Evolution and the Faith.

(Mr. Chesley has kindly prepared for the MESSENGER AND VISITOR the following condensation of a thoughtful article on the above subject by T. T. Munger, in the May Century. We are not prepared to accept Mr. Munger's idea that evolution, even to the extent to which he refers, is as good as proved. The article is an able one, and seeks to show how evolution, allowing it to be true, can be reconciled with religion. It does not, however, attempt to harmonize the theory with the teachings of the Bible. We publish the summary of the article, to give our readers an idea of what a prominent thinker of the "New Theology" has to say upon the subject.—EDITOR).

(1.) The evolution now gaining general acceptance in the world is very different from the crude evolution propounded twenty years ago. Then it claimed the universal place in creation, making philosophy and religion subordinate. Now it is assuming its true place in the heirarchy of truth that ministers to humanity.

(2.) Evolution is true and confirmed by the various sciences working along independent lines. It is not to be feared as a doctrine of mere development, but in the scope and relation assigned to it. If it be regarded as inclusive of all things, instead of a part of all things, it is fatal to morals and religion. If it be regarded as supreme it gives its own law of necessity to all else. *But evolution is really subordinate to a larger order of things.* It may modify but it can never overthrow philosophy and religion.

(3.) One very important service rendered us by evolution is the emphasis it gives to the doctrine of the unity of creation. There is one law or method in all realms. The bond or ground of unity is found only in God. Evolution perfects and renders sure our conception of the unity of God. Here we have the prophecy and assurance of the final result of creation according with the highest hopes of Christianity. The whole process tends steadily towards the moral and spiritual. In the progress of man despotism yields to a class and the class yields to the people. Personal revenge passes into social punishment of crime by law and justice slowly creeps to higher forms. Penalty is first vindicative, then retributive, and lastly reformatory. God is first conceived as power, then as justice, and finally as love. Thus evolutionary processes fall into line with revelation and are aids to faith.

(4.) Through evolution the argument from design is strengthened. The universe is a whole. In all its processes and in all ages, one principle works everywhere, binding together all things, steadily pressing on with ever increasing purpose towards the full revelation of God's goodness.

(5.) Evolution brings God nearer to us. In this theory *we see a veritable revelation of God*, while in previous theories we had an *assertion* of God. The reverence excited by the bare fact of creation has not the greatest value. Reverence is not profoundly stirred by that part of creation which is behind us, but by the stupendous order of creation as a whole, and by its splendid moral ends. Reverence culminates as we discern the long creative processes issuing in man as a moral and religious being, lifted up into near relations with God the Father.

(6.) The relation of the moral faculties of man to brute qualities need not disturb us. They may spring from one root but they are not identical. The flower is not the same as the leaf and the branch. The laws of nature are the working of God and are holy. As they are manifested in the higher brutes, by their very nature and origin, they assume a moral aspect. But our moral feelings contain far *more* than their rudiments in the brutes. Indeed they become truly moral only as they cease to be animal. Conscience may have come *through* long processes of growth and differentiation, but it has risen far *above* those processes. The essential nature and potency lies in the mind of God that is behind all things.

(7). The fact that man is organically related to the material world determines neither his nature nor his *destiny*. A bird might be tied to the earth by a thread of infinite length, yet soars forever in the heavens. It may be necessary that we be organically connected with the whole previous creation of God in order to share in the eternal order before us.

(8). Again it has been greatly feared that if man were not an independent creation, man, as a moral being, would fall under the laws of the previous creation. He would be swamped in necessity. Miracle would have no defence in the presence of hitherto universal law. The incarnation could have no justification. Moral action could not be discriminated from the instinctive action of the brutes. These fears would be well grounded if certain theories of evolution were true—such as that the potentialities of all terrestial life are in matter alone, such as that force is all and is its own cause. But these theories are now outcasts in the world of thought. Force proceeds only from a will and is not necessarily invariable, working only within the original limits. Force cannot be observed except as acting intelligently, except as under thought relations. *Force is only the steady pressure of the Eternal hand on matter.* It works uniformly because there is a Divine wisdom in uniformity. That force is without play, that it works by necessity and not in freedom, is an assumption contradicted by every conscious act of the human will. It would be necessary to have been present when the foundations of the earth were laid to be able to say that as the chemic and dynamic passed into the organic there was not an addition of a force from the fountain of all force, the Mind of God.

As in creation the chemic may have needed more of God in order to have become organic, and as the organic may have needed more of God in order to pass into the vital and conscious, so man may need God in the final perfection of his manifestation in the Christ in order to become perfectly man. Hence a revelation. Hence the incarnation. These are the very things to be expected after man has been drawn out of the processes of matter and brought to the verge of the moral and spiritual world. Christ is the moral environment of humanity. He is the bread of its life.

Religion is correlated, not with a force, but with the free will of God. Nature is under only an apparent necessity of uniformity. Higher factors come in from time to time. Behind all lies the absolute Free Will of God, whose methods we have not yet quite completely apprehended.

(9.) But if man is included in the whole evolutionary process where and how does the free will of man come in with all the duties and responsibilities of religion? It comes in the progressive working of God. The production of free will, of the human personality, appears indeed to be the end in view of the whole process. The very uniformity of force may be a condition of the splendid result which is freedom. It is said that freedom cannot grow out of necessity. Not if necessity is absolute and universal. This it is not.

In man we have a free will, a creative force in many ways. This is obtained *through* nature, but *from* God working by nature. Necessity may have preceded as the phase of a process. The result once obtained, the prior conditions relax.

In discussing the problems of religion duty, faith, prayer, love, we are at full liberty, if we choose, to turn our back upon the general uniformity of nature. We are in a larger realm, an ultimate higher set of conditions. Man stands, not so much before law as before the Eternal One.

The flower is evolved through the differentiation of leaves. It does not, however, have its origin there. The idea of the flower, the idea of free manhood are in God. Nature is all about man. His real relation is to God.

(10.)

(*a*) In the progress of creation intelligence takes the place of natural selection.

(*b*) The will comes into supremacy and man becomes himself a creative force.

(*c*) Conscience takes the place of desire.

(*d*) Man comes into a consciousness of God and recognizes and realizes the Spirit.

(*e*) Man is the end, the final object of creation.

(*f*) *The end of a process cannot be identified with the process.*

E. M. CHESLEY.

The World's Holocaust.

WRITTEN BY MISS BLANCHE BISHOP, A. B., AND DELIVERED ON HER GRADUATION FROM ACADIA COLLEGE, JUNE 3, 1886.

A vision of a temple close revealed—
The Universe; itself unbounded, yet
Encompassed still by melting azure air
That loses form in spaces deep, unknown.
Did ever hands of flesh build roof like this?
Of arch on arch that stretch in grandeur up
To where their rounds are crowned and fixed with stars—
The Builder's thoughts, each caught and hung in fire.
Through all its vaults free sweeps the wind,
And sunlight, woven by the wind and clouds
Eternal variations, flash, as though
By angels' hands entangled in the woof.

Herein there dwells a Presence, that of life
And light—the meaning of the outward word,
In whom is all begun, and bodied forth
The tokens of upholding love and power.
"All things are ready." This the word revealed
By pledges claimed, not through dull mortal sense,
But, God-like, by incarnate spiritual sight.
Yet seeing-power, vested in each soul,
So blinded by the dross and dust of sin
Forgets to claim its full immortal rights,
And all sweet influence of the earth or sky
Alike shares with the common weed or worm.
Oh, sad and wrong it is, that what is ours
By right of full regenerated life
Should lie unsought, unloved, and thus unknown.
"All things are ready." As the silent waves
Of pond'rous oceans drift to silent shores,
Their weight of waters ever moving on—
Caressing bounds they may not over-reach,
So stretches ever at thy feet, oh soul,
The boundless sea of Truth, whose heart
Unceasing swells with force and majesty.
So stand we silent as those careless shores,
And feel the washings of that mighty flood
Unmoved; for all its cleansing pow'r unclean,
And sightless in the view of wide expanse.

Thus musing bitterly, there floated up,
Through all the shining air, a dark'ning cloud
Of smoke that slowly wavered to and fro—
The restless shadow of a spirit lost
'Mid earth and heaven's mystic borderland.
Athwart the awful life thus volumed forth,
Athwart its gloomy folds, and outlines swift, confused,
There still gleamed spaces where the sun had smote
His arm of light and potency. There turned
The waving clouds to iridescent mist,
That, rising swiftly, ragged openings left.
And showed beneath an altar, not inscribed,
But built and raised by an Unknown God.
And this our earth, upon whose shrine there smokes
The sacrifice of mortal thoughts and deeds,
Whose bodied spirits take their cloud-like way
Through aimless wand'rings, lacking faith's strong hand
Upon the cords invisible and fine,
That bind the footstool to the throne above.

Loud through the gath'ring ages rang the cry
Of universal yearning; but the world
Made no response, and those who sought for bread
Grasped eagerly the shining fruit whose touch
To ashes turned upon their shrinking taste.
Here, love of empire with its greedy train,
Had warped the souls of men, and made them close
The goal and end of striving. See! the path
Of glory shows through all its crimson length
A wreck of bones, that cry from hill to hill,
But lose their echo in the shouts of war.
The cry of blood is tossed along the clouds
Till all the heav'n, a scarlet canopy,
Reflects the strife of earth, its sin and pain.
The trenches of the altar overflow—
But unquenched thirst demands more victims piled
Upon the mounds where struggle in their sleep,
In deathless agony, Ambition's slain.
And what is pow'r thus wrongly gained and used?
The lion's limb that tears and sucks the wound
Its own strength makes—the dragon's scorching breath,
That lights a furnace for its living fuel.
It holds for frenzied nations monuments
Of guilt heaped up by fiends that dare to crown
Their structure with the name of Liberty.
Such deeds men call the wisdom made for war—
A wisdom turned to different use in times
Of peace—but deadly still; the race for wealth
And fame is run where every stepping-stone
To Mammon's wreath grinds down below the tread
Of victor breath and life and soul that else
Would bless the earth. Are kings and emperors clothed
In silk and purple? Every thread is wrought
With fateful gleams caught from their lives
Who clotheless die, and find in death's shroud
More kind than night a human any vile weave.
This is the law of life, that men shall earn
Whate'er they eat by toil of hand and brow.
But in fulfilment, worldly wisdom's greed
Has sown and reaped the whirlwind. So the strength
Of ages finds fruition in the cry
Of purpose unattained and labor cursed.
But yet far nobler ends are often served
When restless spirits through the silence hear
The voiceless callings to a higher sphere
Than marks the round of mere material use.
But earth-mold clings, and wings that fain would bear
The soul to where it safe could grasp and hold
The hidden magic of a life uplift,
Fly low, and scarcely brush the inner gates
That lead from darkness to the light beyond.
Men sail their craft to shores of unknown lands,
And fancy they its utmost bounds have pierced.
They clamber where a higher than the Alps
Is piled, and prate of their high vision-ground.
This call they Science, and with arduous task
Their finite minds a basis form and lay
Of scientific proving for the things
By Infinite Intelligence designed.
With atom and with force mechanical
They grasp no meaning of the personal life—
That mystery whose solving is with God.
The occupations of the present hour
Are fruitless all to fill those pauses deep
In human life when quivers every nerve,
At thought of leaping from what is, to that
Dark gulf of what must be—the gulf of Death.
Oh, hungry souls that cry for bread of life,
Ye do but gather husks, and think to fill
Your spiritual mouths with base material food.
This truth the ages see with inward eye
Unwilling; few and brave are those who know
The cry of their own souls and voice, the sound
Upon their lips. These, different systems form
Of what men call religion—potions mixed
For souls diseased, and remedies that smooth
The outward sore, and leave the cause untouched.
The ancient schools in matter found the seeds
Of moral evil, and the senses purged
For cleansing of the heart. So followed close,
In horrible array, ascetic forms
Of torture, bearing wide and far the sound
That marked the meaning of the deeper wail.
Some, intellect alone upheld as good,
And all true virtue coexistent with
True knowledge. So the common herd of men,
Debarred from grazing in those chosen fields
Where knowing follows tasting, look in vain
With longing eyes from out their prisoned stalls,
Sin-choked, and sigh for Herculean help
To set a purer air about their lives.
Sin, woe and wailing! Ev'n the winds that sweep
In seeming lightness round and round our earth
Are often still to listen, then rush on
With sorrow almost human, moaning low.

All suddenly, the rising clouds of smoke
That symbol forth man's guilt, his guilt and sin,
Are falling back to earth and breaking up
In tossing fragments, that with motion slow
Rise once again, and lose themselves in white
Illumined mist, and woven through
By bursts of streaming light. These fall below
And shine with full and tender radiance
Upon a band of men that walk our earth
Enclothed in garments in whose hue there shines
The Truth's own image. Slow and soft they walk,
And holy reverence stills each upturned face;
For in their midst they bear the Holy Grail.
Long years before, revealed unto men,
The light of Truth recorded in the Word
Was set before their eyes,—the Word made flesh.
Here was the will divine made manifest,
And kingship, not of earth, but of the soul,
Was founded in all righteousness and peace.
At first the Revelation few received,
But these with careful hands the light upheld
Through all the ages, 'till the nations saw
All things illumined, and a point of light
That shone as far and lone as distant star
Then broadened, 'till the ends of earth received
Its rays, and all deep things were bright and light.
As continents with movement silent, slow
Uprear upon the shoulders of the deep
Their mighty heads and huge, majestic forms,
So mighty forces working silently
Have wrought a new creation in the world
Of mind and spirit. When the symboled cup
Of life through death has touched the lips of all,
Then old things pass away. Where once was strife
And strong heart-burnings, hate and greed,
And nations swallowed up by nations that
In turn felt sharp the wolf's devouring tooth,
Shall be the dawn of righteousness and peace
When nations teach their hands to war no more.
In place of grinding poverty in lands
Where Socialism feeds her savage brood,
Shall rise the offspring of a heart and mind
Made rich and blest by humanizing touch
Of Charity. Then shall the ways of Truth
Be unto men as lamps along a path
Whose end all knowledge is. Then human dust
With new and living breath shall stand transformed.
Thus gazing with prophetic eye, the earth
Seems wrapt in vapor, drifting white,
And with foundation light as mocking dreams,
The smould'ring sun burns like a red-hot ball
And seems through rushing wind and rolling cloud
To plunge with headlong fall, as if it meant
To rise no more. Yet longer, and the day
Dies in the hollow of the night. Then slow
The moon lifts up among the barred clouds
Her magic circle, quenching star by star
With kindling light, and setting in their stead
A troop of fleecy wreaths and pale that move
So measured in their unity that heav'n
Rolls with them, and the earth beneath them reels.
Then watch 'till all the East in purple hue
Breaks forth, and every mountaintop is drowned
In burning glory. In their winding paths
The glaciers blaze like serpents scaled with fire.
Each peak of solitary snow, rose-flushed
Strikes through the purple lines of lifted cloud
And casts new glory on each passing wreath
'Till all the sky is interwoven with a roof
Of waving flame, and like the drifting wings
Of many angels. Then there flashes out
The gladdening knowledge of the Truth revealed.
"The sacrifice is ended." Thus a voice
In majesty from out the rolling spheres.
In love and fear bow down and thou shalt hear
In full, Jehovah's message unto men!

"Waking up Jonah."

BY MRS. EMILY C. PEARSON.

Mr. and Mrs. Campton, earnest Christians living on a fine New Hampshire farm, were in trouble. And yet, not one of their friends or neighbors surmised it. The world went well with them, and of all people they should be happy. They had three intelligent, dutiful sons, Lemuel, William and Walter, aged respectively eighteen, sixteen, and eight—and what more could they wish? But, ah, these dear ones were without hope and God. It was a family divided against itself, and with much to make life pleasant, the parents were very sad and anxious.

One day in haying time, Mr. Campton came into the house early in the afternoon, complaining of the headache.

"Why, Abram, how sick you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Campton, as with quick intuition she saw that he was unusually burdened about the boys.

"Seems as if I could not stand it any longer, Martha, to have them reject Christ. How does it happen with all our teaching and counsel they are so hard and unbelieving?"

"Why, father, they're good boys, and I have great hopes of them," said the mother. "We are just sowing the seed. By-and-by it will spring up and bear fruit."

"So I've heard you say often," returned Mr. Campton. But still they hear the most solemn appeals unmoved. You know how it is at family prayers—they come in unwillingly, seem listless or uneasy, and are glad when they are through. If I mistake not, they are gospel-hardened sinners, and no class is more hopeless."

Mrs. Campton burst into tears, and laid down her work, saying—

"I shall not give up, Abram. Our boys will yet be led into the fold. Are we not praying night and day for them? And we claim the sure promise, 'where two are agreed, *it shall be done for them.*' The Lord hears the prayer of faith; in Him I put my trust."

"You'll be blessed in your prayers, there is no doubt of that," was the trembling reply, "but if our boys continue to harden their hearts, what's to hinder their being lost? I don't see as they ever show any special interest in religious things or the Bible, do they?"

"Oh yes, indeed they do," was the earnest reply. "I cannot think them as hard as many others; they give good attention to Scripture narratives. You remember, last Sabbath the lesson was about Jonah, and oh! how interested they were, and how many questions they asked. When we read together that Jonah 'was asleep in the sides of the ship' when the storm broke loose, I told the boys that that was like careless sinners—like themselves—going straight to destruction and asleep over it! They were hushed and impressed."

"Don't be too sanguine, Martha. Nothing came of it, and as they quenched conviction again, they only became more obdurate. Now, wife, this thing cannot go on always. Something must be done. Like the shipmaster, we must see the peril, and in some way wake up our Jonahs from their deadly sleep."

"Let us ask the Lord what to do, husband."

And falling on their knees, they besought the dear Redeemer to help them, to give them strength, and to influence their children by the power of the Holy Spirit.

After supper and the evening chores, they had prayers. Lemuel sighed as if weary of prayers, and the two younger ones yawned, William whispering, "Wish father wouldn't be so long!" "Oh, I'm so tired," chimed in Walter, "father's prayer time is a mile long;" and sinking down in an easy chair, soon he was fast asleep. One and all went to bed unusually stupid and sleepy, giving no sign that prayer had been heard.

But the parents could not sleep. They spent the night in prayer for the immediate conversion of their children. A great burden was rolled upon them, and they agonized for the souls of their boys. It was a wrestling in an agony of prayer in the night watches.

The next morning at the usual hour for family worship, the father said to his boys:

"You needn't wait for prayers; your mother and I will pray alone. You think prayers are a notion and will hinder your work. Walter, you may help William uncover the haycocks, and, Lemuel, suppose you keep on mowing the meadow. Since you don't want prayers, you can go! We've insulted the Lord long enough."

"But, father," said Lemuel, brokenly, "I never went to work so. I don't believe I could—could mow a bit. I'd rather stay to prayers, honor the Lord and start square."

"So had I!" echoed William, with tears.

"I had *twenty times* rather!" added little Walter. "I don't want to be such a heathen as Jonah was."

"O boys, boys," cried the father, "if you will this moment choose the Lord I will gladly pray with you."

"I do choose the Lord to be my God," solemly said Lemuel, with the settled fervor of one helped from above to overcome the wicked one.

"That's just the way I feel," said William. "We all woke up in the night and thought we heard you praying. So we got up and kneeled down and prayed ourselves, and the Saviour heard every one of us, and forgave our sins."

"We remembered what mother said,—all we had to do was to ask Him, and believe," added Walter.

"Let everything that hath breath, praise the Lord!" exclaimed the happy father.

"Why, bless the name of the Lord forever!" cried the overjoyed mother embracing her sons.

"O mother, I am so happy!" said little Walter. "I just asked, and He forgave my sins."

Thus one after another the sons believed with the heart, and confessed that they loved the Lord, and a happier household were hard to find.

The Campton boys were all good singers, and now felt like singing at prayers. They chose first,—

"Just as I am,"

as if from their very heart, and then sang with great enjoyment:

"When He cometh to make up His jewels,"

and after reading God's Word, all joined with thanksgiving in making known their request around the family altar.

Mr. and Mrs. Campton have renewed their youth,—have become more like little children in their petitions and faith. Short, fervent prayers have taken the place of long, formal ones, and in their lives they magnify the grace that has united them as a family in urging their way to the celestial city.

As for the boys, rescued from fatal sleep, they often of an evening hold praise meetings in the large, old-fashioned kitchen, and not a few companions have joined them "in believing."

By the Western Window.

She sits in the summer twilight listening to the foot-falls as they pass her door, watching, waiting, as if somebody were coming to her, but nobody is expected—no husband, no son, no father, no brother will come to her to-night, and she says sadly to herself, "Nobody to come any more." Once the house was filled with merry voices, singing, laughing, chatting. Little ones ran to the gate to welcome mamma; papa, too, gladder than any when she came after a short absence. But little ones soon grew up, and made more noise and joy in the house by their frolicsome happiness. The goings and the comings to and from distant schools, the visits and the visitors, caused pleasant and healthful excitements in the home circle, and the eager expectations of "somebody coming home" made hands and feet fly in busy preparation, and shouts of joy went up when the carriage-wheels were heard that brought sister or brother to the loved old home. But nobody comes to-night, "nobody to come any more." Carriage-wheels have borne so many away who have never returned. Father is gone and the children are gone—home, we know—but still the heart sings the sad refrain, "Nobody to come any more!"

The mother can talk with God now. No interruptions, no questionings from busy prattlers, no presenting duties to draw her away, no searching the house for mother, no calling in of thoughts from the world and its cares, nothing now to separate her from God, and she talks with God everywhere. She lifts up her soul to him. Once, when this great cloud of loneliness threatened to cast an impenetrable shadow over her life, there came with the still small voice of the Spirit such a revelation of God's great love to her, of the blessedness of being his child and having a home in the corner of his house, of sitting at his feet and grasping his hand, of looking up in his face, of being hid in this pavilion from all ills forever, then was the cloud lifted and the angel of his presence cast a halo of light over her lonely pathway. But at times the shadows come back, and sad and sorrowful feelings prevail when "nobody comes any more."

In the place Jesus has gone to prepare they are waiting, waiting for her, gazing from the windows, peeping out at the door, straining every nerve to catch the sound of chariot-wheels in the distance, so while nobody comes somebody is waiting, waiting for her.

"Oh, then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up
Where partings are no more!

"The eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate."

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Another Penitent Thief.

The most persuasive of the "Evidences of Christianity" is the fact that it makes good men out of bad men. What reply can the honest doubter make to this fact? There is now working in New York a successful philanthropist, who, five years ago, was one of the most expert thieves in the country. He was made what he is by the Christian religion.

His mother was an abandoned woman and his father a thief. Born in the atmosphere of crime, he took in the art of stealing with his mother's milk.

Training and an acute mind made him a place among the most successful thieves. This so gratified his depraved ambition, that during forty-six years he devoted himself to crime. Thirty-six years he lived in prison. He was an old acquaintance to the wardens of Blackwell's Island and Sing-Sing.

"We'll keep your cell warm for you, Mike, for six weeks. You'll be back by that time," said the warden of Sing-Sing prison to him, as he left it five years ago.

The discharged convict smiled, as he tossed back an "All right, sir!" and hastened to his old haunts in the city.

But one day the Master met him, in the person of an earnest Christian man, and through his teachings the old gaol-bird found out that he was not only a bad man to his fellows, but a sinful man before God. Then he discovered that the Master had come into the world to seek and save such reckless, outlawed men as himself.

The two facts germinated in his heart until they made him a new man. He abandoned his old crimes, but his heart went out towards his old "pals." The active brain, hitherto used to plan robberies, began to devise a way in which he might save those who should be turned out of prison, homeless and friendless.

He laid hold of two controlling ideas. "I must," he said to himself, "have a home to which I can take the men I would save. A discharged convict turned loose into New York City must steal to live. And every man I help shall earn what he eats."

When this ex-convict laid out his plan for saving his "pals," he had not a cent in his pocket. But he pawned his coat, and with the proceeds hired a room in that part of the city where thieves resort. Entering this little asylum, he locked the door, knelt down, and laid the constitution and bylaws of his society before God.

"No discharged prisoner," ran his vow, "shall be turned from this room so long as there is space to shelter him."

"No man shall eat a second meal in this room till he has earned it."

The beginning was small and the plan simple. Yet Mike has sheltered eleven hundred discharged convicts, many of whom he has led into a new life by personally leading them to become servants of his Master.

The little room has given away to a building that cost forty thousand dollars. All prisoners know "Michael Dunn's House of Industry." They also know that when discharged from prison they will find there a welcome, a home, and aid wherewith to begin a better life. But they must earn what they eat, for Mike believes that industry is the first step to honesty. Such are the legitimate effects of Christianity on heart and life.—*Youth's Companion.*

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

NOTICE of CO-PARTNERSHIP.

I HAVE this day associated with myself in the Business of MERCHANT TAILORING my son W. ROBERT MAY, which business will hereafter be conducted on at the old stand, 54 Prince William Street, in this City, under the firm name of JAMES S. MAY & SON.

JAMES S. MAY.

Dated St. John, N. B., Jan. 1st, 1886.

Spring Announcement, 1886.

IN reference to the above notice of Co-Partnership, JAMES S. MAY & SON would call the attention of the public to their New Stock of

Spring Tweeds, Diagonals, Coatings, Pant Goods,

And the latest novelties in SUITINGS, which are now in stock and arriving.

They also take pleasure in announcing that they are better enabled than ever to meet the requirements of their patrons, their fine and commodious store being laid out to suit their convenience.

Their prices will be fair and moderate. The usual cash discount of 10 per cent. still in order.

JAMES S. MAY. W. ROBERT MAY.

JAMES S. MAY & SON.

UNDERTAKING.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—I am now prepared to furnish at the shortest possible notice all kinds of work in this line by day or night. Having been engaged for the last seven years as assistant foreman, and have a complete knowledge of this business in branches. I would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in general, and will guarantee complete satisfaction. Orders entrusted to me will receive careful and prompt attention with neatness and dispatch. Furniture and Mirrors repaired at reasonable terms.

John Chamberlain, Undertaker,
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