MY NATIVE PREACHERS.

BY M. B. SHAW.

CHITTIAH had been transferred from Bimlipatam to Vizianagram soon after the latter property was purchased. He was with me from the date of my arrival until July 1st, 1891. During the time that there was no missionary living at the station, Chittiah was king. Arguing from this standpoint, and also that he paid rent and I did not, he drew certain conclusions of his own. He by degrees began to act up to his conclusions, and did not lack the courage of his convictions. On July 1 I besought Mr. Sanford to restore him to the Bimlipatam fold. He is now under Mrs. Morse's jurisdiction.

PAUL SURYA NARAYANA comes from the Lutherans, and for three months gave me great satisfaction. He was green at preaching at first, but improved wonderfully, and filled my ideal of what a native preacher should be. He left me with my knowledge and best wishes for success; but with a true Hindu view of life. He is now in Burmah.

SAMUEL, son of Zargayah, was born in a little hamlet in the suburbs of Akidu. His grandparents were heathen. His father and mother had been married and possessed two children when they were baptized by William Bowdoin, a Free Baptist missionary stationed at Nursapuram. Samuel's parents died when he was six years old, and he was cared for in the Nursapuram boarding school until his fourteenth year. He wanted to be baptized, but his request was denied because he was too young. He visited a distant village where Rev. John McLaurin was baptizing several candidates, and was received into the church with them. After his baptism he worked for a while on a canal boat; but soon Mr. McLaurin put him at school in Cocanada. Here he spent three years, and afterwards was a preacher with Mr. McLaurin, Mr. Timpany, Mr. Craig and Mr. Davis. When the Vizianagram property was purchased, Mr. Sanford issued a call for helpers, and Samuel was one to respond. He came with the reputation of being the checkiest native Christian in the other mission. He has kept this reputation up, but has been doing good work at Chipurupilly, since my arrival. His wife was a boarding-girl from Dr. Downie's school at Nellore. They have four children.

B. TATHAYALE, son of Bolliah, sprang from a Samulcotta family. His grandparents and parents were all Christians; were all baptized by Mr. Timpany. He first studied at a Christian village school under Mr. McLaurin's care. After the seminary in Samulcotta had been in operation one year, he entered as a student and remained four years. He left school a year too soon to graduate, and went to Rangoon, where he lived with friends for two years. Afterwards he returned and married Milcomah, daughter of Baptist parents, but studying at the time in the Lutheran school at Rajamundy. He acted as colporteur for Mr. Davis six months, and then taught school six months. Got fever, and thinking a change of scene would be good for his health, answered Mr. Sanford's call in person. He is a sensible fellow and gives good satisfaction.

B. R. BENJAMIN hails from Rajamundy. His older brother, Aaron, brought him up. When quite young he was christened, godfathered and named by a Lutheran missionary, and obtained all the schooling he has had while with the Lutherans. At his 21st birthday he found himself bottle-washer in the Medical Hall, in Rangoon. Afterwards he was chief cook for Dr. Booth, and when the doctor was forced to return to England by sickness, he took Benjamin along as footman. He was in England ten months and improved all his opportunities. In the winter of 1875 or '76, he returned to Rangoon, working his passage on S. S. Tenasserine from Glasgow as ship's steward. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, Miss Armstrong and several Burman missionaries were passengers. To Mr. Sanford's party Benjamin was an object of supreme interest. He was their first Hindu. When he reached Rangoon he re-entered the Medical Hall for a time. Acted as billiard-marker and janitor for the R. R. club-room for a while, and was gate-keeper at the R. R. Station several months. In 1881 he was baptized by Rev. Mr. Manly, now of the American Baptist Telugu Mission, at that time pastor of the English Baptist church in Rangoon. In 1882, Benjamin came over to Coconada, and Mr. Timpany took him in hand, encouraged him to begin preaching, and in a short time sent him to Akidu to Mr. Craig. He remained at this station a year and a half, married Mobaluxshmi, a boarding girl of Tuni, got into some trouble, more or less disgraceful, and was degraded from the preacher's office. He returned to Coconada, and during the next eight years was butler for several missionaries and civilians in turn, and did colporteur work at times. He also was in Rangoon a year or so. Mr. Sanford gave Benjamin a special invitation to come up and do colporteur work; but on his arrival he struck for preacher's post. He is a man of various possibilities, but on the whole makes an average worker.

P. REUBEN, son of Cornelius. Said Cornelius was a *sathanie*, or Shudra Vishnuvite, a sort of fakir, gaining his living by going about the country in fantastic dress, beating drums and playing on a species of tambourine. When Reuben was seven years of age his father joined the Church Mission at Bezvarda. Soon afterwards Rev. W. Campbell, of the American Baptist Mission, baptized him and took him under his wing. Between his eighth and eighteenth years Reuben attended the Church Mission boarding school for boys at Masulipatam. In his eighteenth year he returned to Mr. Campbell and was baptized. He travelled about the country for a while as a Christian fakir, then he taught school a year for the C. M. S. folks. Afterwards he returned to Mr. Campbell, and spent four years teaching and preaching. He heard about Mr. Sanford, and visited Bimli. On this visit he stayed a year, then went to Cuttack and Berampore, and in the latter place set up as an educator of Hindoo youths on his own hook, and kept his own school for nine months. Mr. Archibald was in Berampore and was pleased with what he saw of Reuben, and reported the matter to Mr. Sanford, who recalled him and kept him as a preacher for six months. He left again at the expiration of that time, and spent a year teaching for the C. M. S. people. Afterwards he went to Coconada and worked as a preacher under Mr. Davis for eight months. Here he married Miriam, a boarding girl, and returned at once to Mr. Sanford, who put him at Bhimasingha, an out-station on this field. In spite of this somewhat chequered career P. Reuben is a good preacher, and is my heaviest worker from the Hindu standpoint. He prides himself on his knowledge of the Hindu Shastras, and is constantly studying. He can bowl over a Brahmin with the ease and precision of a professional.

The facts for the above article I obtained from the men themselves. If there are discrepancies the fault is theirs.

Vizianagram, May 5.

UPON THE HILL-TOP.

The preacher told us last Sunday that we missionaries thought we were living upon the plains, but we found that the plains have been living upon us. I suppose this was intended for a joke, but it contained a good deal of truth. When the thermometer began to near the nineties it was with no little pleasure that we looked forward to a trip to the hills, to spend our first vacation. Now we are here—yes, our vacation is half gone, and all too quickly. I little dreamt that so remarkable a change in climate could be had in India. At present we take comfort in fires, overcoats, blankets, etc., and love to stand in the sunshine to get warm. Imagine anyone just now standing in the sun at Kimedy or Bobbili in order to get warmed up. I fancy in three minutes he would feel not only warm, but cooked through and through. We hear that Bro. Shaw, who is in Bimli, recently went out to Vizianagram in the evening, expecting to stay all night, and found it so hot that he turned about immediately and went back to Bimli. Yes, while our thermometer ranged from 60° to 70°, there are many places upon the plains where 90° is the lowest point and about 110° the other extreme.

These are called the Nilgiri hills, and we are eight thousand feet above the plains. The journey from Chicacole was a long one, but we enjoyed it all—forty-six miles by coolies and jinrickshaw to Bimli, four hundred and fifty miles by stream to Madras, three hundred and twenty-five miles by rail to the foot of the mountains, and thirty-one miles by ox-cart to Ootacamund, make a total journey of over eight hundred miles. The climb up the mountain was especially enjoyable, for we had a beautiful, moonlight night. Thick brush and forest covers the hill-side, and as we wind about on our way up we see bush fires brightly burning. These fires, together with the moonlight shining among the trees, and the serpentine course of our road, make the trip a delightful one. After reaching the summit we find a large crater-like basin called "the saucer." This contains a lot of little hills and valleys, among which this town spreads itself out. We live two-thirds of a mile from the centre of the town and occupy one of a number of cottages built upon the steep side of a hill overlooking the town; a terraced road leading from the main road winds about until it passes our front door. Quite a number of cottages have "wood" for the first syllable—as Woodend, Woodville, Woodbourne. One day a letter came to one of us addressed to *Woodhouse*, but Woodbourne is the proper name of our hillside cottage. We have in this house a company of ten, consisting of three from our own mission, five from the Ontario, and two from the American missions.

We came up here for a rest and a change. If you could see how jolly we all are you would conclude that we mean to have a good time and get the worth of our money. We indulge in lots of laughter and fun, which I believe to be a good tonic for the liver. The heat, the worry, and the loneliness often stifle laughter upon the plains. But after this season of rest and enjoyment, we shall all return to our work to enjoy it all the more because of a little relaxation. One of the reasons why one can enjoy a rest here so well, is that he is beyond the reach of the voice of those who are always a care to him when on the field. But as the mail brings tidings of trouble here and there on his field, he finds that rest even upon the hills is not always complete.

We have a good many religious services here during the week, and often unite in prayer for the work and for those of our number who cannot come to the hills. During this, the centennial year, we look for great blessings upon our beloved mission, and all departments of the work at home, in which we have a keen interest. This year we long to welcome two more new families. Will they be forthcoming? Should we not all pray earnestly that God may call these new men and send them forth this year? New fields are waiting to be occupied, and we can name them, if you wish. On one side of the Chicacole field there extends a strip of country about fifty miles in length and twenty in breadth, thickly populated, but without a single Christian laborer. The Gospel has only been preached there a few times, and that to a handful of hearers in two or three villages along the road as missionaries have hastily passed along on a journey to Berhampore. What destitution! What opportunities for coming laborers! What a shame to have those thousands to perish! But what can your present missionaries do? If I never entered that part of the field and should cut off three or four other parts of the field equally important, and perhaps as large, I could still spend all my days on the remaining part of the field and *never* be able to compass the work. Men of Israel, help! Send us men again this year, Bro. and Sister Archibald will return (D. V), and we pray for *two more families* at *least*. The doom of thousands on the Chicacole field is almost sealed. The sands of time are sinking fast. Your life and mine, as also that of our fellowmen among these perishing Telugus are rapidly passing. Who will God call and send to the Telugus this year? Make haste to help us, oh Lord! The harvest truly is plenteous but the laborers are few.

W. V. HIGGINS.

Ootacamund, May 10.

NOT OURS, BUT LENT.

IN MEMORIAM — JOSEPHINE CHURCHILL.

Died May 26, 1892.

There was a lovely flow'r. We called it ours,
For in our garden for a time it grew.
Our garden, which the Master gave to us,
And filled with plants of His, that we should tend.
Tall trees, and sturdy shrubs were there, and ever
Well pleased were we beneath their shade to walk,
And pride we took in all their growth and strength.
But last, the Master sent a rarer plant;
"Watch this," He said, "with tend'rest care and love,
Till I shall come; for 'tis a flower choice."
Then, in the middle of our garden fair,
We planted it, watered, and nurtured it.
And, as it grew, we gazed in wondering pride;
So fair a flow'r we ne'er before had seen!
The beauty of the rose it bore, and all
The lily's purity and stateliness;
And yet, no violet, hiding in the shade,
More modest grew—less conscious of its worth;
And ever, from its lovely leaves, exhaled
A perfume, subtle as the mignonette's.
And, lavish as the hedge-rose, growing wild
The common path beside, its sweetness flings
On poorest trav'ler, so this lovely flow'r
On rich and poor alike, its graces shed,
And cheered full many a heart.
And we? Alas, we held it so, so dear,
We oft forgot it was not ours—but lent!
And in our foolish pride, we cried, "Behold!
None like it in our neighbor's gardens grow.
And we will keep it many a year with care."
And so we hedged it round, and sheltered it;
The sun too boldly should not shine on it,
Nor rude wind buffet. So we thought it safe.
But ah, one morn the Master came, and walked
Within our garden!
And on the flow'r He cast His loving gaze;
"To this, my tender plant, I must bear hence;
'Tis meet upon My bosom now to lie."
And so He bent to pluck it.

Then with cries
Of fear and anguish, strove we hard to hold
Our lovely flow'r—with puny force we sought
T' unclasp the hand that grasped the slender stem.
But He—the Master—smiled in pitying love;
"Be still, and know that I am God." "'Tis well
That I should take Mine own. In this poor place
Chill autumn winds, and winter's cruel frosts
Would blast this tender plant. In that fair clime
To which I bear it, naught can fade or die;
There shall it bloom eternally." And then
With tender hand He plucked it—and was gone.
And we—we strive to say, with breaking hearts,
"He hath but taken home His own." But, ah,
How desolate our garden! O, how drear!
The garish day looks down, but lights it not;
The night wind through the trees sighs mournfully—
And we grope on, and work with bowed-beat heads.
Yet, sometimes, does the perfume of our flow'r
Seem floating near—and, ever wafting high,
Makes us look up, and whisper, "It is well."

HELEN T. CHURCHILL.

Treasures in Heaven.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

"Treasure up for yourselves treasures in heaven," was the command of the Master. To put our treasures down here, drags us down, too; to lodge them with God, lifts us upward. And whatever we put in God's keeping, is perfectly safe, for He is our Trustee. "I know whom I have trusted," said the great apostle, "and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." No burglar can steal, no moth can devour a Christian's solid investments.

The spiritual results of Paul's life were in heaven. So are yours, my hard-toiling brother out in a frontier cabin, and they will be all the more precious for the sacrifices you make. So are yours, O self-denying teacher of poor negroes in yonder school under the southern sun! Whatever any of us surrenders for Christ and the welfare of our fellow-creatures, will make us richer up yonder. Keeping often impoverishes, giving enriches. "He that saveth his life, shall lose it; he that loseth his life for My sake and the Gospel's, shall find it"—up in heaven. Whatever in this world we lay *down* in order to please our Master, will be "laid up" to our account. God is a faithful Trustee, and He keeps a book of remembrance.

The "dividends" that are accumulating up there, will make some people who wore coarse clothes down here millionaires when they get home to glory. I know of some city missionaries and godly needle women who are making their deposits every week in God's savings banks—that never break. The only things in the enlargement of the treasures. Every deed of unselfish love, every sacrifice for conscience sake, every effort to save a soul, every testimony for Christ, will by-and-by "come up as a memorial before God."

What a magnificent inheritance Spurgeon must have found when he got home to his "Father's house!" "Ye are My joy and crown," he might well say when he meets those whom his faithful preaching won to Christ. John Bunyan said that he had "goodly buildings and lordships where his spiritual children were born." The Bedford tinker will be a Cresus in heaven if all the thousands whom he helped thither are reckoned among his assets. To David Brainerd every converted Indian will be a star in his crown; and Judson will find heaven all the more glorious for the poor Karens whom he brought there. Our country has produced no more heroic specimen of an apostle than the late George Bowen, of Bombay (the author of the "Daily Meditations"). Every Hindoo that knew him, honored his noble self-denial. When money was given him, he at once appropriated it to his mission work. A Scotch gentleman, having deposited a considerable sum in the bank to his credit, with the suggestion that a part of it be used in revisiting his native land, from which he had been absent for many years, he answered that he must decline the money on any such terms, that he could only take it if permitted to use it in the Master's work. Certain of the missionary ladies, disturbed at the worn condition of his clothes, once collected money for a new suit and sent him the sum. A day or two after, he came to one of them saying, "I have long wanted to do something for your mission school, but have not had the money; now God has put it into my hands," at the same time handing back the very money which she had sent him. Who would not envy his glorified spirit when he comes in possession of his splendid celestial inheritance? Ah, brethren, our God is a faithful Trustee, and whatever we do, or say, or suffer for His cause, will be returned to us many fold.

There is another sweet thought connected with this assurance of treasures in heaven. It proves that we shall recognize each other up there. When Paul said that his Thessalonian converts would be his "glory and joy in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ," he certainly expected to meet them in heaven and to *know them there*. If they were not the same people, and if he could not recognize them in heaven, how could they be a source of joy and satisfaction to him? Identity will be preserved there. Abraham was certainly the same individuality, or we would not read of Lazarus as being in his presence in heaven. Old Dr. Emmons was a very unpoetic old theologian, but he used to say, "I hope to have some talks with the apostle Paul there." Everything in Scripture, everything in sound philosophy, every analogy between the laws of nature and of grace, all point to the glorious fact that we shall know our loved ones in our Father's house on high. We shall assuredly not be more ignorant or stupid than we were in this life. And who of us would not feel it in a most fearful shock if all the sweet affections of kinship were obliterated forever? Surely our heavenly Father would not punish us thus in the very act of blessing us with the "life everlasting." When Christ's people die, they change their place, but not their company. And perpetuated love will be a precious part of the *treasures in heaven*.—*Evangelist.*

A Charge, to any Church, by any Council.

The question, "To what purpose is this waste?" was put by a bad man. He showed his badness by one word only—"waste." In using that word he expressed his judgment. That judgment was wrong; for Mary's outlay was not "waste." And the reason why he wrongly considered it to be waste was that he had not the warm heart which rightly values great outlay.

But the question in its right form, "To what purpose is this outlay?" is always in order. Our church members should always keep it before their minds, and it is most fitting on this occasion. You have thousands of dollars invested in this house of worship, and every year you should expect to receive full value for the interest (to say the least) of the capital. You are now solemnly publishing a contract to support your pastor at a cost which you will all feel. You also bind yourselves to provide for a Sunday-school, for fuel, lights, repairs; and some of you engage to set aside a part of your time and energy to attend to all these things.

And now how many of you have counted up the cost to you of your church and your pastor, and then have thought out an answer to the question, "How can I get full value for this item of my expense?" How many have weighed the burden laid upon this community by this church and its services, and then considered how the community is to find its profit in it? How many are resolved that to themselves and the town the outlay shall not be a waste? Many never think of this. They assume that a good preacher, a pleasant choir and a comfortable church assure great blessings to follow. It is a strange, often times an awful, mistake. There are large subscribers and prompt, uncomplaining payers who get but the most trifling benefit from all they do, who only illustrate the saying of Paul: "If I bestow all my goods . . . and have not love it profiteth me nothing." Thus are even those whose gifts only bring home more closely to themselves the woe spoken upon Chorazin.

But we look for better things from you; and that God's grace in giving you church and pastor may not be in vain, we charge you: 1. Present yourselves regularly and receptively to your church and pastor, that in your own hearts and lives first of all may be wrought the needful changes. To be absent from the Sabbath assembly, the Sunday-school or the prayer meeting; to be shy, half-concealing, half-revealing your real spiritual condition in conversation, to be hard to find and easy to miss when help is wanted, all this is but to throw away the bread for which you pay.

2. We charge you to demand of your pastor spiritual gifts, and to hold him to spiritual work. There are books, periodicals, lecturers enough to teach all that you need to know of art, science, travel, politics and such things. It is not for lectureships, even of the higher order, that churches are built and pastors supported, either from the easy gifts of the rich or the costly earnings of the poor. It is cheaper to go to the concert hall for your music than to set your pastor at work with your musical people to furnish it. Specialists in every line of research can teach in all such lines more profitably than any true minister. Elocutionists and minstrels and many sorts of entertainers can provide your amusements better than your pastor. We do not know whether you can afford to pay for admission to all these things, or to hire singers and speakers and showmen to come to your church and exhibit. But we do know that you cannot afford to get these things by your pastor's salary. To divert him to these things is to get them in a most extravagant way. All such fruits of civilized life can be shaken ripe and plump from trees all about you. The supply of them is equal to the need, whether or not it equal the demand. But the bread of life is scarce. This you need, and so do your neighbors. Getting this from your pastor you will get the full worth of your time, patience labor and money. Without it your expense is largely wasted. Therefore we say, hold your pastor to spiritual work. Be so glad and so express your gladness when he gives you spiritual food, that he can never be tempted to turn aside and work in less precious things.

3. And finally, ask of your pastor organization in Christ's work. Make it your individual request to him that he shall direct you as a working member of the Lord's body. Consent neither to be idle nor to wander about picking up bits of work for yourself, but look for work as a member of the church. Keep in an attitude of expectant readiness which will show him that he is not hired to do your work for you; but that he and you are together the Lord's fellow-workers; he the superintendent who is to keep you wisely employed, not to take your place. Be not content without some share in the Lord's work as planned and carried on by all together. Work in fellowship is your right; it is your need, your glory; then claim it. Never let your pastor suspect that you mean to be preached and prayed into heaven; but that you mean to work in Christ's vineyard, under pastoral guidance, and that if he cannot help you to this, you will soon begin to wonder, no matter how fine his sermons or how sweet his prayers, whether your support of him may not be "waste," so far as your own interests go.

If you will do these things, there will not long be a successor of Judas in your town so blind that he can go about asking, "What is all this worth?"—*Prof. A. C. Barrows, in Advance.*

A Chapter on Lies.

Rabbi Solomon Schindler, the brilliant Boston scholar, has contributed a most interesting paper to a recent issue of the *Arena* on lying, in which he takes the new realistic story, "Who Lies," as a text. By special permission we are enabled to publish this notable paper.

It may appear tautological to speak of the "purpose" and the "motive" of a literary work in one breath; still there is a slight distinction between the two, and this distinction separates the former idealistic school of novel writers from the modern realistic school. It would be unjust to say that writers like Sir Walter Scott, Eugene Sue, Alexander Dumas, Berthold Auerbach, and others have lacked a "purpose" when writing their admirable novels; yet that "motive," that tendency, is indeed wanting in them which characterizes the works of realistic authors. Charles Dickens, who may be termed the connecting link between these two schools,—the novelist of the transition period,—adds a distinct "motive" to the "purpose," when he attacks the miserable school system of his time, or the inhumanity with which the submerged classes are treated, or when he ridicules the hypocrisy of charitable institutions. Step by step we can thus trace the evolution of the "motive" in the progress of the realistic literature of our time.

The latest contribution of this character in fiction, embodying a strong "motive," has been presented to the reading public through the *Arena* Publishing Company, of Boston, in their fifty-cent series of vigorous works by leading thinkers. The authors, Emil Blum, Ph. D., and Mr. Sigmund B. Alexander, have correctly called it an "Interrogation." They desire to call attention to one of the most serious problems of life; they hurl an accusation at our modern civilization, against which a defence is not an easy task; they cast a flash light upon society, and show the rotten foundation upon which it rests.

Eight gentlemen, belonging to the cultured and well-to-do classes of society, and representing various walks of life, are assembled at a banquet. They are all graduates of the same college, in which they had been nick-named by their classmates the "Model Nine." Their friendship had existed during ten years, in which time each of them had won for himself a respected position in society. One is a successful physician; another a famous lawyer; the third stands at the head of a lucrative business; the fourth is the chief of a banking-house, and known as a great philanthropist; the fifth occupies the pulpit of a fashionable church; the sixth edits a newspaper of large circulation; the seventh holds a professor's chair at the Alma Mater; the eighth is identified with the politics of his State; the ninth, the most promising of them, had inherited from his father an immense fortune, and had during these years travelled extensively. He had, therefore, never been present at any of their annual reunions, but is expected to join them on this occasion. A belated train brings him to the city and into their company, at the moment when they are drinking the health and praising the noble qualities of the absentee.

He is warmly greeted by his friends, who, however, find that he has changed considerably. Though apparently the same genial and brilliant fellow whom they had known in times past, he seems to have become infected with the blackest kind of pessimism. He fiercely attacks the very civilization which they cherish so dearly. A controversy arises, which culminates in a peculiar wager. Rust, the pessimist, claims that our whole civilization is a huge "Lie"; that this "Lie" has permeated and poisoned society to such a degree that no one could speak the truth, even if he desired, for any length of time, without harming, if not destroying, his reputation and business prospect. This is emphatically denied by his friends, who, on their part, claim that for one week, at least, they would pledge themselves to adhere strictly to the truth. The wager provides, therefore, that if they adhere to the truth for one week, Rust must pay eight thousand dollars; but if one of them breaks his word, he must pay one thousand dollars. The money is to go to some benevolent institution, which the winner shall designate. It is further agreed that any member may withdraw his obligation on payment of one thousand dollars during the week, if he finds telling the truth too expensive.

The result was as predicted by Rust. Disaster in some form overtook each of them. In the last chapter Rust informs them that he had offered the wager, not to win their money, but to give them an object lesson. All the miseries from which society is suffering, says he, are the logical consequences of the prevailing untruthfulness. Instead of trying to remodel the world, and to better conditions by assailing consequences, they ought to attack the root of the evil, the "Lie." He proposes, therefore, the formation of a society of veritists—of men who will pledge themselves to speak the truth always, unmindful of possible consequences. It is his firm belief that, in the end, people will learn that they prosper much better with truth than with untruth, and that while for a short time they may be the losers, in the end they will win confidence and make up for the loss.

The lightning which illumines the path of the wanderer on a stormy night, shows him the precipice into which he is about to fall; thus "Who Lies" reveals the dangers with which our present civilization is fraught, and the root from which most of its evils grow. It suggests the only remedy: namely, to speak the truth and nothing but the truth, regardless of consequences.

"Who Lies" will be found not only amusing and interesting, but the reader will admire it for its courage and fearlessness. It is deserving of a wide circle of readers.

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La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the paroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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IT is characteristic of the House to have only the very best, and never deal in what is known in the trade as cheap instruments.

It is characteristic of the House never to ask fancy prices (as some dealers do, and come down if they have to). Every instrument is marked in plain figures at actual selling price, which is always the lowest consistent with quality and a fair living profit.

By these and other strict commercial methods, I have built up one of the largest, if not the largest retail Piano and Organ trades in the Dominion.

I was awarded a special diploma at the late Provincial Exhibition for the best exhibit of Pianos, consisting of Chickering, Knabe, Bell, Dominion, Mason & Risch, and Newcombe, which means

THE DIPLOMA

of the exhibition in the Piano line.

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June 22.

Sabbath Sc

BIBLE LES

THIRD QUAR

STUDIES IN ACTS OF TH

(Condensed from Peloubet's

Lesson I. July 3.

THE ASCENSION O

GOLDEN TEX

"When He had spoken
while they beheld, He
and a cloud received Hi
sight."—Acts 1: 9.

THE BOOK OF ACTS.—
was Luke, who wrote the
II. THE DATE OF WRI
from A. D. 63, for the n
off abruptly at the end
years' residence at Rome
prisonment). Why is th
because there is no mor
time. The writer contin
up to the date of his wri
there. If he had been w
death of Paul, he would
told us of the circumstanc
There is no rational expla
abrupt ending except tha
written about the time w
closes. This was certai
D. 63.
III. THE PLACE OF
Rome, as is generally a
critics.
IV. THE TITLE shoul
Apostles. "The book is n
the Apostles, but merely
certain Apostles."

EXPLANATOR

1. THE INTRODUCTION.
treatise. The Gospel of L
1-4). Literally, the *first* t
rative. *O Theophilus.* T
son to whom the Gospel
dressed (Luke 1: 3). T
given to him, "most exce
rank, and was applied to
as to Felix (Acts 23: 26)
(Acts 26: 25). He was,
convert to Christianity.
The manner in which the
nates favors the supposiio
have lived at Rome or It
cerning) *all that Jesus beg*
and teach. "Began" is
sense to "from the begin
His career. The former t
what Jesus *began* to do
and this relates what I
Jesus, *continued* to do and
do and teach. The Christi
ded, *to do*, and then *to tea*
2. *Until the day in which*
up. With which the Go
ends. *Had given comma*
the apostles. At various
these forty days Jesus app
disciples, and instructed t
work of founding the ch
as recorded in the Gospels
chapter.
II. THE RISEN LORD.
whom also He showed
merely "appeared," but sh
made Himself appear.
same Jesus who was crucif
on the earth, as He w
crucifixion. *After His*
sufferings and death on t
many (emphatic) *infallible*
adjective here has no rep
the original. The Greek
some sign or token ma
senses, as opposed to evide
witnesses. *Being seen*
days. Not continuously,
vals, on ten or eleven differ
at various times and plac
of the things pertaining to
God. The reign of God in
men, and the new principle
and powers and instrum
which that reign should be
They were now prepared, l
Atonement completed on
understand many things
were incomprehensible.
III. THE PROMISE OF TH
And being assembled togeth
Either the conference
Christ to be held in Gali
16), or an assembly in Jeru
day of Ascension, when ce J
out as far as Bethany (
Commanded them (the apo
depart from Jerusalem. Th
pear to be: (1) That the gre
come upon all at once and
all could preach the gospel
perience and with one po
testify to the great event.
they would thus express
the church, being endow
spirit, at one time, in one p
cause of the prophecies i
Micah 4: 2, that the Christi
go forth from Mount Zion.
it was most fit that this
Christ's power should be th
where had been His great
tion; that those who were n
by the resurrection might b
by this miraculous gift o
Ghost. (5) It would be at th
festival after the crucifixion
gers from all parts of the
be gathered at Jerusalem,
carry back the tidings of th
tion into all lands. *But*
promise of the Father. The
promised by Joel (2: 28, 29
(44: 3), and through Jes
(John 14-16). It was the s
stance of all the Old Testame
Which . . . ye have heard
allusion is not to Luke 24:
also the last interview of
His disciples is probably
rather to the promises m
Lord in His last discourse
suffered (John 14: 16, 26;
5. *For John.* The Bapti
runner of Christ. *Truly b*
water, The symbol and the
while John was baptizing
he pointed to Jesus as t
should baptize with the Hol
with fire. *Ye shall be bapti*
in) *the Holy Ghost.* As the
which the baptism is perfe
that this would be the fir
the Holy Spirit had been r
that it would come with pe
festation, in great abundanc
all disciples. *Not many*
Only about ten days, for Ch
sion was forty days, and P
fifty days, after the Passove
6. *When they therefore se*
gether. On a subsequent oc
Mount Olivet, near Bethany
of the forty days. *They as*