

Notice.

We are placing labels on all the paid up subscriptions we have for this paper. That is, for all that are paid up to Jan 1900. If there should be any one omitted whose payment is made to that date, they will oblige us if they will let us know, as we have learned that some have sent payment to us which never came to hand, especially several of those that were sent in the envelopes that we enclosed in the paper in November last.

Address Rev. J. H. Hughes,
St. John, West End, N. B.

Personal.

Rev. I. N. Thorne was put on the sunny side by his people at Lutz Mountain, Second Moncton Church, on the 17th of February. A very pleasant evening was enjoyed at Deacon N. B. Leaman's where the friends of Bro. Thorne had gathered for the purpose of showing in a tangible way their appreciation of his labors among them. The programme closed by singing "God be with you till we meet again."

Christ Our Ideal.

The gospel does better than teach us by precepts the moral grandeur of humanity. It has shown us that grander living and perfect in the person of Jesus Christ. I affirm that the life of Jesus Christ has created an ideal of humanity to which skepticism will never be able to make any valid objection. Had humanity invented this figure it would have been its supreme effort and its greatest title to glory; but there is here something beyond invention. There is a historic reality which the most exact researches have only been able to bring into ever clearer light.

The colossal attempt to which Strass brought a science as ingenious as profound, that attempt to prove the gospel to have been only a myth, only a sublime dream of conscience, is to-day finally abandoned. There is no learned man who does not concede that the Christ actually lived. The imprint he has left on the earth, the furrow he has traced, the role he still plays, and which, despite contrary appearances, goes on enlarging in its extent, all attest that in adoring him humanity adores no shadow, and is not the victim of a splendid hallucination.—Engene Bersier.

A Perfect Little Home.

Helen Hunt Jackson draws a picture of a home as it ought to be: "The most perfect home I ever saw was a little house into the sweet incense of whose fires went no costly things. A thousand dollars served as a year's living for father, mother, and three children. But the mother was the creator of a home; her relations with the children were the most beautiful I have ever seen; every inmate of the house involuntarily looked into her face for the keynote of the day, and it always rang clear. From the rosebud or clover leaf, which in spite of her hard housework she always found time to put beside our plates at breakfast, down to the story she had on hand to read in the evening, there was no intermission of her influence. She has always been and always will be my ideal of a mother, wife, and homemaker. If to her quick brain, loving heart, and exquisite face had been added the appliances of wealth and enlargements of wide culture, hers would have been absolutely the ideal home. As it was, it was the best I have ever seen."

A sign over a negro cabin in Liberty County, Georgia, reads: "I Teaches Folks to Reed and Rite an do figgers in their heads."

A Clean Heart.

"Create within me a clean heart, O God."

O my soul, emphasize that prayer. Its answer is my first great need as I cross the line of life when my responsibility first begins. Hitherto I have been impelled by a force within that leads to darkness and despair, and before I go farther my life engine needs to be reversed. The answer to that prayer only can do it. Create within me a clean heart, oh God; then as the magnet gathers iron filings around it, my heart will draw and yearn for all that's good and pure and true. Take away the stoney heart out of my flesh and give me a heart of flesh, thus wilt thou take myself out of myself and give me myself back to myself so changed, so cleaned, so pure, that I will not know myself, for old things will have passed away and all things become new. Create within me a clean heart, oh God, I need a thousand things; if my every wish were an arrow they would hide the sun, only answer that prayer, oh God, and I shall have them all, for the heart that God gives knows its God, and trusts its God, and loves its God, and its first and last aspiration is, Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee. My heart and my flesh faint and fail, but thou art the strength of my heart and my portion forever.

An Even Chance

I saw a woman who was very sick. The doctor said when we went to pray with her that she had "an even chance." Just an even chance, that is all; only an even chance to be saved; only an even chance to get well. One of the friends asked the doctor, "Don't you think it would be helpful if we could encourage that woman to believe that she is going to get well, by pointing her to the promise of God?" The doctor said, "I don't know much about the Bible, but if she had hope and cheerfulness it would be a great thing." We went in and prayed with the woman very earnestly and sincerely unto God. In that prayer of her own or of ours she obtained an added faith, an added trust in God, so that she could lay herself right out on God and surrender all to him. When she did that the worry was gone; peace came, and with the fast returning tide of health she needed no more medicine. All she wanted was a little more faith.—Cowell.

A little boy, with his dog Sport, was going past a liquor saloon, the door of which was wide open. The dog, not knowing any better, went in, but his little master was soon after him with the following good advice: "Come out of there, Sport! Don't be disgracing the family."

Every baby is the sweetest baby in the world. You were once considered the sweetest thing in the world, although you may not look it now.

Married.

BISHOP-BREWSTER.—At Harvey, Feb. 7th, by Rev. Troemen Bishop, Allan Bishop and Aurelia S. Brewster, all of Harvey bank.

WARD-ARBEAU.—At the parsonage, Doaktown, Feb. 14th by Pastor M. P. King, George Ward to Clara Arbeau, daughter of Robert Arbeau, all of Blissfield, North, Co., N. B.

SWIM-MERRITHW.—At Keswick, York Co., on February 28th, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. G. W. Foster, assisted by Rev. George Howard, Mr. James W. Swim of Doaktown, Northumberland Co., and Miss Hattie B. S. Merrithew, youngest daughter of Mr. Eleazer Merrithew of Keswick.

TRASK-MCLEAN.—At Dorchester, Mass., on February 28th, Mr. Walter C. Trask, formerly of Yarmouth, N. S., and Miss Rossilla F. McLean, daughter of the late Archibald McLean of Grand Lake, N. B., were united in marriage. The bride looked lovely, and received a large number of costly presents.

Died.

[A correction—In the notice of the death of Mr. Oliver Jones of Moncton in our last issue there was a very unhappy mistake made by the compositor. We should have said that the funeral services were held on Saturday the 18th of November, and were conducted by Rev. Dr. Steele of Amherst, assisted by Revs. Prince, Teed, and Lodge of the Methodist Church.]

BISHOP.—At Gasperaux, Chipman, N. B., on 3rd inst, Cora, daughter of Everett Bishop, aged two years and six months.

KING.—Mrs. King relict of the late William King of Sackville formerly of Albert County, passed peacefully to the restful home of the redeemed, on Wednesday, 21st of Feb, after a somewhat protracted illness. She leaves two sons, and three daughters, who mourn the loss of a kind mother. Through pain, into bliss, carried by the conquering one.

GUNTER.—At Jemseg, on the 16th Feb., Richard Gunter, aged 80 years, leaving a widow and four sons. He was a member of Jemseg Baptist church. He was much respected by the large circle of his acquaintance. He departed to be with Christ.

HAMILTON.—At Hopewell Cape, Feb. 12th, after a lingering sickness, which was borne with Christian fortitude, Mrs. Wm Hamilton fell asleep. Her sister died the same day about the same hour, in Harvey. She professed faith in Christ many years ago, and belonged to the Hopewell Baptist church. She leaves three sons and one daughter to mourn their loss. Her husband preceded her some years ago. "They are crossing over one by one."

WRATH.—At Wickham, on the 21st Feb., Elizabeth, widow of the late James Wrath, aged 84 years, leaving three sons and five daughters. She was born in Nottinghamshire, England. She was born again, baptized, and added to the Second Cambridge Baptist Church in 1875. She was an exemplary Christian woman.

HOPE.—At Lepreaux, N. B., on February 10th, Mary Hope, aged 21 years. The death of this dear sister was a heavy blow to her relatives and friends. When the insidious disease which removed her to glory, began to fix itself she said, "I feel a constant resignation to all the will of God." Her death after many conflicts was triumphant. While speaking to her friends of the conflicts she had passed through she responded in an ecstasy of joy, "Happy! Happy!" Before she expired a smile of ineffable serenity illuminated her countenance, and with the greatest ease she glided into that world "where the inhabitants are no more sick."

BROWN.—Mr. Gabriel L. Brown of St. John, formerly of Petuocadie, passed suddenly out of this life to be forever with the Lord, on the 6th inst, aged 50 years, leaving a wife, two sons, and two daughters to sorrow for him. May divine comfort be given them.

STAMERS.—Mr. B. A. Stammers fell suddenly asleep in Jesus, at St. John, on March 4th, aged 42 years. Brother Stammers was a highly respected citizen, and a prominent and useful member of the Brussels Street Baptist Church. He was also a member of the Knights of Pythias Lodge, a large number of members of which followed his remains to their last resting place at Fernhill Cemetery. Solemn and impressive services were conducted by the pastor Rev. H. F. Warring, and Rev. A. T. Dykeman. May the sorrowing widow and children find consolation in the promises of Him who has said He will be a father to the fatherless and the God of the widow. We tender them our sincere sympathy in this dark dispensation of affliction.

STEEVES.—At Hillsboro, on March 4th, Jennie, only daughter of Archie and Laura Steeves fell asleep in Jesus in the 15th year of her age. Jennie was especially a beautiful girl, lovely in character and charming in manner, dearly loved by all her friends. She possessed a sweet disposition, kind and gentle spirit and a winning personality. To the eyes of the Holy One faults no doubt exist which escape human notice. Only one faultless and perfect Being ever lived on earth. But among those who come nearest the standard of "sweet innocence" and "ideal rectitude" we should place this dear girl. A bright future seemed to await Jennie. By a careful and Christian training she was being prepared to fill the place of an accomplished useful woman. But God's ways are not our ways, nor are His thoughts like unto the thoughts of man. He had in store for her something better than earth can give.

In the fall of 1898 Jennie went to England with an aunt to spend a year or more, where the advantages for culture would be most desirable. After six months her health began to fail, and the family physician thought it wise for her to return home. She returned to Hillsboro last June since which time she has been gradually failing, until Sunday last she closed her eyes in death. God had better things in store for her. In His unerring wisdom He saw that it was better for her to leave a world of care and trouble and dwell with Him in glory. And so he took her to His home on high.

She is not lost. In the "land that is fairer than day" this beautiful spirit awaits the coming of the loved ones she left on the earthly shore. She is not here but risen—risen to a life of happiness and peace which can never end. Farewell sweet girl until we meet you in the better land.

God bless the memory of this beautiful girl. To her parents we offer our sincere sympathy, and we pray that God's grace may sustain them in their hour of deep sorrow.

"By cool Sileon's shady rill

The lily must decay;

The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away."