

been compelled to leave the humble home where they had spent their lives together.

Parson Calvert, as he was called by the negroes, was the preacher, the patriarch, the undisputed oracle of the colored people for the several adjoining counties. He performed all the simple marriage ceremonies, taking as his fee, a young pullet, a dozen "aiggs," a coon skin or a nice fat possum, as the parties were able to give. It was Parson Calvert who plunged all the repentant and "perverted brethren an' sistern" into the waters of the creek for baptism. This stream still rippled clear and shining on its sparkling way, giving no sign in its crystal brightness of the dark skins supposed to have been washed off by the waves.

During the war, when "shore nuff" coffee and wheat flour were scarce articles of dainty luxury, even at the "big house," where his master lived, "Uncle Dick" always managed to keep on hand "a leetle grain ob de gennerrine stuff." Many a cup of good strong coffee, with rich yellow cream from "Aunt Clary's" cow, did my young husband and myself enjoy while he was home on his wedding furlough in 1864. I can almost see the old man now, small and slight; his chin covered with white beard, an old battered hat, brown with age, surmounting his crisp, snowy hair. Mounted on his old gray mare, he would ride up and alight at the side gate, then carefully and slowly, tie the poor bony animal—who was never known to walk away from a hitching post in his life—always giving the rope a little jerk, to be sure it was fast, before he let her go. Then he would go up the steps, feebly using his hickory stick, and taking off his hat, would bow with all his old-time respect to his former owners. He generally proceeded to ask "Mis' Francis" if she could spare "jist a leetle blue mass an' quinine for Clary; she 'peared powerful pol'y dis last week."

Parson Calvert was known and respected all over the country, and was that rare specimen of his race, a fore-handed man, who prospered, in his humble way, even while he was a slave. My husband and I never made a visit to the old home without being, at some time during our stay, especially invited to take tea at Parson Calvert's. And oh! the delicious broiled chicken, foamy tea cakes, golden butter, and rich cream, with great black berries, these teas produced. We would sit down to the little table, with its old-fashioned tea cups and plates, its wooden handled steel knives and forks, shining clean and bright on the snowy cloth, and bow our young heads very reverently. Then the old man would fold his trembling hands and ask a fervent blessing on the "marcies befo us."

No persuasion could induce them to eat with us. They would take their positions behind our chairs and serve us in the stately orthodox way of the olden times. But when we had finished our supper, then "Aunt Clary" would bring out clean plates for herself and husband, and they would take a childish delight in allowing us to serve them in turn. "Old man, jist do look at Marse David!" Aunt Clary would say, "He handles dem dishes like a bawn waiter; he shore do." "Mis' May, honey, jist give me a leetle drap mo' coffee." Then "Uncle Dick" would lay down his knife and fork and declare that "bawn ladies an' gemmen was bawn ladies an' gemmen, no matter whar ye put 'em!" This evening we sat upon the door steps after tea, watching the moon rise over the tops, and listening to the Parson's tales "ob de old times," when his master and himself had been among the "Grandeas" of the land. No Negro will ever admit that his or her owners were "pore folks." "Dey all 'longed to de quality fo de wah," and they still have an inveterate and all absorbing contempt for the poorer classes, "who nebbid did hab no niggers ob der own, an' nebbid was nothin' but po' white trash, no how."

When we arose to say good night, the old man told us solemnly, that we would never eat at his house "no mo." "Why Uncle Dick," I asked, "won't you invite us when we come back again next summer?" "Chile," he said, looking up, at the tree tops, "when you come to Cold Springs agin, Uncle Dick'll be eating milk and honey in de New Jerusalem." My husband laughingly told him that he was good for twenty years yet. But the old man shook his head and said gravely: "On de nineteenth ob nex' September, Ise been preachin' de gospel fifty year, an' on dat da' de Blessed Marster is gwine to call me home. Ise dan tol' Clary, an' she knows Ise had a vision. De white robe an' de golden crown is dun 'pared fur dis ole sarvant ob de Lawd. On dat da' Ise gwine to sleep in Jesus. When you an' Mis' May comes agin, ole Parson Calvert 'll be white es you is, an' de grass 'll be growin ober dese ole bones."

Nothing could move him from his position, and we left him, impressed, in spite of ourselves, by the solemnity of his manner. We returned home, and a few months later another of the Negroes came up to the city for supplies and paid us a visit.

"Well, Henry," said my husband, "how is Parson Calvert? This is October, and he declared that he would die in September."

"The man's face grew solemn in an instant, and he said: 'Marse Dave, didn't you know ole Uncle Dick Calvert is dun dade?'"

"Why no! Did he die?"

"He shore did, an' on dat very da' he sot hisself. He 'peared puny fur about two days an' Mis' Frances, she sent fur de doctor, an' he sayed de Parson didn't hev no fever nor nuthin', an' he 'lowed he'd be up an' 'bout in a leetle while."

"Uncle Dick, he jist shuck his hed, an' kep' sayin' as how de Lawd hed called him, an' he was agwine on de nineteenth. Well he jist layed dar wid his eyes sot, an' prayed to hisself; an' sho nuff, jis 'bout sun down on dat da' he say: 'Clary,' says he, 'Bress de Lawd,' an' he was gawn. We buried him two days arter dat in de ole buryin' groun' an' de white folks say it war de bigges' funeral eber seen in Claib' county."

Letters from the old home confirmed Henry's statement. Without any apparent illness, the old preacher had taken to his bed, and after a few days of prayerful waiting, he had verified his prophetic words, and had gone home "on de nineteenth ob September." Over two thousand Negroes attended the funeral of Parson Calvert.

When we went again to the old place in the warm summer months, the long grass was waving over "Uncle Dick's" grave, and his crown and white robe were won. —New York Observer.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. B. MORGAN.

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic—November 27.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Conquest Meeting: Leaders and Triumphs in New England and the Middle States.
Alternate Topic: Cumbering the ground. Luke 13: 6-9

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, November, 28.—Jeremiah 5: 19-31. When false words are acceptable, (vs. 31). Compare Mic. 2: 11.
Tuesday, November 29.—Jeremiah 6: 1-17. False dealing prevalent, (vs. 13). Compare Mic. 3: 11.
Wednesday, November 30.—Jeremiah 6: 18-30. "The fruit of their thoughts," (vs. 19). Compare Prov. 1: 31.
Thursday, December 1.—Jeremiah 7: 1-20. Lying words cannot profit, (vs. 8). Compare Jer. 14: 15.
Friday, December 2.—Jeremiah 7: 21-34. "Obey my voice," (vs. 23). Compare Deut. 6: 3.
Saturday, December 3.—Jeremiah 8. A balm in Gilead for all wounds, (vs. 22). Compare Mark 2: 17.

Prayer Meeting Topic—Nov. 27th.

"Cumbering the ground." Luke 13: 6-9.

Turn to your dictionary and see the meaning of the word "Cumber." An old Arabian receipt for curing a palm tree of barrenness is thus stated: "Thou must take a hatchet, and go to the tree with a friend, unto whom thou sayest, 'I will cut down this tree, for it is unfruitful.' The friend answers thus: 'Do not do so this year, it will certainly bear.' But the own essays it must needs be, it must be hewn down; and he gives the stem of the tree a blow with the back of his hatchet. His friend restrains him, crying: 'Nay do it not, thou wilt certainly have fruit from it this year; only have patience, and be not hasty in cutting it down; if it still refuse to bear fruit, then cut it down.'"

I have heard that a small notch cut in a barren plum or apple tree close down by the ground has often proved effective. But one trembles to make such a statement in this Valley of Annapolis, the land of orchards, and within a few miles of the schools of the prophets, say naught of our school of Horticulture, without the practical proof.

But let us make the lesson practical to our Christian lives, and ask: 1. Have I been a cumberer of the ground in God's Vineyard this year? If so, how sinful, how ungrateful to the good owner of the Vineyard. Why has he spared this cumberer?

2. Has our B. Y. P. U. been more than a cumberer of the ground in God's Vineyard, this year? Only a name! How false such a position. How sad to stand in the fruitful vineyard of the good God with only leaves of profession, and no fruit of holy deeds, or dwarfed at the best, when it should be grafted and hand-picked. Remember how Jesus treated the barren fig-tree. The dresser of the vineyard did not call the tree a cumberer of the ground because there was no beauty in it. But that tree had a mission, and it did not mature. God has given each one of us a mission in this world, it is to bear fruit, and unless we do so we are cumberers of the ground. If you wish to give us a proof of a man's Christianity, tell us not of his tender heart and sympathizing tear, but tell us that he loves God. If not he is only a cumberer of the ground. 1 Cor. 13: 3.

All beside this is barrenness—

"Nothing thereon but leaves only."

"Ah who shall there the Master meet

Bearing but withered leaves,

Ah who shall at the Saviour's feet,

Before the awful judgment seat

Lay down for Golden sheaves,

Nothing but leaves."

Or on what grounds can we plead with the

"woodman" of death—

"Woodman spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it sheltered me and I'll protect it now.

"Twas my forefather's hand

That planted it near his cot;

There woodman let it stand;

Thy axe shall harm it not.

When but an idle boy,

I sought its grateful shade;

In all their gushing joy

Here too my sisters played,

My mother kissed me here;

My father pressed my hand—

Forgive this foolish tear—

But let that old oak stand."

Hantsport, N. S.

G. R. WHITE

The Winnipeg Convention.

We are in receipt of a communication from Rev. A. J. Vining, of Winnipeg, in which he informs us that the

brethren in the West, after due deliberation, have decided to defer the proposed Congress of Canadian Baptists until the year 1900, thus giving more time to organize, and make the gathering the success it should be. There will therefore be nothing in the way of securing the largest possible Maritime representation, to the International Convention at Richmond, Va., next July. It is not too early to begin now to plan for the greatest gathering of Baptist Young People yet held. Let no society be unrepresented next year. We expect to make some important announcements soon through these columns.

Good News For Amherst.

We have had placed in our hands a letter from our beloved General Secretary Dr. Chivers, addressed to Bro. C. L. Mortin, of the Amherst B. Y. P. U., which states that at a recent meeting of the International Executive the following was decided in regard to prize banners: "To give permanently any international prize banner, to any society having it for four consecutive years. The International Union to supply a new banner to take its place." It was also decided to make this action retroactive. It will thus be seen that the Amherst Union becomes entitled to the S. L. Banner as a permanent possession, and Dr. Chivers states that it will be duly forwarded to that society. We congratulate Amherst Young People upon their good fortune, and trust that the coming of an International Banner to the Maritime Provinces to stay, will stimulate other Unions to make history like this to repeat itself.

Among the Societies.

NORTH BAPTIST B. Y. P. U. HALIFAX.

Ting-a-ling-ling! Hello Central! Here we are again. Although we have sent you no report for some time, the North Baptist B. Y. P. U., is still alive and vigorous. You asked any of the societies that were dead, to send you word, we are neither dead nor dying. Our devotional meetings are well attended and interesting, and the various committees are doing good work. We have organized an interesting S. L. C. class, under the leadership of our pastor, and expect good results. Our success in this branch of our work last year is very encouraging, having succeeded in winning three banners. The District Banner, for S. L. C., the District Banner for all three courses, and the Associational Banner, for the S. L. C. We want to do as well this year. We are hoping that the coming winter may be one of earnest service and prosperity as a Union, that our active members may grow strong in Christian service, and that many souls may be won to Christ, through our efforts.

ELLA M. MCCARTHY, Cor-Sec'y.

DIGBY, N. S.

Our Union reports an active membership of 37. A Sacred Literature class has been formed of 25 members, which meets on alternate Friday evenings with the regular devotional meetings, with Mr. Hart Nichols as leader. Our officers are: President, Miss Sadie Durkee; Vice-President, F. S. Bacon; Secretary, Miss Mamie Chaloner; Treasurer, Miss Blanche Burnham. Miss Durkee is about leaving for the South and her office will not be easily filled. We intend taking up the Conquest Missionary Course and have found the first month's subject, Japan, very interesting. In connection with the C. M. C., we are desirous of having evenings on our Home Mission work in this Convention, and on our Educational work. M. W. CHALONER, Sec'y.

Digby, N. S. Nov. 16th.

Helping the Devil to Raise His Tone.

Endorsement of a wrong thing by good people does not lessen the wrong; it rather increases its power for evil. Acting, as a profession for one of God's children, is inherently wrong. Any attempt to make the stage a power for good by raising the standards of actors or the theatre-going public is bound to fail. Dr. Robert F. Horton, a well-known English writer and preacher, who delivered the Yale Lectures on Preaching in 1893, has recently expressed an opinion as to "raising the tone" of the theatre. He is quoted as saying, "I am told on all hands that it is the duty of Christians to go to theatres in order to raise the tone of plays. If you are able to do this, God bless you! I shall not do it; I am not strong enough. It is a crusade peculiarly beset with pitfalls and with self-delusions. It is easy for men to imagine that they are going to reform the theatre when they go to amuse themselves. There are more practical, if less attractive, ways of service."—S. S. Times.

First Young Girl.—Would you like to be a princess, Emmy? Second Young Girl.—Oh, no; a princess' age is in every calendar.—Fliegende Blätter.