

features of the church, its work, its officers, its ordinances and its discipline. The hand of fellowship was extended by Pastor Higgins, and the charge to the church by Pastor Corey. Pastor Spurr, supported by Pastors Warren and Price, publicly set apart the deacons, by address and hand of fellowship. Special mention of the honorary deacon was made by the pastor. In touching words he referred to his long service in the Alexandria church, and to the cheerful resignation with which he bears his present protracted sickness.

The choir furnished good music for all the services. With the good voices for which the old Alexandria church has always been noted, and the aid of a new organ, this feature of the services was admirable. The spiritual tone of all the meetings was grand. A most unusual occurrence is evidence of this fact. The builder was led to make a public confession of Christ, and on the evening previous to his departure for home he was baptized. He was thus the first to be led into the new baptistry, which he had taken such pains to erect, without ever a thought that it should in any way serve him more than all the others he has constructed in his work of church building. "God moves in a mysterious way."

All things worked together to make this dedication and organization the most enjoyable and profitable to all in attendance. The delightful new church, the music, the addresses and sermons, the hospitality, the harmony, and the manifest presence of the Holy Spirit, cheered all our hearts. Only a year ago the mother church of Alexandria dedicated a very neat and commodious house of worship. Now she beholds a strong colony establish itself. It is not expected that all this could take place without struggle, anxiety, prayer and deep feeling. But we believe the spirit of harmony and interchange of service on the part of both sections is the first fruits of the new arrangements, and trust that inward union will come of this outward separation.

Pastor Spurr and his excellent workers are to be congratulated on the well arranged and well conducted services, and now that, for edifices, he is in one of the best equipped fields of the Maritime Provinces we trust he will have the richest returns. His work is just nicely begun here. He is already enjoying the full confidence and support of the people. Brethren let us pray that as he preaches in these five houses they may become the very gate of heaven to many souls.

PASTOR W. H. WARREN, Moderator.
PASTOR C. W. COREY, Sec'y.

Ontario Letter.

REV. F. K. DAVFOOT.

Happy New Year to all the brotherhood and sisterhood of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. May it be one of the best temporarily and brightest spiritually, you have ever known. Have you any weather in your part of the world? We have a great deal up here of a remarkable sort. The early part of December was mild. Christmas week was cold, ranging from 32 to 12. Then it gradually became warm again, until Sunday, Jan. 3, an old English gardener declared that a few days more of such sunshine would force the buds out. Opinions differ on this, as on every other matter. The poor man who can burn coke, and save a coal bill, is content. The small boys who want to skate, coast, and play hockey, lament. The coal dealer groans. One aged saint who came last Lord's day to the Lord's house, said, "my Heavenly Father is good, to give me this bright and beautiful day."

The week of prayer is being observed here. Meetings are held each evening in the Y. M. C. A. hall, and the attendance is unusually good.

Announcement was unveiled a few days ago, to the late Principal Bates of Woodstock college. Shortly before his death, Mr. Bates had joined the "Woodmen of the World," an insurance society, one of whose laws it is that no member shall lie in an unmarked grave. Attached to each policy therefore is a clause assuring the erection of a marble stone. Principal Bates was the first one to die from the Woodstock encampment, and the unveiling of the stone was made a public demonstration, a band furnished music.

Prof. D. K. Clarke of the college spoke of the deceased principal's life and work, and the proper officers conducted the other ceremonies, which as I saw here once, are certainly peculiar.

OBITER.

Three of our Baptist homes were sorely smitten during the holidays. In Montreal, the daughter of Deacon Sims of the first church was shot by an insane lover. In Woodstock, the only son of Deacon Kaon, died of pectonitis. In Fort Colborne, Deacon L. G. Carter, one of the denominational pillars was stricken with paralysis and died within two hours.

Rev. G. M. Lehigh leaves Brandon, Man., and comes east. Rev. Geo. Cross of Carleton Place, enters the post graduate department of Chicago university. Rev. W. J. Stewart of Brampton goes to Canton, Ill. Rev. J. A.

Kennedy, takes charge of the Kemptville and Gower churches. Rev. A. T. Dykeman of Digby, Nova Scotia, has been heartily welcomed by the church in Peterboro, Ont. Rev. J. E. Davis, late of India, has gone for a sojourn of three months in Manitoba, hoping to stir the churches to a greater missionary zeal.

Port Hope, Jan. 6th, 1897.

Wolfgang Mozart's Prayer.

Many years ago, in the town of Salzburg, Austria, two little children lived in a cot surrounded by vines, near a pleasant river. They both loved music, and when only six years of age Frederica could play well on the harpsichord. But from her little brother such strains of melody would resound through the humble cottage as were never before heard from so young a child. Their father was a teacher of music, and his own children were his best pupils.

There came times so hard that these children had scarcely enough to eat, but they loved each other and were happy in the simple enjoyment that fell to their lot.

One pleasant day they said: "Let us take a walk in the woods. How sweetly the birds sing, and the sound of the river as it flows like music." So they went. As they were sitting in a shadow of a tree the boy said thoughtfully:

"Sister, what a beautiful place this would be to pray."

Frederica asked wonderingly: "What shall we pray for?"

"Why, for papa and mamma," said her brother. "You see how sad they look. Poor mamma hardly ever smiles now, and I know it must be because she has not always bread enough for us. Let us pray to God to help us."

"Yes," said Frederica, "we will."

So these two sweet children knelt down and prayed, asking the heavenly Father to bless their parents and make them a help to them.

"But how can we help papa and mamma?" asked Frederica.

"Why, don't you know?" replied Wolfgang. "My soul is full of music, and by and by I shall play before great people, and they will give me plenty of money, and I will give it to our dear parents, and we'll live in a fine house and be happy."

At this a loud laugh astonished the boy, who did not know that anyone was near them. Turning, he saw a fine gentleman who had just come from the woods. The stranger made inquiries, which the little girl answered, telling him: "Wolfgang means to be a great musician; he thinks he can earn money, so that we shall no longer be poor."

"He may do that when he has learned to play well enough," replied the stranger.

Frederica answered: "He is only six years old, but plays beautifully, and can compose pieces."

"That cannot be," replied the gentleman.

"Come to see us," said the boy, "and I will play for you."

"I will go this evening," answered the stranger.

The children went home and told their story to their parents, who seemed much pleased and astonished.

Soon a loud knock was heard at the door, and on opening it the little family were surprised to see men bringing in baskets of richly cooked food in variety and abundance. They had an ample feast that evening.

Thus God answered the children's prayer. Soon after, while Wolfgang was playing a sonata which he had composed, the stranger entered and stood astonished at the wondrous melody. The father recognized in his guest Francis I. the Emperor of Prussia.

Not long after the family were invited by the emperor to Vienna, where Wolfgang astonished the royal family by his wonderful powers.

At the age of fifteen years Wolfgang was acknowledged by all eminent composers as a master.

Mozart was a good christian as well as a good musician. The simple trust in God which he had learned in childhood never forsook him. In a letter to his father he says:

"I never lose sight of God. I acknowledge His power and dread His wrath, but at the same time I love to admire His goodness and mercy to His creatures. He will never abandon His servants. By the fulfillment of His will mine is satisfied."

The simple, trusting faith of the young musician was remarkable, and it teaches old and young a lesson.—Everybody's Magazine.

A Little Every Day.

We recommend the following three rules to our young readers as being golden ones, which they might easily practice. 1. Every day a little knowledge. One fact a day. Only one! But wait until ten years have passed, and you have three thousand six hundred and fifty facts. 2. Every day a little self denial. This may be difficult at first, but it will be easy to do three hundred and sixty-five days hence, if each day it shall be repeated. 3. Every day a little helpfulness and kindness. At home, at school, in the street, in your neighbor's house, in the play-ground, you will find opportunities for this.

The Stings in Little Things.

We call him strong who stands unmoved—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him his strength is proved;
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings;
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of kings,
Were he but great in little things.

We closely guard our garden gates
When great temptations loudly knock,
Draw every bolt, clinch every lock,
And sternly fold our bars and gates;
Yet some small door wide open swings
At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe, as Christians must,
While patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet fierce resentment quickly slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passions heaving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings,
"Forget, forget life's little things."

But what is this? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me;
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things.

—Selected.

Porcupine Quills.

The quill of a porcupine is like a bad habit; if it once gets hold it constantly works deeper, though the quill has no power of motion in itself; it is the live active flesh that draws it in by means of the barbed point. One day my boy and I encountered a porcupine on the top of one of the Catskills, and we had a little circus with him; we wanted to wake him up and make him show a little excitement if possible. Without violence or injury to him we succeeded to the extent of making his eyes fairly stand out from his head, but quicken his motion he would not—probably could not.

What astonished and alarmed him seemed to be that his quills had no effect upon his enemies; they laughed at his weapons. He stuck his head under a rock and left his back and tail exposed. This is the porcupine's favorite position of defence. "Now come if you dare," he seems to say. Touch his tail, and like a trap it springs up and strikes your hand full of little quills. The tail is the active weapon of defence; with this the animal strikes. It is the outpost that delivers its fire before the citadel is reached. It is doubtless this fact that has given rise to the popular notion that the porcupine can shoot its quills, which, of course, it cannot do.

With a rotten stick we sprang at the animal's tail again and again, till its supply of quills began to run low, and the creature grew uneasy. "What does this mean?" he seemed to say, his excitement rising. His shield upon his back, too, we trifled with, and when we finally drew him forth with a forked stick, his eyes were ready to burst from his head. Then we laughed in his face and went our way. Before we had reached our camp I was suddenly seized with a strange, acute pain in one of my feet. It seemed as if a large nerve was being roughly sawed in two. I could not take another step. Sitting down and removing my shoe and stocking, I searched for the cause of the paralyzing pain. The foot was free from mark or injury, but what is this little thorn or fang of thistle doing on my ankle? I pulled it out and found it to be one of the lesser quills of the porcupine. By some means, during my "circus," the quill had dropped inside my stocking, the thing had "took," and the porcupine had its revenge for all the indignities we had put upon him. I was well punished. The nerve which the quill struck had unpleasant memories of it for many months afterward.

When you come suddenly upon the porcupine in his native haunts, he draws his head back and down, puts up his shield, trails his broad tail, and waddles slowly away. His shield is the sheaf of larger quills upon his back, which he opens and spreads out in a circular form so that the whole body is quite hidden beneath it.—"The Porcupine," by John Burroughs, in St. Nicholas.

Holiness is the architectural plan upon which God buildeth up his living temples.—C. H. Spurgeon.

The recognition of sin is the beginning of salvation.—Martin Luther.