THE MISSION OF A HYMN

I stood by the sea at eventide,
With a heart that was burdened with sin,
There was nothing in life to live for,
No blessings or honor to win.

I had wasted my life's best spring time,
I had self-made burdens to bear,
Which came from my own wrong doing,
And there was not one to care.

But hark! what is that borne toward me
Over the deep blue sea?
Strains of beautiful music,
Came over the waves to me.

What was there in wind or water,
That rendered those strains so sweet?
Was it not the passing of angels
Coming with healing meet

To take from my aching, repenting heart
Its burden of sin and of woe
And to fill it with thoughts pure and noble,
With its strains so sweet and so low?

It carried me back to my childhood,
Spent at my mother's knee;
While her sweet face bended o'er me,
In fancy I think I see,

How she labored and prayed to make me
A noble and God-fearing man;
Then I lost her, and in my sorrow,
Into sin and folly I ran.

But mother your prayers have saved me,
For I know from this very night,
I will try with my Saviour's blessing,
To reach Thy bright home of light.

My soul was filled with loathing
For my weak and sinful course,
And the life that lay behind me
Struck me with deep remorse.

I would overcome my weakness,
And own my Saviour's love,
And follow in His footsteps,
To that home of light above.

Oh, blest were those happy singers
That poured forth their souls in praise;
Little they knew the good they had done,
Or the soul they had helped to raise.

And many there are who, standing thus,
On the shores of eternal life,
Hear echoes of glorious music,
From that land that is free from strife.
—*M. T. J.*

Wolfville, N. S.

SERMON.

The High Priest and Satan, or Resistance to Righteousness.

BY DR. GEORG. LOESCHER.

"And he showed me Joshua, the high priest, standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at His right hand to resist Him." Zech. 3:1.

This Scripture is partly geographical, partly historical and partly mystical; we have here the practical and poetical spiritually united. We have here the fact, and we have, lo, all things mysterious connected with the fact, and it is not altogether easy to tell where the literal ends and the figurative begins.

If you take an opera glass and turn it toward heaven, you will see more stars and see clearer than were you to look through a telescope. The opera glass brings all into the field of vision, the telescope magnifies one or the other; the opera glass has larger scope, the telescope greater power. You may turn an opera glass upon the Scripture, and you may gaze until you are familiar with all, or you may turn your glass like a telescope upon one single star that shines upon your vision, and that will become larger and clearer to you. And hence it is not my purpose to turn the opera glass upon this Scripture, but rather the telescope that we may have one thought that may quicken in us that spirit of righteousness that is here brought out so clearly and vividly.

Joshua was one of the exiles that returned from Babylon, and in another chapter you will discover him going up into the house of God which he had aided in building, that he might there present a sacrifice for the people. The scenes portrayed by Zechariah break upon our vision. He had gone up to the altar of the Lord and lo, Satan is there beside him.

The Bible certainly teaches the personality of the Evil One, but it may seem strange to you that a person or an influence should protrude upon a man standing upon the altar of worship. But all along the line of history we have it. The serpent found his way into the Garden of Eden when man was created; when the sons of God came together, Satan was there also; when the Lord came from the baptismal floods, even then was he driven up of Satan into the wilderness and a terrific scene ensued. And I question whether there are places where the spirit of evil does not penetrate, and men are overcome by its destructive malevolence.

We have here God's response of vindication of His servant and the putting on of the robes of glory. And this passage naturally recalls the intercession of our blessed Saviour. His body was clothed with humility and He bore that body to the cross. While He stood in our likeness pleading for us, the powers of darkness assailed Him; His whole life was a succession of attacks of the Evil One. But He escaped and He is crowned with honor and majesty.

But what occurred in the life of Joshua, and was manifested in the career of Christ, is the common lot of humanity, and it is this story so far as it relates to you, that we are particularly concerned with. While it is interesting to note what pertained to Joshua and to our own Saviour and Master, yet these figures come to our own life. Therefore I take this passage that I may take the spirit of resistance to righteousness as a phase of your life and mine.

We constantly are uttering pious platitudes about morality and Godliness. From the beginning of history to the present, all kinds and conditions of men, men of virtue and men of vice, men of intelligence and men of ignorance, poets and philosophers all alike have rendered homage to virtue, except that single kind of homage which is acceptable to God—the actual receiving into the heart and transforming into the life, making it history. If Christ has been applauded, He has been tried also; if He has been honored, He has been defamed. As to morality, if Christ preaches it until the entire community is stirred, they have a whipping post and scourge for him. So in our day, while there is a conventional respect for righteousness, and while preachers stand for righteousness, and while we all stand for righteousness, yet when they stand breathing her denunciations, the friends of satan are ready to hinder her progress. Now that is the history of the world. You desire to be a righteous man, you long to be a very devoted type of purity and consecration, you imagine nothing could be easier; yet there is nothing more difficult than to be right. You young man or young woman don't misunderstand me. You can keep your hands out of your neighbour's pocket, you can behave decently and uprightly without any remarkable effort; but to keep your thought uncontaminated, to breathe the purer air, to be filled with a spirit of forgiveness and tenderness and deal with absolute justice, to seek at all times to do good and not evil, to put yourselves out of the way that others may be assisted, and to so work that you may come into some sense of the stature of a good man, as disclosed in Christ Jesus, I say, the work is Herculean. When you convert your heart into a temple, and go up there to worship, the devil is about to be there also. Have you not sometimes gone to your room and bowed in prayer, and some disgusting thought has obtruded; or some of you men determined, yes, you will read your Bible, and lo and behold, when you commence to read, "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God," you found two or three rows of very tortuous figures coming into your vision, and you began to compute your profit and loss account and strike a balance?

There is no pleasure in being unrighteous, and I give you credit for desiring to be righteous. All the poets and philosophers are not hypocrites, they mean what they say, but they don't realize how difficult a thing it is to write that poetry in human deeds, and that philosophy in divine action. I imagine when Joshua went up there, that Satan said, "Do you think God is going to accept such a sinner as you are? Do you think God will receive such a man as you?" And I can imagine him saying, "Surely not, surely not." And when we sit down honestly and faithfully to measure the struggle through which we are passing, we cry out, "Surely God will never save us;" but wretched men and women, search yourselves and you will discover in your own life, if you will judge your own life in relation to others, you will find how difficult a thing it is to be right. If you will just go into any community, you will find the majority of them excellent people, yet it seems that all our cities gravitate from a higher ideal into lower ideals, yet nevertheless in the majority of instances we are all the time defeated by other elements. Somehow it is hard work, the forces that resist are so great that we lose courage and interest, and drift on and on with no real downright endeavor to save it from evil. And sometimes we drift into theories to save us from unrighteousness. How frequently have you read that religion is not necessary; all that is necessary is that men and women do right. We believe in men and women doing right, but the question is, how are you going to keep the spirit of right doing strong enough in the human heart that men and women do right? But the *trend* of opinion is that we don't need the Spirit of God, we only need to do right.

I have been reading Count Tolstoi of late and I find the learned philosopher says, "Religion is the only hope of society." In a book that has been reviewed in our papers by Mr. Gatong the argument is that the growth of society in morals, in finance, commerce and industries, has depended on the growth of society in ethics. You will find as you look into your industrial, financial and all of your affairs, ethics plays an important part. Take two blacksmiths. You will find the man lacking the principle of honesty has left the nail out of the horse's shoe, or put a scant number of bolts in the bridge and jeopardized the interests of the community. The other has performed his work in an honest and faithful manner, and the community is benefited. You will at once discern how important ethics are to your development. But Tolstoi renders it a little more religiously. Now you will ask me why I quote Tolstoi. I will tell you why. Because there are a great many of you men that are just foolish enough to have outgrown your Bibles, and if I quote the Bible you sit there with a kind of sleepy acquiesence, and think that is very true, that is in the Bible. But when I tell you what Tolstoi said, you straighten yourselves up as though I had something of importance to tell you from one of the modern writers, and yet I tell you there is not a single one that has gone beyond the book. Now, he says, the idea of morality without religion is impossible. He says, "It reminds me of children digging up flowers, (it is an old illustration but a good one) they don't like the roots but they cut the plant off and stick it in the ground, and in the morning they are surprised to find it withered." So you Boston men, you think you can shut up your Bibles and convert Sunday into a theatre going day or a day of visiting and relaxation. The whole maxim of life is to discredit religion and magnify morality, when you might just as well magnify the fruit of the tree and ignore her root, and prize the flower and ignore the ground wherein it has its life.

We have here an apt disposition on the part of Satan to resist righteousness; and the same spirit God manifested in those times he manifests now, for He is the same. He rebukes Satan and says, "Is he not a brand plucked from the burning?" God speaks to him and says, "Why Satan, it is not for you to ridicule that man, for you ought to say "That man is a brand plucked from the burning and he too may behold his Lord and grow into a flower and delight all who come near him. Our Heavenly Father knows how hard it is for a man to do right. We don't give God credit for His sympathy and charity for us when we are trying to do right. Now you just bear in mind how God takes it, "Is he not a brand plucked from the burning?" I believe the supreme cause of surprise in Heaven—I don't know as I ought to say it—is not that men act so poorly, but that in all the circumstances they act so well. We don't stop to consider what a criticizing, wild, inconsiderate world we live in. "Stop your mouth," God says, "for man is doing the best he can." He clothes him with beautiful garments and puts a mitre upon his head. I believe when we come into righteousness, that the difficulties are too great for us to surmount, but the Lord says, "I am your righteousness," and our filthy garments are taken off. If you and I expect to gain a crown in heaven because of our righteousness, we are deceived, and righteousness is not such a superlative or sublime a thing as I have tried to make it out this morning. There is not one of you that I trust to stand before Almighty God today unless you are clothed upon with righteousness from God. Now you will understand why I accentuate; I know your difficulties, I encourage you to do right. I have come in contact with men sometimes who are so discouraged in trying to do right that they have given it up. I knew a man who took a whole bottle of brandy in trying to take his life. He had lost all hope; he said he had been trying to live a moral life, but found it utterly impossible. It is therefore important in a world that has lost its courage to preach salvation through Jesus Christ, that men may lead the life of righteousness as it is described in this chapter; for when the mitre was placed and the garments put on, the Lord said, "If thou wilt walk in My ways . . . . I will give thee places to walk among these that stand by." The righteousness of Christ was not meant to supersede our righteousness, but to help us to work out our righteousness and to succeed in it.

An old man had climbed away up on the mountain, and he was very much relieved when he got there, because he had discovered the Temple of Knowledge. A messenger met him and he said, "What are you doing there?" "Oh," he said, "I have been trying all my life to get up to a Temple of Knowledge, and here I am at last." And the messenger said "My friend, you are mistaken; the Temple of Knowledge is not here, it is down there in the plain." "But," said he, "what can I do; I am so tired. Where is your Temple of Knowledge?" "It is down in the plain." "What do you mean?" "It is found in the ordinary walks of life; in business; in the ordinary pursuits, in daily tasks, in the ordinary relations of life, there is where you find knowledge. "But," says he, "what can I do?" and he leans up against the rocks to rest. "Don't rest upon the mountain; get down into the plain and tell men that is where they find the Temple of Knowledge."

Young men, your Temple of Knowledge is not here, it is down there in the plain. Oh, there are individuals by the score who are climbing every day up the heights, hoping to find the Temple of Blessedness and purity upon the hills of celestial delight. You go to men who are gamblers and vicious and lead them out into a better life, and you have your Temple of Knowledge.

Beloved, I in a sense, have been under a delusion. In my thought and studying, I went up to the Temple young. I got up to the threshold of Heaven, and I looked in and said, 'O Lord, I have come, for the glory, robe and crown." And the Lord said, "You foolish boy, the Temple of Heaven is not on the hill, it is in the plain. No man gets in the Temple above, what he does not bring up from below." I shall put honest work into the church and I shall get a crown. If I am going to have a robe of righteousness, it is being woven here. The shuttles are flying and weaving something for our Lord. Beloved, the robe is weaving in the looms of time. You and I will receive just what we take with us when we rise to meet our Lord.

Let no man go away from this house thinking he can live in sin, die, and enter into joy for which he has not been prepared by the grace of God and his own intelligence. W. M. R.

Music Hall, Boston, April 29.

Naaman Cured.

BY REV. MARCUS DODS, D. D.

New College, Edinburgh.

There is no Scripture story better known than that of Naaman, the Syrian. It is memorable not only because artistically told, but because it is so full of human feeling and rapid incident, and so fertile in insignificant ideas. The little maid, whose touch set in motion this drama, is an instance of the adaptability of the Jew. Nothing seemed less likely than that this captive girl should carry with her into Syria anything of much value to any one. Possessions she had none. Friends she might have, only if she could make them. As a captive in a foreign land she might reasonably have put aside all hope of obtaining any influence, and might naturally have sought only to benefit herself.

But she was a girl with a heart. She at once took an interest in her new home, and saw with sorrowful surprise that wealth could not purchase immunity from participation in the ordinary human distresses, nor guarded gates forbid disease to pass in. Brooding from day to day over the stories she had heard of Elisha's power, and listening to her mistress's account of the failure of still another attempted cure, she exclaims with childlike confidence and earnestness, "Would God my Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! then would he recover him of his leprosy." And thus her natural interest in the troubles of other people, her cheerful and spirited acceptance of her position and the sense that taught her to make the most of it, brought her this great opportunity of doing an important service. No one can lay the blame of his uselessness and lack of good influence on his lack of opportunity if he is in contact with men at all, for wherever there are human beings there are sorrows to be sympathized with, wants to be relieved, characters to be fashioned.

And while this Jewish maid was utilizing her captivity, her parents, if alive, would be eating their hearts out with anxiety and anguish, imagining for their daughter the worst of destinies. Instead of the horrors which usually follow such a captivity, she is cared for in a comfortable home. Little did the parents think that there was any work to be done in Syria, which none could so well do as their little girl. The Lord had need of her, and knew that when the parents heard all they would not resent that their daughter had been thus employed. None of us see much further into the ways of Providence than these parents saw. Now, as then, those who are bound up in one another are separated in order that ends even more important than the growth and gratification of natural affections may be attained.

Significant, also, is the dismay of Joram, king of Israel, when he received the letter bidding him find healing for Naaman. So little did he believe in Elisha's power that he concluded the king of Syria sought to pick a quarrel with him by asking him for a favor he knew he could not grant. But while the king is helplessly tearing his clothes in a passion of despair, Elisha sends him a message which, at least for the present, gives him some calmness: "Why hast thou rent thy clothes? Let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Elisha is ashamed that the king of Israel should have exhibited such weakness before a foreign potentate. He feels that the honor of Israel's God is implicated, and boldly takes upon himself the responsibility of the cure. Bold it certainly was, and tells of a confident faith that God will be faithful to His servants. The king had no such faith. There was a power resident in Israel of which he took no account. Like many other governments, this Israelitish monarchy was unaware of its own resources, because it did not condescend to reckon what was spiritual. Frequently in civil history you find governments brought face to face with matters for which they are, with all their resources, incompetent. In modern Europe, and as much in our own country as in others, everything gives place to politics. Nothing stirs so much excitement. Differences in religion do not sever men as differences in politics do. We should, therefore, recognize what is here suggested, and should counterbalance an undue regard for political movements and political power by the remembrance that the hardest tasks of all are accomplished by quite another power, and by a power which the politician often overlooks. What have we seen time after time in our own government, but the civil power reading its garments over evils which it cannot cure? Are not the remedies which have been proposed for prevalent vices absurdly incompetent? And it is the church's shame if she cannot step forward and confidently say, You cannot deal with such things; hand them over to me. There must always be "distempers of society" which not the very life out of a nation, and for which legislation and criminal law are wholly inadequate. Honest-minded men who will not trifle with alarming abuses, who will not pretend they have found a remedy, must simply rend their garments in their presence. And it is well that in our day, as in others, there are men who, trusting in personal effort and Divine aid, practically say to government, "Leave these things to us." Christian charity and practical wisdom have, in our day, effected a good deal more than the healing of one leprous grandee, even if as yet the spiritual force that resides in the community is only spasmodically and partially applied to existing evil. —*Watchman.*

Contemplating the End.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

Whilst it is not wholesome to be always thinking of death, it is more unwholesome still never to let the contemplation of that end come into our calculations of the future, and to shape our lives in an obstinate blindness to what is the one certain fact which rises up through the whirling mists of the unknown future, like some black cliff from the clouds that wreath around it. Is it not strange that the surest thing is the thing that we forget most of all? It sometimes seems to me as if the sky rained down opiates upon people, as if all mankind were in a conspiracy of lunacy, because they, with one accord, ignore the most prominent and forget the only certain fact about their future; and in all their calculations do *not* "so number their days" as to "apply" their "hearts unto wisdom." "Go thou thy way until the end." And let thy way be marked out with a constant eye towards the end.

Therefore, dear brethren, tremendous importance attaches to each fugitive moment. Therefore each act that we do is weighed with eternal consequences. If we will put our trust in Him, "in whom also we obtain the inheritance," and will travel on life's common way in cheerful godliness, we may front all the uncertainties of the unknown future, sure of two things, that we shall rest, and that we shall stand in our lot. We shall all go where we have fitted ourselves to possess, and be what we have made ourselves. To the Christian man the word comes, "Thou shalt stand in thy lot." And the other word, that was spoken about one sinner, will be fulfilled in all whose lives have been unfitting them for heaven: "Judas by transgression fell, that he might go to his own place." He, too, stands in his lot. Now settle which lot is yours.

There is nothing so interesting as real business learned in a large busy office. You get business experience with no risk. Business men want more than I can supply.

SNELL'S ACTUAL BUSINESS, and SHORTHAND COLLEGE, Truro, N. S.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

It was a misty morning. The mud hovels of the large village were very close together. A narrow lane, with mud walls on the right and mud walls on the left, runs through the hamlet from end to end. This lane is the public road. It leads from Padmanabham to Vizianagram. The leaf roofs of the thatched houses shielded us from the rays of the rising sun. The mist began to roll away.

On a corner of the street, with a pile of stones for a pulpit, we had been preaching to a crowd of men and boys shivering in the December morning air. As we were about to close, the standing congregation parted, to let a man pass on his way along the road. In his hand was a broken pot, filled with coals of fire. Close behind him, half bent to the earth, with both hands plying a cane, there struggled along a poor old man. The crowd hushed as if a funeral procession were passing. Next, borne on the shoulders of four men, was a rustic bamboo bier, matted with the broad leaves of the palm, on which, wrapped in a white robe, and bound with withes, lay the still form of a human being. Behind the bearers, with solemn tread, followed half a dozen dusky men. They passed as softly down the sandy street as if their bare brown feet were velvet. No sound was heard save the rustling of the frouds with which the sad couch was pillowed. I raised my umbrella and at a distance followed them out of the village. After marching nearly half a mile, they turned off to the right, and ascended the bank of a large tank. About twenty rods from the road they laid their burden down.

I was allowed to approach. As the white cloth was turned down a little, there was the black moustache and handsome face of a Telugu young man. On his bosom was a basket-plate filled with rice, as food for his spirit in a spirit land.

Around were half a dozen palm tree slabs, a yoke of oxen came dragging two or three more, while, from the other side of the tank, a man called out that he had found some there.

From the distance on the Vizianagram road came the loud wailing of a woman. The bystanders said it was the widow coming home from Vizianagram. She had just heard of her husband's death, and was getting home just in time to see them building his funeral pyre. They said it would be high noon before the pyre would be ready. I returned to my lodging.

A day or two afterward, late in the afternoon, we were going in the opposite direction to a village named Chillapalem. On our way we met three Telugu policemen. The head constable was on horse-back. The other two were following on foot. They said they had been to Chillapalem. The night before a man had drowned himself in a well, and they had been there to hold an inquest.

We hastened on and saw, in the distance, the smoke of his funeral pyre. Soon we reached the spot. There it was only a few rods from the road. From childhood I had read of this way of disposing of the bodies of the departed; but this was the first time the strange proceeding took place before my eyes.

My curiosity overcame my aversion and I started towards the burning pile. The bottom of the mass was dry wood. The top was green wood covered with green leaves just chopped from the tree. As soon as I had gazed once into the flames, I turned around and ran back to the road. I will not describe to you that scene from which I ran away myself.

On the opposite side of the road was a tank, out of whose waters a dozen dripping, shivering men were coming ashore. They were the relatives of the deceased, and had been washing away the pollution caused by his death and cremation.

We followed them to the village near. In an alley between two rows of houses, the women had a small bonefire for the men to warm themselves. We sat down near them and sang a hymn. It was now after six o'clock in the evening, and all the men were home from their work.

Soon the whole village was around us—men, women and children. Some sat on the ground and some on the rocks. The women all listened standing. Appalaswamy began to preach and took the man whose body was now burning on yonder funeral pyre for his text. The crowd seemed nailed to the spot. One broad-shouldered old man who was sitting near trembled from head to foot. Indeed I trembled too as he described the everlasting anguish of a lost soul. Great was the relief when he began to speak of the way of salvation. We stayed sometime preaching to them and answering questions. Then leaving with them a few gospel tracts and booklets, we walked back by moonlight, waded through the gleaming river and came to our lodging.

Yours truly,
L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Mar. 10, 1894.

Unlike the Dutch Process
No Alkalies
—OR—
Other Chemicals
are used in the preparation of
W. BAKER & CO.'S
BreakfastCocoa
which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.
Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

SEND one dollar and get 100 McALVIN'S DYSPEPSIA PILLS which I guarantee to cure any case of Dyspepsia. Treatise free. JOHN E. McALVIN, Lowell, Mass.

Attention

In time to any irregularity of the Stomach, Liver, or Bowels may prevent serious consequences. Indigestion, costiveness, headache, nausea, biliousness, and vertigo indicate certain functional derangements, the best remedy for which is Ayer's Pills. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, easy to take and quick to assimilate, this is the ideal family medicine—the most popular, safe, and useful aperient in pharmacy. MRS. M. A. BROCKWELL, Harris, Tenn., says:

"Ayer's Cathartic Pills cured me of sick headache and my husband of neuralgia. We think there is

No Better Medicine,

and have induced many to use it.

"Thirty-five years ago this Spring, I was run down by hard work and a succession of colds, which made me so feeble that it was an effort for me to walk. I consulted the doctors, but kept sinking lower until I had given up all hope of ever being better. Happening to be in a store, one day, where medicines were sold, the proprietor noticed my weak and sickly appearance, and, after a few questions as to my health, recommended me to try Ayer's Pills. I had little faith in these or any other medicine, but concluded, at last, to take his advice and try a box. Before I had used them all, I was very much better, and two boxes cured me. I am now 80 years old; but I believe that if it had not been for Ayer's Pills, I should have been in my grave long ago. I buy 6 boxes every year, which make 216 boxes up to this time, and I would no more be without them than without bread."—H. H. Ingraham, Rockland, Me.

AYER'S PILLS

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Every Dose Effective

ESTABLISHED 1847.

GEO. W. DAY,

PUBLISHER,

BOOK and JOB

PRINTER

North Side King Square,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

All Kinds of Printing Done

AT REASONABLE RATES.

Orders Solicited.
Satisfaction Guaranteed

A MOVE

IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION, WHEN HOUSEKEEPERS USE

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

"Samples purchased by me at several stores were found to be PURE, WHOLESOME, WELL PROPORTIONED."

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D., L.L.D., Halifax.

Marble, Freestone and Granite Works

A. J. WALKER & SON,
TRURO, N. S.

A. J. WALKER & CO.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

All work domestic-class

IN A DOSE THE GREAT TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

Sold by SAMUEL WATTERS.

THOMAS L. HAY,

Hides, Skins and Wool,

At the Old Stand, Head of the Alley,

15 SYDNEY STREET

Residence—41 Paddock St., ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Great CHURCH LIGHT

Frink's Patent Reflectors for Gas, Oil, or Electric, give the most powerful, cleanest, cheapest, and best light known for Churches, Stores, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. Now put in elegant designs. Send size of room. Get circular & estimate. A liberal discount to churches & the trade. Sun's decorators supplied. Address

I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl St., N. Y.