

who, Captain Hardy said, he had taken on at Bombay in place of a missing member of his crew. "Hoggy" fell at Henton's feet, and would have kissed his boots, but was given kindly and firmly to understand that such adulation was not expected or desired.

(To be continued.)

Notice.

The eleventh annual session of the New Brunswick Baptist Convention will be held with the Lower Wickham church, Macdonald's Point, Q. Co., beginning on Saturday, Sept. 24th, at 10 a. m. The Baptist Annuity Association will meet the same day at 4 p. m. Owing to the proposed union with the Free Baptists some changes will likely be found necessary. Delegates coming from St. John and points east will take steamer Crystal Stream from St. John on Saturday morning to Macdonald's Point; those from Fredericton and river sections will also come the same day by Star Line steamer to Hampstead wharf, thence by Crystal Stream to place of meeting. Special tickets countersigned by the secretary will entitle them to free return on each boat.

In Memoriam—John Trimble.

John Trimble, the eldest son of the late Rev. James Trimble was born in Ireland, March 7, 1841. At the age of fifteen he attended the Training School, with the late Rev. J. E. Hopper, D. D., Dr. M. C. Macdonald of Cambridge, and others. He was especially gifted with intellectual endowments and during his short career attained unusual celebrity. After his retirement from the school at Norton he went to his father's home in Elgin, Albert Co., where he died in January 1862. Here also his remains were buried. The hillside referred to in the poem was in Jerusalem, Queens Co., where the author of these verses, the late Rev. S. C. Moore of Albert Co., was a playmate with John in his childhood days. The house is still standing at Cromwell Hill, Kings Co., in which the family lived until their removal to Elgin in 1860. Near this a few weeks since a Baptist house of worship was dedicated, the result in a large measure of Elder Trimble's labors there over forty years ago. John's mother was buried at Barong, Maine; his father lies in Pennfield cemetery, Charlotte Co. A surviving brother, Mr. James Trimble, with his wife and the widow of the late Father Trimble now reside at Pennfield. The lines below were printed not long after John's death in *The Christian Visitor*. Few copies of them now remain. The following are reprinted from a manuscript copy in the father's hand, kindly loaned by Mrs. Trimble. They will revive many tender memories with the older readers of the *Journal*.

W. E. M.

THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN TRIMBLE.

The room looks lonesome when I think

A few short weeks ago,
John bade a long, a last farewell
To all he loved below

And then with rapid glance I see
The hillside far away,
Where John and I, when we were boys,
So often loved to play.

But fleeting as the lingering rays,
Of the just setting sun,
Are all our lives, for death may come
When life is just begun.

So 'twas with John, he studied hard;
Ambition must excel:
Applause from every quarter came,
And he deserved it well.

His temper, mild as summer's eve,
Or gentle as the spring,
Would not afflict the parent's heart,
Or discontentment bring.

To parent's he was always kind,
And we can truly say
He never did by word or deed
His parents disobey.

But fifteen years have roll'd away
Their weeks of toil and care,
He takes a school at Cambridge then,
With all his prospects fair.

Beloved by all, the time runs on,
And God his love reveals,
Speaks peace to that poor troubled heart,
With blood his pardon seals.

At Upham next he takes a school,
Resolved that he will try,
And for the parents' love to him,
Their coming wants supply.

At Norton then his widespread fame
Supplies for him a place,
Whete he may grow in man's esteem,
As well as grow in grace.

There the Superior School he taught,
Though many a cheek turned pale,
To see the teacher that they loved
Become so thin and frail.

His mind was stored with wondrous care,
With history quite a store;
He read of volumes, choice and large,
One hundred and ninety-four.

And yet he reads his Bible oft,
With diligence and prayer;
That he at last might be prepared
To dwell in mansions fair.

His term is out, he quits his school;
His frame is feeble now;
Disease has laid his hand upon
That fair and noble brow.

Consumption, oh! that dread disease,
Makes haste from day to day;
Nor stays his hand, till he has snatched
The father's pride away.

He lingers now for months and weeks,
Sustained by grace we know;
While friends and kindred weeping 'round
Are loth to let him go.

But time rolls on, the hour makes haste,
His cheek is wan and pale;
His breath so short, so feeble now,
Must soon forever fail.

Oh, cruel death, come tell me now;
Cannot thy hand be stayed?
Sure, that hard heart of thine did melt,
When that kind father prayed.

Oh, no, my stroke I cannot stay;
The summons' issued now;
I cannot turn my glittering sword,
And earthly friends must bow.

Farewell, farewell, a long adieu,
To all that dwell below;
See yonder fields of living green;
To thos: fair fields I go.

He breathes his last; a cherub there,
His wings all tipp'd with gold,
Awaits to bear his spirit home
To Christ's eternal fold.

He lays his head thus sweetly down,
In Jesus goes to sleep;
Ah then, my friends, why shed those tears?
For John you must not weep.

Though he has gone, my Christian friends,
By faith just look above;
He wears a crown in that bright world,
Composed of Jesus' love.

The Church and the Rum Traffic.

The *Pioneer* (Toronto) says: Not a week goes by that does not leave us further evidence of the important fact that the Church of God and the liquor traffic are not only recognizing each other as enemies, but are more and more coming into close conflict. The dividing line will soon be so complete, and the contest will soon be so intense, that the warfare can only be terminated by a substantial victory for one or the other party.

Resolutions of Synods, Conferences, unions, and other church bodies grow stronger. Leading men in different denominations are forgetting sectarian differences in their united earnestness to effect the overthrow of the common adversary.

More and more are the Christian churches—perhaps we should say church members—coming out beyond the circumscribing boundary of mere resolutions into the broad field of active effort on practical lines of campaigning against the liquor traffic. Every week brings its story of new victories for the prohibition cause, won largely through the efforts of Christian men and women, often led by courageous clergymen, who fearlessly call upon the electors to vote in the right way. Not an unimportant evidence of progress is

the alarm of the liquor traffic. Not the least cheering of the indications is the bitter denunciation against preachers and churches in which liquor journals indulge. Further cheer comes from the growing outspokenness of church organs in their exposure of the liquor evil and their demand for better laws. We hail with joy the dividing up of the people in the struggle that daily grows in intensity, for the full development of the division will mean the complete overthrow of the evil.

Dissipation.

By Henry Harvey Stuart.

Let us revel today, for tomorrow we die—
Let us drain the red cup ere it passes us by;
Fill it up to the brim with the sparkling wine;
We'll quaff e'en the dregs e'er the glass we resign.

Our existence is short, naught but sorrow ahead;
Thick darkness behind and before us is spread;
We know not whence came we nor whither we go;
Then drink unto Bacchus to lighten our woe!

Misfortunes all fly at his merry approach;
At his word doth care cease on our minds to encroach;
Inflamed by the wine cup we banish our fear,
And the warnings of conscience dismiss with a sneer.

Again fill the glasses! Let conscience benumb—
Within this charmed circle it never should come;
For why do we tittle, if not to forget
The reproaches of honor that trouble us yet?

Let us drink and forget the ambitions of youth,
When our spirits were filled with a longing for truth;
When we saw in the future, shedding light from afar,
Arise on our pathway the bright morning star

That promised the dawn of the day of success
Which should crown all our labor with ample redress.
That that day has not come we alone are to blame;
Then let us drink deeper to cover our shame.

Let us drink to the loss of our youthful pride,
To our strivings for good that have long ago died,
To the withered hopes of our innocent day
Ere we God had forsaken and neglected to pray.

Our life is a failure, and nothing remains
To us low but the wine-cup to soften the pains
Of the bitter remorse that is gnawing the soul;
So yield we to Bacchus our spirit's control.

Then drink while life's left us, and forget
What's ahead,
Forget what's to follow when our earth-life is fled;
For in the hereafter, destruction's our doom—
Then why waste the present in anguish and gloom?

The Fruits of the Holy Spirit.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

A bountiful crop of weeds will always grow spontaneously on any neglected piece of ground. In like manner sin is spontaneous in the carnal heart. The Apostle Paul calls the root of a very ugly brood of what he styles "the works of the flesh" in the fifth chapter of his letter to the Galatians. But wheat and corn must be sown, and orchards must be planted. Wherefore in vivid contrast to the spontaneous products of unregenerate hearts, he specifies certain most beautiful and precious "fruits of the Holy Spirit."

While many talk confidently about man's self-reforming power, yet God's Word and human experience make it certain that when men have tried to reach the highest, noblest, purest spiritual life without the aid of God's Spirit, they have lamentably failed. Bible religion is a growth, a development; and it requires a root. That root is of divine origin. The root of the best charac-