

Acknowledgement.

On Dec 17th Bro. Miles Wortman called at the parsonage and on behalf of our people on this field presented us with a very handsome and valuable coon coat. We take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude to the kind friends for their thoughtfulness as well as generosity, and wish further to assure them that their gift will not only warm the body but will have the same effect upon the heart. May the Lord richly reward them.

H. V. DAVIES.

Salisbury, N. B. Dec. 18th.

Letter from Bro. E. Ervine.

Dear Bro Hughes:

I hasten to write you again, for two reasons; first, because I wish to express my gratitude to all the New Brunswick friends who have shown so much kindness and given us such timely aid, and second, because something might occur that I could not write, as life seems now so uncertain.

I trust that you are in better health than when I last saw you, and that the blessings of life are being richly meted out to you. But the greatest rewards of God's children are reserved for the hereafter life, and these too soon shall be ours.

I have noted the departure of Bro. Hall and others, already gone before me. It begins to seem lonely in this world, where so many are being taken from us. It is all right; God knows who to remove. For each heaven is bright, and every departure but increases the spiritual, magnetic power to draw us onward. Soon we also shall be there.

I was very glad to hear the good reports in many of the fields; may God give the laborers health and strength and greatly prosper them. I have just learned that Bro. Rutledge is likely to go to Queensbury and Temperance Vale. This is I think a move in the right direction, both for himself and the churches. I see also that Bros. Addison and Ganong are being much blessed in their work, and so of many others.

I often think of the ground over which I traveled and the churches with which I labored, and look anxiously for reports of their prosperity. I wish they were all supplied with good pastors and in a position to report advances. I grieve that it is not the case with them all; but my prayer is that sufficient laborers may be sent to supply the increasing demand, for the harvest is still great and the laborers few. Oh, how I should like to be in dear old New Brunswick, as in other years, able to engage in the Lord's work. My soul would exult in the deliverance of the glorious gospel of the blessed Lord. I do believe I could now do better work for Jesus and for precious souls after my long experience of suffering than I have ever done. I think I did try to be humble, earnest and faithful in the years gone by; but amid it all there was some self, some pride. The "I" would come up too often. But I tell you dear brother, the "I" in me is now very, very small. Jesus only is my hope. If I could repeat the story, "Jesus only" would be my theme. In Him I glory, in Him I trust. It is well.

As to matters personal, I see but little change in my condition, except a gradual loss in strength, and in cough and soreness of chest, with greater distress when coughing. Some days I feel quite well, but only to last for a short time; then the ill feelings are sure to return, and often with increased force, which is constantly wearing my vitality away.

The case of my little afflicted boy is a constant source of anxiety to us, but we know God can overcome even that to our good. His general health is excellent, but little improvement takes place in his leg, although the doctor gives us much encouragement to hope for the recovery of its use. The rest of our dear ones are quite well, except they have attacks of the preva lung cold. Mrs. E. joins in wishing both yourself and Mrs. Hughes much prosperity during your stay in this world, and we know rich bliss awaits you in the life which is to come.

Ever your brother in Christ,

S. D. ERVINE.

San Jacinto, California.

If the People Cared.

If the people cared, would wrongs be done?
Would the powerful crush the helpless one?
Would selfish greed, and worldly gain,
Close eyes and ears to groans and pain?
Would lives be burdened with loads of care,
And no thinging it be given to make them fair,
If the people cared?

If the people cared, would the children cry?
Would cruelty reign and humanity die?
Would statesmen sell for power and place,
The lives of the children, the hope of the race?
Would they barter and traffic with tyrants then,
In the rights, the freedom, the lives of men,
If the people cared?

If the people cared, would they still sit dumb,
While the world is poisoned by a stream of rum?
Would it flow through hovel and flow through
hall.

Through city streets, with churches tall,
And on down through country lane,
On village and farmhouse leaving a stain,

If the people cared?

If the people knew and the people cared
The strong would be just, and the weak would
be spared;
Statesmen would study the weal of the world,
The petty usurper from power would be hurled;
The black stream of death that weakens the
race,
Would cease to flow onward the land to disgrace,
If the people cared.

If the people cared, the millennium would dawn,
And the old world in rapturous gladness, whirl
on;

The rivers would murmur a song of delight,
The gay birds would echo the note in their flight;
Homes would be happy, and manhood be glad,
The country be blessed, and God would com-
mand,

If the people cared.

The Home Defender.

Health of Children

There is a widely prevalent belief that it is essential to the health of young children that they should be put to bed in the middle of the day for an hour or two of sleep. While not deprecating the necessity for plenty of sleep in young animal lives of all kinds, the practice referred to is open to objection. What with the time spent in dressing and undressing them, lunch and sleeping, a very large slice of the twenty-four hours is practically lost, by keeping them indoors during the best part of the day. This means that they get very little sunlight, and that is a prime necessity for all life. What they do get is of not nearly as much value, being either too early in the morning or too late in the afternoon. The health of young children will be materially improved, and growth facilitated, by allowing them to spend these valuable hours in the open air. The value of plenty of sleep to young children can not be overestimated; but does a child get more sleep by being put to bed in the middle of the day? We contend that it does not, for experience shows that this midday nap causes them to lose the greater part of an hour in getting to sleep in the evening, and that they wake about an hour earlier in the morning. Fresh air and sunlight are absolute requisites for health to every living thing, and in no instance is the necessity greater than in the case of young children. Let them spend all the time possible out of doors, when the weather will permit, and their best interests will be subserved thereby. Parents who desire their children to be healthy and robust should pay heed to this.

The Apostle Andrew's first thought was for his brother and partner in business. We have been told that it is harder to speak to those of our own household of the things of Christ than to any one else. However that may be with those who have grown cold and whose lives at home have been inconsistent, it is not so with a newly-converted soul. There is no fear in love, but a holy zeal. It is natural that our tenderest thought and desire should be for our own household. God has planted in us the love for kindred above other love, and it is right that we should obey its instincts.

Brands Plucked From the Burning.

By Rev. Robert E. Hill.

The *Watchman* correspondent for Albany, Troy and vicinity has not mentioned the work of the church of which he is pastor in any of the letters contributed heretofore, as much because there was not anything worth mentioning as for any other reason. But during the past month there has been an unusual work of grace in the First Church, Valley Falls, N. Y. Eight persons have been baptized, and others are candidates for that ordinance. Among the latter, two are a saloon keeper and his wife. Three months ago, this saloon keeper, who is 71 years of age, and his wife, who is not many years his junior, began attending the services of this church. This led to a pastoral visit, at the close of which prayer was offered that God would show them the evil of the business, and lead them out of it, and graciously visit them with salvation. They continued to attend the services of the church and two weeks ago, were earnestly pleaded with to quit the business. They said they would if they only could do something that would keep them out of the poorhouse. They were told to seek first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all things would be added to them. They finally made up their mind to quit in the near future, that is, when they had sold most of the stock they had on hand. This was deprecating on the ground that they must be done with the evil at once, if they desired to have the curse of God removed from them, and receive the blessings of salvation. After prayer, during which their faces were bathed in tears, they promised that they would not sell another drop of intoxicating liquor. I asked them to go immediately and close the saloon doors. This was done. They were then urged to put a notice on the door; the next morning to the effect that no more intoxicants would be sold in that place. On the next morning I went round to see whether this was done, and to my great joy, found that it was. On being received into the parlor, it seemed to be the most appropriate thing to do to sit down at the organ there and play and sing, "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow." The aged saloon keeper joined in the singing with a weak trembling voice, while tears coursed down his cheeks, and his wife sat in an adjoining room, weeping for joy, because at last her great desire, that her husband quit "the soul-damning business" as she had called it, had been realized.

While this was being enacted inside the saloon, passers by stopped to listen to the Dology, read the notice, learned of the conversation of the saloon keeper and his wife, and soon the news was spread over the whole town. They are now candidates for baptism, and I hope to have the joy of baptizing them Dec. 6. They had been in the saloon business for twenty-two years. He had been trained in the knowledge of divine truth at the knee of a Godly Scotch Presbyterian mother. When he first entered the business, he tried to quiet his troubled conscience by determining to keep a respectable saloon. As far as it is possible to make such a disreputable business respectable, he succeeded. But this made his place still more dangerous to a certain class of our young men, for they made it the stepping stone to more vicious rum-shops. They started in with him with some slight qualms of conscience, but when their conscience became more hardened they frequented the worst places to be found. He avers that his conscience had troubled him the whole time he was in the business, but says he could see no way out of it. He has not become rich, as many saloon keepers do, simply because he would allow no drunkenness or gambling on his premises. The result is that he must go to work to earn his living. This is what troubled him. Not that he did not wish to work, but that he thought no one would hire him at his age. After he had fully yielded to Christ, closed his saloon, posted the notice above mentioned, and promised to return his liquor license the next day, which he did in due time, the leading manufacturer of the town was interviewed in his behalf, with the result that he was given easy work at good wages. On his way to return his license to the county treasurer, he told me that that was the greatest day of his life. He and his wife say they feel that a crushing load has been taken off from their souls.