

do not feel as we do about certain doctrines are not Christians at all, and that the prevalence of our favorite views is identical with the triumph of Christianity.

There is only one cardinal Christian doctrine and that as we understand it is the truth that gleams forth from every page of the New Testament that fellowship with Christ is eternal life. From this central doctrine of Christianity truths radiate in every direction, and Christianity itself is a vaster system than many of us have imagined. If a doctrine of God's Word has come to us so clearly and impressively that it arouses our spiritual life let us be thankful for the revelation. At the same time let us remember that other doctrines are also true; that our sympathies are not to be limited to those who see exactly as we do, and that the triumph of Christianity is not identical with the prevalence of our views.

His Life Closed his Lips.

A youth at one of the large iron works in Sheffield, England, was some time ago accidentally thrown on a red-hot armor plate. When he was rolled off by his fellow workman, it was doubtful if he could live, as nearly all one side of him was burning to the bone. His workmates cried out, "Send for the doctor!" but the poor, suffering youth cried:

"Never mind sending for the doctor; is there any one here who can tell me how to get saved? My soul has been neglected, and I'm dying without God. Who can help me?"

Although there was three hundred men around him, there was no one who could tell him the way of salvation. After twenty minutes of untold agony, he died as he had lived. The man who saw the accident and heard the cries of the dying youth was a wretched backslider, and when asked about the matter, he said:

"I have heard the cries ever since, and wished I could have stooped down and pointed him to Jesus, but my life closed his lips."

Does your life tell sinners you are saved, or does it close your lips when those around hear you talk and witness your actions?—*Selected.*

At the End of the Journey.

A small boy sat quietly in a seat of the day coach on a train running between two of our Western cities. It was a hot, dusty day, very uncomfortable for traveling, and that particular ride is perhaps the most uninteresting day's journey in our whole land. But the little fellow sat patiently watching the fields and fences hurrying by, until a motherly old lady, leaning forward asked sympathetically:

"Aren't you tired of the long ride, dear, and the dust and the heat?"

The lad looked up brightly and replied, with a smile: "Yes, ma'am, a little. But I don't mind it much, because my father is going to meet me when I get to the end of it."

What a beautiful thought it is, that when life seems wearisome and monotonous, as it sometimes does, we can look forward hopefully and trustingly, and, like the lonely little lad, "not mind it much," because our Father, too, will be waiting to meet us at our journey's end.—*Selected.*

"He Can Wind You Up."

SOME time ago, at a meeting held in a large seaport town, two sailors, when spoken to about salvation, said:

"It ain't no use. If we gave up drinking and swearing tonight, we should be as bad as ever tomorrow."

The leader of the meeting took his watch from his pocket and said:

"Do you think the maker of this watch could wind it up again?"

"Of course, he could, sir!" was the answer.

"Well, God is your Maker, and don't you think he could wind you up and keep you going?"

"I never thought of that, sir."

"Come to Him, then, and prove His power. He can put you in working order, and keep you going on board ship just as well as on land."

They both sought salvation. Some eight or nine months later, when they returned from a voyage, and were asked how they had got on, they replied:

"All right, thank God! We made up our minds that every morning we would kneel down and ask Him to wind us up for the day, and every night we would thank Him for having done it; and He did."

Never think that your temptations will be too strong, or that it is too good for you to try.

Remember that "The Eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting arms."—*Christian Budget.*

Enter Whistle Than Whine.

TWO little boys were on their way to school. The smaller one tumbled and though not hurt he began to whine in a childish way—a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a fatherly way and said:

"Oh, never mind, Jimmy; don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle." And he began in the merriest way a cheerful boy-whistle. Jimmy tried to whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he; "my lip won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you haven't got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did, and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.—*Junior Christian Endeavor.*

Notice.

According to promise, we are enclosing addressed envelopes in the papers this week to those of our subscribers who did not pay for this paper when they subscribed.

They will please take care of these envelopes, and as soon as convenient enclose the pay for the paper in them, and be sure to give their name and address, so we will know who to credit with payment. We also enclose some to those of our subscribers who are in arrears for the paper.

They will see the date to which have paid marks on the paper. We hope they will return soon, as we cannot keep the paper alive without money to pay its way.

Church Debt.

IN reply to an appeal for help to pay off the debt on a chapel, Ruskin once wrote: "I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is: Don't get into debt. Starve and go to heaven, but don't borrow . . . And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you preach and pray behind the hedges—or in a sandpit—or a coal-hole—first?"

It should be added that the recipient of the letter promptly sold it for ten pounds!

The Pope is distressed because Protestantism is increasing in Italy, especially in Rome. He sees great danger to "the faith" which he represents.

Married.

SEAMANS MILLER—At Moncton, Sept. 17th, by Rev. D. Hutchinson, Gordon E. Seamans to Mary E. Miller, both of Moncton.

HARDING WOOD—At Moncton, on Sept. 18th by Rev. Dr. Storch, W. E. Harding to Margaret, daughter of John Wood.

MCLEOD PARKER—At the residence of her grandfather, Samuel Belyea, Middle street, West End, by Rev. E. N. Nobles, on the 24th of Sept., Mr. J. E. McLeod, and Miss Amanda Parker, all of West End, St. John, N. B.

CAMP GUNTER—At Boiestown on Sept. 4th, by the Rev. A. R. Knight, Mildred Edith, eldest daughter of Bell Gunter, Esq., to Council Corey Camp of Upper Jungs, Queens county, N. B.

HOPPER POWER—At the Baptist parsonage, Parkside, Sept. 11th, by Rev. I. N. Thorne, D. Hopper to Sapphira M., daughter of deacon R. Power, all of Albert Co.

KAY BEAMAN—At the Baptist parsonage, 2nd Elgin, August 20th, by Rev. I. N. Thorne, CURRY B. Kay to Emma F. Beaman, youngest daughter of deacon W. Beaman, all of Prosser Brook, Albert Co.

PITFIELD KEITH—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 18th inst., by Rev. W. W. Camp, Edward Peter Pitfield to Gladys, eldest daughter of Samuel Keith, Esq., all of Sussex, N. B.

FULLERTON-SINCLAIR—On Sept. 18th, at the home of Joan Fullerton, Esq., Brookton, Albert Co., N. B., by Rev. M. E. Fleitner, William C. Fullerton to Beatrice Sinclair both of Harvey Parish.

PHILLIPS HUTCHINS—At Chipman Station, on 24th inst., by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Henry Phillips of Cape Island to Mrs. Elizabeth A. Hutchins of Cumberland Bay, Queen's Co.

ACKERMAN BROWN—At Big Forks, Harcourt, on 26th inst., by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Robert Ackerman of Gasperaux to Sarah E. Brown of Big Forks, Kent Co.

CASE BAIRD—At 197 Princess street, St. John, Sept. 25th, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, Dr. Myles H. Case to Mrs. George F. Baird, both of St. John.

CARNESE HANSON—At Alma, N. B., Sept. 19th, by Pastor J. N. Atkinson, George Carnese and Annie C. Hanson, both of Waterside, Albert Co.

CASE OLTS—At the residence of the bride's father, North End, St. John, on the 24th Sept., by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Arthur Hartly Case and Stabel L. Olts of St. John.

FURSE McNEELIN—At the Baptist church, Union Street, N. B., Sept. 18th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, assisted by Licentiate T. LeRoy Dakin, Frederick Furse, of Hodgdon, Me., to Lena F. McNeelin of the same place.

SIMONSON TOMPKINS—At the residence of the bride's parents, East Florenceville, N. B., Sept. 25th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Lorne A. Simonson of Windsor, N. B., to Helen M. daughter of William Tompkins, Esq., of East Florenceville.

BAIZLEY MILTON—At Surrey, N. B., Sept. 26th, by Rev. Milton Addison, James E. Baizley to Lilly Milton, both of Hillsboro, N. B.

BRAMAN HEUSTIS—At the home of the bride, on Sept. 24th, by Rev. Wm. M. Field, Frank Braman of Beulah, N. B., to Fannie Heustis of Heustis Landing, N. B.

JONES WEBSTER—At Belyea's Cove on the 25th of September, by Rev. E. K. Ganoag, George B. Jones of Shannon Settlement, and Annie Webster of Wickham.

Died.

FILMORE—At Germantown, Albert Co., N. B., Sept. 13th, Hiram Filmore, aged 78 years. Mr. Filmore was widely known and respected. He leaves a widow and son and a large number of friends who mourn his loss.

COLE—At Cole's Island, Q. Co., Sept. 8th, of paralysis of the brain, George Cole, in the 70th year of his age, leaving a sorrowing wife, six sons and two daughters to mourn the loss of a kind father and loving husband. Funeral service was conducted by the Rev. R. W. Carpenter at Cole's Island Baptist Church, Sept. 19th at 2 o'clock p. m. Text Job 8:9.

REECE—At Cumberland Bay, Queens Co., on 20th inst., of cancer, John Reece, aged 79 years 5 months, leaving a wife and two sons to mourn his decease. Bro. Reece professed religion in Dec. 1858 and was baptized by Elder Elias Keirstead, uniting with the 1st Grand Lake church. His hope was in Christ.

ROBINSON—At Elgin, N. B., Sept. 9, aged 76 years, Jos. Robinson, one of the oldest residents and members of the Baptist church. He died in the hope of the resurrection of the just. He leaves a large circle of friends and several children to mourn his departure.

McNUTT—At Woodside, Westmorland county, on the morning of Sept. 16th, Henry McNutt suddenly obeyed the summons to the eteral world after a painful illness of only five days. The deceased was 55 years of age. He united with the Bayside Baptist church in 1866. He leaves a widow to the care of three thoughtful sons, one of whom is now in British Columbia. The remains of Mr. McNutt were interred near his home at Woodside, the funeral service being conducted by Pastor Wylie H. Smith.