

(five cents admission) was a splendid tribute to the lecturer's ability and a pleasing evidence of the high esteem in which he is held by the citizens of St. John. The lecture, announced under the title "What is the Truth about Heaven and Hell," was wholly devoted to the Bible teaching upon these themes. It was a fine exhibition of Mr. Waring's method of Bible study, which is the historical and scientific method. The effort was a masterly one. For an hour and forty minutes, unspanned by manuscript, he held the unflinching interest of his audience, as in language of great chasteness and beauty and with rare dramatic force he set forth what he considered to be the Old and New Testament conceptions of the future state. The "mines" in which he digged were, 1. The Jewish idea of Sheol. 2. The hints and glints of immortality found in the poetical books. 3. The belief in a Resurrection as expressed in the prophetic books. a. A national resurrection proclaimed by Isaiah and Ezekiel. b. Personal resurrection intimated by Hosea and Daniel. 4. The teachings of Jesus concerning the future state. 5. The eschatological doctrine of the apostles. Throughout these Scriptures, Mr. Waring found a steady progression of thought, a growing conviction concerning rewards and penalties in the realms beyond the grave, rising at last to a triumphant assurance of enduring blessedness for such as enter into the favor and fellowship of God. He seemed to me especially impressive and thrilling, when he contrasted Hezekiah's lament, "The grave cannot praise thee, death cannot celebrate thee; they that go down into the pit cannot hope for thy truth"—with Paul's grave-conquering faith—"to die is gain;" "to depart and be with Christ is far better."

It should be said of this lecture, also, that it is profoundly reverent in tone and distinctly evangelical in spirit. Mr. Waring does not attempt to break the force of Christ's solemn teachings concerning future punishment, and he finds the one anchor-ground of hope in the deathless personality of the Saviour, by the power of whose endless life his people are to be established in everlasting felicity.

Incidentally the lecture raises the questions of Future Probation, Purgatory, Restitution and the Millennium. The last of these does not seem to Mr. Waring to have any firm standing ground in the Scriptures. The other doctrines, if they are to be held at all, must be reached by inference. In dealing with these questions, he does not add anything to the sum of human knowledge, he aims, as he says, to be "faithful to human ignorance." I have expressed to Mr. Waring, my conviction that the lecture should be put into permanent form. I am proud of my scholarly neighbor and am sure he has books in him which many of our people would read with profit and delight.

J. D. FREEMAN.

From Wolfville.

Rev. W. B. Wallace, pastor of the First Baptist church of Utica, New York, has during the week visited his parents, Rev. Isaiah Wallace and Mrs. Wallace. He lectured before the Acadia Athenaeum on "The Poet as Prophet." The lecture was considered an able discussion of the subject. The several parts were well developed and the numerous quotations from the poets apt and conclusive. The delivery was excellent. The audience was instructed and delighted. Mr. Wallace also preached for Pastor Hatch. The sermon was full of vigor and adapted to do much good.

The friends of our veteran Home missionary and his devoted wife were glad to listen to the gifted son of one who has done so much work among our churches as Rev. Isaiah Wallace has performed.

A few weeks ago Rev. I. E. Bill, jr., of Oberlin, Ohio, visited Wolfville and lectured twice in College Hall. Your correspondent did not have the privilege of hearing Mr. Bill, but his addresses were described as thoughtful and stimulating and as being expressed in good form.

As the years pass and our ministers rest from their labors, we often see their sons and grandsons come up to preach the gospel the fathers declared. Many of your readers remember Rev. I. E. Bill, D. D., who for a considerable period edited the Christian Visitor. They also know Dr. Bill's son, Rev. I. E. Bill, who was pastor in these provinces, and they have therefore a special interest in his son, Rev. I. E. Bill, jr.

And the mention of Rev. W. B. Wallace will recall the name and services of his grandfather who labored with success in New Brunswick. God buries his workmen, raises up others and carries on his work. Praise him evermore.

Feb. 21.

From Heart to Heart. For Those Who Are Shut in.

BY PASTOR JOSIAH WEBB.

"It does not seem at all like Sunday," sighs one of Zion's mourners. "The time was, but it is long since, when I went with a multitude to keep holiday. I did not know then what it meant to be deprived of the means

of grace. Now, my soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God."

"But what a mercy it is, fellow pilgrim, that the house of God is still dear to you. Will you kindly tell me what makes it so?"

"It is the sweet memory of the past. I have seen the face of Jesus. I have heard his voice. I have felt his presence. I went to the house of God to inquire of the Lord, and while I sat at his feet, and listened to his word, I beheld the beauty of the Lord. Yes, I love the house of God, for—

'There my best friends, my kindred dwell;
'There God, my Saviour reigns.'

"I am sent to you to remind you that the Lord does not forsake his children when they are afflicted. He says, 'I will not leave thee; neither will I forsake thee.' The Lord stood by Daniel in the midst of the lions, he walked with the three young Israelites in the fiery furnace, he visited Paul and Silas in the dark prison, and, if you will lift up your eyes, you will see that he is with you in your loneliness."

Think of Jesus as he was on this earth—as he dwelt among men. So tender-hearted, so kind, so gentle.

Here is a poor, troubled soul—the widow of Nain. Her heart is breaking. She has lost her only son. Jesus is passing by. He looks upon her, and is moved with compassion. Now, wonder of wonders! the young man is brought back from the dead, and is restored to his mother. What will not Jesus do to soothe a troubled heart!

Here is another group of mourners—Jesus is in the midst. Listen to that cry of anguish, 'Oh, my brother! How can I live without thee?' Now, she appeals to the Master. 'Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died.' Jesus himself is filled with sorrow. He groans in spirit. He weeps. How beautifully eloquent are those tears! When the softest human voice grates upon the delicate nerves, and only aggravates the wounded spirit, the gentle flow of tears whispers comfort, and at once becomes a healing balm. How it helps us when we know that Jesus is the same loving Saviour and Friend to-day as he was then.

I have a message for you from Jesus. It is full of good cheer. Would you like to hear it? The message is in his own words:

'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted. . . . To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.'

Jesus is the best, and the greatest preacher the world has ever had. He does not wait for a large congregation; he will preach if there is only one person to hear him, as he did to the woman of Samaria at the well, and to Mary as she sat at his feet in Bethany.

Christ is a great Physician. He alone, is able to heal the wounded spirit, and bind up the broken heart. Whatever your trouble is, you can bring it to Jesus; he has a balm for every wound.

Our Lord is Zion's Comforter. He never fails. He gives 'beauty for ashes.' When Jesus comes to his poor, tried and afflicted children, he brings them good words and glad tidings. At his presence, the dark clouds vanish, and the countenance becomes bright with a heavenly light. . . . What a change took place in Mary. Cannot you picture her in your mind, so mournful, so full of trouble? 'Woman, why weepest thou?' Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him? Presently, Jesus himself comes, and he asks: 'Woman, why weepest thou?' Her eyes are blind with tears, and her senses are benumbed with sorrow, she does not recognize the voice nor the person. Now, Jesus calls her by name, 'Mary.' What a transformation! Her eyes brighten, her countenance beams with joy, and she exclaims, 'Rabboni!' Here is an example of the way in which our blessed Lord gives beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning.

Jesus comes to you, my friend, and he asks: 'Why weepest thou? You do not at first recognize his voice. You do not realize how near he is to you. But presently he comes still nearer and says, in voice so gentle, yet so full of meaning, 'My child.'

There is so much in those two words, 'My child.' A mother catches up her little babe, who has fallen and is bruised. She folds it to her breast and says, as only a mother can, 'My child.' Those two words are so full of sympathy, so full of tenderness, so soothing, so healing, that the little one forgets the pain and nestles its head upon the loving heart, and is soon sleeping peacefully. My earnest prayer is that you may hear the voice of Jesus in this message. If he comes to you now, as he has often done before, and says, 'My child,' and unfolds you in his love, you will understand those words as saying: 'I know all about your troubles, and your sorrows; I have come to wipe away your tears, and to bring a smile upon your countenance, and to fill your heart with joy.'

I will now close our heart to heart talk with a short prayer which we can all pray:

"Let me love Thee more and more,
Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;
Till my soul is lost in love,
In a brighter, brighter world above."

Notes by the Way.

ANNAPOLIS.

What a host of memories and associations that name recalls? And what changes have taken place since those first white settlers established themselves here almost three centuries ago. Here, in the spring of 1604, after the bitter winter spent on the little island at the mouth of the St. Croix, came De Monts, with his companions, Poutrincourt, Pongrave and Champlain, and the warrant of their expedition. But the first Port Royal was not on the site of the present town of Annapolis, but on the Granville side about five miles lower down. There in the good old days was instituted the Order of the Good Times, with Marc Lescarbot, lawyer, farmer and poet, as the leading spirit. And mingling with the volatile Frenchmen we see in imagination the dusky forms of the silent, stolid warriors, with their famous leader, old Chief Memberton. But the good times did not last long, and three years later we find the place abandoned, though not for long. Again in 1613 destitution overtook the place, this time by the agency of man, and Argall and his rangers did their work thoroughly. But the English did not hold the country. D'Aulnay, the famous and infamous rival of Charles de la Tour, moved Port Royal to the site of Annapolis. In those days possession of this little place meant possession of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the greater part of the State of Maine, and Port Royal saw troublous times. Captured by Phips it was afterwards restored to France. The unsuccessful attack by March in 1707 was followed by its capture by Nicholson three years later, and brave Governor Subercase left forever the place he had so ably defended. Henceforth Acadie was to be English, and Port Royal became Annapolis Royal in token of the change.

But I am not supposed to be writing a history, and people now-a-days care little for things of the past, but only that their present wants may be satisfied. And above all I would not be suspected of trying to instruct anybody. In these days amusement, and not instruction, is the thing called for, and I am loth to plead guilty to a transgression of the popular rule. So let me return to my regular notes, in which, if there is nothing amusing, there is at least nothing instructive.

Sunday, Feb. 16, was spent on the Annapolis field, preaching at Round Hill, Granville Ferry and Annapolis. This field is pastorless and has been ever since the departure of Rev. H. H. Roach. In numbers the church is not large, but the opportunities for work are abundant, and the need of a pastor is immediate and pressing, and in many ways this is a desirable field. There are but three preaching stations, with no long drives. There is a beautiful parsonage, almost paid for, a monument to the zeal and liberality of a former pastor, Rev. G. J. C. White. Surely the Lord has the right man somewhere for this important field, and will send him in his own good time.

On Monday and Tuesday, the Annapolis County Conference was in session at Stony Beach. An account of this appears in another column. Rev. T. A. Blackadar, is the beloved pastor of the Lower Granville church, and is as full of energy as ever. He is planning a series of special services, in which he will have the assistance for a time of Rev. E. N. Archibald. On Wednesday night, the writer had the privilege of attending the regular prayer-meeting at Stony beach, and was surprised by the brightness and the number of testimonies given. This was one of the best and most helpful prayer meetings that I have found in any of the churches I have visited, and the pastor has reason to feel encouraged. The prospect seems bright for a gracious revival on this field.

From Lower Granville I returned to Annapolis, and will stay here for another Lord's day. As more space has been taken this week by the report of the conference and these notes than is generally allowed, other things must keep for the present.

R. J. COLPITTS.

Annapolis, Feb. 22.

Love is not self-centered. It is not a selfish principle Nor is it quiescent or indifferent. Love is the soul of action, the essence of service. Disinterested deeds are only love made visible. Love acts not only upon appeal, but it is forever appealing for help. Love differentiates itself in brave deeds, in patient endurance, willingness to bear reproach, in undertaking for others, in dying, if need be, for them. Love is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil. Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Love is the sum of all the virtues.—Methodist Recorder.