

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

A PSALM FOR NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY MISS MULOCK.

A friend stands at the door;
In either tight-closed hand
Hiding rich gifts, three hundred and three
score.

Waiting to strew them daily o'er the land
Even as seed the sower; it in and passes by;
It cannot be made fruitful till it die.

O good New Year, we clasp
This warm shut hand of thine,
Loosing forever, with half sigh, half gasp,
That which from ours fall, like dead fingers' twain.

Ay, which r fierce its grasp
He be, or gentle, having been, we know
That it was blessed; let the Old year go.

O New Year, teach us faith!
The road of life is hard;

When our feet bleed and scourging winds us scathe,

Point thou to Him, whose visage was more mar'd,

Than any man's; who saith

"Make straight paths for your feet"—and to the opprest—

"Come ye to Me, and I will give you rest."

Yet hangs some lamp-like hope
Above this unknown way.

Kind year, to give our spirits free scope
And our hands strength to work while it is day.

But if that way must slope
Tombward, O bring before our fading eyes

The lau p of life, the hope that never dies.

Confort our soul with love,
Love of all human kind;

Love special, close—in which like sheltered dove

Each wear heart its own safe nest may find;

And love that turns above

Adoringly; contented to resign

All loves, if need be, for the Love Divine.

Friend come, thou like a friend,
And whether bright thy face,

Or dim with clouds we cannot comprehend,

We'll hold out patient hands, each in his place,

And trust thee to the end,

Knowing thou leadest toward to those spheres

Where there are neither days, nor months,

nor years.

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A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

During one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strangely attracted.

Some of them were sloping, and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One however was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent.

One bright morning, when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill, till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a sloping direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one, when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down, I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence, and followed me. He was already considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that,

to me, memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending, or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come.

Charles Lamb has said that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New Year's Day; and believing that my readers are neither one nor the other, I want to show them the importance of their resolving to be abstainers not only for their own sakes, but especially

for the sake of those around them. I want them to listen to the voice of the children who are crying to them in tones that it would be criminal to disregard: "Take the safest path, for we are following you."

The Apostle Paul tells us that "no man liveth to himself," and this solemn truth we should ever bear in mind. Those around us are, without an effort on their part or ours, constantly being moulded and shaped by our example. Hence, in spite of ourselves, we are our brother's keeper; we lift him up into purity and light, or we can drag him down into darkness and despair. This is especially true of the children around us. With these our influence is a moral atmosphere, affecting them far more than we imagine. Children are like the sensitive plates of the photographer, and our every look and action produces its effect. They are also natural imitators, and our lives are reproduced in theirs. The child of the minister will form his little pulpit, summon his congregation, and deliver his discourse. The child of the smoker will be seen with its mimic pipe going through the same performances as the father, while the child of the drinker will eagerly watch for an opportunity to drain the glass from which his father has been drinking. Their bright sharp eyes watch our every motion, in the family, at the heart, and round the table; and though we are conscious of exerting no influence upon them, our every act and tone sinks into their plastic nature, and moulds their character for ever. If the influence is for evil, no heavenly discipline can entirely remove it; and if it is for good, no bad associations can entirely effect its destruction.

I want my readers to look at these solemn facts in their bearing on total abstinence. Our children come into the world unable to distinguish between good and evil, especially as to their daily life. We have to teach them what "to eat, drink, and avoid." In some cases there is perplexity in this; there are physical peculiarities that make "one man's food another man's poison." It is not so, however, in the use of intoxicating drink. Here all is plain.

There are but two paths before us. They must either drink or abstain. The children have no means apart from us, of knowing which path to take; they both appear to be equally safe and proper; the more so as they see wise and good men walking in both paths. They must make a choice, and having faith in our wisdom and our love, they practically turn to us and ask, Which path shall I take? We must answer, and answer in way that the children cannot misunderstand. With our lips we may recommend the path of abstinence, but our true answer will be our own conduct. Actions speak louder than words. Drinking a single glass of wine in the presence of the children will influence them far more than your teaching, however forcible or eloquent it may be. And the wiser and holier you are, the more important it is that the voice of your lives should point in the right direction. Everybody now knows that abstinence is the path of safety, and that drinking is the path of danger. That the one is the broad, winding, slippery path by which every drunkard has reached the region of despair. That multitudes have cursed the day they entered it, and with earnest entreaty have besought their children to avoid it. That the other is plain and safe, leading to health, intelligence, virtue, and religion. That multitudes of those that are treading it, thank God they ever entered it, and earnestly urge those they love to tread it also.

These paths are open before us on this blessed New Year's Day. We have the terrible power of choice. We cannot move without affecting others. The children, in their innocence and weakness, are following us, "though with unequal step," and are crying to us, "Take the safest path, for we are following you." Parents, teachers, citizens, Christians, ministers of the Gospel, hear their cry. It is possible that, as in my case when climbing the mountain, your head may be so steady, and your foot so firm, that you, like many others, may tread the dangerous path without falling. But what of the children that are following you? Can you guarantee

that their heads will be as steady, and their feet as firm as yours? And if not, then it may come to pass that though loving the children tenderly, and striving most earnestly in other ways to promote their welfare, your example may be the stumbling block over which they shall fall into present and eternal ruin. We are responsible to God for our example, and in the great day we must meet the results of even our unconscious influence. I am personally prepared to meet the results of my total abstinence, but I dare not meet the results of my drinking, however moderately. Dare you? In the decision to which you come to-day take in the whole case. If you drink you may gratify habit, appetite, and custom; you may produce a momentary flow of animal spirits, and even fancy that you derive a little physical advantage. Having said this, I think I have said all that can possibly be said in favor of drinking; and I think you will see that you have only selfish reasons for continuing to practice it: your own comfort, your own pleasure, and health. If, on the contrary, you resolve to abstain, you will see that your reasons will be noble, generous, and Christian. You avoid the appearance of evil; you will pursue a course of self-denial; your example will be one that all can safely imitate. When you leave a home, or company, you will have no misgivings as to the influence you have exerted. No man to whom drink is temptation will be able to make your one glass an excuse for his two glasses. No victim who is endeavoring to escape from his besetment will be thrown back by your example; and whatever may be the future of the young people around you, they will never be able to charge you with having led them astray.

Dr. Lyman Beecher has well said, "It is not enough to erect the flag ahead to mark the spot where the drunkard dies. It must be planted at the entrance of the course, proclaiming in waving, *This is the way to death!* If we cannot stop men at the beginning, we cannot separate between that and the end. He that lets strong drink alone is safe, and only he." —*Methodist Temperance Magazine.*

BABES OF HEAVEN.

There are some infants who seem destined for heaven from their birth. Over these the mother may smile, and weep, and watch the fragile beauty of cheek and brow in vain.

Old and learned doctors may stand beside their little couches and count the quick beating pulse; they cannot stop the steady footsteps of death—they cannot wave him back, that angel-warden of heaven. Something is written in the blue eyes, the gentle smile, that mortals may never interpret; for them the tiny head-stones stand in niches, fresh from the graver's hands. For them the little marble urns are already sculptured, and sweet spots in burial grounds lie waiting. Hug it ever so closely to the fond bosom, the favored immortal is ever in the hands of the angels, and they will claim it.

I have known a few such children. I remember, as I write, a sweet sister, who came when the bird piped his first May song. For fifteen bright months she was spared to earth, but all who saw her gave ominous shades of the head, and some said, even with tears, "She will die."

Of all infant singers, none heard I ever sing like her. From morning till night, from her twelfth month, her sweet, clear voice rang through the house. And she was neither taught this, nor paraded for her gift; but a friend coming in would be sure to hear "Old Hundred" from the singing lips of a babe, who might be clinging to the chair in her first happy essay to walk. "China" and many of the ancient melodies were as household words to that little creature; and every day at twilight, till nearly the day she died, she would sing herself to sleep, lisping those old words,

"Life is the time to serve the Lord."

Precious angel! her life was holy service. How happy she has been these long years up there singing.

I had another little sister, who died at the same age. I remember a still, beautiful night, when I sat watching that sweet face, the pale hands, the laboring chest;

her mother, wearied out had fallen into a light slumber.

Suddenly, in that dying hour, the old tune of "Sweet Home" rang out, clear, sweet, and distinct. How can I describe the feeling that thrilled through all my veins, when looking at the little lips, pale and trembling, I saw them moving to the cadence of that cherished melody? There lay a babe, scarcely more than a year old, disease upon her, her temples whitening in death, singing a triumphal strain with a failing breath. No language can tell how indescribably beautiful, yet how awful was the scene. She sang it through to the last note, and her fragile form sank backward. In the morning they were laying, lightly and tenderly, on her limbs the burial shroud.

I heard lately little story, which for pathos could not be excelled. A beautiful infant had been taught to say (and it could say little else), "God will take care of baby." It was seized with sickness, and at a time when both parents were hardly convalescent from a dangerous illness. Every day it grew worse, and at last was given up—to die. Almost agonized, the mother prayed to be carried into the room of her darling, to give it one last embrace. Both parents succeeded in gaining the apartment—but just as it was thought the babe had breathed its last, the mother wept aloud; and once more the little creature opened its eyes, looking lovingly up in her face, smiled and moved its little lips. They bent closer down—"God will take care of baby." Sweet, consoling words! they had hardly ceased, when the angel-spirit was in heaven.—*Mrs. Denison.*

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YEAR UNTO YEAR.

As year unto year is added,
God's promises seem more fair
The glory of life eternal,
The rest that remaineth there;

The peace like a broad, deep river
That never will cease to flow;

The perfect, divine completeness
That the finite never know.

As year unto year is added,
God's purposes seem more plain,
We follow a thread in fancy,
Then catch and lose it again;

But we see far on in the future
A rounded, perfected bliss;

And what are the wayside shadows,
If the way but leads to this?

As year unto year is added,
And the twilight of life shall fall,
May we be like Jesus,
More tender and true to all,

More patient in trial, more loving,

More eager his truth to know,

In the daily paths of his choosing
More willing in faith to go.

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SETTLE WITH THE PAST.

To-night everything is hushed; the earth is as silent as her sister spheres in the far off firmament; and, as if the instinct of the soul were suddenly quickened to feel its immortality, there is a solemnity in the midnight air and audibility in its pulse, which remind us that much else, and much more besides days and months, are taking an eternal departure.

If we had keener eyes to see, what processions would stretch past the near horizon and move onward to the solitudes that await their coming as our fore-runners! And if we had ears to hear, what voices would reach us, familiar tones, echoes of our own forgotten utterances, and what restored vividness of reality would our former selves put on—ah! little dreamed of now! In this one life we call ours there are many lives, and the past holds them as God's custodian for the judgment-day.

Now, that we are about to begin a new year, shall we not recall our past vows, resolutions, promises? First of all, remember these, and pray for grace to fulfil them. Settle with the past. It has claims upon you, and they are unadjusted. A dreadful thing it is to have these debts open in the chancery of heaven, and all the while accumulating interest. Many a soul goes into bankruptcy in this way. God help you, friend and brother; God help you to meet these obligations. Meet them promptly, and then see what you can do for 1885. But do not cheat your soul with new pledges so long as the old are unredeemed.—*Richmond Advocate.*

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THE GRASS OF THE FIELD.

Anxious and troubled soul! burdened with care, weary and heavy-laden, consider the grass of the fields, and learn from it how to "take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in distresses for Christ's sake,"

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"Mother hasn't time to do that. I get along very well," said the lame girl.

"No," said Mrs. Taylor, "poor Helen does suffer for lack of care,

knowing that when you are weak, then are you strong.

I presume. But I do the best I can. I have been trying to earn money to buy her a wheel-chair, so she could wheel herself around a little; but it is useless, trying I guess. Fifteen dollars is a big sum for a poor woman to lay up besides supporting her family."

A day or two after, during which time Carrie had been unusually silent and thoughtful, she came to her mother, saying—

"Have you asked papa about getting those furs for my New Year's present?"

Her mother replied in the affirmative.

"And what did he say? Will he get them, do you think, mamma?"

"I think perhaps he will if you are a good girl."

"Please, mamma, I would rather have the money they would cost to spend as I please, if papa would give it to me."

"What do you wish to buy with it?" asked her mamma.

"I want to get a chair for that poor little lame girl, mamma. I think she needs it a great deal worse than I need new furs." And, please don't you think I may have the money?" Her mother is so poor, it will be a long time before she can get it for her."

Carrie's mother gladly consented, and so the chair was purchased; and on New Year's Day Carrie and her mother made another visit to the poor child's home, taking with them the chair, together with some books, papers and toys, which Carrie decided she could spare from among her own playthings.

Helen was so pleased with her presents, that she knew not how to express her thankfulness; and her mother was as much gratified as she.

Carrie felt fully repaid for her self-denial as she witnessed their delight, and that evening said to her mother:

"I do believe, mamma, this is the very happiest New Year's Day I ever had. I have been so happy!"

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WILLING TO SHOVEL.

To be willing to begin at the bottom is the open secret of being able to come out at the top. A few years ago a young man came to this country to take a position in a new enterprise in the Southwest. He was well bred, well educated, and he had the tastes of his birth and education. He reached the scene of his proposed labors and found, to his dismay, that the enterprise was already bankrupt, and that he was penniless, homeless and friendless in a strange land. He worked his way back to New York, and in midwinter found himself, without money or friends, in the great busy metropolis. He did not stop to measure the obstacles in his path; he simply set out to find work. He would have preferred the pen, but he was willing to take the shovel; and the shovel it was to be.

Passing down Fourth Avenue on a snowy morning, he found a crowd of men at work shoveling snow from the sidewalks about a well-known locality; he applied for a position in their ranks, got it, and went to work with a hearty good-will, as if shoveling were his vocation. Not long after, one of the owners of the property, a many-millionaire, passed along the street, saw the young man's face, was struck by its intelligence, and wondered what had brought him to such a pass. A day or two later, his business took him to the same locality again, and brought him face

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SUNDAY SCHOOL.

JANUARY 4.

PAUL AT TROAS.

ACTS 20: 2-16.

Those parts—Those cities of Macedonia where he had founded churches, namely, Philippi, and Thessalonica, and Berea. It was at this time that Paul preached the Gospel in the neighborhood of Illyricum. *Ehortation*—The word in the original has the mingled sense of consolation and exhortation, which were alike remembered in the apostle's preaching, as they should be in all Christian discourses. *And there*—He went to Corinth, where disorders in the Church required his careful management. At Corinth he met Gaius, Erastus and Timothy, if he had not already met the latter on the way. His work just now was not to evangelize, but to direct the energies of the growing Church. *Jews laid wait*—Some think they laid wait for him to rob him of the money he was carrying to Jerusalem for the relief of the poor saints there; but considering how very spiteful the Jews were against him, I suppose they thirsted more for his blood than for his money. His work in Greece was done.

There accompanied him—He was carrying up a large sum in trust for the churches of Judea, and he sought to avoid even the suspicion of the malversations which the tongue of slanderers was ready to impute to him. *3 Cor. 8: 20, 21.* Representatives were accordingly chosen from the leading churches, who, acting as it were, as auditors of his accounts, would be witnesses that all was right. *Into Asia*—It is to be remembered that Asia in the New Testament denotes, not the whole continent, but the province of Asia Minor bordering on the Aegean Sea. *Syagoras*—the son of Pyrrhus; but no such person is mentioned elsewhere in the New Testament. *Aristarchus*—A Thessalian, who had been in peril at Ephesus, Acts 19: 29. Probably one of the wealthier converts, for he was able to absent from home in attendance on the apostle for three years. Aristarchus was by his side during the shipwreck, and was in such close fellowship during his imprisonment that Paul calls him "my fellow prisoner," Col. 4: 10. *And Scetus*—of whom nothing else is known, *Gaius* is described as of Derbe, in Lycania, to distinguish him from Gaius of Macedonia, mentioned in Acts 19: 29. *Tychicus* stood very high in Paul's estimation: "a beloved brother and faithful minister," Eph. 6: 21; Col. 4: 7. *Trophimus*—A Gentile and an Ephesian, whose going on to Jerusalem gave occasion to the apprehension of the apostle, Acts 21: 22; 2 Tim. 4: 20. The sudden change to the first person plural in the next verse reminds us that the name of Luke has to be added to the list of Paul's companions. *For us*—Almost imperceptibly does the blessed evangelist glide into Paul's company, and how unobtrusively does he intimate his own fellowship in labor and suffering with him!

Where we abide seven days—It lies on the surface that the motive for this stay was to keep the Lord's day, the name was probably already current: see Rev. 1: 10), and to partake with the Church of what, even before the date of this journey, Paul had already spoken of as the Lord's Supper. 1 Cor. 11: 20. *Upon the first day of the week*—We here observe the first trace of the observance of Sunday which the history of the Church exhibits. It appears that this was a stated day and hour for Christian assemblies, not perhaps without some reference to the fact mentioned by John (20: 19) concerning the first Lord's day of the Christian Church. *When the disciples came together*—They were, therefore, not convened by Paul, but had assembled in ordinary course, and that for the celebration either of the eucharist, or the meal then commonly known as the love-feast. *To break bread*—In the East bread is never cut with a knife, but always broken with the hand; hence to "break bread" is in Oriental language, the same as to eat. In the New Testament usage it generally indicates the observance of the Lord's Supper, usually in connection with the *agape*, or love feasts, which were a prominent feature in the social services of the apostolic churches. See 1 Cor. 11: 20, etc.

In the upper chamber—We learn from verse 9th that it was on the third floor of the house. In the high, narrow streets of Eastern towns the upper story is often chosen for social or devotional purposes, partly as more removed from the noise of the street, partly as giving access to the roof of the house. Such a room in a good sized house might well hold two or three hundred people. *Sat in a window*—Not a window in our sense, but a large unglazed opening, having latticed doors, which at time were wide open because of the numbers present. *Young man named Eutychus*—He was a youthful convert, unaccustomed to so late an hour, and not perhaps of a sufficiently matured understanding to follow the masterly but sometimes difficult reasoning of the apostle. *Sank down with sleep*—His head gradually sank down on his breast, and at last he fell with a rush and a cry from the third story into the court-yard beneath. *His life is in him*—It was not until Paul's miraculous embrace that it became true that "his life was in him." The words "his life was in him" no more inti-

mate that Eutychus had not been dead than do the words of our Saviour, "The damsel is not dead but sleepeth," that the daughter of Jairus was not actually dead.

Come up again and had broken bread—The loaf, probably a long roll, was placed before the celebrant, and each piece was broken off as it was given to the communicant. *Talked a long while*—In this whole story is a graphic picture of the early services held at night in an upper room, the guest-chamber of some Christian or a friendly unbeliever; and of the zeal of Paul, preaching till midnight, continuing in social converse till daybreak, and then starting (ver. 18) on a foot journey of twenty miles.

CARE OF CLOTHING.

The New York Tribune has some sensible remarks on the care of clothing. "Spots of grease may be removed from colored silks by putting them in a paste with water. Dust is best removed from a soft flannel, from velvet with a brush made especially for the purpose. If hats and bonnets when taken from the head are brushed and put away in boxes and covered up, instead of being laid down anywhere, they will last fresh for a long time. Shawls and all the articles that may be folded should be folded when taken from the person, in their original creases, and laid away. Cloaks should be hung up in place, gloves pulled out lengthwise, wrapped in tissue paper, and laid away; faces smoothed out nicely and folded if requisite, so that they will come out of the box new and fresh when needed again. A strip of old black broadcloth four or five inches wide, rolled up tightly and sewed to keep the roll in place, is better than a sponge or cloth for cleaning black or dark colored clothes. Whatever lint comes from it in rubbing is black, and does not show.

CHILDREN IN THE HOUSE.

The tidiest and most particular child that ever lived will sometimes upset things about the house, to the annoyance of the busy housekeeper; and all ordinary children are the bane of her life. . . . In the average home, where the children are part and parcel of the family, as regards the use of the common living-rooms, their want of order will cause more or less disturbance. Happy the mother who has the wisdom and good sense not to be disturbed by their littering; who, with equanimity, can see the dining room chairs converted into railroad trains, and composedly survey the marks of little fingers on the furniture. Unbridled license, or constant checking will ruin the temper and disposition of any child; but sympathy for, and patience with their desire to find themselves amusement, will lead any housekeeper to put up with a good deal of annoyance from them.

Useful Hints.

A young man who does not regard the wishes of his mother is in the road to ruin. He is going wrong already, and his end will be destruction.

Girls, do, sometimes at least, allow your mother to know better than you do; she was educated before you were born.

When rats are likely to injure newly oiled harness by gnawing, cayenne pepper, (an ounce in a quart of oil) is said to be a perfect protection.

Delicious filling for tarts is made of the surplus juice in cans of fruit, with a little gelatine dissolved in it; enough to make a jelly of medium firmness.

As a rule little attention is paid and little judgment displayed in the location of farm roads; and yet, when the large amount of hauling which is done over them and the saving of time in having them run so as to be convenient to the fields from which produce has to be hauled, it becomes a matter of very great importance.

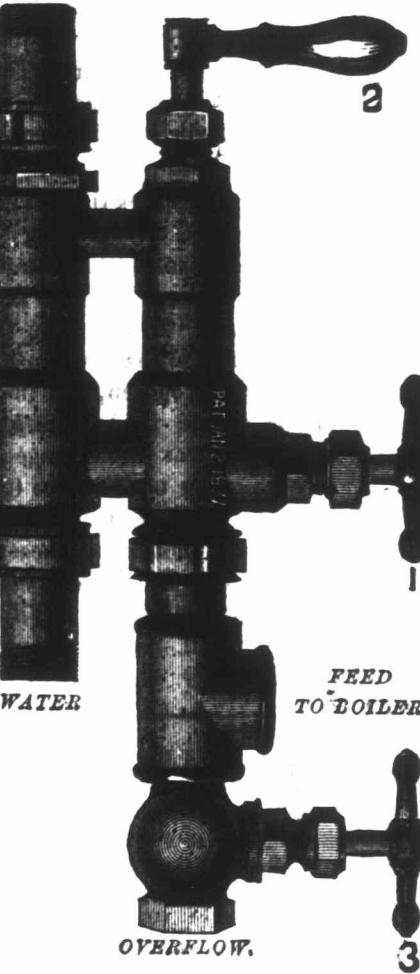
The wide-awake farmer is a devoted reader of papers and books that will instruct him in his calling. He is not afraid they will conflict with what his father knew "about farming." He rather hopes they will; what his father knew has been pretty well drilled into him, and he wants to know something more.

Young people do not always make great an effort as they should to be at the table promptly. If a bell is rung, they begin to get ready when it rings; they should be ready to go instantly on the ringing of the bell. That is the only way—to be ready before the call is made.

It is not only annoying to others, but is disrespectful to parents, when children are not promptly in their places at meal time.

The only way to keep the gingersnaps made by the following recipe is to put them under lock and key: Heat to boiling one cup of shortening (which may be half butter and half clarified beef drippings, or all butter if preferred), one cup of molasses, two cups of brown sugar, one table-spoonful of cinnamon, and one scant table-spoonful of soda; take from the stove, beat well, then add two eggs and flour enough to make stiff dough. It will take about six cups of flour to make the mixture roll out well. Roll them very thin, and cut with a cake cutter, baking on buttered tins in a quick oven.

STEAM.



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THE WESLEYAN

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1884.

THE "WESLEYAN" FOR 1885.

FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

All subscribers can get the "Christian Guardian" or the "Canadian Methodist Magazine" with the "WESLEYAN" by sending us \$3.50.

By sending 35 cents additional they can secure a copy of Dr. Wakeley's "Heroes of Methodism" or his "Anecdotes of the Wesleys," both of which are usually sold for \$1.25 each. Our supply of these books is limited.

Or for 30 cents additional to the subscription they can have a copy of J. Jackson Wray's "Nestleton Magna"—a most popular book; or for 20 cents a copy of "Centenary of Methodism in E. B. America," containing Dr. Douglas' Centennial Sermon and other Centennial dresses, which ought to be in all our homes.

These offers are certainly attractive. They are open to all subscribers, but only one premium book can be sent to each subscriber. Cash in all cases must accompany the order.

Owing to the holidays we go to press a day earlier than usual. This may account for some omissions.

We wish our readers one and all a Happy New Year. Wishes are cheap and are useless unless accompanied by some effort, and so we propose to do our bit by placing before them a good religious paper, that shall be helpful, strengthening and comforting.

Do not carry any bitter feelings into the new year. If any serpent lies coiled in the heart, expel it. The prayer of faith will do it and then the dove of peace will dwell there. When the old year is ending and the new year beginning is a good time to make that strong effort of the will which is so necessary in such cases.

There is a point in what an American bishop says which quarterly boards would do well to bear in mind when young men come before them on their way to the ministry: "If the people complain of the preachers I send them," says the bishop, "tell them I send back to them the very men they send up to me from the Quarterly and Annual Conferences."

Do not forget that our happiness in the coming year will depend upon what we are rather than upon what we have. Rothschild, the wealthy London banker, when met by a friend on New Year's day with the usual greeting, "A happy New Year, baron!" sadly answered, "It will need then to be different from the last, for that brought me not one happy day."

It is now announced that the *Messenger* and *Visitor*, to be published by the Maritime Baptist Publishing Company, will make its appearance on the first Wednesday in January. Arrangements have been made with the proprietors of the two papers whose names the new paper will bear. The directors have no doubt made a wise choice in the selection of the Rev. Calvin Goodspeed as editor, to whom we wish great success.

A writer in last Saturday's *Evening Mail* makes this astonishing statement: "Then came the paper university," which ran its course for a few years, patronized by Mount Allison but supported by no other college." Our esteemed friend, the editor of that paper, ought to know that such a statement is not quite correct, and that students from Mount Allison were met year by year at the annual examination by young men from other colleges.

Our subscribers and friends can wish us a Happy New Year in no more appropriate way than by renewing their own subscriptions and sending one new name or more at the same time. Please help us in this way. It will be far pleasanter to write and clip and read proof when we can reach double the present number of men.

readers. In the meantime, let us add that the publisher is wondering why more money does not come in. If you send yours at once, you will help him. It is astonishing how much money it takes to run a paper!

The *New York Tribune* last year said:

"We have in mind now the case of a young man who was entertained at the house of friends belonging to a gay, well bred circle, as far removed from the atmosphere of Blue Ribbon societies and Sunday evening temperance meetings as could well be imagined. What was their dismay and grief to find, two years later, that the glass of wine taken at their table had been the means of sweeping the young man back into habits he had fought his way out of, and had been the beginning of a two years' debauch, leaving him fairly a ruined man. This was startling to them. They had heard of such things only in tracts and speeches, and, if they believed them, never did realize them. It was with a sudden shock that this experience came into their happy, uneventful lives. It taught them a lesson."

The St. John's *Pioneer* states a fact suggested by mention of mails, which it thinks is without a parallel in any other civilized country:

"The Straits of Belle Isle between Anchor Point in Newfoundland and Amour Point on the Labrador reaches its narrowest point, being only nine or ten miles from land to land. The light house at Amour Point can be seen plainly across the Straits. Supposing a resident of the "Back of the Country" residing at Flower's Cove or Anchor Point wished to communicate with the light house during the winter, the letter has to be sent via Bonne Bay and Cape Ray by courier overland, to the metropolis per S.S. *Codger*, to Halifax per Allan steamer, to Montreal or Quebec in the ordinary way and finally by courier along the Labrador Coast to its destination. The destination is in sight from the place of writing, but to reach the parties for whom it is intended it has to be carried over land and sea, over four thousand miles!"

The Rev. Dr. Carroll, whose death took place on the 13th ult., near Toronto, was a native of New Brunswick, in which province he was born in 1809. In his early childhood his father and family removed to Upper Canada. His long ministry, commencing in 1829, has been one of zealous devotion to his Master's cause. His contributions to Methodist history have been highly valuable. Although prepared somewhat hurriedly, his "Case and His Contemporaries" will furnish some future historian with material ready to his hand such as few can avail themselves of. Much assistance will also be derived from other works by Dr. Carroll's pen. The deceased minister became a supernumerary in 1870, but an active spirit, such as actuated him, could not let on to be idle anywhere. Last spring he took charge of a mission at York Station, near Toronto. By his energy and perseverance a church had been erected, the opening service of which was to take place on last Sunday week. It is quite possible that the efforts put forth by him to have all in readiness hastened his end. He had expressed on several occasions a wish to die "in the harness," and his wish has been gratified to the letter.

The death in China of Bishop Wiley, of the M. E. Church, reminds one of Wesley's remark: "Our people die well." He was only able once to visit the church in Peking in which the North China Conference was assembled. On his entrance the assembly rose and remained standing until he was seated on the platform; one minister suggesting the singing of the doxology in view of his presence once more. "No, brethren," said the bishop, "go on with your work; we will sing the doxology on the other side." In his address to the Conference before retiring, he remarked, after having dwelt upon the vastness of the country, the magnitude of the work and the certainty of final triumph: "Now, brethren, my little part in this work is about done. My life has been an arduous one; not much pleasure, not much joy, but a great deal of work and much peace. The end is now at hand, but it is no matter, I am ready. If I can go down to Central China and arrange matters there, and then reach Foochow and hold the Conference, if it is God's will, I can lay down my life and sleep quietly where I began this work thirty-four years ago." From Foochow he passed hence. The episcopacy of our American brethren has been rich in noble

FUNERAL OF THE LATE DR. RICE.

The funeral of the late Rev. Dr. Rice took place on Wednesday afternoon of last week. A large number of Methodist ministers from all parts of the Province met at the late residence of the deceased. A short service was held there by the Rev. Dr. Young, of Brantford. Among numerous floral offerings was one from the Wesleyan Ladies' College, Hamilton, and another from the Alumni Association of Hamilton, and a wreath bearing the words "victory" from the Book Stewart and Editors. The pall-bearers were Rev. Dr. Sanderson, of Stratford; Rev. Dr. Young, of Brantford; Rev. Dr. Carman, of Belleville; Rev. Dr. Rose, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Nelles and Rev. Dr. Jones, of Cobourg. The following deputation was present to represent Hamilton Wesleyan Ladies' College: Rev. Dr. Burns, Mr. S. F. Lazier, Mr. W. E. Sanford, and Mr. Joseph Lister.

A very solemn service was held at the Metropolitan church, where Dr. Rose opened the service, Dr. Sander offered prayer, and Dr. Nelles and Rev. W. Briggs read appropriate portions of Scripture. In a short address Rev. Dr. Carman said that a leader of religious thought and a bold leader in religious enterprise had passed away from their midst. Their deceased brother was a man of majestic Christian character, of pious words and words, whose death was mourned by brethren from the Atlantic to the Pacific. They were grateful that God had given them such a man. Though he was dead yet he was living. Society and the Church to day had as much to do with men who had departed as with the living. So while they mourned they felt that Dr. Rice was yet among them. He then gave a sketch of the life of Dr. Rice from the time he entered the ministry. While those present mourned the loss of the departed one he had entered into his reward. He had no desire to live simply for the sake of living, but had a strong desire to be in the midst of Christian work. They were standing in the midst of strange events. He alluded in connection with the death of Dr. Rice to that of the Rev. John Carroll, D. D., both of whom had held prominent positions in the Church. In their extremity they had simply to commit themselves to God and He would not forsake them.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland said that to men who lived for eternity death must always be a solemn thing, but it was never gloomy. They assembled on occasions of that kind with thoughtful and reverent hearts. It was the solemn festival of the Church of Christ. They had suffered loss, but to their departed brother it was inconceivable gain. If the things they preached about were dreams then brief would be overwhelming. They rejoiced that faithful soul had fought his last fight. His was a singularly blameless life. There was yet to be uttered a word that had ever sullied his reputation. He never slighted his work, and did everything cheerfully. As a counsellor he was wise, and in his administration he was painstaking. Nothing could induce him to cease his labors. He was pre-eminently loyal to the Church in which he was converted. In his official duties he was firm and tender. There was no time for eulogy—only a pause in the battle, while the captains bore their comrades off the field. It was but a veil that separated this life from the next.

At the conclusion of the service the procession proceeded to Mount Pleasant cemetery, where the remains were interred.

THE GENERAL CONFERENCE COMMITTEE.

The General Conference Committee met in Toronto last Friday. Dr. Inch was present from the Maritime Provinces, but Book-room business prevented the Rev. S. F. Huestis from going. The Committee had the advantage of the presence of several Presidents of Annual Conferences and other prominent ministers. An important subject for discussion was the necessity of meeting a heavy and pressing debt on several churches in the West. The Committee, after careful consideration, deemed it best to appoint the Rev. J. A. Williams, D. D., to take the position of General Superintendent, vacant through the death of Dr. Rice, two members only dissenting from this conclusion. Forcible reasons have, no doubt,

prompted this action, although we have as yet no official statement of them. The choice of the Committee has fallen upon a minister in every way qualified for so important office. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland was appointed a delegate to the English Conference in the room of Dr. Rice.

It may be well to remark that several papers have erred in speaking of the Rev. Dr. Carman as "Assistant General Superintendent," and as Dr. Rice's "successor." At the time of union it was resolved that two superintendents should be chosen, and that these officials should hold office for eight years, but it was also arranged, to prevent both going out of office together at any future time, that at the first election one should be chosen for only four years. Dr. Carman was elected for the shorter period, but his authority was in all respects equal with that of Dr. Rice.

PROHIBITION AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

A long lease of power has sometimes rendered a political party sadly intolerant. An illustration of this fact is afforded among our neighbors, by the treatment of the Prohibition party at the hands of the Republicans. The most damaging slanders have been circulated and quietly nailed, and yet, as the *Independent* remarks, "one would think St. John a thief or a murderer." He is persecuted and treated almost as basely as Garrison, Phillips and the Tappans were for denouncing slavery forty years ago. To the hanging in effigy of St. John and the circulation of the basest slanders, are being added certain acts altogether unworthy the citizens of a free country, if it be true, as is publicly asserted, that several Chicago firms have vented their spleen by discharging all prohibitionists from their employ.

In consequence of the reiteration of the charges that the Prohibition campaign was carried on by funds furnished by Democrats, the general financial agent of the former party has published a statement testifying that the expenses of the campaign were furnished wholly by Prohibitionists who have not been "carpet knights" in the war against alcohol, but who have given time and treasure to every temperance plan that has come in their way. It is too true that "a lie will travel half way round the world while truth is getting its boots on," but a day of justification is sure to come to every cause which is that of God and humanity. In a published reply to malicious statements St. John quaintly says: "The campaign for 1888 has already begun and the warfare against the liquor traffic will be vigorously prosecuted. The political party that stands in the way of this movement will get hurt."

While some conscientious temperance men thought it unwise to vote for prohibition, and some sadly disappointed Republicans are asserting that the prohibition vote has set back the cause of temperance twenty years, the liquor dealers take no such view of the situation. In speaking of the vote for prohibition, the *Champion*, the organ of the Liquor Dealers' Association, said of it after the election:

What of it? What is that to the liquor trade? It is exactly what the firing of the first cannon of Fort Sumter, on the 12th of April, 1861, was to the United States Government—a solemn, forcible, definite declaration of war, by the simultaneous opening of hostilities. There is no backing out now for either side. The Prohibitionists have shown at this election that they are now enlisted for the war to its bitter end. They propose to crush the liquor traffic out of existence, by fair means or foul, and they have good reason for being sanguine of success. . . . Saloon keepers, liquor dealers, brewers, distillers, beware! The master of the Prohibition hosts, at the late election is your "Meine, meine, tekel, vpharsia."

The same paper said in a second article:

The party which voted for St. John for President "means business." It is enlisted for the war, and the fluctuations of presidential campaigns are mere subsidiary incidents in its grand crusade. It has enlisted in its behalf several great religious organizations, with their Sunday-schools and their attendant swarm of fanatics, and while the more conservative of these organizations stand firm against the inroads of frenzied agitation and moral zeal, the fanatical churches with their powerful discipline constitute a great political power. Outside of the Democratic and Republican parties, and to a certain extent independent of either, this party of Prohibition

looks up like a cloud in the horizon of personal liberty. Whether it shall assimilate the Republican party to itself, or proceed regardless thereof, is a question for the future to decide; but the principle of prohibition has a distinctive organized embodiment, and is now and henceforth a political entity which can not in the future be blinked or dodged.

THE COLLEGES.

Consolidation is again in the air, but in no serious aspect. It is easy on paper to trot certain professors off to some central spot, and to assign this college to agriculture, that to the education of ladies and another to some philanthropic object, but in such schemes no note is taken of vested interests or of the intentions of the testators and living donors to whom the existence of these colleges is due.

Whatever some Methodists may be driven by stress of circumstances to do in relation to the education of their children, we believe that as a body Provincial Methodists are yet true to the principle of higher education under religious auspices. In the Centennial Conference just held at Baltimore no discordant note was heard from our American brethren. They stand where they have always stood on this question. They sound no note of retreat, but urge only a more rapid advance. In speaking upon college consolidation the other day in St. John, N. B., a leading Presbyterian minister, Dr. Macrae, claimed that college consolidation was not at present feasible, since scattered colleges were certain to draw students from their immediate locality and by this means young men were obtained for the ministry who would not have entered college and studied. This reason is not without weight, but there are others, having reference to the laity as well as to the ministry, which have even influenced Methodists, and which strongly influence them to day.

In the brief review of some new book, our neighbor, the *Presbyterian Witness*, remarks:

The story is intended to illustrate the disastrous consequences of an insinuating, half-concealed, half-revealed agnosticism in religion. Infidelity may be propagated without any direct attack upon the faith. Hint your doubts and uncertainties, sneer at miracles, warmly recommend some infidel book, encourage fault-finding with all Christian institutions, and the result will perhaps astonish you. The physician, the teacher, the College Professor, the newspaper Editor may do much to sap the faith of the young without ever wearing the badge of open unbelief.

These are forcible words. Our neighbor evidently sees danger not far off. There are men to-day who tarry on the outskirts of our churches because of influences which beset them in youth and now so hamper them that they cannot break loose from them. It is a thousand pities that any Christian parent should place his son where in the search for preparation for this world's service he would be rendered unlikely ever to come to every cause which is that of God and humanity. In a published reply to malicious statements St. John quaintly says: "The campaign for 1888 has already begun and the warfare against the liquor traffic will be vigorously prosecuted. The political party that stands in the way of this movement will get hurt."

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700,000 endowment; Congregationalists, twenty-eight colleges, with \$9,000,000; Presbyterians, forty-one colleges, with \$7,000,000; Baptists, forty-six colleges, with \$10,300,000; Methodists, fifty-two colleges, with \$11,000,000 endowment. These figures are certainly suggestive.

CENTENNIAL CONFERENCE.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week the sessions of this imposing gathering were brought to a close by a late-feast and the usual devotional exercises.

The Churches represented were the Methodist Episcopal with about 1,800,000 communicants, the Methodist Episcopal, South, with 900,000, the African Methodist Episcopal with 400,000, the African Methodist Episcopal Zion with 300,000, the Colored Methodist Episcopal with 155,000, the Canada Methodist with 165,000, the Primitive Methodist with 4,000, and the Independent with 5,000. Other Methodist bodies did not participate. The delegates, part of whom were laymen, were appointed on the basis of two for every 15,000 communicants. Of the opening of the *Independent* remarks:

There was little enough of pageantry, of ceremonial, of impressive forms in the opening of the Methodist Conference. Its preliminary meeting was in a plain, square structure, standing on the site on which, in a humble chapel, the Conference assembled a hundred years ago and gave organic life to American Methodism. There was no procession; there were bishops but no miters, ministers but no vestments, a communion of bread and wine, but no Mass. And yet seldom has there been a more impressive meeting. The large edifice was filled. Bishops, ministers and laymen sat together as delegates, knelt side by side at the simple communion service, and black and white, male and female received the emblems without distinction or discrimination. Probably Baltimore never witnessed a more impressive scene. On the platform as speakers of the evening were representatives of Northern, Southern, Canadian and Colored branches. A bishop of the Church North delivered the address of welcome, an honored minister of the Church South and a black man made the speech in response, and the audience, with the old time freedom and in the old time Methodist spirit, interjected the frequent and fervent Amen.

The same paper says:

One of the most pleasing and significant features of the Conference is its unbroken harmony. For the first time in American soil since the great disruption of 1844 the two chief Methodist bodies of the United States meet together in Conference. Ten years ago this might not have been possible. The bitternesses of the past are buried. In perfect fellowship they come together to commemorate their common origin, and the black man is welcomed to the circle. On Thursday a colored bishop presided, flanked on one side by a white secretary of the Church South, and on the other by another of the Northern Church, while a third secretary represented one of the African Churches.

Of the assembled ministers and laymen the *Christian Advocate* remarks:

All professions are here—the merchant, the farmer, the manufacturer, sit near the educator, the lawyer, the minister, the physician, the editor, and the banker. Few very young men are among the delegates. Yet many who are not past middle life are here. There is no lack of fire or fancy.

But the one grand impressive fact is that American Methodism is here! They have come from the East and the West, and the North and the South, to the spot where the Methodist Church was born, and are sitting together in heavenly peace in Christ Jesus.

Is there in all Methodism a soul that does not gaze with emotion and reverence upon the scene? If there be, let him take himself to fasting and prayer. "Ezekiel and I," said Daniel Webster, "have not always agreed; but when he and I meet, brother meets brother."

The celebration will not be a mere jubilee of self-gloration. Gravity, depth, and candor mark many of the speeches, and the *esprit de corps* of the Methodist Communion will be strengthened. Fraternity with individual liberty will be promoted. The causes of permanent success will be emphasized.

The perils which lie in the path of Methodism will be made obvious to all. The new century will begin in hope and faith, but not without solicitude.

Two delegates from our Canadian Church were present. To the Rev. Dr. Gardiner was assigned the honor of conducting the opening devotional exercises, and of presiding at one of the sessions. On Saturday, the other delegate, the Rev. J. A. Williams, D. D., read a paper on the rise and progress of Methodism in Canada. The Baltimore Methodist says of it: "This

paper was a lucid, interesting and instruct

THE RELATION OF CHILDREN TO CHRIST.

AN ESSAY READ BY THE REV. W. DOBSON, AT THE ST. JOHN DISTRICT SUNDAY-SCHOOL CONVENTION, AND PUBLISHED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE VOTE OF THAT CONVENTION.

These are the days of Sabbath schools. No age has witnessed such interest in this department of Christian work as the present. The different denominations appear to have unanimously adopted the motto—“All the children for Christ.” In view of these facts, the question forces itself upon us, What relation do the children bear to Christ? Are they born into the world in a saved condition, and consequently members of His Church, or are they unsaved, and as such exposed to eternal wrath? Which ever way we decide this question, our teachings, both in the family and the Sabbath schools, will be greatly influenced thereby.

We take the position in this paper, that through the atonement of Christ and the Spirit of God, all children are born into this world in a saved condition, and are, therefore, members of Christ’s Church. This position we shall endeavour to establish, in the following manner:

In our Lord’s discussion with Nicodemus, he told that ruler of the Jews, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God.” I take the phrase, “Kingdom of God,” to mean Christ’s spiritual kingdom on earth. It is worthy of notice that in this and the parallel passage of the same chapter, our Lord does not use the Greek word for man, either in its generic or specific form, but the indefinite pronoun—anyone—which refers to every individual of the species, about which the affirmation is made, man and woman, infant and idiot.

By these texts the entire race appears to be divided into two distinct classes, viz., those who are within the kingdom of God and consequently regenerated, and those who are without the kingdom and necessarily unsaved. This division seems to be in harmony with our own ideas of the fitness of things; for as we find it impossible to think of a human soul as being in a regenerated and unregenerated state at one and the same time, so we cannot conceive of an intermediate, or third class, in which to place any member of the human family, whether infant or idiot. We must therefore think of children as belonging to one of the above named classes, either the regenerated or the unregenerated.

If they are to be classed with the unregenerated, they are manifestly outside of the kingdom of God, for Christ has said, “Except a man, that is anyone, be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.” While occupying this position we cannot look upon them as being in a state of justification, for a justification without regeneration would be no justification at all. To be justified, say the Minutes of the English Methodist Conference for 1744, is to be pardoned and received into God’s favor, into such a relation that if we continue therein, we shall be finally saved. Or, as stated by Dr. Bunting in his sermon on justification, it is to be clear, absolved and released from various penal evils, and especially from the wrath of God and the liability to eternal death. It is to be adopted into the family of God. This last definition of justification, it will be observed, brings the individual right into the family of God; or in other words it puts him within the kingdom of Christ. According to the above definition, if children be not in the family of God, in virtue of justification, they are exposed to the wrath of God, and liable to, and guilty of eternal death. And as we have no warrant from Scripture to lead us to believe that God bestows any grace upon the dying child which He withdraws from the living, we must therefore conclude that all children dying in unconscious infancy are eternally lost.

If the above reasoning be correct, its converse must also be true, viz., that if children be within the kingdom of God, their justification and regeneration are assured, for our Lord has said that except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God. It is a moral impossibility that such a thing should occur. No unregenerated and unjustified soul, no matter what its intellectual peculiarities, ever did or ever can cross that line. But children have crossed it, they are within the kingdom already, on Christian authority—“Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.” Mark 10: 14. Not only so, but he makes them the standard by which adults are measured before they are admitted to such holy relations—“Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.” Being within the kingdom they are, therefore, necessarily justified and regenerated and in virtue of these blessings bear the same relation to Christ and His spiritual Church as do adult believers while in the exercise of saving faith.

Let us next inquire at what time children become the recipients of saving grace.

That all children are by nature in

the same state as respects moral condition, and that all have inherited a corrupt and depraved nature from Adam, which nature is under the curse of the law, we by no means intend to deny, but at the moment when the period of personal existence begins, at the moment when the identity of human being is established, so that it is capable of moral happiness or misery, at that moment the soul comes within the gracious provisions of the atonement, which secures the unconditional salvation of all children dying in irresponsible infancy. This relation as regards the living, remains unchanged until the age of responsibility is reached, when they are able to exercise saving faith for themselves; then the state of irresponsible salvation passes into a state of conscious and responsible salvation. The atonement, adapted to every condition of human being, stands ready to meet individual being at its very first inception. Human being first exists within its provisions. It could not exist for a moment outside of them. It is at this point of existence where the atonement first takes effect. It is here where the free gift which came upon all men, unto justification of life, is first felt; and where the effect of the atonement, technically called regeneration, becomes a fact in individual being. This last mentioned effect of the atonement is not, perhaps, a regeneration, in the strict sense of that word. To regenerate is, to some extent, to reproduce the same substance. But it does not appear to us that the soul of man can ever be regenerated or born again.

The human soul, in itself, is an entity and always remains intact, no matter what its moral condition may be; but the soul inherits a corrupt and depraved nature from Adam, which nature is under the curse of the law and always will be until it is finally destroyed. Thus we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity. At the moment the soul, by the consent of the will, embraces this nature, and brings itself into sympathy and harmony with it, that moment the soul brings itself under all its condemnation. If it were not for the atonement of Christ we would not only be born in sin and shapen in iniquity, but we would be born in perfect sympathy and harmony with our sinful nature, and consequently under all its condemnation.

Yesterday a meeting was held at the hall, when it was decided to hold a weekly holiness meeting, led by one of the brethren in the enjoyment of the experience. A committee was appointed to secure a suitable hall and report.

MEMORIAL NOTICES.

ELIZABETH CROWELL BROWN, who was born at Tusket, N. S., Jan. 24, 1826, and died at Cambridge, Mass., Dec. 3, 1884, was the daughter of Charles and Martha Brown.

About four years ago she came with her parents to Cambridge. Very shortly after arrival, under the labors of Sister Annie P. Clark, she was brought to Christ. Modest and retiring, she shrank from public notice, but continued by her life to show forth the depth and character of the change wrought in her heart. Nine months ago, grave symptoms of consumption appeared and from that time she steadily declined. Early in her sickness she saw there was no hope of recovery, yet death had no terrors for her. Daily she gave to friends and relatives the blessed assurance of her acceptance with Christ. She loved to talk of heaven and the dear ones gone before. “I shall see them” she would say, “and best of all, I shall see Jesus.” Her face would be transfigured, as with raptured gaze, she would look upward seeming to look through the pearly gates.

Until near the end, her sickness was accompanied only by the weariness incident to close confinement. On one of the last times she left her room, she united with the Church. The impressiveness of that scene will be long remembered by many who were present. The solemn services of baptism, reception and communion seemed never more appropriate and fitting than on that beautiful autumn afternoon when she gave herself in covenant to the church of her choice. There were no dry eyes as the family communed together for the last time; and we went from that service with fresh inspiration and new purposes to serve our Lord Jesus.

From that time her conversation was in Heaven. For three months her body slowly wasted away, but her spirit was renewed day by day. Faith grew stronger and experience brighter. Everyone who saw her felt the power of her uncomplaining, patient—“waiting for Jesus.” Her room became a Bethel—a very gate of Heaven. How many lessons of patience we learned there! How often our hearts were rebuked for their complaints. We were sure of great execution; but repeaters in the pulpit are held at heavy discount, and the more the repetition the less the effect. When a thing has been well said once, that is sufficient, and every repetition of it detracts from its interest.

“Experience may be a dear teacher,” remarked a clergyman as the contribution box returned to him empty, “but the members of this particular flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost.” The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third, and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ.

A good memory built upon a well-made intellectual structure is a noble blessing, but that same memory with nothing to match it is like a garment without any house under it; a receptacle of odds and ends, that are worth less than those papers that losers of lost pocket-books are always advertising for, “of no value except to the owner.”

days she lingered after that, amid severe pain and excessive weakness, she still unwaveringly witnessed of her faith in Jesus. Now she would turn to comfort her dear ones and gently reprove their grief. And then folding her hands would commend them to her Saviour. This prayer was continually on her lips: “Come and take me, dear Jesus.”

“I am waiting for you,” and she would lie for hours repeating that name, “Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.” On Dec. 3, she closed her eyes and Jesus took her. She is at rest, and has looked on the face and felt the touch of his hand and heard his welcome, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

H.

KHARTOUM.

Khartoum is the subject of an interesting and competent article in the *Nestor’s Religious Journal*. In time of peace it has had a population of some fifty thousands. This “city of the desert” cannot boast of its situation, and till suitably inundated, occasional inundations may spread the germs of fever. Seen at a distance, however, it is highly picturesque, with its shining river, its minarets, and Government buildings; but those who approach it are repelled by bad odours. Its low-roofed houses are built of Nile mud bricks baked in the sun. There are gardens, of different size, growing dates, oranges, citron, and the vine, together with antiquated means of irrigation from the river. The breaking of the water-carts day and night makes sleep difficult to all the well accustomed. The denizens are of seven races, Egyptians, Arabs, Turks, Copts, Syrians, Greeks, and Armenians. There are also a few Italians, Germans, and French, with some missionaries. The winter temperature sinks to 80, the summer rises to 100 degrees, making the people indolent. They then lie on their backs in the shade, killing flies. The school children are much bitten about the eyes. Commerce is the chief support of the place. All the products of Central Africa pass through it in exchange for European importations or silver. The project of a railway waits upon improved finances in Egypt. There are merchants enough, so far as that goes; but they prefer money to commerce, and it requires all that Baker and Gordon can do to keep down the slave trade, if ever it be effectively stopped. As to missions, the writer expresses some hope, that, if peace is restored, the already existing stations will be sufficiently developed to prevent the return of a like conflict between barbarism and civilization.

Mr. A. Hartt, who after the close of the convention took charge of the meetings, is a pretty singer and a wonderfully powerful man in prayer and exhortation, but in sermonizing he shews a want of preparation, and when he launches his denunciations against the sins of the Church of today he is in danger of being misunderstood, and of being regarded as seeking to pull down rather than to build up; but no one denies that he is thoroughly in earnest as he insists on the necessity of being made pure in heart and right with God as the absolute prerequisite to usefulness and the only preventive to backsliding.

Yesteray a meeting was held at the hall, when it was decided to hold a weekly holiness meeting, led by one of the brethren in the enjoyment of the experience. A committee was appointed to secure a suitable hall and report.

BREVITIES.

He who is in the right and stays there will one day find himself in the majority.

There is something fascinating about science. One gets such wholesome returns of conjecture out of such trifling investment of fact.—Mark Twain.

As the sword of the best-tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous to their inferiors.—Fuller.

He was called a croaker, but his words led to needed amendment in his circle. Jeremiah and Elijah were croakers after the same pattern.

No true woman, married or single, can be happy without some sort of domestic life; without having somebody’s happiness dependent on her.—Harriet Martineau.

Fat man (in a hurry)—“I’ll give you \$500 to get me to the station in three minutes.” Cabman (with provoking slowness)—“Well, sorry, you might corrupt me, but you can’t bribe that horse that fast.

“Wife, I wish you could make pies that would taste as good as my mother’s used to.” “Well, my dear, you run out and bring in a palful of water and a boulder of coal and an armful of wood, just as you used to for your mother, and maybe you will like my pies as well.”

Repeaters, in fire arms, are considered a very fine thing, and capable of great execution; but repeaters in the pulpit are held at heavy discount, and the more the repetition the less the effect. When a thing has been well said once, that is sufficient, and every repetition of it detracts from its interest.

“Experience may be a dear teacher,” remarked a clergyman as the contribution box returned to him empty, “but the members of this particular flock who have experienced religion have accomplished it at a very trifling cost.” The choir will sing the seventy-ninth hymn, omitting the first, third, and fourth verses, in order to save unnecessary wear on the organ.

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If you will not hear reason How can you hope to escape those evils which experience has demonstrated may be avoided, if her voice be listened to. How foolish it is to resort to dangerous drugs when a simple domestic remedy will answer the purpose. In

the ease of corns some resort to the razor and peril their lives, as lock-jaw is not impossible. While others use dangerous and flesh-eating substitutes for the great sure pop corn cure—Putnam’s Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails nor ever can, for it is just the thing for the purpose. Putnam’s Painless Corn Extractor. Take no other.

Mrs. F. Silver, of Hantsport, writes: “My daughter had a severe cold and injured her spine so that she could not walk, and suffered very much. I called in our family physician, he pronounced it inflammation of the spine and recommended Minard’s Liniment to be used freely. 3 bottles cured her. I have used your Minard’s Liniment for a broken breast, reduced the inflammation and cured me in 10 days. I would recommend it to all ladies who are suffering from the same severe trouble.”

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There is no remedy top of the earth that possesses so much real absolute merit as Johnson’s Anodyne Liniment. It is both for internal and external use and is worth more in a family than a seventh son.

One single box of Parsons’ Purgative Pills taken one a night will make more new rich blood, and will more effectually purify the blood in the system than \$10 worth of any other remedy known at the present time.

The best Cough Medicine we know of is Allen’s Lung Balsam. See Adv.

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