

Bro. J. H. Garrison, Chairman, appointed to consider the debt on the church in Boston, Mass., recommended that twenty persons be found in the meeting to contribute \$200 each to meet two notes of \$2,000 each, maturing in 1887 and 1888. The President suggested that this recommendation be carried out, whereupon sums from \$25 to \$200 were subscribed on the spot, amounting to \$4,025.

W. A. BARNES.

The Family.

GLORY SONG.

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Hold the banner high;
Christ our mighty leader,
Bids us raise the cry.
Shout the songs of victory,
Loud Hosannas ring;
Foes around are falling,
Conquered by our King.

CHORUS.—Onward then in battle
Onward let us go
In the name of Jesus
Conquering every foe,

Pressing on to victory
With our armour on—
Drowning Satan's war cry
With our glory song,
Rescuing the victims,
Bound in Satan's chains;
Shouting loud salvation,
King Jehovah reigns.

Onward then in battle, etc.

Glory! Glory! Glory!
Let the echoes ring;
Jesus is our Saviour,
Advocate and King.
He's our Intercessor
At the throne of God
He is our Redeemer
Our precious friend, and Lord.

GEORGINE MORTON.

Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

THE MOURNER ANSWERED.

BY PROF. G. L. RAYMOND.

Amid the twilight's gathering gloom,
She knelt beside her babe's new tomb.
"My child," she sighed, "did heaven not know
How deep, how dread would be my woe?
For this did nature give thee birth,
For this—to bury thee? O God!"
She groaned, then started. Earth to earth,
Her lips had kissed the common sod.

"Amid life's flowers that fade and fall,
What need to pluck a bud so small?
With ripened harvests full supplied,
What need had heaven of thee?" she cried,
Then marked the buds that while she stooped,
Made sweet her last brought funeral wreath;
Its full blown flowers had dropped or drooped
Its buds alone bloomed bright beneath.

"Why leave, O God," was then her moan,
"My widowed soul still more alone?
Why wrest from life the last thing dear?
What harm that love should linger here?"
And lo! the neighboring spire above,
Sent forth a sound that called to prayer;
And music filled from lips of love
The house of God whose door was there.

—Independent.

DR. MOFFAT'S FIRST CONVERT.

When Rev. Dr. Moffat labored for nearly nine years in Great Namaqualand with scarcely any visible results, he was favored to behold the first fruits of his toil in the conversion of Africaner, the notorious Hottentot chief and freebooter. This savage and warlike chieftain had for many years been the scourge and terror of the whole country; but when he came under the influence of the Gospel he was convinced of sin, wept like a child, and sought and found the pardoning mercy of God. So thorough was the change which passed upon this renowned heathen convert that the lion became a lamb.

"During the whole period that I lived there," says Dr. Moffat, "I do not remember having occasion to be grieved with him, or to complain of any part of his conduct." His attachment to his teacher was great, and when Dr. Moffat went to Capetown, Africaner requested permission to accompany him. Dr. Moffat consented, although he knew the experiment would involve some risk, as several parts of the country through which they would pass had been laid waste by the robber chieftain before he was converted. At various places surprise was expressed by the Dutch Boers at seeing Dr. Moffat once more, as they had heard that he had been murdered by Africaner. At one place the missionary ventured to mention the fact of Africaner's conversion, when a Dutch farmer answered: "I can believe almost anything you say, but that I cannot credit. There are seven wonders in the world; that would be the eighth!" Dr. Moffat assured the farmer that the desperado had become a changed man. "Well," said he, "if what you say is true, I have only one wish, and that is to see Africaner before I die; and when you return, I will go with you to see him, although he killed my own uncle." At this announcement Dr. Moffat was somewhat embarrassed, but at length he told the secret, and conducting the farmer to the wagon, pointed to the chief, and said: "This is Africaner." The farmer was astounded, and exclaimed: "Are you Africaner?" The chief made a respectful bow, and said: "I am," at the same time testifying to the truth of the missionary's statement. Then exclaimed the farmer: "O God, what a miracle of Thy power! What cannot Thy grace accomplish?"

DESERVED REPROOF.

There is a lesson for both parent and daughters in the following extract from the *Detroit Free Press*:

There was a stir at a railroad station, and two pretty girls came aboard. They laughed and giggled; threw kisses to their friends at the depot; gave silly messages and good-byes, and as the train started, they took a seat behind the commercial traveller. There were other seats vacant, but they preferred this, and rustled into it with a series of little shrieks and giggles.

"Did you see Tom Barlow watching us, Nellie? Te-he."

"He'll be there to meet us when we go back, see if he isn't, Kittie! Ha! ha!"

"Say, he's a drummer," giggled Nellie, hunching her friend toward the front seat.

"A swell, ain't he? Oh, my!"

The traveller's lips were compressed, and he replied by no look or motion to the rude speech of the merry girls.

These were young ladies, dear reader, whose fathers and mothers would have been greatly astonished to learn that their daughters flirted. But then fathers and mothers are usually the last to know what is going on among their own young people.

"Would you be so kind, sir, as to tell us what time it is?" asked Nellie, in a meek little voice, while her companion tittered and looked out of the window.

The next move was made by the gentleman. He took from his pocket a photograph, and looked at it sadly.

The two young ladies did not see the photograph, or recognize whether it was man or woman, but they te-he'd, and even speculated in a low voice as to what it might be—wife or sweetheart.

The commercial traveller heard what they said, and turning and holding the photograph, so that the young ladies could see it, he said quietly but sternly:

"That is the picture of my little daughter, a child of six years; she is very ill, and I am summoned home, perhaps, to see her die. But let me tell you that I would rather a thousand times know, at this moment, that she must now be laid in her grave, than to think she could ever grow up into a silly, dishonest woman, tempting and toying with souls to feed her own wicked vanity."

The two girls sank back out of sight, mortified and angry, yet conscious that they had found, in one traveling man, an honest-minded friend who had dared to give them a word of needful warning.

A MOTHER'S PICTURE.

A poor woman lost her only daughter in the vicious whirlpool of London life. The girl left a pure home, to be drawn into the gulf of guilty misery and abandonment. The mother, with a breaking heart, went to Dr. Barnardo, and telling him the story, asked if he could do anything to help find the lost one. He said:

"Yes, I can; get your photograph taken, frame a good many copies, write under the picture, 'Come home,' and send them to me."

Dr. Barnardo sent the photographs to the gin palaces, dance-halls, and other places where wretched outcasts are in the habit of frequenting, and got them hung in conspicuous places. One night the girl, with some companions in sin, as she entered one of these dens of iniquity, saw her mother's picture. Struck with astonishment, she looked closely at it, and saw the invitation, "Come home," written underneath. To whom was it addressed? To her? Yes. She saw by that token that she was forgiven, and that night she returned to her mother's arms just as she was.

This is God's loving cry to every wanderer—"Come home!" and there is a loving welcome, full of sweetest forgiveness, for all who cheerfully respond to it.

In Christ we see the picture of God, the merciful, loving, heavenly Father. Under the dying form of His Son on Calvary's cross, God has written in letters of blood, "Come home, wanderer; come, come home."

THE OVERCROWDED PROFESSIONS.

We have no desire to place obstacles in the way of those who desire to improve their condition, nor have we the slightest wish to damp the ardor of those who fancy that fame and fortune are within easy reach; but, under the circumstances, it is but fair to point out to those aspiring to the professions, that the glamor which ambition throws over such callings is liable to be rudely dispelled, when, as a doctor or a lawyer, the young man undertakes to battle with the world.

With nearly three hundred medical men, or one to every 1500 of our population, Nova Scotia offers a comparatively poor field to the young practitioner; and even at the best, he is but the servant of the public, called upon to undergo hardships and endure self-sacrifices such as are never dreamed of by the ordinary citizen. A large percentage of his patients, in these days of keen competition, consider they are doing him a favor to call on him for his professional services, and comparatively few of them regard it as obligatory upon them to pay the moderate fees which he has charged. But if the medical profession is overcrowded, that of the law is even more so, and scarce a week goes by that we do not hear young men regretting that they have used the best years of their lives in the study of a profession which does not afford them even a scanty livelihood.

A large number of the lawyers in this Province will, if consulted, honestly admit that the practice of their profession in Nova Scotia is unremunerative. This they attribute majesty to the inherent aversion of our people to litigation; but while there may be some truth in their assertion, they overlook the real fact, which is, that the profession is crowded far beyond the actual needs of the country, the lawyers now outnumbering the doctors in the Province.

Young men who are about to choose a calling in life, should bear these facts in mind, especially since there are other pursuits to which they might devote themselves, which guarantee a more certain and independent livelihood than they can hope to obtain as barristers, attorneys, physicians or surgeons.—*Halifax Critic*.