

Rev. S. J. Archibald.

The Messenger and Visitor to-day brings the sad, though not altogether unexpected intelligence of the decease of a faithful minister. My very intimate and pleasant relations with our departed brother (Rev. S. J. Archibald), during my short stay in Woodstock, prompts me to bear this word of personal testimony to my very high appreciation of his character and worth. Others will no doubt write more at length of his life and worth.

No one could be intimately acquainted with him and not be impressed with the guilelessness of his heart, and the transparency of his conduct. Warm hearted, sympathetic and faithful as a pastor, he greatly endeared himself to his people.

In the Jacksonville church are many intelligent, true hearted, earnest Christian men and women, with whom it was my privilege to become personally acquainted, and often heard them speak in words of affectionate regard for him, who was then so earnestly and unselfishly devoted to their best interests, but who to-day rests from the toils of earthly ministry. As a preacher, Bro. Archibald was earnest, practical, helpful, and instructive.

His was not a nature that could be contented with embracing less than the whole truth when once it was clearly seen, hence his break a few years ago with a Christian body with which he had been identified from his youth, and which he greatly loved.

Though he had been with us only a few years, he was as familiar with, and as deeply interested in every department of our denominational work as if he had been with us always.

But my purpose in writing is only to express my high personal regard for the character and worth of one for whose acquaintance I shall ever be thankful, and whose memory I can never cease affectionately to cherish.

I join with the many friends and admirers of our departed brother in heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Archibald and family, in their great trial and irreparable loss.

E. J. GRANT.

Fishing Again.

Dear Timothy.—Yes, I acknowledge that my last is open to your criticism of being too vague—"vague generalities" for the most part. You will, then, not take it as a rebuke if I attempt it again, and supplement the former letter with some particulars as to modes of gathering in.

It is well to bear in mind that the fisherman is very cautious in the use of his voice. He does not make any needless noise; never shouts when near the fish. If you go with your Master's message of peace to men, think that there are lots of souls just waiting for that—longing for it; and gently and clearly as Jesus Himself did, His servant should endeavor to do.

"We all carry in our hearts a secret belief that somewhere in the world there exists a paradise unvisited with the cares by which we are pursued, and watered by the river of God; and whenever one appears whose air assures us that he has lived in that Eden and drunk of that river, we cannot help welcoming him and listening to his message." (Imago Christo).

Of course, now and then, an explosion will come, but in general try to be easy—fling your net over them so deftly that they will not be thrown into the mood of resistance. Next time you feel impelled to thrash with your arms, and to shout, remember! "Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Give Him a large margin, and don't imagine that you are to do it all yourself.

There is more good fishing done by the way. When an old angler goes on a journey, he puts a line and a few flies in his pocket-book, and when he sees a chance, tries the pool, and is sometimes well rewarded. An old father in God gave me some good hints when I was a boy. He used to talk to people wherever he met them. The honorable councillor would bid him good day, and Father B. would in the most pleasant way reply, "And how is it with your honor's eternal interests this morning?" strongly emphasizing eternal. The parish priest and he would sometimes meet, and the old Baptist, with a sunny smile, would inquire how was his reverence's soul, and leave him with the assurance that if he was not born again, "positively he would never see the kingdom of God." Once, at a friend's house, when at dinner, one of the young men was entering the room, when the servant of God raised his hands, and with the utmost solemnity, cried out, "Is it possible, James, that you are still out of hell?" The man turned, wounded to the quick.

He was maddened. He took down the gun, and inwardly resolved to shoot the minister. More than once he tried to do it—but, of course, the restraining hand of the Master was upon him. The preacher, "instant in season, out of season," sat his dinner, and went his way. At the next conference meeting, James came, and going forward to the stand, kneeled down and begged the old man's pardon, confessed his sin, offered himself to the church, and was directly bap-

tized. "Very rough," you say. Yes, very, my brother, but it pays a fisherman better than smiling and chatting, and going his way, feeling comfortable, and leaving the fish perfectly comfortable. Better put a hook in the jaws of one, and leave him—so. You are after souls; just think of the awful possibility of their blood being found on your skirts. Two boys found an immense eel, near his hole on the mud-flats. They had nothing but a stick, and their bare hands; but they tackled him, and clinched him, and proudly bore him home. "And some save with fear—pulling them out!"

You believe in the power of the words of the living God. Do you expect them to do any execution as you read them in the houses? There is a grand chance to fish there. Prepare yourself by thoroughly absorbing a passage, the more unfamiliar the better. Go away back to the Book of Judges, or to the narratives in Samuel, or into the little-read minor prophets. Read something appropriate, of course; but don't take anything at random, like David's utterance—"Moab is my wash-pot," etc. Explain the narrative, so that Johnny and Sarah can see the whole meaning, and all the household will be interested. Then put in the harpoon. Ask them about their own souls, and leave them with the iron sticking in. "Thou art the man!" follows the story of the ewe lamb, and brings the big sinner to his senses.

Go out to the barn, and ask a pointed question of the boy foddering the cattle,—"Have you any food, my son?" McCheyne, looking at the foundry fire, asked the man who was tending it, "What does that remind you of?"

Hoping that you may do this to a greater extent and in better manner than your elder brethren have done,

I am, my dear son,

Yours intensely,

BARNABAS.

Letter from Bro. Churchill.

HIRAMANDALAM, April 10.

Here I am at this place to-day, a sort of advance guard of our party, on the way to Deodungar, or Devagiri (the hill of God). I am travelling with native bandies and have made the distance from Bobbili, 65 miles, in three nights, part of the time travelling at the rate of a mile an hour. The rest of our party, Mrs. Churchill, Miss Fitch and Mr. Laflamme, are at Palkendash to-day, resting, and are coming on to-night in the jirikhasas, at the rate of nearly four miles an hour. We expect to reach Kimeedy to-morrow morning and go up the hill Saturday. What a relief it will be to get up out of the heat of the plains. The weather is so far rather cooler than usual for the time of year, but still it is decidedly too hot for comfort, and the heat is steadily increasing.

But it is not my purpose to write at present of this trip. I wish to say a little of a tour made last month in company with Mr. Sanford up into the Jeypur country. I have long been wishing to make the trip, but the way has not seemed open till this season, when it appeared to be quite necessary to go up and see to things a little, if we are to continue our work there. I have been at times quite doubtful whether it is wise for us to try to labor there at such a distance. But the work seemed to come to us from the Lord, and I did not feel that we could throw it down until He made the duty to do so quite plain.

Owing to Mr. Sanford having to go away with his family at Bangalore, we were a month later in getting off than I had planned, and it was with some misgivings that we set off, for the hot season was just setting in, when the hill fever is considered to be much more dangerous. Our first stopping place was Sookaki, nine miles from the foot of the hills.

A few days before, a tiger had attacked a bandy man on the same road and had injured him so severely that he died, and the same night we went up, a tiger had come out at Sookaki and had killed a calf.

As we ascended the mountains we soon began to find the weather cooler, especially at night. On the second day we met Mr. Marsh, formerly tutor to the Bobbili Rajah, coming down with the Rajah of Jeypur, whose tutor he now is. After his first salutation, he encouraged us with the assurance that we were bound to get fever at that time of the year. We hoped he might prove a false prophet and passed on.

Our fourth stage brought us to Korapat, a government station, in a fine appearing country, but very feverish. The German missionaries have a station here, but their men have suffered so, they are talking of abandoning it. They have only one man there now, Mr. Reimers, who lost his wife a year or two since, with fever, and who has come near dying several times since himself. He has been touring about the country considerably and told us of a visit he had made to a tribe of people, living in the forest to the south. They are in some ways a very low type of humanity. The women go practically naked, wearing only a short, narrow piece of cloth across the right hip. They do not sleep in the houses at night with the men, but all the women of the village sleep by themselves in a hole in the ground, roofed over with grass, while the men sleep by themselves in the houses and take care of the chil-

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When asked why the women did not dress differently, they said it was because some of their ancestors had committed some fault, and they had in consequence been condemned to dress thus and must not change till God gave them another order. Mr. Reimers told them God had given the order and he had been sent by Jesus Christ to tell them.

It was very interesting to listen to him in his quaint, broken English, telling of his experiences. It is in many ways a hard, trying life they are living up there, and the Lutheran missionaries deserve credit for their brave spirit. From Korapat the road soon descends to the great central plain, the distance across the mountain country being from 40 to 50 miles.

The highest point to which the road rises is about 4,000 feet, and the highest hill is 5,300 feet. On the way down the western slope, we passed a village, where the people were manufacturing iron from the ore. The process is very simple, but the iron is very superior. A trench is dug in the ground ten or twelve feet long, four feet wide and two feet deep. In the bank or side of this trench fire-pieces are scooped out with a hole through the top. The fire-pieces are filled with charcoal and iron ore finely broken. As it burns away fresh supplies of coal and iron are filled in through the hole in the top. When a sufficient quantity has been melted for the usual sized lump, the iron is gathered up, much of it in small bits and hammered together into pieces weighing about two pounds. The bellows amused me. They were made of a thin strip of wood five or six inches wide and bent into a circular form, just like our cheese hoops at home. The cover is of leather, quite loose, so as to permit of its being pressed down into the hoop or raised a good deal above it. One end of a cord is tied to the centre of this cover and the other end to a spring pole. A boy stands on two of these leather covers and treads upon first one and then the other. As he presses down with one foot the air in that hoop is expelled, while at the same time as he lifts the other foot the spring pole pulls up the other cover and allows the hoop to be filled. It was very primitive, but at the same time rather ingenious and efficient.

Six days of travel brought us to Kotafraud, where Satya bahdi, our preacher, lives.

We arrived there Saturday evening, rather tired. Sunday morning, Sookreeah from Chicooli, whom we had taken as an interpreter, preached in Ooriya. Quite a large number gathered and listened well. Some heathen who were present testified to Satya bahdi's diligence in work. Sunday afternoon we had our Christian men at the bungalow, instructing them and giving Satya bahdi a going-over for allowing his wife to have the Lutherans pour water on her, because she was likely to die. He admitted his fault and promised to do what he could to correct it. But while we were thus engaged, the Lutherans were at his house instructing his wife in their views, and next day we found she was determined not to listen to anything we could say. Her principal objection I could see to being immersed in it, that it would compel her to come out before the world, a thing which she shrinks from, while the Lutheran practice permitted her to remain in private. From what I saw of her, I fear she is still an unconverted woman, and was moved only by fear of death. The Lutherans are teaching up there that baptism is necessary to salvation. I was anxious to meet them on this ground, but the man in charge of the station had just been driven away, nearly dead with fever. On Monday forenoon, while we had our men together teaching them at the bungalow, the Lutherans were at Satya bahdi's house again, instructing his wife, and it was of no use for us to argue with her. The son and daughter profess to believe in Christ, but do not want to be baptized. The mother and the Lutherans will probably try to keep them from us. The old man baptized at Chicocole year before last, came in from his village forty or fifty miles away to meet us. He professes to be preaching most of his time, and reports several ready for baptism. His village was so far away, and the season so far advanced, we felt it out of the question to go with him this year, and he was much disappointed. Another man, baptized at Rimli three years ago, who lived in a village near Jeypur town, came to Kotafraud, over thirty miles, to meet us. He told us his wife was believing, and was anxious to be baptized, but could not come so far.

He was very anxious to have us go to his village, but as our plans would not

permit of our doing so, he went on ahead of us, promising to meet us at Jeypur next day with his wife. But the next day, when the time for starting had come and they had not put in an appearance, we gave up looking for them, and started on our way a little disappointed. When we had gone more than a mile from the town, our bandies stopped and when I asked the cause, some one said that the man had come. I looked out of the bandy and there he was with his wife and child. Mr. Sanford and I got out of our bandies and sent them on, while we stopped to talk a while with them. We soon found that the woman had come with the full intention of being baptized. She said she had long desired to do so, but there had been no opportunity. When asked why she wished to be baptized, she said, the Lord Jesus Christ commanded all who believed to do so. Her husband was a Christian and she wished to walk the same road with him and bear the same yoke. When asked if she had not better wait till some other time, both she and her husband objected, saying, "we know nothing of the future." She had brought a change of clothes. I said to Mr. Sanford, "well this looks like business, but where is there any water?" Sookreeah pointed to a small tank just a few rods from us and said there was water. I had noticed it, but thought it was only a mud hole, but on looking we found it a nice tank. So that question was settled. Then came the question as to my own clothes. Our bandies had gone on two or three miles and at first I thought it would hardly do to go into the water and then walk so far in my wet clothes. But the woman seemed so honest and so much in earnest I did not dare to put her off. So we knelt under a mango tree and Mr. Sanford and Sookreeah prayed, and then we went down into the water and I baptized the woman. We came up out of the water, and after commending her to God's keeping grace they started for their village and we hurried on after our bandies. We were reminded of the baptism on the road from Jerusalem to Gaza.

At Jeypur we had occasion to call on the manager, Mr. Taylor, with reference to a piece of ground at Kotafraud, which was granted for the use of our mission and on which we had a chapel for several years. A Brahmin is trying now to get it away from us for the purpose, we were told, of building a house upon it for his concubine. How the case will be settled we do not know as yet.

Three or four forced marches brought us back to Bobbili on the fourteenth day from setting out. We found the change in the climate very marked. We quite escaped the fever which all said we should get. But Sookreeah came back sick with small-pox and was ill at Bobbili for several days. With this exception our trip was prosperous, and we trust that God was done. We have it in our hearts to go up another year and spend a longer time and visit all the villages where our Christians live. Mrs. Scott of Truro, who took such an interest in this work has gone home. Who will take up the work she has laid down of giving and praying for the Christians in the Jeypur country? G. CHURCHILL.

Missionary Meetings. During the month of June Bro. M. B. Shaw expects to address missionary meetings as follows, and requests the brethren to make necessary arrangements:

- June 15.—Canard, a. m. Kentville, p. m.
17.—Canning.
22.—Fredericton, N. B.
24.—Association at Gagetown. Falmouth.
27.—
29.—Halifax.

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'90. Summer Arrangement. '90. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 9th JUNE, 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave Saint John, Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.00 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 11.45 Fast Express for Halifax, 13.35 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 13.35 Express for Halifax, 22.30 A parlor car runs each way daily on express trains leaving Halifax at 6.30 o'clock and St. John at 7.40 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 10.30, and take sleeping car at Montreal. Sleeping cars are attached to through night express trains between St. John and Halifax.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Halifax, 6.10 Fast Express from Montreal & Quebec, 8.30 Accommodation from Point du Chene, 12.55 Day Express from Halifax & Campbellton, 13.45 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Montreal, 22.30 The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity, and supplied by steam from the locomotives. All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. FORTINER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B., 24th June, 1890.

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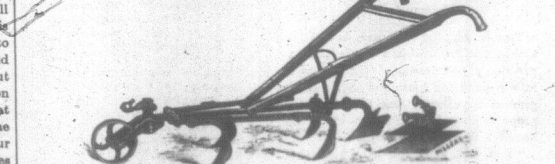


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