

BE KIND TO-DAY.

A little child may brighten scores of lives every day. There is not one of us who may not gladden and strengthen many a heart between every rising and setting sun. Why should we not live to bless the living, to cheer the disheartened, to sweeten cups that are bitter, to hold up the hands that hang down, to comfort those who mourn, to bear joy into joyless homes? Kind words will not spoil man. If a sermon helps you, it will do the preacher no harm to tell him so. If the editor writes an article that does you good, he may write a still better one if you send him a word of thanks. If a book blesses you, do you not owe it to the author to write a grateful acknowledgement? If you know a weary neglected one, would it not be Christ-like work to seek an opportunity to brighten and bless that life? Do not wait till the eyes are closed, the ears deaf, and the heart still. Do it now. Postmortem kindness does not cheer. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.

A DYING SOLDIER'S MEMORY.

After one of the hard-fought battles of the war a Confederate chaplain was called hastily to see a dying soldier. Taking his hand, he said:

"Well, my brother, what can I do for you?"

He supposed, of course, the young fellow would want him to cry to God for help in his extremity; it was not so.

"Chaplain," he said, "I want you to cut a lock of hair for my mother; and then, Chaplain, I want you to kneel down and return thanks to God for me."

"For what?" asked the Chaplain.

"For giving me such a mother. Oh, she is a good mother! Her teachings are my comfort now. And then, Chaplain, thank God that by his grace I am a Christian. What would I do now if I were not a Christian? And thank Him for giving me dying grace. He has made this hard bed feel 'soft as downy pillows are.' And O, Chaplain, thank Him for the promised home in glory—I'll soon be there."

"And so," said the Chaplain, "I knelt by his bed with not a petition to utter; only praises and thanksgiving for a good mother, a Christian hope, dying grace and an eternal home in glory."—*Exchange.*

Married.

MULLEN—WAGONER.—At Riverdale, N. S., October 27th, by H. A. Devoe, Enoch Mullen, Esq., of Easton, to Carrie, daughter of the late Elder Benjamin Wagoner.

WILSON—MARSHALL.—At South Range, N. S., November 20th, by H. A. Devoe, Clarence Wilson, Esq., of Hainsville, to Clara E. only daughter of Stephen Marshall, Esq., of South Range.

Died.

OUTHOUSE.—At Tiverton, N. S., November 12th, Ruie, wife of Bro. Dantford Outhouse, leaving a husband and seven children to mourn the loss of a kind and faithful wife and mother. We trust their loss is her eternal gain. She was a great sufferer and longed for the end to come.—H. A. D.

MCDONALD.—At West Gore, October 29th, Benjamin McDonald, aged 57 years. The deceased was a member of the church here for many years, and his place on the Lord's day morning was seldom vacant.—W. H. H.

STEVENS.—At Newport, November 15th, Burnett, eldest son of David Stevens, in the 28th year of his life.—W. H. H.

STEVENSON.—On Lord's day morning, the 3rd of November, at Fredericton, I. E. I., Bro. Andrew Stevenson fell asleep in Jesus in his 58th year. He was the third son of Elder John Stevenson. In early life he confessed the Saviour and by his grace held fast the confidence and the rejoicing of the hope firm unto the end. In meeting with his brethren a few months before his death he spoke with great fervor of the rest that remains for the people of God. In his last illness of a few weeks, he waited in strong hope for the time to come when he would depart to be with Christ.—D. C.

BOUYER.—The death of Stephen Boyver, Esq., at Bunbury, Lot 48, on Nov. 10th, inst., removes another of the pioneers of this island. He was born at Lot 48, in 1811, and was the son of John Boyver, Esq., of that place, who was the descendant of an English yeoman family. Mr. Boyver, during the active years of his life, was foremost in all matters affecting the good of church and state. He was one of the first deacons of the church at Lot 48 Cross Roads, and with the late Dr. Knox was actively engaged in the services of that institution. He was one of the most respected members of the magistracy of Queen's County, and for many years was the one to whom his neighbors, having disputes between them, came for settlement. About 1878 Mr. Boyver met with a terrible misfortune by the loss of his eyesight, becoming totally blind; but his energy soon overcame this mishap to some extent, and his wonderful memory of the Scriptures gave him solace during his lonely moments. In 1886 a stroke of paralysis affected his mind to some extent, but during the lucid intervals that came to him he evinced the same kindly Christian spirit by which his life had always been actuated. His industry in early life gave him kindly comforts and generous provision for his declining years, and the filial affection of the son with whom he lived made his last years as comfortable as his case could obtain. He married in 1841 Catherine Emma Norton, of Brudenell, in Kings County, who died in 1877. His family that survive him include Frederick G. Boyver, Esq., of Georgetown Royalty, Mrs. George Brenner, of Charlottetown, and his youngest daughter Louisa, who is an M. D. in Nebraska. The funeral services on November 12th were conducted by the Rev. Mr. Emery, and a large number of his neighbors accompanied his remains to their last resting place at the Cross Roads, Lot 48. A good friend, an obliging neighbor and a true Christian has found rest." The above is from the pen of a nephew of the deceased, Geo. F. Owen, Esq., in the *Charlottetown Examiner*. I might add an expression from the lips of his elder and only surviving brother, Bro. Robert Bowyer, viz.: "He was a good man from his youth up." The truth of this saying was shown in the strong habits formed, which caused him in moments of mental clearness, either by night or day, to quote the promises of God in the inspired volume, or, like Paul and Silas, when in great affliction, sing the praises of God. The earthly pilgrimage, with all its lights and shades, is ended. The physical blindness and bodily affection are laid aside. The glorified body and the garments of immortality, the heritage of the redeemed of God, are his forevermore. Friends bereaved need not weep for him. Relieved of the heavy burden which in the last few years pressed so heavily upon him, he has entered through the portal to that blissful home where they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever—where the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. It is well! Thanks to our Heavenly Father, it is all well.—O. B. E.

CRAWFORD.—On the morning of October 28, 1895, Ernest, the adopted and dearly beloved son of Elder Donald and Mrs. Crawford, New Glasgow, P. E. I., while on his way home from Boston to spend the winter, as he supposed, in the society of those he loved so well, and whose tender care and wise guidance had brought him up to a noble manhood, died at Halifax, N. S., in the 37th year of his age. It is sad to think of a life so full of energy, hope and work, ending so soon and so far away from those whom on earth he loved most dearly. Being raised and trained in his tender ears under the care of Bro. and Sister Crawford, whose life-work has been, and is yet, to lead as many as possible to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world, Ernest, at an early age, began to think seriously of the claims of Him who came to redeem a world, and at the age of thirteen years he yielded to those claims and fully began the life of faith which ended only when faith was lost in sight, and hope gave place to glad fruition. Bro. Ernest was a good student, and at an early age became a first-class teacher on P. E. Island, but being under the impression that teaching on this Island did not agree with his health, he resigned and went to Boston, where, during the last eight years of his life he was book-keeper for the firm of Messrs. George Rockwell & Son. Being clear in head, honest in heart, and inclined to do with all his might that which was his duty to do, he excelled both as teacher and business man, and being kind, gentle and unselfish in his nature, he won for himself a host of friends who, with those who were yet nearer and dearer to him, sadly mourn the early death of one whose life appeared so full of promise. One, who knew him intimately, said of him: "He passed away without a stain upon his character." How consoling it is to know that, in the provisions of our heavenly Father for the restoration of a lost race there is: the cleansing fountain—the life of faith—the falling asleep in Jesus—the awakening in his likeness, and then—the eternal satisfaction, where there will be fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore.—O. B. E.

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