

soon. Thursday morning, however, it was felt that he had but a few hours to live.

Mr. Hall was born in Nova Scotia in 1837, and when but young went to Eastport, Maine. From there, in his twenty-second year, he came to this city, and has resided here ever since. At first he was employed with the firms of Magee Brothers and Lansdowne and Mackin, but in 1861 he went into business for himself as a bookseller. This was his fortieth year in active business for himself.

He was prominent in the work of the Baptist denomination here and was one of the foremost men in the New Brunswick Baptist convention. He was connected with the Leinster street church and for many years was one of the directors of the choir.

He married a daughter of Charles H. Estabrook, who survives him, along with their sons, Charles W. Hall of Fredericton, Frank, Kandall and Thomas of New York, Walter of Sydney, and their daughters, Mrs. J. L. Marsters of Wilmington, Del., Mrs. A. B. Carr of Sydney, Mrs. Dr. Benner of South Framingham, Mass., and Miss Hazel of St. John.

To the family we tender our sympathy in their sorrow. May the God of all grace grant them divine consolation.

### A Word to the Weary.

BY REV. G. FLAVEL HUMPHREYS.

**T**HERE are various motives for desiring the accomplishment of learning, but none are more noble and elevating than the desire to be helpful to humanity. What this world wants more than anything else is help. Those that are able to give it have a supreme satisfaction that honor and distinction cannot bestow.

It was a supreme gift that God bestowed on Isaiah: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." The wisdom of knowing how is a rare secret to learn. When youth masters this, whatever else life may deny them, they will be a blessing to the world. When we are able to meet a supreme need with a supreme wisdom, we are doing the best work we could possibly do.

Only the Lord can give us this wisdom. It is not learned from books; it can not be acquired from experience alone; it is not inherited, although we greatly differ in their power of personal approach to people. It is a divine bestowment, sought for, prayed for, studied for, acquired often through humiliation and mistake. Moody was called crazy when he began his career of spiritual helpfulness to men, which was so marvellous and phenomenal.

If man lack this wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, but there must be an undoubted faith behind the asking. It is of vital importance that we fully understand that God alone can equip us for this work.

The word is to be "in season"—at the right moment, when the Spirit working through you offers a weary soul for comforting. A word in season, how good it is! When opportunity and ability synchronize, then some soul is helped. When the cogs of the wheels fit each in its fellow, then the final purpose of the machine is realized. The delicate and marvellous spiritual machinery of life is often dependent upon some unnoticed cog in some obscure wheel. How many great lives, distinguished in the earth, have had their birth because of some obscure soul speaking at the right time the right word.

The makers of great lives, humanly speaking are often these humble people who speak "in season" the magic word that makes a new birth-hour possible. Here is a career open to all, great enough to make one loved of God and helpful to men.

This word, given by God, and uttered in season, comes to a peculiar class.

"Him that is weary!" How much pathos and want there is in these words! There are a great multitude that belong to this class. If we have eyes to see them, ears to hear their plaint, and tongues to speak the word, we shall be perpetuating Isaiah's work, although we have not lips to prophesy. The cry of the wounded and the conquered comes up to the ear of Christ, a vast wail, and he has delegated Christians all over this earth to do the work of comforting him that is ready to fall. We might spend money

like water, if we had it, and not do half the good that the word "in season" will do to some sore soul.

### The Angel of Hope.

The narrow gorge stretches before us, with its dark overhanging cliffs that almost shut out the light, the path is rough and set with sharp pebbles; it is narrow, winding, steep; often it seems to be barred by some huge rock that juts across it, and there is barely room for the broken ledge, yielding slippery footing between the beetling cliffs above and the steep slope beneath, that dips so quickly to the black torrent below. All is gloomy, damp and hard; and if we look upwards, the glen becomes more savage as it rises, and armed foes hold the very throat of the pass. But, however long, however barren, however rugged, however black, however trackless, we may see, if we will, a bright Form descending the rocky way, with radiant eyes and calm lips—God's messenger, Hope; and the rough rocks are like the doorway through which she comes near to us in our weary struggle. . . . Never mind how black it may loom ahead, or how frowning the rocks. From between the narrowest gorge you may see, if you will, the guide whom God has sent you, and that Angel of Hope will light up all the darkness, and will only fade away when she is lost in the sevenfold brightness of that upper land, whereof our "God Himself is sun and moon"—the true Canaan, to whose everlasting mountains the steep way of life has climbed at last through valleys of trouble, and of weeping, and of the shadow of death.

### "Just Because I Loved Them."

"**H**OW did you come to know so much about flowers?" said a lady to a little country girl, who in a half hour's walk had showed her more beautiful and interesting things about the wild flowers of the region than her own eyes had ever discovered.

The child thought a moment before she answered. Then she said very sweetly, "I guess I learn about them just because I loved them."

That was a wise answer. It is easy for us to learn when we love. The dates of great battles which took place centuries before we were born slip out of our minds, but it is not hard to remember the birthday of a dear friend. Sometimes we have to use all our resolution to memorize a dry paragraph in which we are not a bit interested, but the little poem which speaks to our hearts, and says so beautifully what we have felt blindly and have wished we could say, is learned with hardly an effort. And once learned, we could not forget it if we tried.

We talk about God's will sometimes as if it were strange and mysterious and perplexing. But that is one of the things we cannot learn without loving. As long as there is any doubt or bitterness in our hearts, it will be difficult to understand. Only perfect trust can make it plain. We cannot learn it without loving it.

### Extract from Amelia Barr's A Ticle upon Worrying.

**T**O say we are worried to death is a common expression; but do we comprehend the terrible truth of the remark? Do we realize that the hounds of care, anxiety and fretful inability, may actually tear and torment us into paresis, or paralysis, or dementia, and as virtually worry us to death as a

collie dog worries a sheep, or a cat worries a mouse? And yet, if we are christian men and women, worrying is just the one thing not needed, for there are more than sixty admonitions in the Bible against it, and the ground is so well covered by them that, between the first "Fear not" and the last, every unnecessary anxiety is met, and there is not a legitimate subject for worrying left.

Are we troubled about meat and money matters? We are told to consider the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Have you some malignant enemy to fight? Fear not; if God is with us who can be against us?

Are we in sorrow? I, even I, am He that comforteth you.

Are we in doubt and perplexity? I will bring the blind by a way that they know not. I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

Do we fear that our work is beyond our strength? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Are we sick? He has promised to make all our bed in our sickness.

Do we fear death? He has assured us that in the valley of the shadow of death He will be with us.

Is the worry not for ourselves, but for wife and children that will be left without support and protection? Even this last anxiety is provided for. Leave thy fatherless children to me, and let thy widows trust in me, and I will preserve them alive.

Now, if we really believe that God made these promises, do we think that God will not keep His word? Do we doubt His good will toward us?

When he says He will make all things work together for our good, is the Holy One lying to our sorrowful hearts? Thirty years ago I was thrown helpless, penniless and friendless, upon the assurances of God, and in thirty years he has never broken a promise. He is a God that keepeth both mercy and truth. I believe in his goodness. I trust His care. I would not, by worrying, tell Him to His face that He neither has the power nor the good will to help and comfort me.

### His Resignation.

**A** certain Dr. H. was called to a church. He reached the town on a late train Saturday night, was entertained at the home of one of the deacons, and the next morning entered the pulpit and preached his first sermon as pastor. Returning after service to the home of his host, he learned incidentally that in the call tendered him there had not been the unanimity that he supposed was implied. The vote had been twenty-eight for and twenty against him. Imagine the surprise of the congregation at the evening service to hear the following: "Inasmuch as I was not correctly informed concerning the voice of this church in the call extended to me to become its pastor, I hereby tender my resignation, to take effect at the close of this service."

To show that he was in earnest he rose at five o'clock the next morning, quietly left the house where he was entertained, and walked six miles to another station in order to escape the questioning of his parishioners.

### The Lord Knoweth Them That Are His.

The other day a picture by Rubens was discovered in an old picture shop in London. An expert with keen eye went to the shop, and amid a heterogeneous mass of rubbish he detected, under the grim and soot and dust of years, a masterpiece of Rubens. Crushing down the quiver that came to his voice, in as calm a tone as he could command, he asked the picture dealer what he would take for