

# Messenger and Visitor

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## Is Alcohol a Poison?

Sir Frederick Treves, physician to King Edward having recently said that alcohol is a poison, a writer in the *Montreal Gazette* has undertaken to prove the learned doctor mistaken, contending that alcohol is not a poison, because it is composed of three harmless elements—carbon, hydrogen and oxygen united according to the laws of chemical combination. To this the *Montreal Witness* responds that "This reasoning would at once place prussic acid among the non-poisons. It is composed of the three harmless elements, carbon, hydrogen and nitrogen united according to the laws of chemical combination. It is, moreover, not only made in the laboratory of the chemist, but also in the laboratory of nature occurring as it does in the seeds of the bitter almond and other fruits. Again, the same reasoning would still more emphatically place methyl alcohol among the non-poisons, as it consists of the same elements as common or ethyl alcohol, but united in different proportions by strict and very beautiful laws of chemical combination. The very poisonous character of methyl or wood alcohol, however, has very recently been prominently brought to the attention of the public. As a matter of fact, methyl or wood alcohol and ethyl or common alcohol are simply the first and second respectively of a whole series of alcohols known to organic chemistry, every one of which is composed of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and all of which possess more or less poisonous properties. Professor Reimsen's 'Organic Chemistry' is perhaps the most widely used text book on the subject in the universities of this continent. Speaking of the ordinary alcohol he says: 'Its effects upon the human system are well known. It intoxicates when taken in dilute form, while in large doses it is poisonous. It lowers the temperature of the body from 0.5° to 2° (half a degree to two degrees) when taken internally, although the sensation of warmth is experienced.' The degrees of temperature here spoken of are in the centigrade measurement, in which each degree is equal to one and four-fifths degrees of Fahrenheit. Alcohol is a poison. It has its place and use in medicine just as prussic acid has its place and use in medicine, that is, under the control which a scientific knowledge of its properties implies. The 'Gazette' correspondent says that it is a gift of God. It is. So is prussic acid. Both are of supreme interest, for instance to the chemist, when they are placed in breakers and respond by their behavior to the exacting questions of the experimenter. And the chemist's admiration for the wonderful process by which nature elaborates prussic acid in seeds, fruits and even barks is not lessened by the fact that man's first step in the manufacture of the same article is to make prussiate of potash by means of fusing together iron filings and carbonate of potash with claws, horns, hoofs, hair, old boots and any animal refuse that will afford nitrogen—the acid being afterwards liberated from the prussiate by the stronger acid known as sulphuric. But prussic acid is a poison, and is treated as such. The science of chemistry cannot be brought to the aid of the thesis that alcohol is not a poison. It is dead against it."

## Crop Prospects in the Northwest.

Wheat in Manitoba and the Northwest has now got a good start and the prospect for the crop of 1905 is reported as being exceptionally good. In the Northwestern States injurious frosts have been experienced, but so far the crop in the Canadian Northwest has escaped injury. There is of course plenty of time between now and September for something to happen to ruin the crop. But our Northwest Canadians are not given to borrowing trouble, and we will all hope that their optimistic expectations may be fully realized. In this connection it may be noted that the movement of population into the Northwest from the neighboring States continues in unabated volume. The *St. Paul Farmer*, a leading agricultural paper of Minnesota, says in a recent issue. "Again this year, as for the last four or five years, hundreds and thousands of farmers from the Middle States are moving into the Canadian west. If anything the movement has opened earlier this spring than usual. During the month of February 920 tickets were sold from points on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway system to western Canada via Minneapolis and St. Paul. The little town of Norton, Kansas, which has only 600 people, sent seventy of them

into Manitoba and the Canadian Territories last month. These farmers, who are buying land that is now worth \$50 to \$100 an acre, are buying it in Canada, not because they are dissatisfied with the opportunities there during the next few years will be as good as, or better, than they were in Oklahoma a few years since. Splendid land may be homesteaded in Western Canada or bought for a few dollars an acre, land that will multiply in value in the next five or ten years."

## Russia and Mongolia.

Suspicion has been aroused in reference to Russia's intentions in the direction of Mongolia. It is reported, on the alleged authority of the Russian Foreign Office, that official Russia has just announced to China that she now considers herself free to take such steps as she may think fit to safeguard her interests which she conceives to be threatened by the uncertain delimitation of the Mongolian frontier. Among such steps she includes the passage of Russian troops through Mongolian territory. This is interpreted in some quarters as the first step toward the annexation of Chinese territory, and therefore as a first step toward the opening up of the whole vast and dangerous problem of the partition of China. The *London Times* which has little confidence in Russia's good faith finds an explanation for this latest move in the anxiety of the Russian staff to thwart the dreaded Japanese flanking movement in the belt of sixty miles between the railway and the frontier. The *Times* believes the Czar and the Russian Foreign Office to be concerned in this Mongolian movement and manifests some alarm as to the consequences. It calls upon London and Washington and even Berlin to intervene immediately if their compact for restricting the area of the war is not to be hopelessly broken. Even allowing that some of the coloring of the *Times* is hectic, says the *London correspondent* of the *New York Evening Post*, this situation has elements of danger which cause official circles to await further news anxiously.

## The Waterways Commission.

Pending the answer of the Washington Government to the Canadian Government's contention that the law establishing the International Waterways Commission provided that all international waterways between the United States and Canada be included in the scope of the commission, no further proceedings will be held. This was decided at a meeting held in Washington May 26 at which all the commissioners were present. Future meetings will be held alternately at Toronto and Buffalo and the Canadian and American sections of the Commission will establish headquarters respectively at these points. It was decided that at all meetings on American soil the Chairman of the American section should preside, and that the Chairman of the Canadian section should preside at meetings held in Canada. In addition to the St. John River question there are also questions about the Milk River, Rainy River and other small streams between the two countries, and it was pointed out by the Canadians that as the country in that section was developed new controversies would be sure to arise which it would be necessary to refer to some commission.

## Norway and Sweden.

The people of Sweden and Norway form one nation, but for a good while past there has been more or less friction between the two countries, the Norwegians have threatened to secede and set up a monarchy of their own if matters were not made more satisfactory to them, and apparently the relations between the two countries do not grow more amicable. King Oscar of Sweden and Norway has been in poor health, and for several months past the functions of monarchy have been discharged by the Crown Prince. The King's health, however, has been in a measure restored and he has resumed the duties of rulership. His action on the question of separate consulships for Sweden and Norway, which both Houses of the Norwegian Parliament have voted in favor of, had been awaited with eagerness. On May 27, the King officially declined to sign the law creating a separate consular system for Norway. This led to a crisis

in the Government, the ministers immediately tendering their resignations which the King refused to accept. A Christiania despatch says: King Oscar's veto of the separate Consular law created a great sensation, as possibly involving a dissolution of the union between Sweden and Norway and perhaps international complications, though best informed Norwegians decline to believe there is any danger of a Russian invasion, contending that if Russia had designs she would not be deterred in pressing them by having to fight both Sweden and Norway, and that therefore, the question of a dissolution of the union will have no effect from an international aspect.

## There is a Limit.

In the midst of much that tends to discourage the hopes of the upright citizen who looks for honesty in political and municipal affairs; there is for him at least this bit of consolation, that those who seek to promote their supposed interests by corrupt means are apt at length, by selfish and reckless disregard of popular rights, to defeat their own ends. By and by the patience of a long-suffering people is worn out, and then comes a nemesis. As an instance of this, the city of Philadelphia has long had the distinction of being one of the most corruptly managed municipalities in the United States. Corrupt officials, grown bold by long experience in dishonest methods, had come apparently to believe that there was no limit to the long-suffering of the citizens. But there has been a rude awakening. The councilors had made a deal with a gas company, which was believed to be corrupt and was strongly condemned by public opinion. An ordinance was passed legalizing the deal, and when the Mayor vetoed the ordinance, the councilors, nothing daunted, declared themselves ready to pass the law over the mayor's veto. But public opinion began to manifest itself in a way which the councilors began to understand could not be disregarded, and as the easiest way out of an unpleasant situation, the gas company came to the relief of its friends and declared that the offer it had made was withdrawn. The result is regarded as a triumph over municipal iniquity, in which good citizens in Philadelphia and all other cities may heartily rejoice.

## Roosevelt Advises Peace.

President Roosevelt had a conference at the White House on Friday with Count Cassini, the Russian Ambassador at Washington. According to a press despatch, Count Cassini said that his conversation with the President was most cordial, that it had to do in a general manner with the whole situation in the Far East and was of course confidential. That the conversation should be confidential is what would naturally be expected, and the reports which the newspapers have given of the interview may be read with that in mind. According to the statements published the President informed the Ambassador that he and his Government desired to see peace restored, and he believed this was the desire of other nations. He also expressed the opinion that Russia has nothing to gain by prolonging hostilities, that hard as might be the conditions which Japan would propose after such a naval victory as that just gained in the Straits of Korea, those conditions would only become harder as a result of continuing hostilities. Count Cassini however, we are told, has not abandoned hope. He was deeply impressed by the sincere and cordial words of the President, and the frank and friendly manner in which he had spoken, but while the Count had no word from his Government, he for himself could not see that there was anything in the present situation, unfortunate as it undoubtedly was for his Government, which made it necessary for Russia to sue for peace. There was hope yet, he held, of a victory for the Russian arms, and at all events if Japan's terms were anything like so severe as they had been represented, he believed that Russia could with advantage continue the war indefinitely. These may be the views of Count Cassini and they may represent the sentiments of the Russian bureaucracy, but Russia's leaders have to recognize the fact that a crisis has been reached where other Russian sentiment besides that of the bureaucracy and its sympathizers have to be taken account of, and humiliating as may be the alternative of war, it is doubtful if the party whose voice is still for war can control the policy of the nation.

Joel Chandler Harris.

(Uncle Remus.)

BY MABEL H. PARSONS.

The city of Atlanta is not noted for her modesty. Frequent skits in southern papers are to the effect that this fair city claims to be always ahead. Wits are never weary ringing the changes on this characteristic. Perhaps so cheerful a point of view accounts for the perpetual holiday happiness of the citizens. Light heartedness seems to be innate and laughter ripples with delicious ease and melody.

Of Joel Chandler Harris, "the matchless writer of the spoken story", Atlanta has a right to be proud. As the creator of "Uncle Remus" he is known in many lands. His wonderful stories of Bier Fox, Bier Rabbit and the Tar Baby have made him a valued friend not only of the little folks, but of many a weary mother and distracted nurse. Southern children especially are familiar with these fascinating folklore tales.

Mr. Harris was born in the little village of Eatonton, Georgia, in 1848. As the son of poor parents his schooling consisted of but a few terms in the village academy. He could read at the age of six and has always been inordinately fond of books. His first love was "The Vicar of Wakefield," which his mother read to him again and again until he could repeat entire pages; his ambition was to write a book like it. When twelve he had to face the world and help support his mother. At this time he saw an advertisement for a boy to learn printing and answered it. He was accepted and began work with Colonel Joseph A. Turner, a wealthy planter, who was starting to prove a pet theory of his which was that a weekly newspaper could be carried on successfully, published miles from a postoffice. The "Countryman" modeled after Addison's "Spectator," was devoted to the discussions of literature, politics and religion. Owing to the rare genius and brilliant scholarship of the editor, this unusual enterprise was an immediate success and the "Countryman" published on a plantation nine miles from a post office, soon reached a circulation of two thousand subscribers. The lad Harris worked away faithfully; though extremely shy and reticent he was very observing and found much to attract him on this vast plantation. Delightful house parties, where mirth and revel reigned; negroes, enjoying their songs, dances and stories after the day in cane and cotton fields; beautiful horses and sagacious dogs; runaway slaves; gay hunting parties returning with fox and coon,—these formed southern country life at that time. Always a lover of nature, the woods called often to him and revealed many secrets of bird, beast and insect.

He had not been in the office very long, when Colonel Turner noticed articles in his paper which were not familiar. He suspected the young apprentice, but being wise said nothing; he invited the boy however to use his library which contained a collection of the best books in the world. The youthful author gained deep and lasting knowledge from these silent friends. Six years of such rich experience formed his real education.

It was from this plantation that he saw Sherman's army march on its victorious way to the sea; tragic scenes left the impression on heart and mind as devastation and want took possession of that magnificent estate. Finally the "Countryman" failed and the young printer went to Macon, Georgia, where he was on the staff of the "Daily Telegraph." Later he was connected with the "Crescent Monthly" of New Orleans, the "Advertiser" of Forsyth, Georgia, and the "Daily News" of Savannah.

In 1875 the scourge of yellow fever along the coast drove him to Atlanta where he became a member of the editorial staff of the far famed "Constitution." Then it was that he gave to the world Brother Wolf, and the Brother Terrapin with their numerous friends and foes. Since that time over twenty volumes of prose and poetry have come from his pen and he is still writing with his usual verve. Mingo and other sketches picture the life of middle Georgia and of the mountains of North Georgia, but in point of merit they are not equal to the dialect stories of the ante bellum negro, so full of quaint humor, homely philosophy and gentle rebuke.

Mr. Harris loves his home, a delightful place on Gordon Avenue and he seldom leaves it. Amid trees and flowers and terraced lawns is his Queen Ann cottage with wide latticed verandahs and gable roof whose ten large rooms are all on one floor. Part of the surrounding five acres is devoted to a rose garden, containing many varieties of the queen of flowers and this is his particular joy. The children have all the pets they wish; ample provision is made for their grey donkeys, rabbits, guinea pigs, dogs, etc. Mr. Harris is also devoted to birds and encourages them to reside on his grounds. Early one morning he noticed two Carolina wrens building a nest in the letter box on the cedar tree at his gate. Half the forenoon was spent looking out for the postman to warn him not to disturb the tiny architects. They were unmolested all summer and tenderly watched until the nestlings flew away and the family separated. Since then, his friends have called the place "the Sign of the Wrens Nest."

Though the soul of genial hospitality himself, this much loved man is strenuously averse to being entertained or

lionized in any way. When in New York a few years ago some friends planned a dinner in his honor of which he was to be told nothing; the scheme was simply to take him to the banquet hall after the arrival of the guests. Late that afternoon he was talking on the street with an admirer who inadvertently let fall a word revealing all. Mr. Harris wished only for the seven leagued boots to transport him to his dear native state. He lost no time, however, wishing for magic means of conveyance but hailing a cab; hurried to the depot, and was soon on a southern bound train without trunk or scripen route for Atlanta. No amount of persuasion can induce him to speak in public, or read selections from his own writings. When asked what he would do if Joel Chandler Harris reading clubs were formed in the city he replied, "Leave Atlanta." This would be a serious sacrifice for he thinks Georgia the finest state in the Union, and Atlanta its choicest spot. He started North a while ago but as he neared the border line of North Carolina he says it came over him that he was leaving all the best things of life behind, so he got off and took the next train back to Atlanta and here is content to live forever.

Last spring an article appeared in the "Atlanta Journal" written from Vermont, denouncing the blue-jay as "wanton wicked and vicious." An editorial in the "Constitution" by Mr. Harris was a vindication of the maligned bird. The following quotation from it gives his opinion of a northern climate.

"It is easy to imagine that a blue jay, suffering from its bleak environment, the victim of climatic conditions that are sufficient to exasperate human beings and give a twist to their moral machinery, is ripe for anything that promises a relief from the desolation of winter and early spring. . . . A climate that will not allow the profitable raising of watermelons is no place for a jay or any other kind of a bird."

Mr. Harris is abnormally bashful and dreads strangers as he does reporters. Only a few choice spirits ever have the rare pleasure of hearing him tell his stories. His imitation of the wauwau dialect and droll manner of the negro is excellent. He is a man of very few words; southern volubility cannot be attributed to him. Like his Tar Baby he keeps on saying nothing. I count myself fortunate as having been one of a northern party at his home to whom he did not deny himself. His reply to my inquiry as to his family was, "I have six children, four grandchildren and a big wife." Mrs. Harris is charming and makes an ideal hostess. In a gown of silver grey, which matched her hair, she reminded me of Lady Laurier. As Miss Essie La Rose the daughter of a Canadian sea captain, Mr. Harris met her in Savannah where they were married in 1873. She is a fine linguist and teaches the children French. Because of her superior executive ability, her husband calls her his business manager. The oldest son Julian is now managing editor of the "Constitution," while the third son Evelyn is city editor.

On the walls of the west parlor of this interesting home, hangs a large life-like picture of Mr. Harris and his own familiar friend James Whitcomb Riley standing side by side. It is said of Mr. Riley that he is "plumb foolish" over Mr. Harris and when these two genial souls are visiting together, they generate enough happiness to make the entire world brighter. In appearance "Uncle Remus", as he is frequently called, is of medium height and inclined to rotundity, and like Santa Claus he shakes when he laughs like a bowl full of jolly. He has chestnut hair, blue eyes and a receding chin; even by his most fascinated admirers he is not called handsome. The humorous and ridiculous appeal to him readily and the numerous tiny wrinkles tell how pronounced has been his enjoyment of life. His has a sunny disposition, dust never alights on his rose colored spectacles. He says he has not been cross in twenty years—where is another?

Aff that he has written is cheerful, hopeful, bright and joyous. The best part of every character in his works is brought out. A "gentle reader" once queried thus regarding the favorite personage of his literary world,—"Truly, Mr. Harris, wouldn't Uncle Remus steal chickens if he got a chance?" The laughing reply was so characteristic, "If I follow the old man all day, you can't expect me to know what he does all night too." Though he has written much about the time of war and civil discord, no bitterness nor cynicism is ever displayed but every thing tends to promote kindly sentiment between the North and South.

In the Carnegie Library of this city is an attractive department for children. In their reading room is a spacious fireplace, the thirteen tiles of which in white and blue depict the adventures of the various animals as they occurred in the stories by Mr. Harris. One scene is of the aged negro Uncle Remus, in his humble cabin and before him sits "Miss Sally's" little golden haired boy, his bright eyes and tense attitude manifesting his interest. The inscription over this uniquely tiled fireplace is from Robert Louis Stevenson,—and reads,

"The world is so full of a number of things,  
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."

And this is the conviction also of the delightful, irresistible humorist—Joel Chandler Harris.  
Atlanta, Georgia, May 1905.

Among the Savaras.

Parlakimedi, Madras Presidency,  
India, April, 26th, 1905.

Dear Friends:—For some years you have been familiar with the title, "Among the Telugus," which is borne by the annual report of your Missionaries in this land. I am appropriating the form of the title for the subject of a short letter concerning the Savara work. The title is somewhat misleading, however, for I am as yet not among the Savaras at all, being only on the edge of their territory, and of the work. For a year and a half after coming to the country, I studied Telugu, which language I have since been using in the acquisition of Savara. In the latter study some progress has been made so that with the help of a sympathetic Savara who appreciates the limitations of your missionary's vocabulary, I can carry on quite a conversation. In some regards the Savara is easier than the Telugu. The latter flows on so smoothly, and is so run together, that one finds it very difficult to distinguish the words when spoken by the average native. On the other hand, the Savara is a guttural language, and in its pronunciation must be more clearly articulated than Telugu, and so is more easily caught by the ear. Then again the vocabulary is very limited which makes it easier now when learning the language, but will make it very difficult to express the ideas of religion.

One marked difference between the Telugu and the Savara people is noticeable in their manner towards the learner who is trying to talk to them in their own language. The Telugus are polite—extremely polite. They will listen with the utmost gravity, and seem entirely unconscious of the fact that the speaker is performing some of the most astonishing and amusing gymnastic feats with their language. Not so the Savaras. The delighted grin with which they listen is not wholly due to their appreciation of the honor the gentleman does their language in trying to learn it. They are simple as children, and take no pains to hide their amusement at the frequent mistakes into which the speaker falls. At first when I attempted to speak to the Savaras, they would make no reply, and move away as quickly as possible. They are becoming more friendly of late however and on a recent tour among the hills I noticed a great difference in the attitude of the people when I came into the region from which the people are in the habit of attending the Parlakimedi Market. When they saw me they came running to greet me and seemed to take great pleasure in reminding me that they had seen me in Parlakimedi. At another point a little further on they brought a present of oranges.

It has been decided in our Conference to make Parlakimedi the center for the Savara work. In the rainy season, from July to October it will be impossible to tour among the hills. Even now, in the dry season, I am prevented from going to the hills, because I can get no cook among the Telugu servants who will go to the hills, and risk the fever. Those who were with me on a tour last December, have suffered very much with fever since then. From Parlakimedi as a center, however, it is possible on different days of the week to reach several market places, to each of which hundreds of Savaras come from the hills. In these markets a good work can be done in preparing the people for the visit of the missionary in the dry season. In Parlakimedi itself there is a large market every Saturday attended by hundreds of Savaras, and nearly every day there are many of them in town. If we can procure the land for which we are now negotiating we will be near the market, and on the main highway from the hills.

As I come to be more acquainted with the Savara work, I see that it is likely for some time to be a work of considerable difficulty. But the more I see of the Savara people the more I am impressed with the possibilities of the mission among them, and the more I am interested in them. Many of us think that the conditions of work among the Savaras are very much like those among the Karens of Burmah. If you are acquainted with the recent history of the Karen work, you will know that a remarkable movement has been spreading among them for a year or two past, under the leadership of Ko San Ye, and thousands are being converted. In the last year on one field alone there were two thousand converts baptized. It is our hope that the similarity between the two peoples may be continued into the spiritual realm and that the power of God may be manifested in the Savara work as it has been among the Karens. For this we bespeak the prayers of all who are interested in the extension of God's kingdom.

J. A. GLENNING.

Parlakimedi, April 25, 1905.

Some Beautiful Houses and what Becomes of Them.

BY A. H. GARDNER.

In 1865, Dr. (afterwards Sir) William Dawson, of Montreal, discovered in the Laurentian hills the remain of an animal which he named the Eozoon or dawn animal, because it was from the place in which it was found, evidently one of the life forms which appeared at the period when God said, "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life." It was a representative of the

oldest life upon earth and disappeared. and become extinct. ing only the style of the first chapter of Dr. Dawson's disc. old-fashioned house. We find them today almost infinite variety and shape. fer you to your pu. Leidy's work on R. all microscopic.

The salt water what are known a work is an author really but rhizopods the ocean they bu minute sand-grain ocean's water. T but the most beau ation. By just w of such marvelous and intricate, is w abundant family are found whereve during a voyage t ged through the w less numbers. Und of minute globule sion from the cen though always ro spheroid. These ed, which mark t with its first abo quarter too limite its body through sion. As it conti ber, each larger th The general plan are rarely more th cess of body matte form a new organ the globigerina in bottom. There lved on the bed o death of the rhizo the ocean mud, seven percent of dredging in the N tiny shells. Of th we cannot even gi

Another very in ily is the Nummu found in our day, remains may be s with an irregular of 1,800 miles and larger than the gl general complexi velous of all the sixteenth of an in of rare occurrence age being one-ha in form, with mor general arrangement curved partitions central cell, other one at a time, t of gradually incre than the one prec attempt a descrip of the nummulite with which to pic the lines of their tions of the succes of canals which p nutrient is supp cells. Many of the roscoe cannot w

Of the countless that have lived a the human mind becomes of them what is now dry Deeper excavatio Atlantic show th composition, hav chalk as to warra Europe are but de small percentage subjecting the ch amination. It is is but the result o structures. Some posed shell-forms nummulites. Th Paris is built cons the Miliolida. Th pyramids of Egypt

oldest life upon earth. Other forms of life have appeared and disappeared. Species, groups, classes, have developed and become extinct. This form of life has remained changing only the style of house in which it has lived from what the first chapter of Genesis calls the "fifth day" until now. Dr. Dawson's discovery was not the animal itself but the old-fashioned house in which one of these animals had lived. We find them today in both fresh and salt water, living in an almost infinite variety of houses, and some of them—the amoebæ—without any houses at all. For an idea of the variety and shapes of the fresh water forms, I can only refer you to your public library, where you may find Professor Leidy's work on Rhizopods. Remember, too, that they are all microscopic.

The salt water forms generally come under the head of what are known as Foraminifera. Professor Carpenter's work is an authority on that subject. Foraminifera are really but rhizopods who live in certain styles of houses. In the ocean they build their wonderful tenements, either from minute sand-grains or from the lime held in solution in the ocean's water. The sand forms are curious and interesting but the most beautiful and complex are those of lime formation. By just what process this lime is formed into cases of such marvelous shape, or why they should be so delicate and intricate, is wholly a matter of speculation. The most abundant family of this period is the Globigerina. They are found wherever ocean soundings have been made. If, during a voyage to Europe, a sufficiently fine net be dragged through the water, they would be taken in countless numbers. Under the microscope they appear as a cluster of minute globules of graduated sizes, increasing in dimension from the centre outward, and of somewhat irregular, though always rounded, shape. Their aggregation forms a spheroid. These globes are but chambers serially connected, which mark the growth of the inhabitant. Beginning with its first abode—a single cell—as the rhizopod finds its quarter too limited for its growth, it projects a portion of its body through the door of its house and builds an extension. As it continues to grow it adds chamber after chamber, each larger than its predecessor, and lives in them all. The general plan of arrangement is a coil. The chambers are rarely more than sixteen in number. After that the excess of body matter detaches itself from the main portion to form a new organism with an establishment of its own. As the globigerina increase in size and weight, they sink to the bottom. There with the shells of those whose lives are lived on the bed of the ocean, their little houses after the death of the rhizopod tenant, form a large percentage of the ocean mud. It is estimated that no less than ninety seven percent of what is called "ooze," brought up by dredging in the North Atlantic Ocean, is composed of these tiny shells. Of the thickness of the globigerina mud-bud we cannot even guess.

Another very important branch of the Foraminifera family is the Nummulites, which, although less frequently found in our day, was in past ages so prolific that their remains may be said to belt the earth's northern hemisphere with an irregular girdle, which has in some places a width of 1,800 miles and an unknown thickness. They are much larger than the globigerina, and in beauty of design and general complexity of structure are among the most marvelous of all the foraminifera. In size they vary from one sixteenth of an inch in diameter up to gigantic specimens of rare occurrence that are four and a half inches, the average being one-half to one inch. Most of them are circular in form, with more or less convex or rounded sides. Their general arrangement is a series of cells or chambers having curved partitions and forming a coil. Starting from a central cell, other cells are, as with the globigerina, built, one at a time, to provide for the growth of the inhabitant, of gradually increasing dimensions, each addition larger than the one preceding it, with geometrical precision. To attempt a description of the interior arrangement of most of the nummulites is only to be baffled by a lack of words with which to picture the complexity and dainty grace of the lines of their structure, the exquisite relative proportions of the successive chambers, and the amazing system of canals which pass throughout the walls and by which nutriment is supplied to the parts inhabiting the different cells. Many of the things which can be seen through a microscope cannot well be shown through an inkstand.

Of the countless millions of billions of these creatures that have lived and built for themselves marvelous houses the human mind can have no conception. To know what becomes of them all we must first realize that much of what is now dry land was once the bed of the ocean. Deeper excavations of the globigerina mud of the North Atlantic show that the shells, by disintegration and decomposition, have formed into a material so resembling chalk as to warrant the conclusion that the chalk beds of Europe are but deposits of these shells, combined with a small percentage of other material. This is verified by subjecting the chalk formation to close microscopical examination. It is also certain that nearly all of our marble is but the result of chemical changes in deposits of these structures. Some marbles show very distinctly undecomposed shell-forms which are recognized as globigerina and nummulites. The stone from which much of the city of Paris is built consists almost entirely of foraminifera called the Miliolida. The stones used for the construction of the pyramids of Egypt are the fossil formation of some of these

shell houses. All over the world are found beds of limestone, some of which have been extensively worked, which the microscope shows to be composed of the remains of nummulites and fusulina. Thus we see that no inconsiderable portion of the solid part of the earth's substance is but the result of the life and death of these marvelous creatures. Useful in their lives in making and keeping the water of old ocean just what the Creator intended it should be, at their death they leave a legacy of the houses in which their little lives were lived to us who from the ruins of theirs, build some of the houses in which our lives are lived. Great indeed are the works of man—the result of his God given intelligence; great and wonderful the Taj Mahal and the Alhambra; great the skill of Brunelleschi, of Giotto, of Michael Angelo and Sir Christopher Wren. But their works are the works of men, and suggest little save man's greatness. In the work of some of these animals placed in our catalogues among the lower order of creation, we can find no suggestions save of the Father of Him who said, "In my Father's house are many mansions."—Outlook.

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## The Struggle of the Soul.

BY JAMES BUCKHAM.

A student of insect life once found the curious flask-shaped cocoon of an emperor moth, and kept it in her room in order that she might observe the emergence of the beautiful creature. At length, when nearly a year had passed, she discovered signs of the embryo's awakening. During a whole forenoon she watched the efforts of the moth to escape from its prison. There was just one narrow opening in the neck of the cocoon through which the insect must force its way, an opening so greatly disproportionate to the size of the embryo that the struggle seemed to the watcher almost hopeless. When it had been protracted for hours her sympathy so roused that she seized a pair of scissors and snipped the confining threads, to make the exit of the embryo easier. Immediately the moth emerged, dragging a huge, swollen body and little shrivelled wings. "In vain," says the observer, "I watched to see that marvellous process of expansion in which these wings, in the normal embryo, silently and swiftly develop before one's eyes and as I traced the exquisite spots and markings of divers colors, which were all there in miniature, I longed to see these assume their due proportions, and the creature appear in all its perfect beauty, as it is, in truth one of the loveliest of its kind. But I looked in vain. My false tenderness had proved its ruin. It never was anything but a stunted abortion, crawling painfully through that brief life which it should have spent flying through the air on rainbow wings."

In artificially enlarging the passage through which the insect was struggling to emerge, the observer had interfered with a provision of nature by which the fluids necessary to expansion and coloration are forced into the vessels of the insect's wings. These in case of the emperor moth, are less developed at the period of emerging from the chrysalis than are those of most other insects. The severe and prolonged struggle of emergence from its cocoon is absolutely necessary to the emperor moth in order that it may realize its normal and beautiful development, its fullness of life. Deprived of this struggle, it must remain a stunted and distorted creature while it lives, crawling instead of flying, ugly instead of beautiful, pitifully cheated out of its birth-right, and condemned to a brief existence of helplessness and misery.

Is not this one of those marvellous correspondences between the natural and spiritual world, by which we are taught the identity of the laws that govern both these great provinces of the Creator? The law of spiritual development—is it not the same in the life history of the emperor moth? The soul, too, must have its struggle with environments, with the trying conditions of life in this present stage of existence, in order that it may emerge perfected and beautified, its celestial wings expanded and made radiant by the life currents which only stress and suffering can cause to flow through them. That is the divine, the inevitable condition of soul-growth. "No sparing men the process," as Browning says. Just as surely as the soul is cheated of its struggle, deprived of its opportunity of meeting and overcoming the hard conditions of life just so surely it loses its birthright of divine expansion and beauty, of developing into the likeness of Christ's perfect humanity.

May we not see, then, that it is a false benevolence, nay, a cruel and harmful wrong to any soul, one's own or another's, to cut for it the God-appointed fibres of discipline, that it may pass through them without that struggle that shall spread and irradiate for the spirit its celestial wings? Ah! the misguided charity that would lift from another's shoulders the burden that would steady him through life, that would develop and strengthen him, and make him eternally more manly and more angelic! There are burdens that should be shared; there are even burdens that should be entirely lifted and carried by another; but there are no spiritual burdens which the soul is called upon to bear as tests and disciplines which it should be denied the gracious privilege of bearing.

"To suffer is divine," says Whittier. Yes, divine in its influence and divine in its result. The struggle of the soul is a struggle of redemption, a struggle upward and

Godward. It is the struggle of spiritual evolution. In no other way can the soul attain fullness of life, emancipation from the finite, communion and fellowship with God.

Then welcome each rebuff  
That turns earth's smoothness rough,  
Each string that bids not sit nor stand, but go!  
Be our joys three parts pain!  
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;  
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throes.  
—Young People

## Jacob's Sermon.

"Had a good sermon, Jacob?" my wife asked me last night when I came home from church.

"Complete, Rachel," said I.

Rachel was poorly, and couldn't go to meeting much, so she always wanted me to tell her about the sermon and the singing and the people.

"Good singing, Jacob?"

"I'm sure I couldn't tell you."

"Many people out today?"

"I don't know."

"Why, Jacob, what's the matter? What are you thinking about?"

"The sermon."

"What was the text?"

"I don't think there was any. I didn't hear it."

"I declare Jacob, I do believe you slept all the time."

"Indeed I didn't. I never was so wide awake."

"What was the subject, then?"

"As near as I can remember, it was me."

"You! Jacob Gay!"

"Yes ma'am. You think it a poor subject. I'm sure I thought so too."

"Who preached? Our minister?"

"No he didn't preach—not to me, at any rate. 'Twas a woman—a young woman too."

"Why, Mr. Gay! You don't mean it surely! Those woman's rights folks haven't got into our pulpit?"

"Well not exactly. The minister preached from the pulpit, but I could not listen. I was thinking about my sermon. I will tell you about it. You know that young woman at the post office, Mrs. Hydes niece. She and I were the first ones at meeting, and we sat by the stove warming. I had seen her a good deal in the post-office and at her aunt's when I was there at work. She is a pleasant spoken and a nice pretty girl. We were talking about the meetings. You know there is quite a reformation going on. She was speaking of this one and that one who was converted. There was quite a silence, and then she said, sort of low, and trembling in her voice, and a little pink blush on her cheek, and the tears just starting:

"Oh, Mr. Gay, some of us were saying at the prayer-meeting, last night, that we did so want you to be a Christian."

"Her cheeks flushed redder, and the tears fell. I knew she felt it, and it was a cross to say it. I never was so taken back in all my life.

"Why, bless your soul! I said, 'my child, I have been a member of the church forty years.'

"My tears came then, and I guess my cheeks would have been redder than hers, if they warn't so tanned.

"Do excuse me Mr. Gay," she said. "Excuse me for hurting your feelings, but I didn't know you were a Christian. I never see you at prayer-meeting or Sabbath school, and I never notice you at communion. I'm sorry I've hurt your feelings."

"I'm, tut, child, I answered. No harm done. I'm glad you thought about an old man. I'm a member as I said, but I haven't worked at it much, I'll allow. I don't go to prayer-meeting or Sunday school because—well—I made the excuse to myself and other folks that Rachel was poorly, and needed me to stay with her, but I'm afraid the Lord wouldn't accept it."

"Just then the people began to come, and I took my seat but the looks and words of that young woman went to my heart. I couldn't think of anything else. They preached to me all the meeting time. I think that some of the young people in Wharton didn't know I was a member, were concerned for the old man! I said to myself, by way of application, Jacob Gay, you've been a silent partner long enough. It is time you woke up and worked for the Lord, time to let your light so shine so that the young folks can see it."—Golden Rule.

## Suppose.

BY HENRY VAN DYKE, D. D.

Suppose that the Christian life, in its daily manifestation, should come to be marked and known by simplicity and happiness. Suppose that the followers of Jesus should really escape from bondage to the evil spirits of avarice and luxury which infect and torment so much of our complicated, tangled artificial modern life. Suppose that, instead of increasing their wants and their desires, instead of loading themselves down on life's journey with so many bags and parcels and boxes of superfluous luggage and bric-a-brac that they are forced to sit down by the roadside and rasp for breath, instead of wearing themselves out in the dusty ways of competition and vain show, or embittering their hearts because they cannot succeed in getting into weary race of wealth and fashion—suppose instead of all this they should turn to quiet ways, lowly pleasures, pure and simple joys, "plain living and high thinking." Suppose they should truly find and clearly show their happiness in the knowledge that God loves them, and Christ died for them, and heaven is sure, and so set their hearts free to rejoice in life's common mercies, the light of the sun, the blue of the sky, the splendour of the sea, the peace of the everlasting hills, the songs of the birds, the sweetness of flowers the wholesome savor of good food, the delight of action, the charm of music, the blessings of human love and friendship—rejoice in all these without fear or misgiving, because Christ has sanctified them all by his presence and touch.—Sel.

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**RUSSIA'S HUMILIATION.**

The result, so disastrous to Russia, of the great sea fight in the Straits of Korea on May 27 and 28 was hardly a great surprise to the world. From the setting out of the Baltic fleet it had been predicted by naval experts that if the Russian ships should succeed in getting into Far-Eastern waters they would never be able to contend successfully with the Japanese fleet, consisting of tried warships manned by skillful seamen inured to the business of naval warfare, and commanded by men whose ability had been so fully demonstrated. The North Sea incident, in which the panic-stricken Russians turned their guns upon peaceful British fishing craft, mistaking them for hostile war vessels was not a good omen. But when the Russian fleet, by the persistent violation of French neutrality, had at length succeeded in reaching a position in the eastern seas where an encounter with the Japanese fleet might be expected, it was recognized that the naval force under Admiral Rojestvensky's command was at least in appearance a quite formidable one, and that if the Russians should prove capable of making a good use of their forces, the result of the meeting of the hostile fleet might prove disastrous to Japan. Russia had in a measure recovered after the almost paralyzing experience connected with Mukden, and had begun to build hopes on the ability of Rojestvensky to overcome Togo and wrest the sea power from Japan. All such hopes have been rudely disappointed. The result of the meeting of Rojestvensky with Japan's naval forces, from which Russia had hoped so much, has proved the bitterest drop in a cup which has contained little but bitterness from the first. The greater part of Japan's Baltic fleet is now at the bottom of the sea. Several fine ships were forced to surrender, and will constitute a valuable addition to the Japanese fleet, Admiral Rojestvensky, the Commander-in-Chief, and Rear Admiral Nebogatoff, Commander of the second Russian squadron, are now in the enemy's hands, the former seriously, though it is said not dangerously, wounded. Besides the leaders more than 3000 Russians were taken prisoners. Of the whole fleet only four vessels—one cruiser and three destroyers—are reported to have reached Vladivostok. In inflicting this tremendous loss upon the Russian fleet, which apparently amounts to its annihilation—the Japanese fleet suffered comparatively little. Some of the battle ships—one especially—sustained injury but none were so badly damaged as to be obliged to withdraw from action. In addition to this, Japan reports the loss of three torpedo boats, and 800 officers and men killed and wounded, as the cost of the engagement which resulted in the practical annihilation of the Russian fleet. The history of iron-clad naval warfare records no other instance of so decisive a victory won against so formidable a force at a cost so comparatively small.

It is a sad and terrible story. So many magnificent battleships and other vessels, furnished with all the machinery of modern naval warfare, costing millions on millions of money and representing, with other expenditures of the war, immeasurable toil and sweat and heartbreak of the Russian peoples,—and now those splendid vessels, most of them, with all their costly equipments and a large proportion of their crews, destroyed as the result of a few hours fighting and sunk in the pitiless sea. It is a great price Russia is paying for her ambition and perfidy, and an utterly wicked and needless waste of blood and treasure. Whether or not Japan can be held blameless in respect to the origin of the war, it is unnecessary here to inquire, but there can be no question that if Russia had been willing to act a frank and honorable part as a nation there need have been, and would have been, no war. Her humiliation is deep and it is keenly realized.

It is an evil day indeed for the Russian Government. It is not hard to believe the report that the Czar broke down and wept when he learned what fate had over-

taken the Russian fleet in the Korean Straits. The Russian press, using unwonted freedom of speech, with but few exceptions, it is said, pours out wrath and indignation on the bureaucracy which is held responsible for all the misfortunes of the war. The voice of the reform element is bitter and defiant. *The Russ*, said to be now the most widely read newspaper in Russia, is quoted as saying: "Those guilty of Russia's disgrace should be overwhelmed with shame. The death of half a million of men and the loss of billions of money is the price of the rejection of progress and western civilization. Sebastopol struck the shackles from the serfs; and Port Arthur, Mukden and Tsu Island should free Russia from the slavery of the bureaucracy."

There seems indeed ground for hope that out of this humiliation good may come to Russia and to the world. We are perhaps too apt to identify Russia with the corrupt and rapacious bureaucracy which tyrannizes over the masses of the empire. With that bureaucracy in its misfortunes we can indeed have but little sympathy, but for the millions who are the victims of its great and cruel despotism, we may well pray that they may be guided into that light of liberty toward which some are intelligently, and more are blindly, struggling. It can hardly be but that the present crisis in Russia shall lead to reform. But it is with strong apprehension that one asks—How will it come? Will it be possible in a country where the people have so long and so rigidly been excluded from all share in the government that reform can come quietly and without violent upheaval, or must it be that when the hand of despotism is once slackened there will be tempest and earthquake—the terrors and the horrors of another French Revolution? Who will venture to say what the future holds for Russia? And yet we cannot doubt that, sooner or later, good will come out of the elements now seething together in the vast empire of the Czar, and that, under better national auspices and with a larger fellowship for other nations, the Russian people will yet render illustrious service to the world.

**SUNDAY'S SERVICES AT ACADIA.**

Without forgetting or ignoring some interesting public or semi-public exercises held in connection with the Wolfville institutions during the preceding week, the Anniversary proceedings may be said to have begun with the delivery of the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday morning.

The place of gathering was Assembly Hall which, some time before the hour announced for service, was packed to the doors with an audience representing all the beauty and the culture which Acadia and Wolfville, with their many guests from far and near, could furnish. Such an audience in such a place and on such a morning could not but be an inspiration for any speaker prepared to discourse on some noble theme having to do with men's highest interests.

The preacher of the Baccalaureate sermon this year (in accordance with an intimation previously given in these columns) was Rev. Welcome E. Bates, of Mystic, Conn. Mr. Bates removed from Nova Scotia last year after some years spent as pastor in Halifax and in Amherst, during which he became well known in the Provinces as a preacher of fine ability. His thought is clear, his style fresh and forceful and his aim the spiritual good of his hearers.

For the following account of the services of the morning, and also of the evening service, at which Rev. E. E. Daley, of Bridgetown, was the speaker, we are indebted to the telegraphic report of the Daily Sun of Monday:

"President Trotter was in charge of the exercises on Sunday morning, and as the college bell ceased ringing at 11 o'clock the procession of thirty-four students, eleven of whom are young ladies, in cap and gown, marched slowly up the aisle, and took the front seats reserved for them. Dr. Trotter offered the invocation. The music by a large choir under the direction of Prof. Maxim was especially good, Miss Archer sang *The Penitent* in a very pleasing style. The anthem, *Great and Marvelous*, was unusually beautiful. The speaker of the morning was then introduced and took as his theme *Jeremiah 9th chapter, 23rd and 24th verses*: "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches but let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me." His theme, which was strongly developed, was *Life's Emphasis and Where It Shall Be Placed*. Though wisdom has wrought grandly, resulting in science and statesmanship, brains are not enough. Brain added to God's blessing is a mighty force, so life's emphasis cannot be placed on brains. Neither cannot it be placed on brawn. Might and power appeal to men strongly, but the might and power consecrated to God and energized by Him are needed and needed now. Do not place life's emphasis on bullion. There is no merit in poverty, but we are not to trust in riches, nor to reckon them the supreme thing. Heavenly treasures exist, and on such riches God's blessing rests. The dominant notes in life are character, goodness and piety, and on these place life's emphasis. In summing up the eloquent speaker urged the graduates to attain to the stature of full manhood and noble womanhood according to the provisions made by the text.

In the evening College Hall was again filled to listen to the addresses before the College Y. M. C. A., by the Rev. Earnest E. Daley, Acadia, '91, pastor of the Baptist church at Bridgetown. The music, under the efficient direction of Prof. Maxim, was furnished by a large choir. The anthem *Gentle, Holy Saviour*, was very beautiful. Miss Lavina Lewis acted as accompanist.

Mr. Daley who is an easy and pleasant speaker and a deep thinker, gave a most logical and interesting talk on the Administration of Life. Farrar S. Kinlay, Port Hillford, the president of the society for next year, took charge of the meeting. Dr. Trotter occupied a seat on the platform and said a few words of appreciation of the talented speaker, who began by calling attention to the fact that the subject was of special importance to the young. Many failed to apprehend the worth of life. No language could exaggerate its value. The greatest blessings are the productions of some single life. This was illustrated by the lives of leaders in religion, science and art. Then having pointed out the possibilities of life, some spheres in which it could be properly administered were indicated. There was a field in the state. The man who turns from his national duties is not a saint, but a shirk. There was a sphere in business. Dealings with others should be suffused with a sweet thoughtfulness for them. Philanthropy furnished a good opportunity, to such an administration of life there was but one pathway. "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth not." Jesus himself was straitened until he had fulfilled this law of life. The one who finds a cross where on to die will build out of it a throne on which to reign. The inspiration to such a life was then dealt with. The glory of it was seen in the life of Christ. The consideration of His life would inspire. There was help in the appreciation of men. The world forgot its masters and crowned its slaves. But the prime essential was the subordination of the will of God. Such a life would be a life on ages telling and worthy of their ambition, and when ended would lead to the spiritual city.

**THE ARGUMENT FROM EXPERIENCE.**

The Rev. G. F. Johnson, pastor of the Methodist church, Wolfville, recently lectured before the Y. M. C. A. of Acadia on the above subject. He traced the course of apologetics from the early days of Christianity, and showed that many of the objections to our religion had vanished with the lapse of time, and that often the objections became subsequently evidence in favor of our belief in Christ. The blindness of our state sometimes makes us think our friends our foes—yet new objections come and we may expect they will appear to the end. The arduous work of each Christian will not be done until he obtains his crown, and the fight of Christianity with evil is not to be done until our Lord shall come in glory. In the contest all arguments are to be valued that confirm faith. Truth is very wide and from unexpected places light will arise for the upright.

The argument from experience, as Mr. Johnson showed with ability and much force, is of great value to all. The humble believer at his round of duty may not be able to demonstrate the fallacies of unbelief by the rules of logic and the criteria of philosophic thinking. But he has "that within that passeth show," he knows whom he has believed and is persuaded that his Lord is able to keep the treasure of a poor sinner's soul. Many questions may remain over after he has made all the explanations possible to him; but one thing he knows, that whereas he was blind now he sees. Back to his father's house the prodigal has gone. His heart is once more near his father's, and as the life from which he holds his own encircles his weak frame he rests and rejoices. Love conquers all things, even his own doubt.

The strength of this argument is very great for each believer and of course it has convincing power for all. Nothing but fire kindles fire. Only the Divine Spirit can explain the new spirit in the child of God. The Christian faith, hope, love, joy, peace, gentleness, goodness, meekness, must have some adequate cause and source. They are not native to the human mind, for many millions give no evidence of possessing these graces. They can be accounted for only by allowing that they come from the Divine Spirit who, according to the promise of our gracious Saviour, was sent into the world to convince of sin, of righteousness and of judgment.

The development of these fruits of the spirit confirms the faith at every point. While they do not spring up from the mind's own action, they are in harmony with all normal mental life, and the more they grow the more nearly sane does the man become. So he finds the witness within himself that he is a child of God and not merely one of the sons of men.

To be told about Jesus is good; but to know Jesus ourselves is far better. In John IV. we read that many Samaritans believed on Christ because of the saying of the woman that "He had told her all things she ever did." And many more believed because of his own word; and said unto the woman, "Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world."

Too much introspection looking within ourselves must lead to frustration. But when the enemy's new love about our death unto life and us from the love of

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—We are grateful who remit subscribers they are due, remitted by words of encouragement in arrears, and of June and we are best possible shape, whose paper indicated by P. O. Order, Post letter, making the VISITOR. As this months we hope it

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Too much introspection is not good. To be always looking within ourselves for evidence will not be wise. We must look to Jesus the author and perfecter of our faith. But when the enemy comes like a flood then we can say the new loves about our hearts shows we have passed from death unto life and we know of nothing that can separate us from the love of Christ.

### Editorial Notes.

—We are grateful to the large number of our subscribers who remit subscriptions as label on paper reminds that they are due, remittance being accompanied in many cases by words of encouragement. Some subscriptions are however in arrears, and as our financial year closes on the 30th of June and we are anxious to have our accounts in the best possible shape, we will be glad if those (the label on whose paper indicates subscription overdue) remit at once by P. O. Order, Postal Note, Express Draft or Registered letter, making the same payable to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. As this is the only appeal made for many months we hope it will receive prompt consideration.

—The account of Joel Chandler Harris so well known as the author of the delightful "Uncle Remus" stories, which Miss Mabel Parsons gives on another page will be read with much interest, heightened in many cases by the readers personal acquaintance with Miss Parsons and interest in her work at Spelman.

—During the past week both Mount Allison and the University of New Brunswick have held Anniversary exercises which mark the closing of another educational year. Both institutions report encouraging conditions. Mount Allison, with its affiliated Schools, had a successful year in regard to attendance, finances and general results. The College graduating class numbers more than twenty. The University of New Brunswick reports the largest graduating class in its history.

—Hospitality.—Some years ago we heard much said about the difficulty of providing entertainment for Convention. It was said the membership must be lessened, and in fact, we believe, the constitution was changed in this direction. The contention was that the Convention must be made smaller so as to secure an entertaining church. This argument does not seem to be valid, for we observe that even associations, and even the smallest of them, are compelled to search, like Noah's dove, for a resting place. The smaller the body the less its presence is desired apparently. What is the trouble? Will some of our wise brethren please explain?

—"Every word that comes from a pulpit today," says the New York Outlook, "ought to be winged with personal conviction. . . . The only preaching that counts is that which presents the truth which the man knows out of his own spirit and has formulated from his own experience. The power of Phillips Brooks lay largely in his uniform habit of speaking out of his own experience to the experience of the men and women in front of him. . . . those who heard him knew that what he said was true because it fitted their own experience and interpreted that experience to them. Never in the history of the world have men longed more for spiritual guidance and religious leadership, but leadership and guidance are within the reach of those only who know what men are suffering today, what their temptations are, what their point of view is, and can speak of them in the language of today."

—On Wednesday last an attempt was made by the hand of an anarchist on the life of young king Alfonso of Spain. The king has been making a royal visit to France and was riding with President Loubet in Paris when the bomb was thrown which was intended to be fatal to the king and perhaps also to the President. From any point of view the murderous act appears as a stupendous blunder as well as a hideous crime. The result has been to create in Paris and elsewhere a strong kindly sentiment toward the young monarch and a deeper detestation of the methods of the anarchists. The bearing of the king under the trying circumstances demonstrated his personal courage, and his concern for the attendants who were injured by the explosion of the bomb stands to his credit. The king is reported to have said that this was the fourth attempt which has been made upon his life. It would seem that almost any one in these days might be "as happy a king."

—A Toronto despatch says that at a meeting of the Board of Governors of McMaster University, held last Friday evening, Dr. E. M. Keirstead of Acadia was appointed to the chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics at McMaster. This statement, we presume, is correct. Whether or not Dr. Keirstead will accept the appointment we do not know. The call to Toronto is no doubt attractive from different points of view. But we know that Dr. Keirstead loves his native country by the sea, and the people of the country by the sea love him. How much they love and admire and trust him, he, being a modest man, may not fully realize. His going could not but be most keenly felt on his part and on the part of the people whom he has loved and served so long and so well. Whether or not Dr. Keirstead will or should accept this call we cannot say, but if the

interests of Acadia and of Maritime Baptists only were to be considered, we should say in emphatic tones "Do not go," and we are sure that all the people would say "AMEN!"

—The Senate of McMaster University has found, without going outside the walls of the University, a man whom it could unanimously nominate for the vacant Chancellorship. The Senate's nominee is Prof. A. C. McKay of the chair of Physics and Mathematics, and the Board of Governor's has promptly confirmed the nomination. Probably no better appointment could have been made. Professor McKay is a man of a strong and attractive personality, large souled, honest and true. His career as student and teacher has been a highly honorable and successful one. He has been a member of the McMaster Faculty since 1890 and has been regarded as one of the strongest pillars in the University. A few years ago Dr. McKay was unanimously offered the principalship of the Toronto Technical School, and though the call was a tempting one because of the higher salary attached to it and for other reasons, yet because of his love of McMaster and of the interests which it serves, it was declined. Dr. McKay is accordingly in full sympathy with the life and ideals of McMaster, and is believed to possess an all-round fitness for the Chancellorship. We have heard it intimated that Professor McKay was not ambitious of becoming Chancellor and that he would not care to undertake the responsibilities involved in the position, but probably he will not feel able to refuse this call to service.

—"For many years—yes for many generations" says *The Interior of Chicago*, "strangers in Rome used to visit San Clement's in order to see what was the character of early Christian art. They gazed long and reverently at the mosaics and frescoes with which the church was adorned, believing that the fathers had approved these very works and through them expressed the creed and devotion of the first Christian centuries. But after a while a prying priest dug down under the sunken floor itself and discovered, twenty feet below the real church of these lost ages. And now come the venerable bishops of the Anglican establishment proposing as a compromise that 'all good Anglicans' shall accept as their model of belief and practice 'what was commonly held not later than the first six centuries of the Christian era.' We think they must dig deeper than that if they find the church of the new Testament. Professor Dill of Belfast, in his monumental work upon 'Roman Society,' giving an account of the religions which had made their home in Rome, shows that no religion which ever existed among men has preserved its belief and worship unchanged for even two hundred years, unless testing it continually by the original tenets and original rules. In less than six hundred years Confucianism and Buddhism had both lost all their early features. When we are to discover the Christianity of Christ, we must go back to his own deeds; and happily for us, we have a clearer statement of his personal teachings that we have of the belief of those who followed him at the long interval of six centuries."

### On Seeing the Worst and the Best.

BY WARD FISHER.

The query, "Is the world growing better, or is the world growing worse," can be answered in the affirmative on both points. Every lover of his kind cannot be otherwise than saddened at the apparent increase of moral and political turpitude throughout the world. Vice is rampant, trust is betrayed, justice is still blind, wars and jealousness keep the nations in arms, and the continued rumblings of the labor volcano presage many an eruption. We are surely living in perilous times. The pessimist can find much ground for his cynicism.

On the other hand the avenues for good have increased and enlarged. A better—because truer—grasp of relationships is making for the weal of humankind. The revulsion against the "stern arbitrariness of war" is steadily becoming greater. Social leprosy is getting to be more repulsive. Moral values are being more keenly discerned. The approachment of the various Christian bodies is a gain for brotherhood. The change of emphasis from doctrine to life, from theory to practice, from "graceful sacraments to sacramental grace," is developing a high type of spiritual life. The optimist can take courage from the deep rosé.

The true answer to the question is, without doubt, that bad men are getting worse, and that good men are getting better. The failure to see this, and thus to put the one condition over against the other, is becoming a danger to wisely directed effort. Unqualified optimism is little if any, better than unqualified pessimism.

The pessimist is in a poor business and that business betrays wounded personal vanity putting on airs. He sees nothing admirable in a world that does not admire him. The country is going to the dogs because the other side is in power. The church is going to pieces because he wasn't elected deacon. "Behold, we have only five barley loaves and two fishes, and what are they among so many."

It has been said that every one lives for a funeral, the trouble is that many cannot wait for the funeral till the close of life, but go through the world bemoaning the loss of their joys before they possess them to lose. "Who" will roll us away the stone" was the anxious thought of the woman on the way to the tomb. What business had they looking for a closed tomb on the resurrection morning!

Harp on the willows of Babylon were appropriate to the captivity, but draped harps in vineyards of Canaan are as a sign that joys is not only in her sepulchre, but that she forgot to take her grave clothes with her. Many Christians will have much to answer for because they stand in such a position, like the king before Diogenes, that they take away our share of the sunshine. To such the songs of praise become requiems, and the oil of joy icewater. Like the photographer, anxious for a pleasing picture, we feel like asking them to oblige us by looking pleasant! Forever harking back to the "good old days" shows a lack of true perspective, the background is not the whole picture. Indeed it is often used only to bring out the beauty of the foreground. Thank God the "good old days" are gone. Shame on them. "Beter fifty years of Europe than a circle of Cathay."

To the Schopenhauers of the earth the existence of the world is apt to be an unmitigated calamity. It would have been better if it had never left the world of the "blessed nothing." Like all extremists they cannot see things in their right proportions. They lack power to sympathize. They know but one color. They don't care how you paint the earth if only the color be blue. Their knowledge of harmony comprises but one note. They can croak, but they cannot sing.

Perhaps it is the liver. Many a man secures a reputation as a philosopher—or for sanctity—because his liver is out of order. It is said that a man may have a liberal hope for himself and for humanity although his dinner be habitually a martyrdom, but the chances are sadly against him. One of the distressing symptoms of the times is the morbid literature flooding the country. The authors seem to delight in the gloomy morbidity and blue mould of the literary cellars of pessimism. They gloat in a miserably happy way over curdling of human kindness, and the turning of the chalice of the oil of joy into the sardonic skull of vinegar. Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Henry James, Wm. D. Howell's Ilsen, and a host of lesser lights, should be severely dieted at Battle Creek, Michigan, where the excelsior foods, browned and rolled in turn, are advertised as a panacea for billiousness.

Optimism, even if it be extreme, is welcomed as an antidote. Browning is a good anti-septic for anyone who has come under the influence of the above described literature, for he possessed a good working liver. He was fortunate in having a good digestion, and therefore his writings are filled with a grand optimism, so that, as Carlyle has said, "the sacred air-cities of hope never shrink into the mean clay hamlets of reality." He differs from Carlyle's somewhat truculent cynicism. Browning's cry is a hopeful one—"God's in His heaven, a li's right with the world." He differs from Byron's despairing cry, "at life at thirty-seven isn't worth living. Browning's cry is: "The world is a good world; put one step forward and secure that step." He differs from Tennyson's faint trust in a "larger hope." Browning says: "I shall emerge one day, because, 'God, Thou art my love, I build my faith on Thee.'"

But we must needs be careful here lest we fall into the unqualified optimism of Spinoza's thesis, which teaches that "whatever is good." That is optimism gone mad. As commonly applied the quotation, "All things work together for good," is a lie, even though they be the words of scripture. "To them that live God," is the qualification that makes for well-directed effort to overturn the forces that work for evil.

A weak man has no business in the morl morgue, for the whole world will soon become to him a cemetery, and his most cheerful outings will be taken on the seat of a horse. There are some Christians in nearly every community whose only value to the church is as a warning. They know not the meaning of "winsome Christianity." Their efforts toward bringing the perishing world to the Great Physician is confined to discovering flies in the ointment—and sometimes supplying the flies. Their trumpet call is a fog-horn. Prof. Royce has said that "pessimism may be of service to a brave man, for its sense will compel him to combat the cause. It can be of no service to cowards. We are born for a world of manly business, and the heroic pessimist seeks to have part in the Wars of the Lord."

Neither is a weak optimist of much value, for the nebulousity of his mind will cause his activities to be as well expressed in the words of the second book of Genesis, "without form or void." The optimist who sees glory only in the next world—whose dream of a pure and innocent life is in the future—in Heaven—is the weakest kind of a man. The "power that maketh for righteousness" can be effective only through human life. To be of service to the world a man must put himself at the service of God, and God wants men to storm the strongholds of Satan. Men that are a tangent can only run amuck.

Have faith in God. There are seven times seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. The world is not wholly given over to the devil. Gross darkness doesn't cover all the earth. "It is always daylight somewhere in the world." Get in line with God. Jehovah reigns—we will obey him. Christ staggers under the Cross, we will help him bear it. The world is to grow better through sacrifice—we will suffer. Christ is seeking to save the lost—we will find them. The Cross needs a voice—we will speak. His coronation is coming—we will have part in the glory. "Behold He cometh—let us go forth and meet Him."

Advocate, N. S.

## The Story Page

### The Tancook Schoolma'am and her Man.

BY REV. JUDSON KEMPTON.

"O, heave 'er up, an' away we'll sail!  
Good by, fare you well—  
Good by, fare you well—  
For 'Homeward bound'  
Is a jolly sound;  
Hurrah, my boys we're homeward bound!"

It was a jolly crew that worked the windlass and set the sails on the fishing schooner, *Mary Ann*, as at last with a hold full of cod, she got under weigh from an obscure cove on the Newfoundland coast, and pointed her nose southwest for Halifax harbor. Loud was their laughter and free their talk; for they had been away from home four months, and knew not who might be dead or who might have been married while they were cut off from communication with the world of news and gossip.

'Cheer up, Ben Lantz,' shouted the tallest and heaviest handed man at the iron bar, as the anchor broke out of the blue clay, and the strain on the windlass was suddenly removed. 'Cheer up, you old sea-dog, an' don't look so thunderin' glum; only three weeks, or four at most, an' you'll see the little schoolma'am!'

In the words and the loud laugh that followed a stranger would have detected nothing but horse-play, but to the fishermen, who knew one another so intimately, there was an open and boastful challenge in the ring of seeing fun. Ben Lantz caught its full force, but he was luckily relieved from the task of making a lame reply by an order from the wheel. 'Give her the jib an' the flyin' jib, an' ketch up the anchor, there!' The foresail and the mainsail were already 'on her,' and were now bellying with the northeast wind.

But as, a few minutes later, Ben hurried aft, and passed his tormentor amid-ships, easing off the foresheet, he struck him a blow in the short ribs that would have knocked the breath out of a less powerful man than Ike Walton, the *Mary Ann's* champion sailor, fighter, story-teller, chantey-singer, high-line fisherman, and Ben Lantz's rival, who was always bantering him, always getting the better of him, and yet, perhaps because Ike was so big and Ben so little, with whom he was always on the best of terms.

'Ike Walton,' said he, knowing that his blow had made as much impression as it would have made on the *Mary Ann's* mainmast, 'you feel big you're high-line, an' have sailed down five quintals more than me, but, when it comes to the little school-teacher, you're coming out second best!'

Ike's laugh sounded high above the swish, plash, of the dashing waves as the *Mary Ann* 'winged out' and speedily left the rocky coast-line of Newfoundland looking like a low cloud on the horizon.

Four weeks later, and the cargo was sold and transferred to a warehouse on the Halifax docks; the *Mary Ann* was stripped to her poles and made fast, stem and stern, to a wharf at Lunenburg; and her crew had scattered, some going to Mahone Bay, some to Chester, and two had their dunnage in the bottom of a whaler, and were gliding off across the beautiful Chester Basin toward Tancook Island.

'An' how's the little schoolma'am?' asked Ike of the boatman.

'She has begun school alretty,' answered the Tancook man, with the ordinary Germanized English of that curious little Island.

'I tink,' he continued, 'dat you vill go to school yet this vinter?'

'Sure thing,' answered Ike. Ben said nothing.

For two winters Alice Iser had taught the school on Tancook. For two winters the young fishermen, who from November until the third week in March had little to do but darn their gear, milk their few cows, dabble in paint and tar, tell sea yarns and sing sea songs, had been attending the school in unusual numbers.

Not that they studied much. The more earnest and intelligent ones took arithmetic and what navigation the little school-teacher knew; but for the most part the young men's slates served only as the dark background of pictures of gallant ships, whalers and crafts of all kinds, wondrously drawn in lines of white. So the winter slipped away, and

the school-teacher was charming to all, but intimate with none. Only two of the fishermen had ever ventured to accompany her home from a concert—she did not attend their dances—or from church of a Sunday evening; and both Ike and Ben had left her at the door, no one knew whether voluntarily and discreetly, or because they had had no invitation in. To the Islanders it seemed clear that Ben had no chance at all with his stalwart, able-bodied rival. But to Ben himself this was not so sure.

Once when he had spent recess working out a problem in navigation that was in advance of the teacher's logarithmic knowledge, he had looked up in triumph to find her eyeing him from the desk with that brooding look which a mother sometimes gives her child. The other sailor lads were ranged in the back row of seats, and were lustily singing,

'On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,  
And cast a wishful eye.'

Her quick glance was not at all 'wishful,' but rather proud and wondering, as if she felt she had some unspoken right to be glad that in his reasoning he could overtake and forge ahead of a country-girl school-teacher, and as if she, for a second at least, saw in him something greater than a Tancook fisherman.

And then on the last day of school, before he was to go to Lunenburg to ship for the Banks, as he went down to the desk to bid her good-by, the same look had come back into her black eyes, and she had left her hand in his palm a moment longer than was necessary, and had felt of his knuckles with her finger-tips.

'Are you coming back to school next winter?' she said.

'I guess so,' he replied.

'No,' she said, 'you musn't. Next winter you must spend your time more profitably. You have learned what I can teach you. From now on you must teach yourself. And you must study hard!'

Now he was back on Tancook. Before him were six months which he normally would spend as his companions did, practically in idleness. What could he do? What could he study? To how many thousands of young men this question presents itself each winter! How many dismiss it, and saunter off to the barroom or the store to loaf, and lie about, and lose their chance in life!

Ben kept away from the schoolhouse. The first time he met Alice Iser after his return she greeted him with unaffected pleasure, but spoke no word of either encouragement or advice. He saw her next one pleasant afternoon down on his own wharf. He was busy painting a boat that had been hauled up for the winter, when, looking up, he encountered the very person who was at that moment in his mind.

'Miss Iser,' he said at once, 'all summer and all fall I've been thinking how to take your advice about studyin', but it don't seem any use.'

'Why not?' she asked.

'If you want me to be a scholar, it's too late,' he said. 'Books and me has been strangers too long, and got too far apart to go sailin' mates now. We might get better acquainted with each other, but I can't depend on books an' book-learnin' to get me my bread and salt. I must get them from the sea.'

'Ben,' the little school-teacher said, with a very earnest look in her black eyes, 'you didn't quite understand me; you are partly right. You must not study books. But the men who study books are not the only students. And now you must begin and all winter you must study hard.'

'But what?' demanded Ben, putting down brush and paint, and standing erect before the little teacher as before a great problem.

'The thing you like best. The thing in which you excel. The thing in which you can outdo the others, Ike Walton, for instance.' There was mischief in her smiling eyes.

'What is that?' he asked.

'I don't know,' she answered, and she left him there.

It was provoking, and he thought almost aloud as he resumed his work.

'In fishing I could not beat Ike Walton in a hundred years. I haven't the bone and the muscle. As

a sailor I would stand a better show. I could study navigation, and take the examination for a captain's berth, but Ike could get it, too, and he would make an ideal sea-captain, while I would always be at a disadvantage.'

He stopped painting.

'There's only once I ever beat Ike Walton, an' that was when I built my whaler.'

On Tancook every man is a fisherman, and almost every man is his own boat-builder. The Tancook whalers, narrow, two-masted fishing-boats are known from Maine to Labrador for their grace and speed. Only one old man, Ben's uncle, who had taught him the boat-building art, had launched a boat in recent years that could blanket Ben's whaler or leave her in the wake.

The mail came to Tancook daily in fine weather; and, the mail boat having arrived, Ben made his way up to the cottage of Eben Hatt the postmaster. Mr. Hatt received the Halifax Herald, and usually, after the handful of mail was given out to the Islanders who called, he read aloud such paragraphs of the paper as seemed of interest. As the old man was slowly wading through the columns, reading in a high, monotonous tone, Ben's mind was still on his problem until he heard these sentences: 'So now the P. provincial Government, to encourage this proficiency among our seafaring population, will offer a gold medal worth five hundred dollars to the boat making the best time in a race to be sailed on the twenty-fourth of next May, the birthday of our gracious sovereign. Among the restrictions the principal one is that the boat must be under thirty-one feet over all, and she must be owned and built in Nova Scotia.'

'Say Uncle Eben,' called out Ike Walton, 'why wouldn't it be a good idee fer some of us Tancookers to go after that medal?'

'Ach, poy,' said Mr. Hatt, pushing up his glasses for a moment, 'ef dat would haf been a dory race, er a valer race—' he smiled expansively, and nodded his head corner-wise, but dis will be des yacht race dem Halifax fellers vill vin. Ve got nochow. Ain't it?'

'But why can't we build a yacht?' persisted Ike speculatively.

'Vat, a yacht? a pleasure yacht? a racing yacht?' cried Uncle Eben derisively. 'Dat's a ting nefer vas alretty built on Tancook. Ve ain't got no time fer dat.'

But Ben Lantz's mind was made up. He knew now what he was to study. That evening he made bold to call on the little school teacher.

The winter passed on Tancook as other winters had done for a hundred years or more. There were revival meetings; there were dances; singing school and school house school; gossip for the old; fun for the young; a few weddings, a few funerals; some play; more smoking of short pipes, and loafing, and—a little work. One young man was thinking and studying, and studying hard. He did not attract much attention. It was noticed that he received an unusual number of letters; but they looked like mere advertisements, for they bore the names of business firms and were addressed in typewriting. But it was commented on when Ben Lantz began to receive books, big flat ones, from Halifax and Boston and; when a bulky roll came from Newport, it was passed around the post office group—Ben not being present.

'Vot dees now? Vot you tink?'

'N-e-w-p-o-r-t,' de postmark iss Newport.'

'An' here it says, 'Return to Nat Herreshoff! Meppe dat some relation to dem Herreshoffs in Lunenburg.'

'No, no' dese is chust some pictures—chromos, I tink. Meppe dey vishin' Ben to take a pook agent, yet?'

So with a capital joke the subject was dismissed, and none suspected that Ben Lantz had been so fortunate as to get the goodwill of the greatest designer of thirty foot yachts in the world, and so to be able to study and have the use of drawings that money could not buy. About Christmas time some one mentioned at the boat maker's shop that Ben Lantz was building a boat down to his fish-house but no one seemed to know whether it was to be an

open boat or a whaler. And so the winter passed without incident, save that Ike Walton went to Halifax 'to take a job.'

The twenty-fourth of May was bright and fair, as should be the natal day of so good a queen as Queen Victoria. From every flagpole in the city, Halifax and from every mast or mizzen peak in the harbor fluttered the bright colors of the Union Jack, while the high signal mast on the citadel and the rigging of the admiral ship in the harbor were fully dressed in lines of tremendous three cornered flags of every color. Cannon on the citadel were answered by cannon on the men 'o war as the royal salute boomed in honor of the Queen. The great event of the day was the regatta. Trim little craft were there with spectators from every harbor and cove in Nova Scotia. Digby, Yarmouth; Liverpool, Lunenburg, Chester, Mahone Bay, St. Margaret's Bay, Bedford, Canso, Sydney, and half a dozen other towns had sent competing boats and yachts. It so happened that the Lunenburg fishing fleet was in the harbor on that date. And Tancook has sent practically her whole population in a regular little Dutch Armada of whalers. They had swept into Halifax harbor about an hour behind a graceful yacht which bore the strange name, Schoolma'am.

Need I describe the yacht race? It could be rehearsing a twice told tale, and an easy task; for I should need only to turn up the Halifax Herald of that date to find the full report. How against a fresh southeast breeze the fair fleet of forty boats beat their way past St. George's Island, past the Arm, out of Halifax harbor. How the heavier fishing boats soon fell far behind, the long reaching Tancook whalers holding their place the best. How by the time the tack for the Northwest Arm was made it was seen by all to be a race between four yachts: the Sea-Gull from Sydney, the Queen Vic, from Halifax, the Schoolma'am from Tancook, and a stranger, from nobody knew where, that had appeared at the last moment. A couple of miles more and the Sea Gull was left behind. Ten miles and the Queen Vic was worsted by a good full tack, while the Schoolma'am and the stranger were side by side, sailing together like sister swans.

As they rounded the buoy, eleven miles from the starting point, the two boats drew so near together that Ben could read his rival's name, the Shadow, and he could distinguish the features of the yachtman at the helm.

'Ike Walton, I thought you was on the Banks!' 'O Benny! Hand me your painter, and I'll tow you home.'

And as the Shadow, quick as an iceboat, turned on her heel and rounded the buoy like a bird in flight, Ben Lantz could hear that confident laugh which had sounded his defeat a hundred times at a dozen different occupations or trials of strength and skill. As a greyhound chases a deer the Schoolma'am followed the Shadow, but the latter was three boat-lengths ahead when the sheets were loosed and the two boats began the home run with the wind astern, the sails at right angles to the course, and the boom ends playing tag with the crests of the outraced waves as the boats passed over them. As it grew later in the afternoon, the breeze died down and shifted, coming more off the land. Ben took in his sheet more flatly, and hoped the veering would continue, as he had fallen a dozen lengths behind the stranger, and this was his only hope.

Five miles from the line, and the water was smoother, the wind was southwest, and the Schoolma'am had made up half her loss, though her rival was well to windward. Many of the other boats which had fallen out of the race were accompanying the leaders on their homeward run, and the excitement rose. Never were two boats more perfectly matched.

As the Northwest Arm was passed again, the outcome of the race seemed almost as uncertain as on the outward course. The Shadow was still three good boat lengths in the lead, but slowly and surely the Schoolma'am was creeping up and cutting down that space. From among the Tancook fleet that was tacking and luffing near the Island, waiting to go in with the racers when they come along, shot out a whaler steered by a woman. Right down the wind it came, its two masts in line with the Schoolma'am's bow. To the spectators it looked as if there would surely be a collision. Cries rose on ever-side.

(Continued next week.)

## The Young People

EDITOR

BYRON H. THOMAS.

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Dorchester, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space all articles must necessarily be short.

President, A. E. Wall, Esq., Windsor, N. S.

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### HOW TO STAY YOUNG.

How old are you? The adage says that women are as old as they look and men as old as they feel. That's wrong. A man and woman are as old as they take themselves to be.

Growing old is largely a habit of the mind. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." If he begins shortly after middle age to imagine himself growing old he will be old. To keep one's self from decrepitude is somewhat a matter of will power. The fates are kind to the man who hangs onto life with both hands. He who lets go will go. Death is slow only to tackle the tenacious.

Ponce de Leon searched in the wrong place for the fountain of youth. It is in one's self. One must keep one's self young inside, so that while "the outer man perisheth the inner man is renewed day by day."

When the human mind ceases to exert itself, when there is no longer an active interest in the affairs of this life, when the human stops reading and thinking and doing, the man, like a blasted tree, begins to die at the top.

You are as old as you think you are. Keep the harness on. Your job is not done.—Milwaukee Journal.

The foregoing clipping is to say the least worthy of some consideration.

It's the song ye sing and the smiles ye wear,

That's a makin' the sun shine everywhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

### LIGHT FASTER THAN SOUND.

From Nature and Science in June St. Nicholas.

About a thousand yards from the window where I sit is a factory which blows its whistle every noon. The steam always comes from the whistle some little time before the sound is heard. Yesterday I counted three seconds between the time when the first steam was seen and when the sound of the whistle was heard. The whistle is heard when the weather is foggy or clear; hot or cold; windy or calm. It is sometimes louder than at other times, but it always takes three seconds to travel the 3,000 feet from the factory to my house.

We often hear also an echo of the whistle, which comes two seconds later than the first sound. This is the same sound coming by a roundabout journey 5,000 feet long. It travels first 1,000 feet to a hill beyond, and then is sent back 4,000 feet to our house.

A few days ago I heard a band of musicians playing upon the street, and, although they were far distant from me the high tones of the piccolo and the low tones of the bass horn reached me exactly together, showing that high and low tones travel at the same speed.

During a recent thunder storm I noticed a flash of lightning, and counted ten seconds before the sound of the thunder was heard. This showed me that the storm was about 10,000 feet (or about two miles) away. A little later, however, the time between the lightning and the thunder began to grow less, and the noise of the thunder became louder, which showed that the storm was getting nearer. Finally a dazzling flash of lightning was followed immediately by a deafening crash of thunder and at the same time the shingles flew from a patch of roof on a barn near by. It had been struck by lightning, and was soon in flames.

"There's so much bad in the best of us,  
And so much good in the worst of us,  
It hardly behooves any of us  
To speak ill of the rest of us."

\* \* \*

"Be brave, O heart, and fear not earthly shame,  
Cringe not to men, but make thyself a name.  
Take up thy cross, and walk erect through life,  
Fight for the truth, however fierce the strife.  
Yield to no folly, crush thy tempting sin,  
And heed no murmur of complaint within."

Build on resolve and not upon regret.

The structure of thy future. Do not grope  
Among the shadows of old sins, but let  
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope  
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tear  
Upon the blotched record of lost years,  
But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile to see  
The fair white pages that remain to thee.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our way all this day, bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undisturbed and grant us in the end the gift of sleep. Amen.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

### DOES THOUGHT ATTRACT SUCCESS?

BY GALVIN E. KEACH, TROY, N. Y.

I say, yes. I have tried it successfully. First I examined myself to find my own lack of power, then firmly resolved to change my every thought, act, motive and efforts to accomplish a new task desired.

I started new business more congenial to my tastes, and placed my own thoughts wholly on the one purpose of my success. I cultivated strict adherence to truth, honest dealing, courage of convictions, evenness of temper, patience and perseverance, never doubting final victory, following always my inner consciousness created by thought, and fully impressed these things on those I desired to attract and bring to my way of thinking; then pressed them firmly, but kindly, into action. This became a business force that attracted people and brought me success.

In short, I first convinced myself, by concentrated thought of my fitness for a given calling. I held strictly to this thought and made it my "polar star," never entertaining a doubt as to the result.

I never arouse antagonism in others, keep sweet, self-poised, act the part of master of my calling, always positive in assertion of statements, disprove negatives of others, and victory has come to me.

### DO IT NOW.

BY LUTHER MOORE, De Leon, Texas.

Waste no time today, beginner

Do it now.

If you hope to be the winner

Do it now.

There is something you should do,

There are others watching, too—

Lest the hope be lost to you—

Do it now.

There's a call for willing muscle,

Do it now.

And to win you'll have to hustle,

Do it now.

The reward is great and growing

For the man that makes the showing.

Where, then, are your chances going?

Do it now.

Enlightened soul, no longer dally,

Do it now.

This today your powers rally,

Do it now.

There is more to do than wonder,

Heed your own soul's voice thunder,

Hesitation is but blunder—

Do it now.

### VICTORIOUS IN DEATH.

At the battle of Cold Harbor, a captain of magnificent physique lay mortally wounded. Six or eight of his men, who almost idolized him, stood bending about him with the traces of tears upon their grimy cheeks. The captain had asked to be buried with the stars and stripes wrapped about him; and then he said: "My brave boys, we are fighting and bleeding for a cause worthy of our loyalty, even unto death. Put Jesus Christ died for an infinitely greater cause, which should command our allegiance, even unto death. He died to save you and me and all who put their trust in him, with an everlasting salvation. Boys cleave to Christ." His physical strength was gone in this appeal for his King; and his spirit turned from his comrades to his King, as it was about to depart, and he whispered, "Jesus, Jesus," and the gaze of those stalwart soldiers was riveted upon his face. They had seen a splendor wreath his face as, inspired by the loftiest heroism, he had exultingly led them in the charge on the enemy. But they had never seen such radiance as flamed in his face while his soul exulted in the blissful anticipation of meeting his King. And they stood in awe as that radiance lingered, even when the pulse ceased to throb.

\* \* \*

Have faith, then; and let us realize our equality as citizens, our fraternity as men, our liberty in intellectual power. Let us love not only those who love us, but those who love us not. Let us learn to wish to benefit all men. Then everything will be changed; truth will reveal itself; the beautiful will arise; the supreme law will be fulfilled, the world shall enter upon a perpetual fete day. I say, therefore, have faith.—Victor Hugo.

Foreign Missions

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. J. W. Manning, 240 Duke St., St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JUNE

That the lady missionaries at Bimilpatam may be granted wisdom and power in their work and may bear hard on Jesus For Fomalingam and native Christians. For our Associations and Home Mission fields.

The W. M. A. S., of the different Associations will hold their usual Mission meetings where delegates from Bands and Societies are expected to report and interesting programs are being prepared. The Western N. S., at Nictaux, Monday, June 19th, the Central at Mabone Bay, N. S., Thursday, June 22nd, the Western N. B., at Gibson, Saturday, June 24th, the Eastern N. S., at Parsboro, Saturday July 8th, the Southern N. B., at Carleton, July 9th, the Eastern N. B., at Petitcodiac, July 17th, Monday, P. E. Island Association at Montague, July 31st.

BULLA GURANNA.

BY JOHN HARDY.

SERTHAMPETA, Feb. 26th, 1905.

About sixty years ago, in Venkappeta a suburb of Paikanda, a little stranger came into the house of Bulla Mullagga. For two reasons there was great rejoicing, first, because the new comer was the first born, and secondly, because the stranger was a boy. In this land of perverted ideas, the advent of a baby boy to the house is regarded as the smile of God, while the arrival of a baby girl is regarded as a signal of His displeasure. The usual thanksgiving was made to all the Gods, and thus another child of darkness was initiated into the way that leads to death.

Doubtless his childhood was spent like that of any other boy in India, whose lot it is to find himself surrounded by everything that makes for comfort, for his was a home where want was not known. Among his first troubles in this world, was one which came to him at the tender age of two days. Notwithstanding the fact that it was administered by loving hands, he protested with all his might against this heathen custom, but as he was in the minority, and was the weaker party, he had to submit, but he did so under loud protests and strong kickings. If you had been passing his home at the time, you would have heard this young gentleman crying as only a child can when in great trouble. Your sympathies would have been aroused, and you would have drawn near to learn the cause of distress and perchance to lend a helping hand. I can imagine your horror when you would have seen the father and mother or some relation burning the little stomach with a red hot iron, the marks of which remain to this day. In answer to your question of why such cruelty? you would have been told that it was absolutely necessary to keep away sickness. Your arguments to show them the folly of such a course would have been met with the statement, "Our fathers, grand-fathers, and great grand-fathers did this, and that with an air that would have bid you to understand that further argument was only a waste of time, as well as an exposure of what they would have considered your ignorance. Although a child of plenty he never knew what shoes and stockings were, nor the joy of graduating out of dresses into pants. His only suit was a piece of cloth tied around his waist."

As with other mortals, so it was with young Guranna, he had to pass from the childhood of freedom from work in that of boyhood when he must put his shoulders under the "White man's" as well as the "Black man's burden" of winning bread. As his father was a weaver, and as the custom of the country has decreed that the son must learn the trade of the father, the subject of this article had to learn to weave. One would almost think that trades ran in the blood in India. Be that as it may, one thing is certain, and that is, that they must run along the iron bound road of caste. I mean in the Hindu community. As he does not remember much about those days, and as human nature is the same the world over, I may be pardoned for borrowing a little from personal experience to fill up a space that would otherwise be vacant, and say that he thought during those days of semi-freedom from responsibility, that his was the hardest lot in the world, while he was bound to the tedium of work. But, whether under inward protest or not, he served his apprenticeship and passed out into the sphere of young manhood.

In this new world he was given some capital from his father's wealth with which to begin life. This he used as a money-lender and for a time prosperity attended him. Lands came into his hands and he was a big man. When he was twenty-three years of age his father died, and as he was the head man in the caste, and as Guranna was the eldest son,

that honor came to him. Authority to a Hindu always means money whether or not there is any salary connected with the office. In this capacity he was not so much the head man as ruler of the people as their religious teacher. To fit himself for this work he spent much time memorizing the Hindu Sacred writings. Judging from the way he still recites them, he must have been an expert in his profession. But while he went out and in among his people as an exponent of God's truth, little or nothing did he know of the true God, and much less did he dream of the One whose name is above every name, which name he was a chosen vessel of mercy to carry before his people. When he was spending hour after hour filling his mind with the precepts of the Hindu religion, little did he think that he would ever use this very knowledge to confound and tear down that fabrication of falsehood which he then labored so hard to build up. But such was God's secret plan for him, and the day must come when God's open secret of sin and salvation must be made known to and by him.

To be continued.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

The friends of our mission work will kindly remember that the Board requests all the churches to take a silver collection when addressed by the missionaries and others in the interest of the work. Mr. Gullison will have a magic lantern which he will use at week night services wherever practicable. The Board will be very grateful if pastors and others will do their best to make these meetings a success. Large and generous offerings will be appreciated.

20th Century Fund.

North River, Ernest E. Jonah, \$8. Kingslear, Esq. Long, \$1. Havelock, Mr. and Mrs. H. Mullins and Miss Mullins, \$7. Brussels St., Grace F. Smith, \$2. Leinster St., H. Dean Creed, \$5. Frederickton, H. C. Creed, \$15. Hopewell, E. R. Hetherington, \$7.50. Galeson Bray, \$5. W. W. Wright, \$5. \$22.50. Jacksonville (S.S.), \$75. J. W. McCready, \$10. \$37.50. Valley, Thos. Lowther, \$4. Ethel Knibbs, \$2. \$2. Sackville, Jas. Hopkins, \$2. Rev. F. M. ... Newcastle, Thos. O. Bailey, \$10. Hillsboro, Mr. and Mrs. Jordan Steves, \$4. Mrs. W. H. Dully, \$1. Y. W. Dully, \$1. Annie Dully, \$1. T. M. Bishop, \$1. \$14. ... M. as Belle F. DeLong, \$5. Chapman, H. Nook, \$5. ... Mr. (Mrs. Isaac) Trites, \$2. B. A. Lutes, \$5. ... J. H. Watters, \$3. Harvey (Est.) R. Turner, \$10. J. M. Stevens, \$4. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robinson, \$6.25. J. H. Bradley, \$1. Mrs. C. Bleskney, \$1. Belle M. Miles, \$1. Geo. A. Miles, \$1. \$9.75. Elgin, Warren Hays, \$1. Hodgdon and Richmond, Mrs. John Henderson, \$1. Hillsboro 3rd, S.S. \$5. Carleton, Mrs. L. Estabrook, \$1. Up Gagetown (J. W. Travis, \$3. Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Abbott, \$2. Augusta Hobin \$1). \$6. Salisbury (Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Crossman, \$1.50. Hazen Crossman \$1. Calvin Jones, \$2. \$4.50. Springfield 1st, Harry Nobles \$5. Norton, Grace Allaby, \$5. Forest Glen, W. T. Colpitts \$5. Campbellton, Nathan Bulmer \$5. Wm. Hanscomb \$2.50. \$7.50. Total \$170.50.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Bedeque, Mrs. E. T. Wright \$1. J. W. MANNING, Treas. May 19, 1905.

20th Century Fund.

Sackville. (C. W. Ford, \$5. Dr. Copp, \$15. Mr. and Mrs. W. Cahill, \$1.50. Mrs. F. Barnes, \$1. J. E. Fowler, \$3. C. G. Steadman, \$3. J. F. Faulkner, \$2.50. E. H. Fowler, \$2. Sangster, \$15. Burton Ford, \$5. Walter Fowler, \$12. Chas. E. Carter, \$3. A. W. Dixon, \$4. S. School, \$25. Mrs. E. L. Anderson, \$4. Mrs. Gass, \$3. Harry Phinney, \$12. Maud Phinney, \$1. Walter Hildcup, \$6. H. B. Doncaster, \$3. Mr. and Mrs. H. Palmer, \$2. Wm. Dixon, \$1. Mrs. V. A. Mullins, \$2. Mrs. Wm. Snowdon, \$5. Harry L. Snowdon, \$1. Mrs. Julia Snowdon, \$1. Mrs. J. Chase, \$2. Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Phinney, \$4.50. A. C. Sears, \$5. \$159. Dorchester, (Martin Crossman, \$2. C. A. Fillmore, \$4. \$6. Salisbury, (Mrs. W. Taylor, \$10. E. W. Horsman, \$4. N. E. Sharpe, \$2. J. M. Crandall, \$6. H. N. Crandall, \$2. Mrs. R. T. McCready, \$2. Mrs. P. Gray, \$1. Freeze Taylor, \$4. \$31. Petitcodiac, D. A. Jonah, \$2. Hillsboro 1st, Lotue Osbourne, \$1. Fairville, Rev. A. I. Dykeman, \$5. Springfield, 1st, Mrs. S. Davis, \$1. Upper Falls, St. George, I. E. Gillmor, \$1. Elgin, 3rd, Bertie B. Steeves, \$2. Sheffield 2nd, Mrs. F. C. Coburn, \$2. Centerville, E. S. Branscombe, \$5. Metapedia, William Bulmer, \$5. Newcastle, (D. J. Bailey, \$1. Mr. and Mrs. S. Bailey, \$2) \$3. Lutes Mt. Levi Steeves, \$2. Elgin, 3rd, John R. Geldart \$5. \$214.75.

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Mr. and Bessie Billingsley, \$3. J. W. MANNING, Treas. St. John, May 31, 1905.

New Books.

THE MESSAGE OF THE TWELVE PROPHETS. By William D. Murray.

In preparing this book the author has been influenced by a consideration of the great importance to the student of the prophetic books of the Bible. They form the key to all the chief problems of Old Testament study, and without them no one can hope to make any real progress in the knowledge of the Old Testament as a whole. These

studies are an attempt to make the Minor Prophets a subject for devotional study. They have therefore been arranged in brief daily portions and are printed so that questions can be answered in writing. The studies are arranged so that each of the prophets forms a book study by itself covering one or more complete weeks. A chronological chart gives the place of the prophets in the history of the Hebrew people together with the names and dates of a few of the more important kings. These studies were prepared originally for use in the author's Bible class of business men and have been taught by him at various times. Out of each class which has studied them, the author tells us, one or more of the ministers has gone forth into Christian work; they have heard the call of God through the prophets of old.

Published by the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association.

HAROLD BOWDOIN'S INVESTMENT. By Hattie E. Colter.

In this little volume a story is related which certainly does not find many counterparts in actual life. It tells us of a youth living amid affluence in a city, who makes the acquaintance of a lad near his own age who is working for small wages in a factory. The acquaintance is cultivated at first on the part of the rich youth as a Christian duty and in order to help one that needs help. Then, finding that this factory lad possesses unusual talents and a great thirst for knowledge, this rich youth, Harold Bowdoin, resolves to secure for him the opportunity of an education which he accordingly does, and has the happiness of seeing his friend and protegee develop into a student of very remarkable ability and a minister of the Gospel, whose work is marked by great consecration and success. There will be few to dispute that an investment yielding such results is a good one, and if every rich youth could be sure of discovering a Ferdinand Lee, there doubtless would be more who would be ready to bestow their friendship on poor factory boys. There is perhaps, only one such boy in ten thousand, but the others no less need Christian sympathy and friendship than the one of brilliant talents.

Published by William Briggs, Toronto.

Equity Sale.

Notice is hereby given that the following property will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Cor. ... (The property is described in detail, including land parcels, buildings, and machinery, and is situated in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick.)

For terms of sale and other particulars apply to the plaintiff's solicitors or the undersigned Referee. Dated at St. John, N. B., this 9th day of May, A. D. 1905. E. H. McALPINE, REFEREE IN EQUITY. EARLE, BELYEA, & CAMPBELL, PLAINTIFF'S SOLICITORS. T. T. LANTALUM, Auctioneer.

We will for BILL H till further at \$ per sing Assorte Regular \$3. In 5,000 per I Samples mailed Address PATERSO MESSENGER & St John N. B. Express pr MARITIME BAPTIS CIE Arrangements are b... Historical Society... Clerks. Brethren I... pass them in to the... He will look th... shape, if found necess... the Library of Acadia... tion. Let all the his... Let every church more... history has been writte... if not, let steps be tal... and forwarded. Hopewell Cape, Ma... LITERARY The controversy be... Canon Cheyne over th... goes merrily on in th... temporary Review. T... to the Canon's "remem... in the Living Age for... on's reply—"Has the... ical Criticism?"—will... ber of June 3. Constructive rather... Contemporary articl... ion of Religious Belie... notable contributions... discussion, and the b... its argument is laid o... serious attention th... have always comman... for June 10 reprints th... Not Any pastor in N. S... student help for the... please communicate w... venient. E. J. G... Arcadia, Yarmouth, DENOMINATION SUCCESSOR TO LATE TE As the Finance of... Scotia have been ur... willing to assume the... the work of the late T... Treasurer of former ye... come responsible for... of the year. All fut... sent to him and will... and credited as direct... Signed { A. E. W... { A. COMO... Wolfville, N. S. Ma REDUCED All delegates atten... tral Association at M... will receive reduced... R. and H. S. W. I... your ticket for Mah...



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**MARITIME BAPTIST HISTORICAL SOCIETY.**

Arrangements are being made for our Associations. Don't overlook the work of the Historical Society! A large number of histories of local churches are lying around in the hands of Associational clerks or church clerks. Brethren! look up the histories and pass them in to the Rev. Dr. Saunders, Halifax. He will look them over, put them in shape, if found necessary, and lodge them in the Library of Acadia College for preservation. Let all the histories be handed in. Let every church moreover ascertain if their history has been written up to the date, and if not, let steps be taken to have it written and forwarded. J. W. Brown, Sec'y.  
Hopewell Cape, May 26.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

The controversy between Dr. Reich and Canon Cheyne over the "Higher Criticism" goes merrily on in the pages of The Contemporary Review. The Doctors' rejoinder to the Canon's "remonstrance" was reprinted in the Living Age for May 20, and the Canon's reply—"Has the Clock Stopped in Biblical Criticism?"—will be found in the number of June 3.

Constructive rather than critical, Mallock's Contemporary article on "The Reconstruction of Religious Belief" is one of his most notable contributions to current religious discussion, and the broad lines on which its argument is laid out make it worth more serious attention than his caustic essays have always commanded. The Living Age for June 10 reprints the article.

**Notices.**

Any pastor in N. S. or P. E. I. who desire student help for the summer months, will please communicate with me as soon as convenient. E. J. GRANT Sec'y H. M. B. Arcadia, Yarmouth, N. S.

**DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS, N. S.**

SUCCESSOR TO LATE TREASURER, JOHN NALDER  
As the Finance Committee for Nova Scotia have been unable to find anyone willing to assume the full responsibility for the work of the late Treasurer; A. Cohoon, Treasurer of former years has agreed to become responsible for it during the remainder of the year. All funds may therefore be sent to him and will be duly acknowledged and credited as directed.

Signed { A. E. WALL,  
A. COHOON, Fin. Com. for N. S.  
Wolfville, N. S., March 9, 1905

**REDUCED FARES.**

All delegates attending the N. S. Central Association at Mahone Bay, June 21, will receive reduced fares on the D. A. R. and H. & S. W. Ry. On purchasing your ticket for Mahone you will ask for

a Standard Certificate and pay one full fare. On presenting the Standard Certificate, signed by the clerk of the Association, at the ticket office at Mahone, you will receive a return ticket free.

H. B. SMITH, Clerk.

**N. S. CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.**

The Nova Scotia Central Association will convene with the Mahone Bay Church June 21st, at 9:30 a. m. Each church is requested by the Association to write a letter. (See Year Book, Page 143) Please forward letters to the clerk not later than June 14.

H. B. SMITH, Sec'y.

**N. S. CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.**

Will the clerks of the churches kindly see to it that a list of delegates to this association is in the hands of the entertaining committee of Mahone church on or before June 14th. Please state whether they will come by train or team.

J. E. LANZ, Church Clerk.

**QUARTERLY MEETING OF CARLETON AND VICTORIA COUNTIES.**

The above named Quarterly will meet with the church at Florenceville on Monday, June 12th at 7:30 p. m., opening Sermon by Rev. I. A. Corbett. The programme includes:

- Tuesday 10 a. m. verbal reports from churches. 11 a. m. Paper by I. A. Corbett, subj. Christ's interpretation of the Moral Law. 2 p. m. Sermon by B. S. Freeman, 2:30 Paper subj. The attitude of churches toward Prohibition of the liquor Traffic, by J. A. Cahill.
- 3:30 p. m. Paper by J. C. Blakney, subj. Perseverance under great difficulties.
- 7:30 p. m. Mission Service.
- Missions in New Brunswick by F. N. Atkinson.
- Missions in Dominion of Canada, by R. W. Demmings.
- Missions in India by A. H. Hayward.

JOSIEPH A. CAHILL, Sec'y-Treas.

**THE NOVA SCOTIA WESTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.**

This Association will convene with the Nictaux Baptist church, June 17th, at 10 a. m. Will all delegates please let the entertaining committee know not later than June 10th, whether they will come by train or by team. Announcements of travelling arrangements will appear later.

Address, N. M. Beckwith, Middleton, N. S., or C. H. Haverstock, Nictaux Falls, N. S., G. H. HAVERSTOCK

**THE N. B. SOUTHERN ASSOCIATION.**

The New Brunswick Southern Association will convene with the Church at Lower Wickham on Wednesday, July 5 at ten o'clock a. m. C. W. Townsend, Moderator. C. A. Laubman, Clerk.

**N. B. HOME MISSIONS**

In co-operation with the secretary of the Free Baptist H. M. Executive the following students have been assigned

service for the summer. Churches and mission fields are earnestly requested to aid the board in their support. They will in the majority of cases begin work on the second Sunday in June.

- Fred A. Bower, Cape Tormentine, etc.
- F. S. Kinlay, St. Andrews Field.
- W. L. Denham, Central Miramichi Dist.
- Federick Porter, New-Richmond.
- C. A. Collshaw, Musquash Field.
- J. H. Gilbert, Salmon River.
- C. Frank Rideout, Grand Falls, etc.
- Clarence Wheaton, Grand Manan.
- Harry Manzor, Mascareno.
- E. H. Cockrane, Nashwaaksis, etc.
- (Geo. C. F. Keirstead, Bath, etc.)
- Percy R. Hayward, Beaver Harbor.
- M. L. Orchard, Tobique Valley.
- J. S. McFadden, Saltsprings, etc.

Other appointments will be given later. W. E. MCINTYRE

**COLCHESTER AND PICTOU COUNTY QUARTERLY.**

The Colchester and Pictou Counties Meeting will convene with the DeBert church on June 19, and 20. The churches are requested to appoint delegates in the usual manner and forward their names to Bro. D. A. Carter of DeBert.

By order, Ex. Com. E. T. MILLER, Sec.

**INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION, TORONTO, JUNE 23-27.**

On June 23-27 there will be held in the city of Toronto the largest Convention of Sunday School Teachers that has ever gathered in the Dominion. Representatives will be there from every Province in Canada and every State in the Union, probably over 3000 delegates. Nova Scotia has the privilege of sending thirty delegates but anyone interested in Sunday School work can go and get the benefit of the reduced railroad rates and attend the meetings. The railroad rates are one first class fare from point of starting with standard certificate, and return free three days after Convention, with the privilege of having the time extended to August 25th, by the payment of \$1.00. It would make a most delightful trip as well as an exceedingly profitable one to those engaged in Sunday School work; they would meet the brightest and most progressive minds on the Continent, and hear the most important questions connected with the work discussed. Toronto itself is a beautiful city, and there would be ample time to visit other portions of Ontario. Further information can be obtained at Provincial Sunday School Headquarters, Room 20, Queen Building, Halifax, N. S.

**P. E. ISLAND BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.**

The P. E. Island Baptist Association will meet with the Montague church on Friday June 30th at 10 o'clock a. m. All church letters and statistics to be sent to the undersigned previous to June 20th. ARTHUR SIMPSON, Sec'y.  
Bay View, May 26th, 1905.

**N. B. WESTERN ASSOCIATION.**

The N. B. Western Association will convene with the Gibson Baptist church, Friday, June 23, first session 10 a. m. B. S. FREEMAN, Clerk.

**THE ALBERT COUNTY QUARTERLY.**

The next meeting of the Albert Co. Quarterly meeting will be held at Ger-

**Baby's Second Summer**

will be a happy, healthy summer, if mother starts NOW to feed

**Nestle's Food**

Just add water—no milk. Always ready for use.

Sample (sufficient for eight meals) sent free to mothers.

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mantown on Wednesday and Thursday, June 14, and 15, beginning Wednesday, 2:30 p. m. and closing 12 p. m. Thursday. On Thursday afternoon and evening it is expected the Albert Co. S. S. Convention will be held. An interesting program is being prepared. Let all Baptist churches in Albert Co., send delegates. Let this June Quarterly be the best yet. J. W. BROWN, Sec'y.  
Hopewell Cape, May 31.

The Colchester and Pictou Counties Quarterly meeting will convene with the DeBert church on Monday and Tuesday June 19th and 20th. The churches are requested to appoint delegates according to custom to forward names of same to D. A. Carter, of DeBert. E. T. MILLER, Sec.

**N. S. WESTERN ASSOCIATION.**

The Nova Scotia Western Association will meet with the Nictaux church on Saturday, June 17th next. Delegates travelling via the D. A. Ry. and the H. & S. W. Ry. will be careful to secure Standard Certificates when purchasing tickets to Nictaux. These certificates properly filled out and signed by the clerk of the Association will secure tickets for the return journey free of charge. Will the church clerks please forward their church letters to the undersigned with all possible promptness.

HORACE G. COLPITTS,  
Clerk of Association

The New Brunswick Western Association will convene under the auspices of the Gibson Baptist Church, on June 13rd, 14th, 25th. All churches are requested to appoint delegates and forward names to the undersigned. The committee on entertainment will provide homes for accredited delegates only. Will clerks and pastors attend to this matter and instruct delegates. Please forward names not later than five days before meeting. W. E. MISK, Sec'y of Com.

**SECOND-HAND BOOKS**

- Comprehensive Commentary 6 Vols. Bapt. Ed.—Sheep 6 or Set
- Expositors Bible—Armstrong Ed. Gen Isa 2 Vols. Phil
- Rev. \$1.00 each \$4.50 for the lot
- Armitage's History of the Baptists 4 Vols. \$1.75
- West's Complete Analysis of the Bible, half Mor \$1.75
- Conybeare & Howsons Life and Epistles of St Paul 3 Vol. Ed. 75c
- Moffat's The Historical New Testament and Edition New catalogued \$4.50 Net \$3.00

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# INTERESTING LETTER

WRITTEN BY A NOTABLE WOMAN

Mrs Sarah Kellogg of Denver, Color Bearer of the Woman's Relief Corps, Sends Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham.



Mrs. Sarah Kellogg

The following letter was written by Mrs. Kellogg, of 1638 Lincoln Ave., Denver, Colo., to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"For five years I was troubled with a tumor, which kept growing, causing me intense agony and great mental depression. I was unable to attend to my house work, and life became a burden to me. I was confined for days to my bed, lost my appetite, my courage and all hope.

"I could not bear to think of an operation, and in my distress I tried every remedy which I thought would be of any use to me, and reading of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to sick women decided to give it a trial. I felt so discouraged that I had little hope of recovery, and when I began to feel better, after the second week, thought it only meant temporary relief, but to my great surprise I found that I kept gaining, while the tumor lessened in size.

"The Compound continued to build up my general health and the tumor seemed to be absorbed, until, in seven months, the tumor was entirely gone and I a well woman. I am so thankful for my recovery that I ask you to publish my letter in newspapers, so other women may know of the wonderful curative powers of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

When women are troubled with irregular or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhoea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, back-ache, flatulence, general debility, indigestion and nervous prostration, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such trouble.

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Health is too valuable to risk in experiments with unknown and untried medicines or methods of treatment. Remember that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing women, and don't allow any druggist to sell you anything else in its place.

## ON WHICH SIDE OF THE DESK ARE YOU?

The man before the desk is paid WAGES for LABOR. The man behind the desk is paid SALARY for KNOWLEDGE.

### WHERE ARE YOU?

Our courses qualify for an increase in salary.

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CURE FOR CONSTIPATION

Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Coated Tongue, Foul Breath, Heart Burn, Water Brash, or any Disease of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels.

Laxa-Liver Pills are purely vegetable; neither gripe, weaken nor sicken, are easy to take and prompt to act.

# The Home

## SUMMER HATS.

A little later on, when the summer that will monopolize the attention of the girl of the moment, very fetching hats will be seen made of broderie anglaise. These hats will have the brim of the fashionable eyelet embroidery, and the crown will be a mass of flowers. They will be worn in the Charlotte Corday shape, and also in a shape with a broad brim which rolls up at the left side.—April Woman's Home Companion.

## OPPORTUNITY.

"What is its name?" asked a visitor when shown a statue with its face concealed and wings on its feet.

"Opportunity," replied the sculptor.

"Why is its face hidden?"

"Because men seldom recognize it."

"Why it has wings on its feet?"

"Because it is soon gone, and once gone, cannot be overtaken."—Ex.

## RULES FOR KEEPING SERVANTS.

Here are a few rules given by a woman who enjoys a reputation for never having trouble with her numerous servants and retaining them in her service for years:

She pays good wages; that is, she pays as liberally as she can afford; and is always punctual in payment.

She allows her servants a reasonable share of all the dainties served the family and is liberal in the matter of their food, maintaining that good work cannot be done on an empty stomach.

She rarely criticizes, but when reproof is needed gives it with firmness and without fear, but kindly.

Praise is always given when due; she thinks it well to acknowledge good service to encourage.

She allows each reasonable time for outings and to attend church. And she does not require service when a girl is taking her afternoon off.

She allows her maids time to keep their clothes in order and requires them to be neat, cleanly and orderly about their sleeping apartments.

She is never familiar; only evinces a kindly interest in the general welfare without becoming in any way involved in the family affairs of any one of her servants.

If a matter goes wrong, she takes time to investigate before reproving and never scolds or rebukes when angry.

If necessary to dismiss a servant, she never does when in temper, but waits until she can control herself, so as to command respect.

She will not allow her maids to gossip about her neighbors' affairs, nor to make remarks about one member of the family to another.

She will not allow her children to be rude or insolent to the servants, nor will she allow too great familiarity.

And her servants remain with her decades and are devoted to her.—Brooklyn 'Eagle.'

## COOKED FRUITS.

Every housekeeper knows that the early spring is a time in which the appetite must be coaxed. After the long winter, the system craves a change of diet long before new vegetables or fresh fruit can appear upon the farm. This makes it an occasion for the best use of those various dried and canned fruits which we all keep in stock, to some extent, to fall back upon in case of need. The fruit and nut diet, which is now extravagantly overpraised in some quarters may yield a little help in this direction. In matters of diet, as in most deputed subjects, wisdom inclines to the middle ground.

A Fruit Potpie.—Is one of the new departments in this line, though, like most culinary novelties, it is not altogether unlike some of the combinations found in o'd cook books. Cranberries make a good potpie, and they have been usually good and moderate in price this year. But a great variety of fruits may be pressed into service. The usual potpie crust is a fine biscuit dough. Each cook who can make soda biscuits in which she

takes pride will prefer to use her own rule for this dough. The essential is that it should be light and dry and melting in tenderness when served. A cranberry potpie may take a quart of berrys and enough crust for a dozen small biscuit. Have an agate or porcelain-lined kettle lightly buttered. Pick over and wash the fruit, and put half of it in the kettle. Make the dough into a large ring, and lay it upon the fruit, pouring the second pint of cranberries into and around this ring. Sprinkle over the fruit a cupful of sugar, and pour on gently enough boiling water to almost cover. Cover closely, and cook steadily for about 25 minutes. Slip on to a large platter, and serve hot or cold with sugar and cream.—Ex.

## ASPARAGUS WAYS

Toast with Eggs.—Use only the tender part of the asparagus, and cook it until done in slightly salted boiling water. Drain arrange on nicely browned toast which has been slightly moistened with a little of the asparagus water, and season to taste. Break an egg carefully over each piece, and set the platter in a hot oven until the eggs are set. Then serve at once.

Soup.—Wash a large bunch of asparagus, and cut off the tops. Cover the stalks with cold water, and cook five minutes; then drain. Then cover with three pints of soup stock and add a third of the reserved tips. Cook until the asparagus is soft enough to press through a sieve or colander, and leave only the fibre behind. Then return the soup and pulp to the fire, season to taste and bring it to a boil. Drop in the reserved tips, which have been cooked in another saucepan until tender. Heat one cupful of rich milk or cream in a double boiler, and thicken with two level tablespoonfuls of flour and two of butter rubbed smoothly together. Stir this into the soup, cook a minute longer, and serve with croutons.

In cases.—Make little boxes of hot baking powder biscuit. Spread inside and out with melted butter, and fill the hollows with cooked asparagus moistened with cream sauce. Put in a hot oven for two minutes, then serve at once.

Iced.—Use only the tips and the tenderest parts of the asparagus for this. Boil or steam very carefully, so as to have the asparagus tender, but firm. While still warm, moisten with a simple French dressing, and when cold pack in ice and salt, and freeze. This is delicious on a hot day.—Mary Foster Snider.

Twenty persons were injured, six of them so seriously that they were sent to hospitals, and more than a hundred persons narrowly escape death or serious injury on Monday, when a swiftly moving train crashed into two others on the high elevated structure on the Third avenue line at 133rd street and Alexander avenue, New York. Only the best of good fortune prevented a terrible tragedy.

Though no details of the assassination of Prince Nakachidze, governor of Badu, Caucasus, at Baku Wednesday, have been received, the impression is that the outrage was the work of the Armenian revolutionary committee in revenge for the attitude taken by the prince during the racial war between Armenians and Tartars in February last and is not attributable to Russian terrorists.

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Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LIMENT in my family and also in my stables for years and consider it the best medicine obtainable.

Yours truly,

ALFRED ROCHAV,

Proprietor Roxton Pond Hotel and Livery Stables.

Roxton Pond, July 4, 1901.

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be prompt to apply Pond's Extract—the old family doctor; its soothing, healing powers are marvelous. Cures burns, scalds, cuts, bruises; relieves all pain. 60 years it has been the one family remedy for every emergency. Imitations are weak, watery, worthless; Pond's Extract is pure, powerful, profusion.

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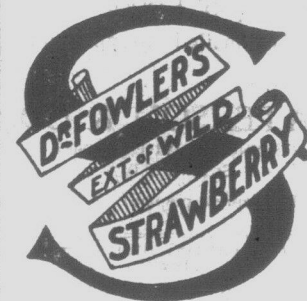
... FOR ...

## Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Stomach Cramps

and all

## Summer Complaints

take



Don't experiment with new and untried remedies, but procure that which has stood the test of time.

Dr. Fowler's has stood the test for 60 years, and has never failed to give satisfaction. It is rapid, reliable and effectual in its action and does not leave the bowels constipated. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES. THEY'RE DANGEROUS.

Mrs. BRONSON LUK, Aylmer, Que., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea for several years past and I find it is the only medicine which brings relief in so short a time."

## STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous."

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W. J. OSBORNE, Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

## The Sunday School

### BIBLE LESSON.

Abridged from Peloubet's Notes.

Second Quarter, 1905.

APRIL TO JUNE.

Lesson XII.—June 18—The Heavenly Home.—Rev. 22: 1-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

To him that overcometh shall I grant to sit with me in my throne.—Rev. 3: 21.

EXPLANATORY.

The City Gates (Rev. 21: 12, 13, 25.) In the vision there were twelve gates to the city, four on each side, and these gates were always open. The gates are open with a welcome from every direction. All people, of all kinds, of all races, of all ages, are welcome. More than this, they are open for all ideas, all good things, all true qualities of character, all art, all truths, learning, riches, culture, secular things, all that delights, helps, builds up man.

There is nothing in the city for which night stands. Every thing is in the light. Things are seen as they are. There is no more blundering, no dim feeling of our way. There are no dangers there from darkness. Restrictions are put on liberty in this world, because it is imperfect. As soon as one's nature is perfect, the liberty can be perfect, the liberty of the sons of God.

The city stands for convenience, culture, power, stimulus, fellowship, enjoyment, interest in human life, all the advantages which come from the close union of many. But in the Paradise Regained, flows (vs. 1) A PURE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL . . . (vs. 2) IN THE MIDST OF THE STREET OF IT. The river symbolizes all that is refreshing, life giving, thirst-quenching, cleansing, beautiful, flowing close by all that the city stands for. ON EITHER SIDE OF THE RIVER, made flourishing by it, WAS THERE THE TREE OF LIFE, yielding beauty,

#### A SURPRISE PARTY.

How the Authoress Turned the Tables on Her Friends.

A distinguished authoress with her husband moved to a California fruit ranch to get free from stomach and nervous troubles. She tells her food story as follows:

"The change to outdoor life, abundance of fresh fruit, etc., did help us some, but as the necessity of cutting out all indigestible foods and thus striking at the root of the trouble, had not sufficiently impressed itself on our minds, we continued to indulge our appetites, till at last I was prostrated for a long time with a serious illness, during which I was nearly starved on 'gruel and things.' One day while in this condition I demanded Grape-Nuts, merely because I wanted something I could chew. My wish was complied with, under protest at first, however, and then as no bad results followed, the crisp, nutty grains were allowed me in the way of humoring a harmless whim.

"To the surprise of everyone, the stomach which had persistently refused to retain the sloppy messes usually fed to sick folks, readily assimilated the Grape-Nuts, and I was soon able to take two spoonfuls three times a day, and when I got to that point my health and strength came back to me rapidly. On recovery, and taking up my work again, I adhered to Grape-Nuts food for breakfast and supper, eating a good, plain dinner at noon. In four weeks I gained 10 pounds in weight. I have constantly used Grape Nuts food ever since and greatly to my advantage.

"My faith in Grape-Nuts was a matter of much jesting to my family, and once when my birthday came around, I was told that a special dinner would be prepared to honor the anniversary. When I entered the dining room I was surprised to find it decorated with Grape-Nuts boxes, some empty, some full, and some filled with flowers, etc., etc., and the joke was hilariously enjoyed. My time came, however, when I returned the surprise by producing a delicious Grape-Nuts pudding, and dates stuffed with rolled grape-Nuts and cream. Then those who came to scoff remained to gorge themselves, if I may be pardoned the expression. It has not been difficult since that day to win converts to Grape-Nuts." Name given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days' trial is proof.

and comfort, but most of all bearing TWELVE MANNER OF FRUIT for feeding the soul; a great variety in order to satisfy every hunger, every longing and desire, for sustaining and giving growth to every faculty, the whole being. THE LEAVES OF THE TREE WHERE FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS. The trees are not to be isolated, but to be brought into contact with the people, even the leaves, the means by which fruit is borne are a healing power to the nations.

The Things Excluded (vs. 3, 5) 3 THERE SHALL BE NO MORE CURSE. Nothing that brings evil, nothing that injures soul or body, no barrier between the soul and God.

5. AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT THERE, no ignorance, no prejudice or sin that shuts out the light, no deeds of darkness, no love of evil, no mere groping for truth and light. Nothing shall be there that is described in Rev. 21: 8, 27, for these evils and sins are contrary to the very nature of the Kingdom of God. They can no more exist there than darkness can remain in the light of the sun.

THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NEITHER SORROW, NOR CRYING . . . NOR PAIN (Rev. 21: 4) These cannot exist, because sin, their cause, no longer exists. So long as sin exists in the soul, or disease in the body, there must also exist pain, as the danger signal, as the impulse to righteous living. "Pain is the protest of Today against Yesterday on its way to Tomorrow." Disease or sin without pain means death.

THINGS INCLUDED WITHIN THE CITY (vs. 3, 5) (1) THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB (vs. 3) Their presence, guiding providence. (2) THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE (vs. 4) which only the poor in heart can see. The power and joy of intimate personal communion with God and Christ. (3) HIS NAME, representing all that God is in character, shall be in (on) their foreheads (vs. 4), marking them as his children, and showing in their very appearance the heavenly character. (4) THE LORD GOD GIVETH THEM LIGHT (vs. 5) Direct inspiration the illumination of the Spirit. The light is for all without distinction, doing for us spiritually all that light does for us in nature. (5) The water of life, freely. (6) The fruits of the tree of life. (7) The kings of the earth shall bring their glory into it; all that is good and desirable in this world shall belong to the perfect state. Nothing good shall be excluded, nothing banned. HE SHALL INHERIT ALL THINGS. (8) AND THEY SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER. He shall reign over himself, no longer "a heritage of woe," but "crowned and mitred o'er thyself reign thou." He shall reign over all things so that everything on earth and in heaven shall minister to his service in the kingdom of heaven.

#### ALL'S WELL.

A traveler returning from Europe relates how, one beautiful Sunday evening on the steamship Oceanic, in midocean, a group of Welshmen sung beautifully, both in Welsh and English, the great old church hymns. There were more than two thousand passengers, and nearly all were listening with delight. Just at dark they sang, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." After singing it in Welsh, they repeated it in English. As they finished the line, "Safe into the haven guide," the captain on the bridge tapped three bells. The watchman on the first lookout repeated the three taps loudly on his larger bell, and sent out over the decks and out over the waves the cry, "All's well!" Far up in the crow's nest, nearly one hundred feet from the deck, the watchman in the second outlook caught up the cry and sent it out farther into the darkness: "All's Well!" A gentleman standing by the traveler's side on the deck remarked: "Would it not be fine if every soul on this great liner could, from the heart, and for himself echo it yet again and fling it up to the angels above: 'All's well!'"—Selected.

#### SPRING SONG.

Spring came dancing down the glade  
Her arms with v'lets laden;  
And Spring met Love, and Love was sad,  
Love vowed he'd never more be glad,  
Spring sighed—the tender maiden!  
Spring scattered violets through the glade  
And hid them in the blowing grass;  
And Love bent down and plucked a flower  
And hastened to his lady's bower,  
Spring sang—the happy maiden!  
Spring whispered to the waiting birds  
To thrill a roundelay;  
Along came Love, and Love was glad,  
He vowed he never could be sad  
Spring laughed—the witching maiden!  
—Rita Scherman in the Reader Magazine for May.

## FERROVIM

TRADE MARK  
A TONIC FOR ALL.  
It makes new blood  
It invigorates  
It strengthens  
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BONE AND MUSCLE  
Used with the greatest advantage by all weak people. Prevents fainting, makes pallid cheeks into rosy ones.  
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### Real Estate for Sale.

A delightful home in the Town of Berwick containing 4 acres with Apples, Pears, Plums, Currants and other small Fruit. Produced 60 bbls. apples this year. Cut hay sufficient for horse and cow. Has a beautiful lawn and shade trees. Dwelling 1 1/2 story, 8 rooms, with Halls. Furnace in cellar. Water in the House. Situated opposite Baptist church

Also a new dwelling—Adjoining the above lot—Contains 10 rooms.

Also a Cottage on Cottage Avenue—Contains 6 rooms—All the above places are in first-class repair, and pleasantly situated.

For further particulars apply to A. A. FORD—Berwick Real Estate Agency—or Geo. E. PINEO, Berwick.

## INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

On and after MONDAY, November 21st, 1904, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN.	
Sub. for Hampton	5.40
5—Mixed for Moncton,	6.30
2—Exp. for Point du Chene, Halifax, Sydney and Campbellton	7.00
26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou	12.15
4—Mixed for Moncton and Point du Chene	13.15
8 Express for Sussex	17.10
134—Express for Quebec and Montreal	18.00
10—Express for Halifax	23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.	
9—Express from Halifax	6.20
Sub from Hampton	7.45
7—Express from Sussex	9.00
133—Express from Montreal and Quebec	13.50
5—Mixed from Moncton	15.20
3—Express from Moncton and Point du Chene	16.50
25—Express from Halifax, Pictou and Campbellton	17.40
1—Express from Halifax	18.40
81—Express from Moncton (Sunday only)	24.35

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time 24.00 o'clock is midnight.  
D. POTTINGER,  
General Man.  
Railway Office,  
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 18th, 1904.  
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## THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

#### ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or, if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10.00 is charged for a homestead entry.

#### HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of clauses (2) (3) or (4) must cultivate thirty acres of his homestead, or substitute twenty head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

#### APPLICATION FOR PATENT

should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, Sub Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

#### INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—In addition to the Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

Church Chime Bells  
Peal  
Memorial Bells a Specialty.  
McKean Bell Foundry Co., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.  
FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELL  
HAVE FURNISHED BELL  
CHURCH SCHOOLS & OTHER  
GENUINE  
WEST-TROY N.Y. BELL-METAL  
CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE

## From the Churches.

### DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS.

Fifteen thousand dollars wanted from the churches of 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. Cahoon, Treasurer, Wolfville, N. S. Envelopes for gathering these funds can be obtained free on application.

The Treasurer for New Brunswick is Rev. J. W. MARRIS, D.D., St. JOHN, N. B. and the Treasurer for P. E. Island is Mr. A. W. STERNS CHARLOTTETOWN. All contributions from churches and individuals in New Brunswick should be sent to Dr. MARRIS; and such contributions P. E. Island to Mr. STERNS.

**SURREY N. B.**—The Lord is blessing us on this field. For the last six weeks we have been holding special meetings, at Albert Mines and at Surrey. On Easter Sunday I baptized 14 at Albert Mines, and last Sunday I baptized 4 in Surrey. All the services are well attended. PASTOR M. ADDISON.

**NORTH RANGE, DIGBY COUNTY**—The good work at North Range is still making progress. The blessing received has extended to all classes. Those baptized ranged in age from seven to seventy years. Last Sabbath May 28th I baptized six believers and welcomed seven into the church, in the presence of a crowded house. Thus far thirty nine have been welcomed into the church and thirty four baptized. J. W. BANCROFT.

**HOMEVILLE, C. B.**—May 21st baptized 9 young people at Homeville, May 28th baptized 7 at Mira. At Mira we did not see all we expected much less all we desired. Fruit may appear at a later date. Had at Mira the much appreciated help of Bro. Erb, who has earned both at Homeville and Mira, the best wishes of both churches. We have had in Brother Erb's visits to these churches an illustration of the benefit that neighboring pastors can confer on each other. F. BEATTIE.

**PRINCE WILLIAM.**—On Sunday May 28th, good sized congregations listened with close attention and much interest to two sermons, preached by Rev. Joseph Noble of Woodstock who will be ninety years old this summer. The morning sermon was given in the Baptist Church and the afternoon one in the Free Baptist. It was a rare privilege to hear one so far advanced in years proclaiming the gospel, and we believe that his visit and message will be productive of good. CALVIN CURRIE.

**CLEMENTSPORT, N. S.**—At upper Clements last Lord's day, we had the pleasure of baptizing two young men—the first fruits of our ministry here. Others are awaiting to receive the ordinance. The people at Upper Clements have repaired their meeting house and all bills are paid. Bro. Eaton former pastor has been visiting his friends (and who is not his friend) in this section the past two weeks, and on Sunday evening presided at Clementsport, when he was greeted by a large audience, who thoroughly enjoyed his earnest words. A. H. SAUNDERS.

**LONDONDERRY, N. S.**—We began services for the deepening of the spiritual life of the members of Acadia Mines Baptist church, on May 8. The Lord has been very gracious to us and has blessed us in what we sought. Many have been revived and have taken new hope and are working in the service of our Master. We also believe that quite a number have been hopefully converted. Three or four have definitely confessed Christ and wish for baptism and membership. We hope to begin to baptize on the 28th inst. Pray for us brethren, blessing may increase. E. T. MILLER.

**TABERNACLE, HALIFAX**—During the past two months we have added to our membership five by baptism and two by letter. Large numbers attend the Sunday morning and evening services who are very attentive to the gospel messages delivered by our pastor. The weekly prayer-meetings are largely attended and considerable spiritual interest is manifested. At one of our Conference meetings sixty-six (66) acknowledged thankfulness to God for his keeping power and a desire to know more of his will. The teachers and officers of the Sunday-School are much encouraged in their work in instructing the youth in gospel truths. The Bible Class has wonderfully increased in numbers and interest since coming under the skilled instructions of Mrs. W. W. Rees. CHURCH CLERK.

**BOYLSTON, GUYSBORO Co.**—Last week I visited the home of Sister Porper, St. Francis Harbor, whose daughter has been an invalid for six months. It was her wish to be baptized before she would die. It was my happy privilege to drive to the shore, and bury this sister in baptism in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. On coming up out of the water she exclaimed, "I have obeyed my Lord in baptism before I die." On the shore stood a number of friends and Roman Catholics, who, after viewing this beautiful sight, said, "We really believe that this is the way in which our Saviour was baptized. Last accounts from this sister was an improvement in health. S. A. MA. DOUGLAS.

**MILTON, QUEENS Co., N. S.**—Our work is moving along encouragingly. As a result of a few extra services several, whose voices we had not heard for some time, are again praising God. One has been received into the church by baptism. Others are moving in this direction. On Sunday morning May 21st our returned missionary Rev. R. E. Gullison occupied the pulpit, in a vigorous address he gave us a vivid picture of the work in India, its discouragements and also its encouragements. The following Friday evening he delivered an illustrated address in the vestry to an appreciative audience. As a result of Bro. G's visit the subject of missions has become a very different one in the hearts and lives of some of our people if not all. Its a live subject intensely interesting. H. B. S.

### DEDICATION AT NEW ROSS.

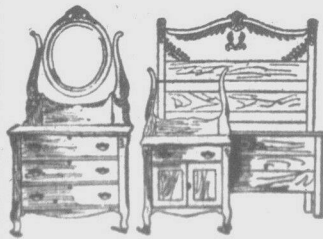
Sunday May 21st was a great day for the Baptists of New Ross. Their new church edifice was on that day dedicated to the worship of God. Seldom has it fallen to the lot of a small and scattered church to achieve so great a triumph. The new building stands at the cross roads, about a mile and a half from the site of the old one. The main building is 50x30 in size. The entrance of the East end is through the tower which is surmounted by a graceful spire. At the rear of the audience room is the vestry 28x30 which opens on to the larger room by folding doors. The walls and ceilings are finished in metallic sheathing of very pretty design. The work on the entire building has been admirably done, and reflects great credit on the builder, who was also the designer. Mr. Lowness of New Germany. His work has given entire satisfaction. A finely toned bell weighing nine hundred pounds has been hung in the tower, and can be heard calling to worship for many miles around. The entire cost including furniture, furnaces, etc., has been about \$3000. All of this has been paid except \$400. One hundred of this is still due on subscriptions.

The highly esteemed pastor Rev. A. Whitman has shown marked skill and consummate leadership in carrying the church successfully through this enterprise. The day of dedication dawned clear and bright. At the early hour of 10 a. m. the

### A MOTHER'S PRAISE

In every part of Canada you will find mothers who speak in the highest praise of Baby's Own Tablets. Among these is Mrs. Jas. H. Konkle, Beamsville, Ontario, who says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for over three years and I would not be without them. They have done more for my children than any medicine I have ever used. My little girl, now four years old was always troubled with indigestion and constipation, and although other medicines helped her temporarily, Baby's Own Tablets were the thing to cure her. I also gave the tablets to my baby from time to time since she was two days old, and they always worked like a charm. She is now two years old and a more healthy child would be hard to find. The Tablets are certainly a life-saver." These Tablets cure all minor ailments of infants and young children. They contain no poisoning soothing stuff, and there is no danger of giving an over dose as there is with liquid medicine. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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THE LARGEST AND  
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STOCK OF UTILITY  
AND ORNAMENTAL  
FURNITURE IN LOWER  
CANADA.

In Bedroom Suites, Separate Beds, Mattresses, Springs, Iron Beds, Separate Bureaus and Commodes, etc., we have lines that will suit every enquirer. With a wide range of stock you will find prices gradual in ascent, none of the quotations being beyond the purse of the people of the Maritime Provinces. This also applies to Furniture for the Living Room, for the Parlor, for the Library, for the Cosy Corner, for the Kitchen. Everything is fresh and new, for we cleared out all our odds and ends in the slaughter sale of last fall.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B.

house was thronged with a great congregation of devout and eager worshippers. Rev. D. H. Simpson of Billtown preached the dedication sermon from the words "Behold I make all things new," Rev. 21:5. A deep solemnity prevailed the audience. It was evident that the blessing of God was resting on the people, no doubt largely because of the sacrifice which had been made in building the house. The music was appropriate, worshipful and inspiring. At the close of the sermon Pastor Whitman gave a brief statement of receipts and disbursements, in connection with the work of building, and an offering of eighty dollars was taken for the balance needed to pay all expenses. Rev. D. E. Hatt of Canard led in the prayer of dedication.

In the afternoon Mr. Hatt preached to another great congregation from Rom. 1:16 "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ." The speaker was at his best, and a profound impression was made on the audience. In the evening Rev. J. Miles of Chester spoke to a full house from the words "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ," Gal. 6:14. The sermon was eloquent and forceful, and delivered in Mr. Miles' best vein. A profound impression was again made on the audience. The new house seemed by this time like Solomon's temple at its dedication, filled with the presence almost visible, of God. After the sermon Rev. Mr. Hatt conducted an after meeting at which the testimonies were prompt and full of unction. At the close a large number requested an interest in the prayers of God's people. Mr. Hatt preached again on Monday evening when large numbers seemed eager to press into the kingdom. Pastor Whitman will continue the special services. This was a day of great blessing for him as well as for his church.

For five years he has labored for this. Very many obstacles had to be overcome. It seemed like attempting the impossible when they resolved to build. But the way has been opened one step at a time. The work has been completed and the climax of the whole effort was reached when in answer to fervent prayer the Holy Spirit came at the dedication in great fulness and renewing power. Among the inquirers who came to the front and on their knees offered themselves to God on Sunday evening were four of the pastors-children.

Seldom has the writer spent such delightful days as those passed at the pastors' hospitable home during this joyous occasion, and he earnestly prays that the work of grace now in progress there may extend over the entire pastorate. D. H. SIMPSON.

Beginning with the July number **The Baptist Teacher** will contain numerous changes and improvements that have long been contemplated. A "Round Table" will give opportunity for answers to queries as well as expression of opinions upon current practical topics. Contributions to this department are solicited. So far as may be possible, doctrinal articles will be given as side-lights to the regular lesson; Miss Burton's admirable series will be continued to close of the year, and all the lesson material will be found grouped under two general heads: "The Lesson Studied," and "The Lesson Taught."

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Household

Flour

is a silent invitation  
by the grocer to his  
customer to come  
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in which the oil is mingled with aromatic and tonic ingredients so that its virtue is doubled, while it is rendered palatable and acceptable to the most delicate.

Use only PUTTNER'S the original  
the best Emulsion.

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

A 25c. Bottle for a Simple Cold.  
A 50c. Bottle for a Heavy Cold.  
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Sold by all Druggists.

## MARRIAGE.

**CHUTE-CHUTE**—At the parsonage, on May 31st, by Rev. A. H. Saunders, Abner Chute, and Dina Chute both of Bear River, Annapolis Co.

**MATHEWS WADDELL**—At the Baptist parsonage Londonderry, June 1, by Rev. E. T. Miller, Mr. Amblich Mathews, and Blanche Waddell, both of Debert. The young couple will reside in Debert.

**WYMAN-HIGBY**—At the residence of the brides parents, Milton Highlands, Yar. Co., May 23rd, 1905, Roy C. Wyman, of Pleasant Valley, and Blanche R. Higby were united in marriage by Pastor Horace G. Colpitts.

## DEATHS.

**BLONDIET**—At Waldeck, April 26, Mrs. Charles Blondiet, daughter of Fitz and Fanny Cross aged forty-two, died at the home of her parents of malarial fever. She was a member of the Clements church and died trusting in Christ. Father, mother and ten brothers and sisters survive her.

**KINNEY**—At the residence of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Alice Sewell, Rockland, N. B., on May 21st, Mrs. Mary Jane Kinney, widow of the late Enoch Kinney and daughter of the late David Estabrooks, in the 82nd year of her age. Sister Kinney experienced religion in early life and was a consistent member of the Rockland Baptist Church at her death. The funeral services were conducted by the Rev. A. H. Hayward.

**BECK**—At the home of his daughter, Mrs. Capt. S. Steves, Harvey, A. Co., N. B., Jacob Beck, aged 86. Born in Elgin, Albert Co., and for many years Deacon of the 1st Elgin Baptist Church, a member of the 1st Harvey Baptist Church for the past 8 years, and until failing strength prevented an earnest attendant at prayer and conference meetings, his strong faith an inspiration to all. The funeral service were conducted by Pastor A. F. Brown. Interment at Bayview Cemetery, Harvey.

**CLIFF**—At Lower Prince William May 29, Hetty Cliff, widow of the late Benjamin Cliff aged 79 years and 5 months. Sister Cliff was a member of the Prince William Free Baptist church, and was respected and beloved in both church and community. She is survived by two sons, Harry at home, and John in Boston. Deacon John Kilburn of Macnaquac, is a brother of deceased and Mrs. E. Hammond of Kingsclear is a sister. (Religious Intelligencer please copy.)

**CHUTE**—At Prineedale, N. S., May 10th, Mrs. Martha Chute aged 81, daughter of Abram Bowlby of Wilmot, N. S., died at the home of her son-in-law, Deacon Parson Wright. She was baptized when a young woman by the late Rev. Aaron Cogswell and has since led an exemplary Christian life; during her last long illness born with quiet resignation, she gave all who saw her a beautiful example of peace and patience. Her pastor was always refreshed by a visit to her bedside. Seven children, three sons and four daughters survive her, six others having gone before her. The burial took place on Sunday, 14th, when a large congregation listened to a sermon by the pastor from Tim. 4: 7, 8.

**NICHOLS**—After a long struggle with pneumonia and resultant weakness of the heart, Abram Nichols, beloved deacon of the Digby Church reached home on Wednesday morning May 17th. For many months he has had the constant care of a devoted family and the ceaseless prayers of an appreciative church, but he knew what was best and we can only honor the name of the departed. Our brother leaves behind a wife, and six children all of whom have come to years of manhood. The funeral which was held on Friday was very largely attended. Although he had passed the three score and ten mark, up to a year ago he seemed to have much vigor and was ever in his place and we know that today he has found his place. Sympathy is such a little thing to give to those who suffer a loss like this: but this we give unstintingly to those who mourn the loss of husband, father, friend.

**DIMOCK**—At her late residence Masrock Road, near Windsor, N. S., June 18th, Jane A. Marshall, aged 70 years, the beloved wife of

Isaiah Dimock, while engaged in the usual afternoon duties of the home was suddenly called from earth into the presence of the Lord. Apoplexy was the cause of death. Mrs. Dimock was the last surviving member of the family of the late Caleb Marshall of Clarence, N. S. She found the Saviour in the days of her childhood and was baptized when 15 years of age by the late Elder Nathaniel Vidits, uniting with the Clarence Church. Since her marriage she has been an esteemed member of the church in Windsor, N. S. Besides her husband, two sons are left—Arthur H. Deacon of the First Baptist church in Seattle, Wash., and Stuart C., Deacon of the Windsor, N. S. church—to mourn the loss of a Christian wife and mother.

**LANGILLE**—At the Baptist parsonage, Centerville, N. S., May 15, of cancer of the stomach Mary A. beloved wife of Rev. S. Langille in the 71st year of her age. Two daughters Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Chute are left to mourn with their father their loss of a kind and affectionate wife and mother, for a number of years our sister has been in delicate health, by times her sufferings were most severe but always borne with marked Christian fortitude and patience and as soon as relief would come, and health permit she would again be actively engaged in her masters service the work that she delighted in so much. She was an active member of the W. M. A. society and always ready to assist and do what she could in every department of Christian work. She was baptized nearly fifty years ago at Milton, Queens Co. by Rev. Martell. A memorial service was held at Centerville conducted by Rev. I. B. Colwell assisted by Rev. M. B. Whitman, Text, "She is not dead but sleepeth." After which the remains were taken to Falkland Ridge for interment, where by the request of friends, another memorial service was held conducted by Rev. Mr. Haverstock of Nictaux, Text, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and thy strength are the everlasting arms." At each place the sympathy of the people was remarkable both by way of the numbers that gathered and the deep emotion of feeling. She is gone but never can be forgotten by those who knew her, for she was lovely in her life and peaceful in death. May the eternal Spirit be the solace and comfort of our dear brother in his sad bereavement.

**RAYMOND**—At Beaver River, N. S., on March 28th, Hannah, beloved wife of Reuben C. Raymond, Esq., at the age of 64 years. Failing health for a number of years made sister Raymond an easy prey to the disease, which eventually wrought her death. During her last protracted sickness she was wondrously sustained in her Christian confidence, evincing a most beautiful patience, and a rare submissiveness to the Father's will. But the manner of her death was only the inevitable sequel to her mode of life. Early in youth she had yielded her heart to the Lord, was baptized by the late Rev. Thos. DeLong, and united with the church at Beaver River of which she remained a consistent, consistent and esteemed member until called into the higher fellowship. During the past few years the cause at Beaver River was deprived of her influence, owing to her having resided in Brooklyn where Mr. Raymond was engaged in business. But last Autumn they returned to the old home place intending to spend in quiet comfort the anticipated years of advancing life, amid the families scenes of their youthful days. But the Father willed it differently, and now Bro. Raymond is called upon to pass the lonely days without her whom he ever regarded as God's best earthly gift to him. Deceased also leaves four sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a most affectionate and devoted mother. These are: William, Ernest and Reuben, contractors and builders, of Brooklyn N. Y., George of Los Angeles, and Mrs. F. W. Corning of Beaver River. To all of these sorrowing ones may the consolation and comforts of the glorious gospel of Christ be abundantly administered by the divine spirit until the shadows flee away.

### QUEENS CO., N. S. QUARTERLY MEETING.

The regular session of this Quarterly was held in Liverpool, May 22nd and 23rd. Of the nine churches in the County eight were represented.

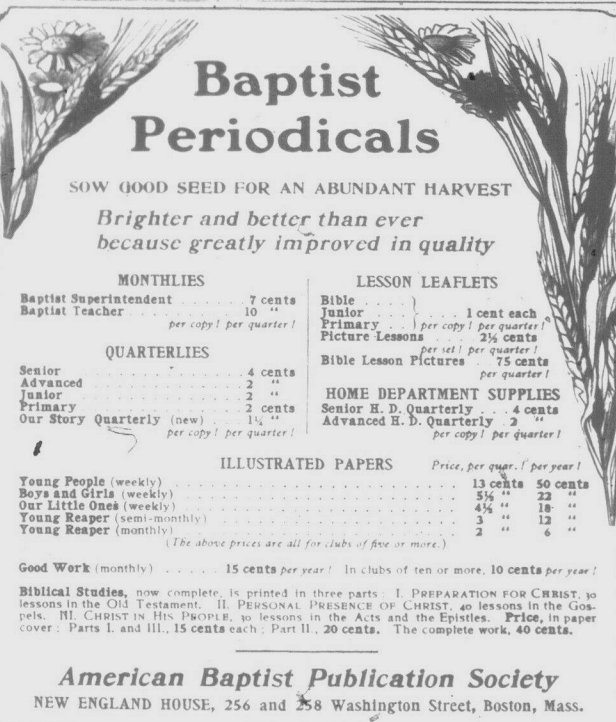
Among the many visitors were Rev. W. S. Schurman, of Lunenburg, and Mrs. Schurman. Rev. C. R. Freeman, of Bridgewater; Rev. R. E. Gullison, of Visianagram, India, and Rev. Mr. Waugh, pastor of the "Christian" church of Milton, N. S.

A general conference on Monday afternoon was conducted by Pastor Crowell. At the evening service the choir rendered a fine selection of the gospel songs, made famous by use in the revival services in Wales. A sermon by Rev. H. E. Maider, was followed by an Evangelistic service conducted by Rev. W. B. Bezanson.

On Tuesday morning the officers elected



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Senior	4 cents		per quarter!
Advanced	2 "	HOME DEPARTMENT SUPPLIES	
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Primary	2 cents	Advanced H. D. Quarterly	2 "
Our Story Quarterly (new)	14 "		per copy! per quarter!
	per copy! per quarter!	ILLUSTRATED PAPERS	
			Price, per quar. (per year!)
Young People (weekly)	13 cents	50 cents	
Boys and Girls (weekly)	5 1/2 "	22 "	
Our Little Ones (weekly)	4 1/2 "	18 "	
Young Reaper (semi-monthly)	3 "	12 "	
Young Reaper (monthly)	2 "	6 "	
	(The above prices are all for clubs of five or more.)		
Good Work (monthly)	15 cents per year!	In clubs of ten or more, 10 cents per year!	

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**American Baptist Publication Society**  
NEW ENGLAND HOUSE, 256 and 258 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

for the ensuing year were:—President, Rev. W. B. Bezanson, Brookfield, 1st Vice-President, Mrs. Rev. W. B. Crowell, Liverpool, 2nd Vice-President, Bro. S. Freeman, Greenfield, Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. H. E. Maider, Greenfield, Ex. Com. Partors Bezanson, Sloat Crowell, and Maider.

The reports from some of the churches were most encouraging. Pastor Bezanson reported ten baptized at Caledonia, and fifteen at N. Brookfield. Kemp reported a new pastor in Rev. E. P. Coldwell; B. A. and Greenfield another in Rev. H. E. Maider. Port Medway and Mill Village are to have a student-pastor in Bro. Walter Smith, of Acadia. When Bro. Smith takes up the work, on that field, all the churches in the County will have pastoral care. These reports were followed by a discussion of the problem of non resident members, opened by Pastor Sloat.

Tuesday afternoon was largely given up to "A Conference on the Holy Spirit." Pastor Crowell spoke on "The Baptism of the Holy Spirit." Pastor Schurman, on "The Leadership of the Holy Spirit," and an animated and earnest discussion of these subjects was participated in by Deacon DeLong, Deacon Kempton, Bro. Hatt, Pastors Sloat, Gullison, Bezanson, Maider and others.

In the evening Rev. C. R. Freeman spoke on "The Spirit filled church" and Rev. R. E. Gullison, on "The H. S. in Mission work among the Telugus." All those addresses were interesting, and, we trust, helpful.

The usual Resolutions of thanks, etc., were passed, and a most interesting session of the Queen's Co. Quarterly Meeting closed with prayer.

The Women's Aid Society held its quarterly session on Wednesday, 3 p. m. at which Rev. Mr. Gullison spoke on his work in India.

The next meeting of the Quarterly is to be held in Mill Village on July 17th, and 18th, with services on the evening of the 17th, at Mill Village, Charleston and Port Medway.

H. E. MAIDER, Sec'y.

### Personals.

Rev. Dr. Murdock of Simcoe, Ont., is in the city for a few days. Dr. Murdock was obliged to retire from the pastorate a few years ago on account of a breakdown in health, and is now General agent of the Sun and Hastings Loan Company of Ontario. He is

now in the Maritime Provinces in the interests of the Company. The company is offering very favorable terms to investors, and has among its directors and stockholders many men of high character, and good financial standing.

Were pleased to have a call the other day from Rev. Frank E. Bishop, pastor of the Bethany Church, Sydney, C. B. Mr. Bishop speaks hopefully in regard to affairs in Sydney. After the boom and the reaction, the business of the town is getting on a solid basis and there is a prospect of steady progress. In his Church work he is being encouraged. Four persons were lately received into its membership, two by baptism and two by letter.

The following is from the Truro Daily News:

The highly respected and talented pastor of the First Baptist Church in Truro, Rev. W. N. Hutchins, M. A. a graduate of Acadia University, has just received the degree of B. D.—Bachelor of Divinity—from Rochester Theological Seminary of Rochester, N. Y. When Mr. Hutchins graduated from the above institution no degrees were conferred, the degree conferring power having been obtained from the New York State Legislature only this winter. In order to receive this B. D. degree at Rochester Seminary, one must graduate from the Seminary with an average of 90 per cent, or more on the three years course; and, in addition, present a scholarly thesis on some theological subject. The Seminary at Rochester is one of the best equipped Baptist Theological schools in United States and maintains a high standard of scholarship. It is among the first of the Baptist Seminaries to require the B. A. degree, or its equivalent, for entrance as a full student.

We congratulate Mr. Hutchins on the degree, and still more congratulate him on having taken the very valuable course of study to which the degree bears witness.

Professor E. M. Keirstead, D. D., is the preacher of the annual sermon before the Colgate Theological Seminary, Hamilton, N. Y., on Sunday, June 18. Maritime Baptists will be proud to be represented at Colgate by Dr. Keirstead and if the Colgate people are not more than pleased they are hard to satisfy.

THE "OCEAN LIMITED."

In view of the splendid success which attended the initiation last year via the Intercolonial Railway of a fast train service between Halifax, St. John, Prince Edward Island and other eastern points, Montreal and the west, it has been decided that the "Ocean Limited" will again be placed on the Summer Time Table for the tourist season of 1905, and on June 4th, this fine train will make its initial trip for this year.

It may be safely said that no train on the Continent of America is a greater favorite with tourists and travellers than the "Ocean Limited" has proved to be, and as an appreciation of this several new and magnificently appointed dining and sleeping cars have, during the past months, been constructed for this service. All modern improvements known to expert car builders are included in these coaches, and the well known civility and attention on the part of the train men, which is always a noticeable feature on the Intercolonial trains, will be in evidence.

It is proposed that the train will leave Halifax, daily except Sunday, at 3:30, and St. John at 11 o'clock, arriving at Montreal 7:15, where for the benefit of travellers from the Maritime Provinces who are going West, connection is made in Bonaventure Depot (the same station at which the "Ocean Limited" arrives, this avoiding transfers, with the Grand Trunk "International Limited," arriving at Toronto 4:30 p. m., which means only one night on the road and the most comfortable train service to be found anywhere.

En route most beautiful scenery delights the eye of passengers, such as the lovely Wentworth and Metapedia Valleys, the magnificent rivers of the north shore of New Brunswick, and the blue waters of the Baie de Chaleur, the charms of which will linger in the traveller's mind.

HOW THE HYMN WAS SAVED

Not the technical merit of words or music, but the effort produced when worshippers sing with the spirit and with the understanding—this is the justification of many a useful hymn. The truth was exemplified, as "Zion's Herald" tells, during the preparation of the Wesleyan Hymnal recently published in London.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, generously gave his services as adviser to the committee that prepared the new book, and frequently its meetings were held at his home. As a musician, Sir Frederick found it easy to criticize some of the old Methodist tunes. One, in particular, ought to be dropped, he said.

"You wouldn't think so if you could hear that hymn sung as the old Wesleyans used to sing it," some one suggested.

Sir Wilfred hesitated. "Mary, my cook, is a Methodist," he said. "I'll see if she knows it."

Forthwith he went to the dumb-waiter which led to the basement kitchen, and when the cook answered, asked her if she knew the tune.

"Yes, sir," she replied. "I've sung it ever since I was a child."

"Will you sing it for me, just where you are?"

"I'll try, sir," and the cook lifted up her voice with fervor and soul power. The old hymn with all the pathos and rousment of a revival service ringing through the words and melody, came up through the "lift" and into the room where the distinguished musician and his guests were assembled.

"Thank you, Mary!" called Sir Frederick, when the song was ended. Then he turned to the committee. "We cannot afford to drop that good old Methodist tune out of the new book," he said.

It went; and when the new hymn-book appeared a handsome copy of it was sent to Mary, the cook, in recognition of the part she had played in preserving one of the old-time Wesleyan melodies.—Ex.

The peaceful heart is quiet, not because inactive, but through intense, harmonious working. For human good, then, as for private joy, let us seek to secure the peace of Jesus by being like him, active, sinless, and holy.—F. W. Faber.

Do you pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work shall be no miracle. But you shall be a miracle. Every day you shall wonder at yourself, at the richness of life which has come in you by the grace of God.—Philip Brooks.

The one and only law of life that sets a man free from all the forces that blight and destroy is the will of God. Show me a man who lives for one day wholly in word and thought and deed in the will of God and I will show you a man who is antedating heaven, and who for that day reaches the plane of life which is at once broadest, freest and gladdest.—Campbell Morgan.

There are no little things with God. All things that effect his children are equally great, equally momentous. Make him your confidant. Tell him that you are willing to bear anything he permits for his glory and your profit. When this lesson is learned the weary will be at rest.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Life lies before us as a huge quarry lies before the architect, he deserves not the name of an architect, except when out of his furious mass he can combine with the greatest economy and fitness and durability some form, the pattern of which originated in his spirit.—Goethe.

CHRIST'S COMMAND.

The love of Christ is not an absorbing, but a radiating love. The more we love him, the more we shall most certainly love others. Some have not much natural power of loving, but the love of Christ will strengthen it. Some have had the springs of love dried up by some terrible earthquake. They will find "fresh springs" in Jesus, and the gentle flow will be purer and deeper than the old torrent could ever be. Some have spent it all on their God-given dear ones. Now he is come whose right it is, and yet in the fullest resumption of that right, he is so gracious that he puts back an even larger measure of the old love into our hand, sanctified with his own love, and energized with his own blessing and strengthened with his new commandment. "That ye love one another, as I have loved you."—Frances Havergal.

In the education of woman, as of man, the end is increase of power—of the might there is in intelligence and love, of the strength there is in gentleness and sweetness and light, of the vigor there is in health, in the rhythmic, pulse and in deep breathing, of the sustaining joy there is in pure affection, and in devotion to high purposes.—Selected.

The noisy waves are failures, but the great silent tide is a success. Do you know what it is to be failing every day and yet to be sure that your life is, as a hole, in its great movement and meaning, not failing but succeeding?—Philip Brooks

He who works with joy and cheerfulness in the field which himself has found and chosen will acquire knowledge and skill, and his labor will be transformed into increase and newness of life.—Selected.

A man's country is not a certain area of land, of mountains, rivers and woods; but it is principle, and patriotism is loyalty to that principle.—Geo. William Curtis.

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We do not find it convenient to give a summer vacation, as many of our students are far from home, and would be seriously inconvenienced by an interruption of their work.  
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and one of GATES' INVIGORATING SYRUP every spring. These increase the activities of the organs which remove wastes from the blood, and then the system is fortified to withstand the summer exertions.  
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TO WINNIPEG, - - -	\$ 30.00
MOOSOMIN, - - -	\$ 32.25
REGINA, - - -	\$ 33.75
LIPTON, - - -	\$ 34.00
MOOSEJAW, - - -	\$ 36.00
PRINCE ALBERT, - - -	\$ 38.00
McLEOD, - - -	\$ 38.50
CALGARY, - - -	\$ 39.50
RED DEER, - - -	\$ 40.50
STRATHCONA, - - -	\$ 40.50

Equally low Rates to Other Points.  
Tickets good going June 14th and 28th and July 12.

Good to Return two months from date of issue.

Further particulars on application to  
F. R. PERRY, D. P. A., C. P. R.,  
ST. JOHN, N. B.

SOMEBODY'S

I think one of the saddest war which I witnessed was that of Gettysburg. Off on the ground with his bloodied soldier. His eyes object held tightly in drew nearer we saw it two small children. Th ed through those long ye bloodshed, the sight of looking on his children f this world brought tears could not restrain. Ther the crowd, and I we all fou before our eyes which a thought of the wife and home, and wondering how be left a widow and my We looked at each o'her understood one another's word was spoken; but we laid the poor fellow to rest picture clasped over his grave on the tree against ting, I cut the words " July 3rd, 1863."—Ex.

I WOULD RATHER

An eight year old child was brought to a necessary to take a few s s's needle. While t making preparations, the ber foot nervously agains was gently furnished by "That will do no harm kindly," as long as you still," adding with a glan anxious face of the child, much as you like."

BOOK OF

Over 30,000,000

An Oakland lady who good literature, tells us she had on "The Ro She says:

"I drank coffee freely before I began to perceive ar it. Then I noticed that very nervous, and that gradually losing the pow simulate my food. In tin that I dreaded to leave reason whatever but beca able condition of my ner I attributed the trouble to world but coffee, of course with medicines, which in leave me in a worse condi I was most wretched and 30 years old and feeling ure!

"I had given up all hop myself like other people, the little book "The Ro It opened my eyes, and I shall never forget and can ly. I immediately quit the of coffee and began to o Coffee. I noticed the be improvement in the whole t after only two days' use and in a very short tim could go about like othe the least return of the e formerly gave me so muc my nervousness disappe has never returned, altho year that I have been drin Coffee. And my stomach nothing can upset it!

"Last week, during th San Francisco, I was on night with out the sighte I stood in th: sun nose cr great parade that lasted to myself, 'This strength Food Coffee has given me by Postum Co., Battle Cr There's a reason.

The little book "The R may be found in every ph

**\* This and That \***

**SOMEBODY'S FATHER.**

I think one of the saddest incidents of the war which I witnessed was after the battle of Gettysburg. Off on the outskirts, seated on the ground with his back to a tree, was a dead soldier. His eyes were riveted on some object held tightly in his hands. As we drew nearer we saw it was an ambratype of two small children. Though I was hardened through those long years to carnage and bloodshed, the sight of that man who died looking on his children for the last time in this world brought tears to my eyes which I could not restrain. There were six of us in the crowd, and we all found mists coming before our eyes which almost blinded us. I thought of the wife and baby I had left at home, and wondering how soon she would be left a widow and my baby boy fatherless. We looked at each other and instinctively understood one another's thoughts. Not a word was spoken; but we dug a grave and laid the poor fellow to rest with his children's picture clasped over his heart. Over his grave on the tree against which he was sitting, I cut the words "Somebody's father. July 3rd, 1863."—Ex.

**I WOULD RATHER SING.**

An eight year old child, with a cut in her arm, was brought to a physician. It was necessary to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations, the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mother. "That will do no harm," said the doctor kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding with a glance at the strained anxious face of the child, "you may cry as much as you like."

**BOOK OF BOOKS.**

Over 30,000,000 Published.

An Oakland lady who has a taste for good literature, tells what a happy time she had on "The Road to Wellville." She says:

"I drank coffee freely for eight years before I began to perceive any evil effects from it. Then I noticed that I was becoming very nervous, and that my stomach was gradually losing the power to properly assimilate my food. In time I got so weak that I dreaded to leave the house—for no reason whatever but because of the miserable condition of my nerves and stomach. I attributed the trouble to anything in the world but coffee, of course. I dosed myself with medicines, which in the end would leave me in a worse condition than at first. I was most wretched and discouraged—not 30 years old and feeling that life was a failure!

"I had given up all hope of ever enjoying myself like other people, till one day I read the little book "The Road to Wellville." It opened my eyes, and taught me a lesson I shall never forget and cannot value too highly. I immediately quit the use of the old kind of coffee and began to drink Postum Food Coffee. I noticed the beginning of an improvement in the whole tone of my system, after only two days' use of the new drink, and in a very short time realized that I could go about like other people without the least return of the nervous dread that formerly gave me so much trouble. In fact my nervousness disappeared entirely and has never returned, although it is now a year that I have been drinking Postum Food Coffee. And my stomach is now like iron—nothing can upset it!

"Last week, during the big Conclave in San Francisco, I was on the go day and night without the slightest fatigue; and as I stood in the immense crowd watching the great parade that lasted for hours, I thought to myself, 'This strength is what Postum Food Coffee has given me!'" Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

The little book "The Road to Wellville" may be found in every pkg.

"I would rather sing" replied the child.

"All right that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, "Give, give, said the little stream. Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor, how does it begin?"

The little patient at once proceeded to illustrate.

That's beautiful," said the doctor, "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilled fingers were sewing up the wound, the sweet childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of her mother. It is I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen the pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friend's, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?

When old Mose applied for work he was given a job—hovelving sand at \$1 per day.

A few days later the foreman passed near the sandbank and, to his surprise, saw Mose comfortably seated on a pile of sand, directing the movements of another dusky laborer.

"Why, Mose!" he exclaimed; "I did not hire that man. What's he doing here?"

"I got him er-doing my wuk, sah," replied Mose.

"Who pays him?" was the question

"I does, sah; I pays him a dollah a day, sah," was the response.

"Why, that's all you receive, Mose. How do you profit by the transaction?" asked the amazed foreman.

"Well," replied Mose, scratching his woolly head, "I gets to boss de job, doan' I?" —Lippincott's Magazine.

**HAD QUITE ENOUGH.**

A very subdued looking boy of about 12 years of age, with a long scratch on his nose and an air of general dejection, went to the master of one of the Board schools and handed him a note from his mother before taking his seat and becoming deeply absorbed in a book:

The note read as follows:  
"Mr. Brown—Please excuse James for not being present yesterday. He played trooant but you don't need to thrash him for it, as the boy he played trooant with an' him fell out, an' the boy fought him, an' a man they throo at caught him, an' the driver of a cart they hung on to thrashed him allso. Then his father thrashed him, an' I had to give him another one for being impudent to me, so you need not thrash him until next time. He thinks he better keep in school in future."  
—London Tit Bits.

**ADVERBS AND ADJECTIVES.**

Professor Greenwood recently visited the Attacks School and talked to the children on adverbs and adjectives.

"Does Professor Bowser use adverbs and adjectives?"

There was a silence. No one seemed to know. Finally a very black little fellow waved his hand.

"Well," said the professor, "what does she use?"

"She generally uses a ruler!"—Epworth Herald.

An illustrative answer was given by a student in the natural philosophy class at Edinburg University. Professor Frit had given as one of the questions in an examination paper "Define transparent, translucent and opaque," which was dealt with by the student thus: "I cannot precisely define these terms, but I can indicate their meaning in this way—the windows of this classroom were once transparent, they are now translucent, and if not cleaned very soon will be opaque." The answer gained full marks from the professor.

Thomas Mackie, ex-M. P., for North Renfrew, died suddenly Sunday after eating a hearty supper.

Nothing so good for  
Constipation, Biliousness,  
Indigestion, Headache,  
Sour Stomach as  
**Abbey's**  
Effervescent **Salt**  
Sleeplessness  
Bad Breath  
Coated Tongue  
Inactive Liver  
Dizziness

A teaspoonfull in a glass of water in the morning.

25¢ and 60¢ a bottle

**MADE IN CANADA!**  
**FOR CANADIAN STOMACHS.**

**KDC** The Wonder Working D. C. is prepared for the Relief and Cure of all STOMACH TROUBLES. **KDC**  
Within 30 Days, on Receipt of 10c., we will mail to any address one large trial bottle. TEST IT.

**Rev. P. C. Hedley**  
667 Huntingdon Avenue, Boston, Mass.—  
"Of all the preparations for dyspepsia troubles I have known, K. D. C. is the best, and seems to be entirely safe for trial by any one."

**Rev. Wilson McCann**  
Rector of Omemea, Ont.—"I have tested K. D. C. and knowing its value can recommend it to all sufferers."

**Rev. J. Leishman**  
Argus, Ont.—"It gives me much pleasure to testify to the excellency of K. D. C. as a cure for dyspepsia."

**Dr. McDonald**  
St. Agnes de Dundee, P. Q.—"I have never known K. D. C. to fail where fairly tried."

**Rev. A. Murdoch, M. A. LL. D.**  
Springford, Ont.—"It is only justice to you to state that in my case your K. D. C. has wrought a perfect and I believe a permanent cure."

**Rev. Geo. M. Andrews, D. D.**  
Auburdale, Mass.—"I recommend K. D. C. very strongly—in my case it has proved singularly efficient."

"We hold a host of Testimonials from the best people of America. Testimonial sheet on application. Above are a few extracts."

**D. C. COMPANY, Limited, New Glasgow, N.S.**

**SURPRISE**  
A PURE **HARD SOAP**

*Knitting Yarn*

Made at the new **Hewson Woolen Mills, Amherst, N.S.**

Our knitting yarns are proving such a great success that lots of people won't have any other kind. Remember the name—"Hewson."

**HEWSON WOOLEN MILLS, Limited**

**When answering advertisements please mention the Messenger and Visitor.**

**RHEUMATIC PAINS.**

Driven Out of the System by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"My life was absolutely made miserable by rheumatism," says Mr. Geo. F. Hilpert, of West River, Sheet Harbor, N. S. "I am employed every spring as a river driver, and in consequence am exposed to all sorts of weather and exposure in the cold water. A few years ago while engaged at my work I was seized with the most acute pains in my back and joints, became almost a cripple and could scarcely move about. I had medical aid, but it did not help me. Then I began taking a remedy alleged to be a cure for rheumatism, and I used ten dollars worth, but derived absolutely no benefit. The constant suffering I was in began to tell on my hitherto strong constitution and I became so badly run down that I despaired of ever being in good health again. Then a friend called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although somewhat skeptical I decided to try them. I had only used a few boxes when I began to feel better, and after I had used something over a dozen boxes I was again in good health. Every twinge of the trouble had left me, and although I have been subject to much exposure since, I have not had a twinge of the old pain. I can honestly say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured me after other expensive treatment had failed."

Rheumatism was rooted in Mr. Hilpert's blood. The cold, and the wet and the exposure only started the pain going. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured because they drove the poisonous uric acid out of the blood and filled the veins with that new, rich blood that no disease can resist. These pills actually make new blood, and that is why they cure common ailments like rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, anaemia, indigestion, head aches and backaches, kidney and liver troubles, and nervous troubles such as neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and paralysis. And it is this same way that they cure the irregularities and secret troubles of women and growing girls. No other medicine can do this, and ailing people will save money and speedily get good health by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at once. But you must get the genuine with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale people, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

**NEWS SUMMARY.**

The United States Gas Improvement Gas Company has withdrawn its offer to advance to Philadelphia \$25,000,000 in consideration of an extension of the lease of the city gas works.

Mr. W. E. MacLellan, editor of the Chronicle, has been appointed post office inspector for the province of Nova Scotia. Mr. MacLellan will begin the duties of his office immediately.

Provincial Treasurer Matheson has found more than 500 estates in Ontario on which the succession tax has not been paid. The amounts due the province from the delinquent estates is more than \$100,000.

A telegram from Prof. Percival Lowell, director of the Lowell Observatory at Flagstaff, Ariz., states that the canals of Mars have been photographed there for the first time. Several of them appear upon more than twenty negatives.

Lord Grey has requested the press gallery to contradict the report that Chief Justice Taschereau has asked to be relieved from the duties of acting Governor General. This request comes from His Excellency's military secretary. The original statement sent out by the press gallery was from a bulletin posted in the rooms on authority of Chief Justice Taschereau by the gallery's secretary.

Hon. Mr. Fitzpatrick is prostrated with heart trouble which has more or less effected him recently.

W. W. B. McInnes, ex-M. P., of British Columbia, will be the next commissioner of the Yukon.

Chas. J. Bonaparte, of Baltimore, has been appointed secretary of the navy of the United States, succeeding Paul Morton.

Many members of parliament are making a push for an increase of seasonal indemnity to \$2,000. A round robin has been largely signed.

The prize list for the Bisley meeting in July shows that the total amount offered for competitors using the service rifle exceeds £20,000.

The business section of Warroad, Minn., a town on the Canadian Northern railway between Winnipeg and Port Arthur, was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$400,000.

Major Henry A. Gray, civil engineer in charge of many Dominion public works, died at Toronto on Tuesday of pneumonia, as a result of a cold while inspecting the Fort Francis canal. Major Gray was 62 years of age and leaves a wife and family. He was an Englishman by birth and was a prominent member of the C. M. B. A. Major Gray was in charge of the Public Works department, St. John, some years ago.

Dr. Trousier read a paper before the Academie de Medicine, in Paris, last week claiming the discovery of a new cure for tuberculosis, by means of subcutaneous injections of sea-water, which he calls "marine serum". This has been tried on twenty-four patients at the Lariboisiere Hospital, some only in the preliminary stages and others at a very advanced period of the disease. All the cases showed considerable improvement. The Academie has appointed a committee of inquiry.

Up to a short time ago the water supply of London was furnished by six private companies, one of which had King James on its rolls as a shareholder in 1606. The properties of these six concerns have been taken over by the municipality as a valuation of \$200,000,000. Like most large cities, London is looking for an additional supply, and it is thought that Wales and Westmorland, 150 miles away, will have to be resorted to. The Thames is no longer able to meet the demand, even with the most elaborate filter system that human ingenuity is able to devise.

Winnipeg Tribune: The lock in the safe in the branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia at Strathcona went wrong about a month ago. The head office and the makers of the safe were communicated with, but the only advice they could give was to drill the lock. Mr. George Sanderson, of Edmonton was engaged to undertake the job with assistant. He worked steadily for a month, drilling the excessively hard metal protecting the lock and on Tuesday last their efforts were rewarded with success and the doors were opened.

**THE LEWIS MEMORIAL MONUMENT FUND.**

Rev. Chas. Lewis ordained in 1807 at New Canaan, Queens Co., was the pioneer pastor of the region of New Canaan and Butternut Ridge.

Efforts are being made to raise a sufficient fund to erect a monument over his grave at New Canaan. We have in hand \$1800. We will leave the matter open for subscriptions until July 1: At that time we will order such a monument as the fund in hand will permit, and have it properly placed.

We hope that there will be a generous response, that we may be able to choose such a monument as will in some degree express our appreciation of this pioneer and to the generations that will look upon and read the record inscribed.

J. W. BROWN,  
Chosen by the Havelock church for this canvas.  
Hopewell Cape, May 26.

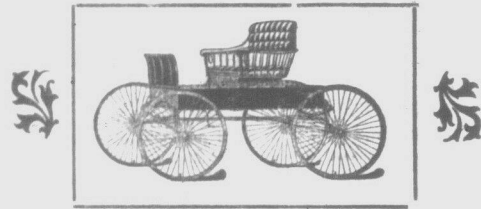
**\$** The dollar opens the door of nations. It lubricates the wheels of progress.

Buy Tiger Tea and save the \$  
**TIGER TEA is Pure.**

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**J. CLARK & SON,**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
**FARM IMPLEMENTS, CARRIAGES, SLEIGHS and HARNESS.**



A Complete Stock of Farm Machinery including the Deering Ideal Mowers.

A large variety of High-Grade Carriages, Express and Road Wagons.

Right prices and easy terms. Good discount for cash.

**EVERY OPINION IS FAVORABLE TO Eddy's Silent Parlor Match**

"The best match I have ever used" is the universal expression.

All grocers stock them.

**SCHOFIELD BROS.,**  
Selling Agents.

**TRURO COWS AT DAWSON CITY**

Up in the Klondike where there is more condensed milk per capita consumed than at any other place in the world, you will find that the brands which have the trade are "REINDER" and "JERSEY" CREAM made by the Truro Condensed Milk Co., and acknowledged to be the finest in the market.

**Art Steel Ceilings.**

Embossed Art Metal is the interior finish of the age, for Ceilings, Cornices, Side Walls, Dados, etc. Handsome effects can be secured for Parlors, Halls, Dining Rooms, Bath Rooms, also for Offices and Public Buildings. Especially adapted for Churches.

Steel Ceilings can be easily applied over Plaster Ceilings and walls.

Also, Metal Shingles, Painted and Galvanized, Lightning and Fireproof.

Send us dimensions and we will quote costs for any Building or Room.

**ESTEY & CO.,**  
St. John, N. B.

Six men who were at work near by were killed on Monday by the boiler of an engine at Columbus, Ohio.

**Red Rose Tea Is Good Tea**

THE CHR...  
Vol. XII

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