

and heartaches, till they are ready to cry out in their pain,

"Memory! memory! why do ye spring  
From my heart's deep caverns to-night?  
And why do ye sadness around me fling  
Instead of a silvery light?  
Oh! memory, ye have made me weep,  
For ye bring to my earnest gaze  
Friends lying silent in death's dark sleep—  
Loved friends of my youthful days."

Yonder, too, we would see a young mother, with anxious face and aching heart, tenderly watching over her young and fair child who a few days ago was the very light of its home, but to-day it lies almost insensible, fever-burned and dying, and when, a few hours later, the little soul has fled and the once sweet body is fit for nothing but the grave, and we hear the mother's broken hearted cry of anguish, and knowing that she, too, after

"A few more years shall roll, a few more seasons come,  
Will be with those who rest, asleep within the tomb;"  
we may well ask ourselves with all the earnestness of soul we possess. Is life worth living? and seek with all our hearts to know something of a better and purer life than this. Seeking for something better, how thankful we should be to our Heavenly Father that we have only to go to His precious Word and there learn of a better life, a nobler life and a life that never ends in death; of a body that shall be given us that will never grow old nor sick and will never die; of a Saviour who shall change this vile body, this dying, mortal, corruptible body, and fashion it like unto His own glorious body, "by the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

Of the workings whereby He will change our vile bodies, we know nothing. Sufficient it is for us to know that it will be done. He who once formed this glorious and orderly planet out of the once disorderly and vile body of chaos; He who stilled the storm and commanded the waves of Genesaret; He who called Lazarus forth from the tomb and Himself burst the bars of death and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel; by the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself, will make the change, and will fashion us like unto Himself and will give us a name and an inheritance even above the angels. In that day "we know not what we shall be, but when Christ shall appear we shall be like Him and we shall see Him as He is."

Oh! then how we should strive to so live during this short span of time that "passeth away like a tale that is told," like a vapor that disappears under the bright morning sun and like a "fading flower," in which God has given us to live on the earth, that in the fulness of His own time we may be counted worthy to have our bodies fashioned like unto that of the Son of God, and be thus enabled to live higher, more noble, more exalted and happier lives throughout an endless eternity, than the human heart, blinded in this dull casket of clay, can now conceive of.

We also know that those who do not receive this glorious change of body will come forth or be changed into a body subject to eternal death. If our natural bodies are vile, now being subject to death and corruption, how much more will that body be with which some will be clothed on the final day? Bodies that will there inherit death from which there will be no resurrection, corruptible bodies, whose worm will never die, but whose very nature will be eternal death, corruption and destruction beyond the confines of our knowledge or imagination.

Reader, will you not try to escape such a corruptible, dying and eternally cursed of God inheritance as this vile body; so vile that they will be forever driven away from the presence of God and from the glory of His power. The arch enemy of our souls is trying hard to destroy our hopes of having our present vile bodies changed and fashioned like unto the glorious body of our dear Saviour

Then let us put on the whole armor of God and fight the good fight of faith to the end, and our reward will be sure and the glorious change certain.

"Oh, watch and fight and pray;  
The battle ne'er give o'er;  
Renew it boldly every day,  
And help divine implore."

H. A. DeVoe.

STUMBLING-STONE.

The Sunday-school lesson for February 12th contains some most excellent thoughts on the subject of offending the little ones, i. e., the true followers of Christ. We wish to reproduce some of these thoughts for the benefit of those who do not—but ought to—attend the Sunday school.

The lesson is found in Matt. xviii. 14. To get the force of this lesson we must read the same lesson as recorded by Mark ix. 38, and Luke ix. 49. Here we find the disciples forbidding a certain one from casting out devils because he followed them not. But Christ said, "Forbid him not, for he that is not against us is for us." This gives us a correct idea of the crime of offending another—the idea of causing another to stumble, as the New Version has it. Many have supposed that the offending was the crime of injuring another's feelings; but it is not the feelings we offend so much as the work of another. When we impede the work of another we put a stumbling-block in his way; we cause him to stumble or to offend. We may differ in our opinions as to how certain work should be done. But when I make my idea of how you should work the means of destroying your work, then I offend you. I may make you feel badly in not consenting to your way and manner of work, but as long as I keep my hands off and don't prevent your work, or seek to prevent it, I do not cause you to stumble. It is a fearful perversion of Scripture to suppose because my brother does not agree with me in the way I am working that therefore he causes me to stumble. If such were the case there would be a big job of stumbling going on, as we see but few who agree in the manner of work.

The disciples who came to Christ were doing this very thing. They did not consider the good work that was being done was to be taken into account. The question of importance with them was, Is he of us? Does he follow us? Christ taught them that this was not the question of importance, but rather, Is he doing a good work? If so, don't offend him, but let him work on in his own way.

Here is the lesson of transcendent importance that is taught in this Scripture. We should encourage rather than discourage every good work, although it may not be in our regular line of thought. How many times we have seen young disciples discouraged by complaints from others, and thus so disheartened that they would conclude it is of little use to try. How easy it is to cause others to stumble by just such critical and cynical complaints. I know of one who advised a young man to keep silent in meeting. The young man heeded his advisor and now is silent in every good word and work. He was offended or made to stumble. His work was stopped because not agreeable to another's ideas. Let us be sure in our advice that we don't stop a good work. If there must be a change, let it be for the better. But don't allow yourself for a moment to suppose that because I will not agree with you in the way you think or work, that I therefore cause you to stumble. Nothing could be further from the truth. If you are so weak that you give up the work because I will not work in your way, then I am commanded to bear with your infirmities, and not compel you to go my way. Let us not put a stumbling-block in our brother's way.

H. M.

A CHINESE FUNERAL.

A little Chinese girl was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, in Brooklyn, the other day, in a way that would seem very odd to an American child. Red candles, which emitted a disagreeable odor, were burned in the house, and at the grave a fire was kindled to burn all the girl's clothes. Into this the relatives kept throwing a white powder, which burned with a bluish light. The Chinese believe that Satan has a fashion of racing to the grave, and seizing the body as it arrives, so, on the way there, the friends keep tossing bits of paper out of the carriage window, which Satan is supposed to pick up and read, thus allowing the procession to reach the cemetery first.

Married.

RAND-JACKSON.—At the parsonage, Port Williams, Feb. 6, by E. C. Ford, A. Bruce Rand, Esq., to Miss Martha J. Jackson, all of Cornwallis.

SIBLEY-WITHROW.—At East Rawdon, on the 14th ult., by J. B. Wallace, assisted by W. K. Burr, Muir Sibley to Bessie Withrow.

YOUNG PETERS.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Everett, Mass., Feb. 4th, by the Rev. W. O. Ayer, Mr. Charles A. Young, of Digby County, N. S., to Miss Jessie H. Peters, daughter of Jesse Peters, formerly of Westport, N. S.

RICHARDSON-WEISH.—At Leonardville, Deer Island, N. B., at the home of the bride's father, John Welch, on the evening of the 9th ult., by T. H. Capp, assisted by W. Murray, Mr. F. B. Richardson, of Richardsonville, Deer Island, to Miss Annie L. Welch.

Died.

BURBIDGE.—At the residence of Chas. Burbidge, Lower Canard, January 14th, Mrs. Mary A. Burbidge, relict of the late Wm. G. Burbidge, aged 83 years. Thus has passed away peacefully, and in the sure hope of eternal life, an aged disciple. For many long years she has been a consistent member of the Church of Christ in Cornwallis, and though on account of her feeble health she has not been able to meet often with her brethren in late years, still she has ever manifested a warm interest in the cause of God; and would rejoice in its prosperity. She was tenderly cared for by her step-son, with whom she spent her last days. She leaves an only daughter, Sister D. McLean, and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss. It can be truly said that our sister was of a "meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." May we all so live that when our change comes we shall be ready. E. O. F.

Port Williams, Feb. 24, 1888.

SABEAN.—The hand of affliction has been laid upon the family of Bro. Benjamin Sabean, of South Range. The messenger called for dear little Hattie Robena, aged three years and eleven months. It is a sad bereavement to the family and all feel sad who knew her. She was called very suddenly, the disease being croup, and it soon did its work. She died on Sunday, January 15th. May the thought expressed by David comfort them, and make them strive more earnestly for heaven. The thought that although she cannot come to them they can go to her. Their loss is her gain. She has gone to be with Jesus. May the dear Saviour comfort them in their affliction. J. A. GATES.

HALIFAX CHURCH FUND.

Mrs. E. Chandler,	\$1 00	West 56 Street Church,	
Mrs. J. McGregor,	1 00	New York,	\$15 02
Mrs. W. Miller,	1 00	John W. Sollick,	20
Miss C. Crawford,	1 00	Geo. Richardson,	50
Miss H. McGregor,	50	Mrs. H. Outhouse,	40
Mrs. R. Boyer,	50	A Friend,	10
Mr. J. Denar,	50	Samuel Wyand,	1 00
Mrs. J. Denar,	50	Charles Wyand,	50
Miss M. McCallum,	25	Alex. McKay,	25
Miss C. McCallum,	25	John Houston,	1 00
F. Chandler,	50	Albert McKay,	50
Mrs. Elizabeth Spinney,	10	R. E. Bagnall,	50
Benjamin Sandford,	10	Mrs. R. E. Bagnall,	50
Mrs. John Anthony,	25	Mrs. James Dickison,	50
Mr. John Anthony,	25	Mrs. McGregor,	25
Howard Anthony,	10	Mrs. Thos. Seaman,	25
Lorenzo Anthony,	10	Eliza Ling,	50
Mrs. A. Gregor,	20	Jacob Ling, jr.,	25
Joseph Thompson,	1 00	John Stevenson,	20
Mrs. J. E. Pearce,	1 00		

\$32 52

W. J. MESSERVEY,  
Treasurer.