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NOTICE OF SALE.

There will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, on Saturday, the fourth day of April, next, at twelve o'clock noon,

ALL the right, title and interest of Andrew E. Mallery, late of the Parish of Saint Martins, in the City and County of Saint John, deceased, at the time of his death, in and to all that lot, piece, or parcel of land with the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in Fairfield (so called) in the Parish of Saint Martins aforesaid, formerly owned by the late William Floyd, and owned by the said Andrew E. Mallery at the time of his death, and conveyed to him by Sarah Ann Robinson and Sarah Jane Floyd, containing one hundred and forty acres, more or less.

The above sale will be made in pursuance of a license to sell, granted by the Judge of Probates for the City and County of Saint John, dated the 31st day of January, A. D. 1891, for the purpose of paying the debts due by the estate of the said deceased. 3

Dated the 2nd day of March, A. D. 1891.

AMANDA JANE MALLERY, Administratrix of the estate of the late Andrew E. Mallery.

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NOTICE.

A BILL will be introduced at the next session of the Legislature of this province, to amend the act incorporating "The Union Baptist Education Society," as to its membership; qualification of voters; number of Directors and mode of appointment, and time for holding Annual Meeting.

By Order,
A. A. WILSON, Secretary.

March, 2nd, 1891.

JAMES CURRIE, Amherst, Nova Scotia, General Agent for the NEW WILLIAMS" SEWING MACHINES. *Also, PIANOS and ORGANS.* Machine Needles, Oil, and Parts, always on hand.

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE BOOKS OF KINGS.

(Condensed from Peloubet's Notes.)

Lesson XIII. March 29. Isa. 11 : 1-10.

REVIEW AND MISSIONS.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Have I any pleasure at all that the wicked should die? saith the Lord God; and not that he should return from his ways and live?"—Ezek. 18 : 22.

THE BOOK.—2 Kings—a brief review of what is known about it.

THE MAP.—Let the scholars each draw a rude map, and locate the chief places upon it. Have each scholar write down in the class a brief summary of the history they have studied during the quarter, with the chief events. One method of review is by a repetition of these in concert, perhaps more than once.

An excellent method of class review is by means of word pictures of the chief events, drawn either by the teacher or some of the scholars, the characters and events delineated being guessed by the scholars.

GENERAL VIEW. SUBJECT,—THE SINFULNESS OF THE ISRAELITES AND WHAT GOD DID TO SAVE THEM.

FIRST, THEIR SINS. Lesson I., pride, obstinacy, selfishness. Lesson II., idolatry, disobedience. Lesson IV., halting between two opinions. Lesson V., persecution, despondency. Lesson VI., covetousness, perjury, murder. Lesson XI., covetousness, lying, hypocrisy.

SECOND, WHAT GOD DID TO SAVE THE PEOPLE.

1. He sent two prophets. Lessons IV., VIII.
2. He punished sin. Lessons III., IV., VI., XI.
3. He upheld his prophets. Lessons III., V., VII., XII.
4. He answered by fire. Lesson IV.
5. He worked many miracles of kindness and love. Lessons III., V., VIII., IX., X., XII.
6. He warned, reproved, taught, encouraged, defended.

THIRD, APPLICATION TO MISSIONS. (1) Two lessons are specially opposed to one of the greatest enemies of missions, *covetousness.*

(2) Three lessons show that God's goodness as manifested even in those days, extended beyond the bounds of Israel.

(3) Unseen defenders guard and aid the missionaries, and the Word of God.

(4) The schools of the prophets hint at the duty of teaching others.

The Rose Valley Sunday-School.

BY CARRIE A. GRIFFIN.

It was not a large Sunday-school. I may as well confess that it had but two members—Kathie Wellman and Kathie Wellman's teacher, Miss Leroy. You see Kathie's home was in Southern Dakota in a very small but rapidly growing settlement to which her papa had recently moved.

On the first Sunday after their arrival, when Kathie began to dress for church her mother said to her gently, "I wouldn't put on that dress to day, Kathie."

"Why not?" asked Kathie, with wide open eyes, "Aren't we going to church?"

And her mother answered even more gently, with a little waver in her voice, "No, dear; there's no church to go to."

"No church to go to!" echoed Kathie, her large eyes opening still wider. "Why, I thought churches were everywhere!"

Then her mother explained to her that there were no churches in many new settlements at the West like the one to which they had just come. "But, by and by," she added, consolingly, "when more people come here, we'll have a small church, no doubt, and in the meantime we'll try to keep God's day as best we can."

"But oh, mamma!" Kathie exclaimed, with tears in her voice, "Isn't there any Sunday-school here either? If there isn't, I—I just wish we hadn't come."

"Hush—sh," said mamma, putting her hand over Kathie's mouth. "You know why we came, dear—for poor papa's sake—and you and I want to do all we can to make it pleasant for him, don't we?"

"Y—es," answered Kathie somewhat hesitatingly.

She certainly wanted to help papa, who had come to this new country to regain, if possible, his health and fortune, but it was hard to be deprived of so many privileges to which they had always been accustomed in their Eastern home.

The next day Kathie confided her woes to Miss Jeanie Leroy, who had come from the same dear State of Massachusetts, and Miss Leroy had sympathized with her and proposed that they two start a Sunday-school of their own, Kathie to be the "school" and she to be superintendent, teacher and organist, all in one. So the next Sunday just as the clock was striking two, Kathie walked demurely into Miss Leroy's small sitting-room, her Bible and Sunday-school quarterly—which had some way found its way to Dakota—under her arm.

As she entered the room a little cry of delight escaped her. In one corner was a small desk with a silver bell upon it, for all the world like the one their superintendent used in her old home. In front of the desk a sofa was drawn, which, to a vivid imagination, bore strong resemblance to a settee. In front of that was a chair, for the teacher, of course. Then in different parts of the room were mottoes—"God is love," "Remember thy Creator" and "I am with you always." These were made of pasteboard covered with white muslin, the letters being of red cambric *appliqued* on.

The superintendent," Miss Leroy, was seated at the desk, and after the "school" had "assembled" she struck the bell. Kathie, seated in state on the sofa, "came to order" more quickly than ever before in her life. Miss Leroy then said they would read alternately the 113th Psalm. It seemed so much like play that once or twice Kathie felt very much inclined to laugh, but she had always been taught to read God's word with reverence, so she tried to put her mind upon the beautiful words, and when Miss Leroy said, "Let us pray," she bowed her small head with true devotion.

Then the superintendent seated herself at an old-fashioned melodeon and their two voices were soon blended in "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The bell was tapped again and the announcement was made from the desk: "The 'school' will now give attention to the lesson." Then Miss Leroy, teacher, took her seat opposite Kathie, with smiling face, and for half an hour the lesson was studied in good earnest. At the end of the session the bell was rung again and the superintendent announced that she had prepared a catalogue of the books in the library and that each member was entitled to a copy. "Extra copies five cents each," she added with a laugh, and then exclaimed, "Oh, Kathie, we have forgotten the most important of all—the collection. We must have some envelopes, or rather, an envelope, and drop in our pennies."

The "organist" then took her seat at the melodeon and "Stand up for Jesus" was sung heartily. After repeating the Lord's Prayer in unison the school was dismissed.

Kathie was delighted. "It's the best Sunday school I ever went to," she cried, gleefully. "But oh, Miss Leroy, have you a really, truly library?"

"Come and see," said Miss Leroy, and she led the way into an adjoining room where, in an improvised book case, were a number of paper-covered books marked S. S. Library, which Miss Leroy had received during the week from Chicago.

Kathie clapped her hands. "Oh how lovely! Oh, Miss Leroy, you're so good!"

Miss Leroy smiled. "No, dear, not good. I miss, as much as you do, the dear Sunday-school at the East, and we'll try together to fill up the gap in our lives."

So every Sunday, as the weeks came around, they spent the hour together, going through the same exercises, until a little girl, whose parents had recently come to the settlement, heard of the strange Sunday-school, and asked to join it. It was not long before other children came to Rose Valley, which was growing beyond the first settlers' wildest expectations, and Miss Leroy soon found her class growing in like proportion. The little sitting-room was altogether too small to accommodate all who wanted to come. What was to be done?

Not an available place was to be found, and soon old and young alike began to declare that Rose Valley must have a church, and if they obtained the help which they hoped to obtain from that good society (for which the contribution box is annually passed in your church and mine) I wouldn't wonder if the foundation was already laid. But I'm inclined to believe that the real foundation was laid when Kathie Wellman first went to see Miss Leroy, and they two started the Rose Valley Sunday-school.—*Cangregationalist.*

Mother Eve's Tomb.

It is not very often that an American visits the little town of Jiddah, on the Arabian coast of the Red Sea, says a writer in the New York *Herald*, yet every year as the sacred season of the Hedjaz comes around, hundreds of thousands of devout Musselmans are disembarked at its little harbor, intent on making a pilgrimage to Mecca, which insures to them the happiness and honor of paradise. It was not with any intention of attempting to visit the tomb of Mohammed and to gaze on the mysterious "Kaaba" that I took sail one moonlit night from Suakim and crossed the turbulent Red Sea to Jiddah. My object was to visit the shrine of one venerated by Christian and Islamite alike—the reputed tomb of Eve, mother of all mankind.

Leaving Suakim just after sundown, when the land breeze had sprung up, in a small dhow with a prodigious sail, I arrived off Jiddah about nine o'clock the next morning. As seen from the sea the town is very imposing. The tall, white houses, built entirely of coral rag, are many of them several stories high, and are adorned with beautiful hanging windows of carved woodwork. The town is entirely surrounded, except on the sea front, by a massive wall from 15 to 20 feet high, through which three gates gives egress to the country beyond. At sundown all these gates are closed, and at all times they are guarded by Turkish soldiers. The channel by which the harbor of Jiddah is entered is very intricate, as coral reefs crop up in every direction and are constantly growing. There are, however, plenty of native pilots always waiting outside to pilot dhows in, and taking one on board we were soon safely anchored off the main landing.

As I was obliged to leave Jiddah again that night, I lost no time in getting ashore, and after breakfast and a tub, the latter of which was very necessary after a night in on open dhow, I set off with one of the British consular's cavasses to visit Eve's grave. This is situated about one and a half miles outside of the city on the north. Passing out by the northern gate the land rises gradually to the grave, which is in full view from the time you leave the city wall. The country presents a very sterile appearance, there being but little vegetation. A few date palms are dotted about, and away to the west in the direction of Mecca groups of stunted acacia frees render the prospect less barren. The approach to the tomb is up a sandy slope, rising about 200 feet above the town. The grave itself is 160 feet long and five feet wide, and is surrounded by a stone wall four feet high, covered with chunam. In the centre of it rises a small dome-crowned mosque, wherein pilgrims assemble to say their prayers. The mosque is in charge of some dervishes, who have plenty to do in keeping it clear of the crowds of beggars who assemble and clamor for *backsheesh.*

Inside, the mosque is perfectly plain, except that in the centre is erected an altar. This stands about three feet high and is covered with curtains. The curtains being drawn aside disclose a black stone let into the floor. This stone is supposed to lie directly over the tomb of Eve, and is polished like marble by the kisses of the faithful. It is by no means permitted to every pilgrim to place his lips on this sacred spot, but by a liberal amount of *backsheesh* and the presence of the consular cavasses I was permitted the honor, and accordingly the curtain was drawn, and on hands and knees I paid homage to our legendary mother. The stone which is treated with so much honor is a very curious one, evidently meteoric, and is supposed, like the Ksaba at Mecca, to have been especially sent down from heaven for its present use. I had a long chat with the chief custodian of the tomb, who told me that the office had been in the family for generations. He said that the most regular visitors to the shrine are the Bedouins, who, in their yearly wanderings through the Arabian desert, rarely fail to visit Eve's tomb. I asked him if there was any legend as to why Eve was supposed to be buried there; but he knew none, and asked, "Where else would she be buried except on this sacred soil?"

It is certainly curious that legendary lore should select spots so distant from each other for the graves of our first parents. While Eve rests on the shores of the Red Sea, Adam is popularly supposed to lie buried under the forest-clad slopes of Adam's Peak, in Ceylon. On my walk back to Jiddah I asked my companions if they supposed the grave represented the stature of Eve, and they said, "Surely."

May's Mistake.

Everybody loved Aunt Rose. She had won all hearts by her merry ways and charming stories. She was always ready to give Jack riddles, tell Harry Indian tales, listen to Sue's school trials, or help May with her lessons. One morning she heard Harry say, "I wonder what it is to be a real Christian?"

"Nonsense, don't bother yourself about it!" cried Jack. "Time enough."

"Maybe not," said Harry.

"Why, you don't expect to die yet," exclaimed Jack.

"Don't know; Jim Saunders died young. I'd like to love Jesus now," said Harry.

"Bother! I don't want to hear about it," declared Jack. "I wouldn't be such a Christian as our May. To tell you the truth, Harry, I thought it would be a good thing once, but May has put me out of the notion."

"Oh, Jack, I am sure May tried to do right."

"It is the kind of right I don't like," persisted Jack. "She reads her Bible, and prays, and goes around with tracts, and teaches Sunday-schools, and 'talks good' to me, but when it comes to helping me with lessons or games she's as cross as a bear! You know it well enough, Harry."

Aunt Rose was grieved at this talk, and resolved to watch May's conduct with her brothers.

She found May in great trouble one day.

"Jack will not listen to a word of advice. I am afraid he never thinks about his soul," she said.

"Perhaps he does not tell all his thoughts," said Aunt Rose. "Suppose, May, you try a different way with him; let precept go for awhile, and try example. Show the pleasant side of your religion. For instance, when Jack brings you a book to cover, or a riddle to praise, give up your own pleasure and enter into his. You will thus show the spirit of the Saviour."

"I never thought of all this before," said May.

May thanked Aunt Rose, and asked Jesus to make her wise to win her brother.

Before long, Jack was glad to say that May had "turned out another kind of a Christian, and that it was a fellow's own fault if she did not do him good."—*Selected.*

TO THE DEAF.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

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— Rev. W. E. Gifford, Bothwell, was cured of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint by three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters, previously his life was almost burdensome with suffering.

— Mr. Cheapside—"I thought you said you were going to Mrs. Brick's 5 o'clock tea this afternoon. It's after 5 now." Mrs. Cheapside—"There's no hurry. Her 5 o'clock tea isn't likely to be ready before 7. She's got the girl I used to have."

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Fast express for Halifax,	13.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
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A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.10 o'clock and Halifax at 7.15 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 16.55, and take sleeping cars at Moncton.

The train leaving St John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 16.55 o'clock will run to destination, arriving at Montreal at 18.05 Sunday evening.

Trains will Arrive at Saint John.

Express from Sussex,	8.30
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Fast express from Halifax,	22.35

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D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 29th November, 1890.

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