Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER, VOLUME XLIX. | Published Weekly by The Maritime Baptist Publishing Company. | THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR, VOLUME XXXVII.

VOL. I | SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885. | NO. 48

Remember! the "Messenger and Visitor" for $1.50 a year to all new subscribers who pay within thirty days of the time of subscribing; and to all old subscribers from January, 1886, who pay within thirty days of the time their subscription expires.

—WILL NOT OUR SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT PAID THEIR SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR THE PRESENT YEAR KINDLY REMIT AT ONCE? WILL NOT MANY OF THEM SEND $3.50, AND SECURE THE $1.50 RATE FOR NEXT YEAR, AND SAVE THE TROUBLE OF REMITTING TWICE? THIS WOULD BE VERY LITTLE FOR EACH OF OUR SUBSCRIBERS TO DO; BUT IT WOULD BE A GREAT THING FOR THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY. PLEASE SEND AS SOON AS THIS IS READ, LEST IT BE FORGOTTEN.

—WE HAVE DEMONSTRATED the fact that multitudes of our people who are not taking the MESSENGER AND VISITOR are ready to subscribe if approached. Will not a large number of our pastors give up ***one day this week*** to increasing the circulation of our paper? Now is the time! During this month the people generally supply themselves with papers for next year. Soon other papers will have been taken, and the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will be ruled out. Send in lists as soon as possible of such as wish to begin in January. We have no doubt but that ***one earnest day's work*** by each of our pastors, would swell our list to six thousand. ***Who will give a day of this week*** to this work?

—MR. GEORGE MULLER, the head of the Orphan Homes at Bristol, England, announces that during the last year he has received more than $207,000 "in answer to prayer," not a single donation having been solicited.

At the same time, as we heard Mr. J. A. Spurgeon say, years ago, there is no object in Christendom which is making a stronger appeal for support than Mr. Muller's Orphan Homes. There is nothing in Mr. Muller's methods and work to lead to presumptuous reliance upon prayer without means. The fact that it is advertized the world over that this great work depends upon unsolicited contributions is a most effective way to secure the necessary aid. In this we do not discredit the power of prayer. We only assert God's method of work. He makes means effective in answer to prayer. Usually he does not act without means, if means are possible, even though there be prayer. This might encourage both.

—SENATOR STANFORD, of California, has given $20,000,000 to found a great university in that State. He is founding it during his life. Who will give one-thousandth part of this splendid sum to Acadia? If our people but carry her upon their outstretched hands continually, she may do a great work as the institution proposed. Large donations are needed; but so are the small.

—PREACHING RECENTLY at Brixton-hill, the late C. H. Spurgeon spoke thus against English caste:—"When we have seen the Lord what ought we to do? Tell Thomas all about it. Who is Thomas? I don't know. Perhaps he sits next to you on the Sunday. I do not suppose that with such a ministry as you have at Brixton-hill you have need of any admonition; but I know several respectable chapels, so dreadfully respectable, that the people in them never speak to one another, especially if they do not belong to the same class. We English people cannot bear caste in Hindustan, of course. But it is only a case of black faces and white; we have got quite as much caste here as the Hindoos have. In the times of Malachi they that feared the Lord spake often to one another. In these times we who fear the Lord speak often against one another. That is the only difference; but it is a very serious difference."

Are we quite sure there is no such caste among us? Are all those who sew or attend shop willing to recognize kitchen helps as friends? Do those who are able to dress in silk and velvet and broadcloth have social intercourse with such as wear calico and homespun? In God's sight how inaffably little must all such barriers between so called social classes appear! When all alike have souls of infinite preciousness; when the type of piety in the so called lower class is usually as high, at least, as in the higher, and when Christ made his infinite stoop for all alike, how utterly absurd all this appears. But we fear that if our Lord appeared on earth again in all the lowliness of his condition and the poverty of his estate, he would be shut out of a large part of the Christian society of the world.

—FOUR YEARS ago the French determined to conquer Madagascar. There was no *casus belli*. The Malagasy government made every effort to satisfy the exorbitant demands of France, short of actual surrender of independence. But all was of no avail, and so the people were called to arms to fight for their liberties. A heroic resistance they have made. France has squandered many precious lives and much money, and now finds herself where all land-pirates should be found, shorn of glory, humiliated, and desirous only of a pretext to retire that will save her dignity. All true hearts will rejoice that this Christian nation just emerging from idolatry and barbarism, is not to be crushed by tyranny and subject to Jesuit machinations.

—AS OUR READERS have learned from the news summary, the inhabitants of the Pacific Coast of the United States have been mobbing the Chinese every now and then, and seek thus to turn back the tide of immigration from Asia. It is now said that the Chinese government may soon take the matter in hand, and adopt retaliatory measures. So far the government of China has been very forbearing, and has protected Americans, while its own subjects have been maltreated in the United States. It will be exercising but a due regard for their people, if this government do take the matter up earnestly. The late war with France has revealed to the world that China is no longer to be affronted with impunity, and the government of the United States may well beware how it winks at mob-law for the Chinese, lest China should retaliate.

—"STUDY THEOLOGY, preach ethics" is the wholesome advice the president of Union Theological Seminary gives to his students. When that advice shall be universally heeded by the pulpit at large, a genuine revival of healthy, vigorous religion cannot be long delayed."—*Christian Thought for October.*

We are not sure this pithy advice or the comment upon it is altogether good. If by ethics be meant man's duty to man, such preaching may degenerate into morality and humanitarianism. If it takes in duty to God, and our obligation to believe and accept the gospel, it is wholesome and can be accepted in its full force. The truth is the sinners acceptance of Christ and salvation must be insisted upon as a duty as well as a privilege. Upon our right treatment of God and his claims, depend the strongest motives and the power to do right to all inferior to him. In this age where business and other morality is at a low ebb, we need to preach ethics; but let us keep them in their place, and let us apply the principles upward as well as on either side.

—OUR REGULAR BROOKLYN correspondent makes his bow to our readers this week. While he resides in Brooklyn, his communications will refer as much to New York as to Brooklyn. We may say in confidence, that he preaches to one of the largest Baptist congregations in the "City of Churches." Best of all, it is a church and congregation he has gathered himself in the last few years. Beginning with a little church torn with dissensions, the old house has been outgrown, and next year it is proposed to build a large place of worship to accommodate those who wish to hear the Gospel from our brother's lips. Our readers may esteem themselves happy to have such a wide-awake caterer for their pleasure and profit.

MISSIONARY COLUMN.

There is not a single missionary in the valley of the Amazon.

A whole town in China has adopted christianity as a result of deliverance from cholera in answer to special prayer. The people have remained steadfast for several months, and are building a chapel for themselves.

The *Baptist Missionary Magazine* for December, gives a list of twenty-six Missionary vessels, operating in different parts of the world, belonging to thirteen societies. Thirty-seven baptisms are reported from the Mission fields. The January number will contain a portrait of Dr. Clough, of the Telugu Mission, and general Missionary statistics for the world.

Every new development in regard to the Congo Valley only adds to the interest and importance of the territory. Late discoveries on branches both to the north and south show that the undiscovered territories are even more populous and fertile than was supposed. The immediate course of the Congo seems to be a vast lacustrine territory, easily reached in all parts by boats of light draft. The people will thus be readily accessible to Missionary effort.

The Cry of the Perishing.

The No-Church is the largest on earth. It numbers three-fourths of the human race. It is marching on, while I write, a thousand millions strong. A thousand millions! Imagination fairly staggers under such a figure. Suppose this unspeakable army were to file before you at the rate of one a minute, it would be 5844 A. D. when the last man drew up, walking twelve hours a day, in a year, a quarter of a million, and in forty years, ten millions would have passed you, leaving 990 millions yet to come. You would have to stand on that spot 5,960 years to see the rear of that prodigious host. All these are now living, and in a few years will be dead, having never heard so much as that there was a Jesus. This after eighteen centuries of the Cross! Each of these is a human being, I suppose? Yes. According to your creed, damned at death? Yes. Are you a Christian? Yes. And not giving even a passing thought to those poor, fate-crushed pilgrims, Christless and weary, trudging out into the great night? What! grudged the coin to your mission collector; spent all on your own dear, precious, darling self! God help you, brother. You all awake yet, like Jonah, and go down to God's school in the belly of hell to learn by misery what mercy means. O sleek, comfortable, well-bolstered Christians, go weep and howl. Your gold and silver are rusted, and the rust of it shall eat your flesh as fire. Ye soft-cushioned, self loving, select souls, your purgatory comes. In heaven's name fling off this lethargy, and hear the cry of the perishing! In the name of this Niagara of humanity, plunging over to the abyss, awake! We are our brother's keeper, or his killer.—*G. Gordon McLeod.*

Cumbered With Serving.

Cumbered! It is an expressive and picturesque word from a Greek root, signifying rubbish, trouble. Hence whatever obstructs, retards, impedes progress, cumbers the unfortunate person, whose path is not cleared of impediments.

The thought of accumulated disturbance is also wrapped in the word cumber, it is not a single obstacle which cumbers, it is a heap, a pile, an ever-growing and motley miscellany. Poor Martha cumbered about much serving, how intensely we pity her, how perfectly some of us comprehend her! We too are often "cumbered."

The familiar phrase often brings vividly to every mind the little home in Bethany, one of the loveliest pictures in the gospel narrative, the home wherein the Master was often an honored guest, going thither in the confidence of intimacy, and reposing from incessant labors of life.

"Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus," is the brief and pithy record of one who knew the Bethany household, and who leaned on the Saviour's breast.

It was Martha who, as the house mistress, bore the responsibilities of the housekeeping, feeling, as it may be, too weak for her many cares, and as if the strain of her duties would wear her out, Querulously expressing her annoyance and anxiety, on one occasion, her name has come down the ages as synonym for the care-worn housekeeper.

The woman who can not bear her burdens lightly, who is given to fault finding, or is painfully neat, or over-fastidious, or excessive in her attention to routine, is always likened to Martha, who, cumbered about much serving, in a flutter of vexation, interrupted the quiet communion which her sister was holding with the Master.

Think of it. There is Mary, placid, calm, sweet, unruffled; there is not a trace of care on her brow, nor a sign of disturbance in her attitude, and Martha, flustered, flushed, agitated, exclaims, the contrast between them no doubt forcing itself sharply on her mind,

"Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? Bid her, therefore, that she help me!"

There was implied love and reverence, in the familiar and instructive turning to Jesus on the part of Martha.

The reply of our Lord has usually been taken to have been meant as a reproof. Reproof it was, undoubtedly, but not without its tone of tenderness, its gentle reminder that he understood the situation, and that she, too, was dear to him. No severity, no asperity, was in the glance with which the Lord accompanied his words as he said softly,

"Thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful."

"As if to say to us, as to Martha, "Forget not the one divine thing amid the thousand-fold hindrances and perplexities of this human life."

The question for us is, "Are we cumbered with serving?" Serving is in itself of the heavenly ordering. The Lord himself said, "I am among you as he that serveth."

There is joy in willing work. There is, no premium in God's Word, or elsewhere, on shiftless inefficiency. The Christian woman, in whatever position, as wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend, or servant, will try to do her very best in the place where God has put her. If she be a housekeeper she will have no loose threads. No amount of sweetness or gentleness will compensate for waste, for dinners which are ghastly mediaces of indigestion, for uncomfortable and temper provoking lack of system. It was a rest truth of which the little serving maid had told, when, being asked how she knew she was a Christian, she replied,

"I always sweep the corners clean."

And it was equally a truth which was indicated by the good Scotch minister whose horse cast a shoe on a rocky road. Inquiring at the first village for a blacksmith's shop, he was answered by somebody who observed the clerical cut of the coat, and the white necktie,

"There's a smith just around the turn of the road that's a perfect saint."

"Man," said the dominie impatiently, "it's not a saint I'm in want of. It's a smith that can shoe my horse."

The point is, that skill, apprenticeship, good housekeeping, in my opinion, woman's highest profession, are not to be undervalued. I have known a devout woman of the Mary type to forget the bread burning in the oven, while absorbed in "Stepping Heavenward," and this to the disgust and annoyance of her daughter, of the Martha type, who exclaimed, "If we in this house were all as pious as mamma we should certainly starve!"

It is fortunate that one seldom finds in a home two Marys, or two Marthas both at once. If there are two sisters, one will usually belong to one class, and one to the other, and each may be good in her degree. For the one character is the complement of the other. The mystical element is balanced by the practical.

When, in rare instances, we find both natures united in one individual, the result is very striking and beautiful. For example, we may refer to Mrs. Prentiss, whose biography, like her books, has charmed the Christian world.

Frances Power Cobbe, in an admirable essay, says: "The making of a true home is really our peculiar and inalienable right, a right which no man can take from us, for a man can no more make a home than a drone can make a hive. He can build a castle, or palace, but, poor creature, be he wise as Solomon and rich as Croesus, he can not turn it into a home. No masculine mortal can do that. It is a woman, and only a woman, a woman all by herself if she likes, and without a man to help her, who can turn a house into a home. It is our privilege, our faculty, to turn any four walls, even a tent under which we take shelter as we wander about, into a home, if so we please."

Sweet is the story of Pansemia, whom the Roman calender numbers with better reasons than common, among its saints. Five times in a morning she was summoned from her oratory to some domestic duty, and each time returning to her prayers with a quiet step, and eyes full of tranquility, she was asked:

"Are you not annoyed by these interruptions?"

"Nay," she said. "A woman who truly loves her Lord must find him in the affairs of her household, as well as in her closet."

Not "cumbered with service," but performing all duties, the smaller as well as the greater, joyfully, heartily, as unto the Lord. We shall say, with a favorite poet:

"In a service which thy love appoints
There are no bonds for me,
For my secret heart has learned the truth
That makes my children free;
And a life of self renouncing love
Is a life of liberty."

—Mrs. M. E. Sangster, in *The Interior.*

Speak Reverently.

When Prince Bismarck, the great German statesman, was a lad, his father once overheard him speaking of the emperor as "Fritz." He removed him for the familiarity, and added, "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty, and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration."

The words made a deep impression on the boy which was never effaced. Even in his old age he lowers his voice and assumes a respectful tone whenever he speaks of his sovereign. If a message is brought to him from the palace, either verbal or written, he always stands to receive it.

What a lesson is the custom of this great statesman to boys who speak so lightly, if not profanely, the name of the King of kings!

The fault is not confined in them. The growing irreverence of the age is very marked. The words of God are bandied about in the daily prints as lightly as if they were the words of the court-jester. Some fine-spun piece of political sarcasm, parodying some scene in Scripture, is often found in a morning paper, and is laughed over by thousands. The travesty will ever after be associated with the sacred words, especially in the minds of the young. A full-page picture in our best illustrated newspaper one morning represented St. Peter as seated in a great arm-chair before the gate of heaven, with keys hanging by his side, busily reading the daily paper, and deciding not to admit certain parties. It was only one of many similar pictures. It is not enough that Christian parents should seek to hide their smiles over such caricatures, or should mildly deprecate the irreverence. They should set their faces like a flint against them. Such a course would be felt, as in the case of Prince Bismarck.

It is very easy to lower our standard of reverence for anything. We have only to speak of it habitually in a light way. There is nothing like it to take the life out of the most precious texts of Scripture. We may repent of such sin with bitter weeping, but those words can never be to us again what they were before. We may have cut down a bridge we shall some day vainly long to cross.

A gentleman of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response.

Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church role. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.—*The Life Boat.*

"A Beautiful Father."

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to day," said a school-teacher to two little new scholars.

"O," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father; you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter, but there isn't any work this winter, so he's doin' laborin' till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and good-supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home; they are both so beautiful!"

Before long the teacher did see that home and that father. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was many a man in sacerdotal robe in costly temple. He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens, rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*The Mother's Friend.*

Guard the Church's Honor.

The world is unfriendly to the church. The more spiritual the church is, the more unfriendly the world. It is ready to criticise it. Often its spirit is of hatred. The Saviour foretold that it would be so. This is an obstacle in the way of the gospel. Sometimes the world has overcome the church. If the church overcomes the world it will be in spite of this obstacle. It is the tempter, the arch-enemy of Christ, who moves the world to its hostility to his church. In attacking the church, he attacks the Head of the church.

The church, to the Christian, is holy. The people of God are holy. The writer to the Hebrews calls Christians "holy brethren." They have been quickened by the divine breath into a holy life. They have been received over in heaven. Every true disciple represents prayers that have prevailed. Each faithful believer has also himself the power of effectual prayer. He has, or he may have, the gift of the Holy Spirit. He is a privileged petitioner at the court of heaven. He is a co-worker with God. He is a joint heir with Christ. He is to live forever in glory. We prefix saint to the names of the writers of the New Testament. The Romish church prefixes it to the names of the writers of the Old Testament. With equal fitness it may be prefixed as a title of every Christian believer, even to the little children. These are all called to be saints. There are members of the church on earth who may not be recognized by God as members of the church in heaven. These are inconsistent members who misrepresent Christ. We all confess to inconsistencies. But, imperfect though she is, the church is the body of Christ. If we would hold him up to honor we must hold her up to honor.

The good name of the church is her power. With this she can go forth fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners. Men will be attracted to her. They will yield to the motives which she will present to them. They will seek a place in her communion as a coveted distinction. So, with her good name under reproach, the church will be weakened. It will be harder for her to gain the ear of the community. Hence the diligence of Satan to soil the good name of the church by unjust aspersions, and also to tempt the members to do or permit what will bring upon her just reproach.

To her members the good name of the church is committed. For it each one is responsible. Cherish it. Shield it. If you know anything against the church, do not spread it. But resolve that you will have no share in publishing church scandals, whether false or true, or in circulating reports to the injury of the pastor, the church officers, your fellow church-members. The church has difficulties enough in her path already. Hold her up to honor.

Do your utmost to make her worthy of honor. Compel the world to honor her in your pure, devoted, consistent, shining life. You can do your part to build the walls of Jerusalem. And no person outside the church can do so much to tear down the walls as a gossiping, faultfinding member without the self-respect, and honor, and spirituality which silence cavil, and compel the world to acknowledge that God is with his people.—*Rev. G. R. Leavitt.*

What is Religion?

This is the way that G. B. S., a correspondent of the *Vermont Chronicle*, discusses the question. A negro congregation has recently ejected from its pulpit the pastor, because in his preaching he failed to produce in the souls of his hearers "a happifying effect." The colored church had a quaint way of stating their trouble, but that they fairly hit it there can be no doubt. This "happifying effect" is, after all, only a very apt and correct way of expressing the idea which gropes in the minds of not a few white congregations in reference to the character and ability of their ministers. To such the preacher is successful, if, by his sermons and his personal address, he makes those who hear and meet him to feel happy. Religion, according to this estimate, is a state of spiritual enjoyment—an easy, pleasurable, self-satisfied feeling. A sermon is good, that lifts the hearer into a glow of wonder, or quietly lets him down into a blissful restfulness. So the Reverend Cream Cheese is "a love of a preacher" because, in his prayers and discourses, he excites or lulls the nerves of his congregation, and, by his dainty ways at the "church sociables," wins the hearts of the "young people." Religion, being in its inmost nature "happifying," means, in the pulpit, an immaculately-fitting coat, middle-parted hair, considerable poetry, a musical flow of beautiful words; and in the church, orange suppers, necktie parties, chocolate ice-cream sories and sacred footlight performances, with sideshows where gambling is called "guessing." A modern church is fully equipped only as it has a silk stockinged romancer in the pulpit, a full-fledged angel of a soprano in the choir and a kitchen stove in the basement—all of which most appropriately go with this idea that religion is "happifying." But somehow, any reading of Scripture jars like a thunder-roll amidst these "divine services." Law and prophecy, psalm and gospel, thrust hard against these "good-time" ideas of religion. Prohibition and injunction, "burdens," "woes" innumerable, obligation, duty, "the cross," "self-denial," "service unwearied," "loss of right hands," "loss of right eyes," "resisting unto blood," "faithful unto death"—these strong, cutting words meet one everywhere in the New and Old Testament, until religion begins to be less and less a "happifying" thing, and more and more a serious, urgent, never-ending work. If religion is to be pleased, and to be interested, and to have a good time, and to be happy, then let the high-priced choir sing on their operatic snatches. Let the low pumped preacher syllable forth his "airy nothing." Let the kitchen stove glow and the footlights flash and pink tea-parties "ne'er break up." But if religion means the "working out with fear and trembling of the soul's salvation," and the living and the dying with Christ for the world's redemption, then it is time for a singing that shall be for God's praise, and a preaching that shall condemn and convict and save—a church which shall be fulfilling the mission of its founder in preaching the gospel to every creature.

The Nobleman's Faith.

A NEW SERMON BY PASTOR C. H. SPURGEON.

"There was a certain nobleman, whose son was sick at Capernaum. When he heard that Jesus was come out of Judea into Galilee, he went unto Him, and besought Him that He would come down, and heal his son: for he was at the point of death," etc.—JOHN 4: 46-53.

This narrative illustrates the rise and progress of faith in the soul. The same living Christ is here, and His help as as greatly need as ever did this nobleman. May we seek it as He sought it, and find it as He found it!

Observe, then, at the commencement, that trouble first of all led this courtly personage to Jesus. Had he been without trial, he might have lived forgetful of his God and Saviour; but sorrow came to his house, and it was God's angel in disguise. It may be, dear friend, that your are in trouble this morning; and, if so, I pray that affliction may be the black horse upon which mercy shall ride to your door.

I want you carefully to mark the spark of faith, all the while saying—I am going to look and see if I have such a spark of faith; and if I find it, I will prize it much, and pray the Holy Spirit to breathe softly upon it, that it may rise to something more permanent and powerful. The faith of this nobleman rested, at the first, entirely upon the report of others. He lived at Capernaum, down there by the sea, and among the newsmongers it was common talk that there had arisen a great Prophet who was working great wonders. He himself had never seen Jesus, nor heard Him speak; but he believed the report of others, and he was right in doing so, for they were credible persons. Well, faith often begins in that way. Men believe the report which is brought to them by well-known persons who have experienced the power of divine love, and thus at first, like the Samaritans, they believe because of the woman's report. In future time, they will come to believe because of having heard, and seen, and tasted, and handled for themselves; but the beginning is good. This faith which comes of a report by others is a spark of true fire. Take care of it. May God grant you grace so to pray about it, that that spark may increase into a flame!

Observe that this faith was such a little faith that it only concerned the healing of the sick child. The nobleman did not know that he needed healing in his own heart; he did not perceive his own ignorance of Jesus, and his own blindness to the Messiah; he did not perhaps know that he needed to be born again; neither did he understand that the Saviour could give him spiritual life and light. He had little knowledge of the Saviour's spiritual power, and thus his faith had a very narrow range. What he did believe was that the Lord Jesus, if He would come to his house, could prevent his child from dying of the fever. He had reached as far as that, and such faith as he had, he turned to practical use at once.

Friend, you do not as yet know how great my Lord is, and what wonderful things He doeth for those who put their trust in Him; but you are saying, "Surely He could help me this morning in my present trial, and deliver me out of my present difficulty." So far, so good. Use what faith you have. Bring before the Lord the trial of the hour. Let me encourage you to do so. If you cannot come to Him for heavenly things, you may, for the present, begin with the sorrows and trials of earth; if you cannot come to Him for an eternal blessing, you may come to Him for a passing favor, and He is ready to hear you. Though your prayer should only be about worldly things, and be nothing more than a merely natural prayer, yet pray it; for "He heareth the young ravens when they cry," and they do not pray spiritual prayers.

The nobleman's faith was so feeble that he limited the power of Jesus to His local presence. Hence his prayer was, "Sir, come down ere my child die." If he could but induce the Lord Jesus to enter the room where the sick child lay, he believed that He would speak to the fever and the fever would be allayed; but he had no idea that the Lord Jesus Christ could work at the distance of twenty-five miles; he had a notion that the word of God could operate apart from his presence. Still, it was better to have that limited faith than to have none at all.

I notice that this man's faith taught him how to pray in the right style. Notice the argument he used; he besought Him that He would come down and heal his son, for he was at the point of death. He urged no merit, but pleaded the misery of the case. He did not plead that the boy was of noble birth—that would have been very bad pleading with Jesus; nor did he urge that he was a lovely child—that would have been a sorry argument; but he pleaded that he was at the point of death. His extremity was his reason for urgency; the child was at death's door, therefore his father begs that mercy's door may open. When you, my friend, are taught by grace to pray aright, you will urge those facts which reveal your own danger and distress, and not those which would make you appear rich and righteous. You cannot ask the Lord to bless you because of any desert or merit you have, for you have no trace of any such thing; but you will be wise to plead your necessities. Cry, "O God, have mercy upon me, for I need mercy!" State your child's case, and say, "For he is at the point of death." This is the key which opens the door of mercy.

II. Thus have we seen faith in the spark; we will now look at the fire of faith, struggling to maintain itself, and gradually increasing. Let us see how the fire smoulders, and the heap begins to smoke, and thus betrays the inner fire. This man's faith was true as far as it went. That is a great thing to say. He stood before the Saviour resolved not to go away from Him; his only hope for his child's life was in this great Prophet of Nazareth, and therefore he did not intend to leave Him until his request was granted. He does not at first get the answer that he wants, but he perseveres, and pleads on. His faith was true as far as it went; but it was hindered by a desire for signs and wonders. Our Lord therefore gently chided him, saying "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." Now I know that many of you believe that the Lord Jesus can save, but you have fixed in your mind the way in which He must do it. You have been reading certain religious biographies, and you find that such a man was driven to despair, had horrible thoughts, and so on; therefore you settle it in your minds that you must have similar horrors, or you will be lost. You lay it down as a programme, that you must be saved in that way, or not at all. Is this right? Is this wise? Do you mean to dictate to the Lord? His Gospel is, not, "Suffer so much horror and despair, and live;" but, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He comes to many, and calls them effectually by the soft whispers of His love; they do but trust Him, and they enter into immediate rest. Why should it not be so with you? Why should you keep yourself out of comfort by laying down a programme, and demanding that the free Spirit should pay attention to it? *Let Him save you as He wills.* Away with the foolish prejudices!

Yet this is to be said of the nobleman's faith: it could endure a refusal. Think of the Master only saying to this poor anguished father, "Except ye see signs and wonders, ye will not believe." It was sadly true, but it sounded honestly sharp. This man answered our Lord by still greater importunity. He would not go away; not he! Oh, dear heart, may you have such faith in Christ that, though He should rebuke you, you will not leave him! Jesus is you only hope; therefore do not turn away from Him. Imitate Bunyan when he spake words to this effect: "I was driven to such straits that I must of necessity go to Jesus; and if He had met me with a drawn sword in His hand, I would sooner have thrown myself upon the edge of his sword than have gone away from Him; for *I knew Him to be my last hope.*" O soul, cling to thy Lord, come what may!

Then see how passionately this man pleaded. He cried, "Sir, come down ere my child die," as much as if he had said, "Lord, do not question me just now about my faith. O my Lord, I pray thee do not think of me at all, but heal my dear child, or he will be dead!" He was at the point of death when I left him; do hasten down and save him." Limited was that faith, for he still asks Christ to come down, and seems to think it essential that our Lord should make a journey to Capernaum to work the cure; but note how intense, how eager, how persevering was his pleading. If his faith failed in breadth, it excelled in force. Dear anxious friend, keep close to this example now before us. Pray, and pray again; hold on, and hold out; cry on, and cry out; never cease till the Lord of love grants you an answer of peace.

III. We come to a higher stage, and watch the flame of faith. The spark increased as a smouldering fire, and now the fire reveals itself in flame. Observe that Jesus said to the petitioner, "Go thy way, thy son liveth." And the man truly believed, and went his way.

Here note that he believed the word of Jesus over the head of all his former prejudices. He had thought only that Christ could heal if He came down to Capernaum; but now he believes, though Jesus remains where He is, and only speaks the word. Friend, wilt thou, at this moment, believe the Lord Jesus Christ on His bare word? Without laying down any rules as to how He will save thee, wilt thou trust Him? Thou hast prescribed dark convictions, or vivid dreams, or strange sensations; wilt thou cease from such folly? Dost thou not know that he that believeth in Him hath everlasting life? Wilt thou have done with thy nonsense about "Come down, and save me," or "Make me feel this, and I will believe thee"? Wilt thou believe in Him now, despite all thy former thoughts, and pretentions, and desires, and just say, "I will trust my soul with Christ, believing that He can save me"? Thou shalt be saved as surely as thou dost thus trust.

The next thing this man did to prove the sincerity of his faith was that he at once obeyed Christ. Jesus said to him, "Go thy way;" that is, "Go home"—"thy son liveth." If the man had not believed the word he would have lingered there, and kept on pleading, and looking for favorable signs; but as he has believed, he is satisfied with the word of the Lord, and goes his way without another word. "Thy son liveth" is enough for him. Many of you have said when you have heard the Gospel preached, "You tell us to believe in Christ; but we will continue in prayer." This is not what the Gospel commands you. If you believe in Him, you will go your way in peace; you will believe that He has saved you, and act as if you knew it to be true. You will joy and rejoice in the fact that you are saved. You will not stop to cavil, and to question, and to follow after all kinds of religious experiences and feelings; but you will exclaim, "He tells me to believe Him, and I believe Him. He says, 'He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life;' and I do believe in Him, and therefore I have everlasting life. I may not feel any peculiar emotion, but I have eternal life. Whether I see my salvation or not, I am saved."

Still, I am bound to say concerning this man's faith at this stage, that it still fell somewhat short of what it might have been. It was a great thing for him to have come so far; but he had farther yet to go. He expected less than he might have expected, and therefore, when he saw his servents, he asked them when the dear child began to amend. He was overjoyed when they virtually said, "He never did begin to amend; the fever left him all at once; at the seventh hour he recovered." You see he expected a gradual restoration. He looked for the ordinary course of nature; but here was a miraculous work. He received far more than he reckoned on. How little we know of Christ, and how little we believe in Him even when we do trust Him! We measure His boundless treasure by our scanty purses. Yet the faith that saves is not always full-grown; there is room for us to believe more, and to expect more of our blessed Lord. Oh, that we would do so!

IV. So far the nobleman's faith has grown, but now we shall see it become the conflagration of faith. As he went home his servants met him with good news. In the quietude of his faith he was exceedingly delighted when they said, "Thy son liveth!" The message came upon him like the echo of the word of Jesus. The repetition must have astonished him. I often notice about the preaching of the Word, how the sentences strike you as to their very words when God blesses them. People say to me, "You said, sir, the self-same thing that we were talking of when we were on the road; you described our cases even to our thoughts, and you mentioned certain expressions which had been used in our conversation; surely God was speaking through you." Yes, it is often so; Christ's own Word finds echoes from the mouths of His commissioned servants. The Lord's Providence rules words as well as deeds, and makes men say the right words without their knowing why they say them.

Now the nobleman's faith is *confirmed by the answer to his prayers.* His experience has come to be not of his living faith in a more assured sense than he did before. He has proved the truth of the Lord's word, and therefore he knows and is persuaded that He is Lord and God. The faith of a sinner coming to Christ is one thing; the faith of a man who has come to Christ, and has obtained the blessing, is another and stronger matter. The first faith, the simple faith, is that which saves; but the further faith is that which brings comfort, and joy, and strength into the spirit.

"My prayer is heard," said he; and then he spoke to the servants, and after inquiry his faith was sustained by each detail. The more he studied the case the more wonderful it became. The details were singularly confirmatory of his confidence, and by their means he rose to a clearer and firmer faith. Brethren, how many such confirmations some of us have had! Doubters attempt to argue with us about the simplicities of the Gospel; and they want to fight with us upon their own ground of mere speculative reasoning. Dear sir, this is hardly fair to us. Our own ground is of quite another kind. We are not strangers to the business of faith, but adepts in it; and you ought to allow something for our personal experience of the faithfulness of the Lord our God. We have a thousand treasured memories of happy details which we cannot tell you. We do not call you swine, but at the same time we dare not throw our pearls before you. Certain things are so intertwisted with our lives that we are anchored by them. "Coincidences," you say. Ah, well! say what you please, to us they are other than to you! Our soul has cried out, time after time, "This is the finger of God." A man who has been helped out of a very severe trouble cannot forget his deliverer. Do you reply? "You were fortunate to get out of it"? Oh, sir, this seems a very cold-blooded remark!

At the same moment that Christ said, "Thy son liveth," the nobleman's son did live; the same word that Jesus used to the father was used also by the servants who had been thirty miles away; and therefore the father felt that something more than human had crossed his path. Do you wonder at it? Besides, that dear boy, whom he found sound and well, was a potent argument. You could not argue the happy father out of a faith which had brought him such joy. The child was at the point of death till faith received the word of the Lord Jesus, and then the fever fled. The father must believe; would you have him doubt?

Strengthened in his faith by his experience, after having believed the mere word of Jesus, the good man now sees that word fulfilled, and he believes in Jesus in the fullest sense; believes for everything; for his body, and for his soul; for all that he is, and for all that he has. From that day forth he becomes a disciple of the Lord Jesus. He follows Him, not as a Healer only, nor as a Prophet only, nor as a Saviour only, but as his Lord and his God. His hope, his trust, and his confidence are fixed upon Jesus as the true Messiah.

What follows is so natural, and yet so joyous, that I pray it may be true to all of you; his family also believe. Happy household! There was a grand baptism soon after, when they all went to confess their faith in Jesus. Not only was the child cured, but the whole household was cured. The father did not know, when he went pleading about his boy, that he himself needed to be saved; the mother, also, probably thought only of her son; but now salvation has come to the whole family, and the fever of sin and unbelief is gone away with the other fever. May the Lord work such a wonder as that in all our houses! It any of you are groaning under a burden of grief, I trust you will be so relieved that, when you tell your wife of it, she will believe in Jesus too. May the dear child of your care believe in Jesus while yet a child; and may all who belong to your domestic circle also belong to the divine Lord! Grant, at this time, thy servant's desire, O Lord Jesus, for Thy glory's sake! Amen.

Wood in the Dock.

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE.

There were twenty seven persons, charged with various offenses, before the magistrate that morning.

One of the accused was a young girl about seventeen, who was weeping bitterly. Even the bailiff of the court—accustomed to criminal misery, and inured to the scenes of suffering, from the suicide of a widow to the execution of a murderer—felt touched, and walking up to the railing, whispered some kind word in her ear.

Next to her sat a young man pale as death. The humiliation stood out in bold relief in his attitude and in every feature of his face, in the nervous clutch of his hands, in the shifting of his feet, the disarranged hair, and the silently expressed suffering.

The judge was late that morning, and kept the prisoners waiting.

"Don't cry," the young man was saying to the girl who sat next to him, "I am sure you have done nothing wrong. I would pledge my life you have not. Tell me your troubles and I will tell you mine. I have been a wholesale jeweller for two years; I got into bad company and took some gold that I was to work up into a bracelet and sold it. I first accused some one of having stolen it, but last night I confessed. They had me arrested, and I shall plead guilty and take my punishment."

The girl turned her head quickly, and between her sobs said: "But I—I have done nothing wrong; only one of the girls at the store where I work put some laces in my pocket because—she is jealous of me, and then they found it there, and a policeman came, and, oh, my heart is breaking!"

"Hugh Murray, accused of robbing his employer, what have you to say?"

"Guilty!"

His face was whiter than ever, but his mouth was firm and resolute, and after he had said the word that made him a convict, he faced the magistrate and said: "Your honor, I have said guilty, because I would be a liar if I said anything else; but, your Honor, I have this to add to my plea, I never drank whiskey in all my life until last Friday night, and I was utterly under its influence when I took that gold."

At this juncture an elderly man stepped forward and said, in a voice choked with emotion: "Your Honor, I am this young man's employer, and I am very sorry that I have taken these steps now. With your permission I will withdraw the charge."

But his honor only looked a little dimly through his spectacles, and said: "Too late; complaint sworn to, arrest made, prisoner pleads guilty." And it came to pass that Hugh Murray expiated the one criminal act of his life by six months in the house of correction.

Before he left the dock he contrived to whisper to his neighbor: "Tell me your name, won't you? I have been so bad, and I am sure you are so good; and perhaps when my punishment is over, you who are so gentle will let me come and see you, and call you my friend."

And she with her great eyes all bleared with tears, said faintly: "My name is Isabel—Isabel Daley. I hope you won't be bad again, and that they won't be unkind to you." And when he reached the cell from which they where to take him away to the house of correction, the firmness that kept him up so far all left him, and crouched on the cold stones he burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

He was not long alone, for his employer had followed him, and the once severe master was now as badly broken down as the clerk whom he had caused to be punished so severely. The old jeweller put his arms around Hugh's neck and for several minutes could not speak. At last he said: "My poor boy, I wish I could undo this. When I saw you standing in the dock, you made me think of a boy of my own who was ruined by the drink, and left me for I don't know where. What can I do? How can I undo this?

There was no reply, for both hearts were too full to speak for a moment; but the young man at least raised his head and said: "I was not crying for my punishment, and I have nothing but good will to you. If you have been harsh to me I don't know it. Let me be candid with you. I was a thief, and I was a drunkard for the first time; but still I was both. If you think you have been harsh, then, when my punishment is over, help me to go where I can get work a long way off, where my story is not known, and if I live, I will repay your kindness tenfold. And there is a young girl," he continued, "charged with stealing some lace, upstairs. Will you see her? I am sure she is innocent, and in the dock she forgot all her trouble for a moment to ask me never to be bad again. It was that, Mr. Belden, which made me give way so weakly."

The parting was a sad one, but the inevitable had to come, and Hugh Murray was for six months to come only "No. 137 in the western corridor."

A few days after he had been in prison, he received a trunk full of new clothing from his late employer, some luxuries in the way of food, etc., that were specially permitted by the warden, and the following letter:

"My Dear Hugh:—Please accept the accompanying little gifts from me, and keep up a good heart. I send you some useful books with which to employ your time. Your friend who was in trouble, was perfectly innocent, and was discharged, her arrest having been a conspiracy, and she is now head saleswoman of the house where she was accused of theft. I called and told her yesterday how bitterly you suffered from her sympathy. The noble girl burst into tears, and bade me tell you to be of good courage and never be bad again."

A year after this there was a quiet little wedding in ———, Canada, and the bridegroom was a successful young jeweler just started in business, and president of one of the total abstinence societies, while the bride's name was Isabel Daley. And as he held her to his heart after the ceremony, he whispered: "Darling, do you remember that you were wooed in a prisoner's dock?"

The one strange thing about the wedding was, however, that when they got to their new little home, there was a letter addressed to Mr. and Mrs. Murray, and it had a smudge on it just as if an old-fashioned salt tear had fallen on it, and all that was inside of it was a check for a thousand dollars, signed by Everett Belden.—*English Paper.*

The Underground Railway of Siberia.

Dr. Alfred E. Brehm's account of Siberia is calculated to modify the impressions derived from the stories of exiles. The Doctor was an observer, and the exiles were partisans; he revised much which they saw and felt; they, doubtless, exaggerated what they suffered. On one point the Doctor is, probably right, and his fact is of great importance. If Siberia is a terrible prison, its terrors need not be long endured; escape is very easy. Even in the mines convicts live free and unwatched, alone or with their families. He always (the worst grade of punishment is under consideration) wears chains and is limited to a certain area. But in a district of eight hundred and sixty square miles only a hundred soldiers are employed to guard thousands of convicts. The prisoners run away in pairs after a careful preparation for the journey. The mine-smith takes off the chains for ten copecks a man, and the two fugitives set off in the night, and for some days travel only at night. They are helped by everybody—even police officers give them money. The farmers systematically provide for them. At night provisions are placed in the windows for the unfortunates. When the pair come into such a village they go to the windows and get what they want. Then they proceed to the bath-house and find a warm place to sleep. If a military patrol comes into the village during the night "the unfortunates" are warned of their danger. "The farmer is the providence of these people."

In brief, there is a most excellently equipped "underground railroad" out of Siberia. If the fugitive behave himself the whole population helps him; if he steals, the whole village turns out to pursue and beat him to death, and "he is always found." "Judge Lynch" maintains excellent order in a region five times as large as the state of New York, and the Government winks at his methods. "No country enjoys greater security than this colony of criminals." Fifteen thousand prisoners are annually sent there, and five thousand of them escape. Some are caught and sent back; some spend their lives trying to get away, and at last die in their prison; but the great majority find the Siberian underground railroad a safe and tolerably expeditious means of transit to freedom. The greater part of the spirited and enterprising convicts get away if they desire to do so. Many are content to remain. Siberia is a growing country, rich in opportunities for energetic men.—*Christian Advocate.*

—A pious Calvinist replied to an Arminian, who objected to the doctrine of the perseverance of the saints, and who said, "If I believe that doctrine, and was sure that I was a converted man, I would take my full of sin." "How much sin," replied the other, "do you think it would take to *fill* a true Christian to his own satisfaction?"

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The Great Winter.

The winter of the year 1709 was one of extreme cold. Never was a colder winter known in Europe. In France many people froze to death in their beds, not only among the mountains, but even in the villages and cities. The hottest fire was not sufficient to keep a room warm. While the stoves were redhot the water would freeze but a few f et from them. The trees in the forest and by the roadside became so frozen that some of them burst, and made a noise as if a small mine had exploded.

Sparrows and crows and jackdaws sometimes fell down dead while flying in the air. Large flocks of sheep and cattle froze in the barnyards. The bats, which usually sleep during the winter, were awakened out of their torpid slumbers, fluttered around a little while, and fell dead to the ground. The deer in the forest could no longer run swiftly, but crept slowly out of the woods and came near the dwellings of men. Finally spring came, and a multitude of them were found dead in the woods. The little lakes and brooks and rivers, after they had been thawed by the sun, emitted a very unpleasant odor, because nearly all the fish in them had been frozen to death. The people suffered from extreme poverty, for the cold had destroyed many of their means of support. The wheat that had been sown in the autumn, their sheep, fowls, fish and vegetables that had been buried in the ground, were completely destroyed by the frost.

During this winter a poor little Savoyard boy was wandering in the streets of Luneville, in Lothringia. He was a pitiable orphan. His older brother, who had taken care of him, had now gone on a message to the city Nancy, to earn a few francs. But he suffered the fate of many travellers, and was frozen to death. Many of the passengers of the stage and on horseback were frozen to death, though covered with furs and cloaks. The drivers lost their lives, and still held the reins in their stiff hands.

The little Savoyard boy wandered about from house to house to get a little employment or a piece of bread. He was glad to blacken boots or shoes, dust clothes, clean dishes in the kitchen, or do anything that would give him a sou. But, when night came on, his suffering became intense. He had slept with his brother in a carpenter shop, where the two had covered themselves with an old footcloth, on which they piled shavings very high. They lay very close together, and by this means managed to be protected from the severity of the cold. But now he was alone, he would certainly freeze if he should attempt to sleep in the carpenter shop. The wife of a hostler took compassion on him. She showed him a little sleeping place in one of the stalls of the stable where the horses of a certain prince were kept. In his stall there stood an iron cage, in which a large brown bear was confined, for the beast was very wild and angry. The little Savoyard boy, who had come in the darkness of the night into the stable, neither knew or cared for any wild beast that might be near by. He lay down upon some straw, and stretched out his hand to pull more. As he stretched out his hand, he put it between the wires of the cage in which the beast was, and found that a large pile was was there. Thinking it was better to get in where the straw was, he crawled up to the cage, and squeezed in through the iron bars. The bear grumbled a little, but did no violence. She took the little stranger between her paws and pressed him near her warm breast, and against her thick skin, so softly and so comfortably that he who had not slept for many nights with any comfort, now forgot all fear, and soon fell into a sweet, deep sleep.

In the morning the boy waked up with renewed strength and crept out of the cage, and went forth to the city to attend to his business and to seek his daily bread. At night he returned to his strange mother. Beside the bear lay a great many pieces of bread which had been brought from the table of the prince; but the bear had eaten all she wanted, and these were left. So the little Savoyard boy helped himself to all he needed. He then lay quietly down between the paws of his thick clad mother, who pressed him to her as she had done before; and he slept there as if in the warmest feather-bed.

In this way he spent five nights without anyone knowing it. On the morning of the sixth night he overslept himself, so that, when the hostler went around with lanterns in the early morning to attend to the many horses in the stable, they saw the boy lying between the paws of the great bear. The old bear grunted a little, as if she were very much offended at anyone seeing her taking care of her little favorite. The boy sprang up and squeezed through the cage, to the great astonishment of the bystanders.

This strange affair became widely known, and created much wonder throughout the city. Although the noblest little Savoyard boy was very much ashamed that anybody should know that he had slept in the arms of a bear, he was ordered to appear in the presence of the prince, to whom he told his recent experience. The prince appointed a day for him to come again. The boy came; and in the presence of the prince and princess, and many people of rank, he was requested to enter the cage where the great bear was. She received him as kindly as ever, and pressed him to her breast.

The little Savoyard afterward led an honorable and useful life, nor did he ever forget how God had spared him in his great need.—*Good Words.*

A Catechism.

Did you ever see a counterfeit ten-dollar bill? Yes.

Why was it counterfeited? Because it was worth counterfeiting.

Was the ten-dollar bill to blame? No.

Did you ever see a scrap of brown paper counterfeited? No.

Why? Because it was not worth counterfeiting.

Did you ever see a counterfeit Christian? Yes, lots of them.

Why was he counterfeited? Because he was worth counterfeiting.

Was he to blame? No.

Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel? No never.

Why? You answer.

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BIBLE LESSONS.

FROM PELOUBET'S SELECT NOTES

Fourth Quarter.

Lesson XII.—Dec. 16. Isa. 53 v 1-12

THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. 53 : 6.

I. How the News of a Saviour was First Received.—*Vers. 1. Who hath believed our report?* The speakers here are the prophets and the Gospel heralds of chap. 52 : 7, giving the result of their first labors in preaching the Gospel. The questions in this verse are strong, but not total denials. "Who hath believed?" that is, hardly any have believed. *Our report.* The good news of salvation, and the coming of a Saviour.

Why the Announcement of a Divine Saviour was not fully Received. (1) The Saviour came in a manner so entirely different from the expectation of the Jews. (2) The promise of redemption and a new kingdom of God was so contrary to the then *present appearance*, when everything seemed to be growing worse and worse. (3) It was so wonderful that God should send his own son from heaven to suffer and die for this world. (4) No such event had ever before occurred in the world's history. For (1) it is the greatest wonder; (2) it is a work of the last necessity; (3) it is a work of the highest love; (4) it is a work of the greatest blessing."

Is the arm of the Lord revealed? The *arm* is a symbol of power. It hence means God's power in defending his people, in overcoming his enemies, and in saving the soul. *Revealed.* Made known, seen, undertaken.

II. The Suffering Saviour. 2. *For he.* The Saviour, the Messiah, Jesus Christ. *Shall grow up.* Rather, "*He* grew up." All the verbs in this passage down to the tenth verse are in the past tense. *Before him.* Before *Jehovah*, who fixed his eye upon him with watchfulness and protecting care. *As a tender plant*, or sucker, growing out of a parent stem. He grew up small and of no reputation, from a family nearly extinct, like a tender plant springing unnoticed from its root hidden in a barren and dry land, out of which nothing eminent was expected. The expression "out of dry ground," which belongs to both figures, brings out in addition the miserable character of the external circumstances in the midst of which the birth and growth of the servant (the man Christ Jesus) had taken place. *He had no form nor comeliness.* No beautiful form or appearance, referring to his state of abasement rather than to his own personal beauty. *And when we shall see him.* Rather, joined with the previous words, "Nor comeliness "(attractiveness) *that we should look* (with delight) on him." *No beauty that we should desire him.* There was nothing in his appearance to make us desire him, or feel attracted to him. This represents the Messiah as in his earliest manifestations as exceedingly diminutive, unattractive, unpromising, because he utterly failed to meet the foregone ideas of the Jews. All this does not deny his personal attractiveness and loveliness to those who come to him, and to the poor and needy.

3. *He is* (rather, *was*) *despised.* Looked down upon by the great, by the world at large. *And rejected of men.* The word "men" is one commonly applied to those of rank or note. The name, "the rejected of men," will express all the melancholy history, rejected by the Jews; by the rich, the great, and the learned; by the mass of men of every grade, and age, and rank. No prophecy was ever more strikingly fulfilled. *A man of sorrows.* The plural, because of their number. *Acquainted with grief.* Rather, *with suffering. And we hid as it were our faces from him.* Literally, "as one from whom there is hiding of face," as if shrinking from a horrible sight. The Jews were willfully blind, and would not see Jesus as he really was. *And we esteemed him not.* Estimated him at nothing.

III. This Suffering an Atonement for our Sins.—Vers. 4-6. There are no fewer than *eleven* expressions in this chapter, which clearly describe the vicarious character of the sufferings endured by the Lord's Servant.

4. *Surely.* "But verily," implying that their view was strangely contradictory to the actual truth. *Hath borne our griefs.* Not took away, but bore or carried them. "Griefs," sickness, a representative expression for all suffering. He bore our griefs not only by sympathy, but he bore them away by his healing power. Jesus is not only loving, but divine, and still bears the grief of his children away, by removing them, or by transforming them into blessings, and by the many ways in which his Gospel lessens the troubles and sickness of men. *Smitten of God.* As with divine judgment, as if suffering God's displeasure.

5. *He was wounded . . . bruised.* "Pierced," "crushed." There are no stronger terms in the language than are here used to signify the extremity of the sufferer's affliction. *Transgressions.* Going over the boundries of right. *Iniquities*, acting against the light of others. *The chastisement of our peace.* The chastisement by which our peace with God was procured. The word "peace" includes all health and blessedness. *Stripes.* The word means not the blows, but the wounds produced by them.

6. *All we* (every human being) *like sheep, have gone astray.* Sheep without a shepherd which have lost their way, and that in a country where flocks are exposed to the ravages of wild beasts, are the very picture of helplessness. *We have turned every one to his own way.* His own way is the opposite of God's way; it leads to ruin, and he cannot alone find the way to heaven and God. *The iniquity of us all.* The sorrow that were due for our iniquity, the punishment that we escape, has fallen on him.

IV. Foreglimpses of the Suffering Saviour. 7. *He was oppressed.* All his ill-treatment was unjust and oppressive. *He was afflicted.* Rather, "he submitted himself to affliction," he accepted it voluntarily for the sake of saving men. *He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter.* The essential truth taught here by the figures of the sheep and lamb is the quiet non-resistance with which Christ submitted to all the indignity put upon him.

8. *He was taken*, etc. Or, "through *oppression* (Ps 107 : 39, *note*) and judgment was he taken away"; by violence which choked itself under the formalities of a legal process. *Who shall declare his generation?* "Who can describe the wickedness of the men of this race?" Who shall declare his posterity?" i. e., his spiritual children, born of the travail of his soul. "Who will care to bestow thought on a career so prematurely cut short?" This agrees better with the spirit of the passage than either of the other interpretations. *Cut off out of the land of the living.* This implies a violent death.

9. *And he made* (or, "One appointed") *his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death.* This striking and minutely accurate prophecy could not have been the result of conjecture. How could a pretended prophet, 700 years before the event, conjecture of one who was executed as a malefactor, that he would be buried with the rich, contrary to the usual course of events? *Because he had done no violence.* This was the reason why God so ordered matters in his providence. It was an attestation of his innocence.

V. The Triumph of the Suffering Saviour. 10. *Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him.* The statement here is a climax rather than a contrast. It was not unjust judges alone, but the Lord himself, who laid on Messiah this heavy burden. In the common version "*when*" *refers* to Jehovah. *His soul.* His life, his own heart's blood. *An offering for sin.* When the atonement is made and completed, then by means of that the following shall be the result. *He shall see his seed.* His spiritual children, those born by the Spirit into a holy and divine life like his. *He shall prolong his days.* (1) By a joyful resurrection (Ps. 21 : 4). (2) His kingdom and reign on earth shall never end. *The pleasure of the Lord.* The things which please the Lord: the salvation of men.

11. *He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied.* The toil or travail is the suffering of Christ, when his soul was made a sin-offering. It is here promised that he shall behold the blessed effects of those sufferings, and be satisfied with them. *By his knowledge.* By the knowledge of him. *Justify many.* Cause them to be treated as just or righteous before God, and also make them truly just in heart and life. *For he shall bear their iniquities.* All this shall be my means of atonement which shall have force all down the ages.

12. *Therefore.* Still on account of his atoning love he never lets us forget the source and power of the world's salvation. *Divide him a portion with the great.* The simple meaning is that he shall be triumphant. *He was numbered with the transgressors.* Not only by being crucified between two thieves, but in being made like sinful men, becoming one of a sinful race. *And made intercession for the transgressors.* Makes, and will make. "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

Father Watched All Night.

Little Ella and her father were once travelling together, and in order to reach their home it was necessary for them to travel all night.

When it became too dark for them to look out of the windows and the lamps were lighted inside, the father laid aside his little girl's hat, and, spreading out cloaks and, shawls, said, "Now we will rest." But a little troubled face peered out upon the strange scene, a mist was gathering in those blue eyes and the cheery tone of voice changed to a very plaintive one as she asked: "Father how can we go to bed here?"

"This is your bed, darling," he said, drawing her to his heart, "and a warm one you will always find it." And then he tucked her in so carefully, that, in place of what seemed a little girl, there seemed only a great bundle of shawls. But every now and then there was a movement inside the bundle, and a voice would say, "Oh, father, I am afraid to go to sleep here!" Then the father reminded her that he was taking care of her and would do so all night. So at last, soothed by this assurance and worn out by unwonted fatigue, she fell asleep. When she opened her eyes again, after what seemed to her only a few minutes, the sun was shining brightly. The train stopped, and there, just in sight, was her own dear home. She could even see her dear mother standing in the open door, with arms outstretched, to welcome back her loved ones. The first meeting was too full of joy for many words to be spoken; but after those close embraces and warm kisses were over, the mother asked, "And so my little girl has been travelling all night! Did she find it a long and weary time?"

"Oh, no, mother, not at all; I had such a good sleep, and father watched over me all night! Only think of it! All night, mother, he watched over me! At first, I was afraid to go to sleep in that strange place; but he told me to lean against him and shut my eyes and rest easily, for he would stay awake and take care of me. So I crept up close to him, and before I knew it, I was really and truly sound asleep; and dear father stayed awake and took care of me all night. How I do love him for it!"

Then the mother, with the love-light beaming from her eyes, told her child of that heavenly Father, who watches over each of his children, not only one, but every night of their lives. And the words she spoke were so impressed upon Ella's mind, that though grown to womanhood now, she still remembers them, and never lies down to sleep without the glad feeling, "My Father will be awake to watch over me." And her first thought on waking to the beauties of the morning light are of the dear Father in heaven, whose loving care has made her rest so safe and pleasant to her.—*Children's Record.*

The Last Hermit Nation.—Thibet occupying a vast region in Central Asia, has for centuries successfully secluded itself from intercourse with Europeans. The Chinese and other Buddhists and some of the people of India have been allowed to trade with the subjects of the Grand Lama and to travel over Thibetan territory, but Europeans have been rigorously excluded, and the few who have been able to traverse the great plateau have been compelled to disguise themselves. This exclusion has been due to some extent to Chinese influence, but the Thibetans themselves have been extremely hostile to foreigners, and the Europeans who have attempted to penetrate the territory have been roughly treated. Now this country is seeking to establish trade with Western nations. One of the Grand Lamas has sent an official communication to the Viceroy of India, expressing a desire for friendly relations, and this is the first official document received from that quarter in a century. China, which has desired to preserve the Thibetan markets for itself, also agrees to open Thibet to Indian trade. The ignorance of the results of the efforts of Secretary Coleman Macauly, sent to the Thibetan frontier last year by the Government of Bengal to remove the obstacles to commercial intercourse. In this way the isolation of the last hermit nation is concluded.

Sidon, Tyre, Hebron.—The Ausland has several notes about cities in Palestine as they now appear. Sidon, which towards the land is surrounded by a wall, lies proudly toward the ocean on a hill. Among the mass of insignificant houses are some of prominence. Among the better ones are those of the American missionary and of the American consulate. The greatest ornaments of the city are the gardens in which the orange trees are prominent. There is an abundance of water all year. The population consists of Mohammedans, Jews, and Christians, and is continually increasing, exceeding already 12,000. They are largely engaged in commerce. The most prominent merchants are Greeks. The relics of antiquity are insignificant. Tyre, once called "the queen of the ocean," is now an insignificant commercial town, called Sur (the Hebrew Zor), but is increasing in modern times. Its commerce consists of tobacco, cotton, charcoal, and wood. It possesses many palm trees. Hebron was always considered a specially fanatical town, and was looked upon as inapproachable for Christians. It is inhabited by 17,000 to 18,000 Mohammedans. A Christian could only find quarters with Jews, of whom about 1000 live there. Now the Mohammedans have become more liberal. They produce glassware and pottery.

Incredulous.

A contributor to the Atlanta *Constitution* relates the following of W. W. Chandler, who has been freight-agent of the Pennsylvania railroad at Chicago for many years:

Not long since he visited his native town in Vermont, a quiet, out-of-the-way place, where people comprehend little of the great world outside. To give them some idea of the business of Chicago, he told the rustic friends of his boyhood that frequently a million bushels of grain were received in a single day.

"Now," said he, "how long a train would be required to carry that amount?"

"A train half a mile long," ventured one. Others guessed "a mile long."

Then the group fell to figuring on shingles, or anything else that came handy. After a long time they admitted that they "couldn't get at it," when he came to their aid with the following solution:

"A bushel of grain weighs fifty-six pounds. A million bushels would therefore be fifty-six million pounds. Allowing ten tons (twenty thousand pounds) to the car, it would take two thousand eight hundred cars. There are three hundred and twenty rods to the mile, and a freight-car to every two rods. Divide the two thousand eight-hundred cars by the one hundred and sixty to the mile, and you have a freight-train seventeen and a half miles long."

"I never!" "Whew!" and other expressions of wonder, not unmixed with incredulity, went the rounds. The old season of the group, after studying awhile, broke out, "That would fill a bin all the way from here to——," naming a place seventeen miles away.

"Yes."

"Do you mean to say that grain enough comes into Chicago in a single day to fill such a bin as that?"

"Certainly."

"Well, William," said he, "you used to be a remarkably truthful boy, but I'm afraid you've lived out West a leetle too long!"

—The man who believes that he can neglect his religious duties, but cannot neglect his business is not quite fit for the kingdom of heaven. There is no business at all in heaven, and those who are interested in nothing but business would be ill at ease in that celestial city.

—Clear writers, like clear fountains, do not seem so deep as they are; the turbid looks most profound.—*Landor.*

—It was shrewdly said of an infidel woman, that "the weakness of her belief was manifested by the *frequency* with which she denied the existence of God."

Temperance Remarks.—"If we could make this country sober," said Lord Coleridge; "we could shut up nine-tenths of her prisons."—Lord Shaftsbury used to say, "It is absolutely impossible to do anything to permanently or considerably relieve poverty until we have got rid of the curse of drink."

—A Turkish Joke.—One day a man came to Khodahah, and said: "I need a donkey to-day; won't you lend me yours?" "I no longer own a donkey," was the answer. At the same moment the donkey began to bray in his stable. "O!" exclaimed the man, "do I not hear the donkey's braying?" "What," retorted Khodahah, angrily, "would your sooner believe a donkey than me?"—*Wiener Fremdenblatt.*

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J. McMILLAN,
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Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1885.

RELIGIOUS INFLUENCE IN OUR EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

There are few matters of higher importance than this. Would that it might be laid as a burden upon all our hearts. Our Institutions keep gathering in, year by year, a goodly proportion of the brightest intellects, and from the most influential positions among our people. It is but a truism to say that those sent forth from there will more and more, as time passes, hold the destinies of our denomination in their hands. Many of them have wealth and a high social position by inheritance. Many more are destined to win high positions by reason of the accession of power received through culture. The young ladies who take the solid course of study in our Seminary will be fitted to become leaders of society in the communities whither they go. A large number will become teachers, and occupy one of the most commanding positions for influence. Most of all, our future ministry will here receive their training. It is not too much to say that to-day the men who have passed through our institutions of learning have the making or maiming of our denomination in their hands. They are the leaders at our associations and conventions; they predominate in our boards; they occupy the most of our principal pulpits. In the future, as our Institutions are more largely patronized and send forth a greater number, and as the value of mental training is more recognized, will this be still more true.

Bearing this in mind, let us take in the full force of the second fact— that the manner in which they use this power will depend very largely upon the shaping influences brought to bear upon them during their course of study. These men and women who go forth year after year to help swell the number who give tone to our denominational and social life, pass from three and six to eight and ten years at our institutions of learning. Everyone knows that these are the most decisive years of the whole after life. The student is in the transition state between the thoughtlessness of children and the earnest toil and strife of after years. Not only is the mind getting knowledge from books, but it is shaping its ideas for all time to come. Ideals and purposes are being formed, the moral and religious life is settling down into a form which will maintain itself, with little variation, ever after. If the type of piety here developed is deep and earnest, if the aims here set before the Christian student are high and unselfish, in nine cases out of ten he will go forth to a noble and devoted career. If the religious life is cold during this long time, and the student thinks of nothing but to excel in his studies, it may blast the future life as a frost does the hope of harvest in the spring.

Let us, then, put these two facts together. The future destiny of our denomination is to be in the hands of those who go forth from our Institutions. Whether these go forth to lead our churches up to greater heights of holy living and devoted service, and leaven our communities with high-souled earnest-hearted men and women, depends very largely upon the influences spread around them during the years of study. This means that the future progress or retrogression of our churches, and all that is depending upon them of precious truth and in the salvation of souls through work at home and abroad, hinges, in a very real way, upon the life and motives and purposes developed in our academic and college halls. Our educational institutions are the very heart of our denomination's life. Her very life-blood goes circulating through it from year to year. Happy shall we be if it send those out who have been drawn in more pure than when they came, and perfectly fitted to build up and strengthen the whole body in a healthy and vigorous growth. Do we need more to convince us that our institutions of learning are all-important factors in our denominational life, not only as places of mental training, but also as centres of moral forces which are to do so much to shape our future?

We should never forget another fact: Not only are we dependent upon the religious influence of our institutions for the type of character and piety which our future ministry and influential men and women will possess; it determines to a very considerable extent our supply of ministers. There is nothing like general spiritual life to develop the hunger for souls and the consecration needed to lead our promising young men to choose the work of the ministry. This is what we need in our churches to this end, and this is what we need at Acadia and St. John. A large proportion of our future ministers are naturally expected from those attending there. There has scarcely been a revival at Acadia which has not led some to decide to give themselves to this work. Some of our best labourers are memorials of past works of grace there.

So plainly do our American brethren recognize the fact that ministerial supply depends upon the influence shed abroad at places of learning that they are wakening up to the need of increased attention here as a means to reinforce the depleted ranks of their ministry. We are glad Acadia has had such a record as she has. May grace be given that she may surpass that of the past in the future.

As long as our people see the vital importance of having our young men and women under a strong religious influence while seeking mental training, so long will they refuse to harbor the thought of giving up their College for an institution where no provision can be made for the culture of the most earnest piety; so long will they send their sons and daughters to her halls, rather than elsewhere. As long, also, as she exerts this influence, will she have a large place in their thoughts and sympathies. If the day should ever come when she ceases to exert this strong Christian power, to elevate the aims and lead to devotion of life, then we might well question the propriety of bearing the burden of her support.

DR. DAY'S CIRCULAR.

We have just received from Dr. Day, a copy of this important document. It will be found in another column. We direct the special attention of our readers to it. The work of our finance agent is second to none in our denomination. Upon it depends the efficient working of all our great enterprises, and upon their success depends our very life as a denomination, and the fate of untold souls.

We consider the plan outlined by Dr. Day a most excellent one. If it is adopted by our churches generally and WORKED, our denominational finances will come up with a bound. The allotment of its proportion of the whole amount to be raised to each church must commend itself to all. Each church will know what is expected from them. There will be something definite before the mind, all the time. No church will wish to fall out of line, as all are pressing forward in the good work. The Presbyterians have adopted this plan, and it has succeeded admirably. But each church must esteem it a point of honor as well as a sacred duty to God to raise the amount assigned. Only in this way can confusion and defeat be prevented.

Again, the plan of subscription cards, on which each one subscribes the amount *per week* he is willing to give, must meet with general approval. This has been tested in the First Yarmouth church with the best results. During a time of extreme financial depression, more was raised than ever before. If every member of the church, and as far as possible, of the congregation too, can be got to subscribe a little, it is surprising how large an amount can be raised. We found it necessary, however, to have the church divided up into convenient sections, and a district collector appointed in each to gather in the accruing amounts monthly. This made it easier for people to give a larger amount because required to give a less amount at any one time; it prevented them neglecting to give; and it gave Christian work to a greater number of the young people.

Too much emphasis cannot be laid on the importance of getting the most influential men of the church to attend to the work of securing subscriptions at first. To secure the best results the solicitors must have a deep and intelligent interest in our denominational work. It was found in the First Yarmouth church best for the pastor to attend to this in his first round of pastoral call after Convention.

Do not forget either the request to forward contributions, at least, quarterly. The Boards have been in great straits, in the past, because funds did not come in till near the close of the year.

The plan of Dr. Day is a good one. What is needed now is that it be worked. Dr. Day cannot work it. The churches must do this themselves. He can only help them, as they help themselves. The All-Wise only knows how much depends upon the contributions from our churches this year. Pastors, deacons, brethren, sisters, let us all do our best, and let us begin just now, if we have not began already.

THE OLD WORLD.

THE last week has been one of great interest across the Atlantic. In Great Britain the elections are in progress. At the last moment Parnell issued a manifesto to his obedient followers, instructing them to vote for the Conservatives. His policy evidently is to secure for the Irish vote the balance of power. Seeing that the Liberals were most likely to have a majority over the Conservatives and Irish vote combined, he has thrown his influence in favor of the latter so as to make it impossible for either party to carry on the government without his aid, which means upon his terms, unless his demands be so exorbitant that Liberals and Tories will sink party differences to resist them. The aid which the accession of the Irish sympathizers in England has brought to the Conservative ranks, together with the efforts of the English clergy aroused by the cry that the church is in danger, and the support of the liquor interest, alienated by the attempt of Gladstone to put a further tax on beer, has enabled this party to win a large number of new seats. It must be added that Gladstone's home policy is not so popular in some quarters as Salisbury's of intermeddling with Continental brawls. The Liberals still have a small majority in the elections thus far held, the numbers elected being Liberals, 180; Conservatives, 159; Parnellites, 28.

The great test will be in the rural constituencies. The great accession of agricultural laborers to the privileges of the franchise, renders it impossible to forecast what will be the final outcome. It may be said, however, that hitherto they have been the stronghold of the Conservatives, and the probabilities are that the Conservatives will be able to remain in power, at least with the help of Parnell.

The British expedition is making short work with the Burmese. There has been some bloodshed; but the Burmese soldiers have too much regard for their skin to persist very much. It is probable that the people are glad to be released from the grinding tyranny of King Thebaw. They seem to hail the British as deliverers. Mandalay, the capital, has been taken, and the question soon will be what next?

The war in the Balkins still goes on, and the Bulgarians are in full career of success. The Servians have been pressed back from the positions taken as Bulgarian territory. They were so badly beaten that they desired an armistice; but this was refused by Prince Alexander unless they would accept definite conditions. It is now said that Prince Milan is about to put himself at the head of all the soldiers he can muster—80,000, and make a last desperate attempt to stem the tide which is setting against him. He can have no sympathy. He declared war against the advice of the great powers; he made an attack upon another state without just provocation; it is to be hoped that he may be taught the lesson he needs to learn. This little war is another illustration of the fact that men who fight in self-defence and for liberty are braver than those who battle for conquest. There seems to be a good prospect that this little flame of war will be kept within its narrow limits, and an European conflagration not follow.

New York Correspondence.

"Good morning MESSENGER AND VISITOR, glad to see your honest Canadian face," was the utterance of the writer four weeks ago, when said MESSENGER AND VISITOR was laid upon his study table for the first time. Its weekly visit, since that time, has been a weekly delight. Its snap, and ring, and enterprise are thoroughly modern. It lives not in the long ago; but in the pulsative present. May its step ever be firm, forward, in the front. May it be to the Baptists of the provinces, what our *Examiner* is to us, a necessity.

You have all heard of the congress of the U. S., but have you heard of the "Baptist Congress?" Heretofore it has been known as the modest "Autumnal Conference"; but in four years it has blossomed into a "Baptist Congress."

The sessions of this congress were lately held in the Calvary Baptist church, New York City. It was but very moderately attended. Perhaps many Baptists think that one congress is enough in one country. Some of us think, that one such as we now have is one too many. This latest congress not being political in its character, will not alarm or disturb the business of the country; but has and will give its attention to the discussion of subjects, vital to the welfare of church and state.

The subjects discussed were as follows:—The Indian question; the Mormon question; the tenure of church property; the revised version of the scriptures—its practical use; the spiritual life as affected by intellectual problems and by social conditions; Christian art in relation to baptism; socialism, false and true; and liturgy in Baptist churches.

Three days were spent in the discussion of the above subjects. Some of the discussions were of the most lively character. The Mormon question, the plague spot of the republic; the problem of American politics, received its full share. All were agreed that it ought to be wiped out; but the methods suggested were very diverse. Strange any methods but one should be suggested. Let the law be fearlessly enforced, and polygamy would soon cease to be.

Socialism, false and true, was warmly discussed. Much maudlin stuff was talked about the oppression of the poor man by capital. Such advocates of the poor man, are the poor man's worst friend. What about the oppression of capital by trades' unions, and knights of labor? This is a question that has two sides, and one has no right to be pushed to the front, and the other left out of sight. It will not stay out of sight. They must be discussed together. The solemn conviction of your correspondent is, that there is as much oppression on the part of the one as the other.

Strange to say that "liturgy in Baptist churches" had some warm advocates. May the Lord defend us from the inroad of any such crippling stiffness and paralyzing innovation. Let those who are in love with a liturgy go over at once to a liturgical body; but let them not disturb the peace of our Baptist Zion by seeking openly or incidiously to set up in Baptist churches the abomination of Ritualism.

The congress was in many respects a decided success. While discussion was breezy, it was conducted in the most dignified manner. Not one thing transpired during the three days that could cause a blush on the cheek of the most sensitive and intelligent hearer. It was a discussion by Christian gentlemen. The congress has an assured future.

City evangelization is the great question of the hour in this great city. Our city is designated the "city of churches." It is doubtful if any city on the continent is more poorly supplied with accommodation for the masses of the people. It is doubtful if in any city there is a larger non-church going element than in Brooklyn. So strongly has this fact pressed itself upon the leaders of Christian work of late, that a call was issued for all the ministers of evangelical churches, with leading laymen, to meet in the Y. M. C. A. rooms to discuss the best methods of evangelization. Several meetings have been held, a representation committee appointed to bring in a report at an early date, suggesting how this work can most effectually be done. Such a report need be very short. The Lord, long ago, told how this work was to be done when he said, "go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city"—also, "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." When the church of God, filled with the Holy Spirit will arise and obey her Lord, the problem of how to bring the masses to God's house will be solved. Until this is realized all machinery will be useless.

Another gathering embracing all creeds is called for this week in this same city, to consider the same question. Leading Roman Catholics, Universalists, Unitarians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists have promised to be there. What the outcome of such a gathering, or such a subject can possibly be, is the question that is filling the atmosphere. I purpose being present, and will have something to say about it in my next communication.

Baptists have need to wake on this question, in this city. They have made very little progress in five years. One of the strongest churches has been rent in twain, the result of which is a new church strong in numbers and wealth, while the old church remains strong. A mission school by my own church, and one by Greenwood church, are the only advances in mission work in five years in this city, by the Baptists. A sorry showing indeed. A record which should bring the blush to all our cheeks.

True a goodly number of the churches have been largely blessed; but there has been very little mission work done.

There has been much changing of pastorates, and some of our strongest churches have been pastorless for more than half that time, which may account to a certain extent for this sad state of things. All but one have now secured pastors, and we are looking into the future with bright hopes, and for a move all along the line this winter. The sessions of the Long Island Association, which includes the twenty-one churches in this city, lately held in the 1st Baptist church, gave promise of an awakening on this subject. The probability is, that in a short time a Baptist City Mission will be organized, and an aggresive movement through the whole city inaugurated. With our city growing at the rate of twenty thousand per year, what a field for mission work? May the Lord help us to "go up and possess the land." R. B. B.

Men Of Israel, Help!

Millions of our fellow-men perish every year without the Gospel. There is no salvation out of Christ. By faith in Him men are saved. But "how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

Shall souls perish through our neglect to send them the "Word of Life?"

Our denomination in the Maritime Provinces is to raise this year $42,000 for Missions—Home and Foreign, Educational Institutions, Ministerial Education, and for the care of aged and infirm ministers. Of this amount you are expected to contribute at least $———

This can be done in the following way:—

1.—Have a Missionary Sermon preached every quarter, and a collection taken at the time for the Convention Fund.

2.—Hold a Missionary Prayer Meeting in each month and take a collection for Missions. (The first prayer meeting night after the observance of the Lord's Supper is a favorable time for this meeting.)

3.—Let some of the most influential members of the Church solicit subscriptions to the Convention Fund of every member of the congregation, who shall agree to pay weekly, monthly, quarterly or half-yearly.

(*a*) Large churches should appoint a Treasurer to take charge of this Fund. Small ones can commit the work to the Church Treasurer.

(*b*) Some energetic persons should be appointed to call on subscribers, if necessary, and report to the Treasurer.

(*c*) Cards like the following, or a subscription paper, should be offered to all intending subscribers:—

For the current year, beginning August 1st, 1885, and ending August 1st, 1876, I agree to give towards the objects comprised in the Convention Scheme, at the rate of $——— per week.

(Signature)———

(*d*) The amount subscribed should be put in an envelope, bearing the name of the donor and the part of subscription then paid, and placed on the collection plate on Sunday.

4.—Let the Church Clerk, or some person appointed for the purpose, write to all non-resident members and request a contribution to the Convention Fund.

We hope, dear brethren, that you will immediately adopt the plan herein recommended, unless you are working by one equally as good as this, and do your best to make it successful. Each church must contribute its proportion of the amount needed, or we may expect that the treasuries will be empty, the Boards campered and our denominational progress seriously retarded.

Will you kindly let us have, at an early date, one-fourth of the amount named in this letter as your annual proportion of the entire contributions to the Convention Fund?

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"Every man shall give according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee."—Deut. 16:17.

G. E. DAY,
Financial Agent and Treasurer.

Yarmouth, N. S., Sept. 1885.

McMaster Hall Notes.

Now that the students have all returned and the new professors are getting fairly into the work, a few notes from here may not be uninteresting to your readers. There are in attendance about sixty students, gathered from all parts of Canada, and all seem determined to get the largest possible good for the time spent in the institution. It is, perhaps, not saying too much to affirm that there is no better equipped theological school on the continent than McMaster Hall. The building is in every way adapted to meet the requirements of students and professors, although, if the number of students continue to increase from year to year as they have in the past, it will soon have to be enlarged. The seven professors are all eminent in their special departments, and if the coming Baptist ministry of Canada is not the peer of that of any other denomination, the blame cannot be laid upon our thrological school.

A word about our new professors may not be out of place. Dr. Rand is too well and favorably known to need any commendation. He has won the respect and esteem of all the students in his classes. He has entered upon the work with characteristic energy, and every class in the institution has felt the influence of his presence.

Professor Stewart, as those of you know who had the privilege of hearing him during his visit to the east last summer, stands high as a preacher; but having heard him in the pulpit and in the class-room, we believe that he stands higher as a teacher. His lectures in homiletics are highly appreciated by the students. It is seldom that any ask to be "excused" from his classes. In addition to the regular work of the course, he gives a general lecture every Monday afternoon to all the students on homiletics.

The Faculty has made arrangements whereby each student is to preach at least once every month during the school term, thereby keeping them at practical work, and at the same time enabling them to aid themselves financially.

On the evening of Thanksgiving day the Faculty and students, with a number of lady friends, were entertained at an oyster supper by the steward, Mr. McMichael. After the supper a number of toasts were proposed and responded to. "The Faculty" was proposed by T. S. McCall, M. A., and responded to by Dr. Castle. "Our host and hostess," proposed by W. C. Weir, B. A., and responded to by Mr. McMichael. "Our literary institutions" was proposed by J. L. Gilmour, B. A., in a very happy speech. It was responded to on behalf of Woodstock College by F. McLeay. He made an earnest address in behalf of that institution, which is now struggling against financial difficulties. He contended that that institution at Woodstock was doing a work which the high schools of Ontario failed to do, in the moral influence it exerted on those attending it. In behalf of Acadia, C. W. Williams, B. A., responded. No better evidence could be had of the sympathy existing here for Acadia than the manner in which he was received and the interest taken in his address. Mr. W. made *the* speech of the evening, he was admitted by all present. He traced the history of the College from its foundation to the present time, showing all the difficulties with which the early Baptists of the east had to contend, and the triumphs they had achieved. He laid special stress upon the fact that this history had been a testimony to the truth of her motto, that "In the dust she has conquered." As to the present, he contended that she stands to-day recognized as the power that has done more than all else in the building up of the Baptist cause in the east, and recognized as the institution that had done most for the advancement of general education in the provinces. He referred to the fact that, whereas other organizations change continually in divers ways, Acadia—in the same spot, doing the same work, the same Acadia as of old—is the one great link that for Eastern Baptists connects these days with the days of yore. "It seems most natural that the spirit of the fathers should parvade her halls, amid her associations we can most truly breathe the purpose of their lives." As to the future, he could not say whether the sky would be bright or overcast. Acadia had had no princely McMaster—how she would thank God for such a man—but this might not be God's way of dealing with her. One thing he knew, if the self-sacrifice and zeal of the future should be such as is worthy of those to whom have been intrusted these memories of the past, though it be still in the dust, yet still Acadia must conquer, and in her conquering must still set her sons an example that "ill make them conquerers too. In closing, he said: "What wonder, Mr. Chairman, that we who have such memories and such hopes, and can, moreover, enjoy the wonderful advantages of this new institution that now claims a share of our love—this institution so doubly crowned by man's blessing and God's grace—what wonder that we, who are place under such circumstances, have 'a song of faith to-night—a song of faith that trusts the end to match the good begun;' what wonder that we can even hear bells ring 'in *unreared* steeples,' that we can hear the trumpet blast that calls our cause to victory in the days that are to come." THOLOG.

Literary Notes.

Infant Baptism Shown to be Scriptural. This is the title of a tract sent us by a friend. The author has given one proof of his wisdom. He has not appended his name to his production. The tractate is in the form of a dialogue between a Churchman and a Baptist. Churchman first confounds Baptist with 1 Cor. 10:1-4. Because children were among the Israelites who were "all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," therefore infants are to be baptized to the end of time. But all kinds of men and women, down to the idolatrous and wicked, were in that host, as well as children. According to Churchman's reasoning (?) there must be baptism of all kinds of adults to the very worst. We prefer to take the New Testament in both cases, rather than press a figurative allusion beyond the intention of the inspired writer, and make it contradict the plain teaching of the Bible on this subject. Baptist is confounded a second time by 1 Cor. 15:29. Baptism for the dead is made to mean baptism in place of those who died before Christ came, in order to make them sharers in the blessings of the gospel! The state of the dead is not fixed, then Baptism has power to save not only the living who submit to it, but even the dead, and that, too, when applied to a living subject on their behalf! This will do for a High Churchman who has gone far on the way to Rome; but it will be well nigh absurd to others. But what has this to do with infant baptism? This: "If one person might be baptized for another who was dead, certainly a living child may be baptized for himself." Certainly! One belief is about as credible as the other. "Suffer little children," etc., suffers the usual violence. Our Lord did not baptize the children, because "the time of Christian baptism had not yet come." But this passage proves that children are capable of the blessing of Christ, and are therefore fit subjects of baptism. Indeed! But are not all, even the vilest sinners, capable of the blessing of Christ, as well as children? According to Churchman, they must all be baptized. For our part, we much prefer to rule both these classes out, rather than to take them both in as fit subjects of baptism, and let baptism be a personal act, and thefore of some worth as an act of personal obedience, and as a sign of a regenerating work in the soul. Final resort is had to household baptisms. There would probably be an average of four children in fifty families. Therefore there was that average in the five households baptized, and we have at least twenty cases of infant baptism. Churchman evidently has a severely mathematical brain. But why not carry this kind of mathematics a little further? If every five families must have the average of children that any ordinary fifty might have, why not every one family be proved to have this number, and deny there ever was such a thing as a household without an infant. Churchman also forgets that in every case but one of the households mentioned as baptized, they are described as attained at years of understanding, while every probability is against the idea that Lydia had infants in her household, as there is no evidence that she was even married.

We fear the advocates of infant baptism will not be able to harm much with this production. It will not do much to turn the tide which is setting against this practice so strongly that a majority of the Protestant Pedobaptists of America have given it up. Such effusions help to deepen the distrust of infant baptism, which is so general. The symbolism and purpose of this ordinance is too plain by its nature to be realized only by adult believers for intelligent inquirers to hold to infant baptism, while all attempts to uphold and defend it but reveal the weakness of its support. This tract disposes of immersion in a few sentences, and we dispose of the assertions made in them in the most suitable way, by leaving them unnoticed.

Grip's Comic Almanac.—This publication, for 1886, is to hand. It is brim-ful of amusement, containing—besides its other attractions—a double-page cartoon, "Ancient Nursery Rhymes for Modern Politicians." For sale by all booksellers; only 10 cents.

We have received from Raphael Tuck & Sons, 298 Broadway, New York, a package of sample Christmas cards. They are among the most chaste and beautiful we have ever seen.

Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., New York, have sent us samples of illuminated poems. They are very dainty, and deserve to have a large sale during the holidays.

———How many old subscribers will send us in a new name this week?

This, That, and the Other.

The Baptists of North Carolina held their 54th annual Convention in Reidsville, beginning on the 11th. There were about 300 delegates and visitors present. There are about 1,100 churches, 600 ministers, and 110,000 members connected with the Convention.

The Baptist Union of Scotland has passed a resolution that, as soon as possible, in the interests alike of spiritual religion and political justice, the principle of religious equality should become the basis of legislative measures.

An almanac, 3,000 years old, found on a mummy in Egypt, is now in the British Museum. It is strongly religious in character. The days are in red ink, and it gives probabilities of the weather. It establishes the date of the reign of Rameses the Great. It is written on papyrus.

"The number of immigrants landed on our shores from 1850 to 1880 was about 8,000,000. Of these at least three-fifths, or 4,800,000 were Roman Catholics, which is 46,670 more than the total increase of Roman Catholic population in the same period as given in their Year Book. Full seven eighths of all the immigrants from Ireland have been Papists. The Roman Catholic immigrants from all countries and their offsprings during these thirty years must have amounted to 7,000,000, making no account of those here prior to 1850 and their descendants. But their Year Book for 1881 gives the total Catholic population as 6,397,331, which is 632,670 less than the Catholic immigration from 1850 to 1880, and their natural increase, not to mention the natural increase of those already here in 1850."—*B. B. Tyler*, in *Christian Evangelist*.

And yet the Catholics would have us believe that they are taking the country.

The question, whether the heathen dying without the gospel are lost, receives new light from the opinion of the heathen as expressed by the venerable missionary, Dr. Ashmore, in a recent address before the Indiana Baptist State Convention. Said he:

"The heathen know that they are lost. There are none among them, unless it should be some few Buddhists, who ever imagine that men are to have any other life than the present in which to prepare for a final destiny. These speculations which have been getting a footing among you, are only that old worn-out paganism which some of us have been fighting for the last thirty years."

When the richest American of his day was in his last fatal sickness, a Christian friend proposed to sing for him, and the hymn he named was, "Come, ye sinners, poor and needy." "Yes, yes," replied the dying millionaire, "sing that for me, I feel poor and needy." Yet at that moment the stock markets of the globe were watching and waiting for the death of the man who could shake them with a nod of his head. "Poor and needy!" How the sand sweeps from under a man's soul in such an hour as that!—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Episcopalians have 550 colored members in Virginia. The Baptists have about 140,000.

The Berean Baptist Church, New York city (Rev. Edward Judson, D. D., pastor) has had a very prosperous year, having received eighty-five by baptism and made a net gain of 112 members. The membership is now 658.

From the annual report it appears that the army of the United States numbers 2,154 officers and 24,705 men.

We had better learn how to live in heaven before we go there.—*J. Weaver.*

Every step toward Christ kills a doubt. Every thought, word and deed for him carries you away from discouragement.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

It is reported that there are thirty missionaries in India who are sons of missionaries, and thirteen of them are supported by American societies.

Miss Wolff, a wealthy and generous Episcopalian of New York city, has given $76,000 for the erection of a "clergy house" in that city. The building is to be used as headquarters for the diocese, having offices, committe rooms, etc.

The Baptists of Minnesota number only 9,600, one-third Scandinavians. They have resolved to raise for state work at least $9,000, in addition to the $25,000 just raised to endow the denominational school.

The whistle is often necessary, but when all the steam is given to it, the engine does not move. Some people seem to think that their steam power belongs to the whistle. As a consequence, they make a great noise without sense, greatly disturbing the true, faithful servants of the Master, and do really nothing for the good of mankind. Give plenty of steam to the machinery for doing good and blessing the world.—*Z. Herald.*

There are about 6,377,000 Jews in the world; 5,400,000 of these are in Europe, of whom Russia alone has 2,500,000. There are 60,000 in England, and 300,000 in America.

When It Is No Use Praying.

A young woman last year was in great concern about her soul, and I had frequently talked with her. I placed Christ before her very plainly, but she didn't seem to see it. One morning she came to me after service. "Dear sir, will you pray for me?" She was thunderstruck when I said, "No." "But, sir, I am very anxious to be saved; won't you pray for me?" "No." "Oh, sir, you don't mean it." "I do. I have set Jesus Christ before you; if you won't have him there's no use praying; you will be lost. There is no other way, and I don't want there should be any other way. Here I've been all my life learning that way, and if there be another it would be a queer job. Will you have Christ, or will you not?" There was a pause; then she said: "Yes, I will if I may." "May? He has put it, 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.' Surely you may have him if there is such a dreadful threatening against unbelief." "Well, I will." "Then let us get down directly, and pray now. If you are willing to obey God's commandment, then we may pray." We did pray, and I am sure that young woman has never doubted she was saved from that hour. If you won't believe in Jesus, all the praying between heaven and earth won't save you. But if you seek him in simple faith, soon shall you say with rejoicing, "I have found him whom my soul loveth, and I will never let him go."—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

Charlotte Elliot's Hymn.

Some fifty years ago that eminent minister, the Rev. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, was a guest of the Elliotts, a well-to-do family in the West End of London.

One evening, in conversation with the daughter, Charlotte, he wished to know if she was a Christian. The young lady resented his question, and told him that religion was a matter which she did not wish to discuss. Mr. Malan replied, with his usual sweetness of manner, that he would not pursue then if it displeased her, but he would pray that she might "give her heart to Christ, and become a useful worker for him."

Several days afterwards the young lady apologized for her abrupt treatment of the minister, and confessed that his question and his parting remark had troubled her.

"But I do not know how to find Christ," she said, "I want you to help me."

"Come to him just as you are," said Mr. Malan.

He little thought that one day that simple reply would be repeated in song by the whole Christian world.

Further advice resulted in opening the young lady's mind to spiritual light, and her life of devout activity and faith began. She possessed literary gifts, and, having assumed the charge of *The Yearly Remembrancer*, on the death of its editor, she inserted several original poems (without her name) in making up her first number. One of the poems was:

"Just as I am without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God I come!"

The words of Pastor Malan, realized in her own experience, were of course the writer's inspiration.

Beginning thus its public history in the columns of an unpretending religious magazine, the little anonymous hymn, with its sweet counsel to troubled minds, found its way into devout persons' scrapbooks, then into religious circles and chapels, assemblies, and finally into the hymnals of the "church universal." Some time after its publication a philanthropic lady, struck by its beauty and spiritual value, had it printed on a leaflet, and sent it for circulation through cities and towns of the kingdom, and in connection with this an incident at an English watering-place seems to have first revealed its authorship to the world. Miss Elliot, being in feeble health, was staying at Torquay, in Devonshire, under the care of an eminent physician. One day the doctor, who was an earnest Christian man, placed one of those floating leaflets in his patient's hands, saying he felt sure she would like it. The surprise and pleasure were mutual when she recognized her own hymn, and he discovered that she was its author.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Chance.

To Encourage the formation of New Baptist Sunday-schools, a brother has placed with the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa., a sum of money with which to supply new, needy schools with libraries. The gentleman has bound the Society by three easy conditions:

1. That donations from this fund shall be made only to *new needy* schools.

2. That the grant to any one school shall not exceed $10,00 worth of books.

3. That the school shall indicate its earnestness and hope of permanent success by raising among themselves, or in the neighborhood, ten dollars, with which to buy more books. Any school can do this that has energy enough to live.

The schools can make their own selection of *any* of the Society's publications. This holds true, both of the grant, and of the purchase. The grant is reckoned at catalogue prices; on the purchase a discount of twenty-five per cent. is given by the Society.

If it is impossible to organize a new school this fall, preserve this notice and make the attempt early in the spring. We can, from this fund, help fifty *new* schools every year. B. GRIFFITH, *Sec'y.*

CORRECTION.—Among Convention Funds received, in the last MESSENGER AND VISITOR, Dr. Day has the East Gaston Church credited with $19.50. It should be "from the portion of the East Gaston field upon which G. L. Gates had labored last summer under the Home Missionary Board, $11.35 for Home Missions; West Onslow Church, for Convention Fund, $8.15." Will you please make the correction in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR next week. They are different churches and contributions to different objects. C. H. MARTELL.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

WITTENSEO.—The Lower Stewiacke portion of this church has been somewhat feeble for some time. Many excellent members have removed to other parts. Others have gone to join the church triumphant. All this has tended to weaken this portion of the field. But we hope that better times are now dawning. This morning we baptized and gave the right hand of fellowship to a young married couple, who have for some time been looking Christward, and have at last determined to give up all for Him. Others in that place are anxious. Pray for us. E. T. MILLER.

Nov. 22.

TRYON, P. E. I.—We are just getting nicely settled in our new home, and already are receiving tangible tokens of the thoughtful kindness of our people, in the shape of provisions for the coming winter. The parsonage is a fine roomy building, newly repaired and fitted for occupation, and reflects great credit upon those who have given their time and means for this purpose. Our meetings have been well attended, and the outlook has seemed to be favorable, but the prevalence of small-pox in Charlottetown has caused so much excitement that our churches and schools are closed by order of the Board of Health, for the time being, and all available means are being used to prevent the spread of that terrible disease in the country.

Will not the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR unite with us in prayer to God that the Island may be saved from ravages of this frightful scourge, and that its appearance among us may be over-ruled for the awakening of our churches to a sense of duty and the alarming of the ungodly, and that good may come out of the seeming evil. I. J. SKINNER.

GREENVILLE, CUM. CO., N. S.—On Sunday morning, Nov. 8th, Rev. W. Thomas, Pastor, buried with Christ in baptism one young sister. May this be only the first fruit of a large harvest in this field.

PORTLAND.—We are enjoying refreshings from the presence of the Lord. The church is coming up to the help of the Lord, and sinners are coming to Christ.

Yesterday I baptized two happy converts into the name of the Trinity.

Nov. 30. W. J. STEWART.

COW BAY.—Last Lord's day sixteen happy converts were buried with their Lord by baptism in the most beautiful baptistry that I ever beheld, formed by a grassy cove of the charming lake at Homeville—the cove surrounded on three sides by terraced and towering hills, adding shelter to beauty and perfect convenience for the hundreds of sober-minded spectators. The difference between this baptistry, both for beauty and convenience, and that in the cathedral at Milan, can be reckoned only by the difference between a human architect and a Divine.

We are conducting meetings both at Homeville and Cow Bay, and the candidates were seven from the former and nine from the latter place. Pray for us still and "thou shalt see greater things than these." D. G. M.

Nov. 25. 1885.

P. S.—With thanks I acknowledge the following for Tyne Valley property:—Wm. Holmes, E. C. Simonson, Mrs. Nicholson, W. F. Archibald, Mrs. N. J. Gates. Yet there is room and need, send your dollar, dear reader, and close this part of the Lord's business up next week, and much oblige all concerned, and D. G. M.

LEINSTER STREET.—The heavy debt that has crippled the efforts of this church since the fire, is this year about being reduced, so that the income from school room rents will, in time, wipe off the balance without any further special effort. The ladies, old and young, say *the debt must go*, and they give peculiar emphasis to their words by willing harmonious work and contributions. A class in the Sunday School, composed of young ladies, with Mrs. Distin, their teacher, gave a concert on behalf of the debt fund, which netted $25.00, entrance for admission ten cents.

Male members of the church and congregation are willing, we believe, to do all they can toward this object. The debt is going to go. Congregations steadily increasing, interest good and deepening. Some baptisms are expected next Sunday, as well as a number to be received by letter.—*Obm.*

ROCKLAND.—I have been assisting Rev. A. Cogswell holding special meetings at Argyll and Northfield, for the last three weeks.

Three candidates were baptized on the 15th, others have professed conversion.

On the evening of the 18th, the Knowlesville and Glassville Baptist church, and the Northfield and Beaufort Baptist Church, were united together as one church. This was thought advisable owing to the scattered and weak state of both. The church will be known in the future as the Aberdeen Baptist Church. At the close of the uniting, the hand of fellowship was given to four new members, others we trust will soon be brought in. Bro. Cogswell has been laboring in this field for the last nine months. A. H. HAYWARD.

HARMONY, KINGS, CO., N. S.—I have been holding meetings have a few days, and a deep interest is felt among the people. Many have been anxious about their souls salvation, and some have already professed conversion. We are expecting greater things in the name of the Lord. J. W. S. YOUNG.

Another brother writes: "We are enjoying a blessed season of revival in the Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot church, under the labors of Bro. J. W. S. Young, from New Brunswick, who is with us again for a short time. He is holding meetings daily in one section of the church—on Harmony Mountain. It was our privilege to be with them last week and enjoy a blessed season. Truly, God was in the place. The church has a mind to work, while sinners are pleading for mercy, and God is answering their prayers. On Saturday, upwards of eighty took part in the Conference. Yesterday morning a large number came around a beautiful stream to witness the Christian and Scriptural baptism of eight young men and seven young women, and we trust many more will follow. It is a good time. Brothers, pray for us.

Nov. 30. GARDINER TUPIS.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—A friend writes: "Sabbath, Nov. 22, was a memorable day in the history of the Baptist church at Campbellton. At the close of the morning service, which was held in Patterson's hall, the ordinance of Christian baptism was administered for the first time in this town by a Baptist minister. Many were present and the utmost order prevailed. The place selected for the administration of the sacred rite was a lovely beach in front of the railway station. The weather was most delightful and the converts remarkably courageous and happy. The word of the Lord showing our authority and direction for the administration of baptism, was fully read, and the impressions seemed salutary. There were three candidates. The first was a middle-aged man, the head of an interesting family; the second was a lady occupying a high social position and also a head of a family, and the third was a young lady filling a prominent position as a teacher in the public school in Campbellton.

"In the afternoon an inspiring meeting of railway men was held in the same hall, conducted by Bro. H. H. Bray. About 150 men were present and the presence and power of the Spirit were wonderfully manifest. The district supe intendent, Bro. J. E. Price, takes a prominent part in this meeting for railway men, and it is gratifying to see him throwing the weight of his influence in the scale of true piety in all the services."

"In the evening, after the sermon and the hand of fellowship, the little church observed the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the first time since their organization."

"Rev. Isaiah Wallace, who is much encouraged in his mission work in these parts, has consented to stay among us a other week and expects to baptize a number more on next Lord's day, Nov. 29, and the next day following for settlements up the South-West Miramichi. A pastor is greatly needed to carry on the work here, and it is hoped our Home Mission Board may be successful in obtaining good man for this promising field at an early date.

"I should not omit to say that a reliable cash subscription, amounting to upwards of $700, has been obtained since the organization, for the erection of a Baptist place of worship in Campbellton. Bro. George Vye, a highly esteemed citizen of this town, has charge of the subscription list, and is throwing his energies heartily into the enterprise. With God's blessing it must succeed."

YARMOUTH.—The First Baptist Church, Yarmouth, has requested Bro. Adams, with whom many of us have a very pleasant acquaintance, to supply the pulpit for six months. May the Lord richly bless this dear old church where a part of our life and heart has been left. We hope the relations entered into between Bro. A. and this church may not terminate in so short a time.

MAUGERVILLE.—The Lord is still working in our midst. The Lord will work; the Lord is working, praise his dear name, let us work with him. We led one young sister through the waters into the church yesterday morning, and to the great surprise of many she did not feel the coldness of the water. No wonder; nor will any one else if their hearts are made warm by the love of Christ. Praise the Lord, we are expecting more to follow. J. WEAD.

Nov. 30.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONVENTION.—The 19th semi-annual session of the Y. C. B. S. School Convention met with the Milton Baptist church, Nov. 19th, under very unfavorable circumstances,—it rained from morning until evening. Three sessions were held. Eleven schools were represented. C. S. P. Robbins, Esq., was chosen president. The following subjects were discussed:

1st. The Art of Questioning. Opened by Rev. J. A. Ford.

2nd. Pastors relation to, and duties in connection with S. School. Opened by Rev. J. A. Gordon.

3rd. A paper read by Miss McHenry, on S. School Library.

4th. The ideal S. School Library, and how to obtain it. Opened by Rev. G. E. Day, D. D.

5th. The S. School and the Home. By Rev. J. T. Eaton.

6th. Christ the S. School model Teacher. Opened by Rev. J. B. Woodland.

7th. How to hold our young men, a paper by T. B. Crosby, Esq.

Statistics for half year: Total number attending 11 schools, 1,351; Average, 936; Adult, 860; Primary, 374; Money raised for school purposes, $215.61; Missions $112.03.

Thus ended a very interesting and profitable session. W. E. HUESTIS, Sec'y.

Yarmouth, 25th.

PERSONAL.

Bro. D. G. McDonald has felt constrained to decline the call to the pastorate of the Main St. Baptist Church, Woodstock.

Bro. W. E. Hall has accepted the call of the Sackville Church, and will begin his labors in February.

Bro. J. W. S. Young was the recipient of a donation at the the close of a series of meetings held with the East Florenceville Church.

Bro. G. E. Good has been thrown from his carriage and badly hurt. This providence seem strange in the midst of a work of grace which has been going on for some time on the Hampton and Norton fields. Perhaps our brother has worked to the limit of his strength, and this is the Master's call to come aside into the desert and rest awhile.

Rev. J. C. Bleakney, since his removal from Hillsboro, has received an address from his old flock speaking in high terms of his services and of his Christian courtesy and kindness, and wishing him and his family every prosperity. Bro. B. writes: "The Hillsborough Church met all their financial engagements with me, and we parted with a deep sense of the solemnity of separating the relationships of pastor and church. It is to me a source of more than ordinary satisfaction to know that my imperfect efforts to serve the church and congregation have been appreciated, and also that myself and family share their kind remembrances, which we most sincerely reciprocate."

Bro. Weir who supplied the First Baptist Church, Yarmouth, so acceptably last year, and who received a call to its pastorate, has accepted a call to the church in Guelph, Ontario.

HANTSPORT.—Mrs. Clements and her pupils gave her friends, a few evenings ago, in her own parlor, a very interesting musical entertainment. All present seemed delighted. Mrs. C. is an accomplished teacher.

Bro. J. M. Parker has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Salisbury church, and expects to enter on the work immediately.

Received for W. B. M. Union.

Nov. 9.	French Village, per Mrs. E. S. Hobley,	$2 50
" 19.	Keswick Ridge, per Emily W. Blackadar,	8 00
" "	New Germany, from Miss Miriam F. Dustan's Sabbath-school Class,	4 00
" "	Hampton,	5 50
" 20.	West River, P. E. I., per Mrs. Joseph Stretch,	5 75
" 25.	McDonald's Corner, per Miss Alice McAlany,	12 00
" "	Riverside, per Mrs. Hiram Edgett,	2 25
" "	Onslow, per Elisha A. Blair,	6 00
" "	Parrsboro, per Mrs. A. E. McLeod,	5 00

S. J. MANNING, Halifax.
Treas. W. B. M. U.

—How many old subscribers will send us in a new name this week?

1886.

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Entertaining Sketches by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Leland, Henry Ashford, Lieutenant Schwatka, Edward Eggleston, and others.

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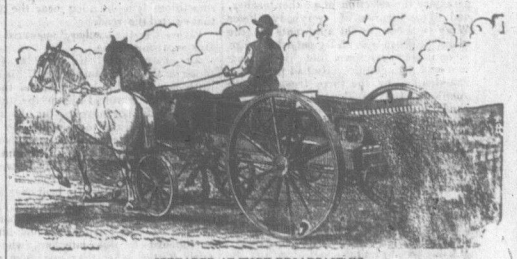

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ROBERT J. BOLLAWAY.

Father! I thank Thee that I can not trace
The path thou hast in love marked out for me;
For every day I bless the wondrous grace
That keeps my soul in sweet security.

Resting in Thee there is no room for care—
I know Thy grace sufficient is, and free,
I know thy love is with me everywhere,
Thy strength alone supports my frailty.

Though led in devious paths, all strange, unknown,
Trusting, I walk, nor fear though trials come,
Since 'tis Thy hand that guides me, Thine alone,
I know, what'er betide, it leads me home.

Peter's Secret.

BY FLORENCE N. HALLOWELL.

Every one in Proctorville who saw Peter Wray declared him to be "ugly enough to put in a show," and there were all sorts of unkindness and naked remarks made about his crooked eye, freckled face, red hair, and diminutive stature. Some of them reached Peter's ears, of course, but he took no notice of them. Not a muscle of his face ever changed when a burst of rude laughter greeted his entrance to the post-office or grocery, and he always toiled pleasantly if any one spoke to him. He seldom uttered an unnecessary word, and was, in fact, so reserved and quiet, that he was generally believed to be of a taciturn, morose disposition, the result, it was decided, of a bitter consciousness of his personal deficiencies.

He lived with his mother in a small, weather-beaten house on the outskirts of the village, and earned a scanty living by the sale of vegetables and garden seeds. From sunrise to sunset, during the spring and summer, Peter was busy in the garden back of the house, laboriously using a rake, hoe, or spade. But in the fall and winter he had no work, and if it had not been for his small library he would have found time hang very heavily on his hands. This library had belonged to his father, long since dead, and Peter made good use of it. He was a hard student, and he loved books for their own sakes, and because he hoped that the knowledge he obtained from them would some day open the way to a better place in the world than he now held. He wanted to surround his mother, in her old age, with many little comforts and conveniences which she had not been able to have since her husband's death, and to make unnecessary for her to fret about the future, as she had a sad habit of doing.

But he had another object still in poring over his books so persistently. For several years he had hugged close to his heart a desire which had become almost part of himself, so much had his mind dwelt upon it. It was a secret guarded with jealous care, and which he thought would never be told—for he often blushed at the mere idea that his mother might suspect it—but back was wrung from him at last by a singular chain of circumstances.

The district school at Violet Hill, about a mile from Peter's home, had been taught by a Mr. Lake for several successive winters, but his acceptance of a position offered him by a railroad company, made necessary the selection of another teacher, and, to the surprise of everybody, Peter Wray was one of the applicants for the place. There was still greater surprise when it became known that his application was successful. He had passed the examination by the three trustees, with such ease that he threw the other two candidates entirely in the shade, and, though the trustees laughed at the idea of his exercising any control over the boys of Violet Hill district, they could not conscientiously refuse him the position.

"Let him try it," said old Mr. Starr. "A week will satisfy him that the place is too big for him. Then we can take some one else."

"I think he will be satisfied with a good deal less than a week," said Mr. Purdy. "A day will be quite enough for him, in my opinion."

"It is nonsense for him to attempt it at all," said Mr. Ward. "He has plenty of learning, I admit, but those Violet Hill boys need a man with an iron will and a strong arm. They won't have the least respect for that little pigmy."

The opinion of the three trustees was the opinion of every one else who heard of Peter's presumption, and he was more ridiculed than ever. That he would be openly derided and utterly routed at the very beginning of his labors was a foregone conclusion.

The boys of Violet Hill were angry and indignant when they heard the name of the new master. They declared that Peter should be made to rue his temerity, and began to lay plans at once to that end. Mr. Lake had been anything but a good teacher. In fact, his knowledge of history and rhetoric was limited in the extreme, and he had been vague and uncertain in his explanation of various mathematical problems which had been put to him; but his size, strength, and the perfect willingness he always showed to use the rod on refractory pupils, had made him respected.

"Don't none of you fellers miss comin' to school the first day," said Tom Owens, to a crowd of his particular friends. "There's goin' to be some fun. I calculate I'll take up about one hour to lay that little dwarf out."

Tom's grammar was not of the best, but he was a power among the boys of Violet Hill district, and they always followed his lead like a flock of sheep. They were only too ready to promise their assistance in "laying Peter out," and agreed with Tom thus it would be a labor of little difficulty.

Poor little Peter! It must be confessed that he did not feel very sanguine of success as, on the following Monday, he walked briskly along the road in the direction of Violet Hill. But he turned to look back as he reached a bend in the road that would hide his home from view, and waved his hand gallantly to his mother, who stood at the garden gate, watching him out of sight. He would not allow himself to contemplate the possibility of failure, for success meant so much for him. It meant relief from uncongenial toil, and the realization of that secret dream which he had cherished so long. He was a little troubled, though, when he remembered that many of his prospective pupils were larger than himself, and were noted for their excessive bodility to their teachers.

"If they only knew how much I want to teach them," he thought, "and how much depends on my success, they would not give me any trouble."

The idea of resorting to the rod in order to enforce government did not enter Peter's mind. He would have shrunk from the suggestion of such a thing. He was unusually tender-hearted for a man, and would step out of his path to avoid treading on a bug. Frequently, when out walking, he would stop to disentangle a fly from a spider's web, and a suffering animal was an object of his deepest commiseration.

The scholars were all in their places when the new master entered the schoolhouse, the girls on one side of the aisle, the boys on the other, and he walked to the desk took his seat behind it, amid the most profound silence. He looked about him a little nervously, wondering whether it would be best to begin at once the little speech he had planned so carefully, and wishing he knew just how his scholars were disposed towards him. There were about forty of them, and, with surprise he did he have a personal acquaintance.

He looked almost like a child himself as he sat perched up on the high chair. His feet did not touch the floor by several inches, and his coat was buttoned very tightly over his chest, making him look even more shrunken than usual. The strong light that streamed in from a window near him made his pale, freckled face look absolutely pallid.

"My young friends," he began at last, after clearing his throat several times, "I hope you are prepared——"

He was interrupted by a burst of rude laughter from the side of the house on which the boys sat, and before he could speak again, Tom Owens shouted out that "perhaps they were prepared for something he wasn't expecting."

Peter flushed to the roots of his red hair. "I am sure——" he said. His sentence was never finished. Howls, derisive laughter, cat-calls, and dismal groans interrupted him. He tried in vain to make himself heard. He rapped loudly on the desk, and endeavored to assume a tone of command. All to no purpose. Tom Owens was in his element, and knew that his cronies would follow him no matter where he led. Peter stood it about an hour. Then pale, trembling, and bitterly disappointed, he got down from his seat, took his hat, and walked slowly and calmly down the aisle to the door. Just as he reached it, Tom Owens, who occupied a back seat, put out his foot, and Peter stumbled, plunging headlong into the little entry. He lay there a moment, bruised, shaken, and deeply humiliated. Then, rising, he walked away, limping painfully, for in some way he had turned his ankle as he fell.

The scholars had the school-house to themselves, and they held high carnival there until noon, highly elated at the questionable triumph they had achieved, though some of the girls said it was "too bad to treat the poor little man so," and averred their willingness to be taught by him. The majority of them got out their lunches at twelve o'clock, saying that there was a chance that the teacher might come back, and they thought they had better wait and see. But the boys, with the exception of half a dozen better ones, went off in a body to the woods to hunt for nuts.

They were tramping along in high glee, scattering the dead leaves in every direction, and throwing sticks into every tree they passed, when, all at once, Tom Owens, who was at the head of the line, stopped short.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing to something lying by a log near the fence that skirted the road.

"It's—it's—the teacher," answered Dick Horton, turning pale.

Yes, it was little Peter who lay there, prone on the cold, damp ground, his ugly little face buried in his arms, and the dry leaves rustling around him in the autumn wind. He did not move as the boys approached him, and they looked at each other with frightened, questioning faces.

"I—I—I'm afraid he's killed himself," stuttered Ben Wright. "May be we was too hard on him, after all, Tom."

Tom did not reply. He bent over Peter, and touched him on the shoulder. The little teacher started up at once, apparently bewildered and surprised to find himself surrounded by his late foes, who were fairly startled when they saw how pallid and drawn was his homely, freckled face, how heavy and blood-shot the pale, gentle blue eyes. They glanced at each other, and then as quickly glanced away again, beginning to feel a little ashamed of the part they had played. They had kindly generous hearts under their rough jackets, after all, and had not intended to be wantonly cruel. They had been mere thoughtless than really unkind.

"I—I didn't know you were coming here," said Peter, slowly. "I will not trouble you I will go away."

He began to walk off as he spoke, but Tom Owens laid a detaining hand on his arm.

"I say, are you sick?" he asked.

Peter was silent a moment. His head had sunk heavily on his breast, and his small, work-hardened hands were playing nervously with the fringe of the upper about his neck.

"I'm only sick at heart," he said at last, in a low, sharp voice. "I might as well tell you why, for I haven't any courage or pride left now. It was my misfortune to be born with an ugly face and a stunted body, and I've been made to feel it all my life. But never so keenly as to-day. I have studied hard ever since I was a child, and I know I am competent to teach. My mother told me I would fail; that I couldn't control you; but her words made me all the more determined to succeed. O, boys! my father was a handsome, vigorous man, and I have been such a disappointment to her. I know I *could* teach you if you would only let me," and he said—I wanted to make her proud of me for once."

He stopped, a frightened, wild look on his face. His cherished secret was his no longer. He had told it unawares.

There was silence for a moment. The boys were waiting for their leader to speak, and Tom wasn't ready to speak just then. Tears had sprung to his eyes, unaccustomed to such signs of feeling, and something seemed to have risen up in his throat that choked his utterance. His voice was husky and strange when he at length broke the silence.

"Wait a minute," he said to Peter, who had turned as if to go away. "Perhaps we won't go nuttin' after all. We aint as mean as you take us to be, perhaps, and if we're got to be taught by somebody, it might as well be you, I reckon. It would give folks a good surprise, anyhow. What d'ye say to goin' back, fellers? We aesn't say nothin' about this, you know."

The boys nodded. Their eager faces showed how ready they were to show their sympathy for Peter in like way, though they would not have been willing to confess that their hearts had been touched.

"You—you—don't mean that you will—really—" stammered Peter.

Tom nodded.

"Well, go on ahead," he said. "Come on, when you get ready," and he bounded away with a whoop like that of a young Indian, and his tribe followed him with similar yells, glad to find some relief from the sensations of shame and sympathy which oppressed them.

Peter waited until they were out of sight. Then bowing his head on a fence-post, he covered his face with his hands and burst into tears.

"She will be proud of me at last," he sobbed. "She will think I amount to something, after all."

The trustees waited in vain for the announcement of Peter's failure. When they at length called in a body at the school-house to see for themselves how matters were progressing, they found the pupils hard at work, and order and quiet reigned supreme.

"I don't understand it at all," said Mr. Ward, when the visit was over and the three trustees were on their way back to the village. "He evidently has complete authority over the whole school."

"It's a mystery how he has managed it," said Mr. Purdy.

"I heard that some of the girls reported that the first morning the school opened there was great disorder, and Peter left the building," said Mr. Hart, "but it seems that after the noon recess all the scholars took their seats very quietly, and Peter returned and began to teach them as though nothing had happened. I haven't been able to learn anything further, but I shall make inquiries among the boys."

But his inquiries availed him nothing. Peter's pupils had already begun to love and respect him, and the story of that encounter in the wood never reached the ears of the trustees.

And I have it from good authority that Peter's mother has said more than once that she is proud of him.

Big-Meeting Christians.

The excitement of the revival had abated and the congregation had dwindled down to its ordinary thinness. Among other recent converts who were missing from the sanctuary was an honest German, and the pastor called on him to learn the cause of his delinquency. "I joined mit the big meetings," said he; "I not belong to your leetle meetings." We have thought, since hearing this story, that there may be others besides this out-spoken Dutchman whose names stand on the Church-book, but who have joined only the big meetings. There is a proneness even among the faithfulest to drop out of the ranks when the evangelist departs, and the crowd begins to wane. Therefore it seems not out of place to say a few words about big-meeting Christians in general. We have several serious objections to this type of discipleship. The Scriptures do not seem to encourage it. Those who ordered but for a time (Mark iv, 17) are not held up as models of faithfulness. We somehow do not much admire the crowd that spread their garments in the Lord's pathway and shouted hosanna one week, and deserted him and failed to speak a word in his behalf the week following. And the Lord himself, you remember, said, "if ye continue in my word, then are ye my disciples indeed." This seems to teach that we should persevere even when the meetings are small. We know that all who desert the little meetings do not mean finally to give up their faithfulness. Many are expecting to re-enlist when the revival again gets started. And some may even think that all that is necessary is to get their zeal duly rekindled annually or semi-annually, when the big meeting comes around. But the Bible does not seem to teach such a spasmodic faith or periodical faithfulness. We are commanded to pray without ceasing. We are enjoined not to neglect the assembling of ourselves together as the manner of some is. We need to give constant diligence to make our calling and election sure.

If you abandon the meetings as soon as they grow small and seem in danger of failing, if you quit every work as soon as it becomes hard and discouraging, you will miss the best blessings of the Christian service. The little meeting is often more important and has in it more grace and power than the large. There were but four on the Mount of Transfiguration, but Jesus was in the midst, and Moses and Elias were sent from heaven to join in the worship. It was a little meeting in Gethsemane, when the Master fell prostrate under the burdens of our sins, with none to witness his agony but Peter, James, and John; but who will say that was not as important an occasion as when the multitude thronged and pressed him? It is the few faithful ones that get the highest blessings. The Pentecostal baptism came to the little meeting of praying disciples before the multitude came together.—*Cumberland Presbyterian.*

The Velocity of the Moon.

We can faintly picture says Prof. Langley, how it would seem if we were placed at a station in space near the lunar orbit, and could see the moon, a moving world, rush by us with a velocity greater than that of a cannon-ball in its swiftest flight. This feeling may be almost realized, in fact, by witnessing from some high mountain the shadow of the moon as it passes swiftly by during an eclipse. On such an occasion, its shadow actually travels along the earth with the same speed of its flight in space. The observer upon some lofty point, from which his vision reaches many miles to the west, can easily discern and follow the approaching shadow, and witness the actual velocity of a heavenly body, as it were brought down to him. Such a sight we once witnessed by some one from an elevated point on the Sierras. The reader who has ever ascended to the Superga, at Turin, will recall the magnificent view, and be able to understand the good fortune of the observer (Forbes) who once had the opportunity to witness this phenomenon, and under a nearly cloudless sky. "I perceived," he says, "in the southwest a black shadow, like that of a storm about to break, which obscured the Alps. It was the lunar shadow coming toward us. I confess it was the most terrifying sight I ever saw. As always happens in cases of sudden, silent, unexpected movements, the spectator confounds the real and relative motions. I felt almost giddy for a moment, as though the massive building under me bowed on the side of the coming eclipse." Another witness, who had been looking at some bright clouds just before, says: "The bright cloud I saw distinctly put out like a candle. The rapidity of the shadow, and the intensity produced a feeling that something material was sweeping over the earth, and pressed perceptibly upon it. I involuntarily listened for the rushing noise of a mighty wind."—*Popular Science Monthly.*

How Christmas Evans Became Famous.

In an unexpected moment he became famous. It was at one of those wonderful gatherings—an association meeting—held at Velibwole, in the immediate neighborhood of Llanelly. A great concourse of people were assembled in the open air. There was some hitch in the arrangements. Two great men were expected, but still some one or other was wanted to break the ice—to prepare the way. On so short a notice, notwithstanding the abundance of preaching power, no one was found willing to take the vacant place. Christmas Evans was there walking about the edge of the crowd—a tall, bony, haggard young man, uncouth and ill-dressed. The master of ceremonies for the occasion, the pastor of district, was in an agony of perplexity to find his man—one who, if not equal to the occasion, would yet be sufficient to the occasion. In his despair he went to his old friend Timothy Thomas, but he, declining for himself, said abruptly, "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from the North? I hear that he preaches quite wonderfully." So the pastor went to him. He instantly consented. Many who were there afterwards expressed the surprise they felt at the communication going on between the pastor and the odd-looking youth. "Surely, they said, "he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" They felt that an egregious mistake was being committed, and some went away to refresh themselves, and others to rest beneath the hedges around, until the great man should come; and others who stayed comforted themselves with the assurance that "the one-eyed lad" would have he goo sense to be very short. But for the young preacher, while he was musing, the fire was burning; he was now for the first time, to front one of those grand Welsh audiences, the sacred Eisteddfod, of which we have spoken, and to be the preacher of an occasion which through all his life after was to be his constant work. Henceforth there was to be, perhaps, not an Association meeting of his denomination of which he was not to be the most attractive preacher, the most longed for and brilliant star. He took a grand text, "And you, that were sometimes alienated and enemies in your minds by wicked works, yet now hath he reconciled in the body of his flesh, through death, to present you holy and unblameable, and unreprovable in his sight." Old men used to describe afterwards how he justified their first fears by his stiff, awkward movements, but the organ was, in those first moments, building, and soon it began to play. He showed himself a master of the instrument of speech. Closer and closer the audience began to gather near him. They got up and came in from the hedges; the crowd grew more and more dense with eager listeners; the sermon became alive with dramatic representation; the throng of preachers present confessed that they were dazzled with the brilliancy of the language and imagery falling from the lips of this altogether unknown and unexpected young prophet. Prose-thy, beneath some appalling stroke of words, numbers started, to their feet, and in the pauses—if pauses were permitted in the paragraph—the question went, "Who is this? Whom have we here?" His words went rocking to and fro; he caught the "Awyl,"—he had also caught the people in it; he went swelling along at full sail. The people began to cry, "*Goganiad!*" (Glory!) "*Bendigedig!*" (Blessed!) The excitement was at its highest, when, amidst the weeping and rejoicing of the mighty multitude, the preacher came to an end. Drawn together from all parts of Wales to the meeting, when they went their separate ways home they carried the memory of "the one-eyed lad" with them. Christmas Evans was, from that moment, one of the most famous preachers in the Principality.—*Rev. Paxton Hood.*

—"You're a smart fellow," sneered a lawyer to witness, the other day in a Brooklyn court. "I'd return the compliment if I wasn't under oath," replied the witness.

—"Paps, didn't you say if I was a good boy you would give me a cent?" querled a seven-year-old.

"Yes, my son," blandly replied paterfamilias.

"Well, then," said the young hopeful, couldn't you make it payable in advance?" He got his cent.

—"Desirable!" *Saxon passenger* (on Highland coach): "Of course you're well acquainted with the country round about here. Do you know Glen Acceron?" *Driver*: "Aye, weel." *Saxon passenger* (who had just bought the estate): "What sort of a place is it?" *Driver*: "Weel, if ye saw the Deil tethered on't, ye'd just say, 'Pair brute!'"

—The following anecdote is told of the celebrated surgeon Mr. Abernethy: One day, during an examination of a class of students, he asked one of them what he would do in the case of a man being blown up by gunpowder. "I should wait till he came down again," was the cool reply. "True," rejoined Abernethy. "And suppose I should kick you for your impertinent reply; what muscles should I put in motion?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm," said the student; "for I would floor you directly."

—A little Saratoga girl toddled up to a venerable "mother in Israel" who was leaning over engaged in reading, and smoothing her little hand cautiously over the old lady's beautiful hair, she said:

"Why, ou has dot such funny hair—ou has." Then, pausing a moment, she looked up and inquired, "What made it so white?"

"Oh, the frosts of many winters turned it white, my little girl," replied the old lady.

"Didn't it hurt ou?" asked the little thing, in childish amazement. It was the first time she had ever seen gray hair.—*Eli Perkins.*

—A gentleman, having playfully severed a lock of hair from head of a young lady to whom he was attached, although he had made no formal declaration, received next day from her a letter urgently requesting the restoration of the stolen lock. To the he replied:

By only one recompense can I be led
With this beautiful pingled to part;
If I have to restore you the lock of your head
You must give me the key of your heart.

The lady immediately replied:

Who forces locks can not require a key;
I am at home to-day from twelve to three.
—*Boston Gazette.*

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J. PORTER, 1st V.P. & Gen. Man., Boston.
HENRY E. BYRNE, Asst. Gen. Man., Boston.
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Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article, in an elegant, interesting style,

"Then run it into some advertisement, that we avoid all such,

"And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible,

"To induce people

"To give them one *trial*, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else.

"The Remedy so favorably noticed in all the papers, Religious and secular, is

"Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die?

"No!

"She lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years,"

"The doctors doing her no good;"

"And at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about."

"Indeed! Indeed!"

"How thankful we should be for that medicine."

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery.

"From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility,

"Under the care of the best physicians,

"Who gave her disease various names,

"But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it." The Parents.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

APPLETON'S American Cyclopedia.

I WISH to announce to the people of St. John that I shall be here for some time taking orders for the American Cyclopedia. Anyone desirous of getting such a work, would do well to examine this one before purchasing elsewhere. There are a few features about the American Cyclopedia which tend to make it the most practical work of its kind for the use of students and private families. It has a general Index—a complete key to the work, giving you access to the exact information required on any point—whether treated under a special title or not—and also at the same time giving reference to any other articles scattered throughout the different volumes that may be indirectly connected or throw any light upon the subject inquired into. It has an Annual Volume added each year, which being a record of the principal events that transpire throughout the year, presents in an able manner, the progress made in the different departments of science, art, literature, engineering, &c., &c., keeping a person fully abreast of the times, and obviates the necessity of buying a new Cyclopedia every year.

"No man has a right to bring up his children without surrounding them with books. It is a wrong to his family. He cheats them. Children learn to read by being in the presence of books. The love of knowledge comes with reading and grows upon it; and the love of knowledge in a young mind is almost a warrant against the inferior excitement of passion and vice. A little library growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life."

The American Cyclopedia, as a work of general practical every-day use, has no superior.

To anyone wishing to get such a work, I shall be glad to communicate with, either by letter or in person.

B. B. ELLIS,
Agt. for D. A. & Co.,
St. John, N. B.

ISAAC ERB'S Photograph Rooms.

13 CHARLOTTE STREET,
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PANELS .... $5.00 per dozen
CAINETS .... 4.00 " "
CARDS $1.00 & 2.00 " "

FINEST IN THE CITY!

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THE A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.,

(At the Old Stand,)

WATERLOO STREET.

Having purchased all the Stock, Tools, Machinery, &c., of the late firm of A. Christie & Co., are now prepared to carry on the manufacture of

Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Stair Rails, Posts, Balusters, and all kinds of

BUILDING MATERIALS.

Planing, Matching, Sawing and Jig Sawing, Turning, &c., Base Ball Bats, Indian Clubs, cricket Bats and all kinds of Wood Turning.

☞ CALL AND SEE US.

A. CHRISTIE, Manager.

$65 A MONTH & BOARD for 3 live Young Men or Ladies in each county. Address P. W. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia.

Sawing Made Easy.

MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE

For logging camps, wood-yards, farmers getting out stove wood, and all sorts of log-cutting—it is unequaled. Thousands sold yearly. A boy of 16 can saw logs fast and easy. Immense saving of labor and money. Write for elegantly illustrated catalogue in 6 brilliant colors, also brilliantly illuminated poster in 5 colors. All free. Agents Wanted. Big money made quickly. MONARCH MFG CO., (A) 206 State St., Chicago, Ill.

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THE HOME.

Only A Song.

It was only a song that the maiden sang,
With a thoughtless tone, yet the echo rang
In the heart of the lad. Like a pure white hand,
It guided him over sea and land.

Only an old, old-fashioned hymn,
Sung in the twilight, gray and dim,
By mother's side or on father's knee;
Yet time cannot blot it from memory.

Only a song from the lips of one
Whose mission is past, whose brief life is done—
A simple song; and yet, after all,
I never can sing it but tears will fall.

Only a song from a feeble pen,
And a faltering hand and heart; but then,
Who knows? Perhaps some life once sad
In sin was made to rejoice and be glad.

Brief as a song is this life of ours,
Fleeting as sunshine and frail as the flowers;
Then sing, my heart! oh, sing and be strong!
Thou shalt one day join in the "New, New Song."
—*Exchange.*

Pleasant People.

The man who can be characterized as pleasant in the full ideal sense of the word is born, not made. It is true that the epithet comes in in every definition of social excellence. A perfect gentleman is pleasant, the perfect Christian is pleasant, the genial companion is pleasant, and so on. Good temper, good nature, sociableness, and the like make people pleasant; but all this is distinct from that particular felicity and benignity of nature through which some people please universally; so that, by general consent, men of all tastes and conditions fall upon the same epithet as a comprehensive, satisfying definition. Persons not thus gifted can be pleasant now and then—pleasant to their intimates, pleasant when they are pleased, when they it right to be pleasant, when they are on their good behaviour, when nothing vexes them, though it is not everybody who manages it even under these favoring conditions. But the man to the manner born is pleasant from a sort of necessity of his nature; to be disagreeable is too much against the grain to be even a temptation, except under some upsetting of the whole framework of his being—some sort of moral convulsion. It is this necessity which separates the people so gifted as a distinct class. Of course, under favoring circumstances, a man polishes his natural good qualities to a greater brilliancy; but, whatever his condition, it distinguishes him. There is a subtle relation between him and his fellow-creatures peculiar to himself, which no effort, no art can establish. We do not say that severely adverse circumstances in early life may not interfere with its development. Dickens in Mark Tapley gives us a broad, comic delineation of the character. Tapley is pleasant under extreme difficulties, but we are told nothing of his training. In persons preeminently pleasant we observe a harmony between themselves and their surroundings which might seem to argue that these surroundings have their share in the phenomenon; but we rather attribute the harmony to their gift of subjugating matter to mind and temper. It is not only animate things that range themselves on the side of the fortunate.

In considering this quality we have to think of the qualities that generally mark and attend it. We observe, then, in the ideally pleasant person self-possession, freedom from self-consciousness and everything morbid; a power of seeing things as they are, of accepting a position. Before all things the pleasant man is not hampered by vanity and love of display, any more than by nervous fear and bashfulness. He probably sees himself and everything about him at its best; but this is only due to the construction of his moral vision, which we hold to be an essential of the character, seeing everything, and more especially everybody, under a certain illumination. One of the charms of the pleasant person is that he makes all who come in his way satisfied, and in better humor with themselves and their place in the world than it is their habit to be, either under their own review or in what they gather to be the judgment of people in general; or, if they have already formed a complacent estimate of their merits and standing, they find themselves taken at it ungrudgingly and as a matter of course. This is a totally different thing from flattery, which can scarcely be applied without exciting some misgiving in the person flattered. There is nothing indulgent or patronizing in the pleasant person's tacit approval and appreciation. He takes all people at their best from no effort of charity, but from instinctive sympathy, making things bright to others by seeing them so. For the pleasant person is largely sympathetic up to a point. It is not necessary, perhaps is not common, that he should penetrate into depths of character. His penetration occupies itself on what he has to deal with. He does not assume that he sees the whole, and does not take people in hand beyond what they care to show themselves, either for their pleasure or their good. He does not force confidences; he acts on what he sees, and his nature makes his judgment a favorable one.

Nobody is pleasant in this characteristic sense, as a prominent trait, who is not happiest and most himself in exercising his gift rather than in the exhibition of more commanding or more showy qualities. But he is pleasant without consciousness and personal performance. In parting with friend or acquaintance he does not ask himself, What did he think of me? what impression did I make upon him? Not that there is any harm in such inner questions there has been an effort to talk well, to do oneself justice, to be equal to an occasion to respond to some call upon the power. The pleasant person, acting in his function is always leaving to others the business of shining and making a figure. He assumes a second place, makes way, yields, listens, or, if he shines, it is to please, not to make a display; it is the response of sympathy or the call of the hour. But, after all the native genius in this line is not to be described; he has a way with him that is not communicable. We may indeed answer he is this or that; he is free from these or those defects. He is recognized by those who see him.—*Saturday Review.*

Quiet Domestic Life.

A writer in the *Christian Union*, speaking upon this important subject, says: I cannot help thinking that a set of Jacob Abbott's *Franconia Stories* placed in the hands of every family in the United States would do away with nine tenths of the trials and sufferings of both parents and children. For instance, Beechnut's five rules for the government of children—they almost deserve to stand side by side with the Ten Commandments.

1. When you consent, consent cordially. 2. When you refuse, refuse finally. 3. When you punish, punish good naturedly. 4. Commend often. 5. Never scold.

I think these five little dicta embody all that is necessary in home government. I read these stories, when a child thirty years ago, and when I came to have children of my own, my first thing to do when they got old enough to understand was to sit and read to them these intensely interesting tales of quiet domestic life.

THE FARM.

Contentment in Rural Life.—How many farmers looking back over their lives, are sorry they have spent a life on the farm? We doubt if there are many true farmers who would change their occupation if they could live their lives over again. They would doubtless improve their methods and habits, but there is still something about the old farm that has given them a wonderful satisfaction. Say what you will, there is no other business or profession that holds one to it so closely. The number of men in the so-called "genteel" professions, who care to have their children take up the same line of work that they have followed, is comparatively small. The farmer has been content to take a position inconsistent with the dignity of his labor. He is working out his social independence; and the work has been done, for the most part, by himself. With the grand possibilities for thought and study and educated work that open before him, what farmer's boy could ask for a greater profession?—*Rural New Yorker.*

Pitting Cabbages for the Winter.—In the usual way of keeping cabbage in Winter, there is a considerable loss by freezing and decay. In attempting to avoid this waste, we have tried with success the method of pitting here described. A long pit, three feet deep, and a little wider (it may be made as wide as desirable), was dug out on a part of the field where the soil was dry and sandy, and there was no danger that water would enter. The bottom of the pit was loosened up, so that the first tier of cabbages were planted in it, the stems being set so deep that the heads rested on the soil. The cabbages of the next tier were set alternately between the lower ones, having the roots partly in the soil. A third tier was placed on the second, but reversed, with the roots upwards. All the soft heads were put at the top. Straw was laid between the stems, leaving the roots out, and earth was thrown upon the straw, burrying the roots three or four inches. In pulling the cabbages, the roots were all taken up with them, and not cut off. A covering of boards was laid on the pit, to shed rain. In the Spring these cabbages came out in the best condition; the soft heads had filled up, and none of the cabbages had been frozen. The pit was filled with selected cabbages, with the intention of keeping them for the Spring. The same plan has been tried for several years, and always with satisfaction. Neighboring farmers have adopted it, and continued to use it in preference to any other method.

At the New York Experiment Station during the past season the White Russian oats have yielded the best. The average yield of this variety has been 60 1-2 bushels per acre, while that of the much advertised variety, known as the Welcome, produced but 44 1-2 bushels per acre, 200 lbs of phosphate was the fertiliser used in each trial.

For keeping beets, turnips, parsnips, etc., from wilting in the cellar, the Country Gentleman recommends packing them in damp sawdust, placed in barrels of moderate size, or in boxes of not more than two feet in width. Place a layer of the sawdust in the bottom, then fill all the interstices with another layer, and so on.

Tramping down the snow around each apple or other tree after each fall of snow, has been recommended highly as a Winter protection from mice. But a better remedy is to take away the grass and weeds, and make a small mound of earth around the tree. The mice do not like to work in the dirt, and will avoid the mounds.

Four million tons of potatoes are annually consumed in Great Britain, of which all but 200,000 tons are grown within the Kingdom. The average yield is said to be about 233 bushels per acre, or nearly seven tons.

As an indication of the material growth of the Southern States during the past five years, it is stated that the value of farm animals has increased from $326,000,000 in 1880 to $562,900,000 in 1885. During the same period farm products are said to have increased by $300,000,000, and pig iron from 210,000 to 640,000 tons.

TEMPERANCE.

Two Scenes.

BY MARIAN A. MURPHY.

Beautiful night, the moons clear light
Streams in through casement fair;
Wine's ruddy glow and plentious flow,
In cut glass rich and rare.
A happy throng, glad bursts of song;
Perfume of flowers sweet;
A blushing bride, and at her side
The tread of manly feet.

A still, cold night, the moon's pale light
Shines down on ice and snow;
Through trees so bare the frosty air
Makes moaning sad and low.
Requiem sung, in unknown tongue,
O'er form so stiff and cold;
An open grave its welcome gave
A bed of frozen mold.

An empty jug, a battered mug,
Found lying by his side;
They tell the tale of lips so pale,
Tell how and why he died.

Ninety thousand Russian liquor-shops will be closed with the coming of the new year, through the decision of the Government to allow the sale of liquors at retail only in hotels and eating-houses.

Two hundred public houses in London were watched between the hours of nine and twelve on a recent Saturday night, for the purpose of seeing how many persons entered them. The count showed that they were visited by 86,608 persons men, women, and children—during the three hours.

Mr. Spurgeon, is an out-and-out abstainer. In a recent address at the Mansion House he said: "Does drunkenness eat out the very bowels of the nation? Do you want men of temperance? As soon as a man's name was on the church book it should also be down on the temperance roll."

"Probably the relative use of alcoholic liquors in *materia medica* has been reduced 75 per cent. during the past centuary; and while the average physician may not yet see how to wholly dispense with them in the treatment of disease, nevertheless, some of the best and most advanced medical practitioners have already, for years, treated their patients without alcohol with pre-eminent success, and give good grounds for hope that the evil spirit of alcohol may be, in due time, totally banished from medical practice.

Don't Begin It, Boys.

A Hartford paper says: "There is a young lad in this city who has a good place, and attends faithfully to his duties. He had one bad habit, and that was chewing tobacco, in which he indulged more freely than men who chewed it for fifty years. Last Saturday a gentleman offered the boy $5 if he would quit chewing for a year. Another followed suit, and a third, all signing their names to the paper agreeing to give the same sum. The boy said he would win the money, washed his mouth and began right away. Sabbath he felt very badly, and Monday he was worse, Tuesday he shook like a man in the delirium tremens, and yesterday he was confined to his bed, from which he has got up, and it will take some time before the effect of the poison in his system can be worked out. Just think of it, boys. So young, and yet a slave to this vile tobacco."

A Terrible Warning.

The German spelling for "beer" is "bier." The English equivalent for "bier" is "coffin." The step from beer to the grave is very short. For some years a decided inclination has been apparent all over the country to give up the use of whiskey and other strong alcohols, using as a substitute beer and other compounds. This is evidently founded on the idea that beer is not harmful, and contains a large amount of nutriment; also that bitters may have some medical quality which will neutralize the alcohol which it conceals, etc. These theories are without confirmation in the observation of physicians. The use of beer is found to produce a species of degeneration of all the organs; profound and deceptive fatty deposits, diminished circulation, conditions of congestion and perversion of functional activities, local inflammations of both the liver and kidneys, are constantly present. Intellectually, a stupor amounting almost to paralysis arrests the reason, changing all the higher faculties into a mere animalism, sensual, selfish, sluggish, varied only with paroxysms of anger that are senseless and brutal. In appearance the beer-drinker may be the picture of health, but in reality he is most incapable of resisting disease. A slight injury, a severe cold, or a shock to the body or mind, will commonly provoke an acute disease ending fatally. Compared with inebriates who use different kinds of alcohol, he is more incurable and more generally diseased. The constant use of beer every day gives the system no recuperation, but steadily lowers the vital forces.—*Scientific American.*

An Alarming Disease Afflicting a Numerous Class.

The disease commences with a slight derangement of the stomach, but, if neglected, it in time involves the whole frame, embracing the kidneys, liver, pancreas, and, in fact, the entire glandular system, and the afflicted drags out a miserable existence until death gives relief from suffering. The disease is often mistaken for other complaints; but if the reader will ask himself the following questions, he will be able to determine whether he himself is one of the afflicted: Have I distress, pain, or difficulty in breathing after eating? Is there a dull, heavy feeling attended by drowsiness? Have the eyes a yellow tinge? Does a thick, sticky, mucous gather about the gums and teeth in the mornings, accompanied by a disagreeable taste? Is the tongue coated? Is there pains in the side and back? Is there a fulness about the right side as if the liver were enlarging? Is there costiveness? Is there vertigo or dizziness when rising suddenly from a horizontal position? Are the secretions from the kidneys scanty and highly coloured, with a deposit after standing? Does food ferment soon after eating, accompanied by flatulence or a belching of gas from the stomach? Is there frequent palpitation of the heart? These various symptoms may not be present at one time, but they torment the sufferer in turn as the dreadful disease progresses. If the case be one of long standing, there will be a dry, hacking cough, attended after a time by expectoration. In very advanced stages the skin assumes a dirty brownish appearance, and the hands and feet are covered by a cold, sticky perspiration. As the liver and kidneys become more and more diseased, rheumatic pains appear, and the usual treatment proves entirely unavailing against this latter agonizing disorder. The origin of this maladay is indigestion or dyspepsia, and a small quantity of the proper medicine will remove the disease if taken in its incipiency. It is most important that the disease should be promptly and properly treated in its first stages, when a little medicine will effect a cure, and even when it has obtained a strong hold the correct remedy should be persevered in until every vestige of the disease is eradicated, until the appetite has returned, and the digestive organs restored to a healthy condition. The surest and most effectual remedy for this distressing complaint is "Seigel's Curative Syrup," a vegetable preparation sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 17, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

Market Place, Pocklington, York,
October 2nd, 1882.

Sir,—Being a sufferer for years with dyspepsia in all its worst forms, and after spending pounds in medicines, I was at last persuaded to try Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup, and am thankful to say have derived more benefit from it than any other medicine I ever took, and would advise any one suffering from the same complaint to give it a trial, the results they would soon find out for themselves. If you like to make use of this testimonial you are quite at liberty to do so. Yours respectfully,

(Signed) R. Turner.

For sale by Geo. E. Frost, Druggist, St. John, N. B., and by A. J. White, Limited, branch office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

The season has arrived when everybody who own horses, cattle, sheep, hogs, and fowl should begin to feed our *Sheridan's Condition Powders*. They all need to be braced up for winter. The *large* packs are worthless.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

The Most Wonderful Family Remedy Ever Known.

☞ CURES—Diptheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

Excels all other Remedies for External Use.

CURES—Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhoea, Kidney Troubles, and Spinal Diseases. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Billiousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Liver Pill.—Dr. T. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla." "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., DeWitt, Iowa." Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

MAKE HENS LAY

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Dose, one teaspoonful to each pint of food. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA, Hog Cholera, &c. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25c. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price $1.00; by mail, $1.20. Circulars free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

THE CELEBRATED COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.

Best value in the market. Has taken first prizes wherever exhibited. Holds six Medals and many Diplomas. Dont be fooled into buying a high priced powder for the sake of its so-called purity.

The COOK'S FRIEND is made of as pure material as money can buy. It possess more raising strength in proportion to cost than any other. Sold by storekeepers generally and made only by

W. D. McLAREN, MONTREAL.

Buy it, try it and be convinced.

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, All Wool 3 ply Carpets.

ALL WOOL 3 CORD CARPETS.

ALL WOOL 2 PLY CARPETS.

All Wool Dutch Carpets, Union Carpets, Jute and Hemp Carpets, Hall Carpets with Stair Carpets to Match.

A. O. SKINNER,
31 58 King Street.

THOMAS L. HAY.

DEALER IN

Hides and Calf Skins,

AND SHEEP SKINS.

STOREROOMS—15 SYDNEY STREET.

Where Hides, and Skins of all kinds will be bought and sold.

Residence—41 Paddock Street, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

Puttner's Syrup HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is invariably prescribed by the profession in cases of Nervous Prostration, Chronic Cough, Bronchial and Asthmatic Affections, Scrofula, Diseases of Woman and Children, etc., etc.

ENDORSED BY THE PROFESSION:

Dr. W. B. [illegible], says:

I have tried Puttner's Syrup and find it well made, very palatable and admirably adapted to do good in those cases where Hypophosphites are called for.

Dr. Sinclair, Asst. Physician to Mount Hope Asylum, says:

In General Debility it acts well, as a Tonic, is agreeable. Taste makes it easy to take.

[illegible], M. D., City Medical Officer: used Puttner's Syrup and can testify [illegible].

COULD GIVE MANY OTHERS.

Remember this fact, that Puttner's Syrup contains no oil. Ask for the Syrup. Sold by all Dealers. PRICE 50 CENTS.

JAMES HALLIDAY,

Tailor and Clothier,

GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Foot of Bell's Lane, 76 Up. Water St.,
HALIFAX, N. S.

New Carpet Store! New Goods!

BRUSSELS, Tapestry, All Wool, Union, and Hemp Carpeting, Rugs, Door Mats, Toilet Quilts, Towels, Table Linen, Oil Cloths, Curtains and Curtain Poles, Window Shades.

Upholstery Goods in Raw Silks, Tapestrys, Jutes, Utrecht Velvets, Silk Plushes, English Hair Cloth, Hessian Gimp, Cord, Buttons, Etc.

Gents' Furnishing Department.

40 doz. American and Canadian Hats, 6 doz. Fine Shirts, 47 doz. Collars and Cuffs, 4 doz. Suspenders, 28 doz. Neck Ties, 16 doz. Pocket Handkerchiefs, 8 doz. Half Hose, 51 doz. English "Easy Fitting" Hard and Soft Hats, 1 doz. English "Easy Fitting" Silk Hats—Latest London Styles—Just out. ☞ Prices Low.

J. G. McNALLY, - FREDERICTON, N. B.

LONDON HOUSE

Wholesale.

Received since 1st June, 317 packages British Foreign, and Canadian Manufactured

DRY GOODS.

☞ All orders by our Travellers, or by Letter, will have, as usual, prompt and careful attention.

DANIEL & BOYD.

NEW GOODS!

In Gentlemen's Department

27 King Street,

New Long Scarfs, Silk Handkerchiefs; Made up Scarfs, Pongees, Braces; French Braces, Rug Straps, Courier Bags, Dressing Gowns, Gloves, Merino Shirts and Drawers.

IN STOCK—

ENGLISH ALL LINEN COLLARS in the latest styles and the "Derby" (Paper, Turn Down) and THE SWELL (Paper, Standing) COLLARS.

MANCHESTER,
ROBERTSON,
& ALLISON.

Man Wanted $75 to $100 for our business in his locality. Responsible house. References exchanged. GAY & BROS. 12 Barclay St., N.Y.

Special Announcement.

NEW GOODS

JAMES S. MAY,

Merchant Tailor

Would announce to his Customers and the Public that he has opened a

Splendid Lot of Spring Goods

Consisting of ENGLISH and SCOTCH TWEED, FINE DIAGONALS, SPRING OVERCOATINGS and a Large Variety of PANTALOON GOODS, which have been selected with care, bought close and on the most favorable terms.

☞ Cash Customers would find it to their advantage to call and examine.

Have Your BICYCLE Repaired NOW

E. Banfill, 43 Dock St., St. John, N. B.

SALT, RICE AND SODA!

Daily expected per Ship Nettie Murphy:

6,500 SACKS LIVERPOOL SALT

Now receiving per Stmr. Sarmatian:

100 Sacks New Arracan Rice
100 Kegs Bi-Carb Soda.

FOR SALE LOW.

BARBOUR BROS.

THE

Most Popular

OF ALL

SEWING MACHINES

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LIGHT RUNNING.

New Home.

Rapidly taking the place of all other Machines wherever introduced.

200,000 Sold Yearly.

Has more points of excellence than all other Machines combined.

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Sewing Machine Co.,
30 UNION SQUARE, - - NEW YORK.

WILLIAM CRAWFORD,
No. 36 Charlotte Street,
SECOND DOOR FROM
Breeze's Corner, - ST. JOHN, N. B.

WHY SUFFER?

When such valuable remedies are within your reach.

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS

Will cure most all diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, including the worst cases of Dropsy, and is certainly the best blood medicine known.

INVIGORATING SYRUP

Cures Dyspepsia, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Worms, acts as a gentle Physic, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.

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Cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Quinsy, Cuts and Pains of all kinds, as well as for other ailments on man or beast.

NERVE OINTMENT

a truly a household necessity, and is used externally and internally for the Lungs, Piles, Sores, Cuts, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Cutaneous Eruptions of the Skin, and a hundred ailments flesh is heir to.

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Cures Boils, Cuts, Cracked Hands and Lame Back; being put up in tin boxes it is one-third cheaper than those ready spread, besides being so much better.

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Cures Cholera, Diarrhoea, and all like complaints in children and adults.

EYE RELIEF

Cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Chilblains. Don't Forget to try it for the latter this winter.

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Some of which you have never heard,

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OFFICES:

MAIN ST., PORTLAND, and
161 PRINCE WILLIAM STREET, ST. JOHN.

THE CENTURY FOR '85-'86.

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and closing serial stories published recently in THE CENTURY has given that magazine a regular circulation of

More than 200,000 Copies Monthly

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

The War Papers

By General Grant and others.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, Generals Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described.

The "Recollections of a private" and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

Serial Stories by

W. D. Howells, Mary Hallock Foote, and George W. Cable.

Mr. Howells's serial will be in lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on slave songs and dances, including negro serpent worship, etc.

Special Features

Include "A Tricycle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Persia by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately U. S. minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sidereal Astronomy"; Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc. etc.

Short Stories

By Frank R. Stockton; Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.); Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac," etc., will be fully sustained.

The Illustrations

Will be kept up to the standard which has made THE CENTURY engravings famous the world over.

Prices: A Special Offer.

Regular subscription price, $4.00 a year. To enable new readers to get all the War Papers, with contributions from General Grant, Beauregard, McClellan, J. E. Johnston, Lew Wallace, Admiral Porter and others, we will send the 12 back numbers, November, 1884, to October, 1885, with a year's subscription beginning with November, 1885, for $5.00 for the whole. A subscription, with the 12 numbers bound in 6 handsome volumes $7.50 for the whole; back numbers only supplied at these prices while first edition lasts.

A free specimen copy (back number) will be sent on request. Mention this paper.

All dealers and postmasters take subscriptions and supply numbers; or, remit to agent direct, or remittances may be made directly to

THE CENTURY CO., NEW-YORK.

News Summary.

SCHOLASTIC.

BY MINOS.

—The Patriot says the small pox at Charlottetown is dying out. It complained that two men who have, for three years or more, been drawing a salary of $75 a business for the Quarantine Officer, refused to take a sailor patient to the hospital. The men say it was no part of their duty. A man whom the people call Long John, having been repeatedly refused passage in the Prince, because he had been exposed to small-pox, hired a man and boy with a yatch to take him to New Brunswick, which they reached amid a drifting snow storm.

—The same paper says a man from England, has been at some of the starch factories experimenting in converting the starch into a kind of glue, but, owing to want of market the enterprise was abandoned.

—Dr. Barker, the Conservative candidate, was elected in St. John city. The vote stood, Barker 1770, Skinner 1658. Of the majority St. John gave 20, and Carleton 92.

—The Caraquet Railway is open from Bathurst to Grand Anse and regular trains are running.

—The Scott Act was on the 26th defeated in Prescott and Russel Counties, Ont., by over eleven hundred majority.

—The Temperance Electoral Association, in session at Toronto, passed a resolution pledging themselves to vote at the coming Municipal elections, only for candidates who will work for a large decrease in the number of licenses granted, and an increase of the fee to $250.

—Mrs. R. B. Jones, of Arcostook, jumped from a sleigh, being frightened by the unmanagable conduct of the horse, and was almost instantly killed.

—The tramps, having effected an entrance into a store at Auinville, Ont., carried off goods worth about $200. They were pursued by citizens for eight miles, and, when overtaken, one of them fired at close range on a constable. The officer fortunately escaped injury and the burglars were captured.

—Two young men, Aaron Adams and Geo. Woodman, were drowned in the Shogomoc on the 22nd, having broken through the ice.

—A Grand Falls despatch says: Miss Byram, while skating on a mill pond, broke through the ice and was drowned.

—Mitchell & Grant, Shulee, N. S., have shipped fifty-two cargoes of spiling and two cargoes of masts the present season, mostly to New York.

—Shipments of deals from St. John to Europe, during the nine months ending October 1st, show a falling off of 25,000,000 feet, compared with the same period last year.

—The *Globe's* London cable says: Hon. Edward Blake will return to Canada early next month. He will sail on Dec. 10th. His health has been very much improved by his stay in this country.

—Several cases of whiskey and a box of tobacco were dug up by the customs officers at the Eastern Passage yesterday.—*Halifax Herald.*

—George B. Crowe, formerly of Truro, N. S., is a candidate for the mayoralty of Winnipeg.

—The *Herald* says that Wm. Hamilton, and octogenarian of Brookfield, walked eight miles the other day, and felt well after it.

—Rev. Dr. Smith, of St. Andrew's church, St. John, has received a call from the western states, and also one from a church in the eastern states, one of which, it is understood, he will accept.

—A Quebec despatch says: Diphtheria is prevalent here. A number of cases are reported in one family recently arrived from Labrador. Two deaths have occurred, while in St. Roch's all the children of two brothers living in adjacent houses have succumbed to the malady.

—In the suit brought by the owners of the schooner "Merlin" against the "Maud Pye," by which the former was sunk in collision in the bay, judgment has been given for the plaintiffs for $915.

—Mrs. Patterson Seely, of Portland, St. John, died on Saturday from the effects of a solution of Paris green, which she said she had taken by mistake.

—The *Summerside Journal* says a cow at New Annan has spontaneously developed a case of genuine cow pox—the second authenticated case in America.

—The Halifax *Herald* reports a large meeting in the Academy of Music on Friday evening to express sympathy with Ireland in her efforts for home rule.

—General Middleton has been in Fredericton reviewing the Infantry School Corps, and being entertained and addressed.

—Eight Indians, found guilty of murder at Frog Lake and Battleford, were hanged at the latter place on the 27th ult.

—The Fredericton bridge was formally opened on the 27th ult.

—The *Herald* estimates that $10,000 worth of Christmas cards will be sold in Halifax.

—Counterfeiters in Montreal and vicinity have been passing a large number of $5 bills on the Bank of B. N. A.

—In a Toronto foundry two men were terribly—probably fatally—injured through the bottom of a crucible falling out and some of the molten iron dropping into water.

—The brigantine Pathfinder, from Dunkirk, for North Sydney, was totally wrecked on the 11th ult., on Malin Rocks.

—James Callahan, a native of Ireland, fell from aloft, recently, on the bark Kesmark, which arrived at Dorchester, from Sydney, and was instantly killed.

—There is a squabble in Montreal over a legacy left by a lady to the diocesan theological college on condition that the students should attend Christ church Cathedral once every Sunday. The governors of the college claim that the services at the cathedral are no longer evangelical and refuse to allow the students to attend. The bishop has been appealed to, but declines to interfere.

—A telegram received here yesterday afternoon states that the wrecking and diving steamer Earl Dufferin was a total wreck at Anticosti, and the crew were saved. She was employed working at the wrecked Dominion line steamer Brooklyn, and was supposed to have been nearly loaded. The steamer was 93 tons register, built at Carleton, N. B., in 1874, owned and commanded by Capt. Alfred Larder, of this city, and was not insured.—*Halifax Herald, 27th.*

—Paul G. Blanchard, formerly senior partner of the well known firm of Blanchard Bros., Yarmouth, N. S., shipbuilders, died on Friday afternoon, of heart trouble, aged 77.

—We regret to learn that diphtheria is still lingering in this county. Mr. Isaiah Steeves, of Hillsboro, having lately lost two children (his whole family) with that dread disease.—*A. Co. paper.*

—St. John city and county and Portland have taken the preliminary steps for bringing on an election for the adoption of the Scott Act in these important centres. The several petitions will be filed for examination on the 9th December.

—A Halifax *Exchange* says: Six weeks ago the schooner Handy Andy sailed from Halifax, ostensibly for St. Pierre, with 29 packages of liquors and 233 packages of Montreal tobacco on board, all in bond. The cargo and vessel were insured. The vessel has not since been heard of, but portions of the cargo found on sale in Halifax stores have been seized by the Customs authorities. Collector Bow, in an interview with the *Herald*, gives romantic details of the case, and expresses the belief that the goods were landed "along the shore," brought back to Halifax, and that the vessel had been scuttled with the idea of both cheating the Customs revenue and obtaining the insurance.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

—The Conservative reaction in Great Britain has been very general. The disestablishment question has been successfully worked by the party and they now seem pretty confident of a majority. The *Pall Mall Gazette's* analysis of the election returns to Friday night shows a Conservative gain of 80 seats, against a Liberal gain of 36, but their gain is still insufficient to give the Conservatives a clear majority. The Liberals now claim to hold 161 seats against 159 for the Conservatives, 26 for the Nationalists, and 5 for the independents. The independents are virtually Conservatives. The reports of provincial agents to Liberal headquarters contain a number of complaints against the knights and dames of Primrose League for infractions of corrupt practice, and the agents urge that the alleged offenders be prosecuted without delay. Sir Charles Dilke's accusation against the ladies in Chelsea of making vulgar, indelicate, unladylike and lying statements about him has raised a storm of indignation. The Cabinet will meet on Dec. 7.

—The British expeditionary force to Burmah have captured Nyaneen after a sharp fight. King Thebaw, becoming alarmed at the rapid approach of the British under General Prendergast, notwithstanding the resistance offered by the Burmese, has sent a messenger to General Prendergast, begging him to grant an armistice for the purpose of peacably settling the difficulty between Burmah and the Indian Government. Gen. Prendergast, in reply, demanded the surrender of the Burmese army and Mandalay, the capital, stating that only then could he entertain any request. King Thebaw thereupon surrendered the Aven forts with 28 guns, to be turned over to the British. A garrison was placed there and the British proceeded to Mandalay on the 28th ult.

—Bulgaria has had decidedly the better in the later part of the campaign against Servia. After a long bombardment of Widdin, the Servians retreated. A final protracted effort to force a way to Sofia was also unsuccessful, and Prince Alexander has been driving the Servians out of the country. The Bulgarians have reoccupied Tsarebrou, and driven the enemy from Pirot at the point of the bayonet. The war seems to be virtually over so far as the original parties are concerned. There is now talk of the abdication of King Milan. Austria proposes to send troops into the country to look after the succession. She is concentrating forces in Herzegovina. The Poets fear that Austrian occupation of Servia will lead to Russian interference. The Russian government has sent a severe note to Servia demanding that *Status quo ante* be restored.

—A Paris cable says that alarming rumors are current about Tonquin and Annam. Disease is making terrible ravages in the ranks of the French army, and everywhere the natives seem to be in a rebellious condition. Since last June over six thousand troops have died or been disabled by sickness.

—Germany and England have signed an agreement to recognize Spanish sovereignty over the Caroline Islands, Spain having conceded commercial facilities in that quarter to these powers.

—King Alphonso died on the 25th, of consumption, accelerated by dysentery. He was only 28 years of age, and has reigned since 1874.

—Steamer Buenos Ayrean, from Montreal for Glasgow, has arrived at Greenock. She has smallpox on board and has been placed in quarantine.

—The British government publishes advertisements soliciting tenders for laying a cable from Halifax to Bermuda and Jamaica, under a subsidy from the government.

—Severe shocks of earthquake were felt in Spain Monday at Valez, Malaga, Andalusia and especially at Albaran. There were also seismic movements on the African coast and numerous landslips, and it is reported that the bed of the Mediterranean sea has risen perceptibly.

—A despatch from Berlin says that the German government has refused permission to land the cable in Germany, applied for by the German American Telegraph Company.

—The Chamber of Commerce and other public buildings in St. Hilieres, Island of Jersey, and the Trainways building in Glasgow, together with ten horses and forty cars, have been destroyed by fire.

—An exciting scene is expected in the Reichstag when the Socialists bring forward their counter proposal to the Conservatives' scheme respecting the term of parliaments. The Socialists now propose two year session. The discussion of the question will surely lead to a heated debate.

—The French newspapers are unanimous in the belief that the fact that a majority of the committee of the chamber of deputies to examine the Tonquin credits are in favor of the evacuation of Tonquin and Madagascar, renders the situation of affairs more critical, and they anticipate a cabinet crisis as the result of the committee's action.

—The *Temps* says that Senor Moret, Spanish Foreign Minister, in an interview stated that Spain would ameliorate her commercial relations with England and America and would maintain a cordial attitude toward France and Italy.

—The election riots at Londonderry were renewed on the 29th. Thirty arrests were made.

UNITED STATES.

—Vice-President Hendricks died suddenly at his residence in Indianapolis, on the 25th. He was a man universally esteemed.

—Rev. M. Tenant died in Evansville, Ark., on Monday, aged 115 years. He was the oldest Gospel minister in the United States, and had preached ninety years.

—Prominent men advise President Cleveland against going to Indianapolis to attend the late Vice-President's funeral. They urge that the possibility of securing a Republican administration might induce some fellow of the Guiteau type to attempt his life. The President is inclined to go.

—PITTSBURG, PA., Nov. 29.—A riot supposed to be the outcome of the miners trouble, is announced at McKeesport, Pa. Sheriff Gray of this county, has been telegraphed for and will leave on a special train, with a posse of men at once.

GENERAL.

—LONDON, Nov. 19.—A new use has been devised for the Great Eastern, which has proved a white elephant to so many of her successive owners. It is proposed to anchor her in mid-Atlantic, as a kind of half way house for crafts crossing the ocean, and have her stored with such supplies as passing ships might require. She would also be used as a telegraph station, where captains could communicate with their owners and passengers receive the latest news. The question at present is whether it is possible to anchor securely in mid-ocean. If this can be done the other details of the proposed arrangement could be carried out on board the floating leviathan with exceptional facilities.

—MRS. A. T. Stewart is credited with ingenious charity in employing a number of poor women to clean her marble palace daily. They work four hours and receive $2.50 each. Other women are employed to clean silver at $3 a day, and men who brush the statuary get $5 a day. These latter are said to be old sculptors past other means of earning a living.

—There is a colony of East Indians in London who maintain the customs and traditions of their country. They include snake charmers, nautch girls, acrobats, musicians, priests, etc. They are Brahmins in religion, and conduct their religious services openly.

—Two of the oddest-looking owls ever seen were captured in the belfry of the St. Clair, Nevi, school house. They have hair on their faces like a monkey, and eyes and eyebrows that appear almost human. The body of one is speckled like a trout, and the other is yellow.

—The present commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, L. P. Bunnell, is English by birth. He has resided in the States since he was 12 years old, and served throughout the war of the rebellion. He is a lawyer by profession, and lives in Washington.

—A curious case has arisen in New York that will likely puzzle the judges. A doctor was called to see a man who said he was suffering from cramps. The doctor diagnosed the case as one of hysterics, the cramps being a delusion. He tried to change the course of the patient's thoughts by talking, but failing in this, he began cuffing his ears with the idea of making him angry. In this he succeeded, and the patient was cured. He, however, charges the doctor with assault, and the courts are to settle the matter.

The best Ankle Boot and Collar Pads are made of zinc and leather. *Try them.*

Marriages.

FORBES-LOGAN.—In St. John, Nov. 26, by the Rev. C. Goodspeed, Mr. Nelson Forrest, of Amherst, N. S., to Miss Elizabeth Logan, of the same place.

SMITH-WEBB.—At the residence of the bride's father, Deacon Webb, Greenville, Cumberland Co., N. S., on Nov. 25, by Rev. W. Thomas, Mr. Thomas R. Smith, of Oxford, to Miss Sarah Jane Webb.

DELAP-MCCREA.—At the residence of the bride's father, Lower Granville, on Nov. 26, by the Rev. Frank Potter, Mr. Watson Hall Delap to Miss Arcineth McCrea, both of Lower Granville, N. S.

BISHOP-HAY.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 25, by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Mr. W. H. Bishop, of Williamsport, Kings Co., N. S., to Miss Emily G., only daughter of Mr. Chas. H. Hay, of St. John, N. B.

HUTCHINSON-LOCKHART.—At Lockhartville, N. S., on the 26th ult., by Rev. J. A. McLean, Mr. Walter B. Hutchinson to Miss Jane S. Lockhart, both of the above place.

LENFEST-LILLEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, Nov. 11, by Rev. O. C. Herbert, Mr. John L. Lenfest, of Aroostook, Me., U. S., to Ruth, daughter of Mr. Aaron Lilley, of South Richmond, Carleton Co., N. B.

HAINES-MCNEIL.—At Isaacs Harbor, Nov. 21st, by Rev. T. Bishop, Mr. Robert Haines, of Country Harbor, to Miss Viola McNeil, of Isaacs Harbor.

BLACK-BROWN.—At the Baptist parsonage, on the 25th ult., by Rev. Dr. Bill, Mr. Robert Black to Miss Augusta Brown, all of St. Martins.

BLACK-BROWN.—At the Baptist parsonage, on the 26th ult., by Rev. Dr. Bill, Mr. William H. Black, to Miss Erratta Brown, both of St. Martins.

PARKER-MORSE.—At Harmony, Kings Co., N. S., by Rev. J. W. S. Young, Mr. George E. Parker, of Annapolis Co., to Miss Cora E. Morse, of Kings Co., N. S.

POTTER-POTTER.—At the home of the bride's father, Nov. 18th, by Rev. J. M. Parker, John L. Potter, of Upper Clements, to R. Gertia, second daughter of Aaron Potter, Clementsvale.

Deaths.

BURLOCK.—At Coldstream, C. Co., Nov. 21st, Aaron, infant son of Ephriam and Angeline Burlock, aged 7 months.

TITUS.—At Indiantown, on the 25th ult., of rheumatic fever, Jacob Titus, aged 35 years. He was a son of our much esteemed brother, Deacon Benj. Titus, of Jemseg. May the blessed Spirit comfort the stricken family.

FREEMAN.—At the old homestead, Paradise, on the 15th ult., at the advanced age of 83 years, Mrs. Mary Freeman, widow of the late Capt. Thomas Freeman. For some time past the dear old lady longed for "the wings of a dove to fly away and be at rest." May the mourning relatives "comfort one another with these words." 1 Thess. 4:13-18. DAVID PRICE.

(Liverpool and Boston papers please copy.)

DAWSON.—At Dawson Settlement, Nov. 23, in her 56th year, Susan, beloved wife of Deacon Enoch Dawson. Sister Dawson united with the church about 38 years ago and lived a consistent member till removed by death. Surely she was a great woman, guiding her large family without noise or confusion, a helpmate for her husband in the truest sense, a nursing mother to the church. Her heart and home were always open to the ministers of the gospel, and a care for the neighborhood in general. After three days of intense suffering, the spirit left the old tabernacle to take possession of that glorious home on the other shore. She leaves a husband, four sons and six daughters and a large circle of relations and friends to mourn their loss.

JONAH.—At Turtle Creek, Nov. 12, Lorne P., son of William and Jemima Jonah, aged four years and four months.

(Eastport papers please copy.)

DAY.—At Plaster Rock, on the 2nd ult., Amanda, wife of Hezekiah Day, aged 36 years. The deceased was baptized last Jan. upon her profession of faith in Christ and united with the Arthurette Baptist church. She leaves a husband, four sons and three daughters to mourn their loss.

PROSSER.—At Prosser Brook, Elgin, Nov. 15th, in the 67th year of her age, Margaret, beloved wife of John Prosser. Our sister has been a consistent member of the Baptist church here for 28 years. She has left us and gone home. She leaves a husband, five sons and two daughters and a large circle of relations and friends to mourn their loss.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Dr. JOS. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly on account of its service in treatment of women and children."

THE MONARCH LIGHTNING SAWING MACHINE.—This machine has met with favor wherever introduced. More of them have been sold than any other sawing machine in the world. The factory of the company is running to its full capacity, so that orders may be promptly shipped. See advertisement elsewhere in our columns.

MARKET REPORTS

	Halifax.	St. John.
Apples,	$1.00 to 2.75	$1.50 to 2.25
do Dried, per lb.	0.5 to	0.06 to 0.08
Beef in qrs, per lb.	0.05 to 0.06	0.05 to 0.06
do in foot per hd.	0.05 to 0.09	.....
Butter, small tubs, p.lb	0.22 to	0.17 to 0.20
do ordinary per lb.	0.15 to 0.17	.....
Chickens, per pr.	0.30 to 0.45	0.22 to 0.28
Eggs, per doz. fresh	0.22 to 0.24	0.24 to 0.28
Hams, smoked per lb.	0.11 to 0.12	0.10 to 0.11
Hides, per lb.	0.06 to 0.07	.....
Lambs, per lb.	0.05 to 0.06	0.06 to 0.07
Mutton, per lb.	0.05 to 0.06	0.05 to 0.06
Oats, per bus.	0.45 to 0.50	0.40 to 0.45
Pork, per lb.	0.07 to 0.7½	0.6½ to 0.07
Potatoes, per bush.	0.30 to 0.35	0.30 to 0.35
" per bbl.	.....	1.80 to 2.50
Poults, each, Lambs	0.45 to 0.50	.....
Turkeys, per lb	0.13 to .14	.....
Veal, per lb.	0.05 to 0.06	0.05 to 0.10
Turnips, per bush	0.20 to 0.25	per bbl 0.10
Cabbage, per bbl.	0.50 to 0.75	..... 0.20
Beets, " "	0.02 to 0.03	..... 1.00
Ducks, per pair	0.50 to 0.60	0.40 to 0.60
Geese each	0.45 to 0.55	0.50 to 0.65
Yarn per lb	0.40 to 0.50	.....
Oats per bus	..... 0.40	0.35 to 0.40
Pork per lb	0.06½ to 0.07	.....

Prepared weekly by HUTTLEY & LAYTON, corner Argyle and Sackville st., Halifax, and J. TITUS, No. 5, Market Street St. John.

UNDERTAKING.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I am now prepared to furnish at the shortest possible notice all kinds of work in this line by day or night. Having been engaged for the past seven years as assistant foreman, and having a complete knowledge of this business in all branches, I would most respectfully solicit the patronage of the public in general, and will guarantee complete satisfaction. All orders entrusted to me will receive careful and prompt attention with neatness and dispatch. Furniture and repairs repaired on reasonable terms.

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Coffin and Casket Warerooms,
18 Portland Bridge, N. B.

INDIANTOWN

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DECIDED BARGAINS.

THE subscriber having purchased the entire Bankrupt Stock of Messrs. Jas. Robinson & Co., consisting of 10,000 Pairs Assorted Boots and Shoes, the whole will be sold at prices that will insure an immediate clearance.

J. E. COWAN, Indiantown.

Intercolonial Railway.

'85. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '86

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOV. 16th, 1885, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.30 a. m.
Express for Sussex,	4.30 p. m.
Express for Halifax and Quebec,	7.00 p. m.

On Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday a Pullman Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Pullman Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p. m.
Day Express,	7.20 p. m.

Tickets and information can be procured at the City Agency, No. 27 Prince William Street.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX.

Day Express,	7.15 a. m.
Picton Accommodation,	12.15 p. m.
Truro Accommodation,	4.45 p. m.
Express for St. John and Quebec,	2.15 p. m.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday, a Pullman car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Pullman car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Truro Accommodation,	8.30 a. m.
Express from St. John and Quebec,	12.05 p. m.
Picton Accommodation,	1.50 p. m.
Day Express,	7.45 p. m.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
Nov. 11th, 1885.

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Christmas Gifts, by Rossini. A truly delightful little Cantata for children, with a very pretty story, neat music, pleasing diversions, and all quite easy enough for the youngest children of schools and Sunday schools. Price 25 cts. $2.40 per dozen.

Message of Christmas. A rousing good, stirring Cantata by Fanny E. Newbery and T. Martin Towne. For children, with the assistance of a few adults. Simple scenery needed. Price 30 cts. or $2.60 per dozen.

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NOTICE to CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot-water Heating Apparatus, Dominion Building, Newcastle, N. B.," will be received at this office until MONDAY, 14th proximo, for the erection and completion of

A Hot-Water Heating Apparatus,

At the Newcastle, N. B., Dominion Building.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa, and at the New Dominion Building, Newcastle, N.B., on and after WEDNESDAY, 25th instant.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, *equal to five per cent.* of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. GOBEIL, Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 23rd Nov., 1885. 21

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Windsor and Annapolis Railway.

1885. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1886.

Miles.	TRAINS GOING WEST.	Exp. dy. A.M.	Acc. M.W.F. A.M.	Acc. dy P.M.
	Halifax,—leave,	7 00	12 30	5 30
4	Richmond.		6 15	5 35
14	Windsor Junction,	7 40	7 15	6 30
49	Newport,	8 40	9 15	6 35
60	Windsor,	9 00	10 05	6 55
63	Hantsport,	9 22	10 27	6 00
66	Wolfville,	9 34	10 39	7 46
86	Port Williams,	10 00	11 35	8 05
71	Kentville—Arrive	10 15	11 55	7 20
	Do—Depart,	10 20	12 25	
83	Berwick	11 05	1 17	
88	Aylesford,	11 18	1 40	
99	Kingston,	11 36	2 10	
102	Middleton,	11 57	3 00	
116	Bridgetown,	12 40	4 00	
130	Annapolis—arrive	1 20	4 55	

Miles	GOING EAST.	Acc. dy. T.T. &	Exp dy. A.M.	P.M.
	Annapolis—leave		6 15	1 50
14	Bridgetown,		7 10	2 13
28	Middleton,		8 10	3 08
35	Kingston,		8 40	3 19
42	Aylesford,		9 15	3 37
47	Berwick,		9 35	3 52
59	Kentville—arrive	A.M.	10 30	4 35
	Do—depart	5 40	11 15	4 40
54	Port Williams	6 00	11 35	4 58
66	Wolfville,	6 10	11 44	5 08
77	Hantsport	6 35	12 30	5 30
84	Windsor,	7 00	1 20	6 05
90	Newport,	7 10	1 44	6 21
116	Windsor Junction,	10 00	<3 45	7 28
129	Richmond.	10 40	4 27	
130	Halifax—arrive,	10 45	4 30	8 05

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis the same day.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p.m. for Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.30 p. m., and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth every Saturday evening for Boston.

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Kentville, 13th Nov, 1885. General Manager.

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