A PRAYER FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Make it a glad one, Thou dear Lord,
To whom the years belong;
Make it a happy year, all crowned
With love, and praise, and song.
Fill it, yes, let it overflow
With loving gifts from Thee;
And best of all, dear patient Lord,
A grateful heart would be.

A heart to thank Thee for the gift
Of each new year of life,
A heart to trust the Hand which sends
Each joy, or care, or strife.
A heart to pray (and to believe
That Thou dost answer prayer),
A heart to hope, a heart to love,
A heart to keep and share.

O tender Christ, bless Thou this year!
Bless Thou its dawn, and bless
Its noon-tide, and its evening, Lord,
And let each heart confess
As days and weeks and months go by
To help the year grow old,
That of Thy glory, King of kings,
The half not yet is told.

—MARY D. BRINE, in *Christian Work.*

WHAT IS OUR MISSION

The prophet Isaiah in speaking of the Christ said, He it is who shall bind up the broken hearted, proclaim liberty to the captive and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Jesus, by his work as clearly and forcibly as by his words, said of himself, I am come to seek and save the lost; to heal the sick; to relieve the distress of the world; to comfort those who mourn; to free the enslaved; to give joy for sorrow, peace for trouble, hope for despair. His was an errand of mercy, a work of love, always those most lowly, those most needy, the lost ones were the objects of His tender care and sympathy. To establish the Kingdom of God, whom he recognized as Father, whose law supreme was love, this was Christ's mission and his aim.

Has the mission of Christ become the mission of His followers? Has this mission resulted in succes? In fancy, I hear a thousand, thousand ready voices answer *Yes.*

What transformation of human life at the magic touch of the Son of Man! The chains of slavery have fallen; the darkness has fled; peace has come upon the troubled waters; man has been redeemed; truth has conquered and evil has retreated, vanquished from the field.

How easy it is to be optimistic when *our* affairs run smoothly! The millionaire can well afford to say, "Whatever is is right."

In our own community the cry of the persecuted may not be heard; intolerance, slavery, open crime, destitution, degradation and despair may not be known, and yet to rise above our own surroundings and look out over the world is to behold in startling vividness all these things in all their awfulness.

We say, proudly, this is the day of Christian humanity; but be not deceived by this wish. Think not the Kingdom of God has fully come, when the Christian nations of the world allow unhindered the atrocities of the barbarous Turk among the defenceless Armenians; when on every hand in our great cities may be heard the cry of the downtrodden and oppressed and the piteous cry of want; worthy men, women and children dying of slow starvation; when we see at every turn the strong with brutish hand lashing the puny forms of weak children with the whip of hardest and ill paid toil; women, too, made to serve a capitalistic greed.

Our toiling children in the factory, workshop and sweatshop, our degraded women laborers also, the product of an industrial system that has not the first Christian element in it, the open pits of sin into which thousands of our best young women and men are dragged often by sheer necessity, the slow movement of reform, the apathy of the so-called upper classes and the blindness of even the educated, the political intrigue and corruption, the too often lethargy of our churches, the members of which are followers in name at least of Jesus, all this I say shows to a casual observer, how far we are removed from the time when shall be realized the Kingdom of our Lord, the kingdom of universal love.

A question that must come home to every thinking man or woman is this: Has the church, to which Christ gave the work of carrying forward the Kingdom which he established, been true to its stewardship? Far be it from me to draw sad pictures from the history of the church; far be it from me to belittle its achievements in the past. God and his church have worked mightily in the world and who can deny it? The fact remains, however open and clear, that the world is yet far from God, that humanity, sin, woe and distress abound. Evil now is forging chains upon human life everywhere. The death cry and the wail of the lost can be heard above the din of this active civilization; so loud is the cry that again we are forced to ask the question, are we true to our mission, our stewardship? What are we really doing to help our fellow-man?

I only ask you, reader, to stop a moment and seriously consider this question, what is your mission? Is it that which Jesus Christ had when on earth? Is it to save the lost?

Can we not consider conscientiously whether our religion is a real belief, a belief which carries us on to action in behalf of the world, or a highly colored sentiment, with which we are vainly striving to satisfy our conscience, and, perhaps more successfully, attempting to beautify our external appearance.

Is religion a sentiment or a living? Is religion formal, theoretical mental and sentimental or is it a grasping, by the devotion of heart, soul and body to God and humanity, the reality of the principle of life which actuated Jesus as he went about doing good?

Knowledge as such has been doled out to us in abundant measure; we have preached and we have listened; our capital stock is full. Why with so much knowledge stored up in the Bible and in the church is not the world saved and the Millenium at hand? As it seems to me the trouble is the fact of knowledge *being stored up.* The world waits, and in its waiting dies, because that knowledge is not put into life. Knowledge is not true knowledge until it is put into use, as capital is not capital save in functional activity. Creeds as such are as lifeless as the paper on which they may be writtin and belief which does not lead to action is no more real.

After all, a man only truly believes what he puts in practice. It is no more than sentiment which says an evil exists and does nothing to reform the ill condition.

Do we mean to say that the church of God *really believes* that the world is lost forever if it knows not Jesus Christ as Saviour, and then can rest in this belief, indifferent in a large degree to the awful doom, its fatal destiny? He truly believes a man is lost who seeks to save him. Surely human nature is humane enough to grant this.

And more is it not mere sentiment that weeps over the wrong and the pain of this world's life and does nothing to dry up its tide of woe? The world knows a man does not truly believe what he preaches if he fails to live accordingly. To believe a man is in need is to stretch forth the helping hand. The reality of any belief is the action which it prompts. If religion is real it is in its activity and not in its mental or spiritual conception. The question is not, what is your religion, *but what does your religion do?*

Then the question comes to us in this form, what are we doing for our fellow men? To answer this is to declare what is our mission.

Another great hindrance to the work of saving men besides the storing up of knowledge, is the superficial sense of sin, its awfulness. We are charged, and often justly, with a sort of dilettantism in our religion, and while we admire the Christ life, our ideal, we fail to appreciate truly the sad condition of all who do not participate in it. We are weak and indifferent because we lack a real sense, a deep conviction of the need of men knowing Christ. Our sense of sin may lead us to weep, as if weeping in this way could save anybody. It is our work now to dry our tears of sentiment and move out to-day into the world's great field of action *and do something.*

The progress of God's kingdom is always in proportion to the faithfulness with which his children discharge the obligations of good stewardship.

Do you believe that member of your family is lost forever who does not know Christ, for God's sake, for your own sake, for his sake do something to save him. Do we see the evil abounding on every hand, in politics, in industry, in society everywhere? Oh let us do something deserving of the name af him who came to save, to keep to purify and bless.

It is God's plan that we should do our part. Man's obedience is God's opportunity. Let us be faithful in our deeds, as we profess to be sound in our faith.

Long enough, it seems to me, we have pressed the subject of our doctrine, our creed, our belief. Is it not time that we realized our mission and translated our creed into conduct, our doctrine into doing, our faith into fruit?

God is not dead; he lives and will do as much by us, yes, more than he ever yet has done if we will but put our willing hands to work, for there never was greater need than now. What then is our mission? As Christ's followers it is *to save.* Have you realized that in your own experience or has someone told you the fact? Have you really been transformed into Christ's likeness or have you been satisfied with mere knowledge of his truth? Experience is not only the great test of truth but it is also the great revealer of truth—"He that doeth the truth cometh to the light."

God means that his church shall save the world. This is its aim and mission. Let them and theories and our doctrines be translated into life. This will silence the criticism of the world; this will draw the world out of the slough of despair, give hope for discouragement, cheer for despondency, freedom for slavery, virtue, joy, peace and salvation to those who now struggle for freedom, who suffer in sin, who die in want, hunger, wretchedness and pain.

ELIPHALET A. READ,
University of Chicago.

Jan. 1st, 1895.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

As we entered the village, a buffalo cow shook her head at us and strained at the rope that was tied to her left forefoot. The rising sun was shining in our eyes as we picked our way along the filthy alley, with our heads above the eaves of the houses. As we broke out upon the other side of the village, it was like getting out of a stable.

But here sitting upon the ground, are a number of cleaner looking men. They are chipping away at a stick of wood, making a plough. You would laugh to see it. It is merely a sharp stick, with an iron nose to keep it from wearing out.

There are three of us. We sit down on a log. Young men and boys begin to gather about us. If you should see them, you would not take them to be the gods of the earth. But such they claim to be. They have come from the tidiest quarter of the village. They are Brahmans. Every one of them from top to toe, is a bunch of pride.

The crowd increases, but we take no notice of them. They are gazing at us. They are talking about us. A few of them are making fun. We read our bibles to ourselves and let them have their talk out. Once in awhile we lift our heads, look them all in the eyes, and then go on with our reading.

After some time a hush settles over the crowd. Then we begin:—"We have come to have a friendly talk. If you would like for us to stay, we will gladly stay. If you prefer not to talk this morning we will go away." "Oh," they all say at once, "we want you to talk to us. We have come on purpose to hear what you have to say." "Well then," we add, "we shall have a most friendly conversation. We have come to you because we have found a great salvation. It is so good that we want you to have it too. We are sinners and you are sinners. And we know that the Saviour who has saved us will be glad to save you, if you will let him. In obedience to His orders, we have come to tell you about him." And so begins one of the most satisfactory hours I have yet had with a crowd of conceited Brahmans.

We know pretty well before hand the main objections they will raise to our story and the principal excuses they will make for their own conduct. They want to know what need there is of Jesus Christ. They say there was no need of His dying for them. God can save them directly without a mediator. Poor blind sinners! They do not see the blackness of their sins and therefore, do not see the need of an atonement for their sins.

When we speak to them of the sin of worshipping idols, they say "What! Is not God everywhere, and in everything? God is in you and in me and in that stone. When we worship an idol we are worshipping God for He is in it. You may worship anything you like for God is in everything and everything is a piece of God." All this they say with much gesture and the air of profound philosophers, as if they were expounding deep truths, as immovable as the pillars of heaven. They have swallowed this lie from infancy and it has poisoned their souls. It is like moving mountains to try to get it out of them. You may use illustrations and arguments: you may convince them and shame them: you may force them to confess, that what they have said is nonsence; and tomorrow some of them will argue the same way again. You say "look here! See this carpenter making this plough! Do you mean to say that the carpenter and the plough are one or that the plough is a piece of the carpenter? So, God made this stone. But God and the stone are not one; nor is the stone a piece of God." They are nonplussed. They look at one another and try to turn off on some other question. The most of them may go back to their old inherited notions. But this conversation, by God's grace, may be the beginning of a new life to one or two.

One man in the crowd declares that God is a sinner. I shudder as I write it in English. But we are used to such blasphemy in Telugu. The man shouts: "When God makes some men rich and some poor; when he makes some strong and some weak; and when he causes little children to suffer with countless diseases is he not a sinner?" His shrill shrieking throat flings defiance at the vault of heaven. This savage philosopher (?) settles all these sad mysteries at once, by laying all the blame on God. But whatever else may be doubtful, it is certain that this world was never designed for the suffering that is in it. God made it an Eden and a Paradise and man has turned it into a lazar-house and the mouth of hell. If there were no sin in this old world, there would be no suffering. Man himself is the cause of all man's pain. Sin is suicide. It is the very core of the curse of the world: "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself."

One of the meanest things in human nature is the disposition to lay the blame that belongs to ourselves upon another. If a clumsy boy falls and hurts himself he turns and kicks the stone that tripped him up. Many a home is despoiled of its peace by this disposition of man never to blame himself. It is so comforting to think that somebody else and not ourselves is to blame.

But the meanest of all meanness is to lay the blame on God, and this is just what this country is full of. O, God, the heavens are black with the smoke of this blasphemy against Thy holy name! O! India! Do you really need to be told; must God stoop to tell you that he is not to blame for anything that goes wrong in this world? My heart is hot within me, for I have even men at home blaming God because He did not make them christians,—blaming God for the stubbornness and pride with which they resist the matchless pleadings of the cross!! Men blame God for their disobedience to God. Men pervert the glorious doctrines of grace to their own destruction, and say that God's time has not yet come for them to obey God. God is all to blame!!! Come to India and see this heathenism full grown. Hear this heathen simply pushing these excuses out to their logical conclusion and declaring that God is a sinner? A tiger does not look so ugly when he is a kitten as when he grows to be a brindled man-eater. In India these wicked excuses have grown to have hoods and claws and are full of fire and brimstone. Forgive me boys, if I preach you a little sermon. If you do not love God you are to blame yourself If you are not a christian, you are to blame yourself. If you are not a child of God it is your own fault. If Jesus has not saved you, it is because you will not let him.

These Brahamans have been coming almost every afternoon to our lodgings. They come in crowds. Pray for them. That the power of the gospel may break their proud hearts.

Yours truly,
L. D. MORSE.

Paiga, near Bintlipatam, India.
Nov. 24th, 1894.

Beyond Comparison

Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nerves; it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures Scrofula, Dyspepsia, Catarrh and Rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

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K. D. C. Pills Cures Chronic Constipation.

SAVING WOMEN AND GIRLS IN SINGAPORE.

In our visiting from home to home we frequently meet with those in the darkness of heathenism with whom the Spirit of the Lord is striving. Such a one came to our notice a few weeks ago. As we were passing along a Chinese street, a door of one of the houses suddenly opened and a girl of about eighteen years of age begged us to enter. I did not understand all that she said to me, but soon Mrs. Munsen came in, and she learned that the girl was very unhappy. She requested us to visit her regularly, and if possible to send her a teacher, which we did. The girl says that for years she has been unhappy; she sacrified to idols but still she did not get rest. She longed to attend school, and to learn to read, but as she has an aged mother, this is impossible. Now she is under instruction, and is happy to learn that there is a Spirit who loves and cares for her. Her life seems different already. The leaven of the Word is working slowly, but surely, and God alone can tell what the harvest will be.

Our Bible-woman went into a very destitute home one day. A Chinese woman and three children inhabited it. The woman is an inveterate opium smoker, and in consequence the children were left much to themselves. The woman sold herself and children to a planter, and received part payment of the money, but did not sign any agreement, and went to her home to prepare for departure. She used the money for opium and the necessaries of life, and when the man came to claim his purchase, she denied ever making such an agreement or receiving money. Her case was taken to court, and she gained it. After a good deal of persuasion, this old woman came to visit our home, with a view of settling her children for a time. Her friends told her that if she did her children would become Christians, and when they died their eyes would be dug out to make medicine. This thought seemed to give her a good deal of trouble, but at last she consented to give us two girls, who are very bright and attractive. They do not wish to go back to their old home to live. We hope to be able to permeate their minds and hearts with the love of the Word of God, so that when grown to womanhood they may be able to help their friends who know nothing of the wonderful love of God.—*Malaysia Message.*

Literary Notes.

The Arena for January, 1895.

THE WOMAN'S CAUSE.

The January *Arena* is especially interesting to women who have the cause of Woman's Progress at heart—and the woman's cause is the cause of the whole race and the progress of civilization itself—on account of the remarkable Symposium Discussing The Age of Consent laws in the different States of the Union, in which eight of the most prominent advocates of social purity take part. The question is discussed from every side—morally, socially, physically,—and the iniquity of legislation which holds a child legally responsible for consenting to her own ruin and destruction at the age of ten, and thus protects the lowest sort of human brutes, is thoroughly exposed and a reform demanded. Among those who contribute to the discussion are Aaron M. Powell, editor of the *Philanthropist,* the man who probably more successfully than any other has for years waged a battle for the raising of the age of consent in the various States; Francis E. Willard, president of the White Ribbon movement; Helen H. Gardener, author of "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" one of the most powerful stories which has ever been written with the purpose of opening the eyes of men and women to the evils of this legislation; Rev. A. H. Lewis, D. D., of New Jersey; Dr. Edward O. Janney, of Baltimore, Md.; Dr. Emily Blackwell, of New York, and the Editor of the *Arena.* All friends of higher morality will find this number of the *Arena* invaluable.

The Springfield Republican.

New England people, whether they live in the land of their birth, or in other parts of the world, are apt to know the value of a good newspaper. *The Springfield Republican* is recognized as a superior newspaper, one of the leaders of the American press. It has been in successful operation for over 70 years, but it is thoroughly progressive and modern.

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Seldom can the heart be lonely,
If it seeks a lonelier still;
Self-forgetting, seeking only
Emptier cups of love to fill.
—*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

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Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, and Bad Blood are promptly cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which acts upon the stomach, liver, bowels, and blood, curing all their diseases.

For Immediate Relief after Eating Use K. D. C.

CHRISTMAS AT THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE.

Although the patients of Mount Hope do not suffer for lack of entertainment—for no week goes by without at least one evening being devoted to the pleasure of those resident in the institution—yet the Xmas festivities are always looked forward to very eagerly. On Monday evening the amusement hall was arranged for a sociable evening. Numerous tables were placed about and provided with games. On the stage stood a huge Xmas tree, which had been beautifully decorated by members of the nursing staff, and which contained rememberances for everyone. After some instrumental music and a very pretty carol, chocolate and cake were passed around. Then some more music—another carol—lots of chat—and suddenly there appeared no less an individual than Santa Claus himself loudly heralded by trumphet blasts from his attending blackamoor. After Santa had succeeded in persuading his attendant to desist from further blowing on the trumpet, he commenced the stripping of the tree, which was no light task, for there were many presents on it. This being completed, he shouldered his bag, loaded up the blackmoor, and made his way through the hall distributing bags of candy to everybody. Then more talk—more music and more carols—until God save the Queen was sung and all returned to the wards well pleased with the evening's fun.

On Christmas day all had a big dinner. A good bill of fare was provided, and ample justice done it. Except for one old lady, who protested that it was folly to observe the feast on that day when it is not due until May, everybody seemed satisfied but already there are some looking forward to the next Christmas celebration.—*Atlantic Weekly.*

The folly of prejudice is frequently shown by people who prefer to suffer for years rather than try an advertised remedy. The millions who have no such notions, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood-diseases, and are cured. So much for common sense.

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Jan 4. '95. 6m

THE undersigned constituting a limited partnership under the laws of New Brunswick, under the name MERRITT BROTHERS AND COMPANY, which will expire on the first day of February, A. D. 1895, continue the said partnership until the first day of July, A.D. 1895, (one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five.)

Dated this twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1894.

Sgd. J. F. MERRITT,
Sgd. G. W SYMONS MERRITT,
Sgd. WM. W. TURNBULL.

PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK,
CITY AND COUNTY OF SAINT JOHN S.S.

Be it remembered that on this the twenty-eighth day of December, A. D. 1894, at the City of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me Silas Alward, a Notary Public in and for the said Province, duly admitted and sworn, residing and practicing in the said City of Saint John, personally came and appeared Joseph F. Merritt, G. Wm. Merritt and Wm. W. Turnbull, the parties to the above certificate, who severally acknowledge that they signed the said certificate as and for their act and deed, and as required by the law relating to "Limited Partnerships".

In testimony whereof I, the said Notary, have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my official seal the day and year in this certificate above written.

Sgd. SILAS ALWARD,
Seal. Notary Public for New Brunswick.
jan 1 6m

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