"Abide With Us."

Abide with us—the evening shadows gather
In the low vale and on the sluggish stream;
Chill mists come creeping up, those thick folds sever
From our dim sight the further bank serene.

The evening comes, the day's departing glory
Just gilds the edge of Times flying cloud.
We hear low murmurings of life's tiful story,
As distant echoes from the hurrying crowd.

Abide with us—all we have loved and cherished
Are passed beyond our vision, safe at home.
Love's hope extinguished, earthly hopes all perished,
And we are left to wait and muse alone.

Spring with its budding, summer with its glory,
With autumn's fruitage—all have passed away;
While unrelenting winter, chill and hoary,
Moans sadly round our dwelling day by day.

Abide with us—Thou who was once forsaken,
Betrayed, and left to bear Thy griefs alone,
Ev'en He, thy trust, away His help had taken
And heaven itself deaf to Thy dying groan.

Abide with us—for Thou hast known all sorrow,
All the heart-sickness earth can never heal
The earnest longing for some bright to-morrow,
The cry to silence, add the mute appeal.

Abide with us—not transient guest departing,
Turning aside but for a night's repose;
But stay till, from life's weird-like trance upstarting,
We hail the dawn which ne'er again shall close.

Abide with us—so desolate our dwelling;
Chair, crib, and cradle—e'en the guest's bright room,
And speechless pictures on the walls, are telling
The story of the wreck to listening gloom.

O Traveler, from regions dim and distant,
Which our short vision never yet explored,
Where dwells the One supreme and self-existent,
Where earth's best treasures still we dream are stored,—

Stay Thou, and tell, while yet the dawning slumbers,
The mysteries of that home-land rich and rare:
Entranced, we listening to the flowing numbers,
These eyes shall close, and wake to find us there.

Dr. M. Trafton, in Christ. Advocate.

PETER'S BLUNDER.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon.

"But Peter said, Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean."—Acts 10. 14.

"Not so, Lord." This is a very curious expression. I do not mind how you turn it into English from the original, but it is a very strange compound. If Peter had said, "Not so," there would have been a clear consistency in his language and tone. But "Not so, Lord," is an odd jumble of self-will and reverence, of pride and humility, of contradiction and devotion.

Now we will have a look at Peter, and see what we can learn from this singular expression of his—this strangely compounded exclamation, "Not so, Lord."

I. The First truth which we may easily learn is that the old man remains in the Christian man. Albeit we are made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and the life that is within us, the dominant life, is new and holy, and heavenly, yet the old nature still survives. Though crucified, it is long in dying, and struggles hard. Sin dwelleth in us, so that we painfully discover that, though we are new men, we are yet men; and though the grace of God reigns within us, yet there is a struggle for the kingdom, and the sin that dwells in us strives after the mastery. We are renewed sinners, but we are sinners still. Our hearts and hands are cleansed by divine grace, but they have a sad tendency to become defiled.

Peter was Peter still. Why, dear friends, I think that if I had never before seen this passage in the Acts, but had read Peter's life as I find it in the writings of the four evangelists, and somebody had newly shown me the present text, and said, "I have left out the name of the apostle; but one of them, when he had seen a vision from God, and knew that God spoke to him, nevertheless said, "Not so, Lord"—what apostle was that?" I should not have had to guess twice. I am sure I should have been sure that it was Peter; so you see Peter is Peter after the grace of God has renewed him. I think we must say the same of ourselves.

The man is still the same man; he is greatly altered, but he has not lost his identity. Whatever change has taken place in him, Peter is Peter, and I should like you young converts to recollect that; for perhaps you think that in the day when you were converted you lost your old selves all together. I can assure you that you did not; the hasty temper, the sluggish constitution, the gloomy tendency, or the fickle humor will be there still, to be struggled with so long as you are here below. You received a new self, and a better self, but the old self is still there. Your mother will be able to recognize you, I dare say, if you live at home as a young person; she will know that it is the same John, or the same Mary, for your foibles and weaknesses will crop up, if not your faults; and therefore, you must keep a watch upon yourself.

Note but Peter here shows how readily he fell, not precisely into the same sin, but into the same kind of sin. His tendency was still to err in a certain direction. This Peter who said, "Not so, Lord," is he not the same man who in his impudence rebuked his Master, and said, "That be far from thee, Lord?" Impudence, I call it. It was a piece of impertinence for which he was well rebuked when the Master said, "Get thee behind me, Satan". Our Lord detected Satan endeavoring to work through the zealous enthusiasm of Peter, to tempt Him to turn aside from the great work that he came to do. Is not this the same man who at supper-time refused his Master? When the Lord Jesus took a towel, and girded Himself, and was about to wash the disciples' feet, Peter said to Him, "Dost thou wash my feet?" for he was astounded at such an example of humility. When the Master came with the basin he said, "Thou shalt never wash my feet;" and then you recollect what a turn he made when his Lord said, "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me." Then he cried, "Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." He was always impulsive; and from this cause he rebukes his Master and he refuses his Master. He acts as if he fancied that he knew better than his Lord, though in his heart of hearts he had no such notion. Yes, this is the same Peter who cried. "Not, so, Lord."

I therefore put it again. What were your faults before conversion? Guard against them now. What have been your failures, and your weaknesses and your errors since you have been converted? Watch against them still; for if you have now become an experienced Christian, and your graces have been greatly developed, and you have become exceedingly useful in the Church of God, yet, beloved brother, the points in which there is a weakness in your natural constitution, and in which you have made failures, are the points at which you must set a double guard; watching and praying lest you be led into temptation by those special features of your character. Kindly notice this earnest advice, which my loving anxiety leads me to press upon you. I have seen so much of the fruits of presumption that I entreat you not to give way to it. If anybody tells you that the old man is quite dead, you may say, "Nobody but the old devil could have set you on to whisper such a lie in my ear. The truth is not in you." You dream of perfection, but you are a mass of wants, and infirmities, and conceits; and if it were not for the infinite mercy of God, who deals tenderly with you, you would soon have most painfully to know it to your own dishonor, and to the grief of your brethren round about you. Peter is Peter still, notwithstanding what grace has done.

This was a man whose wisdom always lay at the back of his head, instead of at the front of it. It came in to tell him that he had made a mistake, but it never came to hand soon enough to prevent the error and Peter after Pentecost had not lost this trait of his character. I may be addressing young folk here who are very impulsive, and speak all in a hurry things which they afterward are sorry for. I should not wonder if you continue to be impulsive when you grow older. Perhaps it will be one of your snares through life. Be on your guard against it. It is a strength if it be rightly managed. Give me the man who in a good cause does not think twice; but acts upon the warm impulses of a ready mind. Give me the man who understands that second thoughts are not always the best, for they are apt to chill, and the best thought is that which comes from a heart fired with the love of Christ; but that same characteristic, if not kept in proper order by the Spirit of God, may lead you into a world of mischief.

You say your say so quickly, but you cannot unsay it even in years and ages. You cannot call back the words which now cause you to bite your tongue with regret. You did grow very angry. It is true that ten minutes calmed you, and you were as sorry as possible for all your bitter speeches; but that could not undo the injury, nor heal the cruel wound that you had given to your faithful friend. You must cry to God that, if you are impulsive, the impulses may always come from Him; and you must ask Him daily to lead and guide you in the way of understanding. I pray that you may not often pull out your sword, and cut off a man's ear, for Jesus is not here to work miracles, as He was at hand fortunately with Peter; and you may cut somebody's ear off, and not be able to put it on again. Ask Him to keep you in check, that you may not be working mischief in your haste which you will have to repent of in your leisure.

II. But now, secondly, the old man generally fights against Gospel principles; for this was the point upon which Peter differed from his Lord. This "Not so, Lord," applied to grand Gospel principles which had been put before him, as, for instance, the abolition of the ceremonial law. Peter was to know that those ceremonial laws, which forbade the eating of this and that were now to be abrogated. Many to this day quarrel with God's glorious Gospel on ceremonial grounds. The Scripture saith that men are to be saved by faith; but these formalists say, "Surely, they must be regenerated in baptism; they must be further fed by the blessed Eucharist." All of us are apt to err in this manner, for we incline to attach undue importance to matters which are proper and useful in their places, but which are by no means essential to salvation.

The same battle is carried on by certain people who have never eaten anything common or unclean, in the sense that they have never associated with any but very respectable people. Here the fight is concerning the equality of men before the law and under the Gospel. An evangelist brings into the congregation all the poor people of the district, and the very worst of characters gather to hear him. This ought to be a great joy, but in certain cases it is not. Many are offended, and in effect say, "Not so, Lord!" Well really, I—I—I do not like sitting near to one who is dressed so badly, and smells so vilely. I saw a woman of loose character come in, and I felt as if I must leave my pew." Oh, you very respectable people you know that you get into that state of mind!

Truly, it is an instanct of cleanliness to shrink from the unwashed; but then, it is an instinct of the new life to rejoice in the salvation of souls, and for the sake of it to put up with greater discomforts than can arise from contact with the fallen. I suppose that in the days of James, when the rebuked those who beckoned the rich to sit near them, the Roman or the Jewish pauper was quite as ill-savored as any that are among us at this day, yet he makes no allowance for this. Let us prize the common and unclean so much that we never think of them in that light.

Never let us set up the tyranny of caste and rebuild the middle wall of partition which our Saviour died to throw down. To hear some people speak of their fellowmen is sickening to me; they talk of them as if they were mere offal and rubbish, not worthy of their genteel notice. I bless God that I seldom hear it, for it rouses my wrath. A minister in a certain neighborhood used solemnly to warn his people against all such wicked persons as Moody and Sankey, and the like, because they were the means of saving the lower orders. He said, "I see people in this district professing to be saved, and yet they never before went to a place of worship at all. Therefore," he said, "I do not believe in their salvation, for surely if God were about to save a great number, He would first of all save those who have for years regularly attended our place of worship." That was a bit of Peter-like propriety coming up, and saying, "Not so, Lord." Oh, the cruelty of respectability! If you have anything of that left in your nature, ask God to turn it out.

III. Thirdly, and as briefly as I can, I would remind you that the old nature shows itself in many ways, always fighting against God. "Not so, Lord," is often the cry of our unregenerate part. It is so against the doctrine of the Gospel. Some persons do not believe the Gospel because they do not want to believe it. They studiously omit to read all such parts of Scriptures as would enlighten their minds. They are not convincible because they have already persuaded themselves as to what truth ought to be. "Not so, Lord," is the cry. Beloved, never get into that state of mind. Follow God's Word anywhere, believing what the Spirit says, let Him teach you what He may.

This old nature of ours sometimes cries out against God in matters of duty. We can do anything except the special duty of the hour, and as to that one thing, we say, "Not so, Lord." Yonder young woman knows that according to God's Word she must not marry that young man, for she would be unequally yoked together with an unbeliever. Now, she was quite willing to be baptized, and she is heartily willing to give her money to the Lord, and in fact to do anything but that one act of self-denial, which would require her to cease from a fond friendship. Yet, my friend, I do not know what sorrow you will make for yourself if you really break that salutary rule. I have seen many instances of mixed marriages, but I have had to mourn over nearly all of them as the cause of untold wretchedness. Take you the precept, and knowing that it is God's mind concerning you, never dar even for a moment to hesitate. 'Whatsoever He saith unto you, do it." Never let your lips say, "Not so, Lord;" for it is disobedience to demure against the command of the Lord your God.

Our natural corruption is apt to quarrel with the Lord concerning our sufferings. Against this also be ever watchful. Whenever you are called to endure trial, do not complain of the particular form it takes. Perhaps it is great bodily pain, and you say, "I could bear anything better than this." That is a mistake. God knows what is best for His child. Do not cry, "Not so." "Oh, I could bear sickness," says another, but I have been slandered! My character is taken away, and I cannot bear that." Thus our will asserts its place, and we pine to be our own god and ruler. This must not be. You must my dear friend, bear that which the Lord appoints, or else you will make the matter a deal worse. If you want anything done well do it yourself, with this exception—that, if you want your character defended, you should always let that alone. Somebody else will take care of that for you, and if slander be the rod under which you are to smart, many of us have felt it before you, and you need not complain so bitterly, as if a strange thing had happened to you. Do not cry, "Not so, Lord;" but let the Lord appoint you care or calumny, sickness or slander, for He knows best.

"But I am afraid that I shall lose my wife, or a favorite child. I think I could have suffered anything but that." Yes, you see, a rebellious spirit contends with God one way or the another; it cannot be quiet. I was greatly struck with a story a dear sister told me yesterday. She was very nearly being removed from the church; she had quarreled with the Lord for taking away her husband, and she would not go to any place of worship, she felt so angry about her loss. But her little child came to her one morning, and said, "Mother, do you think Jonah was right when he said, 'I do well to be angry, even unto death?'" She replied, "Oh, child, do not talk to me," and put the little one away; but she felt the rebuke, and it brought her back to God, and back to her church again, humbly rejoicing in Him who had used this instrumentality to set her right with her Lord. O friends, let us be silent before the Lord, and judge His ways no longer, for in this judgment there is no benefit to ourselves or others!

Sometimes our corrupt nature quarrels with God about our service. The Lord says, "Go into the Sunday-school." "Not so, Lord," says he, and he will not go, and thus he misses his life-work. It will not do for us to choose what work we will do. Do what the Lord bids you, when He bids you, where He bids you, as He bids you, as long as He bids you, and do it at once. Never say, "Not so, Lord."

IV. Let us leave that point, and close with a fourth observation—it is a great pity when this kind of wilfulness stands in the way of usefulness. It would have been so with Peter if the Lord had not used the process by which He overcome him. "Not so, Lord," said Peter; "Not so, Lord; for I have never eaten anything that is common or unclean." In some things Peter was a great deal too conservative. He says, "Not so, Lord," and some read it, "Never, Lord, never Lord, for I have never"—that is, "I must never do a thing I have never done." Many are of this mind; they cannot advance an inch. This is the hymn they sing of a morning before breakfast, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen." And any time until they go to bed at night it is the tune they keep on singing, "As it was in the beginning; as it was in the beginning." They will never do what has not been done, nor learn what they have not learned. Many will only act as others act; they must keep in the fashion. Now this is a rule which I never accepted; for it always seems to me that I was probably to do what nobody had done before me; for was I not in some points different from any one else? Let us struggle against the spirit which would bind us hand and foot; where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.

Propriety hinders very many; decorum is their death. I do not know the precise meaning of it; but there are genteel people about who consider the finest thing on earth is "propriety." Mr. Rowland Hill was said to have ridden on the back of all order and decorum. "No," he said, "I cannot ride on the back of two horses, but I have two horses to my carriage, and I have called one of them 'Order,' and the other 'Decorum,' to make the report come as nearly right as possible." Order and decorum were never put to a better use than when they drew Mr. Rowland Hill from town to town preaching the Gospel; and I, for one, am glad that he never took those horses into the pulpit. He was just as disorderly and indecorous as a Christian man ought to be—that is to say, he was perfectly natural, and spoke the truth from his heart, and men that heard it felt the power of it; and so he became a blessing to this part of London, and, indeed, to the whole world. Shake yourself up a little my brother. If you are too precise may the Lord set you on fire, and consume your bonds of red tape! If you have become so improperly proper that you cannot commit a proper impropriety, then pray God to help you to be less proper, for there are many who will never be saved by your instrumentality while you study propriety.

Again, I doubt not that some are hindered in their usefulness by their great dignity. It is wonderful what noble creatures men can grow into, if they are let alone. "This great Babylon that I have built," cried Nebuchadnezzar. That is the same gentleman who afterward ate grass like the oxen, and whose nails grew like birds' claws. We have seen very, very, very great little people, and very, very little great people who have given themselves mighty airs; but we have seen any good come of their greatness. Few people are blessed by those gorgeous individuals. God seldom sends His Elijahs bread and meat by peacocks. If you go as visiting ladies into the houses of the poor very finely dressed, and you "condescend" to them, they will not want to see you any more; but if you go in and sit at their side, and show them that you are their true friends, you get at their hearts.

Love thyself less and less, and love thy God more. Love the soul of every man with all the intensity of thy being. Struggle and agonize to bring sinners to the Saviour's feet, and God will help thee. But if thou standest on thy dignity, and sayest, "Lord, not so; for I have never eaten anything common or unclean," it will be a serious injury to thee.

Are there any here who have not yet believed in Jesus? I hope they will trust their souls with Him at once, and, when they have done so, let them come forward without delay, and confess His name, and be baptized into the sacred Three. Then let them try to grow downward lower and lower, till they sink into nothing, that Christ may be all in all.

A True Servant who Became a Brave Master.

In Holland, where the Rhine flows into the sea, there lived, in 1866, an admiral, who understood the sea as well as the general does the land. His name was Michael Hadrian Ruyter—a name honored by every true Hollander. He was born in Tiessingen, 1607. His parents were poor people and wished to train their son to a trade, but he longed to venture upon the sea and become a sailor.

Accordingly, he sailed on a ship which traded with Morocco. The merchant, who followed the good maxim, "Your own eyes are better than another's glasses," himself sailed with the ship, and soon found that the sailor, Ruyter, was very useful and, what was more important, a true man. He, therefore, trusted him in many ways, in which it was not usual to trust a little ship-boy.

Once, when the annual fair at Morocco was near, the merchant became so sick that he could not make the voyage to Africa. He resolved: "I will trust to no one but Ruyter the ship's cargo, which I will send to the market of Morocco."

Then he summoned him to his presence, and said: "Michael you see how I am situated. I cannot go to Morocco. My book-keeper is an old man. What think you I should do?"

"Send another trusty man, Mynheer," said Ruyter.

"Right!" cried the merchant. "But whom shall I send?"

"That you must know better than I, Mynheer," was Ruyter's reply.

"It is an important business," said the merchant.

"I know it is," said Ruyter.

"Hear!" continued the merchant. "You must undertake the business. You shall be my supercargo." (Thus he is called who has charge of merchandise sent by the sea.)

So it was arranged. Ruyter received clothing and pay suited to his rank. The sailors looked surprised when their young comrade came on board as supercargo; but they thought: "The merchant is no fool, and he has chosen the right man. This was soon very evident. The ship sailed away, landed at Morocco, and Ruyter arranged in the market-place his goods.

There ruled in Morocco at that time a Bey, or prince, with despotic power. The property and lives of all the subjects were at his disposal, and also all who came into the country for the purpose of trade. There was neither right nor justice. No man's head rested very firmly between his shoulders.

One beautiful morning the Bey himself, with a long retinue of courtiers, came and stood before Ruyter's booth. He examined the cloth, and a piece of superior quality pleased him greatly.

"What is the cost?" asked he.

Ruyter named the price his master had fixed.

The Bey offered half of it.

"I am not a cheat," said Ruyter, "who asks half more than the thing is worth, that he can, at least, take the half of what he has asked. The price is fixed. Besides, it is not my property. I am only my master's servant."

All that was lawful; but in Morocco there was no law. Everybody looked alarmed, except Ruyter, as they saw the angry face of the Bey.

"Do you not know," says the Bey, "that I am the master of your life?"

"I know that well Herr Bey," said Ruyter, "but I know also that I have not acted over much, and that I have a duty, as servant of my master, to care for his interest, and not think of myself. That I will do until death, and you shall have the cloth not a penny cheaper. Do what you are willing to answer for before God."

The merchants when they heard these words, were full of fear. "Good-bye, Ruyter," thought they, "you will never see another sunrise."

They were mistaken. The Bey looked upon the handsome young man with angry eyes. All waited for the brief command, "Off with his head!" but he said: "I give you until to-morrow for reflection. If you do not change your mind, make your will."

Then he went away. Ruyter calmly put up the cloth in its place and began to wait upon the other customers.

Now arose an uproar among the merchants.

"For heaven's sake, give him the cloth," cried they, "If he cuts off your head—and he will do it, as sure as you live—then your life and all your master's goods, and the ship besides, are lost. And what will become of us? Give it—'tis but a trifle—and save the rest and yourself."

"I am in God's hands," said Ruyter.

"He who is not true in small things, how shall he be true in great things? If my master loses through me a penny I am not a faithful servant. I shall not yield a hair."

On the following morning Ruyter stood in his booth. The Bey approaches and looks grimly at Ruyter. Behind him walked one who was clothed in garments as red as blood, and had a broadsword in his hand. The people of Morocco knew him and shunned him as fire. He was the public executioner. The Bey pauses before Ruyter's booth, and, looking sternly at him, cries out, "Have you as yet come to a conclusion?"

"Yes," said Ruyter. "I shall give the cloth not a penny less than I asked yesterday. If you wish my life, take it; but I will die with a clear conscience and as a true servant of my master."

All the people held their breath, for the one clad in red garments examined the edge of his sword like a demon in his bloody work.

The face of the Bey changes and suddenly becomes clear and bright. "By the beard of the prophet," cried he (and that is the highest oath of a Turk), "thou art a noble soul. A truer servant I have never met, and would to God I had such a one." Then he turned to his attendants and said: "Take this Christian for a model." To Ruyter he said: "Give me thy hand, Christian. Thou shalt be my friend." He threw a purse of gold upon the table and said: "It is, thou mayst believe, as much as thou hast asked. I will make of the cloth a robe of honor as a memorial of thy fidelity."

Ruyter returned to Holland with large profits; but he said nothing of this occurance to his master, who learned it first from others.

This was the beginning of Ruyter's great fortune. He soon became the captain of his master's ship, and after his master's death he entered into the navel service of Holland. He arose rapidly and finally attained the highest rank, that of an admiral, and won many victories over the enemies of his country.

Thus one may learn that of the lowest place there is a path to the highest honor; by knowledge, fidelity, honesty and the fear of God. The way is closed to none. It stands evermore wide open. Onward! whoever will, whoever has a true heart in his breast. From on high God reaches an unseen hand to help.—*Exchange.*

A Splendid Tribute to the Bible.

The book is immortal; believers love it and will not let it die. And they have felt its influence in a variety of forms, for no volume ever commanded such a profusion of readers of has been translated into so many languages. Such is the universality of its spirit that no book loses less by translation, none has been so frequently copied in manuscript, and none so often printed. Kings and nobles, peasants and paupers, are delighted students of its pages. Philosophers have humbly gleaned from its pages, and legislation has been thankfully indebted to it. Its stories charm the child, its hopes inspire the aged, and its promises soothe the bed of death. The maiden is wedded under its sanction, and the grave is closed under its comforting assurance. Its lessons are the essence of religion, the seminal truths of theology, first principles of morals and the guiding axioms of political economy. Martyrs have often bled and been burned for attachment to it. It is the theme of universal appeal. In the entire range of literature no book is so frequently quoted or referred to. The majority of all the books ever published have been in connection with it. The fathers commented upon it and the subtle divines of the middle ages refined upon its doctrines. It sustained Origin's scholarship and Chrysostom's rhetoric. It whetted the penetration of Abelard and exercised the keen ingenuity of Aquinas. It gave life to the revival of letters, and Dante and Petrarch revelled in its imagery. It augmented the erudition of Erasmus, and roused and blessed the intrepidity of Luther. Its temples are the finest specimens of architecture, and the brightest triumphs of music are associated with its poetry. The text of no ancient author has summoned into operation such an amount of labor and learning, and it has furnished occasion for the most masterly examples of criticism and comment, grammatical investigation and logical analysis. It has also inspired the English muse with her loftiest strains. Its beams gladdened Milton in his darkness, and cheered the songs of Cowper in his sadness. It was the star which guided Columbus to the discovery of a new world. It furnished the panoply of the Puritan valour which shivered tyranny in days gone by. It is the Magna Charta of the world's regeneration and liberties.

The records of false religion from the Koran to the Book of Mormon have owned its superiority and surreptitiously purloined its jewels. Among the Christian classics it loaded the treasures of Owen, charged the fulness of Hooker, barbed the point of Baxter, gave color to the palette and sweep to the pencil of Bunyan, enriched the fragrant fancy of Taylor, sustained the loftiness of Horne and strung the plummet of Edwards. In short this collection of artless lives and letters has changed the face of the world and enobled myriads of its population. Holding, as I did to-day, the Bible of Luther in my hands, with its wooden cover, I could not but thank God for his precious Word, for its remarkable reservation, and most blessed and comforting truths.—*Fife (Scotland) News.*

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The object of this Society is to establish a Widows' and Orphans' Benefit Fund from which, on the satisfactory evidence of the death of a member of the Society who has complied with all its lawful requirements, a sum not exceeding five thousand dollars shall be paid to his family, or those depending on him, as he may direct.
Expenses of Management Limited to Membership Fees and Annual Dues.
TOTAL COST OF ADMISSION:

$1,000	Death Benefit,	$5.00
2,000	" "	6.00
3,000	" "	7.00
5,000	" "	9.00

337 new members added in 1884 to whom Bonds amounting to $600,000, were issued.
Total amount of Bonds now in force, $1,734,000.
Bonds for $1,000 and $2,000 will be paid in full; those for larger sums are daily increasing in value. Amount of cash now in Indemnity fund, available to pay the first death claim, $3,000.60. Only one death during the last fifteen months from a membership of 726, or only about one-tenth of one per cent.
Additional information furnished by the Agents, or THOMAS R. CROSBY, Treas.
Yarmouth, Feb'y 16, '85. 7-10

AMERICAN
Rubber Boots and Shoes.
General attention is directed to our stock of American Rubber Boots and Shoes, of superior qualities, and a variety of
NEW STYLES.
As Agents for the Woonsocket, "Wales" Goodyear, Hayward, New England and Rhode Island Rubber Companies, we can supply
Rubber Boots and Shoes
at reasonable prices.
ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.,
Dealers in Rubber and Leather Belting, Mill Supplies and Rubber Goods of all kinds.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
68 Prince Wm. St.,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

SEEDS. SEEDS.
1885.
Our Spring Seeds
HAVE JUST ARRIVED
per English steamer from London. These Seeds are all bought of the well known and justly celebrated seed house of JAMES CARTER & CO., London, England.
Parties purchasing of us will get first class and reliable seeds, including Garden, Field and Flower.
☞ Orders respectfully solicited.
S. McDIARMID.
(Successor to John Chaloner.)
Druggist and Seedsman,
95 KING STREET. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

LOTUS OF THE NILE
It is one of the most powerful and permanent perfumes prepared. A single drop will be found sufficient to scent a handkerchief or even a room. It is put up in a new style of glass-stoppered bottles and sold by all perfumers and druggists.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.,
(Sole Agents.)
MONTREAL.

WALTHAM WATCHES.
THE subscriber being the only authorized Agent of the WALTHAM WATCH Co. in this City, can sell ALL GRADES AND STYLES at the lowest possible prices.
CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,
Etc., Etc.
all of the BEST MAKERS. For sale at as low prices as at any establishment in the City.
New Goods Received Monthly.
New Stair Restorative always in Stock
jan D. O. U. WARLOCK.

VIRGINIA FARMS & MILLS
For Sale & Exchange.
FREE Catalogue.
E. L. CHAFFIN & Co., Richmond, Va.