

and every other departure from the apostolic order—to the unsafe ground.

O brother, let you and I stand on the common and safe ground, steadfastly, immovable, and ever abounding in the work of the Lord.

Yours on the safe ground,

D. McDUGALL.

Riverside, Jan. 11, 1886.

## THE FAMILY.

### ARE THEY OLD?

"Thou hast the dew of thy youth."

There he is; we gaze upon his form; we catch with interest the accents which fall in tremulous sweetness from his fatherly lips. Is he old? Ah, no! he is not old. Oh, have you never thought age cannot render old the voice of love? Read not those silvery locks, that time-worn brow, that face grown thin with age; it is not these that maketh mankind old; it is the selfishness of the inner part—the coldness of the heart. I knew a man, I know a mother too: their portraits now I cherish in my heart; her smiles will ne'er grow old, and his were fresh with vernal strength when Time bowed low his form.

"The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,  
And flowers the sweetest at the eventide;  
And birds most musical at close of day,  
And saints divinest when they pass away.

"Morning is lovely, but a holier charm  
Lies folded close in evening's robes of balm,  
And weary man must ever love her best,  
For morning calls to toil, but night to rest.

"She comes from heaven, and on her wings doth  
bear  
A holy fragrance like the breath of prayer,  
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace.  
To shut the weary eye of day in peace.

"All things are hushed before her as she throws  
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose:  
There is a calm, a beauty and a power  
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening we must work and toil,  
Plough life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil;  
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,  
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

"Oh, when our sun is setting may we glide  
Like summer evening down the golden tide,  
And leave behind us as we pass away,  
Sweet starry twilight round our sleeping clay.  
—*Treasured Thoughts.*

### THE CHILD MINISTER.

Here is the story of a child minister that will show you how very much children can do for Jesus. Little Annie Gale had given her heart to Jesus, and now all day long she wanted to be doing his will and pleasing him. But one morning her heart was very much grieved. A gentleman called at her father's house and laughed at the notion of little Annie being converted. "She was always so good that she did not need it to make her any better," he said. "If old Dan Hunter began to love Jesus now, I should think that there was something in it." Poor little Annie was very much grieved, and going away to her room, she knelt down.

Now there was no mistake about it that old Dan was the very crossdest and most disagreeable man in the village. He worked away in his wheelwright yard, grumbling and growling all day long. No poor woman ever came into his yard to get shavings for her fire, and no boy ever crept in there for a basket of chips. No body who could help it ever came to see old Dan. This morning he was at work bending over his saw, when a very pleasant little voice said, "Good morning, Dan."

"The voice was so pleasant that Dan looked around and forgot to scowl. "Please, Dan," said little Annie, "I want to speak to you, and I'm sure you won't mind, will you?"

Now it was so long since anybody had cared to speak to Dan at all, that he couldn't understand what this little maiden could have to say, so he laid down his saw and rolled his apron around his waist, and sat down on the trunk of a tree. Really, for old Dan, he was looking quite pleased.

"Well, whatever do you want to say to me, little one?" He spoke gruffly—always did, but it was a good deal for old Dan to speak at all, for he generally only grunted.

Little Annie sat down by his side, and looking up into his rugged, wrinkled face, she said: "Well, Dan, you know Jesus does love me, and I do love him. But the gentleman at home says that I am so little, and that I am so good, that he does not believe that I know anything about it. But he says that if you would begin to love Jesus, then he would believe in it. Now, Dan, you will, won't you? Because Jesus does love you, you know"; and little Annie took hold of Dan's great rough hand. "He loves you very, very much, Dan. You know he died upon the cross for all of us."

Poor old Dan! Nobody had ever talked to him like that for years and years—never since his mother had gone to heaven. And down those wrinkled cheeks the tears began to come, very big and very fast. "Don't cry, Dan; because God loves us though we have sinned and he sent Jesus into the world to save us." Dan's heart was broken. He could only say, "God be merciful to me—the worst of sinners." As little Annie talked with him, he came to see all—how that Jesus died for him, and was able to give him a clean heart and a right spirit. Little Annie, left him praising God, his heavenly Father, for such wonderful love, and went away to tell the gentleman at her home.

"Now, sir, said she, "you must believe that Jesus loves me, because old Dan Hunter has really begun to love him, and he has got converted."

"Nonsense, laughed the gentleman. "Why, Annie, who ever told you that?"

"Well, you'll see." And he did, and so did everybody else in the place. They saw that old nipped, frowning face turned into joy and gladness. They saw the ill-tempered old Dan become so kind that everybody had a friend in him; and when you passed the yard, you might be sure to hear a happy old man, as he worked with hammer and saw, cheerily singing about the wondrous love of Jesus.

So little Annie ministered unto the Lord.—*Mark Guy Pearce.*

### EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Archdeacon Farrar's lecture at the University of Pennsylvania, recently, was delivered without preparation, but contained some very interesting passages. Among other things, he said:

"First of all I would impress upon those who are to be teachers the importance and the sacredness of their trust—so important and so sacred on account of the rapidity and the intensity of early impressions. When you are training a boy, as another has said before me, you are doing a thing of which you can never calculate the result or the continuance. Many of you have seen in Rome that bust of a boy which stands among the statues of the emperors. It interests you to know what manner of man that boy grew to be. You find the face in manhood transported into the features of the Emperor Nero, the wild beast of St. John's Apocalypse, and, knowing that his early teachers were a barber and a dancer, you are not surprised. There are hundreds of stories in the biographies of great men which show that their whole lives have

been influenced by the impressions of childhood. Almost in our own lifetime, Turner, pointing to a picture of Vandewelde's said: 'That made me an artist.' He had seen it in his early youth. Ruskin tells us that his attention was first called to color by sitting on the floor alone, when a child, and examining the colors and patterns of the carpet. Charles Darwin's voyage of the Beagle was inspired when a boy by the sight of a picture of a strange Indian plant. When I was a teacher and examined boys, I could trace in the handwriting of the sixth form boys the handwriting of their various headmasters."

### DEATHS.

DICK.—Last week I was called upon to attend the funeral of Mr. George Dick, an old and much esteemed citizen of LeFete. The deceased was in his seventy-sixth year, and had for many years been a member of the Baptist Church. He leaves an aged widow, a large family, and many friends to mourn his loss.

QUIGLEY.—A dear little girl, the daughter of James Quigley, was taken like a bud in its opening from the blighting influences of sin in this world to the Master who took little children in his arms and blessed them. May the sorrowing parents find comfort by giving their hearts to Jesus to whom their little one has gone.

LeFete, Feb. 18, 1886. J. A. GATES.

CROCKER.—Eva, the only daughter of Brenton A. and Augusta Crocker, died Feb. 6, 1886, aged five years. Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom." And again, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

Cornwallis, Feb. 24, 1886. T. F. DWYER.

MCDONALD.—At West Gore, on the 21st Jan., 1886, Bro. James McDonald, aged 23 years. He was the youngest son of Bro. John William McDonald. We deeply sympathize with his mourning parents, brother and sister, in their sad bereavement of one they held so dear. May they draw sweet consolation from the precious promises of the Gospel. God is speaking in His providences in tender tones, corroborating His written word and saying to the living, "Be ye also ready."

J. B. WALLACE.

HARRIS.—The pale horse with its rider has entered Back Bay and Joseph Harris, a young man, has been taken. He had not confessed Christ while in health, but when death came near, a charm came over him and he saw his need of a Saviour. He confessed Jesus and expressed his desire to obey Him, but was considered by his friends to be too weak. He warned his young friends who called to see him to follow Jesus and not do as he had done. He died looking to God for mercy.

ROBERTSON.—Mrs. Anne Robertson, second daughter of the late John McFarlane, Esq., of Montague River, was born in Perthshire, Scotland, August 16th, 1797. She came with her parents to Montague in 1802, was married to Peter Robertson, Esq., in 1821, he having settled in New Perth the previous year. So Mrs. R. was the first woman to make her home (far from other human habitation) in that dense wilderness, no house appearing between Georgetown Royalty and Vernon River Chapel, a distance of probably sixteen miles. During the first year, Mrs. R. and her husband were alone in their forest home, but in the year following, other settlers began to gather around them, the names of several might be given.

These persons having left their homes and the civilization of Scotland, and coming to a place new in every particular—where the burdens were heavy and dangers many—were bound together by the strong ties of a common interest and the friendships then formed have borne fruit which may be noticed even by the passing stranger, in a still united people—the descendants of those brave and hardy pioneers.

In the year 1821, Mrs. R. also became a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus, who has stooped to meet our every want, and is able to sustain His followers in all circumstances. She was, by Elder Alexander Crawford, buried with Christ by baptism into death, rising to walk in newness of life. From this time forward the history of Sister Robertson's life is almost identified with the history of the little church of believers, then at Brudnell, but now known as the Church of Christ at Montague Bridge. During the years of meeting at Brudnell, she, with other Disciples, many times walked a distance of six miles through the forest to attend its simple and humble worship. In every trial and difficulty, she cast her care on Christ who was her shield and support, until in extreme old age—four score and nine—she laid down the burden of the earthly, to enjoy the higher and brighter life, where old age never enfeebles the frame, nor shadows obscure the light, but where pain is ended, sin banished and death abolished.

Three sons and four daughters blessed the house of Sister R., two of whom with her husband have fallen asleep in Jesus. Five yet remain, one of whom is well known as Dr. Robertson, of Montague Bridge. Nearly twenty years ago, Sister R. was left in widowhood, which was much lightened of its loneliness by the loving hearts and kind hands of children ever anxious to know every wish and supply every want. On the 15th of February, 1886, her eyes were closed in death, at the home of her son-in-law, Capt. George Phillips, Lower Montague. She died in the full assurance of faith, so, the ties seemingly severed here, when her loved ones passed away from earth, will be eternally restored in a purer bond, where those who are, through the Lord Jesus Christ, counted worthy, are forever, as the angels of God.

O. B. EMERY.

Montague, Feb. 20, 1886.