing they are grey now that we are grown and they no longer forbidden. Really, I don't approve of a circus," added the Professor, "but this one rested me, I was getting top-heavy with art. By all means go see Buffalo Bill when you visit the Fair.

I shook my head in protest. "Think of wasting your time on such scenes and missing all the wonders that were to view; you could attend a circus in your own country town. You are like the pussy-cat in the nursery rhyme who 'went to London to see the Queen,' and instead 'frightened a little a mouse under a chair,' the very experience she could have in the cellar cupboard any day of her life at home. There are many others of apiece with you; I asked a young machinist who year in and out works among the throbbing steel and iron and had this summer taken a 'week off' for the Fair—I asked him what he saw there. 'The machinery,' he said. He spent nearly every hour of those days watching the 'wheels and belts.' Why didn't he see the pictures and you the machinery, you each would have been gainers."

"No," said the Professor, "you are wrong; it is not the new we want, but more of what we already have a taste. The machinist and I, and the pussy-cat, understand what we need most. I'll tell you something, though, in your line of argument. Your remember Mary-Annette! Well, she has been to the Fair."

Yes, I knew Mary-Annette. She is tall and gaunt, and rural and uneducated.

"Mary-Annette was en route for *West Constant*," continued the Professor with a twang of the old lady's tongue. "She 'had Isaiah for company 'lar as the States' (Boston) then went on alone to Chicago to stop a day with a cousin she had not seen for forty years. The cousins went together to the White City, and someway the only wonders they saw were the big Canadian cheese and the Ferris Wheel, had a ride on one, I forget which, suppose it was the wheel. Mary-Annette, as you recollect, is not explicit in her accounts of travel and exploit. But what I wanted to say was this, When they came in sight of the big cheese it brought to their minds the old days at home when both were girls on neighboring farms, where the dairies had whole rows of cheese on the upper shelves. They began to talk it all over. They remembered the Bow-sweet tree just outside the window of Mary-Annette's dairy, and how the mellow apples would fall and roll against the blind, and what a reach it was to get them. They spoke about the cool water in the spring and the cocoanut dipper that hung by it on the mossy rock, and about Thomas Henry who helped them put the cheese to press, and where he was now; of mother, and the cousin from Maine who visited them summers and wore a purple plaid silk; of the syringa bushes by the parlor bed-room windows, and the lilac clump by the gate—they almost saw the stocky long-grown plumes and sniffed their dear old-fashioned scent. They talked and talked. They wandered away to a seat and ate their lunch. They talked and talked until there was just time for a ride on the wheel before six o'clock, and all Mary-Annette saw of the great Fair was the cheese, the wheel and the cousin—unless you count the pictures the talk brought up. And everybody who can 'get a penny' is agog for the Fair. They're all up and 'a movin'—Simple Simon and his Pieman, artists, artisans, titled and serf, black and white."

"And young professors," I added.

"Yes," said he, "and young professors. The dunce who's been to Rome excels the dunce who stays at home," and with this remark he left me. G. D. M.

Personal Work.

On a cold winter evening I made my first call on a rich merchant in New York. As I left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, I said, "What an awful night for the poor!"

He went back, and bringing to me a roll of bank-bills he said: "Please do me a favor. Hand these bills to the poorest people that you know."

After a few days I wrote to him the grateful thanks of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added: "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow creatures has always been so unkind to his Saviour as to refuse Him his heart?"

That sentence touched him to the core. He sent for me to come and talk with him, and speedly gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. But he told me I was the first person who had talked to him about his soul in nearly twenty years. One hour of pastoral work did more for that man than the pulpit effort of a life time.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Torchlights in the Ocean.

There is a species of fish living in the depths of the ocean which sailors call the "midshipman" because it is as profusely decorated with little shining disks as a midshipman is adorned with buttons. Each of these luminous disks is a complete bull's-eye lantern on a small scale, having a lens for concentrating the rays and a reflector behind it. The fish can extinguish these torches at will on the approach of an enemy, or he can brilliantly illuminate his immediate vicinity when searching for prey. The light comes from slim glands which, in deep water, are transformed into phosphorescent spots. In some species the slime keeps running continually down the sides of the fish, making the whole animal brilliant. Professor Langley, of the Smithsonian Institution, says that the light is similar to that of fire-flies, which is the most economical and perfect of all known lights, giving the greatest illumination with the least waste and without perceptible heat. It would be of enormous value to mankind if the secret of this light which the fishes use for their torchlight processions under the ocean could be discovered.—*Congregationalist.*

— H. A. Harvey, manager at St. John of the bank of British North America, wrote to the Hawker Medicine Company of a case that came under his notice where a man who had been laid up all winter with a heavy cold and severe cough was restored to health by Hawker's Tolu and Cherry Balsam and Hawker's Nerve and Stomach Tonic.

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Abraham Lincoln's Religion.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

A vast deal of time and thought and ink have been expended in discussing the religious character of Abraham Lincoln. Some have maintained that he was a Christian; others have maintained with equal assurance that he was an infidel. The disputants, on both sides, seemed to have ignored the peculiar characteristics of the man. Lincoln was not only the best beloved man in American history; he was the most entirely unique. Gladstone, Bismarck and Cavour—the only other men born in this century who can be compared with him—were heroes of history about whom there is no difficulty in pronouncing an instantaneous judgment. All these three have wrought marvellous things, but about them there is no mystery.

Lincoln stands alone, a thoroughly *sui generis* personage. As one of his most recent biographers well remarks, he remains "solitary, mysterious, unmeasured, and unsolved." The ordinary rules by which we measure other great men are inadequate to measure this unique product of our frontier western civilization. Other remarkable men have given some tokens of their greatness by the time that they reached the age of forty. But if Abraham Lincoln had died on his forty-fifth birthday, he would hardly have been remembered at this day by any one outside of the State of Illinois. He was a member of Congress from 1846 to 1848, and during those two years did not utter a single sentence that attracted the least public attention. He introduced a bill for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, and yet in a hot controversy with the slave owners he voted *against* Giddings and the other anti-slavery leaders of the House of Representatives.

Where slumbered his original genius and lofty moral sagacity during all those years? At the age forty-nine he burst upon the nation as the masterly disputant who overthrew Douglas, and two years afterward he delivered in Cooper Institute the wonderful speech that gave him the nomination for the presidency. All the great achievements of his life were condensed into seven years.

He was naturally very reticent, and kept his own secrets from his own Cabinet. His natural temperament was melancholy, and after a severe bereavement in early manhood he was on the borders of insanity. He was naturally skeptical, and it is unquestionable that during the first two-thirds of his life he was a skeptic in his religion. That proves nothing, for Albert Barnes and many other eminent Christians were skeptics during their youth and early manhood. Herndon, the law partner of Lincoln, asserts that Lincoln was an infidel; and Ingersoll, with his characteristic impudence, maintains that our martyr-President was no more a Christian than he is himself! Even the editor of the New York *Christian Advocate* lately declared that "The best that can be said of him in this respect is that toward the close of his life he was a deist, a man of prayer, who after having been a skeptic and infidel of the Thomas Paine type, as years advanced and responsibilities crowded upon him and bereavements brought him face to face with the future life, became a believer in a personal God as distinguished from a mere power in the universe; came to respect the Bible and the character of Jesus Christ; prayed, and had an increasing respect for the Christian church and its influence on individual life."

The editor adds that it is "not improbable that he would have become a communicant of some church if he had lived until he died a natural death." I concur entirely with this last opinion, quite as much as I disapprove of the application of the word "deist" to Mr. Lincoln, for the word, in popular usage, signifies a free-thinker who acknowledges the existence of a God, but who denies revealed religion.

Abraham Lincoln believed in prayer. He once remarked, "I have often been driven to my knees under the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all others around me seemed so utterly insufficient at the time." Was he a hypocrite when he said that? During a very dark period of the war he had an earnest talk with his intimate friend, Bishop Simpson, and at length he said, "Bishop, let us pray over this," and he arose and locked the door, and the Bishop offered a fervent prayer. Does this look like either hypocrisy or infidelity? Does it not rather look like the honest act of a man of strong faith?

Lincoln was a deep and constant student of the Word of God. To the colored people of Baltimore who presented to him a beautiful Bible, he said: "This great book is the best gift that God has given to man. All the good from the Saviour of the world is communicated through this book." Lincoln's style was learned from constant study of the Scriptures. The *London Times* pronounced his second inaugural address "The Sublimest State Paper of Modern Times." And so it is; it is largely wrought in Bible language, and that Immortal line, "with malice towards none, with charity for all," reads as if it were a line from the New Testament. Do the Ingersoll school of freethinkers treat God's Word as Lincoln always treated it?

Mr. Lincoln's pastor during his residence in Washington was a very able, devout, and spiritual man, but he was not in close political sympathy with the president, nor was he a man to whom Lincoln opened his heart as he did to Bishop Simpson. I have often thought that if Simpson or Dr. Kirk of Boston had been his pastor, Mr. Lincoln might have been led to a more decided and public stand on the great question of confessing Jesus Christ. His intimate friend, Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, relates that when a member of Congress asked him why he did not not join some church, Mr. Lincoln replied, "Because I found difficulty, without mental reservation, in giving my assent to their long and complicated confession of faith. When any church will inscribe over its altar the Saviour's condensed statement of law and gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy heard, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself,' *that church will I join with all my heart.*"

Whatever of mystery there may be about the marvellous character and career of our beloved Lincoln, no man ever questioned his transparent honesty and sincerity. And no man led a cleaner, purer life. Perhaps no confession of faith would have come more honestly from his great true heart than this, "Lord, I believe; help Thou my unbelief!" That Lincoln went no farther we lament; that he went as far as he did we rejoice.—*Evangelist.*

Answered Prayer

Oh, how unbelieving are we when we enter the spiritual realm. High above the gateway of prayer is written in unperishable characters, "Ask, and it shall be given thee." The Author of our being invites us—yea, even beseeches us—to hold sweet communion with himself. The provisions of grace by which this contact may become real and lasting are never subject to interruptions for the sincere seeker. In dark or sunny days there can be no obstruction in this intercourse, only such as arises from our own belief.

Oh, think of the perfect arrangement: the blood of Jesus sprinkling the mercy-seat; the dispensation of the Holy Spirit arranged by infinite wisdom, with a view to promote this fellowship with the Father; all the promises of God—yea, and amen, the testimony of devout minds in all ages proclaiming the impossibility of failure when we approach God in true prayer; the character and covenants of the Almighty pledged to such intercommunication; the adaptation of this fellowship to meet the instinctive yearnings of the soul for happiness! Consider this plan, merciful throughout, tested by millions, always open—not to the few, but *always to all.*

It is written, "To him that knocketh, it shall be opened." Isaiah foresaw this, and cried out, "Thy gates shall be open continually; they shall not be shut day nor night." That glorious city, which the revelator describes, is but the perfected type of the Kingdom of God on earth. It is said that "the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day." So it is with him that overcometh through prayer. The gates are wide open continually. Is he toiling with his hands, seeking daily bread? His heart uplifted toward God may find blessed comfort every moment. Is he passing through overwhelming seas of adversity? He may look up and hear, "Behold, I am with thee." Is he utterly unable to choose between certain plans in life that are presented to him? He reads with greatest comfort, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally."—*Christian Advocate.*

The Honest Man.

To the Editor of the Messenger and Visitor:

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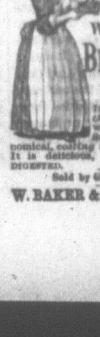

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B. Y. P. U.

OUR OBJECT.

The unification of Baptist young
creased spirituality; their stimula
service; their edification in scripto
their instruction in Baptist histo
through existing denominational in

OUR FELLOWSHIP.

All Young People's Societies of w
in Baptist churches, and Baptist
no organizations are entitled to rep
depend for our unity not upon an
name or method. Our common bo
Testament, in the full affirmation of

WE ARE ONE PEOPLE WITH ON

(Correspondents to this department
their communications to J. J. BAKER

For The Week Beginnin

TOPIC, "Come and see.—

This topic which should b
last week is inserted here, b
may be of service to some
be able to undertake th
Service. The subject for
"Home Missions." This
furnishes a most appropriate

1. "Come and see."
Lamb of God." "And they
Him that day." One is fitt
by *beholding* Christ and h
ship with Him. Here is
ary's qualification.

2. His method is to be
also. He goes to his next of
him about Jesus. But he
when he has told his
brought him unto Jesus."
who has found Jesus to
follow out this method wou
for revival?

Christian Endeavor Thes

"Our responsibility for
Cor. 8: 10, 11; Rom. 14: 12

Both accountable and resp
Put its proper emphasi
"accountable"—"Shall give
of himself unto God."
thought—no pleading. S
cumstances, our weaknesses
advantages—"*Give an acc*
should lead to great care in
fluence on others—loving
thoughts of others. "Judge
Responsibility. This has
do with others. We do not
Your influence will affe
Within certain limits for th
are responsible. What to
perfectly innocent may m
another. If you know that
another even in the use of
for his ruin are you not resp
What then. Keep in mi
law of love. To obey this
life.

I am a *keeper of my bro*
the best methods of keep
knows not Christ, mine to
acquainted. That he may
for this knowledge is no ex
To my Master I am account
responsibility He has thru
Now read Ezek. 33: 3-9; 1
Gen. 4: 9; Rom. 14: 12;
Jas. 5: 20.

"If there be some weaker
Give me strength to help

— Hold a home mission
month. You may not have
and if you have you may no
carry out the programme.
close to the young Baptists
nent as you can. Join th
meeting procession.

—*Home Missions!* Good
gin missions at home. A g
find some one in our home,
friends, in our school, in ou
tion, in our Young People's
like Andrew, bring him to J
is your personal privilege a
that direction?

— The editor of this
wishes to say several thing
for the good of all concern
first place he performs this
entirely as a labor of love.
more than repaid if we ca
young people, have their h
eration, and see the work
In the *second* place, we wan
respondent to know that all
reach us not later than Thu
ing, in order to appear th
week. Unfortunately for us
of the paper is made up the
publication. In the *third*
ready, with unruffled spirit,
fault with. We know from
perience that such is an e
lege. Nobody will be bl
now, to be strictly homileti
fourth and *last* place you
talk back just a little. This
plication of the sermon.
hear from you, but please,
forward your items *prompt*
business like way. Let us
you any date. We are glad
the young people are comp
is good evidence of interest
state, however, that we have
out delay all the material th
to our hands. We shall al
the bush after a while. Ma
tle personal in pointing at
despatch and *business* form.
note from a city on the
coast containing a gentl
about delay. The said n
us on the *fifth* day fro
of writing. He observe
that while it was writt
day it bears the *Sunday*
Here is another that call
editor to rise and explain a
but it bears no date, no add
no evidence when or wh
written. This isn't fair.
see the editor can't scold bac
in such a case? It is our m
course, that we don't know a
people of these provinces by
of the B. Y. P. U." is prov
definite. We hope it will b
and more indefinite. Take
good nature, but—but!——

— The Halifax B. Y. P.
will hold their next public m
in the Dartmouth Baptist c
unions are cordially invited
G. FULTON, Sec. B.

SUMMERSIDE, P. E.

We have a good class in C
scribe for fourteen copies of
now. More to follow.
BYRON H.

— We ought to have a
post-card items like the abo

— A rut is not made by
the marching army, but
wheel that rolls along again
in the same track. Don't
wheel, join the army.