

Messenger and Visitor.

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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR
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No. 1.

Mr. Carnegie's Proposed University. Mr. Andrew Carnegie appears to be making tolerably good progress in his endeavor to dispose of his vast fortune in the promotion of philanthropic enterprises. It may be almost as difficult an undertaking to give away a great fortune judiciously, as it is for some men to gather one. Among the most recent proposals of Mr. Carnegie is the founding of a national University at Washington. For this he has offered \$10,000,000, and it is said that if such a start is made with the undertaking as to encourage the expectation of large results, Mr. Carnegie is prepared to supplement the offer to such an extent as will bring the endowment up to \$25,000,000. So far as the public has been informed it does not appear that any definite plan as to the lines upon which the propose University will be developed has yet been evolved.

Branded Candles and Cigarettes.

It has been reported that some samples of candies seized by the police in Montreal on the suspicion of containing brandy, were found on examination to contain more than three per cent. of alcohol. The selling of confectionary so strongly charged with alcohol is a serious business. Children supplied with such candies may be expected very soon to acquire a taste for alcoholic stimulants, and the result cannot fail to be pernicious. Branded candies would play the same part in luring children to the use of intoxicating drinks that the cigarette does in bringing them under the bondage of the tobacco habit. It is beyond question that the cigarette is at the present time working immense injury to the manhood of our country. It is a common thing in our cities to see boys of a tender age smoking cigarettes, and it would seem as if there are many young men who are seldom on the streets without a cigarette or cigar in their mouths. Little nor nothing, it would appear, is being done to check this evil. The only thing in the way of legislation that would have any effect would be the entire prohibition of the cigarette. So long as cigarettes are made and sold they will of course find their way into the hands of boys, and thus the great army of smokers will be continually recruited from the ranks of growing boys who will acquire the tobacco habit at the expense of large loss to their physical and moral manhood.

The Trans-Isthmian Canal.

Now that Great Britain has given the United States an absolutely free hand in respect to the proposed trans-Isthmian Canal, it is probable that, before many years shall pass, a way will be made for the passage of ships from ocean to ocean across the neck of land which connects the two American continents. The Canal would save a long and perilous voyage around the Cape, and as it would thus have the effect of making water communication between the eastern and western shores of America comparatively easy, it would doubtless soon become a great commercial highway. It has been generally assumed that the Nicaraguan route for the Canal would be chosen, but this is not certain, and there seem to be some reasons for thinking that the Panama route, upon which so much money was expended in connection with the ill-fated scheme of De Lesseps, will be finally adopted. It is said that the majority of engineers favor the Panama route, and that the reason the Nicaraguan route has been given the greater prominence, in connection with the proposed undertaking by the United States, is that the Panama route is controlled by a Company which was unwilling to dispose of its rights except at a very extravagant price. It is believed now that the Panama Company would sell its rights at a reason-

able figure, and if so, it would seem not improbable that the United States Government will adopt the Panama route as the more feasible, at the same time forestalling the possible construction of a rival canal at Panama in the future.

Marconi and His Work.

One of the most noted men of the present time is Signor Marconi, who, if not the discoverer of the principles involved in wireless telegraphy, has done more than any other man to turn the discovery to practical account. Marconi is a young man, about thirty years of age, it is said. His birthplace is Bologna, Italy, and his father was an Italian, but his mother was an English woman, and since 1893 he has himself been a resident of England. For about seven years, it is said, he has been at work upon the subject of wireless telegraphy. He had been experimenting for some time on the family estate at Bologna before he discovered that electric waves generated by a sparking apparatus of the kind used by the German physicist, Heinrich Hertz, would not only carry to long distances, but were unaffected by intervening hills or other natural obstacles; but, up to 1896, two miles was the maximum distance of communication which had been attained by the wireless method. In that year Mr. Marconi went to England and succeeded in getting the patronage of the British postal officials, under whose auspices he carried out signaling experiments on Salisbury Plain and at Penarth. Since then he has gradually improved both his methods and his records, the distance traversed by his etheric signals being increased successively from fourteen and a half miles, between Alum Bay and Bournemouth, to eighteen miles (Alum Bay and Poole), and thirty-two miles, obtained between two stations erected on Dover Cliff, close to the South Foreland lighthouse, and at Wimeraux, near Boulogne. In September, 1899, he gave an exhibition of his wireless signalling at Dover Town Hall, at which period he asserted his ability to flash messages a distance of eighty miles. Since that year Marconi has steadily improved his system, and increased its practical field of usefulness, chiefly in the direction of communication between passing ships at sea and between the shore and incoming and departing vessels. Regular ship reporting stations have been established on the Irish coast, and at Nantucket. The time of isolation from the outside world experienced by the great transatlantic steamships has been shortened nearly a day, communications passing between the vessels and the Marconi stations a long time before the steamers reach their destinations.

More About Marconi and Wireless Telegraphy.

Credence appears to be quite generally given to the statement that signals were sent from Cornwall, England, and received in Newfoundland, by means of wireless telegraphy. Of course there are some doubters, although probably no one is disposed to question Mr. Marconi's good faith in the matter, and the wonderful success he had already achieved in wireless telegraphy naturally disposes to confidence in his opinions and conclusions. Still there are a good many naturally cautious persons who will feel more confidence in the statement that the signals sent from Cornwall were actually registered in Newfoundland, when the statement shall be confirmed by further experiments. The signal agreed upon between Marconi and his assistants at Poldhu station in Cornwall was the letter S which is indicated by three dots or impressions. Mr. Marconi has himself said that the signals were fainter than he had hoped for, and the doubters feel that there is some room for question as whether he might not have been deceived as to the source of the impres-

sions registered by the instrument in Newfoundland. The fact of the greatness of the earth's curvature between two so distant points, as compared with the height of the signalling stations, is no doubt one principal reason for this skepticism. A straight line drawn from Cornwall to St. John's, Nfld., would be at its central point, it is said, a hundred miles beneath the surface. It is, indeed, a debated question whether, in wireless telegraphy, transmission is through the air or through the earth. Marconi's system, however, evidently proceeds upon the assumption that the transmission is through the air. In consequence of the claim of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company to a monopoly in Newfoundland Mr. Marconi has been in Cape Breton during the past week for the purpose of ascertaining if a suitable site for a station could be obtained on that Island. He was met in Sydney by Premier Murray of Nova Scotia and Mr. W. Smith of the Dominion Postal service, who it is understood were anxious on behalf of the Province and Dominion Government to afford him any facilities in their power for the prosecution of his experiments. A place near Louisburg has been spoken of as probably the most favorable point in Cape Breton for the establishment of a station for communication with that at Poldhu, Cornwall. Table Head and Northern and Southern Heads, near Port Morien, are also said to be under consideration. It is understood that on the invitation of the Dominion Government, Mr. Marconi has gone to Ottawa. After that it is said he will return to England.

The War.

Up to the 20th of December Lord Kitchener had been able to report a number of successful movements against the Boers. His report reads: "Monroe and Soobell, in the northern district, have reduced Fouche's and Myburg's commandoes to about 200 mounted men. Bentinck and Doran have driven Kritzing's remaining followers from the Camdoo mountains. Methuen has captured 36 Boers. Col. Steele, on December 18, surprised a laager west of Bamanskraal and took 32 prisoners, including Field Cornet Schoeman. Celebrander has captured 62 Boers, including Commandant Adrian Nigel." But on Christmas eve a force under the command of Colonel Firman in the northeastern part of the Orange River Colony, sustained the most serious reverse that has befallen British arms in South Africa for some time. The blow was administered by General DeWet. Colonel Firman's column, consisting of four battalions of yeomanry, were guarding the blockhouse line from Harrismith to Bethlehem, when they were successfully rushed by a considerable force of Boers under DeWet's leadership. Firman had two guns which apparently were captured by the Boers. The list of casualties issued by the War Office in connection with the affair shows how serious it was. Six officers and fifty men were killed, eight officers were wounded and four are missing. The numbers of the non-commissioned officers and men wounded have not yet been received, but the number must be large. The prisoners captured by the Boers have been released and have returned to Bethlehem. Lord Kitchener reports a recent minor success of the South African constabulary, who raided Bothaville and captured 56 Boers.

The Zionist Congress.

The Zionist Congress met on Thursday last in Basle, Switzerland. Delegates to the number of 300 were present from all parts of the world, including Canada and the United States, but half of them came from Russia and many from Germany. Doctor Herzl in his Presidential address contended that the Jewish question could only be solved by the Jews themselves. He could not say how soon the Zionist plans would mature, but he had pleasure in announcing that he was authorized by the Sultan to state that in him the Jews had a friend and well-wisher. Doctor Marmorek mentioned that several new Zionist societies had been formed, including one among the American Jewish soldiers now serving in the Philippines. The congress sat far into the night, discussing the question of a Jewish colonial bank.

The Fatherhood of God.*

DEAR EDITOR:—I would not by word or inference reflect on Bro. Freeman, "as a preacher of God's gospel." I am quite sure he believes in the New Birth, that he experiences its blessedness, and is happy in being used of God, in helping many more to know its reality. The standing and position of Bro. F. and the scope and influence of the paper in which he writes, demand that his statements, on the Universal Fatherhood of God, should not and shall not go unchallenged, for on this subject, he is bewildering and misleading. And each progressive step taken by him, but adds "confusion worse confounded." The potter has power over the clay, and moulds as he will, one lump into the likeness of a dog, one a hog, one into the image of a man. Bro. F. says the image of the potter is the potter's son. I ask why, he so says? and it gives him the "cold shivers" to only be able to give as a reason, that the "hog and dog" were not made in the potter's image and likeness. Had Bro. F. based his argument on God's breathing unto man the breath of lives, it would have been more worthy of him, and worth an answer. I know not how Bro. F. can get free of being "classed" in the animal kingdom, or how he can "rule" "hog" or "dog" out. I noticed, just after Bro. F. had the chill, in his hurry, he "unwittingly, I am sure," run into the embrace of the brotherhood of the devil, but then the logical conclusion of his argument, compels him into strange places. For if man is a spirit, and the devil is a spirit, and God is father of both, how then can he get clear of acknowledging the devil as his brother?

I repeat, if men are the sons of God by natural birth, all that is needed is to win their affections, and carry that life up to its highest point of attainment if by natural birth, he is born of the Spirit, there is no place for the New Birth. A born child cannot be unborn. The holding that man is begotten of God in generation, discards regeneration. And if it is worthy of note, in all Bro. F.'s letters, he never tried to once grapple with that problem. He says, "Fatherhood is a nature," and asks "how can we rightly image to our thought, the Fatherhood of God?" except through the fatherhood as we know it among men and that idealized and multiplied by infinity. "As we know it among men" one child belongs just as much to the father as another. "Imaged as we know it among men," "distinctions of limited Fatherhood" and "full orb'd" sonship are a farce. Servants are created but sons are born, and each partakes of his father's nature. They, every one, are "partakers of flesh and blood." Turn which way you will, you are shut up to this, if Adam was a son of God, in the sense that term is known among men, then he partook of God's nature, and when he fell, Divinity fell. When a son of Adam sinks to hell, a son of God, Divinity itself, is left to wretch forever in the torment of the damned.

But far more confusing and serious becomes your statement as I read them in the light of "that deathless sentence," John 3:16. You say "Fatherhood is a nature," that Fatherhood and Sonship, are correlative terms, "sonship, imaged, as we know it among men," would require the life of a son to save one son from death's penalty. One son could but atone for one. If men, by nature, were sons, Christ could not purchase redemption for millions with His blood, and then have such a mighty margin left. That he could enter heaven's portals, the King of Glory, and sit upon his Father's throne. Had man been divine and sentenced to eternal doom, the Divine One would have to go into eternal night to redeem one soul. Say not because I deny man's divinity, apart from Jesus Christ, that I set a light value upon man. Nay, Jesus taught that one soul was worth more than all the material world. But John 3:16 teaches one Son of God is worth more than millions of the sons of men. I minimize not humanity, but magnify Sovereign Grace, when I say God loved and gave His Only Begotten Son, and that one Jesus is worth more than all Adam's race, because imaged as we know sonship among men. He possessed His Father's nature, therefore was he able "by one offering to forever perfect them that are sanctified."

Another statement calculated to give impressions, that Bro. F. does not hold, is this, "By the fact of his Fatherhood, God is obligated to do his utmost to recover the lost soul from sin." Daniel 4:35 reads, "And he doeth according to his will in the armies of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth, and none can stay his hand or dare say unto him, What doest thou?" Read in the light of that verse, Bro. F.'s statement, smacks of the dry rot of Universalism. Surely the "salvation of the sinner is wholly of Grace," surely God was under no obligation to any of Adam's sons. (Rom 8:20, 21.) It is by unmerited favor we are saved (Eph. 2:8.) Neither will God let the soul of a son come under condemnation to need recovering, (Phil. 1:6). "The ser-

vant abideth not in the house forever, but the Son abideth ever." (John 8:35). Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., in his "Ministry of the Spirit," says, "By no process of evolution, however prolonged, can the natural man be developed into the spiritual man; by no process of degeneration can the spiritual man deteriorate into the natural man. These two are from a totally different stock and origin; the one is from beneath, the other is from above. There is but one way through which the relation of sonship can be established, and that is by begetting. That God has created all men does not constitute them his sons in the evangelical sense of the word. The sonship on which the New Testament dwells so constantly is based absolutely and solely on the experience of the new birth, while the doctrine of universal sonship rests either upon a daring denial or a daring assumption—the denial of the universal fall of man through sin, or the assumption of the universal regeneration of man through the Spirit. In either case the teaching belongs to "another gospel," the recompense of whose preaching is not a beatitude but an anathema."

Yes, Bro. F., the turning of your "wall" of Universal Fatherhood, makes it higher. It now has in addition to a Begotten Son, a full Orb Son and a limited son, the devil a son. It turns so easily and looms so high, one is not minded of rock, "but a fence of straw and when the torch is applied to it, the fire goes near to burn the house it was built to defend." Trusting you have wholly recovered from that "cold shiver," positively refusing to believe the devil's brother could in any wise do the great and glorious work, you have and are doing for our Father, I sincerely hope yours may be a Happy Christmas, a pleasant and prosperous New Year.

R. M. BYNON.

Rev. J. D Freeman's Reply.

DEAR EDITOR:—To a bat the very sunshine is "bewildering and misleading" but that is no reason why the light should be put out. Bro. B. says "it would have been more worthy" of me "and worth an answer" if I had based my argument for man's sonship on God's "breathing into him the breath of lives" instead of on his "creation in God's image and likeness." That remark does little credit to my brother's respect for the Scriptures, for both the above statements are Scriptural. They are found in the two creation stories—one in the first, the other in the second chapter of Genesis. They are of equal authority and value and equally "worthy" of Bro. B.'s respect, since they are worthy of God himself. One describes the method, the other states the result of the divine creative act. God created man in his own image and likeness by breathing into him the breath of life or lives. Created in God's image by this inbreathing, man possesses personality, self-consciousness, conscience, affections, reason and will. Since he has endowed man with these spiritual faculties, involving immeasurable potencies and possibilities, God loves man with a father's love. He seeks to come into personal and harmonious relations with the creature thus wonderfully endowed. He looks upon him as his child to be instructed, guided, sought, warned, disciplined, redeemed. It does not appear that he has similarly endowed "the hog and the dog," or that he has engaged in like activity on their behalf. If Bro. B. cannot see how to "rule hog and dog out" of man's class he is indeed sunk in "confusion worse confounded." That cold shivery feeling comes back to me as I see him floundering in helpless bewilderment.

I am twitted with having "run into the embrace of the devil." Really, I was not conscious of any such "embrace." Bro. B. does not mean that and already regrets having written it. Everybody knows it was not I who dragged the devil question into this discussion. I have referred to him cautiously, having some regard for the limitations of human knowledge. But if I grant that the devil is a lost son, do I thereby "run" into the "embrace" of his brotherhood. I regret that one creature of God has become a devil, and am glad it is not necessary for me to receive his embraces. If a brother of mine should become a murderer, it would not dispose me to think more kindly of murder, or compel me to share his guilt. Bro. B.'s figure when he uses the word "embrace" is slightly strained. I fear he is a failure as a humorist.

But in his second-paragraph the core of the whole question is touched. He says if by nature man is God's child there is "no place for the new birth." Yet he himself indicates the place for the New Birth when he admits it is "necessary to win man's affections." Exactly. And the winning of man's affections constitutes the New Birth. Bro. B. writes as though it were a small matter for God to win man's affections. But it is everything so far as regeneration is concerned. "Out of the heart are the issues of life." When the heart, man's life is given a new attachment, a new direction, a new centre. There is a new controlling power resident within him, even the Holy Spirit of God. The man is thus renewed in "the spirit of" his "mind" and is regarded as a new creation. No new faculties are im-

parted in regeneration—but a vital change takes place in the ruling principle of man's life. Bro. B. evidently believes that before regeneration man is devoid of spiritual faculties or organs. He is on a level with "the hog and the dog." According to his teaching the very capacity for spirituality, for religion, must be created in the sinner before God can deal with him. That is the point where he and I part company. I hold with Paul that man as man is endowed with spiritual faculties that he may feel after God if haply he may find him. It is by virtue of this capacity, this faculty, this possibility, that we as men are "the offspring of God." Man is not a "divine" being, nor is he a mere animal. He is a human being. Embedded in his humanity are the capacities, the faculties, the organs, though enfeebled by sin may be quickened by the Holy Spirit and brought to the place of sovereignty in man's life. This occurs when man under the brooding influence of the Holy Spirit responds to God's loving call, "Son give me thine heart." Now Bro. B. "can never once" say again that I have not "grappled with the problem" of the relation of the two births. If man was not created with some capacity for God he could never receive God—never come to the second birth.

But how strange it sounds for Bro. B. to assert that he does not "minimize man!" How amazing to hear him declare that one man is worth more than the material world! The man whom he denudes of all honor, whom he empties of all spiritual content, whom he degrades to the level of the brute creation so that he cannot separate them into different classes—such a man has no spiritual value whatever. God could just as easily make a Christian out of a hog or a dog. And Bro. B. evidently believes and teaches that. It is all a matter of divine choice. If God willed to make the beasts of the field the subjects of the regenerative activity, they would have place in his spiritual kingdom. But I claim that God cannot make them the subjects of such an influence since he disqualified them for it in their creation.

Moreover, if man is such a creature as Bro. B. paints him, Jesus would not have died for him. There would have been no necessity. For such a creature could not sin. The possibility of sinning does not inhere in "the hog and the dog." They are free of guilt. Bro. B.'s anthropology would sweep away the Cross of Christ. And why does my brother open his mouth boldly and confidently to rebuke men, to warn them, to persuade them, to entreat them to be reconciled to God if they have no spiritual faculties or capacities? I wish he could see how inconsistent he is, how he misinterprets Scripture, how he arms the enemies of the Cross of Christ by robbing man of his birthright.

Bro. B. claims to find my writings tainted with "Romanism," "Armenianism," and "the dry rot of universalism." And yet I am not the least bit of a Romanist but a Baptist; not an Armenianist, but a moderate Calvinist; not a Universalist but something of an optimist, though the Scriptures make it clear to me that men—I tremble to think how many of them—will persist in endless sin and suffer endless penalty.

J. D. FREEMAN.

How we Went Raspberrying.

One August morning the problem of "something for tea" became so pressing that we determined to revive a youthful custom and "go raspberrying." "We" were a friend whom I will call Lucy, and myself. The expedition was to be conducted as far as possible on wheels, and our destination was "our woodlot." A man accustomed to knowing things had assured us that a year old clearing is the place to look for raspberries.

We started at ten o'clock, each with two large tin cans strapped to her wheel. In one of the cans were sandwiches and cake, and in another a bottle of cream. The cream was a fine touch on the part of Lucy. It stimulated the imagination, [and converted trembling hope into solid belief of success. Already we beheld ourselves seated in a shady nook, regaling ourselves upon the surplus of our loaded cans. It was so in our youth: it should be so again. Wild raspberries and cream, infused, not coarsely eaten, amidst the fragrance of their native woods!—Oh! Oh!

The wheels whirled along westward to the Deep Hollow Road. If you know this road, you will remember, not far from the corner, a branch of it which climbs the hill to the right, and, indifferent to the public preference, takes its own wild and mysterious way to the hills. Up this way we turned, the exhilaration of the strong young morning in every vein. The whole world about us seemed in accord with our project. The warm sunshine on the bushes smelt of raspberries. The wind promised them in hurried whispers. The knowing leaves pointed and encouraged. The locust twanged his single chord, and sang of nothing else. Not the word, but the spirit of it, was in the very clouds, crouching among near hilltops, or wandering contentedly along distant fruitful spaces.

Another fork in the road, and again we took the less frequented way to the right. Sometime walking, sometimes riding, we followed it along the edge of a wood into a neat farmyard, where a young girl was engaged in

*As Mr. Bynon's article was received too late to appear in last week's issue, and Mr. Freeman, according to the rules of public discussion, having the right of final reply, we have considered that it would be most satisfactory to our readers that Mr. Bynon's article and Mr. Freeman's reply should appear as they do here together. It would seem unprofitable to continue this discussion further.

raking hay. How poetical is this and many another task when you are not doing it yourself, and how prosaic when you are! If beautiful Maud Muller could speak out of her picture, she would tell you that she does not enjoy being looked at. Bare feet in the presence of shoes and stockings feel all the agony of blushing, without its compensating wave of color and sense of becomingness. A hay-rake, in comparison with a bicycle to lean on, is an instrument of humiliation. Please go away.

Our Maud's charms brought us to the verge of rudeness, but the business in hand saved the day. As it happened she and her sister were planning to go that very afternoon to that identical woodlot, and on the self-same errand. The knowing man had only opined there ought to be berries in that lot: Maud's past experience and present instinct turned the potential into indicative and positive. There were raspberries there!

So forward! past the front door of the farmhouse, and on through a grassy field to a field which proclaimed in unmistakable fence language: Change here for Woodlot, and all routes through the Underbrush!"

The wheels were soon hidden in a clump of bushes, and the real expedition began. Beyond a stretch of overgrown pasture land, lay a broad band of forest green on the horizon. A deep sky notch in it pointed meaningfully. All the crooked pasture paths seemed to lead to it. We hurried to gain it, for somewhere in there, just out of sight, was a clearing where the raspberries were swarming in a green and crimson riot.

A leisurely walk in the woods is one thing: to hurry through them on a given errand is another. In the first case you are the guest of Beauty, and she entertains you royally. In the latter, you are the stranger passing by her gates. Your eyes rove hither and thither, snatching what they can, but your heart is not in it, and the wood knows it. Those dream-like vistas of green and gold blur before your glances. Slender white birch stems wave you by. They have nothing to say in a hurry. Great rocks, with a thousand living tongues in their clefts, turn you their faces grey and speechless. Odors, which ought to be familiar, float to you grudgingly and vanish before you can name them. In the whole wood there is nothing offered to you freely, where if you paused it would all be your own. Stay! stay! if you would find beauty and pleasure at home. On! On! if you have an object ahead. And the chief zest of it all is in being thus tantalized.

Midway, we came to a brook in a hollow, and, just above, a parting of the slender wood-track. Which hand should we follow, right or left? Our memories would not serve at this particular fork, our powers of reasoning from observation were far from Indian-like. There was nothing to call upon but inclination, and inclination, a wind out of an unknown quarter. It blows upon you and impels you whither you think you would, and leaves you where you find you would not. Never trust to inclination in the woods. Which ever path it makes you feel is the right one, is sure to be wrong; and if you choose on that principle you will be wrong again.

Deeper and deeper into the green shadows we went, until the road, overgrown with sun-loving plants farther back, rustled underfoot with the slippery padding of last year's dead leaves. The sun was a scarce visitor here. We peered eagerly about for signs of the expected clearing. Once it seemed as if the flecks of sky off to the right were nearer and brighter than straight ahead. Reason deserted, and impulse led a wild-goose chase through the thicket. Result, the discovery of a side-hill in that direction, with trees and heavy undergrowth stretching adown and beyond it unbroken. Reason returned to the beaten way, and impulse retired discomfited. In a wood-lot, a wood road might be expected to lead to the place where the wood is taken out. Reason is not above giving experience many a sarcastic nudge and superfluous "I told you so!"

Suddenly, a broad beam of sunlight lay across our path, and in it stood a raspberry bush! A glance showed that it was bare of fruit, but was it not the forerunner of a loaded host? A few moments of excited scrambling, and then the trees opened out into a large, semi-circular clearing, its whole surface green—was it green or red?—with the peculiar, hot, bristling foliage of a raspberry field under an August sun.

It was now twelve o'clock, and with bushels and bushels of berries waiting to drop into one's cans, where was the need of hurrying? Upon a mossy hillock, under some young birch saplings, we sat us down to lunch, and to "loaf and invite our souls." The sandwiches and cake disappeared all too soon, but there remained the sweet, fine, elusive odors of balsam, of bay-leaf, of fern and warm earth; the solitary heart-stirring note of some belated white-throat; the musical stillness of the thicket; and the million-pointed sparkling of the sunlight upon the wavering sea of foliage about us. Prone on our backs we lay, watching the airy tops of the birches brushing the sky, and steeping ourselves in a perfect luxury of laziness.

Once a small animal of some sort darted out from behind a tree and ran into the ground at our very feet. We both sat up very straight. Lucy was of the opinion

that it was a woodchuck. My idea was a rat. Lucy said its body was long and thin. I said it was round and fat. Lucy said it was too furry for a rat. I said it was too sleek for a woodchuck. We did not settle the question, but our combined knowledge of rats and woodchucks, beginning at zero, had widened into two distinct and positive images of that momentary, visual streak. There is nothing like discussion to warm ignorance into assumption of wisdom. And assumption waxes into persuasion, and persuasion hatches out conviction, and conviction puts on the plumage of assurance and struts unabashed. With plenty of discussion one can do without knowing.

But where are the wild raspberries? you ask. Exactly the question which confronted us as we floundered through that tangle of brush and brake, stumps and dead branches, raspberry leaves and prickles—and nothing more. There were not two berries in the whole clearing. The white throat must have been sorry for us, for he suddenly called out, with a new set of words to the old air:

"Better go home again—home again
Home—again—home again!"

Never! In hunting for wild berries it is exactly as in life, the thing you want must be somewhere, and it is yours to find it. All failures—if your health is good and the sun is shining—serve but to put a keener edge on the hunt. After the first few flat and sick moments are over it is as easy to start afresh as it is to begin a new day.

In our case the explanation of the failure was easy. It was the wrong clearing, of course. Accordingly, back we went with all haste, and at the little brook in the hollow where should we meet but Maud and her sister, just turning into the other road. They were carrying modest baskets that made us and our cans seem like a train of milk wagons. The sister did not think we could fill the cans—her face was tactfully grave as she glanced at them—but there were undoubtedly berries to be had for the picking. So once more our visions were rosy.

Arrived at the clearing, Maud and her sister plunged into the bushes and went to work with the silence and skill of experts. Lucy and I also plunged, but it was all plunging and no work. Had we come so far to waste our energies on those mere travesties of raspberries,—small, dried-up, ant-eaten, and only half a dozen to the bush at that? Grumbling, we roamed about for half an hour or so, covered perhaps the bottoms of the cans, and then left the field to the heroic pair who were steadily and admirably making the most of the few and the best of the worst, and saying nothing about it. I have no doubt they got "enough for tea" with not a fraction of our fuss and talk. There is the way of the people who really make the world go.

But the berry-picking instinct dies hard. Lucy knew there were some berries in the Deep Hollow Road, because she had seen them. Thither we rode by the roundabout way of the Mills, our cans rattling shamelessly over the stones, and scoured the rocky hillsides of that lovely road. With what result one incident will show. While the locusts were singing their loudest and driest, and the dust in the road lay the hottest, we sat down under a tree and recklessly ate every berry we had picked. The cream was very warm, and had little specks of butter in it. Why couldn't farmers' wives comb the churning and bicycle riding in some such way?—asked Lucy. Lucy's levity is often both a cloak and a cure for concern.

There was still, however, one forlorn hope left,—a certain pasture on Greenwich Hill, where somebody or other—not positive enough for naming—had said there might be berries. It would at least be interesting to test the whole gamut of potentialities. So back to the Mills a wheel, up the long hill afoot, and there at the top was a sudden excuse for not pushing the purpose of the day to a hopeless finish, the familiar view which proved to be for us one of Nature's consolation prizes for the defeated and empty-handed.

The great wide valley at its summer ease is indeed as satisfying as a volume from the poets. The rivers, creeping, shining, curving out of the green western hills—flashing eager welcome to the advancing sea, or lying darkly abandoned by the fickle one, these are the lyrics of the landscape. The many roofs and orchard squares, the fields, and the sober-going roads, are visual sonnets on the cardinal virtues. The far away purple mountain suggests the deep-sounding richness of a sacred psalm. The brown, misty, tidal waters of the Basin carry one as on the wings of an ode to the unknown but open and alluring Beyond.

Like poetry, too, it is all for pure absorption, with any definite individual thinking lost in the magic haze of its distances. It is good to visit such a place of dreams, but for actual living and doing one must not stay on the hill-top. Is it not always the inhabitants of the plains who run to and fro in earth and air busily?

Six o'clock. In one moment more delicious than another, it is immediately preceding the one in which you are said to be "making up your mind." Perhaps it is the conscious absence of mind, so to speak, which makes it so agreeable; for mind on a summer's day is a tyrant and a bore. Nature understands this, and occasionally snatches him away in a cloud or a misty

sky-line. It is the blessed relief which invests the landscape with its mystic charm. You are aware that the pleasure will pass before you really possess it, but the knowledge of the power to hold off your mind for a moment and a moment longer helps Nature to fill in the blank with a double joy.

Not even a glance of regret was sent in the direction of that last pasture as we rode on and by down the hill, our cans rattling loud and triumphant paeans all the way. Why not? To tramp all day, filling every moment with some benefaction of the woods and fields, and to feel at the end as tireless as if immortal,—these are the true rewards of wild raspberrying. And in life as well, what matters the thing called success, when experience is so sure and so rich?

Only, alas! there are always families waiting for supper

BLANCHE BISHOP.

Greenwich, N. S.

"Their Eyes Were Holden."

BY REV. S. E. WISHARD, D. D.

That walk to Emmaus on the morning of the resurrection was full of surprises. The coming of the Stranger to the two bewildered disciples was unexpected. The news of the resurrection, brought by the women, was a surprise. The apparent ignorance of the Stranger concerning the amazing events of the past few days was a surprise. "Art thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things that are come to pass in these days?" That they needed rehearse the events of those days to any one was a surprise, but the greatest surprise of all was the fact that they were talking to the risen Lord and knew it not. "Their eyes were holden." The deep shadows of their sorrow had darkened their vision; or ignorance of the necessity for those events left them unprepared for them.

Turning from the two disciples to ourselves, as we walk in our journey and are sometimes sad, the pitiful fact is that our eyes are so often holden. He has said to us, "Lo, I am with you always." But in the bewilderment of the rushing events of life, in the amazement of our disappointments we do not see him. Unbelief casts upon us shadows so deep, darkness so thick, that we do not recognize him. Our eyes are holden. It ought to be settled in the mind and heart of every believer that he is the Ever Present One. This truth is fundamental to all peace and comfort in the Christian life. We accept it in the beginning of our journey. He is the Good Shepherd. "He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out, and when he putteth forth his own sheep he goeth before them." And so long as we keep our eyes fixed upon him, and hear his voice, we rejoice in his presence. But there comes a day of sadness. The unexpected has come to us. We had planned otherwise. Our cherished things have disappeared. Like the two disciples, "we had thought" events would move along the way of our purposes. But his thoughts were not as our thoughts, nor his ways as our ways. And as he began to unfold his divine plans, we were disappointed, bewildered, amazed. Our eyes were holden. We did not see him in the old familiar form, as we were accustomed to see him before he interrupted our plans, when our hand was in his.

How many Christians start out in the new life joyfully! They see him, recognize his presence for a time. He is the one altogether lovely. They would have no other. His ways are ways of pleasantness. Great peace have they. He is their song and their delight. But there comes a time when

"HE LEADS IN PATHS WE DID NOT KNOW."

Our faith staggers. Can this be he? The way is rough. Our feet are sore. New burdens come to us, and climb upon our weary shoulders. Our eyes are holden. We cease our singing, and cry to the passers by, "Whither is my beloved gone?" Troubled one, he is there just the same as in the past. Disguised now, but he is with you, not in a song, but in your trouble. He never was so near as now, but your eyes are holden. Nothing comes to you but what comes from his hand, either on purpose or by permission. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice. Not an event comes without his permission. "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." A mother may forget the child of her love and care, but he cannot forget. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

There comes into your home a sorrow that no one can know but God and yourself. For a moment you stagger and are ready to question whether he knows. Yes he knows. He is there. He is tempering the storm. Hear him say, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." His explanations will come in the future, as they came to Abraham, as they came to Jacob, when he saw the wagons that Jacob sent to carry him down into Egypt, to the land of plenty.

He is in all our care, and tells us to give it over to him. He is putting his loving hand under every burden, and will lift them all if our eyes are not holden. It was our plan for our lives that concealed him for us. And when he came to help and comfort in his own way, we thought he was a stranger. Our eyes were holden. It is our unbelief that conceals him, puts him far away. "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," are his sweet words, that never can be broken. Not one jot or tittle of that promise can pass away. "Only believe." "Said I not unto thee that if thou wouldst believe thou shouldst see the glory of God?"

All these disappointments, sorrows, burdens, griefs, against you? No, no, never! They cannot be against you. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" The world, the flesh and the devil may combine to torture and cripple us. But if we are his, and he is ours, all these are vanquished foes. "Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors, through him that loved us." Let our eyes be no more holden then.

Even when come the valley and shadow of death, his presence shall be with his children. They need fear no evil, for his rod, symbol of power, and his staff, symbol of support, shall be with the children of faith. "For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor persons, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." For he has declared, "My presence shall go with thee."—Herald and Presbyter.

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Some New Year Thoughts.

With the date of this issue of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, Christendom enters upon a new year. The first year of the twentieth century is now of the past, as completely and irrevocably of the past as are the years and centuries before the flood. And still time flows on, as we say, unceasingly, and new days and months and years are continually being added to the eternal past. Doubtless we are apt to practise a kind of self-deception when we speak of time. We speak of time as flowing like some swift river, or as flying like an angel of doom, or as wielding a remorseless scythe. But this is to employ language in a purely fanciful as well as figurative sense. For time never flows, or flies. It has no scythe, or sickle, or tooth; it never mows, or reaps or gnaws. Time is no agent, it never does or did or can do anything, but it is, or at least so it seems to us mortals, an essential condition of things being done. Time does nothing, but we apprehend all events as taking place in time. To our apprehension time is eternal, for we cannot even imagine a condition of things in which time should be no more. When therefore we speak of time flying, of the onward march of days and years, we mean that events and processes are occurring simultaneously or successively as they have done from of old. The forces of the world and the universe continue to operate. The heavenly bodies move in accordance with the forces and laws which determine their courses. Upon our planet day and night succeed each other. Men wake and sleep, they are wrought upon by their appetites and emotions, they think and will and act, they see visions and dream dreams. They act alone or together, as individuals, as families, clans, communities, nations,—sometimes uniting in the friendly co-operations and rivalries of industry and social life, sometimes in the holy fellowships of religion and philanthropy, and sometimes contending in the pitiless competitions of trade and ambition, or in the fierce strife and carnage of warfare. And so, by the operation of human minds in their environment, the potentialities of the world are constantly being woven into history, and time is as the invisible loom in which the life forces are constantly operating, or it is the impalpable canvass upon which the great drama of history is being painted. Time is not the weaver nor the forces which operate nor yet the stuff that is being woven into the web of history. Yet doubtless there is an infinite Weaver and Designer, and though the thought and the purpose which He embodies in His work be far beyond human comprehension, yet surely it is only the fool who will say in his heart—“There is no weaver, there is no design.” And when men shall be permitted to behold God’s completed work with that vision which shall see as they are seen and that understanding which shall know as they are known, they will then perceive that the design embodied in the great historic tapestry which is being woven, through the years and the centuries, is not unworthy of its Author.

When we turn from the contemplation of the great time-loom and the totality of history to consider the individual life and its interests, how tremendous the contrast, how microscopic seems this individual life of yours or mine. There will be glorious lights, there will be terrible shadows in the perfected picture. How little difference it can seem to make to the full and ultimate result whether this particular speck of a life is in the light or in the shadow. But let us not forget that each individual speck of humanity is a microsm,—a universe in miniature—

a being created in the divine image and dear to God. And to each individual life it is the matter of supreme concern whether its portion be in the light or in the shadow, whether it reflect the grace and glory of the divine love or the terror of the divine judgment, whether it walk in the light of truth with God or abide with Satan in the darkness.

And if there is one Supreme Architect who designs the universal structure, one infinite Weaver who weaves our individual lives, with all that touches them—or is touched by them, into His work, according to His infinite design, let us consider that it is given unto us also, each in his place and generation, to be architects of our own fortunes and weavers of our own destinies. And as we weave the web of our life, so it stands, a part of the greater web of human history. This process goes on constantly—the weaving of thoughts and desires, volitions and acts, into habits and character and destiny. The pattern upon which we work may stand out before us tolerably clear and well defined, or it may be all jumbled and confused, so that we know not what we are making or trying to make; but clear or confused, with design or without design, the weaving must go on. Our days and their deeds are being woven swiftly, irrevocably into history, and whether they are bright and beautiful with faith and love and hope and helpful deeds, or whether they are dark with hatred, unbelief and iniquity, the work, so far as we are actors in it, will soon be done, the pattern which we have wrought will shortly be finished and the web cut off.

Life, like the weaver’s web, is continuous. What one does today or this year connects itself with, and is more or less determined by, what he did yesterday or last year. The boy is father to the man, and every year of one’s life is in a sense parent to the succeeding year. Tell us perfectly what a man’s life was last year, and you have gone far to tell us what kind of a life he will lead this year. “To him that hath shall be given,” for as a rule a man obtains that which he seeks after. He who has sought and found the things that minister to his highest nature has thereby made it possible for him to receive good things in larger measure, and he who has pandered to the things which minister to his lusts and baser ambitions, thereby increases his inclination for evil things and deadens his desire for the good.

But let us remember too with great thankfulness that the present and the future are not under absolute bondage to the past. If the weaver has been until to-day weaving dark threads and terrible pictures into the web of his life, he may begin to-day to weave bright threads and beautiful pictures, if he will. The man who hitherto has been building on sand may begin to-day to dig deep and lay a secure foundation. This is the Gospel of the Grace of God, that there is deliverance from the tyranny of the past, that there is emancipation for hearts and wills which have been held in the thralldom of Satan. For He has come into the world who saith, “Behold, I make all things new.” Through repentance and faith men may break with their sinful past. For such there is a new heaven and a new earth. This then is the joy and the blessed significance of this New Year’s day, and of every new day, that in the grace and authority of Christ’s gospel, it brings the opportunity and the summons to every soul held in the bondage of its sinful past, to fling away its fetters and accept the liberty of the children of God.

Editorial Notes.

—According to an Ottawa despatch a census of Manitoba shows the following facts in regard to the religious affiliations of the people of the Province. The Presbyterians number 65,322; the Methodists 49,909; the Episcopalians, 44,874; the Roman Catholics, 35,620; the Lutherans, 16,477; the Mennonites, 15,222; and the Baptists 9,118. There are 1232 persons classed as Pagans, most of them presumably Indians. As the total population of the Province is 254,945, this classification appears to leave some 17,000 of the population unaccounted for religiously.

—The Independent is gratified at the prospect of a new career of success for Johns Hopkins University. Some months ago three gentlemen offered a fine site and 153 acres of land on condition that \$1,000,000 be raised for endowment. Three quarters of this sum has been subscribed and the remainder is likely to be raised. In this connection the Independent remarks: “When a man gives his name to an institution it acts for a generation as a notice for other people to keep their hands off and

give nothing. Johns Hopkins University has suffered in this way up to the present time, and the University of Chicago would have suffered quite as much if Mr. Rockefeller’s name had been saddled on it.”

—The class of 1902 in Harvard University has chosen as its class orator a man who has negro blood in his veins, a man who in the South would be classed as a negro, and would accordingly be ostracised from respectable circles of society among white people. The question naturally occurs in connection with such cases as this,—if the mingling of the Caucasian and negro blood produces men who are able to take a foremost place in the most famous universities of the Continent, if it produces such men as Frederick Douglas and Booker T. Washington, is the mingling of the white and the black races a thing so much to be deprecated as it has generally been felt to be?

—We are informed by Rev. H. R. Hatch, Secretary of the Twentieth Century Fund Committee, that Rev. H. F. Adams has been engaged as its agent, to visit the churches in the interest of the Fund, and that he enters upon his work with the beginning of the Year. We think that the Committee is to be congratulated upon securing Mr. Adams for this important work. The deep interest which he feels in the success of our mission work will cause him to put his whole heart into this undertaking, and his earnestness and ability, with the hearty co-operation of his brother ministers, should insure success. We heartily commend Bro. Adams and the work upon which he is entering to the fullest sympathy and co-operation of our churches.

—A remarkable instance of the simplicity and brevity with which the New Testament writers are wont to chronicle wonderful events is found in connection with the Bible lessons for next Sunday. The writer of the Book of Acts describes the stupendous event of the Ascension in these words: “And when he had said these things, as they were looking, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight.” An angel appears to the upward gazing disciples to turn their minds from the fact that the Lord’s visible presence is for a time lost to them, to the certainty of His return, and they proceed at once to make ready for His coming. In this we seem to have the keynote of the music to which the Apostolic church marches. The picture set before us is not that of men gazing into heaven after a departed Saviour, but of men who, filled with the Divine Spirit, set themselves most earnestly to work and wait for the fuller and more glorious manifestation of their Lord. The golden age for them is not of the past but of the future. Their eyes turn not backward but forward. Memory holds for them much that is precious, but hope lays hold upon the eternal glory. Their Christ was not only of the past, the Christ of the Manger and the Cross, but the Christ of the present in the power of His resurrection, and the Christ of the future in the fuller glory of His final manifestation.

A New Year’s Motto.

PHIL. 3:13-14.

I. “Reaching forth.” Paul, to use a 20th century phrase, was a hustler. The first glimpse we get of him is at the stoning of Stephen, where he is not merely an idle spectator but takes charge of the clothes of the witnesses. Next he is a deputy sheriff on the way to Damascus, hunting out heretics. There were doubtless many in Jerusalem that hated the followers of Jesus as intensely as Paul did, but they preferred to stay in their comfortable quarters and grumble about the spread of the new faith. Not so with Paul. When he thought a thing should be done, he got about and did it, which is the one rule for successful work.

The vision of the road rid Paul of his false ideas but not of his zeal. He had now new reasons for hustling. One was that he was sure of his ground, for he had the heavenly light and the Divine commission, and another that he wished as far as possible to atone for the past,—two things which should keep us all busy for God. But Paul was not giddy and unbalanced as hustlers are apt to be. He was not one of those uncertain spirits who are no honor to God and no particular use to the devil, but who industriously divide their energies between both parties. He had definite plans of work.

Notice first the bent of Paul’s life. It is “onward.” God takes no pleasure in backsliders. His word is: “Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.”

1. There should be progress in the truth. Many of us are afraid to entertain any new revelation lest it should turn out heterodox. We refuse to entertain these spiritual strangers lest we should be entertaining tramps unaware. We need to be careful, for there is much of harmful religious speculation abroad today which we should fear and avoid, but there is a vast difference between speculation and self-evident truth. Truth itself never advances because it is infinite, and thus was perfect from the start, but our conceptions of truth are at best imperfect, and we need to advance in our knowledge of Divine things. We must if we are growing. When a Christian gets so full of spiritual knowledge that he can hold no more, it is high time for him to die and go to heaven, for earth has already too many fossilized saints.

2. There could be progression of experience. Most Christians we believe are living too much in the past. You would think some of them must be immediate descendants of Lot's wife, they have such a habit of looking over their shoulder to see how it fares with the Sodom from which they have fled, and becoming crystalized into wayside monuments, as far as all usefulness is concerned. Now stop confessing sins which you know are pardoned, and recalling painful cases of short-coming which you believe the Lord has forgiven and forgotten, for you have enough present inconsistencies to keep you busy. You have worn that old suit of experience long enough. Let the Christian tailor, Mr. Faith, measure you for a new one. He will be delighted to do so, especially since there hangs in his shop a guarantee that God will pay the bill. You can have a new suit every day for that matter. God don't want his children to look shabby, or go about in clothes that have shrunk, and are too small for them. Don't be like a miserly old deacon I once knew who had only one Sunday suit in twenty years, and had brushed and brushed it till the color was nearly gone, and it was threadbare in spots. Progression of Experience!

II. "I press" we see not only Paul's bent but Paul's energy. "I press" not I crawl or I mope. The church to-day is cursed by much downright laziness. Christians may be divided into two classes, the pushers and the pushed, in which the latter are in much the largest quantity. And this state of things perpetually retards the Lord's work. So many Christians seem to have only one moving impulse and that is the force of gravity which perpetually rolls them down the hill. Be a pusher. Get hold of the Power by faith and press forward.

III. "The high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Here is Paul's ideal Christlikeness. It is not so much heaven as character that Paul is thinking about. "I hope at last to reach heaven," is the refrain of too many Christian testimonies. Don't concern yourself so much about heaven as about duty. Every saved soul is sure of heaven. You could not keep a saint out of heaven any more than you could keep a live swallow in a coal-bin. There is a spiritual wing power in every redeemed soul that will eventually take it to glory. Paul wanted to be growing heavenly while on earth. The true soldier don't think much about decorations and Victoria Crosses. These are but incidentals of faithful service. He thinks rather of duty. So the Christian's ideal is Christ—not heaven,—duty, not reward. Begin the New Year not by dreaming and desiring but by trusting and doing. And thus having lived Paul's motto you may like him anticipate the crown. E. P. C.

The Year Book and the Minister's Institute.

MR. EDITOR:—I notice in your issue of 25th inst., a letter from Dr. Kempton, apologizing for the deficiencies of the Year Book. I am sorry to observe that a false impression may be gathered from what he says of the cause for no mention being even made for the Minister's Institute. He says "we got tired of chasing for information" in regard to it, and yet, as a matter of fact, I have the minutes and could have furnished all necessary information, and I have been wondering why it was not solicited but no one has communicated with me upon the subject and here we have the Year Book with not even a reference to one of the most impressive meetings of the Convention. There are other defects in the Year Book and I can only hope that a more straightforward reason may be assigned for them. If the Committee had only applied to the Secretary, they would have found the "chase" a short one. Yours truly,

R. BARRY SMITH,
Sec. Ministers' Institute.
Cambridge, N. B., Dec. 27th, 1901.

How Account for Him.

DEAR SIR:—For many years I have enjoyed the close friendship of a gentleman of the teaching profession. He is one of the most lovable and admirable of men. He has no vices. He seems to me to be unusually pure in thought, word and speech. He overflows with the milk of human kindness. His scholars love him. He is an excellent teacher, and students come from his classes with their morals toned up and their reverence for God increased. This man is also the friend of every good cause, the helper of the poor and the protector of the weak. But he is not a regenerated man. Now how are we to account for him? I have been accustomed to say "he is one of nature's noblemen," but certain writers in your valued paper declare he is a child of the devil, the offspring of the father of lies, the seed of the wicked one. If those writers would cease trying to put a literal interpretation upon a few hyperbolic biblical phrases they would see that their theory is absurd. If the devil can produce such a character as that of my esteemed friend—he deserves to be rehabilitated in the eyes of the world. Yours truly,

HUMANITAS.

The American Standard Edition of the Revised Bible.*

The recently issued edition of the Revised Bible, which will be known as the American Standard edition, in our judgment fully justifies the interest with which it has been awaited and the general appreciation with which it has been received. It represents a distinct advance in the endeavor to give the English speaking peoples of the world the sacred Scriptures in their own tongue and in a translation which, while not departing unnecessarily from the lines of the classic and long-revered King James' version, should remove as far as possible any misapprehension or uncertainty in the mind of its readers, arising from mistranslations, obsolete words and expressions, and at the same time avoiding certain infelicities of language.

It is of course generally known that in the preparation of the Revised Version of 1885 an English Committee and an American coöperated. After the Committee in England had completed its revision of a portion of Scriptures it was sent to the American Committee which indicated the points of its agreement with and dissent from the work done in England; then the Scripture was returned to the English Committee for final revision. Some of the emendations of the American Committee were thus accepted, and some were not, but it was agreed that the American preferences not adopted should be printed as appendices of the Revised Version; and these will be found at the end of the Old and the New Testaments in all editions of the Revised Version of 1885. It may be said in a general way that the American Standard edition incorporated in the text the renderings which in the English revision were consigned to the appendices, but this would be a very partial and faulty description of the American edition, for not only have the appendices been carefully revised, and changed in many points, but the American Committee, which had kept up its organization, has bestowed much fresh and independent study upon the text, with a view to greater accuracy of translation and the removal of archaisms and infelicities of expression. The changes introduced, however, have not been at all of a radical character. The general lines of the earlier work have been closely followed, and a reader may turn many pages without noticing any departure from the rendering of the Revision of 1885. But taken as a whole, the changes in rendering are quite numerous and important. The most conspicuous change in the Old Testament is the insertion of "Jehovah" where the name appears in the original text instead of "the LORD" or "God" as in the Authorized and Revised versions, and the insertion of "Sheol" for "the grave," "the pit" and "hell" in thirty-five passages inconsistently left unchanged in the edition of 1885. In the New Testament we have "Holy Spirit" uniformly, instead of "Holy Ghost," the Greek word *didaskalos*, referring to Jesus, is translated "teacher" instead of "master," while "demon," "demoniac," or "possessed with a demon," are given instead of "devil" and "possessed with a devil." The "corn" of the former versions is rendered "grain." A large number of words and expressions have been changed to bring them into harmony with modern usages, and some changes have been made on the ground of euphemism. Thus Jeremiah 4:19 reads, "My anguish, my anguish! I am pained at my heart, etc." A number of archaisms and Hebrew idioms which the Revision of 1885 reverently retained have been dropped, but a number are still retained. We no longer read that it is our duty to go "twain" miles with the man who compels us to go one, but we are exhorted to "wax" not weary, and we read of those who are "evil affected against." The form in which the American Standard edition is issued is in some respects at least a distinct improvement on anything which has gone before. The type of the present edition is long primer, and the page is large, very convenient for the study table or the pulpit, but cumbersome for carrying. Across the top of the page runs a line in small, bold-face type, stating briefly, in two or three entries, the main topics with which the page is concerned. This is a good and serviceable feature. A second feature, still more valuable, is a system of carefully selected Scripture references, occupying a column down the centre of the page. These references are a new collection, made with much care, and will supply a want which many readers and students of of the Revised Version have felt to be a serious one. The chapter and verse numbers are inserted in the body of the text instead of being on the margins. The chapter numbers are large and clear, as they should be. The verse numbers in this position do not strike us favorably at first. They seem to be an obstruction to the eye, but this feeling will likely disappear with use, and the plan has the advantage of leaving the outer margins clear for another system of references, indicating variant readings, optional renderings, Old Testament quotations, etc. A

*The Holy Bible: Containing the Old and New Testaments, translated out of the Original Tongues, Being the version set forth A. D. 1611 compared with the most ancient authorities and revised 1881-1885. Newly edited by the American Revision Committee A. D. 1901. Standard Edition New York: Thomas Nelson & Sons. Styles and prices from \$1.50 to \$9.00.

valuable set of maps are found in the back of the book. Ministers of the word and Bible students generally who have found the Revised Version of 1885 so helpful in their work, will doubtless give the American Standard edition a hearty welcome. We are inclined to believe that it will steadily come to the front as the favorite edition of the English Scriptures for use in the home, the study and the pulpit.

New Books.

THE ROAD TO FRONTENAC, By Samuel Merwin.

This is a Canadian story, a story of love and adventure, belonging to the time of the French regime, and, more specifically to the ninth decade of the seventeenth century, when the Governor of New France was Denonville, a man of courage and some ability, but whose lack of some of the higher elements of character which belonged to his famous predecessor, Frontenac, involved the Government in trouble with the Indians. The story is concerned with an undertaking of Captain Menard, the hero of the story, to make a journey from Quebec to Port Frontenac, the present Kingston, carrying instructions from the Governor to the commander at the Port respecting a projected raid of the Indians. Captain Menard is accompanied by a young lieutenant who soon falls a victim to his own imprudence and lack of self-restraint, a Jesuit Father, experienced in work with the Indians, a young lady connected with a prominent French family, whom the Captain reluctantly undertakes to convey to her friends at Port Frontenac, and a few *courreur du bois* to man the large canoe in which they all embark. After many thrilling and some terrible experiences, including desperate fights with the Indians and a short time spent in captivity, the Captain, the young lady and the priest finally reach Port Frontenac, and Captain Menard accomplishes the business with which he had been entrusted. He does more indeed, for he finds a wife in the young woman who had bravely shared with him the adventures of the perilous journey. Mr Merwin writes excellent English and tells his story in a forceful and graphic manner. The characters to whom he introduces us are, however, French only in name. They not only speak, but think and act like Anglo-Saxons. One is conscious therefore of some incongruity between the personages of the story and their historical connections. This makes the story less artistic, but perhaps not less interesting to the English reader.

—Published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. Price \$1.25.

TILDA JANE: An Orphan in Search of a Home; By Marshall Saunders, Author of "Beautiful Joe," etc. Illustrated by Clifford Carleton.

The reader is introduced to "Tilda Jane," setting out with a bundle, consisting mostly of an aged and crippled dog, to run away from an Orphan Asylum situated somewhere in the State of Maine. Tilda Jane's objective point was "Orstralia," where, as she had been led to believe, better provision was made for orphans than in Maine. Tilda Jane had seen about a dozen winters. She was thin and scrimpy, with black eyes and a greenish complexion. Her own account of herself is in part as follows: "Nobody don't know where I was born. Nobody don't know who I am, 'cept that a woman came to the poor house with me to Middle Marsden when I was a baby. She died and I was left. They give me the name of Tilda Jane Harper, an' put me in the 'asylum. Children came an' went. Just as soon as I'd get to love them they was 'dopted. I never was 'dopted, cause I'm so ugly." If Tilda Jane was not endowed with beauty or the sweetest of tempers, she had a fairly well developed conscience, a gift of vigorous expression and a great love for "animiles," especially dogs. It was her tender-heartedness to the aged and crippled dog that brought matters to such a pass that she resolved to emigrate to "Orstralia." Tilda Jane did not reach that distant land of promise, but, after a somewhat circuitous journey, well sprinkled with adventures and tribulations, during which she becomes the "possessor of another dog, she reaches "Ciscasset" in the same State of Maine, where she proceeds to establish herself as housekeeper to an old crippled curmudgeon, who begins with tolerating Tilda Jane and her dogs because he is too much taken aback to help himself, and ends by finding her indispensable. It is gratifying too to learn that the orphan found all the happiness in "Ciscasset" that she had dreamed of finding in "Orstralia."

—Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

THE NEW COVENANT A LOST SECRET, By Anna Ross: Author of "Bell's Story" etc.

The argument of this book, as stated by its author in a preface, is as follows: "1st. That we, as Christ's, have fallen heir to a covenant with God which gives us legal right before Him to all the privileges covered by the three terms of that covenant: 2nd. That the failure to utilize this tremendous fact is the cause of the feebleness and failure of the church of Christ: 3rd. That the way to actual power and victory in the Christian life and service is to apprehend and utilize this covenant." The book is pervaded by an earnest Christian spirit, and a warm, devotional temper, and there is much in it which Christian readers generally will find helpful to faith and to the Christian life. But a writer who can so interpret the Scriptures as to find in them a covenant which sanctions infant baptism needs to be read with discrimination. A chapter entitled "A Study of Jacob," contains many good and interesting things, but one is surprised to find the author justifying Jacob's action in the purchase of the starving Esau's birthright for a pittance of pottage, and extenuating the deception and fraud practised by Jacob and his mother in order to supplant Esau in respect to the paternal blessing. The valuable feature of the book to our mind is the emphasis which it places upon the teaching that the grace of God, declared and revealed in Jesus Christ, justifies in the believer the most implicit trust and the fullest expectation of blessing.

—Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

* * * The Story Page * * *

Two Reasons.

By Mary Marshall Parks.

"Papa growls like a bear to-day,
'Cause the wind is east, I know.
And Fred is mad as a hornet, 'cause
His grades at school were low;
And Sister Marjory mourns like a dove,
'Cause Johnnie's gone off to the war;
And Baby snarls like a poodle dog,
Nobody knows what for;
And my dearest dolly has lost an eye,—
Her sawdust is running out too,—
But I must be merry as merry can be,"
Said dear little Mollie Loo,
"For we couldn't stand another cross beast
In this criss-cross-crankum Zoo."

"Papa is gay as a lark to-day,
For the air is clear and cool;
And Fred is blithe as a cricket, 'cause
He had the best grades in school;
And Marjory sings like a nightingale,
'Cause Johnnie is ordered home;
And baby is meek as a kitten, 'cause
A cunning new tooth has come.
But I'm in compound fractions now,
And they're snarly as snarly can be,"
Says dear little, brave little Mollie Loo,
"Yet I must be cheerful, you see,
For we must not have a single cross beast
In this happy menagerie."

—Sunday School Times.

The Three J's

BY GERTRUDE HUSTON MATSON.

Fred Farr came in from school one cold March afternoon, his bright little face aglow with the brisk run home, and his brown eyes brimful of the pent-up, joyful thoughts over the promise of his chum and playfellow, Edward Mason, or "Teddy," as he was usually called.

Not finding his mother in her accustomed place in the sitting room, he deposited his books on the shelf in the hall closet, when a sweet odor of boiling molasses reached his nose.

"Yum, yum," said Fred, "I believe mother is making popcorn balls. My, but they smell good! Guess I'll find out."

He hastened on into the kitchen, and there, sure enough, he found his mother busy moulding the round, toothsome goodies.

"What do you think, mother? Teddy, Mason says I may have two of his rabbits if you will let me," and Fred sunk his teeth into a brown, sugary ball.

"Why, Fred," replied his mother, "we have no place to keep them. They must have a warm place to sleep in, and will need some care and attention every day. I'm afraid a little boy about your size would grow careless while and forget to feed them. There will be a special game of ball or marbles, or something of that sort, and the poor bunnies will be forgotten."

"No, mother," replied Fred. "I'll feed them every night and morning regularly, and every time I forget them I will go without my dessert."

Mother Farr knew what a compromise such a promise as that was, on little Fred's part, so the much-desired permission was granted.

Just then Will, an older brother, came in, and his services were enlisted for the carpentry work which was necessary to give a warm welcome to the new arrivals. A good, stout box was found in the cellar and carried to the barn and placed in a sheltered corner. Some nice, sweet hay, and pieces of an old quilt, were put into the box for a bed. They dug a little trench all round it into which they fitted a wide, stout board, to keep the rabbits from digging out. Then covered the entire plot with fine chicken wire, and the new home was completed.

It was quite small and snug, but Fred thought as the rabbits were pretty young it would do very nicely for a while, and the boys surveyed their work with evident pride and satisfaction. By this time it was nearly dark, the tools were quickly put away, and the boys hurried into the house to "wash up" and "brush up" for supper.

After supper there were lessons to be learned—the events of the day to be talked over, and at half-past eight Fred was ready for bed.

Next morning the boys were both up bright and early, and out to the barn to inspect their work of the afternoon before. "Father said I might have the small door off the chicken coop," said Will, "and it will be just this thing for this. I'll get some new hinges and fix it this afternoon."

Saying good-bye to their mother, they went trudging off to school with their lunch baskets swinging upon their arms. At four o'clock they returned together carrying the baskets much more carefully, and entering the house placed them both upon Mrs. Farr's laps. She raised the lids and there lay two beautiful brown bunnies, their noses trembling, and their bright eyes full of fear.

Thus it was that "Jack" and "Jill" took up their abode with the Farr family, and in a very short time it would have been hard to tell which was the more fond of the pets, Mrs. Farr or the boys.

Every Sunday afternoon they were allowed a visit to the sitting room and was much petted and feasted. A rabbit's diet list is not very long, but "Jack" and "Jill" were offered many a morsel that the ordinary bunny never saw or dreamed of.

The boys were very faithful to their new pets, so they grew rapidly and were round and plump and very playful. They were a beautiful brown and almost alike—except that Jack had a white tail and a small white vest otherwise it would have been very difficult to tell them apart. One bright, warm day in June, Aunt Kate, Mrs. Farr's sister, came out to Sunnyside to spend the day. She carried with her a small parterboard box with several holes in the side.

Now, it was a well known fact that Aunt Kate never came to Sunnyside without some nice sort of a surprise coming with her, and the boys were much concerned as to what might be in the box.

Aunt Kate seemed in no hurry to reveal the secret and put the box upon the table. But it was not very long before a faint "meow" told the tale, and taking off the lid out jumped a Maltese kitten, with a very small body. She certainly was the queerest looking kitten I ever saw—and with such a nice face. Aunt Kate said we must call her Juno. Then the question arose as to where Juno should sleep. Fred suggested at once that she should live with the bunnies. It was decided to try experiment, although we were fearful that it would not work.

But strange to say from the very start it did work, and work beautifully.

Jack and Jill took Juno into their care and keeping, and it was very interesting to watch them. They would not drink their milk until Juno drank with them out of the same saucer. She would jump up on their backs and sit down, or lie down between them close as ever she could get, and take a nap. They would run and play on the lawn just like three kittens or three rabbits. Jack would be quietly munching clover, Juno apparently asleep—suddenly Juno would spy Jack's white tail and made a jump for it. Then Jack would hop, which only made the little bunch of white cotton more tempting to pussy. Then Juno would make another jump quicker than the last, strike him with her paw, and they would roll over and over together on the grass. Now she would leave Jack and spit Jill in the face first with one paw and then with the other. Jill would stand up on her hind feet and leap over the kitten, and then would begin a merry race round and round the yard.

But one morning, late in the summer, Juno disappeared. Fred and Will hunted everywhere, but she could not be found. We all missed her very much, and had given her up for lost when Will walked in with her under his arm one evening. He found her up in a tree about a block from the house.

There was much rejoicing on her return. Jack and Jill took her back into their home and were as devoted as ever.

But Juno was evidently a born "tramp," for after three days she was gone again—and this time she did not return.

Jack and Jill grew to be very large, and the last I heard from them they had ten little baby bunnies, much to Master Fred's great delight.

But it wouldn't be fair to tell you how many times during the first few months that good little boy had to do without his dessert at dinner.—Christian Intelligencer.

Deacon Nathan Newton.

It was conceivable to Nathan Newton that man could hear the still, small voice of his Creator whispering within his heart; but he had never been able to believe that his Creator could hear the still, small voice of man. So, when he prayed—and he prayed much—he shouted with great shoutings. There had been times in the days of his youth when he had led the camp meetings, and had roared in his pious orgy till the solemn hymns of the pines and the oratorio of the lake seemed inadequate to drown his voice.

Years did not diminish his piety nor his enthusiasm. In the village where he lived he was counted for many years the foremost man in matters religious and benevolent. The preaching was left to the pastors, but the practical application of the Christian faith was expected of Nathan Newton. It was he who raised the money for the new church. It was he who appraised his fortune annually, and, mindful of biblical injunctions, paid his full tithe. It was he whose mighty voice vibrated, at love feasts and protracted meetings with exultant "amens."

No young convert felt himself secure in his happiness till Deacon Newton had talked and prayed with him; no penitent was at peace till the mighty shoutings of the deacon had driven the temper to his black retreat.

In the course of time the deacon's only child, Thomas, grew to man's estate, and taking to himself a wife, moved to a certain great city. The deacon, who was a widower, moped about his desolate home for a time, and then settled up his business, sold his town house, led his last prayer meeting amid a lachrymose congregation, and the church was left without its chief pillar.

"It will be sort o' queer to sit down in a strange pew, Thomas," said Deacon Newton the first Sabbath morning after his change of residence. "But I reckon my soul will have profit. I am looking forward to listening to the teachings of a man great in Israel."

He looked with interest at the throngs of church-goers in their fashionable attire.

"Folks seem plenty prosperous here," he commented. "And you and Jenny are right smart yourselves, Thomas."

Thomas' wife permitted her pretty lips to twitch with irritation. She was fond of the old man, but she would have been able to think of him with much more tenderness if he had remained in his native village. There was something aggressively simple about the personality of Deacon Newton. And this simplicity did not seem to fit into the complex order of the city at all.

The hymn which opened the service was one with which Nathan Newton was acquainted, and he joined in it vociferously, creating a part of his own which followed the treble score on octave below the written notes. It was harmonious, but startling, and the color deepened in the cheeks of Thomas' wife.

In the prayer the deacon took the keenest interest, regretting only the inadequacy of the suppliant's voice—for it never occurred to him that anything save a vocal defect could cause such temperate modulation in one who was making an appeal to divinity. With an impulse born of pure friendliness he became unusually emphatic in his vocal encouragement.

"Glory! Glory! Amen! Hallelulah!" These ejaculations rang out above the heads of the scandalized audience. But the silent disapproval of the multitude did not touch the consciousness of the one who was communing with the Most High.

That afternoon two of the leading gentlemen of the church dropped in on the Newtons in a casual way.

"Is Deacon Newton going to remain long with you?" they asked of Thomas.

"He is going to remain with me till the day of his death, I hope and believe," said Thomas stoutly. The gentlemen hemmed and hawed.

"He has the old-fashioned earnestness and demonstration," one of them remarked. Thomas saw the wife's face turn scarlet, but he was loyal to the old man whom he revered.

"Father is like the rest of us," he replied. "He worships, according to his own ideas. I suppose he thinks that is one of the privileges of the American citizen."

The gentlemen left, but three weeks later, after the fervent old leader had made the walls of the church resonant at prayer-meeting, and class-meeting, and Sunday service, a committee waited upon him.

They preferred their request respectfully, but they were firm in their demand that he conform to the custom and sit silent in meeting. The old deacon arose and faced his visitors, his rugged countenance filled with righteous anger.

"I have long made my song and worshipped with a loud noise," he said. "I have cried out in the days of my trouble and I have been heard, and in the days of my joy I have not forgotten my salvation. Shall I keep silence in the presence of him who is my strong tower? Nay, in my youth I did not desert him and in my old age I shall not hold my voice."

But the committee was firm.

"It grieves us, Deacon Newton," said their spokesman, "but so many of our congregation have complained to us that unless you comply with our request and keep silent in service it will be our unhappy duty to request that you do not worship with us."

The old man stared hard at the wall for a moment. He, the old and tried servant, turned from the house of his Master! Big tears came in his eyes, but he held them there and would not let them fall. A serious and lofty dignity enveloped him. He held out his hand to his visitors one by one.

"Brethren," he said gently, "I bid you good-day."

They went, rejoicing to be through with their unwelcome task.

The next morning Thomas found his father packing his belongings in an old-fashioned trunk.

"What does this mean," he inquired.

"There's a' many noises in the town, son Thomas," said he, "a clanging and a clamoring all the day and half the night and nobody complains—not for the tooting nor the rambling nor the roar. For it's all by ways of serving mammon, as you know. But for one voice a' shouting for him who made us all, they enter a protest,

Thomas. They are offended. It hurts their nerves. For Zion's sake I will not hold my peace—so I must go."

"But where, dear father?"

"I've a cabin in the pine grove back of the farm, Tommy, that the leasee sin't a' using. Your ma and me lived there a' long ago and gave praise with all our strength. The trees shout out their praises, too, around about that spot, and the waters, they roar of the goodness of him who unloosed them from the bowels of the earth. Now don't you try to stop me, Tommy. What I am doing is for your happiness, too."

So the church of many proprieties heard no more the shoutings and groanings of Deacon Nathan Newton.—Chicago Tribune.

Too Late.

The old farmer died suddenly, so when Judge Gilroy, his only son, received the telegram, he could do nothing but go up to the farm for his funeral. It was difficult to do even that, for the Judge was the leading lawyer in —, and every hour was worth many dollars to him.

As he sat with bent head in the grimy little train which lumbered through the farms, he could not keep the details of his cases out of his mind.

He had been a good, respectful son. He had never given his father a heartache; and the old man died full of years and virtues, "a shock of corn fully ripe." The phrase pleased him.

"I wish to tell you," said the doctor gravely, "that your father's thoughts were all of you. He was ill but an hour, but his cry was for 'John! John!' unceasingly."

"If I could have been with him!" said the Judge.

"He was greatly disappointed that you missed your half-yearly visit last spring. Your visits were the events of his life," said the doctor.

"Last spring? Oh, yes; I took my family then to California."

"I urged him to run down and see you on your return, but he would not go."

"No, he never felt at home in the city."

The Judge remembered that he had not asked his father to come down. Ted was ashamed of his grandfather's wide collars; and Jessie, who was a fine musician, scowled when she was asked to sing the "Portuguese Hymn" every night. The Judge humored his children, and had ceased to ask his father into his house.

The farmhouse was in order and scrupulously clean; but its bareness gave a chill to the Judge, whose own home was luxurious. The deaf old woman who had been his father's servant sat grim and tearless by the side of the coffin.

"Martha was faithful," whispered the doctor, "but she's deaf. His life was very solitary. The neighbors are young. He belonged to another generation."

He reverently uncovered the coffin, and then with Martha went out and closed the door. The Judge was alone with his dead.

Strange enough, his thought was still of the cold bareness of the room. Those hacked wooden chairs were there when he was a boy. It would have been so easy for him to have made the house comfortable—to have hung some pictures on the wall! How his father had delighted in his engravings, and pored over them!

Looking now into the kind old face, with the white hair lying motionless on it, he found something in it which he had never taken time to notice before—a sagacity, a nature fine and sensitive. He was the friend, the comrade whom he had needed so often! He had left him with deaf old Martha for his sole companion!

There hung upon the wall the photograph of a young man with an eager, strong face, looking proudly at a chubby boy on his knee. The Judge saw the strength in the face.

"My father should have played a high part in life," he thought. "There is more promise in his face than in mine."

In the desk were a bundle of old account-books with records of years of hard drudgery on the farm; of work in winter and summer and often late at night, to pay John's school bills, and to send him to Harvard. One patch of ground after another was sold while he waited for practice, to give him clothes and luxuries which other young men in town had, until but a meagre portion of the farm was left.

John Gilroy suddenly closed the book. "And this is the end!" he said. "The boy for whom he lived and worked won fortune and position—and how did he repay him?"

The man knelt on the bare floor, and shed bitter tears on the quiet old face. "O father! father!" he cried. But there was no smile on the quiet face. He was too late.—Youth's Companion.

Rev. W. H. Pope, was urging boldness in speaking about salvation to strangers, and told of the Salvation Army man who asked his neighbor in the street-car, "Is your soul saved?" The stranger looked at him superciliously. "Sir, I'm a theological professor," he sneered. The Salvation Army man didn't know what that was, but he manfully spoke up, "My dear friend, I wouldn't let a little thing like that stand in my way, if I were you!—Sel.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Prayer Meeting Topic—January 5.

That Which Comes First.—Matt. 6: 33.

What is God's righteousness? There is a righteousness such as that in which man was originally made upright—a righteousness which consists in the due sense and performance of all the relative duties which we owe to God, to ourselves, and to our fellow creatures.

There is a righteousness which is a part of the character of God, whereby it is now become a just thing with God to save those for whom Jesus died. And there is a righteousness composed of all the perfections of the life of Christ, which is given to every one that believes. This triple righteousness is what every good man is seeking after. First, something which will justify him before God, and then something which will justify him to his own conscience and to the world in believing that he is justified before God.

Now the important word in the text is "first." It means first in time and first in intensity. Aim mainly at the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all the proper ends which you seek in this world shall be added to you—that is the statement.

Home-Made College Men.

A young man who has graduated from college at twenty-one commonly thinks he is educated. When he is forty he still thinks so, even though he may never have opened a book since he got his diploma, and may have forgotten everything he ever learned. Conversely, the man who has missed the college training often feels that he has lost something that never can be made up; that he must be content to remain for the rest of his life a person of defective education.

It is true, of course, that a college course is of immense value, and that nobody ought to miss one if he can get it; but it is not in itself an education. A college graduate is not, by the mere fact of his graduation, an educated man. He may be well educated for his age, but if so the credit is largely his own. It is possible for a man to spend four years in college, pass all his examinations, and get a degree, without having more than the most meagre equipment in the way of general culture, and without any definite knowledge that he can recall in a year. On the other hand, it is not only possible, but easy, for one who has never seen a college to become, at forty, a man of infinitely broader attainments than those possessed by a graduate who considered his education closed at twenty-one.

The ordinary college course covers fifteen hours a week for four years of about forty weeks each, or 2,400 hours in all. About an equal amount of outside study is necessary. On the other hand, fully half the course is devoted to subjects that serve only as mental gymnastics. The student who devotes 2,400 in all to the acquisition of culture and useful information does well.

That is the equivalent of one hour a day for about six years and a half. That is to say, a young man who began at seventeen to read systematically and intelligently for an hour a day would have the equivalent of the best part of a college education in his twenty-fourth year. In about three more he could have the training of a Master of Arts. Another three years would give him the acquirements of a Doctor of Philosophy. At forty he could be a recognized authority on some science, or some period of history, while the college graduate who thought his education finished at twenty-one would have no definite knowledge of anything.

The man who masters the secret of self-education will have no wasted hours. Delays in railway stations or dentists' offices will have no terrors for him. He will have a good book always in his pocket, and an hour on a blockaded car-track will be as good to him as an hour in a college lecture-room. Every day will see his mind broader and riper than the day before, and, finally, without conscious effort, he will arrive at a point at which he could give instruction, not only to college students, but to many of their professors.—Saturday Evening Post.

The Grace of Kindly Speech.

One of Isaiah's prophetic pictures of the Saviour is this: "Thou hast given me the tongue of the learned, that I may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." In a world where such wisdom is so rare yet so much needed, surely this gift of tongues is one to be cultivated by his disciples. This gentle grace which teaches men and women how to do deeds of kindness and to speak encouraging words when most needed is very often lacking, even when other fruits of the Spirit flourish. Many people show that they have

genuine love, joy, peace and faith, when they do not know at all how to help a poor fellow who is disheartened over a mistake or failure.

With the best intentions in the world they are sure to do or say just the wrong thing. Coming across a fellow-pilgrim chafing under a disappointment, due very likely to carelessness or wrong-doing of some kind, but none the easier to bear for all that, instead of pouring in oil and wine, they, with sincere but mistaken ideas of "being faithful with the sinners," begin to probe the wound to its most sensitive depths. There are times indeed when hearts need probing, but a very gentle as well as skillful hand should hold the knife. The keenest sting of failure often is the conviction that it comes through some fault of our own; and then, when the vim seems all gone out of life, so that we have half a mind to ignobly give up the effort, how like a breath of reviving air comes a cheerful word of encouragement from one who, following the Master, "knows how to speak a word in season to the weary," one who does not drag up all the mortifying reasons for defeat in the past, but rather spreads before us an inspiring outlook of future possibilities. St. Paul prays that Onesiphorus and his house may receive mercy of the Lord. No doubt his prayer was answered, for the Lord himself says: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy," and Paul's prayer was made because he had proved Onesiphorus to be a man of generous and kindly disposed heart. Writing from the loneliness of his Roman prison, he says of him: "He oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain." The suggestion which comes in reading the words as originally written is that of throwing open a window to refresh one with a draught of pure air. A gentle voice, a kind word, a bit of encouragement, a letter of sympathy, a word in season to the weary—how Christlike they are, how little they cost us, how priceless their value to others! Hearts all around us need such refreshment far more than we suspect.—New York Advocate.

A Thought for the Season.

The quail is a delicious bird. There is nothing much better to eat than quail on toast. And yet it is said to be a fact that no man can eat a quail a day for thirty consecutive days. Almost every one likes candy, but clerks in candy stores who are free to eat all they wish soon cease to care for it, and seem to dislike it. One told us that the slightest taste of it nauseated her. It is different with bread, meats and vegetables. One can eat them with a relish three times a day the year round.

The same thing is true of different foods for the mind. It is true of newspapers. We have on our desk now one which makes a specialty of short paragraphs, all emphasizing one form of Christian experience. We could read and enjoy one number of it, possibly two or three, but to read such a paper fifty-two weeks of the year would be, to say the least, unprofitable. Next to it is a paper characterized by nothing so much of sweetness. It is always sentimental. Fact and logic do not influence its conclusions. We long ago ceased to give it much attention. After it comes one which may be compared to a stimulant. It is full of sensation, and each number whets the appetite for more sensation. It announces itself as a young people's paper, but we pity the young who have it as a steady mental diet.

The more we see of such papers, the more we feel our responsibility as editors. As a housekeeper must provide healthful food at regular seasons in proper variety, so must the editor.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Life will always have some cross in it. New heights of worthier living keep appearing, new works of service beckon us to take hold. The upward way cannot be easy; it must be climbing to the end; but, as you climb, there comes more love of man, more love of God; a blessing of stronger, abler, kinder, happier life—and ever growing over all a quiet, restful sense of something brighter, happier still, beyond—some crown of better life than aught we know of here, which the Lord hath, in the unfolding of the eternal years, for them that love him.—Brooké Herford, D. D.

The Two Ships.

As I stand by the cross on the lone mountain's crest,
Looking over the ultimate sea:
In the gloom of the mountain a ship lies at rest,
And one sails away from the lee;
One spreads its white wings on a far-reaching track
With pennant and sheet flowing free;
One hides in the shadow with sails laid aback,
The ship that is waiting for me!
But, lo, in the distance the clouds break away,
The Gate's glowing portals I see;
And I hear from the outgoing ship in the bay
The song of the sailors in glee.
So I think of the luminous footprints that bore
The comfort o'er dark Galilee,
And wait for the signal to go to the shore,
To the ship that is waiting for me.

—Bret Harte.

Foreign Mission.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TROPIC FOR JANUARY.

For Bobbili—its missionaries, native helpers, Christians and schools, that the seed sown may yield an abundant harvest. For our Woman's Missionary Societies that every Christian may become interested in missions.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:—Some of you already know Akkalayya. He is the near-sighted child who has been coming to our day-school for three or four years. During this time there have been very few chapel services at which he has not been present. We have found work for him here on the compound, that he might earn his books and clothes. In fact, he has been with us so much we have come to regard him as one of our own boys.

Last Sunday evening I found Akkalayya at Veeracharyulu's. "He has been telling us that his people say it is time for him to leave school and do cooly work, but he wants to study so he may learn more about Jesus. He says he is determined to do so, regardless of what they may do or say," one woman told me.

Next morning about eight o'clock a little figure darkened my door-way. Looking up I saw Akkalayya, his face a battle ground where tears were fighting with manly endeavor for self-control. "Well Akkalayya, what is it?" "They've driven me away. Ammah. They said I must go to work and I said I wanted to learn more, but they said, 'Chut! we don't want that!' And now they've driven me away and told me not to come back. See, they gave me my clothes, and I brought my books. They sent me off without my cold rice, too."

Akkalayya was very happy all the morning out in the boarding department. His sister came for him but he refused to go home. She returned without him. No one else came near during the morning, so we decided his people realized that the love of Jesus had filled his heart and separated him from them. "He will become a Christian as soon as he is old enough, anyway, and if we let him stay now we shall not have to feed him," we imagined them saying, but were mistaken.

While at breakfast one of the boarding boys ran to the door crying, "They're beating Akkalayya! They're beating Akkalayya!" Knives, forks, napkins fell and we rushed in the direction of the cries which we now heard most distinctly. Two women were dragging the child away, a most unwilling captive. Mr. Gullison laid a strong hand upon them and set Akkalayya free. Then followed a storm of words and a shower of tears. The commotion drew others to the spot and our compound was fast becoming a heathen bazaar. At length the gates were locked to keep out the rabble.

"There is Akkalayya, you may persuade him to return with you but you must not take him by force," says Mr. Gullison. Promises, arguments, threats, entreaties, tears, wails are used but in vain. "I will not go back. I want to stay here and learn of God. I will not go with you." "Suppose you let him stay. You may see him every day. We will send him to school and you will not have to feed him." "Oh, but caste will go! He must come back and come now or it will be too late!" "Alas! he is the only boy in the family and his father is dead!" "And we were going to marry him to my daughter!" This last was from Akkalayya's sister who threw herself on the floor in her anger and grief. It is quite common to arrange such marriages.

Our attention is turned toward the other end of the verandah. Mother and daughter are in a quarrel. "Let me go," the mother angrily cries. "You shall not go," says the daughter. We interfere. "Let her go, you shall not force her, either; this is our compound." "But she is my mother and she says she is going to drown herself." Akkalayya hears all this, but is unmoved.

Now they try coaxing. The mother and sisters come near Akkalayya, but he shrinks from them and clings to Mr. Gullison, who says, "Let them touch you. They shall not hurt you or take you away by force." "No we will not hurt you; we only want to talk with you. Do come home and have a little gunjee and then you may come right back." "I have eaten here, I'm not hungry." "Oh well, come anyway, so our people may see you. We will not beat you; you shall come to school every day; you may pray to the Christians, God; you may come here as usual to work, but just come home to eat." "No, you told me to go and not return and I will not go back." "Look here! you shall have my little girl for your wife," says his eldest sister. Akkalayya is not twelve years old yet. "Come, brother, come! You shall have a pair of shoes if you will. Probably the child has never had a pair of shoes. A little nephew goes up to Akkalayya holding out his hand most coaxingly while his sobs and tears plead more strongly than words. The

eldest sister tries again. "Well just let me see if there are any *palu* (can you guess what that means?) in your hair. Stand still I only want to see if there are any *palu*," and the tuft of hair on the crown of the little shaven head is unknotted, and a search made which Akkalayya submits to under protest. "There! you have some of those *gudde* (Guess again) sores on your hands. Let me squeeze them." Even these acts of love are of no avail. As unmovable as the great hill behind us is Akkalayya in his determination to remain with those to whom he feels he is united by ties stronger than blood. Some of the men belonging to the family arrive, and add their persuasion to that of the women. One or two seem anxious to capture the runaway, the others, we feel, make a show of coaxing to appease the women. "Did you hear that? The missamma says she will adopt Akkalayya if you will give her a legal writing." "Oh yes, we will do that. You know his sight is not good and if he does not return with us today, he is an outcast forever. Suppose after a little you were to send him away, what could he do? We are thinking of his good, but if you will give us a written agreement we'll give him to you. We'll go now and bring the Zemindar to have the papers made out." They leave; Akkalayya looks up into Veeracharyulu's face with a happy smile; the compound becomes quiet; Mr. Gullison begins to study the Indian Criminal Code to learn to what extent it is possible for him to protect the child; outside the gate the people gather and discuss the matter.

Can you wait a week to hear the remainder of this story? Lovingly yours,

IDA M. NEWCOMBE.

Amounts Received by the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U.
FROM DEC. 12TH TO 26TH.

Argyle Head, F. M., \$4.63, H. M., 46c.; Auburn, Reports, 35c.; Boston, Miss Edna Corning, support of a preacher in India, \$40; Lizzie Bleakeney, Amherst Shore, Thankoffering for special blessings, F. M., \$5; Acadia Mines, F. M., \$1.25; H. M., \$1.25; Dundas, F. M., \$1.75, Tidings, 35c.; Clarence, F. M., \$3.55, H. M., \$1.75, Reports, 25c.; Pleasantville, Christmas offering, F. M., \$2; Antigonish, F. M., \$11, H. M., \$2.85, Reports, 15c., Tidings, 25c.; Westport, F. M., \$11.64, H. M., \$11.65, proceeds of Thankoffering; Parrsboro, F. M., \$4, H. M., \$5; Aylesford, F. M., \$6; Truro, Immanuel church, to constitute Miss Helen Layton a life member, F. M., \$12.50, H. M., \$12.50; Charlottetown, leaflets, 51c.; Murray River Tidings, 25c.; Milton, Queens Co., F. M., \$5.50, Reports, 20c.; Hazelbrook, F. M., \$6.69, H. M., \$3.33, leaflets, 25c.; Alexandra, F. M., \$5.16, H. M., \$1.53, Reports, 15c., leaflets, 27c.; Bedouque, F. M., \$18.00; Red Point, Mrs. Alex. McLean, F. M., \$1.00, H. M., \$1.00; Long Creek, F. M., \$4.00; Knutsford, F. M., \$6.00, H. M., \$5.75; O'Leary Station, Tidings, 25c.; Greenville, F. M., \$3.50, H. M., \$1.00, Christmas offering, F. M., \$5.00; North River, H. M., \$3.00, to constitute Mrs. Robinson Warren a Life Member, F. M., \$25.00; St. Martins, Thankoffering toward Miss Blackaders salary, F. M., \$10.00; Yarmouth, F. M., \$9.00, Collection Crusade Meeting, for poor on Chicacole field \$7.70; Chelsea, F. M., \$3.00; West Onslow and Belmont, F. M., \$3.50, H. M., \$4.05, to constitute Mrs. James Morrison a Life Member, F. M., \$12.50, H. M., \$2.50.

CORRECTION.

The sum credited to Lower Aylesford in Annual Report, should read F. M., \$59.45, H. M., \$3.65, instead of F. M., \$46.90, H. M., \$2.95. Kingston should read F. M., \$25.55, H. M., \$9.20.

MARY SMITH, Treas. W. B. M. U.
Amherst, P. O. B. 513.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

WANTED.—The Foreign Mission Board is greatly in need of \$1,500 to meet indebtedness in the work in India for the 1st quarter of the year 1902. The need is imperative. If three hundred persons would make a donation of \$5.00 each the need would be met. Our Treasury is empty at the present time. The amount seems small, and so it is when it is scattered over these three Provinces.

It is sometimes intimated that Foreign Missions get the largest share of the contributions of our people. Perhaps that is so. But it all depends upon what is included when such a statement is made. Let it be borne in mind that Home Mission work is carried on in India through our Foreign Mission treasury, that schools are sustained and Native Preachers and Bible-women are educated, that a Hospital and other philanthropic enterprises are also sustained, which are not embraced in any scheme for carrying on our denominational work. It will thus be seen that when the subject of Foreign Missions is under consideration it includes much more than most persons consider as included. However, our expenditure is greater than it has ever been, and we earnestly desire that the friends of

missions will bear this fact in mind and increase their offerings for this department of Christian endeavor. It will be a pleasure to be the recipients of your bounty and to be the channel for conveying your expression of grateful love to those whom the Christ has left for us to help. These peoples stand for Him. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto Me." "Freely ye have received, freely give."

Notes From Newton.

Since last writing the customary Thanksgiving Banquet has been held. As always it furnished an enjoyable opportunity for reunion of many friends of the School. The speaker from the Students this year was Mr. E. D. Webber, Acadia '81.

Two addresses have also been given in the chapel: one by Rev. Mr. Bradshaw, uncle of Rev. Arthur Archibald of the Senior Class, on his work in China; and one by Pastor Smith, of Chapel Car fame.

To some of us the things most in evidence of late have been vaccination, grip and exams.

There is a practice that prevails pretty generally here and the question has often occurred to me as I have thought of the practice: Is there any relation between it and the attitude of the churches generally toward the people? The pastors as a rule have the habit of telling the strangers especially, that they will be very glad to meet them at the close of the service at the front. Now that is all very nice and kind indeed. But the fact is that in many cases, the very strangers who need the pastor's greeting and handshake will not go up to the front to get them. Was not the practice, which now may almost be called old, a better one, of the pastor going to the door and meeting people there and making them feel they were really wanted? Is it true that the custom now in vogue in this matter represents too largely the habit and attitude of the churches?

I wish you, Mr. Editor, and all those in any way connected with you in the conduct of our paper, a delightful Christmas and New Year season; and may all good things be yours during the coming year! A. F. N.
Newton Centre, Mass., Dec. 20th.

From Hamilton Seminary.

EDITOR "MESSENGER AND VISITOR"

Dear Sir:—Thinking that perhaps the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR would be interested in hearing from Hamilton Theological Seminary, I send you a few notes.

The examinations are finished and nearly all the students have gone away to their churches for the vacations. The term just closed has been a good one. The quality of the instruction in every class room has been high. Our professors are not only very scholarly but deeply spiritual, men of simple, reverent faith. The students are brothers not merely in name, but in very truth. These two things have been impressed on me from the first, the earnest piety of our teachers and the brotherliness of the whole student body.

The Junior class, in which I am especially interested, is very cosmopolitan. We have a man from Persia, another from Turkey in Asia, two from England, three from New Brunswick, and men from as far West as Kansas and as far south as West Virginia. The three from N. B. are, Mr. Buchanan, Acadia '01, Mr. Smith (Meth.), sometime a student at Mt. Allison, and myself. In the middle class are Rev. J. B. Champion, who is well known in the Convention, and Mr. Howlett of P. E. I. In addition to these there are several men from Ontario, so that Canada is well represented. Mr. Champion is preaching at Lebanon, a church that has been ministered to by three Maritime Province men in direct succession, one of them being Rev. E. B. McLatchy of Sackville. Mr. Buchanan is located at Smyrna and Mr. Smith at Eaton. Indeed as a matter of fact one meets Canadian pastors on every side down here.

We have had two lecture courses this term. Dr. Peabody, Prof. of Ethics at Harvard University, delivered a series of three lectures at the beginning of the term on "Ethical Theories and Social Questions," which were very illuminating and highly appreciated. The second course was given about a fortnight ago by Dr. Marshall, of Worcester, Mass., on the practical work of the ministry. Dr. Marshall spoke to us out of a rich and varied experience and his lectures were very helpful.

Dr. Clark is spending a year's leave of absence in England. F. O. ERB.
Hamilton, N. Y., Dec. 24th, 1901.

Eczema

It is also called Salt Rheum.

Sometimes Scrofula.

It comes in patches that burn, itch, ooze, dry and scale, over and over again.

It sometimes becomes chronic, covers the whole body, causing intense suffering, loss of sleep, and general debility.

It broke out with its peculiar itching on the arms of Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md., and all over the body of Mrs. Geo. W. Thompson, Sayville, N. Y.; troubled Mrs. F. J. Christian, Matopac Falls, N. Y., six years, and J. R. Richardson, Jr., Cuthbert, Ga., fifteen years.

These sufferers testify, like many others, that they were speedily and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which always removes the cause of eczema, by thoroughly cleansing the blood, and builds up the whole system.

Just one thing: prejudice, keeps some women from using PEARLINE. They think, if it acts on dirt so strongly, it must hurt the clothes. Soap and rubbing act on dirt, and the fabric is rubbed away. PEARLINE loosens the dirt better than any soap and bundles it out with little or no rubbing, and no injury.

Proved by Millions

TAKE

LAXA-LIVER PILL

BEFORE RETIRING.

It will work while you sleep, without a gripe or pain, curing Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Head-ache and Dyspepsia, and make you feel better in the morning.

The bye-election for the Dominion House, York County, N. B., on Saturday last resulted in the election of Mr. Alexander Gibson, Jr., over Rev. Dr. McLeod by a majority of between 800 and 900. At the general election Mr. Gibson's majority was 76. The seat had been declared vacant on account of corrupt practice by agents.

About 100 cases of small pox have occurred in St. John and vicinity since the outbreak of the disease in October last, and there have been up to date 21 deaths. The disease is of a much more severe type than much of that which has been occurring in different parts of the country for the past year or so, but the death rate has not been high, considering that in several cases the condition of the patient when attacked by the disease was such as to forbid hope of recovery. They are said to be 40 or 50 cases now under treatment. A number have passed through the period of convalescence and have been released from quarantine. As the cases now occurring are being removed to the isolation hospital, some miles from the city, the danger of the spread of the disease is lessened, and, with the enforcement of vaccination, there is good reason to hope that the disease will before long be stamped out.

Literary Notes.

The Outlook is a weekly newspaper and monthly magazine in one and under one subscription price. Its Magazine Number for January has eight illustrated articles, two stories (one by Sarah Orne Jewett) a carefully written history of the week's doings and many book reviews. There are full-page portraits of new political figures of prominence, articles of anecdotal biography, a most entertaining instalment of Edward Everett Hale's "Memories of a Hundred Years," and much else of permanent value. The serial publication of these articles in The Outlook is attracting general attention. They have a wealth of anecdote about old days. Dr. Hale believes that he saw Lafayette, has had Nathan Hale's cap on his head, and has talked with several men who had personal knowledge of Washington and could tell of Revolutionary incidents. The third instalment of the Memories, which has just appeared, is largely devoted to semi-historic, semi-traditional matter of this kind, and has many unusual portraits and reproductions of old prints.

The January number of the Missionary Review is remarkably varied and interesting. Dr. Pierson looks at missionary his-

tory as a fulfilment of Christ's promise "Lo, I Am With You Always," and shows him to be the leader in the modern missionary campaign. There follows a round-table discussion of "The Missionary Outlook in Asia" with brief contributions on Turkey, Burma, India, China, Korea, etc. It is an exceedingly lucid and impressive presentation of facts. There are other no less important and tempting on "Guns and Its People," "The Outlook in Persia," "The Anti-Papal Movement in Spain," "Zionism and Christianity," "Bishop Whipple," "Missionaries Among the Laos," "Missions in Bulgaria," "Effects of the War in South Africa," etc., etc.

Published by Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York. \$2.50 a year.

Commenting editorially on the articles by Senator Beveridge, now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, the December Review of Reviews says: "Any American who wishes to understand what the Russians are doing in Manchuria, and to grasp the matter so firmly and understandingly that he can shut his eyes and see it all, must read a series of papers from the pen of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, now appearing in The Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia." Senator Beveridge's next article in this series, A Diplomatic Game for an Empire, is an inside chapter of international negotiations, and tells how Russia outwitted England, made an ally of France and took from Japan the fruits of her victory over China.

Personal.

Rev. Charles Stirling has recently removed from Maple View to Plaster Rock, Victoria county and desires that his correspondents note the change in his address.

Mr. W. H. Dyas of the Newton Theological Institute is with much acceptance supplying the Leinster St. pulpit, St. John during his Christmas vacation.

Mr. H. H. Roach is still in isolation on account of his attendance upon persons and families afflicted with small-pox, but his friends will be glad to know that he is in good health, and cheerfully pursuing what Providence seemed to him clearly to indicate as the path of duty. Mr. Roach has now the companionship of Dr. Price, who is also isolated on account of his duty as inspector. The monotony and tedium of the situation is thus for both of them considerably relieved.

Details have been received from South Africa of the ambuscade near Begin-deryn, Orange River Colony, Dec. 21, of 200 mounted infantry by 300 Boers and 40 armed natives, led by Commandant Britz, which show the British losses to have been 10 men killed and 15 wounded. The losses of the Boers are not known.

The Algoma Tube Works, Limited, with authorized capital of \$30,000,000, was incorporated Friday by order of the Ontario government. This concern is another and by far the largest yet of the Clergue syndicate at Sault Ste. Marie.

IT'S THE TRUTH

Tell a man it's a food and he doesn't want to pay for it. Tell him it's a medicine and he says it doesn't look like it. Then tell him it's both a food and a medicine and he thinks you're playing some game on him.

Yet these are the facts about Scott's Emulsion of pure cod-liver oil. It is the cream of cod-liver oil, the richest and most digestible of foods. The food for weak stomachs. The food for thin bodies and thin blood.

But that's only half the story. Scott's Emulsion is also a good medicine. It gives new life and vigor to the whole system and especially to the lungs.

We'll send you a little to try, if you like. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto

Notices.

The Quarterly Meeting of Queens Co., N. B., will convene with the Mill Cove Baptist church, beginning on Friday evening, January the 10th, and continuing through the Sabbath. J. COOMBS, Sec'y. Dec. 20th.

The Lunenburg county Quarterly Meeting will convene with the "Day Spring" Baptist church, 13th and 14th of January,

1902. Let all the churches of the county be represented by delegates.

W. B. BRANSON, Sec'y. The Cumberland County Baptist Conference will hold its next quarterly session at Harrisboro, N. S., January 14-15. The provisional programme includes sermons by Pastors Steeves, Estabrooks and McGregor; a Review of a Book by Dr. Steele; Addresses by Pastors Bates and Belyes, with the usual sessions. For devotional exercises, Christian Conference, Reports from churches and etc. D. H. MACQUARRIE, Sec'y.

WEAK KIDNEYS

CAUSED by CATARRH LEAD to BRIGHT'S DISEASE

Perhaps, reader, you are unfortunate enough to have some Kidney or Bladder trouble, if so it is probable that I can do you good; let me explain how.

You have no doubt gone through the ordinary routine that nearly all my patients have before writing me, doctoring themselves with patent medicines and much advertised Kidney Pills, physicians' prescriptions, etc., and have not got any lasting benefit therefrom, but are sometimes better sometimes worse. Why is this? Because you are not treating for the real trouble. You must remove the cause before you will get well!

Catarrh affects the Kidneys most commonly, first by spreading from the blood, second by catching cold in the back or settling in the Kidneys.

From time to time I have explained that Catarrh was not a local but a constitutional disease, which gets into the blood thus permeating the entire system.

Perhaps, reader, you do not know your body as you ought to, you may not have been taught physiology at school, and there learned what your Kidneys are for. Let me tell you. They are simple filters, for filtering the liquid waste from the blood. Now if this blood is impure with Catarrh Germs, the filtering process must be imperfectly performed, because these Germs clog up the tubes and prevent some of the waste material from escaping from the blood, also allowing some of the good material to escape that should remain in the blood. Thus a lot of one's strength is lost; the blood also becomes impure.

Should this state of affairs continue, it often leads to Bright's Disease or Diabets. The latter stages of these diseases I am unable to cure, and if you are afflicted this way I could not accept your case for treatment, because it has always been my rule

never to accept anybody's money where I cannot have reasonable expectations of being able to bring about the desired results. I want no one's money that I cannot honestly earn by giving them health in return for what they pay me. Taking one's money without giving them a just equivalent would also be bad business judgment, because a person thus treated would be unkindly, and would naturally advise persons who thought of sending to Dr. Sproule for treatment, against such a course. On the other hand I have always found my cured patients to be my best and most lasting advertisements.

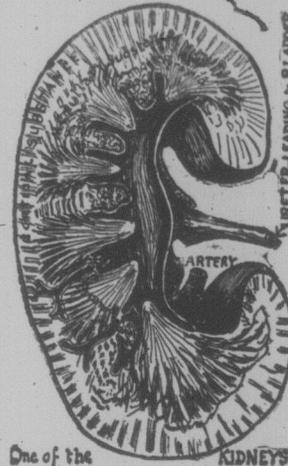
The best proof that I can give you of my theory about Catarrh being the commonest disease of the Kidneys, is my success in the treatment of such. No matter what part of Canada you live in I can send you abundant and overwhelming testimony of cured patients right in your own province, that I have cured many, many Kidney Troubles after all other treatments had been tried and proved a failure.

Many persons write me after they get cured that they cannot understand what induced them to answer my advertisement, that they must have been directed by Divine Providence, and blessed the day they decided to consult me.

The following I find to be among the most common symptoms of Catarrh of the Kidneys. Perhaps you do not know what ails you, and it is after all Catarrh of the Kidneys. By reading over the following questions you will find out, that perhaps you have been treating, and thinking you are suffering from, some other disease wholly different.

Symptoms of Catarrh of Kidneys.

- Do you feel weak?
- Is your back weak?
- Does walking tire you?
- Do your legs feel heavy?
- Do you feel tired mornings?
- Do you feel sleepy in the day-time?
- Do you feel depressed?
- Is your appetite variable?
- Are you easily discouraged?
- Does it tire you to stand up straight?
- Have you ever a dull pain in small of back?
- Do you sometimes have pains above the hips?
- Is the urine variable?
- Does it deposit a sediment?
- Is it ever whitish or milky?
- Is it sometimes too high colored?
- Do you sometimes want to urinate too frequently?
- Do you have an uneasy sensation in the bladder?
- Do your feet or hands sometimes swell?
- Are they sometimes hot and sometimes cold?
- Are your eyes ever puffed?
- Does your eyesight ever trouble you?
- Are there sometimes specks before the eyes?
- Are you sometimes chilly and sometimes feverish?



If you have any of the above systems, mark them and send to CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE, (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland; formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service,) 7 to 13 Doane Street, Boston. HE WILL DIAGNOSE YOUR CASE FREE.

PERMANENTLY CURED OF CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS.

DEAR DOCTOR.—I intended giving you a statement of my recovery some time ago, but waited to be sure there would be no relapse. I am now satisfied that you have made a permanent cure of my disease. The greatest marvel of all to me was your wonderful treatment of my Kidneys. I never expected there was human skill could help them. Now I have no further trouble with my urine, which comes freely and without pain. And my Kidneys are all right. In fact if you had done me no further benefit than this, I would owe you a debt of gratitude I could never repay. I am feeling splendid, and my neighbors all remark on the change in my looks. I can inform any of your patients that I am permanently cured of Catarrh of every kind. Hoping to be of some use to you in your good work, your grateful friend and ardent admirer. ROBERT RUSSELL, Kingari, Ont.

JANUARY 6, 1902.

Remember that is the day classes resume work at the Maritime Business College, that good school of Business, Shorthand and Typewriting, which has given so many young people an excellent start in life. Mentioning the MESSENGER AND VISITOR send for Free Calendar to KAULBACH & SCHURMAN, Halifax, N. S.

WOMEN WILL TALK.

Can't Blame them for Telling each other about Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.



THE GREAT REMEDY FOR WEAK NERVOUS WOMEN.

It's only natural that when a woman finds a remedy which cures her of nervousness and weakness, relieves her pains and aches, puts color in her cheek and vitality in her whole system, she should be anxious to let her suffering sisters know of it.

Mrs. Hannah Holmes, St. James Street, St. John, N. B., relates her experience with this remedy as follows:—"For some years I have been troubled with fluttering of the heart and dizziness, accompanied by a smothering feeling which prevented me from resting. My appetite was poor and I was much run down and debilitated.

"Since I started using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, the smothering feeling has gone, my heart beat is now regular, the fluttering has disappeared, and I have been wonderfully built up through the tonic effect of the pills. I now feel stronger and better than for many years, and cannot say too much in praise of the remedy which restored my long lost health."

The Whole Story in a letter:

Pain-Killer

From Capt. F. Loye, Police Station No. 5, Montreal:—"We frequently use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER for pains in the stomach, rheumatism, stiffness, frost bites, chilblains, cramps, and all afflictions which befall men in our position. I have no hesitation in saying that PAIN-KILLER is the best remedy to have near at hand."

Used Internally and Externally. Two Sizes, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

For 60 Years

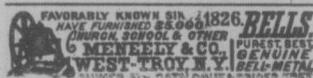
The name GATES' has been a warrant of par excellence in medicine.

GATES' LIFE OF MAN BITTERS has long since become the People's Medicine and every year has been curing hundreds of cases of run down constitutions, dropsy, liver complaint and other chronic diseases.

The name LIFE OF MAN has become a household term throughout these Provinces and to thousands the reality has proved as good as the name, for it has restored their wasted energy and given them new life and increased vitality. Thus it has earned the name of GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER, for it is only by purifying the blood that these diseases may be eradicated from the system.

If you are sick and run down insist on having GATES' and take no substitutes. Then you will have the best and may rely upon it for cure as thousands have done before you with satisfaction. If your dealer does not have it send direct to us.

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
Middleton, N. S.



We do not believe it!

Believe what? That there is any occasion for idle young men in these Provinces. If they are idle it is because they are incompetent to fill the requirements for lucrative positions. Despite the large attendance at this Institution, we are unable to supply all the business men who apply to us for trained assistants.

Free syllabus on application.

KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Maritime Business College,
Halifax, N. S.

The Home

CHICKEN TURNOVERS.

Mince one and a half cups of cold chicken with one-half cup of minced potatoes, either cold, boiled or raw. Season with salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Make a crust of two cups of flour with four level teaspoonfuls of baking powder and half a level teaspoonful of salt. Sift the flour, salt and baking powder three times. Add two-thirds of a cupful of sweet milk. Stir carefully with a knife, roll out half an inch thick, cut with a large biscuit cutter, fill the centre with the chicken and potatoes, fold over and press the edges together. Bake 15 minutes in a hot oven. Serve with tomato sauce poured round, but not over them.—Ex.

TO MAKE FURS LOOK LIKE NEW.

When furs become worn or soiled at the neck they may be renovated by, gently rubbing with cotton batting saturated with gasoline which should not be used in a room that has artificial heat or light. Axle grease, tar, paint and pitch may be removed by rubbing first with oil or turpentine and then with ether. Dark furs may be cleaned with fine cedar or mahogany sawdust which has been heated in an oven. Alaska sable, seal, electric seal, fox, etc., should be beaten with a switch until free from dust, then laid with the fur side up, and the hot sawdust rubbed in. Be lavish with the sawdust and vigorous with the rubbing. After this place the garment upon feather pillows with the furry side down, and beat well until all traces of the sawdust have disappeared. Then hang out in a shady place. White furs may be cleaned in the same way, using white cornmeal instead of the sawdust, or if only slightly soiled, by rubbing well with magnesia in cakes. Wet furs should never be dried near the fire, but shaken and hung away in a cold room, then brushed.—September Ladies' Home Journal.

A SICK-ROOM HINT.

In a recent case of illness in which a trained nurse was employed, the pleasant air of the sick-room was noticeable. When comment was made, the nurse explained how it was managed. A few pieces of brown paper had been soaked in saltpetre-water and allowed to dry. When occasion required, a piece of this was laid in a tin pan kept for the purpose (the coal-scuttle would do as well), a handful of dried lavender flowers laid upon it, and a match applied. The aroma was particularly refreshing and agreeable. Another suggestion in the same line applies to the use of lavender in another form. A few drops of oil of lavender poured into a glass of very hot water will purify the air of a room almost instantly. This bit of knowledge is useful to the hostess whose dinner must be served in a small dining-room near the kitchen. If the mixture is made just before dinner is announced, by the time the company enters, the room will be filled with a faint, intangible, but thoroughly acceptable odor of freshness, and all disagreeable stuffiness removed.—Harper's Bazar.

CARE OF THE EYES.

The very best tonic for the eyes is cold water. Few understand that the eyes may be kept bright and sparkling by dashing cold water into them night and morning. The effect is magical. Give the eye a bath once daily: Take a tea-cup of cold water, hold the cup close to the eye, and open and shut the eye in the water several times.

Sleep is a great beautifier of the eyes. If your eyes are tired and ache, rest them and sleep. When you have nothing to do close your eyes and wet them also. If your eyes burn, lay on them a cold compress of water, and sleep. Nervous headache and pain in the eyes may be relieved by hot compresses, applied to the forehead

and eyes, and the back of the neck. Follow this treatment by a half-hour's rest or sleep.

Do not live in darkened rooms and expect your eyes to be strong. Looking much at the cheerful grate fire is injurious. When at work be sure you have as strong light from above and back of you, or from the left side. Do not read or work by a flickering, unsteady light. Eyestrain is sure to result.

Do not read while travelling in cars or moving vehicles. Never read lying down nor while convalescing from an illness.

Rest of the eye is frequently necessary by looking away from your work to a distant object, or shutting them for a moment. Do not work longer than two hours at any one thing, less time if the eyes become tired and sight blurred. If the eyes are weak do not work them by artificial light.

Attention must also be given to maintaining the general health. Weakness of the eyes and poor vision are often the consequences of depraved bodily conditions.—Health Culture.

USEFUL HINTS.

Charcoal is recommended for cleaning the inside of bottles in which milk has soured.

The cleaning of a horseradish grater puzzles some housewives. A whisk broom is the thing.

A little vinegar put into a frying pan and heated over the fire, removes the odor of fish or onions from the utensil.

When plates or dishes are burned after baking they can be easily cleaned by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in salt.

When peeling apples drop them into cold water; it will prevent them from turning brown.

Some new silver fern dishes have branching arms forming candlesticks. The candle socket is far enough removed from the foliage to prevent injury to the latter from the light and heat, and holds pale green or white candles, unshaded.

If you will rub coconut oil into the scalp very freely about an hour before washing your hair and then use pure castile soap for the shampooing process it will prevent the hair from falling out and restore its lustre.—Ex.

TO INTEREST CHILDREN IN WORK.

Constant change in occupation is the law of the growing child, because the law of his growth demands it. The work of the home and its environs is admirably adapted to this necessary, constant change.

Let the children work with you. Share with them, and they with you, in all the occupations of the home. Talk, explain, sing, while at work, and there will be no lack of interest. It is only when the little ones are left to work alone or with other children, on tasks which they do not comprehend, that they become listless.

The healthy, happy child is naturally an enthusiast in anything which he undertakes. He likes work. His play is work—business and he would prefer to spend his energies in some way which will "help," if he only knows how to do it.

Of course, he must not be kept at one thing until the muscles and faculties employed become wearied. After he has kept his arms, hands, legs and feet moving in a certain way for a few minutes, he must change. He will change so as to bring other parts into play, unless he is arbitrarily prevented; and when that happens he loses interest, and becomes a dull, silent, uninteresting "bother of a boy," judged by the ordinary onlooker, when, in fact, he is only tired out and suffering. Make the work light and pleasant, and do not let the children be counted out of the home-making and housekeeping.—New York Ledger.

It is announced that the McClary Manufacturing Company, London, Ont., has purchased Copp Bros.' foundry in Hamilton and intend shortly to begin the manufacture of stoves and ranges.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

Cures Coughs and Colds at once. It has been doing this for half a century. It has saved hundreds of thousands of lives. It will save yours if you give it a chance. 25 cents a bottle. If after using it you are not satisfied with results, go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write to S. C. WELLS & Co., Toronto, Can., for free trial bottle.

Karl's Clover Root Tea corrects the Stomach

SYMINGTON'S EDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE

makes delicious coffee in a moment. No trouble, no waste. In small and large bottles, from all Grocers.

GUARANTEED PURE. 100

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.
A \$1.00 Bottle for a Deep-seated Cough.
Sold by all Druggists.

Society Visiting Cards

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We will send

To any address in Canada fifty finest Thick Ivory Visiting Cards, printed in the best possible manner, with name in Steel plate script, ONLY 25c. and 2c. for postage. When two or more pkgs. are ordered we will pay postage. These are the very best cards and are never sold under 50 to 75c. by other firms.

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The D.P. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

For Lung Troubles, Severe Coughs, Colds, Emaciation, &c. &c.

Few systems can assimilate pure Oil, but as combined with the D.P. it is pleasant and does the work. Will build you up; will aid softening of food; will bring you back to health.

50c. and \$1.00 bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

PURE GOLD TOMATO CATSUP

"It's like mother's" Natural color Natural thickness Natural flavor. Tomatoes and crushed Spices only—try it.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON.

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

First Quarter, 1902.

JANUARY TO MARCH.

Lesson II. January 12. Acts 2:1-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

The promise is unto you and to your children.—Acts. 2:39

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE ASSEMBLY ON PENTECOST.—Vs. 1. WHEN. I THE DAY OF PENTECOST WAS FULLY COME. Was being completed. It was at the beginning of the day which was not yet complete. The day had not merely dawned, but was shining in its full glory, showing how bright must have been the flame that appeared. Pentecost was a harvest festival, celebrated fifty days after the Passover. The word means "fiftieth."

II. THE COMING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.—Vs. 2-4. This was one of the greatest, most epochal days in the world's history. 2. AND SUDDENLY. As they were praying. So the lightning breaks forth suddenly from the cloud, but the electricity that prepared for it had been gathering silently for hours.

A SOUND . . . AS OF A RUSHING MIGHTY WIND. R. V., "as of the rushing of a mighty wind, a mighty wind borne along. It is not said that there was any wind, but only 'a sound as of a wind.'" The audible sign filling the room announced the power represented by it as doing the same. AND IT FILLED ALL THE HOUSE. Not merely the upper room of Acts 1:13. This was a token that the Spirit would fill the whole church which is the house of God (1 Tim. 3:15) and that it filled every part and faculty of the soul, which is the temple of the Holy Ghost.

3. AND THERE APPEARED. The audible sign is followed by a visible. CLOVEN TONGUES LIKE AS OF FIRE. Not fire, but with the appearance and brightness of fire, as the burning bush which Moses saw. CLOVEN. Parted as from a central flame. The idea is not that each tongue of fire was divided or forked, but that the fiery appearance, at first presenting itself as a single body, one mighty flame of fire, soon divided into separate tongues of flame, one for each person in the assembly. AND IT, the appearance of flame, one tongue, SAT UPON EACH OF THEM. Apostles, laymen, and women.

4. AND THEY WERE ALL FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST. "Filled" can mean nothing less than that the whole capacity of each man was occupied, and all his being under the influence. The degree of receptivity varied, no doubt, but the lesser and the greater vessels were all full.

III. THE RESULTS FROM THIS NEW POWER. THE NEW ERA BEGUN.—Vs. 4:11 BEGAN TO SPEAK WITH OTHER TONGUES, in other languages than their own Hebrew, or Aramaic (the then modern form of the Hebrew), or Greek; with all three of which they naturally were more or less familiar.

5. AND THERE WERE DWELLING AT JERUSALEM. Both residents (for the foreign Jews loved to spend their declining years there) and pilgrims who had come up to the Pentecost feast. DEVOUT MEN. Truly religious men, waiting for the appearing of the promised Messiah. These were the persons most likely to become Christians. OUT OF EVERY NATION UNDER HEAVEN. Only a very small portion of the Jewish people lived in Palestine during the times of our Lord and his apostles; by far the largest number were natives of other lands.

6. NOW WHEN THIS WAS NOISED ABROAD. Better as in R. V., "And when this sound was heard." Literally, "this sound having taken place." The Greek word here for "sound" is never used for "report" or "rumor." It must mean either the sound of the rushing mighty wind, or the sound of the disciples talking in the various languages. The sound was heard outside of the house and drew the attention of the passing crowds. AND WERE CONFONDED. The whole assembly were thrown into confusion, or the individuals were perplexed and confused as to the meaning of this strange phenomenon. EVERY MAN HEARD THEM (was hearing, imperfect) SPEAK IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE. A different word from "tongues in vs. 4. It means both dialect and language.

7. ALL AMAZED, with sudden, overwhelming surprise. AND MARVELLED, with a continuing, questioning wonder. ALL . . . GALILEANS. All the disciples (except Judas) were from Galilee.

8. IN OUR OWN TONGUE. Language, dialect; same word as in vs. 6. So, still, the Bible speaks the universal language, coming home to each soul of whatever nation or race, speaking to his individual needs, and answering to his longings and prayers.

9. PARTHIANS, AND MEDES, AND ELAMITES, in the Persian Empire beyond the Tigris, and including Turkistan and Afghanistan to the border of India. Here some of the ten tribes were settled by Shalmanezzer. They all spoke Persian, but in different provincial forms and dialects. MESOPOTAMIA, i. e., "between the rivers" Tigris and Euphrates. And includes Assyria and Babylonia, now belonging to the Turkish Empire. The language was some form of Chaldee. JUDEA—Speaking Aramaic in a different dialect from Galilee. CAPPADOCIA, IN PONTUS, AND ASIA. Not our Asia, but a small Roman province in what is now Asia Minor.

10. PHRYGIA, AND PAMPHYLIA. Here Greek, a different dialect in each, was spoken by the educated, but the common people had their own dialects. The above five were all in Asia Minor. EGYPT, where the language was Coptic. LIBYA, in northern Africa, the portion referred to being CYRENE, on the Mediterranean. Their language is not certainly known, but they must have spoken also Greek. ROME, with the Latin language. JEWS AND PROSELYTES, i. e., heathen who had accepted the Jewish religion. These terms probably include all the preceding nations.

11. CRETES, from the island of Crete in the Mediterranean, now called Candia. They may have spoken Greek. ARABIANS, from the great peninsula which stretches between the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. They spoke Arabic. THE WONDERFUL WORKS OF GOD. The disciples told the people of all these countries, in their own languages, about God's wondrous love in sending his son Jesus, the Messiah, to save men from sin, and bring in the glorious days foretold by the prophets.

SECOND EFFECT. On the people the effect was, at first, one of intense amazement and perplexity. 12. AMAZED. The Greek verb is one of which our word "ecstasy" is almost a transliteration. It means "to throw out of position," hence "to drive one out of one's senses," hence "to amaze, astonish." WERE IN DOUBT, "perplexity." They could not understand the meaning till Peter explained it to them.

THIRD EFFECT. 13. OTHERS MOCKING. The Greek is from a word meaning "a jest or joke," and the preposition "through." To them it was a jest all through, something to be sneered at. THESE MEN ARE FULL OF NEW WINE. At that season there was no new wine, in the sense of unfermented. But it refers to the last vintage of the previous autumn. It was "sweet wine," still in the process of fermenting, "referring to the lusciousness of the quality of its make, and not of necessity to the brevity of its age." Only those foreign Jews of each country could understand what was said in their own language. To all others the words were unintelligible, and seemed like a meaningless babel. Similar results are often noticed in a revival of religion. Peter, in his sermon, defends the disciples from this charge of drunkenness. They well knew that "in the East men drink only in the evening, so that no drunken person is ever seen by day."

FORGETTING TO THANK MOTHER.

Of course, you girls and boys are not the kind who forget to say "Thank you," when anybody does you a favor. When you were very small, before you could so much as talk plainly, papa and mamma taught you these two little words, and ever since you have been careful about using them at the right time.

There are a good many people who are careful to say "Thank you" when somebody passes them the bread at dinner or lends them a book to read, but who receive other and greater kindnesses without saying a word. "Where are my rubbers?" cries Jack, as he is about to start to school some rainy morning. "Oh, dear! I wish folks would let my rubbers alone!" "Here they are, Jack," mamma says quickly, as the sound of the impatient voice comes to her ears. "Is'them beside the register to have them get nice and warm." And perhaps Jack says, "Oh," and perhaps he says nothing at all. It is not likely that he says "Thank you." We fear his mother is used to it, however. Most mothers are.

How many boys and girls think of saying "Thank you" for the hours mother spends mending their torn clothes, or her care of them when they are sick, or for any of the little sacrifices she is making all the time? If they want any help on their lessons, mother gives it as a matter of course, and they usually forget that it is anything for which to thank her for. They take it for granted that whatever they want mother will give them, if she possibly can. And so she will, but her willingness and her love and her unselfishness are no excuse for their being ungrateful and discourteous.—Happy Hours.

SILENCE.

There is much help in silence. From its touch we gain renewed life. Silence is to the soul what his mother Earth was to Briareus. From contact with it we rise healed of our hurts and strengthened for the fight. Amid the Babel of the schools we stand bewildered and affrighted. Silence gives us peace and hope. Silence teaches us no creed, only that God's arms are around the universe.

How small and unimportant seem all our fretful troubles and ambitions when we stand with them in our hand before the great calm face of silence! We smile at them ourselves, and are astounded.

Silence teaches us how little we are—how great we are. In the world's market-places we are tinkers, tailors, apothecaries, thieves—respectable or otherwise, as the case may be—mere atoms of a mighty machine, mere insects in a vast hive.

It is only in silence that it comes home to us that we are something much greater than this—that we are men, with all the universe and all eternity before us. It is in silence we hear the voice of truth. The temples and marts of men echo all night and day to the clamor of lies and shams and quackeries. But in silence falsehood cannot live. You cannot float a lie on silence. A lie has to be puffed aloft, and kept from falling by men's breath. Leave a lie on the bosom of silence, and it sinks. A truth floats there fair and stately, like some stout ship upon a deep ocean. Silence buoys her up lovingly for all men to see. Not until she has grown worn-out and rotten, and is no longer a truth, will the waters of silence close over her.

Silence is the only real thing we can lay hold of in this world of passing dreams. Time is a shadow that will vanish with the twilight of humanity; but silence is a part of the eternal. All things that are true and lasting have been taught to men's hearts by advice.—Jerome K Jerome.

USEFUL DOGS.

The dogs of Belgium do not have as easy a time as do the dogs of America.

They are not used merely for purposes of admiration and protection, but are compelled to earn their living by daily labor. The milk used in Brussels is delivered mainly by cart drawn by dogs. They are always harnessed in groups large enough to enable them to pull their wagons with comparative ease, except in occasional difficult places, but when they find such places they seldom shirk their duty. The dogs have a money value, just as horses and oxen do here. The visitor in Belgium who has always looked upon the dog as a household pet is pained to see dogs harnessed.—Pets and animals.

Proverbs always lose by translation; still we venture to give a few from the German:

Nobody knows a poor man. The soup of the poor is thin. The rich go free, the poor are hung. The rich are at home everywhere. The poor have the children, the rich the cattle.

The chickens of the poor and the daughters of the rich do not remain at home long.

THOUGHTS.

A thought within a busy brain Once grew, and grew apace, Until it could not more remain In such a narrow space. So, springing from the loosened tongue, It winged its airy flight In living, helpful word that sung And made a sad heart light.

Another little thought, so sweet, By silence was held fast Till the great reaper stayed his feet And set it free at last. It found its life in flowers rare And tears and tender speech, But that Death's pale colors wear No loving words can reach.

Ah! little thoughts, fly forth to-day, A flock of white-winged birds. Go, full of love, to cheer the way As kindly, precious words. Rest not, inactive, useless, vain, Till death your torches light; But shine right now, through sun and rain, And make each dark place bright.—Pauline Frances Camp, in Boston Transcript.

Advertisement for FUREKA HARNESS OIL. Includes an illustration of a horse and harness. Text: Rain and sweat have no effect on harness treated with Fureka Harness Oil. It resists the damp, keeps the leather soft and pliable. Stitches do not break. No rough surface to chafe and cut. The harness not only keeps looking like new, but wears twice as long by the use of Fureka Harness Oil. Sold everywhere in cases—all sizes. Made by Imperial Oil Company.

Wanted Everywhere. Bright young folks to sell Patriotic Goods. Some ready, others now in preparation in England. Address to-day the VARIETY MFG CO. Bridgetown, N.S.

B.B.B. Cures to Stay Cured. The most chronic diseases of the Stomach, Liver, bowels and Blood. Thousands of testimonials from those who have been permanently cured by the use of Burdock Blood Bitters speak of its unflinching efficacy in Dyspepsia, Bilio-ness, Sick Headache, Liver Complaint, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Pimples, Hives, Ringworms, and all blood humors. If you want to be cured to stay cured, use only B.B.B.

Kind Greetings of the Season to ONE and ALL is tendered by the manufacturers of WOODILL'S GERMAM BAKING POWDER.

You really ought to try PURE GOLD SELECT PURE SPICES in 5 and 10c. Packages. Full measure. Best quality. Your Grocer has them. SOUR STOMACH, FLATULENCE, HEARTBURN, AND ALL OTHER FORMS OF DYSPEPSIA. Promptly relieved and cured by K.D.C. THE MIGHTY CURER.

From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

Fifteen thousand dollars wanted from the churches. Nova Scotia during the present Convention year. All contributions, whether for division according to the scale, or for any one of the seven objects, should be sent to A. Cohoon, Treasurer, Wolfville, N. S. Envelopes for gathering these funds can be obtained free on application.

The Treasurer for New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, to whom all contributions from the churches should be sent, is Rev. J. W. MANNING, ST. JOHN, N. B.

SUSSEX, N. B.—Work encouraging. Baptized a promising young man, who is connected with the Bank of Nova Scotia, last Sunday. Have received two by letter since last report. W. CAMP

CARLETON, ST. JOHN.—On Sunday, Dec. 18, one man—the head of a home—was baptized. Another made request of the pastor for the ordinance. By so much both church and pastor are encouraged. B. N. NOBLES.

BRUSSELS STREET.—In the last church service of the old year the home and the church home of one of our deacons were made glad through the baptism of Gordon Kierstead who is thankful for the Christian influences of his home and of Acadia College in which he is our representative. H. F. W.

CAMBRIDGE, N. B.—We have had a very blessed reviving here and at McDonald's Corner. Rev. Mr. Martin was with us for some four weeks and it pleased the Lord to greatly bless his labors. The churches are greatly renewed in spirit and seventeen have joined us by baptism and letter and more are expected in the near future. To God be all the glory. The Christmas season has come and gone but it has left behind it a very nice fur coat to remind the pastor of the kindness of heart of the people all over his field and a handsome dinner set to enable the pastor's wife to bear witness to the same. R. B. SMITH.

PUBLICO HEAD, N. S.—Dear readers of "THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR," we are somewhat obligated to keep you informed as to the progress of our church building here, inasmuch as you have helped us by your contributions. Am glad to inform you that building is framed, all boarded in, and roof shingled. Our heartiest thanks are tendered to the churches and individuals who have helped us to advance the work thus far. But, brethren, we are disappointed in our expectation of being able to use our new house this winter, because so many churches have failed to respond to our appeal. We have asked you for only two dollars. Can you not spare us so small an amount? Pastors, clerks, deacons, will you not bring our appeal before your churches and urge immediate action in our behalf. We need your help. Will you deny us your aid? "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me." E. A. MCPHERR.

AVONPORT, N. S.—The expenditure of the sum of \$95 for painting, stove, carpet, hanging-lamp, window blinds, etc., together with considerable gratuitous labor, has greatly improved the appearance of the interior of the Brooklyn house of worship, as well as added to the comfort of the congregation. And on Sunday, Nov. 3rd, we were able to reopen house free of debt. Rev. Mr. Cohoon preached from Rom. 8: 32, in the morning and Rev. Mr. White, of Hantsport, in the afternoon from Isaiah 32: 20. These sermons were appropriate and helpful. The meeting house at Avonport is a union building, but unity of spirit prevails among the people so that the work goes on steadily though at times slowly. The additional coat of white paint on outside of house has given it a fresh appearance, and the cedar shingles on roof and brick foundation make the worshippers feel more secure and comfortable. The vestry has also been remodeled and several other improvements made costing in all about \$460.00, in addition to a large amount of work given free. We have yet a debt of \$150 which we hope to pay as soon as possible. Much credit is due the Committee, Messrs. Lloyd E. Shaw, Breaton Borden and Leverett Fuller and a number of other young people for their untiring efforts in the work of improving and beautifying the house of the Lord. We were highly favored Sunday morning, Dec. 8th, in having Rev. Dr. Chute to preach to us. His discourse on the subject, "The Value

of the Human Soul," will not soon be forgotten by those present. The writer has resumed his studies at Acadia but continues to hold services fortnightly on the field. The prayer meetings and Sunday Schools are continued by the band of faithful Christian workers. Dec 24. S. J. CANN.

FROM THE 1ST BAPTIST CHURCH OF DIGBY NECK.—The Lord has been pleased to greatly bless and revive his cause in this section of his vineyard. The Word preached by our venerable pastor, Dr. Morse, is bearing fruit. In August last one was received by baptism, and on the 27th of Oct three, others; all very interesting and promising young people. But further showers of blessing were yet in store. On or about the 17th of November, Bro. Beals of Digby came to the assistance of our aged and much beloved pastor, and conducted special services in the Roseway section of the church. As a result of these efforts the members of the church have been more closely drawn together, and some whose voices have been silent in the house of God for many years have again been heard. On Sunday, the 8th of December, 7 happy converts were baptized by Bro. Beals, in the presence of Dr. Morse, whose enabled health would not admit of him administering the ordinance. Following was a very impressive and interesting sermon by the Dr., on the gift and office work of the Holy Ghost, at the close of which he very affectionately welcomed the candidates to the fellowship of the church. On the following Sabbath two more (heads of families) eagerly followed the example of their Lord and Master. Others have been received by letter, making in all 15 additions to the church since the 4th of August. May the good work continue until very many more are led to embrace their Saviour. W. C. DENTON, Church Clerk.

DORCHESTER, N. B.—The absence of items from Dorchester does not mean the absence of encouraging news: Since the last report the First church has been making history especially in things material. Immediately after the reopening of the property at Woodhurst the Fair View section of the church began the work of remodelling their house of worship on a large scale. The work was completed early in November and on Sabbath, Nov. 17th, the rededication services were held. The Rev. Dr. Brown of Havelock preached morning and afternoon to large audiences and the house was thus reopened for worship amid enthusiasm. In the town a debt has been hanging like a pall over the church edifice since its dedication more than 20 years ago. This debt has been cancelled. During the year 35 have been added to the membership roll. In a word the work is in a healthy condition, although we have suffered from the exodus of our young people. The people have been uniformly kind to us. The pastor received from the 1st church a beautiful and expensive fur coat as a Xmas gift. Many of the citizens subscribed also as an evidence of good will. Among our gifts which were many was a barrel of A1 apples and a turkey from Mrs. A. R. Emmerson, the Minister's Friend. Mr. P. J. Palmer, who is not a Baptist, sent us a generous donation of about three cords of wood. We thank our Heavenly Father for friends. On Jan. 3rd the church will observe a roll call and reunion. An extensive programme has been arranged. There is not a church in the Maritime Provinces doing more for Home Missions than the First church in Dorchester—visit any or all of the seven outstations and you will be convinced of this. We are planning for the renovation of our church property in the early spring. Let me mention also the fact that we have received a number of generous presents from former parishioners in Digby. May the Lord bless and prosper all our friends. We need the prayers of the Lord's own people. B. H. THOMAS.

Quarterly Meeting.

Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Co.'s Quarterly gathering convened with Centreville Baptist church on the 13th. Rev. A. H. Hayward preached the opening sermon which was well received.

The business meeting was preceded by a season of prayer. Rev. B. S. Freeman was elected president. Rev. C. H. Henderson, vice-president for Victoria and

Madawaska. Deacon Gregg, of Centreville, vice-president for Carleton county and R. W. Demmings, Sec'y.-Treas.

It was moved, seconded, and carried, that the above meeting would begin on the second Tuesday of the month at 2.30 o'clock, instead of on the 2nd Friday at 7.30. As an offset to the money that is usually collected on the Sabbath, it was suggested that each church take an offering every three months for missions and send it by their delegates to the Quarterly Meeting, and in the acknowledgement of the same by the Sec'y, each church will receive due credit.

The Conference service was of a deep spiritual character and very much enjoyed. Rev. C. H. Henderson preached a helpful and encouraging sermon on Saturday evening which was greatly appreciated. Sabbath morning the quarterly sermon was preached by R. W. Demmings.

In the afternoon Rev. Hayward gave us an excellent sermon and in the evening one of the same character was delivered by Rev. Mr. Belyea, of Calais, Milltown, Me. Florenceville Baptist church has given an invitation for the next quarterly which is accepted.

R. W. DEMMINGS, Sec'y.-Treas.

Heart Disease

Ninety Per Cent of it Really Caused From Poor Digestion.

Real organic heart trouble is incurable, but scarcely one case in a hundred is organic.

The action of the heart and stomach are both controlled by the same great nerves, the sympathetic and pneumogastric, and



when the stomach fails to properly digest the food and it lies in the stomach fermenting, gases are formed which distend the organ causing pressure on the heart and lungs causing palpitation, irregularity and shortness of breath.

The danger from this condition is that, the continued disturbance of the heart sooner or later may cause real organic heart trouble and in fact frequently does so.

Furthermore, poor digestion makes the blood thin and watery and deficient in red corpuscles, and this further irritates and weakens the heart.

The most sensible thing to do for heart trouble is to insure the digestion and assimilation of the food.

This can be done by the regular use after meals of some safe, pleasant and effective digestive preparation, like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets which may be found at most drug stores and which contain the necessary digestive elements in a pleasant, convenient form.

Thousands of people keep well and vigorous by keeping their digestion perfect by observing the rule of taking one or two of these tablets after each meal, or at least after each hearty meal.

Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets contain 11 S.P. pepsin, diastase from malt and other natural digestives which act only on the food, digesting it perfectly and preventing acidity, gases, and the many diseased conditions which accompany a weak stomach.

When Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are used you may know you are not taking into the system any strong medicine or powerful drug but simply the natural digestive elements which every weak stomach lacks.

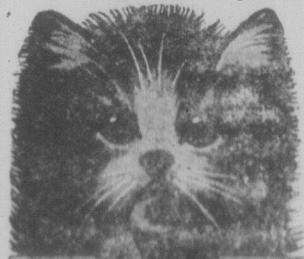
So widely known and popular have these tablets become that they are now sold by every druggist in the United States, Canada and Great Britain.

Catarrh and Consumption

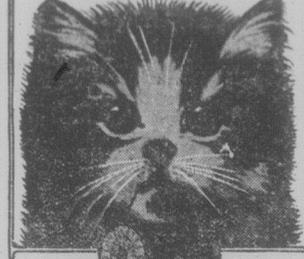
I have spent nearly 50 years in the treatment of the above named troubles and believe I have effected more permanent cures than any specialist in the history of medicine. As I must soon retire from active life, I will, from this time on, send the means of treatment and cure as used in my practice. Free and post-paid to every reader of this paper who suffers from these loathsome, dangerous and disgusting diseases. My treatment will positively give prompt relief and cure in the worst cases. This is a sincere offer which anyone is free to accept. Address, PROFESSOR J. A. Lawrence, 114 West 32d St., New York.

CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION TORPID LIVER

These are the great curses which afflict three-quarters of the present generation. Sufferers from either one or all of them must always feel miserable, and sooner or later become chronic invalids, useless to themselves and a burden and nuisance to friends and family. There is one sure, safe and absolute cure which you can test without any expense. Our remedy is Egyptian Regulator Tea, a trial package of which we will send you free and prepaid on request. Unless you find our claims are true, we must be the losers by this liberal act. Shall we send you the trial package, and lead you to perfect health and happiness? Address: THE EGYPTIAN DRUG CO., New York.



Corticelli SPOOL SILK
Corticelli Silk has absolute merit. Every spool has honest value—no light weight, short-measure goods.
Corticelli Silk sews smoothly—no knots, no snags, no weak places.
Corticelli is as good silk as can be made.



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Corticelli SPOOL SILK

The annual review of American trade, of finance and industry, prepared by Bradstreet's, declares 1901 to be a record-breaker among the five successive years of commercial expansion enjoyed by the United States.

The latest compilations of the Provincial Board of Health show 433 cases of small-pox in Ontario.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

Walter Baker & Co.'s
PURE, HIGH-GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates.



Breakfast Cocoa.—Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.
Premium No. 1 Chocolate.—The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.
German Sweet Chocolate.—Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.
ESTABLISHED 1780.
DORCHESTER, MASS.
BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREAL.
TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

MARRIAGES.

CONNERS-WARD.—At the residence of David Ward, Blissfield, by Pastor M. P. King, Dec. 22nd, Nathaniel Connors of Blackville to Gracie E. Ward of Blissfield.

ATKINSON-TOWNSEND.—At the parsonage, N. B., 24th Dec. by Rev. D. A. Steele, Byron Atkinson to Nellie Townsend.

CHAPMAN-SMITH.—At the parsonage, Cambridge, N. B., on Dec. 23rd, by Rev. R. Barry Smith, Walter S. Chapman of Port Higin, N. B., and Eleanor Barry, second daughter of the officiating minister.

GIBSON-CLOSE.—At Frederickton, N. B., Dec. 18, by Rev. J. H. MacDonald, Milton Gibson and Bertha Close, both of Kings-clear.

HEBB-HOUGHTON.—At the parsonage, Chester, Dec. 23, by Pastor R. Osgood Morse, M. A., John Hebb of Millbrook, Hants county, N. S., and Harriet H. Houghton of Windsor Road, Lunenburg county, N. S.

OLMSTEAD-MCCREADY.—At the bride's home, Jacksonville, on Dec. 25th, by Rev. Jos. A. Cabill, Herbert L. Olmstead, of Wicklow to Miss Mary M. McCreedy.

YOUNG-HURLBUT.—At Middleton, Annapolis county, N. S., Dec. 25th, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Herman S. Young of Young's Cove to Emeline S. Hurlbut of Meadowvale.

STEWART-DAVERSON.—At the Baptist parsonage, 60 Main St., Fells, Mass., by Rev. L. A. Cooney, Robert M. Stewart of Montreal, Canada and Luthera Daverson of DeBeret, Colchester county, N. S.

LANDELLS-PORTER.—At the parsonage, River Hebert, Dec. 25th, by Pastor J. M. Parker, William A. Landells and Janie Clare Porter, all of River Hebert.

PICKLE-WIGGINS.—At the Baptist parsonage, Hampton, N. B., Dec. 18th, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Joseph N. Pickle to Mary C. Wiggins, all of Norton.

WILSON-MCLEAN.—At the Baptist church, Hampton, N. B., Dec. 23rd, by Rev. H. S. Shaw, Edson M. Wilson, D. D. S. of St. John to Lela M. McLean of Hampton.

HOSEA-TINGLEY.—At the residence of the bride's parents, December 25th, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, Harry W. Hosea of Montvale, Mass., U. S. A., and Sarah A., second daughter of John M. Tingley of Hopewell Hill, Albert Co., N. B.

GOGGIN-DOWNIE.—At the First Baptist church, Harvey, Albert county, N. B., Dec. 25th, by Rev. M. E. Fletcher, James H. Goggin of Millstream, Kings county to Clara J. Downie, daughter of Duncan Ezra Downie of Harvey, Albert county.

TINGLEY-OULTON.—At the residence of Mr. Albert E. Oulton, Point De Bute, on Dec. 25th, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, assisted by Rev. Thomas Marshall, R. Frank Tingley of Upper Dorchester to Lily T. Oulton of Point De Bute.

SISSON-MARSTEN.—At the Baptist church, Sisson Ridge, Victoria County, on December 25, by Rev. C. Sterling, Richard A. Sisson to Minnie Pearl Marsten. Both of Sisson Ridge.

FOOT-OGILVIE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Burlington, Cornwallis, N. S., December 24, by the Rev. J. L. Read, Hartly Foot, of Lakeville, Cornwallis, to Valeriah Ogilvie, of Burlington.

CROSBY-GOUDRY.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on December 18, by Rev. W. I. Rutledge, Harry Eugene Crosby, of Dorchester, Mass., to Mary Abbie, only daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Stephen Gondey, of Port Maitland, Yarmouth County, N. S.

COES-GILCHRIST.—At Cambridge, on November 27, by the Rev. A. B. Macdonald, Butler Coes, Esq., to Sarah Gilchrist. All of Cambridge, Queens Co.

SCHOFIELD-STEELE.—At the parsonage, Upper Canard, December 24, by Rev. D. E. Hatt, Bernice Bradford Schofield, of Sheffield Mills, to George Ensley Steele, of Woodside, Kings Co., N. S.

EVERETT-ELLIS.—At the home of the bride, December 23, by the Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Hanley Everett to Louisa A., second daughter of Mr. Anthony Ellis. All of Victoria Beach, Anns Co., N. S.

COOK-BROOKS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Pleasant Lake, N. S., December 25, by Pastor A. C. Shaw, Caleb W. Cook, of Central Chebogue, to Naomi J. Brooks, of Pleasant Lake, N. S.

DEATHS.

ARBAN.—At Blissfield, Nov. 11, Allen Arban, in the sixteenth year of his age.

ACORN.—At Amherst, Dec. 24, after a lingering illness, Isaac Acorn, a native of P. E. Island, in his 66th year.

HORSEMAN.—At Hillsboro, Albert Co., N. B., Dec. 12th, Sarah Horseman, aged 83 years. She died in the faith.

HERPELL.—At Wallace Bridge, Oct. 13th, after a lingering illness patiently borne, Isaac Herpell, aged 73 years. Though Mr. Herpell never united with the people of God—yet there was some light at evening time. As he remarked to the writer a few days previous to his departure: "I have rest of soul to a certain extent." "They rest from their labours."

MOTT.—At Cambridge, on the 1st November, Amos Mott, aged 92 years. He and his wife were baptized on Christmas Day, 1843, by the Rev. J. A. Smith. They brought up a large and very respectable family. They were good living people. Religion was their theme at home and abroad. She preceded him by a few years to the heavenly home. Having enjoyed through life the high esteem of his friends and acquaintances; he departed to be with Christ.

DOWNES.—At Wallace Harbor, Dec. 7th, after a brief but severe illness, Sister Lydia A. Downes, widow of the late Samuel Downes, aged 50 years. Sister Downes united with the Wallace Baptist church when quite young. As she drew ever to the end of her journey her faith was strong and clear. She stated:—"I have nothing to fear, Jesus is with me." Our sister leaves one son, a step-daughter, one sister and a host of friends to mourn. "Absent from the body present with the Lord."

HOLLIS.—At Middleboro, Cumb. Co., N. S., December 5, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Kent Howard, Sister Amelia Hollis, relict of the late Timothy Hollis, aged 88 years. Sister Hollis in early life was "born again" and united with the Baptist church at Linden, of which she remained a faithful member. She leaves five sons and three daughters to mourn for an affectionate and faithful mother. "With Christ which is far better."

ESTABROOKS.—At Chipman, N. B., on 20th inst, Ann, relict of the late Joseph Estabrooks, aged 98 years, 3 months. Deceased professed religion when a little girl ten years of age and was baptized by her uncle, Elijah Estabrooks, then pastor of the Canning church. She had been over 89 years a member of the Baptist church, and her consistent and humble life gave evidence of her Christian hope and her complete acceptance of Christ. Two daughters, two sisters, and a large number of grandchildren and great-grandchildren survive her.

ROBINSON.—At Wolfville, N. S., Nov. 27th, in the 89th year of his age, Bro. T. A. Robinson, father of the Rev. W. H. Robinson, passed to the other side. The dear wife of our brother preceded him to glory a little less than two months; so they were not long separated the one from the other. After the death of his wife, Brother Robinson went to Wolfville to make his home with his daughter, Mrs. Saunders, where he died. While loving hands did all they could, the aged father was restless and lonely. God saw his un-

*Manchester, Robertson & Allison,
St. John, N. B.*

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WERNICKE
ELASTIC
BOOK-CASE**

The kind that grows with your library. It's made up of units, or sections. Ten or a dozen books, one unit—more books, more units, and get them as wanted. Call, or write for booklet.



An Ideal Book-Case for the Home.

rest and called him home. Pastor Hatch ministered to the aged saint and conducted a service at the home in Wolfville. The remains were sent to Hantsport, and placed by the side of his partner in life. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

COBURN.—At Fredericton, N. B., Dec. 7, George Gerald Coburn, youngest son of the late Dr. Coburn, in the 22nd year of his age. Two weeks previously he was stricken with pneumonia, from which he never recovered. Though called home at an age when most men of his years have not yet entered upon their life's work, he was recognized on all sides as a coming business man. Everywhere he was regarded as a young man of sterling character, unbounded energy coupled with a kindly heart which endeared him to all who knew him. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor of the Fredericton Baptist church, assisted by Rev. George Howard. The widowed mother and family have the sincerest sympathy of the community.

RENNIE.—It is with profound sorrow that we chronicle the death of Mrs. Rennie, beloved wife of W. H. Rennie, of the firm Cummings & Rennie, of Truro, N. S. Never before has the town of Truro been stirred by a sorrow more genuine or general than that caused by Mrs. Rennie's death. With bated breath the sad tidings were whispered in the streets, and the very strongest gave vent to their sorrow in tears. The deceased had not been enjoying her wonted health since an attack of measles a few months ago. But there was no apprehension of danger until within a few hours of death, which occurred at about ten p. m., Thursday, the 19th of December. The immediate cause of death was acute kidney trouble followed by convulsions. Mrs. Rennie was the daughter of the late William Fulton of Truro. Her mother still resides among us; also a sister, Mrs. F. B. Schurman and four brothers, Blair, Edgar, Hiram and Silas, all of whom are well nigh prostrated with grief. In the immediate family, besides a bereaved husband, there are left two children, Frank, aged 8 years and Isabel, aged 5, to endure a sorrow that time can never heal. With Mrs. Rennie's death there is removed from our midst one of the most popular and lovable of manner, one whose brightness of spirit and sweet-

ness of disposition, insured for her the lasting friendship of all who knew her. But it was as a Christian worker that she was best known. For a number of years Mrs. Rennie was a consistent and devoted member of Immanuel Baptist church. To her church membership meant privileges of which she was always ready to avail herself and responsibilities which she was ever ready to assume. As a member of the choir, teacher in the Sunday School and secretary of the Missionary Aid Society she was untiring in her efforts to accomplish the work which discipleship involved. With her removal Immanuel church has sustained a loss which will be very keenly felt. The high esteem in which the deceased was held was amply evidenced by the many expressions of sympathy which came from every quarter. A special train brought to Truro a large number of the New Glasgow friends among whom Mr. and Mrs. Rennie had formerly lived. At 2 o'clock on Sunday afternoon a most impressive funeral service was conducted at Immanuel church, by the pastor, Rev. M. A. MacLean, assisted by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, a former pastor of Mrs. Rennie, also by Revs. P. M. MacDonald and R. G. Stratbie of Truro. Nearly a thousand sympathetic friends were present at this service; while the procession to the cemetery was one of the largest ever seen in this community. May God comfort the mourners.

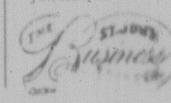
BUSINESS MEN

Are just as anxious to discover and employ well trained and talented help as young people are to secure good positions. In fact we cannot begin to supply the demand upon us for such help, especially for young men who can write Shorthand.

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Our Twelve Exercises in Practical Penmanship; also for our Catalogues, containing Terms and Courses of Study.

OUR NEW TERM begins Thursday, JANUARY 2.



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Baird & Peters **VIM TEA**
stand behind every package of
THAT'S YOUR GUARANTEE.
25, 30, 35, 40 and 50c. Lead Packets.

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The Greatest Watch Works in the World.

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ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO. Elgin, Ill.

KIDNEY DISEASE FOR TEN YEARS.

A Glen Miller Man's Terrible Trial.

He Found a Cure at Last in Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mr. P. M. Burk, who is a well-known resident of Glen Miller, Hastings Co., Ont., was afflicted with kidney trouble for ten years.

So pleased is he at having found in Doan's Kidney Pills a cure for his ailments, which he had begun to think were incurable, that he wrote the following statement of his case so that others similarly afflicted may profit by his experience: "I have been afflicted with kidney trouble for about ten years and have tried several remedies but never received any real benefit until I started taking Doan's Kidney Pills. My back used to constantly ache and my urine was high colored and milky looking at times. Since I have finished the third box of Doan's Kidney Pills I am happy to state that I am not bothered with backache at all and my urine is clear as crystal. I feel confident that these pills are the best kidney specific in the country."

CHURCH BELLS
Chimes and Pools.
Best Superior Copper and Tin. Get our price.
J. H. AME BELL FOUNDRY
Timore.

Notice of Sale.

To the Heirs and Representatives of Montague McDonald, late of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, Barrister at Law, deceased and all other persons whom it may or doth concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of May, A. D. 1879, and made between Jane Fairweather of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province, widow, of the first part, and Jane Puddington of said City and Province, widow, of the second part, and duly registered in the Records of the City and County of Saint John, in Book S., No. 7, of records, pages 332, 333, 334 and 335, as if mortgage having been duly assigned by the said Jane Puddington to Clara L. McDonald, of said City of Saint John, widow, by Indenture of assignment dated the tenth day of September, A. D. 1900, and the equity of redemption in said lands and premises having been sold and conveyed to said Montague McDonald, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the principal interest and other moneys secured by said mortgage be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION on SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF FEBRUARY next, at the hour of Twelve of the clock Noon, at CHUBB'S CORNER, in the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, the lands and premises described in said Indenture of mortgage as follows, to-wit: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in Kings Ward, in the City of Saint John, aforesaid, and described as follows, beginning on the South side of Carleton street at the Northwest corner of a lot owned by R. S. Deveber, thence Westwardly along Carleton street a distance of forty feet thence at right angles Southwardly a distance of eighty feet, thence Eastwardly parallel to Carleton street a distance of forty feet or so the Western side line of R. S. Deveber's property, thence Northwardly along the said line a distance of eighty feet to the place of beginning, together with all and singular the buildings and erections and improvements on the said land and premises standing and being, and all rights, members, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any way appertaining."

Dated this 25th day of October, A. D. 1901.
CLARA L. McDONALD, Assignee of Mortgagee
AMON A. WILSON, Auctioneer.

INDIGESTION CONQUERED BY K.D.C.
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONES WHOLE SYSTEM.

News Summary

The Queen is recovering from her recent indisposition.

The Canadian paper-makers have made an advance in prices.

It is reported that Emperor William will visit England next month.

Twenty batteries of artillery are to be withdrawn from South Africa.

It is reported that the Chinese Court will engage an American adviser at \$15,000 a year.

Mr. William Waldorf Astor has given £10,000 to promote rifle clubs in the United Kingdom.

Grover Cleveland has been confined to his room for five weeks, but shows some signs of improvement.

The city council of Montreal has passed the by-law practically making vaccination compulsory under a penalty of \$40.

Notwithstanding the war the DeBeers Mining Company produced £4,500,000 last year, and the gross profits were £2,700,000.

The post office authorities at Montreal, report that all records have been broken in the mail line this year, both local and foreign.

It is announced authoritatively that Leslie M. Shaw, Governor of Iowa, will be appointed Secretary of the Treasury, to succeed Lyman J. Gage.

Jasper Talley and John O'Donnell, Irish members of Parliament, have been sent to jail, with other members of the League, for inciting tenants not to pay rent.

Andrew Carnegie has promised Cornwall, Ont., \$7,000 for a library building. The town agrees to furnish the site and pay \$700 per year for maintenance.

While caring for his horse in his stable at Kittery, Maine, Wednesday, Judge Samuel B. Neal was kicked in the head and afterward stamped to death by the animal.

The Boston morning express on the Canadian Pacific Railway struck and instantly killed Wm. Wilson, thirty years old, who was walking on the track near Richford, Vt., on Wednesday.

Peter A. Hallenbeck, a farmer, was shot to death at his home near Greenport, N. Y. Eleven shots were fired and all took effect. It is supposed Hallenbeck was shot by robbers.

Newell C. Rathburn, tried on the charge of murdering Charles Goodman by giving him poison was found guilty of manslaughter at Jeffersonville, Ind., Monday, and his punishment was fixed at two to fourteen years in the penitentiary.

In the new field hospital corps Surgeon Lieut. Colonel Worthington, of Sherbrooke, is in command; Surgeon Major Carleton Jones, of Halifax, is second in command, with the rank of major, and Captain R. J. Johnston, of Charlottetown, is named captain.

H. Rowatt, of the department of the interior, has been appointed Dominion land recorder for the unorganized districts of Canada, and W. T. R. Preston, inspector of agencies in Great Britain, to be at the head of the emigration department under the general supervision of the high commissioner.

An explosion in a fuse box set fire to a train on the electric overhead railway at Dingle station, near Liverpool, Sunday. Several of the railway employes were burned and two were killed. The burning train entered a tunnel stored with stacks and creosoted railroad sleepers. These were also set on fire and the tunnel became a blazing furnace.

After a week's trial at Chartres, which has attracted the attention of the whole of France, Briere, the farmer who, April 21, murdered four of his daughters, aged 14, 11, 5 and 4, and his son, 7 years of age, stabbing and beating them to death while they were in bed, was found guilty and was condemned to be decapitated by the guillotine. Briere persisted in declaring himself innocent.

Patrick Deery, aged 23 years, died at the General Hospital, Montreal on Monday. He was taken to the hospital on Wednesday in a cab in a semi-conscious condition. During lucid interval he stated he had met a man in an up-town hotel, who had offered to cure him of the liquor habit for \$50. Deery took a dose of the medicine offered him and became dazed. Death was apparently due to the effects of this drug. Detectives are making searching enquiries into the matter.

Two universities for women will be opened next year, one at Tokio, Japan, and the other at Moscow. The Russian university for women has been endowed by a wealthy merchant, M. Astraknoff, with 5,000,000 roubles. It will contain the present only three academic faculties, medical, mathematical and physical scientific. The Russian minister of education, whose sympathy has been gained, cannot see his way yet to the concession of a legal faculty.

THE UP-TO-DATE WOMAN.

Here lies a poor woman who always was busy; She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy. She belonged to ten clubs, and read Browning at sight; Showed at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might. She served on a school board with courage and zeal; She golfed, and she kodaked, and rode on a wheel; She read Tolstoi and Ibsen, knew microbes by name; Approved of Delsarte, was a "Daughter" and "Dame;" Her children went in for the top education, Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration. One day on her tablets she found an hour free— The shock was too great, and she died instantaneously!

—Philadelphia Record.

In The Staats-Zeitung there is an interesting account, taken from The Tageblatt, of Lucerne, telling about an amusing tariff decision at a Swiss custom house: "A missionary, returning from South America, where he had made some scientific explorations, brought with him a box of skulls, found in ancient Patagonian graves. The custom house inspectors classified these as 'bones of animals,' and demanded payment of duty at the rate of ten rappen (two cents) a pound. The missionary protested, saying that the bones were not animals bones and dilated on their scientific importance. The inspectors then held a consultation, and the box was finally passed free and entered in the records as 'Native skulls, personal effects, already worn.'"—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

Rev. Justus Forward, settled in Belchertown one hundred years ago, once reproved a workman for swearing over the ploughing of a new field. "Swear," said Ben, "I guess you'd swear." Indignantly denying the charge, Mr. Forward took the plough, and hurried after, panting, "I never did see the like. I never did see the like," till he had seen the round. "There," he said, "you see, I didn't find it necessary to swear." "No," drawled Ben, "but you've told more'n fifty lies. You said you never did see the like, and you saw it all the time I was ploughing."

Rev. Munroe Gibson, London, Eng., a famous preacher, formerly pastor of the Second Presbyterian church, of Chicago, and known in Canada, was hit in the eye by a ball while playing golf, and it is feared he will lose his sight.

Dr. Samuel Smiles, author of the "Self-Help" series, and well known to American readers, celebrated his 90th birthday on Tuesday. His last published book, "A Publisher and His Friends," netted him \$10,000, which he gave as a Christmas gift to his four surviving sons and daughter.

The royal commissioner on tuberculosis has accepted two farms in Essex offered by Sir James Blyth for experimental purposes. Experiments that will last two or three years will be made of all kinds of bovine and other kinds of tuberculosis.

A race riot broke out in Harlem, New York, Christmas day. It became almost a battle between negroes and whites in the open street, the negroes being armed with revolvers and other weapons and the whites with stones. There were about a hundred fighters on each side. Fourteen negroes were arrested. Four whites, including a policeman, were badly shot or cut.

In Boston the other day Dr. Walter Channing in a public lecture on anarchy, suggested the appointment of a commission to investigate idleness. He would have this commission set up a standard of psycho-physical soundness, and all people found below it placed under control.

"Is your daughter learning to play by note?" "Certainly not," answered Mrs. Curox, a little indignantly, "we pay cash for every lesson. The idea." Washington Star.

Major Quiz (ex Confederate)—"Say, Pat, were you at Bull Run?" Paddy—"O' was, sur." Major Quiz—"And did you run?" Paddy—"Faith, O' did, sur; and all that didn't run are there yet."—Harlem Life.

Mrs. Housekeep—"Bridget, what do you mean by all that disturbance down in the kitchen?" Bridget—"Shure, it ain't me, ma'am. It's Miss E. hel." Mrs. Housekeep—"O' has she got back from cooking school?" Bridget—"Yes, ma'am, and she's gettin' ready to thry an' bile an' egg, ma'am."—Philadelphia Press.



Radway's Ready Relief cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with

Aches and Pains

For Headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Radway's Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and it continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A Cure for All

Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Influenza, Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Swelling of the Joints, Lumbago, Inflammations, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Piles, Chills, Headaches, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing. Cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not an hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain.

Radway's Ready Relief is a sure cure for every Pain, Sprain, Bruise, Pains in the Back, Chest and Lungs.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, or any other glands or organs, by one application.

A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious and other Fevers, as Radway's Ready Relief, so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.

25 cents per bottle. Sold by druggists.

Radway's Pills

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Dizziness, Vertigo, Costiveness, Piles.

SICK HEADACHE, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, DYSPESIA, CONSTIPATION.

—AND—

All Disorders of the LIVER.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs: Constipation, inward piles, fullness of blood in the head, acidity of the stomach, nausea, heartburn, disgust of food, fullness or weight of the stomach, sour eructations, a sinking or fluttering of the heart, choking or suffocating sensations when in a lying posture, dimness of vision, dots or webs before the sight, fever and dull pain in the head, deficiency of perspiration, yellowness of the skin and eyes, pain in the side, chest, limbs, and sudden flushes of heat, burning the feet.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders. Price 25c a Box. Sold by all Druggists or Sent by Mail.

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This and That

TAKE TIME TO SERVE GOD.

It is said of a certain railway engineer that his duties call him at a very early hour—three o'clock in the morning. He is a Christian, and, knowing full well that soul-life must utterly perish without reading and study of the Bible and prayerful devotion, he rises at two o'clock in the morning. More than that—led of the Holy Spirit, without effort or affectation, he finds many an opportunity for pointing the wayward back to the cross, and sometimes of exhorting cold-hearted Christians upward to sunlit heights of holy living and heavenly happiness. He is a happy man. You may be so, too. Religion is not a cunningly devised fable. Our Redeemer is mighty to save, strong to deliver, limitless in love, longing to make you happy. Believe him now. Do like that early-rising engineer—take time to be religious. Read and study your Bible every day. Talk to God every hour in the day. Believe what he says. Do what he tells you to do. Get the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Join the forward movement for a million converts for Christ. Put at least ten names upon your prayer list. Lay them on the altar for God. Do not give up until they are converted.—F. W. Robertson.

BURNING BOOKS.

"How can you afford all these books?" I asked a young man calling upon a friend; "I can't even seem to find spare change for even the leading magazines."

"Oh, that library is only my 'one cigar a day,'" was the reply.

"What do you mean?" inquired the visitor.

"Mean? Just this: When you advised me to indulge in an occasional cigar, several years ago, I had been reading about a young fellow who bought books with money which others would have burned in cigars, and I thought I would try to do the same. You may remember that I said I should allow myself one cigar a day?"

"Yes, I recall the conversation, but don't quite see the connection."

"Well, I never smoked, but I put by the price of a five-cent cigar every day; and, as the money accumulated, I bought books—the very books you see."

"You don't mean to say that your books cost no more than that! Why, there is dollars' worth of them."

"Yes, I know there is. I had six years more of my apprenticeship to serve when you advised me 'to be a man.' I put by the money, which, at five cents a day, amounted to \$18.25 a year, or \$109.50 in six years. I keep those books by themselves as a result of my apprenticeship cigar money; and, if you'd done as I did, you would by this time have saved many more dollars than I have, and would have been better off in health and self-respect besides."—Facts.

WHY ART THOU SO FAR FROM HELPING ME?

Psalm xxii. 1.

A hundred times have I sent up aspirations to which the only answer has seemed to be the echo of my own voice, and I have cried out in the night of my despair, "Why art thou so far from helping me?" But I never thought that the seeming fairness was itself the nearness of God—that the very silence was an answer. It was a grand answer to the household of Bethany. They had asked not too much, but too little. They had asked only the life of Lazarus and a revelation of eternal life as well. There are some prayers which are followed by a divine silence because we are not yet ripe for all we have asked; there are others which are so followed because we are ripe for more. We do not always know the full strength of our own capacity; we have to be prepared for receiving greater blessings than we have ever dreamed of. We come to the door of the sepulchre and beg with tears the dead body of Jesus; we are answered by silence because we are to get something better—a living Lord.—George Matheson.

THE IRISHMAN'S WOODPILE

Were it not for the peat fields of Ireland the farmers and working classes would find it a difficult task to obtain fuel, as the working-man's small wages barely enable him to provide food for his family.

The actual yearly cost of fuel for an en-

tire household varies from five to twenty shillings. This, of course, does not include the cost of handling, but as the greater part of the work is done by women and children, the time spent in preparing the turf is not regarded as of much value.

In digging peat, the crust of the earth is first removed from a strip about three feet wide, after which the peat is taken out in chunks ten inches long and six inches thick. The spade used for this purpose is shaped somewhat like the letter L. The peat is spread out to dry, care being taken to put it on the most elevated places, where it remains until somewhat hardened by the sun and air. It is then built into little ricks, the pieces of sod standing on end, and so arranged that the air passes freely between them. In rainy seasons it is necessary to rebuild the little clamp many times in order to get the turf sufficiently dry to use.

The most laborious part of the work is getting the peat-out of the bog so that it can be reached by waggons and carted home, and as it is to be found only in the mountainous districts, in many cases it must be hauled several miles. The bogs are impassable for waggons, so the turf is put into a basket, which the natives call a creel, and is carried out to the roadside. When conditions permit, donkeys are employed, in which case two creels are used, one being hung on each side from another device, called a straddle, which is strapped to the donkey's back.

When the turf reaches its destination it is built into large stacks, wide at the base and gradually tapering to a point at the top, the outer sod overlapping, and somewhat resembling a shingled mansard roof. No farmhouse looks up-to-date without a large stack of turf in the back yard.—N. M. Haggerty.

NECESSITY OF PRACTICE.

Great pianists carry the dumb piano with them, which is simply a mechanical key-board for the exercising of the fingers. Rubinstein uses it, and on a recent occasion he said, "If I neglect to practice for a single day I notice it; and if for two days my friends notice it; and if for three days the people notice it." Some Christians leave off practicing their religion. First they notice it themselves; then their friends; then the world. Every Christian has his dumb piano on which to practice. True, it gives no sound that the world can hear, but it nevertheless accomplishes much; it is the instrument of silent prayer. M'Cheyne once expressed the belief that no one who prayed daily to God ever became a lost soul. It is well to recall this at times whenever the habit of silent prayer is neglected. Use the dumb piano.—Christian at work.

This issue of the Canadian Almanac, which forms the fifty-fifth of the series, is unusually valuable, and is indispensable to every office and library in the Dominion. Many of the lists given are not found elsewhere, and in no other volume can so much information be found in so small a space. The Canadian Almanac contains a full account of the Census of Canada so far as issued; giving the figures of the Population of all the Districts in the various Provinces of the Dominion, and also the principal Cities as compared with 1891. The Census of Great Britain is also published, giving the Population of the Counties of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and also the principal Cities and Towns. The other departments of The Canadian Almanac are revised and brought up to date. The Historical Diary has been continued and enlarged, and a vast amount of interesting and instructive information of various kinds will be found within the covers. The Almanac contains 416 pages, and the price in paper covers is 25 cents. Published by The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto.

God has promised that the reign of sorrow shall end. "God shall wipe away tears from off all faces." We may not stop our own weeping, but God can soothe us. Shall we not ask him to put an end to our woe; to cleanse away our sin and selfishness, to fill us with his own joy, and to make us spiritually good? God can accomplish this transformation. We have only to resign ourselves actively and trustfully to him to gain the sweet solace of the indwelling Comforter.—J. H. Petts, D. D.

Going Into Consumption

Thousands of Persons Are Hastening Towards Their Graves as a Result of This Dread Disease.

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Full, Free Course of Treatment to our Readers



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Demonstrating to Medical Men, Scientists, Statesmen and Students the Value of the New Slocum system of Treatment for the Permanent Cure of Consumption and all Pulmonary and Wasting Diseases.

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- Do you spit up phlegm?
- Does your head ache?
- Is your appetite bad?
- Are your lungs delicate?
- Are you losing flesh?
- Are you pale and thin?
- Do you lack stamina?

These symptoms are proof that you have in your body the seeds of the most dangerous malady that has ever devastated the earth—consumption.

Consumption, the bane of those who have been brought up in the old-fashioned beliefs that this disease was hereditary, that it was fatal, that none could recover who were once firmly clasped in its relentless grip.

But now known to be curable, made so by the discoveries of that man whose name has been given to this new system of treatment.

Now known to be preventable and curable by following and practicing his teachings.

The new system of treatment will cure you of consumption and all diseases which can be traced back to weak lungs as a foundation.

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may the NEW YEAR be to PATRONS and NON-PATRONS of

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IN 1902.

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News Summary.

The directors of the Dominion Bridge Company have decided to increase their capital to \$1,000,000.

It is reported that the L. C. R. workshops at Levis, Que., are to be transferred next spring to Chaudiere Curve.

The C. P. R. land sales for the past year were unprecedented, 840,000 acres being sold for \$2,750,000.

The total number of subscriptions for the Harper (Ottawa) memorial fund to date is \$2,455.

Rev. Colin Sinclair, his wife and son, of St. Thomas, Ont., are dangerously ill from poisoning, caused by eating canned British Columbia Salmon.

The Ontario Beet Root Sugar Company has decided to locate at Berlin. There has been a big fight among several Ontario towns for the location of the industry.

Frank Rely, a respected resident at Monaghan Road, near Charlottetown, was killed by being thrown from a horse. The animal stumbled crossing a ditch.

Application will be made next session or an act to incorporate a company to construct a pulp mill and other mills and manufactories on the St. Croix river at or near Sprague's Falls.

The manhood suffrage registration boards to prepare lists for the bye-elections in Ontario have all been appointed. The work of registration will commence in Toronto on Saturday for West New York.

Notice has been published of application to parliament next session for the Canada Central Railway Company, to run a line from French River, on Lake Huron, to Vancouver, with branch lines in British Columbia.

As the result of conferences between Rev. Mr. Broekhuizen and the Boer leaders at Amsterdam, it has been decided to send C. M. Wessels to the United States in January, bearing a letter from Mr. Kruger to President Roosevelt.

In a general fight between white men and negroes at Childersburg, Ala., a white man and his son were killed, and a white boy and negro wounded. With great difficulty a general outbreak was prevented.

The report from Buffalo that the Canadian government intends asking for the opening of negotiations to bring about a meeting of the joint high commission is not correct. There is no foundation for it.

Furious gales swept the coast of Newfoundland Thursday, and wrought much destruction among the shipping and fishing properties at Bay of Islands. At Placentia, on the west coast, the fishing boats suffered great damage, and the wharves and water front buildings were destroyed.

The transport Victorian sailed from Cape Town, December 24, with Lieut. Colonel Gordon, G. O. C., of Montreal, on board; Capt. Mason, of Toronto, who has been serving with the Victorian Mounted Infantry, and Civil Surgeon Farrell, with four men, were also on the Victorian.

The Minister of Militia has authorized as a special case; issue of rations of food, fuel and light to families of N. C. O. and men on the married establishment of the different units of the permanent force selected for service with the Second Regiment of Canadian Mounted Rifles in South Africa.

A substantial agreement on the subject of arbitration has been practically reached by the several delegations to the Pan-American congress being held at New Mexico. The basis of agreement is simply The Hague convention. All the nations represented at the conference in Mexico will become parties to The Hague convention. In addition the nations to the conference other than the United States, Chili, Columbia, Ecuador, Nicaragua, and perhaps one or two others, will sign among themselves a scheme of compulsory arbitration, but still accepting The Hague procedure.

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But be as specific as to color and price as you possibly can. We will gladly attend to any request in this line, and send you the best assortment at the lowest prices that you can find in the dominion.

For Separate Skirts and Tailor-made Suits the heavier materials are in favor. In these we are showing an enormous assortment. Prices running from 89c for the all wool friezes up to \$4.50 per yard. Lighter weight materials run in price from 25c up to \$3.50 per yard.



LADIES' UNDERVESTS.—The best value that can be procured. An excellent close woven, soft finish, fleece lined Ladies' Undervest in four sizes, 28 to 34, at 50c. per garment. Drawers to match, 50c. per pair.

LADIES' KNIT UNDERVESTS with fleece finish on inside, 25c. each. Other prices run from 17c. up to \$2.20.

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A FEW FEATURES FOR 1902

New Romantic Love Story by BOOTH TARKINGTON; author of "The Gentleman from Indiana," and "Monsieur Beaucaire," a tale of love thwarted but triumphant, of gallant men and beautiful women. It deals with life in Indiana at the time of the Mexican War.

True Story of the Standard Oil. By IDA M. TARBELL, author of "Life of Napoleon," "Life of Lincoln," etc. A dramatic, human story of the first and still the greatest. All trusts—not an economic treatise, but an exciting history.

Greatest of the Old Masters. By JOHN LA FARGE. Interesting and helpful papers on Michelangelo, Raphael, Rembrandt, etc., their finest pictures reproduced in tints.

Mr. Dooley on His Travels. His views upon the typical New Yorker, Philadelphian, Bostonian, and inhabitant of Chicago and Washington.

William Allen White on Tillman, Platt, Cleveland and others.

Clara Morris' Stage Recollections. Stories of Salvini, Bernhardt, Mrs. Siddons and others.

A Battle of Millionaires. By the author of "Wall Street Stories."

The Forest Runner. Serial Tale of the Michigan Woods.

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Illustrated prospectus, describing in full many other features, sent free to any address S. S. McCLURE CO., 141-155 East 25th Street, New York, N. Y.

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For Prohibition.

To the Executive Officers of all Church and Temperance Organizations in the Province of Nova Scotia, Greeting:—

At a meeting of the Grand Division, S. of T. Committee on Legislation, held in Halifax on the 17th December, it was unanimously resolved to invite a Conference of duly accredited Representatives of the various Church and Temperance Organizations of the Province, with a view to co-operating in an appeal to the Government for the introduction at the next session of the Provincial Legislature of a Prohibitory Bill for Nova Scotia. The Executives of the different Church and Temperance Organizations, Provincial, County or Local, of all Associations favorable to such action, are requested to take the necessary steps to notify their organizations, and secure the appointment of duly accredited Representatives. The meeting will be held at Truro, on Wednesday, January 15th, at 2.30 p. m. Please send credentials of delegates to W. S. SANDERS, Honorary Secretary of Committee.

Not Medicine but nourishment is what many ailing people need. The system is run down from overwork, or worry, or excessive study, or as a result of wasting disease.

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is what is needed to repair waste, to give tone to the nerves, quicken the weary brain, and replace lassitude and weakness with health and vigor. The increase in weight, the firm step, the bright eye and blooming cheek proclaim a cure.

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