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Perils of Peace
vs.
Perils of War.

Statements which have been made to the effect that the dangers to be encountered in industrial pursuits are as great as those involved in war are easily shown to be fallacious, as is demonstrated by a writer in "The Nineteenth Century" who has thought it worth while to deal with this subject in view of the widely published assertions of that kind and the statistics presented to show that the number of persons killed and injured in industrial accidents in Great Britain and Ireland, during the year ending September 1st, 1900, exceeded the total number of killed and wounded up to that date in the war in South Africa. The statistical fact may be admitted, but the fallacy appears when the number of persons engaged in the war is compared with those engaged in industrial labor in the United Kingdom. The whole number of officers and men engaged in active warfare in South Africa has been under 200,000 thousand, while the number of those with whom comparison is made, engaged in the industries, is well up towards five and a half millions. A comparison of the ratios of those killed or injured in pursuit of industrial pursuits and those who were killed or died from abnormal sickness and those wounded in the war, shows that, while one out of 27 was killed in the war, only one out of 1260 was killed in industry, and that while one in 15 was wounded in the war, only one in 60 was wounded in industry. Even in the occupations which are most dangerous, the percentage of casualties is far less numerous than in war. But no doubt the contention that in some occupations the ratio of casualties might be reduced by more thorough and careful provision against accident is correct, and this is especially true in railroading, where it is admitted that the ratio of casualties is nearly half that involved in war.

South Africa.

The news from South Africa of late, has been such as to indicate that the country which has been the theatre of war still lacks much of being in such a condition of peace that refugees can with safety return to their homes and the normal conditions of life be resumed. The Boers under De Wet, Botha, Delarey, and other commanders of less note, are still in the field. Their mobility is as remarkable as ever, while the number of men they still appear to have under arms and the boldness and success of their operations elicit surprise everywhere, and give much trouble to the British generals. No doubt the Boer commandants have been making the most of their forces and their opportunities, with a view to the effect that their movements might have in connection with Mr. Kruger's arrival in Europe and his appeal to European Governments for intervention, and the South African despatches which, in the interests of journalism, have been making the most of the Boer movements have also done them valuable service. Some military men of reputation in London are said to consider Lord Roberts' more recent bulletins, keeping the world informed of the progress of the guerilla warfare in the Transvaal and the Orange State, a mistake. They think that a state of peace should have been proclaimed after the Boer resistance had taken on a merely guerilla character, and that the advertising to the world of any small successes which the Boers have lately achieved is a gratuitous encouragement to them to prolong their resistance. Lord Roberts is now surrendering the chief command to Lord Kitchener who has been promoted to the rank of Lieut. General. Under his directorship the world will probably hear much less of what is going on, and it appears to be understood that he will employ severe measures with a view to reducing

the Boers to subjection as soon as possible. Such measures seem to be justifiable—if the war is justifiable at all—by the stubborn determination of the Boers not to accept defeat and their continuation of a hopeless and bootless struggle. There is however the recognized danger that severe measures towards the Boer guerillas may so excite the Dutch population of Cape Colony as to lead to serious trouble there. There is, no doubt, a disposition on the part of many of the Cape Dutch to show active sympathy for the insurgents. Altogether it is very apparent that the task of bringing the war to an end has its unpleasant and embarrassing features. The prospect of a condition of affairs in South Africa which will mean peace in reality as well as in name is not so near as could be desired.

The Opposition
Leaders.

It will be generally admitted to be desirable that men of high character and ability and of ripe parliamentary experience should obtain seats in Parliament, irrespective of the party to which they may belong. It is quite possible that there are times when the leader of an Opposition is able to render more valuable service to his country than the leader of a Government, and it is possible also that a leader of an Opposition may be exerting a larger and more valuable influence in that position than he could if he were himself in a position to control directly the political policy of the country. The Montreal Witness quite truly remarks that, "to those who take a view of public affairs superior to party, the exclusion of such men as Mr. Bergeron and Hon. George E. Foster from Parliament must appear as a distinct loss to the country. They are not only representative men in the fullest sense of the term, but also parliamentarians of training and skill, who bring to the discussion of public affairs intellectual familiarity with the complex interests likely to be affected by legislation. It is therefore to be hoped that the Opposition will be able to arrange matters so that both these Conservative leaders may find seats." There are probably members on the Conservative side, who are willing to retire in favor of the gentlemen named. But a member of the Canadian House of Commons can resign his seat only to the Speaker of the House, and in the present instance that cannot take place until Parliament shall assemble and a Speaker be appointed.

The Constitution
and the Flag

The relation of the lately acquired possessions of the United States to the nation and its constitution is a question involving some serious considerations and practical difficulties. The question is, are these possessions—Porto Rico for instance—to be regarded as dependencies of the nation, to be governed by Congress, by extra-constitutional methods, or do they, by virtue of acquisition, become in the fullest sense a part of the United States. Does the United States tariff constitutionally apply in Porto Rico as truly as it does in Pennsylvania, and is the Porto-Rican a citizen of the United States in the same sense that the Pennsylvanian or the New Yorker is? Different views and doctrines on these points are put forward. Mr. W. J. Bryan is the prominent representative of a party which contends that "the constitution follows the flag" and that the United States is as much bound by the provisions of the constitution in enacting and administering law in Porto Rico as in any part of the United States. The McKinley administration, on the other hand, has adopted and acted upon the view that the constitution does not necessarily follow the flag, that the newly acquired territories are rather to be regarded as dependencies of the nation, to be governed according to the wisdom of Congress, and that therefore it is not necessary to apply to Porto Rico the provisions of the United States tariff. The question involved is regarded, it appears, as a constitutional one—that is the constitution itself is

A Possible
Explanation.

supposed to decide the limits of its application, and the Supreme Court of the United States, as the constitutional interpreter of the constitution, is to take the question into consideration on the 17th of the present month.

As Englishmen read of the kind of triumphal march which Mr. Paul Kruger has been making in France, the reception accorded him by the official heads of the nation, the government and the municipalities, it naturally occurs to them to ask, why did not the British Government notify France and other European powers of the annexation of the Transvaal and the Orange State, and thereby make demonstrations, so flattering to the Boer leaders and so offensive to the people of Britain, impossible? It is suggested by way of explanation, and not without plausibility, that it was out of consideration for the French Government, which on the whole has acted a friendly part toward Great Britain in connection with the war, that Lord Salisbury has refrained from notifying the Powers of the annexation of the Boer republics. For, it is said that, in view of the strong anti-British and pro-Boer feeling among the French people, a refusal on the part of the French Ministry to show official courtesy to Mr. Kruger would have involved that Ministry's downfall. But as the French Government is still in an official sense ignorant, that in the view of Britain, the South African Republic has ceased to exist and the Transvaal country has become a part of British territory, it can still treat Mr. Kruger as the official head of that Republic without a breach of diplomatic courtesy toward England. Lord Salisbury, it is said, studies the politics of foreign capitals, and sometimes makes it easy for a Government with which he is in sympathy to escape disaster. So we are to understand that Lord Salisbury consented to the present tail-twisting performance across the channel, on the ground that the British Lion can submit to it with equanimity, while it is affording immense relief to the perturbed spirit of France.

China.

Despatches respecting Chinese affairs received during the week, indicate small progress in the direction of effecting a settlement between China and the negotiating powers. According to some accounts the Emperor is willing to return from Sian Fu to Peking, and there is a probability that the return will take place, but it is said that the return of the court to Peking would not be agreeable to Li Hung Chang, who believes he can work to better advantage with the representatives of the Powers in the absence of the Emperor and the Empress Dowager. On the other hand, it is reported, on the authority of the Chinese Minister at Berlin, that the Emperor and Empress are virtually prisoners in the hands of Prince Tuan and General Tung Fu Sian. Prince Tuan and the Empress Dowager are no doubt more responsible for the Boxer uprising than any other two persons in China. The court is therefore, it is said, unable to go to Peking even if inclined to do so. Besides, the long journey from Sian Fu to Peking, now that the snow is on the ground, is almost impossible with the vehicles in use in these primitive districts. Starving out the court, which has been suggested, is not feasible. The allies will be unable to carry out such a measure. However, even if it were possible, the provinces would rise in a body for the court's defence. The worst feature is that the court has lost confidence in Li Hung Chang and Prince Ching, who have demonstrated their impotence to deal properly with the invading powers. Under these circumstances it is certain the Chinese troubles cannot be adjusted before spring or summer.

The latest despatches from South Africa tell of heavy fighting between the Boers under General De Wet, Viljoen and Erasmus and the British forces under Generals Pilcher and Knox. The fighting at Rietfontein was very severe, the Boers making a most stubborn stand and inflicting considerable loss upon the British. The Boers are reported to have been finally driven from their positions with heavy loss, but a full account of the results of the fighting has not yet been received.

The recent bulletins in regard to the condition of the Czar have been entirely favorable, and there appears to be every reason to believe that the royal patient is now convalescent.

The Four Crucifixions.

H. P. WELTON, D. D., IMMANUEL CHURCH, TORONTO.

1 Cor. 1:18.—For the preaching of the cross is to them that are perishing, foolishness, but unto us which are being saved, it is the power of God.

By common consent, and according to the universal sense of the fitness of things, the cross has from the earliest times stood as the recognized symbol of Christianity. I do not consent that it should be conceded to be the symbol of one church. The cross is too sacred for that. To take it as the symbol of Roman Catholicism, is a theft only equalled by the assumption that the church of Jesus Christ means the church of Rome.

The cross stands for the Christianity of Christ and the apostles, and none have any right to use it as their standard and symbol, save those who hold and hold forth the great essential truths which constitute the foundation and structure of the Christian faith and life and hope.

The cross is such a standard, not so much because of the manner in which Christ died—that was merely incidental—but because crucifixion is something that runs through the whole system of Christian truth and life. There are crosses, other than that of Calvary, or of history, and I want to show you this morning the place that crucifixion occupies and why the cross is a fit symbol of Christianity. I shall speak of four crucifixions.

I. The Crucifixion of Christ. I do not need to dwell long upon this, because it is perhaps the most familiar thing in Christian teaching. We all know that Christ was crucified, and that in some way that is connected with our salvation. And yet comparatively few of those who ascent to this and wear the cross as a jewel to adorn their persons, ever comprehend the meaning of those words, "to them that are saved it is the power of God."

The cross does not mean simply a manner of death. It is not simply because our Lord died upon it, that it is sacred. The cross means the execution of the death penalty upon a condemned criminal. The scaffold means more than a mode of death. It carries with it shame and disgrace, because it is a judicial execution. It also means the full satisfaction of the law for the crime for which the victim suffers. So the crucifixion of Christ means the final and eternal judgment of the sin for which he was executed.

But he bore the sin of the world, so that any sinner may avail himself of it, and see in that judicial death and final judgment of all his sins. Oh, that we might all take this in, and comprehend all that it means. May the Holy Spirit show it to us. If Jesus died for me, then all the sin of my life has been judged, and never again can it rise up, or be laid to my charge.

The cross of Christ can never be repeated. It is a perversion of the vital principle of Christianity that teaches a daily sacrifice for sin. One has written of the spread of Christianity over the world as a time when there should be a "Christian altar among every kindred and people and language upon the globe, and the sacrifice of Calvary daily offered upon it." This would deny the value of the cross of Calvary, and degrade it to the level of the daily Jewish sacrifices, "which could never take away sin," otherwise "would they not have ceased to be offered? because the worshipper once purged would have had no more conscience of sins." This is the great falsehood of the daily mass of the Roman Church which is a pretended repetition of the sacrifice of Calvary instead of a simple memorial of a once for all accomplished work, like our Lord's Supper.

Let us try to take in this first crucifixion. "After he had offered one sacrifice for sins forever, sat down on the right hand of God." Then by the cross of Christ my sins were forever judged. They can never, never again rise up in judgment against me. This is what the crucifixion of Christ means.

II. Our Own Crucifixion. Not only was Christ crucified for us, but we were crucified in him. This is something different and additional. "I was crucified with Christ," Gal. 2:20. This is a deep and profound truth, yet it is one of the essential truths of Christianity. My old nature, that "is empty against God," and "not subject to the law of God neither indeed can be," was joined to Christ, and nailed to the cross in him; and there it died, so far as law is concerned—judicially died—so that the government of God no longer knows it as existing. This is our crucifixion. It is as completed a thing as the crucifixion of Christ, in which it was jointly accomplished.

This truth implies the terrible condition of man in the flesh. It could not be improved, it must be put entirely out of the way. Martin Luther very truly says, "What sacrilege to take down what has been nailed to the cross and think to patch it up that it may get into heaven." Yet this is what man is ever trying to do, who does not see this second crucifixion. Reforming the life, becoming religious, observing forms, all schemes for bettering man in the flesh, while they do improve society and the state, can never make man's nature fit for heaven, or even able to enjoy it, if admitted there. Therefore God disposed of it—nailed it to the cross—crucified it.

Out of this crucifixion and death, to those who believe and accept it, he has caused to come forth as by resurrection, through the Holy Spirit, a new nature, in entire

harmony with heaven. This is the new birth, without which no man can see the kingdom of God.

The soul can never have true peace, nor enjoy fellowship with God, till the truth of the second crucifixion is apprehended. The consciousness of a sinful nature within will ever mar our communion, till we understand that the cross was not only the end of Christ's earthly life, but was also the end before God, judicially, of the nature in us that sins—the old man.

So important is this truth in the Christian system that Christ instituted an ordinance to set it forth in visible form. Baptism shows forth this second crucifixion. "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised from the dead by the glory of the Father, so we also should walk in newness of life," Rom. 6:4. This was said in explanation of our being dead with Christ, and no longer continue in sin. So also in token of our crucifixion and death with Christ he says: "Having been buried with him in baptism wherein ye were also raised with him, through faith in the working of God who raised him from the dead," Col. 2:12, R. V. That this second crucifixion might be shown forth in visible symbol, he commanded that every one who apprehends it should signify it by the ordinance. Do you see it? Have you done it?

III. The Crucifixion of the Flesh. Beginning with the cross of Christ, these crucifixions come nearer to our own lives and experiences. Because Christ was crucified for us, and we were crucified with him, therefore we are told to crucify our own fleshly natures with their desires. "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts," Gal. 5:14. This is the believer's own work. It is because we are dead that we are told to "mortify your members which are upon the earth," Col. 3:5. To mortify means to put in the place of death.

Notwithstanding the truth of the second crucifixion, that we are judicially crucified with Christ, yet experimentally we know the flesh still lives in us, and seeks to take control of our lives. Hence this third crucifixion. Because of the former, therefore, put the passions and lusts of the flesh in place of death, and by continued watching keep them there.

How is this to be done? Not so much by giving direct attention to them, and letting our minds dwell upon them. The more we are occupied with the truth of the first and second crucifixions, especially the second, the more willingly shall we deny the demands of the flesh. When the question is asked, "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound?" Paul gives the strongest and most effective answer, "How shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?" Rom. 6:1, 2. Buried with Christ in baptism, and raised with him to walk in newness of life, we are to "reckon ourselves to be dead indeed unto sin, but alive unto God through Jesus Christ our Lord." "Let not sin therefore reign in your mortal bodies that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof," Rom. 6:11, 12. The more we realize what the death of Christ was to us, the more incongruous it will appear to take down from the cross what God has nailed there, to let it live again in us. What did our baptism mean? With these thoughts in our minds we shall the more readily consign to the place of death and silence every uprising of the fleshly lusts. This is the third crucifixion.

IV. The Crucifixion of the World. The fourth crucifixion is two-fold. It is the crucifixion of the world to the believer, and the believer to the world. "The world is crucified unto me; and I unto the world," Gal. 6:14. Oh, the cross goes through everything. Once let it in, by accepting the redemption which the cross of Christ secured, it will not stop till it has made a clean sweep, and a complete separation between us and all things outside of the kingdom of heaven.

As the carnal nature within us is not in harmony with God and must be crucified, so it is with the world in which we live. "All that is in the world . . . is not of the Father." Therefore it also must go upon the cross and find its end, for those who are crucified with Christ "are not of the world, even as he is not of the world."

How can we crucify the world? Very much as we do the flesh within us. To be occupied with Christ will cause the world to drop out of our hearts. When Mary sat at Jesus' feet, absorbed with his words, Martha had great difficulty to interest her in the cares and troubles of the house. So they who are occupied with Christ are drawn away from the spirit of the world which prevails without.

Remember that it was the world that crucified our Lord. But you say that was a long time ago when the world was in the darkness of ignorance. Ah, the world has not changed its spirit, nor its opinion about Christ. It knows his name, but it has no more room for him as Lord than it had in the days of Pilate, and the rulers at Jerusalem. It says today as it says then, "Away with him, let him be crucified." Can you join fellowship with the murderers of your Lord? Why were the disciples assembled by themselves apart from all others on the night of the crucifixion, while the body lay in the tomb? Ah, the world had crucified him in whom they trusted, and the cross stood between them and all fellowship with it. Think of the world's treatment of

Christ today, and it will grow upon you that the cross of Christ was also the crucifixion of the world to you, and of you to the world. To be in fellowship with the world is to join hands with the murderers of your Lord, "Therefore whosoever will be a friend of the world maketh himself the enemy of God." Jas. 4:4, (R. V.)

I know how hard it is to part company with the world. But the more fully the world is crucified unto us and we unto the world, the more ready are we for death or to meet the Lord at his coming. Why is it so hard to die? Why do we shrink from it? Not because of physical suffering, for this is less than in sickness. It is a cessation from pain, and for that it would be welcomed. But the pain of dying is because the work of the world's crucifixion is not yet complete. In some degrees the world still lives in us. This fourth crucifixion has not been fully accomplished. But it comes at the death-bed. Then at last the world goes upon the cross, and our crucifixion to the world is completed, and this is the pain of dying. It is the last cross. If it has been fully done before death comes, then death will be without a shade of sadness. All will be joy and peace. You have seen such deaths. I can take you to the bedside of a dying girl today—within easy walk of this place—who has long been waiting for her summons, and the peace and joy are perfect. They light up her face as she smilingly talks of her coming departure, and never for a moment is there any thought of sadness in that room. Even the physical pain, which is constant, never interrupts the sunlight which fills the soul. Why is this? It is because she has come to the place where the world is absolutely crucified to her. It is this that makes the Christian's death-bed happy. When the world is fully yielded, and not a cord remains to bind him to it, then the four-fold crucifixion is complete, and nothing remains but life in Christ, and the joy that can never cease. Just in proportion as we approach this in life, will our happiness and peace be, while we remain in the world.

This is the meaning of the cross, and the preaching of the cross which is foolishness to them that perish, but the power of God to the saved, is not the story of Calvary alone, but the unfolding of the great vital truths of Christianity contained in these four crucifixions. They are summed up as follows:

1. The Crucifixion of Christ—Our Redemption.
2. The Crucifixion with Christ—Our Regeneration.
3. The Crucifixion of the flesh—Our Sanctification.
4. The Crucifixion of the world—Our Separation.

—Canadian Baptist.

The Relation of Doctrine to Christian Conduct.

REV. W. H. ROBINSON, M. A.

To-day with so many new methods of Christian service and so much new machinery, to-day with "work, work," as the watchword, there is a strong tendency to relegate doctrine to the background, if not out of sight altogether, and of striving to adorn the tree with fruit, while we neglect to find the roots of the tree. The cry to-day is for the "Ethics of the Christian system."

As one noted divine has recently said, "Not theology; but sociology is the business of religion." Give us, they say in this practical age—these days of bustle and hurry, the sound life and never mind the doctrines. "Men are not saved by their opinions, but by their lives," we are told. True, sound life is what we are after—what the world of suffering humanity needs, but how to get it is the question.

Paul in his letters to Timothy and Titus makes much of "sound doctrine." Now the word "sound" in its literal sense, signifies health-giving. "Sound doctrine" then, is doctrine or teaching which produces health of soul. When we get soul health, we get the sound life. If Paul uses his language with discrimination, then there is an organic relation between doctrine and Christian conduct.

Doctrine is to the soul what iron is to the blood, what phosphates to the brain, what beef to the muscles. That is a very bold conception of the relation of doctrine to the Christian life in Rom. 6:17 where the apostle speaks of the "form or mould of doctrine" (teaching) to which these believers had been handed over. Doctrine is here set forth as the die or mould. The idea is that these Christians at Rome had yielded themselves to the apostolic teaching like molten metal to the mould. It is not that they hold the doctrine as we often say, but that the doctrine holds and shapes them, as the mould the liquid iron. The mould that holds the molten ore has something to do with shaping the iron—something essential, so the doctrines, to which your moral being has been delivered, have something fundamental to do with fashioning your character. The relation then of doctrine to your daily walk is more than what may be called mechanical, as the relation of potatoes thrown together in a cart it is rather indispensable, as the pattern to the molten iron, as the granite foundation to the superstructure, or, as more, it is vital, as the roots to the tree, as wholesome food to a sound body

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If doctrine is to Ethics or Practical Christianity, what the stone foundation walls to the massive building, what the model to the glowing ore, what the roots to the great tree laden with fruit, then the time has not yet come when doctrinal preaching can be ignored or brushed aside with impunity.

Paul lifts us to a great height in Ethics in the 12th chapter of Romans—the highest Ethics ever written,—but it is after he has laid a foundation of granite in atoning blood, and in Christ's imputed and imparted righteousness by God's free grace through faith. Eleven chapters of this epistle are given up to the unfolding of doctrine—to the laying of a platform of solid masonry on which he may erect a structure of Christian conduct so exalted that it ever has been the admiration of all mankind.

Listen to the apostle as he writes: "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice," etc., (Romans 12:1 etc.) Paul's "therefore" means something. It is the link binding together the doctrines of divine grace which precede, with the purest and noblest Ethics the world has ever seen. The first eleven chapters of Rom. stand in relation to the Christian duties set forth in the 12th, as the great stone pillars deeply imbedded in the earth stand in relation to that lofty and wonderful structure, the Eiffel Tower—the pride of Paris.

Paul couldn't write the 12th chapter—that manual of Christian conduct, till he had first penned the eleven preceding.

Take again the epistle to the Ephesians as an illustration of the way Paul shows the fundamental relation between doctrine and conduct. The key-thought of this latter is a heavenly walk. But in order to get this heavenly walk, the apostle must first lay a deep and sure foundation of the doctrines of grace—of God's sovereignty, foreordination, election, total depravity and unmerited love. Three chapters of this epistle are devoted to doctrine, then follows the exhortation to a holy walk. The apostle seems to pause as he finishes the third chapter. He looks back, he calls up what he has said. He has just shown these Christians what the riches of God's grace has done for them—their election according to the eternal purpose of the Father, their redemption by blood, sealing by Holy Spirit, and their fellowship with Christ in His death, resurrection and ascension. He can go no further without applying these humbling, invigorating and sanctifying truths to the daily life. So he takes up his pen and writes, "I therefore, (in view of what I have written) beseech you that ye walk worthy of the calling wherewith ye are called," (ch. 4:1). But note this fact. Before Paul can get these Christians to walk worthy, he must first show them how high their calling is, before he urges upon them holy duties he must needs show them that they are already holy in God's sight, and before he entreats for the heavenly life, he must make them see, that in the mind of God, they are already seated in the heavenly places by virtue of their union with Christ.

The apostle first by the revealing of doctrines carries these believers up from the depths of sin and shame to the very throne of God—seats them with Christ in the heavenlies, then in the fourth and following chapters he brings them back again to the world, and tells them how God, in view of such love and grace, expects them to live as husbands and wives and children, as masters and servants. In chapters four, five and six, these Christians are exhorted to exalted duties, but Paul has first shown them by sound doctrine, that their standing before God is a most exalted one.

It is in this same way that the apostle seeks to lift up the "carnal" members of the church at Corinth. They were regenerated, but living far beneath their privileges. He begins to raise them out of the slough of evil habits, by putting under their feet a solid foundation of the doctrines of justification and of the indwelling Spirit. He shows them what God's grace has already done for them, how high and holy their condition in the mind of God, and how glorious is his purpose concerning them. Thus he writes:—"But ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the spirit of our God. What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you," and etc. (1 Cor. 6:11, 19.) When Paul has stated these wonderful truths and declared the fact that they share in them, then he has placed under their sinking, tottering feet marble slabs by which they may walk up out of their sin and uncleanness. It is the belief of these objective truths, which give inspiration, vigor and courage to the subjective or inner life.

And when the inner life is invigorated, then the outer life or daily walk presses itself heavenward. It has been truly said, "The first concern for a people is not for its deeds, but for its ideals. Let the ideals be high, and they will be heroically illustrated; let the ideals be low, and the actions will be on a low plane." The doctrines of grace not only set our ideals high, but reveal the strongest of motives for following these ideals.

A devout and foremost preacher of our day has said, "That every spiritual uplift in his life has come from some new view of divine truth." If this be true, then to

raise Christians to a higher plane of thought and action, they need continually to be getting new visions of God and his will through a new insight into his word. That means a clearer, deeper, broader conception of the doctrines of the cross will vitally affect the life of the believer.

What then is the outcome of what we have said? It is this: If we want to lift up the daily walk of our members, if we want a more faithful discharge of Christian duties, if we want a better type of believers, then let us in the pulpit follow the example of Paul in the presentation of doctrine. It is of little use to preach upon, and to seek to enforce moral and religious obligations, unless you reveal the motive and the power. It is of little use to hammer away even at Christian men and women about holier living and separation from the world, about enlarged beneficence, increased zeal and self-denial, unless you go back of all, and show them what they are in God's thought, what his love has done for them and what are his gracious purposes concerning them. The gardener might as well scold his plants for not putting forth blossoms and filling the air with their fragrance, when he keeps them shut up in his cellar. Let him bring them out into the warm sunlight, and the buds will swell and spontaneously burst into bloom and beauty.

So hold up before the Christian Christ's work on his behalf; let the doctrines of infinite love fall upon his heart and reach the roots of his being as the summer's sun and rain go down to the roots of the plants, and a rich fruitage of righteousness will appear in his life. Show a believer that he is a king in the sight of God, let him see that fact, then you will not have to keep entreating and exhorting him to put on a king's garb before his fellowmen—he will naturally seek for a king's dress. But if he thinks he is only a slave in God's household, no amount of persuasion or reproof will prevail to make him put on a prince's apparel, and even if he should put it on, he will feel uncomfortable in it. It may take you some time to convince him that he is a king before God—and this must be done by the unfolding of doctrine, but when you have made him see his true position in God's family, then you have exalted his life, and that is your ultimate aim.

This striving to do our duty, this driving of ourselves to level up our conduct to Christ's standard is terribly hard work, unless we feel the inward impulse and upward lift that sound doctrine brings to the soul.

As pastors, I firmly believe we will get more and better fruit from our membership, if we give more heed to the watering and feeding the roots of the tree of Christian conduct, and spend less of our energies in shaking the tree and beating the branches.

In a word we want a revival of doctrinal preaching—the Pauline doctrines of grace undiluted.

Antigonish, N. S.

Address at the Funeral of the Late Judge Johnston, of Dartmouth.

BY REV. DR. TROTTER, PRESIDENT OF ACADIA COLLEGE.

Doctor Trotter said:—As the Rev. Dr. Kempton, the pastor of the deceased, is to follow me, it will not be appropriate for me to occupy more than a few minutes on this occasion. I am not present as one who has had a long and intimate acquaintance with our deceased brother,—that has not been my privilege; neither am I present as a stranger. The few years that I have spent in this province have been concurrent with the latest and, naturally, the least active years of Judge Johnston's life. I have, however, enjoyed the hospitality of his home, and on a number of occasions, have met him in connection with the official life and public celebrations of Acadia College. I am here, therefore, not without keen personal interest in the occasion. I have been asked to speak, however, chiefly because of my official position as President of Acadia College. I very much regret that my honored predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Sawyer, could not be here to-day, owing to advancing years and some physical indisposition. Were he here he would be able, out of his long acquaintance with Judge Johnston and the course of denominational and public affairs, to speak with a largeness of information and scope of reminiscence that are not possible to myself with my limited acquaintanceship. It would, however, be strange if some one connected with the college did not in a representative capacity speak some word here to-day, for two reasons:

Judge Johnston has for many years past taken a keen interest, not only in the local church in which he has had his membership, but also in all the work of the Baptist denomination. Well, the College is the most conspicuous symbol of the unity of the denomination, it represents one of the most important forms of the denomination's work, and one of the most gracious fruits of its life. The College is the centre where the life of the denomination has received much of its highest discipline and development, and from which potent streams of influence have been issuing in ever-increasing volume to enrich and strengthen every form of denominational

enterprise. If, therefore, there was to be any recognition by the denomination as such of the passing of our brother, that could be furnished perhaps most appropriately by the college giving its presence and speaking its word.

But in addition to this general reason, it is fitting that the college should be represented here to-day because of Judge Johnston's direct and intimate connection with it throughout his life. He was cradled in devotion to the college. His father, the Hon. J. W. Johnston, was the active founder of the college. Not only was he the head of the government which gave to the Baptist people of this province their college charter, but as a public advocate of collegiate education under Christian auspices, as the privilege and obligation of the Baptist churches, his influence was the paramount influence in bringing the college into existence. Having been born of such parentage and nurtured under such influence we are not surprised to find our brother who has just passed away registered at the age of seventeen among the first students at Acadia College. In 1843 he was graduated as a member of the first class sent forth from its halls. Having passed into public life his devotion to his alma mater continued unabated. As a member of the Senate, and as a Governor of the College, he rendered intelligent, unremitting, and highly valuable service through many years. At the annual celebrations his presence could be counted on. Even as late as a year ago last June, though becoming infirm with years, he was present at the Commemorative exercises, and consented to make a brief address.

In view of these facts it will be seen that for sixty years past Judge Johnston's life has been interwoven with the life and work of Acadia College, and that it is most fitting that the college should note the passing of one of her most devoted sons. Reminding myself, then, that I am speaking in a representative capacity, that I am speaking for the Alumni, for the Senate, for the Governors, for the professoriate, for the students, yes, and for all those interests throughout the land to which the college has so effectively ministered—speaking for these I pay my humble homage to the cultured, simple, pure, honorable and useful life which has just closed.

Having paid this brief tribute, I go a step further, and beg to extend to those who have been nearest and dearest to the departed my congratulations. Does the word "congratulations" seem out of place on such an occasion? Surely it is not so. There is ground for congratulation in that the life which has vanished was spared so long, that it was not cut off in the early years, or even at the meridian, but was encompassed with the divine care, and was continued until the years had reached their full measure. There is ground for congratulation also that these many years were filled with a quality of life which can be contemplated with thankfulness and satisfaction. Finally, there is ground for congratulation in the fact that being called to contemplate our brother's death, we are contemplating the death of a Christian. As the import of that word breaks over the mind of one who believes in the Christian verities how the soul lifts up herself and exalts! When I say "Christian" I am not thinking of a nominal Christian who merely wears that name as one might wear any other external badge. I am thinking of a man who by the grace of the Divine Spirit has become sensible of the sinfulness of sin, of the leprosy of his own heart, and who also by the same Spirit has been brought to the apprehension and acceptance by the faith of the redeeming grace of God in our Lord Jesus Christ, a man who has become possessed of a new divine life through the gospel of the Son of God, and in whom that life reigns unto righteousness. If what Dr. Kempton has said about that beautiful hymn of Horatius Bonar's is true, if our departed brother loved that hymn as a confession of his own faith, and, day by day as he faced the end, asked for the reading of it, and would rejoice in its sentiments, he was a Christian in the sense which I have described, and we are contemplating in truth the death of a Christian. As we do this, and then turn our thoughts to the future, what great words come to us out of the past to transfigure this scene. The poet sings:

"There is no death! What seems so is transition.
This life of mortal breath
Is but the suburb of the life elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

That is literal truth in respect to the Christian, for the Lord Jesus said: "He that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Then there are those other great words of Christ, just quoted in the prayer of our brother, "In my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you; I go to prepare a place for you, and if I go and prepare a place for you I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also." And those other great words of the apostle, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Aye, it is a Christian's death we are contemplating, and that means "gain." It means the perfecting of knowledge, the open vision of God, the seeing no longer through a glass darkly, but face to face; it means complete emancipation from the presence and power of sin; it means perfect conformity to the image of the holy One; it means eternal service under the sinless and exalted conditions of the heavenly life. Instead of congratulations being out of place when a Christian dies, if the Christian verities are verities indeed, it is a supreme occasion for just that thing.

I am well aware, however, that if faith be ever so strong in the things of Christ, and those things of which I have spoken be most surely believed, the exultancy of a time like this will be an exultancy mixed with sorrow. When a life inexpressibly dear to an immediate circle of friends, a life with which their own has been closely interwoven, is removed, and instead of a full, constant, radiating presence, there is left only an empty chair, and the sense of irreparable loss, sorrow is inevitable; and so while I bring my tribute, and my congratulations, I bring also a message of tender and heartfelt sympathy, praying that in the hearts of the bereaved the comforts of God may abound.

Messenger and Visitor

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The Has Beens.

It is sad to think of vanished greatness—to look upon something which has been stripped of the power and beauty that had made it the admiration of men. It is pathetic to contemplate a city that once was full of majesty and strength, but now is fallen to decay—its mighty walls and buildings, with all the evidences of its greatness and its glory, laid in ruins. It is sad to think of nations and civilizations that once were potent and illustrious—now no more. "Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage—where are they?" They are illustrious names, they were mighty in their day and something of their influence for good or evil survives in the nations and the civilization of the present but their glory and their might are among the things that have been and will not be again.

There is a pathos connected with a contemplation of the passing of the brief glory of our northern summer. The trees that were so richly clothed with the living beauty of their foliage now stretch bare arms heaven-ward, as if in mournful protest against the sad fate which has stripped them of their glory. The orchards that were redolent with blossoms in June and yielded their golden fruitage in the autumn, the meadows where the soft grasses grew and the cattle fed, the hill-sides where in the spring the grain grew luxuriantly, and ripened in silver and gold in the summer's prime,—all are bare and barren now, swept by fierce December winds that seem to be singing the requiem of the glory that has been.

And then there is the deeper pathos connected with the fading glory of the human life. There are faces that remind us that they once were beautiful, forms that we know were once the embodiment of lonesome grace, but the beauty of form and face has become reminiscent now. We see men with bowed form and infirm step walking on our streets, and we know, as we look upon them, that years ago they moved among their fellows with lithe and powerful step, magnificent specimens of physical manhood. Now the strong forms are bowed and tottering, the fire has gone out of the eye, the strength from the sinews, the heat from the blood. We speak to them, and their talk is of the past. They tell us of the feats which they and their companions did in the brave days of old. One by one as the years pass we miss them from the streets, and they come no more.

Still more pathetic is the decay of intellectual vigor, when the man who, by virtue of eminent mental endowments, has been a leader among his fellows, giving direction to their thought and action, loses his mental vigor and supremacy, so that men no longer look up to him for direction, nor shape their thoughts by his. To see a once powerful intellect losing its kingly power and, overborne by the weight of years and infirmities, sinking into childishness and imbecility, is one of the most sadly pathetic things that comes within the range of human experience.

But saddest of all is it when the departed glory is that of the spiritual life. If we must say of one's prayer and praise, of his faith and service toward God, his devotion to truth, his witness for Christ, that they were, but are not, it is to say that he has failed in that which was highest and noblest and most significant of his manhood. Sad, past description, is it if the pilgrim who had set out for the Celestial City turns again to the City of Destruction, if the light that in some life shone as a bright beacon fails, and the fire of love that glowed in the heart smoulders in ashes, if the face that reflected the light of holy love and joy and peace is darkened with earthly passion, and the voice that was eloquent with the praises of God learns to speak ribaldry and blasphemy, and "Ichabod" is written on a Christian profession.

There are many who while they have not, it is

hoped, made utter shipwreck of faith or denied the Lord who redeemed them, have yet failed sadly to keep alive the glow and gladness and power of their spiritual life, and whose testimony for Christ in word and deed is far from being what it once was—what it might be. For the sources of spiritual strength are eternal and inexhaustible. The grass withers, the flower fades. The most stalwart frame and the mighty brain fall into ruin at length. But the Word of the Lord endures forever, and the soul whose strength is fed upon the Bread of Life shall never fail. What a glorious change would come to our churches if all the smouldering fires should glow again as of old, if all the cold hearts should be filled again with holy desire and all the silent voices should become vocal again with the earnest testimony of grateful hearts.

Editorial Notes.

—Dr. Alexander MacLaren of Manchester has been suffering with a severe cold and on a recent Sunday a fit of coughing forced him to leave the pulpit in the midst of the service. Everyone will be glad to know that the great preacher is better and able to resume his customary ministrations.

—It is our painful duty to publish the report which appears in another column of the action of a Church Council lately held at Wolfville. The matter with which the council had to deal is one that has brought reproach upon the cause of God, has caused pain in many Christian hearts and deep sorrow in some. Further comment is unnecessary. The lesson is written so large that all may read. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

—The number of persons baptized by the late Rev. J. W. S. Young has been stated as 2,500. In reference to this Bro. J. W. Webber of St. Andrews writes us that he had learned from Bro. Young, shortly before his death, that before he came to St. Andrews he had baptized 2,970 persons. After that he baptized at St. Andrews, Bayside and Bocabec 22 in all, making the whole number 2,992.

—We are asked as to the correctness of an interpretation which makes the word "all" in our Lord's words:—"Drink ye all of it"—(Matt. 26; 27). Refer to the contents of the cup which he was presenting to his disciples. Such an interpretation is entirely incorrect. The words as they stand in English are ambiguous, but the original Greek text shows very clearly that the meaning is that all the disciples should drink from the cup.

—A mummy discovered last winter by M. Lortet in Thebes, is believed by some Egyptian scholars to be that of Menephtah, the Pharaoh of the Exodus. It was discovered, with several other royal mummies, in an inner chamber connected with the tomb of Amenophis II, of the Eighteenth dynasty of Egyptian kings. The supposed mummy of Menephtah now reposes in the museum at Ghizeh, where some years ago the mummy of Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the Oppression, found place.

—The MESSENGER AND VISITOR's general agent, Mr. J. F. Black, has met with a very kind reception in the places so far visited and has sent in a number of new subscriptions. He expects to spend the present month in a canvass of the counties of Westmorland and Albert. Any assistance that pastors or other brethren may be able to render him in his work will be highly appreciated by us. Mr. Black will also collect accounts due the paper, and we trust that all our subscribers in the counties named will endeavor to have the amount due ready for him when he shall call.

—Alluding to the Baptist Congress, the annual session of which was held November 21-22 in Richmond, Va., the Watchman whose editor, Dr. Horr, was present at the meeting, says that it well sustained its reputation as an inspiring and thought-provoking assemblage of representative men. The notion that the speakers and writers at these meetings are largely cranks, it says, would be speedily dispelled if those who entertain it attended the meetings of the Congress, and so were in a position to know at first hand what they were talking about.

—A story recently went the rounds of the press, eliciting wise comment in various quarters, to the effect that, the employment of slang and other objectionable language by Professor Thatcher of Chicago University, had become so offensive to students attending his lectures that they had addressed to him a letter of remonstrance on the subject, that a letter from Mr. Rockefeller in reference to the matter was read by President Harper to the Faculty, etc. It is now declared on the authority of Professor Shaler Mathews of the University, that these statements were principally, if not entirely, the invention of a certain Chicago newspaper which is manufacturing news to suit its own hysterical taste, that the excitement over the matter is one of a class caused by the determination of student reporters to fill space in the daily papers, and is of a piece with the story of President Harper living on fifteen cents a day.

—Dr. Alexander Whyte takes, as the subject of one of his recently published sermons on Bible Characters, Eutychus, the young man who fell asleep during Paul's long sermon at Troas, and in his sleep fell from the upper window in which he was sitting and was taken up dead. To most preachers the text would hardly seem to be a fruitful one, but Dr. Whyte manages to get a good deal from it, principally however through what it suggests rather than through what it teaches. Thus in one paragraph of his discourse he is led to say to his hearers: "I never see any of you fall asleep at a municipal or political election time. No, not though the speaking goes on till midnight. And yet I do not know that the oratory of

the candidates and their friends is so much better than the oratory of the pulpit. But this is it. Your own passions are all on fire in politics, whereas you are all so many Laodiceans in religion. Yea, what carefulness your politics work in you; yea, what clearing of yourselves; yea, what indignation; yea, what fear; yea, what vehement desire; yea, what zeal; yea, what revenge. So much so that the poorest speaker on the party platform will have no difficulty in keeping your blood up to the boiling point." At the same time Dr. Whyte frankly admits that "few preachers preach with the passion and with the issues at stake that the politicians or even the play-actors speak. And thus on the whole the sum of the matter is this,—that what between too long sermons and too cold the blame lies largely at every preacher's door."

The Man That Stopped Christ.

Mark 10:46-52

BY DR. ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

This incident is invested with great additional pathos and beauty if we remember that it took place on that last solemn journey to Jerusalem, during which Jesus exhibited such tension of spirit, as he pressed towards his cross, that the disciples followed him "afraid" as they looked at the face set as a flint. But the cry of need could arrest even that urgent march.

A blind beggar by the roadside was, and is, a usual accompaniment of any town scene in Palestine. But this one was not a common man, and he has had an uncommon fate. He is the only subject of a miracle in this Gospel whose name is given. Why that exceptional precision? Scarcely because Mark knew his name, and did not know those of the others who were cured. Probably because he was in later days a well-known Christian. Men struggle and labor, and sometimes die, to have their names live after them, and this man at a step won what seems to ambition so much, and is so little, and he never knew that he had won it.

Note Bartimeus' confession. His informants spoke of "Jesus of Nazareth," but Bartimeus calls him "Jesus, thou son of David." The blind men in the Gospels see who Jesus is better than the crowd that have eyes. They thought all the more because they had none, and the elevation of his character, the grandeur of his works, were perhaps the plainer to them because they did not see the lowly form. Their very blindness may have aided them to recognize the ideal Messiah in the real Jesus. Probably, too, their calamity, which could only be relieved by superhuman means, sharpened their expectations, and made them eager to believe in what they so much wished to be true. Messiah only could give them sight. Surely Messiah would come; perhaps he had come. They desired bodily sight only, but if we know ourselves to be blind with a more tragic blindness, we shall be prepared to believe in the great Healer.

The officious crowd thought to stop an interruption that seemed to them barely respectful. There have been many professing Christians who would fain have had no blind beggars breaking in on their formal hosannas with the cry of real need. A formal church is terribly afraid of enthusiasm. Breaches of conventional propriety shock it more than the world's misery, and it would prefer that Bartimeus should sit still on the sidewalk and let the procession go its way. But a blind man who has the chance of sight is not so easily muzzled, and this sturdy petitioner would not hold his tongue unless Jesus bid him be silent. Well for us if hindrances or hinderers only make us "cry out the more a great deal." We shall be foolish if we let them make us dumb. We cannot afford to be deprived of our speech, as well as of our sight, especially if, by using the one in prayer, we can get back the other. "Jesus stood still." Nothing else could have arrested him, speeding to his passion. "He steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem," but he could not disregard a cry for mercy. He stayed his journey to the cross to give mercy to a suppliant; he would break his repose on the throne, if that were needed, to do the same. It was as a lesson to the crowd who had tried to stop Bartimeus that he used them to call him. And they were as eager now to hurry him to Christ's feet as they had been to silence him, for new excitement was promised. Their hasty, broken summons tells, not only of sudden (and shallow) goodwill, but of impatience to see the expected miracle. The crowd is ever fickle, and the one thing it wants is something to gape at and be stirred by. With characteristic impetuosity, Bar-

timeus needs feet, tosses under as he and, blind a. When Christ better, and, and sins, the

"Jesus an only the spa in that swif well as wo asked Bartim something n effect a pron concentrated tested and o our wishes a them clear them more treasure hou he wanted o wanted—sig as much as tate as littl We can hav him to give behold Jesus seen, to "fo Times.

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timeous needs no second summons, but springs to his feet, tosses aside the mantle that he had huddled under as he sat, but which might entangle his steps, and, blind as he still was, finds his way to Jesus. When Christ calls, the sooner we rise and run the better, and, the more decisively we cast off weights and sins, the more surely shall we get to him.

"Jesus answered." What did he answer? Not only the spoken cry, but the eager, unspoken prayer in that swift rush to him. He answers deeds as well as words. Is it strange that he should have asked Bartimeus what he wished? Surely he meant something more than is it alms or sight? It is in effect a promise to give what is desired, and it also concentrated longing on the blessing, sought, and tested and deepened faith. He likes us to tell him our wishes and needs, for telling them to him makes them clearer to ourselves and makes us yearn for them more and trust him more. The key of the treasure house was put into Bartimeus' hands, but he wanted one thing only; and he knew what he wanted—sight. If we felt our spiritual necessities as much as he did his bodily need, we should hesitate as little. Jesus does ask us the same question. We can have whatever we really desire and trust him to give us. But what we most need is sight to behold Jesus, and God in him, and strength, having seen, to "follow Jesus in the way."—Sunday School Times.

From Halifax.

Since the MESSENGER AND VISITOR received a communication from Reporter, Halifax has been stirred by two great events, the one following close upon the heels of the other. The city opened her heart and her arms to receive back from the veiled and the kopje the first contingent that went out to fight Boers and establish the reign of Queen Victoria in the South of Africa. When the boys came on shore the citizens and the hosts from the country were all of one accord in one place—and that was on the common, near the armory. There, for the time being, was a sea of humanity. Their thoughts great and small, their sympathies weak and strong all went out into one channel—a full mystic current over the Atlantic and discharged itself into the heart of that small old lady and saint, known the world over as Victoria Queen of England and Empress of India. That is sentiment. The boys' return called it out of Canadian hearts, collected it together from its five million little individual rills and united it in a very Mississippi of colonial loyalty. The boys gave it a practical form. All of them risked their lives and some of them actually laid down their lives for Queen and country.

When, on their return, they set foot on the soil of old historic Halifax, the loyalty of all Canada burst out like a volcano in the little capital of little Nova Scotia. Cannon boomed and thundered, the Union Jack and bunting in abundance streamed from the hands of little boys and girls, from the bridles of the horses, the flag staffs, the public buildings and the homes of the people. Touched with the electric force of loyalty the horses pranced, children ran and shouted, strong throats became hearty tributes that made the air tremble and sing; every face was aglow, and every heart had its pulsation increased in force and frequency. Then the night! What of that? The main streets were choked with human beings and ablaze with electricity, making them glow and flash like a city of dreamland. Fire-works hissed, sputtered and exploded. Through all this was heard the strains of music, the din of tooting horns and the merry laugh and talk of the jostling crowd. The long procession passed through this scene of flaming confusion.

The only resemblances in all this to heaven that Reporter could see was that all the people seemed to be full of joy, such as it was. Another feature of the occasion that reminded me of the heavenly world, was the thousands of moving surging human beings apparently all of one accord, of one mind. The lawyers forgot their clients, the doctors their patients, the merchants their ledgers, the fashionable their follies—and that is a phenomenon worthy of special note—the poor their poverty and the rich their riches; the classes their distinctions and old age its decrepitude. All personal and community interests vanished for the time and gave place to a generous competition in doing honors to the returned heroes and through them to the Sovereign whom Mr. Kruger now tells the people of Paris has waged on his people the war of a barbarian, the old man forgetting that he gave to the truthfulness of his own words the death blow by having left, of choice, his dear aged wife in the hands of these barbarians rather than take her with himself. In effect the old Boer said to Lord Roberts I will leave my wife with you while I seek safety in the Portuguese Colony, and among the people of the continent of Europe. Paul seems to have a good deal of confidence in the barbarians, notwithstanding, as also in

their Queen. Had he been in Halifax when the boys landed, he would have said those British chaps owe me a monument as solid and as enduring as the pyramids, for evoking if not for creating a loyalty to their Queen, in her colonies as strong as flows in the veins of Celt or Saxon north or south of the Tweed.

But this one accord in Halifax was but temporary; in heaven it will be chronic-everlasting, but not monotonous.

The other event was the Dominion election! Well, what of that? Most difficult was it to find in that event anything that had any resemblance whatever to heaven, were there any features of this kind they were not on the surface, not at least there apparent to the eye of Reporter. Others may have detected them; but I failed to discern them. No indication was observable that the victors were on their knees thanking God for their victory. They may have been there, but I do not believe they were in any such place or in a frame of mind to resort to it. The pens that wrote of the victory were dipped in gall. The pens of the defeated certainly had not been dipped in the inkhorn of "Thy will be done."

As in Halifax, so in other places this event passed over the land now dear to Canadians. There is more money used now, and less fighting than fifty years ago; more votes polled, and less enmities engendered. Self control has certainly increased; but in the opinion of Reporter there is still bribery on a large scale, strong liquor in abundance, partyism that blinds its possessors to the merits of great moral questions, and rum that runs with extra fullness in election times and whips into activity the base passions in which pure thought has no place; and still by the grace of God, as a people, we live and prosper. It is not all bad; and a satisfaction it is to know that all that is good is seen by God. He also sees the evil. Well the election passed over us. The Grits carry the palm.

The Tories must watch, wait and fight until their day comes.

The removal of James William Johnstone, Judge of the District Court of Halifax for the last twenty-five years of which you have had notice, called up many thoughts and evoked a fine expression of sympathy from the judges, the lawyers, the Baptists, the church in Dartmouth of which he was an influential deacon, as also from the whole community. We Nova Scotians are remarkable for the composite race elements in our persons. The learned judge who has just left us was no exception to the rule. One current came from far off Russia. On the island of Cronstadt near the mouth of the River Neva in Russia was one John Lichtenstone. Through Germany this family came to England. In Germany name was spelled Lichtenstein. From England one of them, having in his veins, through marriage, Welsh blood, emigrated to the Colony of Georgia. There he married Catherine Telegal, by extraction a French Huguenot. They all seem to have been in the military service of their Sovereign. The daughter of this marriage named Elizabeth, married William Moreton Johnstone the grandmother of the judge who has been so lately taken from the warm embrace of his family to his heavenly home. The grandfather was a captain in the royal army in Georgia during the Revolutionary war, at the close of which he went with his family to Jamaica. The family at length, a large one, came to Nova Scotia. The Johnstones came from a distinguished Scotch family. The older people remember well the late Hon. Judge Johnstone the father of the deceased long known in the province as The Attorney General; but in the later years of his life as Judge in Equity.

We shall all miss our dear brother, the Judge. The family has the sympathy of the entire community.

REPORTER.

What They Say About the Church and Pastor.

"They say that if you throw a stone among nine dogs the dog that is struck will howl." If you howl at what they say people will know who you are. They say that some of the strong, warm-hearted young men who have labored with a church for three or four months have closed the report of their work by expressing the hope that "a strong or a good man may be sent to his church or field." They say that it is not always wise to send a strong or good man to every field, for some of those strong, good men have had their life crushed out by those cold, worldly, uncharitable churches, and good men are scarce since the war, as you know the war has been on for two thousand years. A colored man some years ago told us the way they did if they did not like their pastor, they simply sent him in his resignation.

They say that this is done elsewhere and there are some white people who have adopted the same method in dealing with the pastor. They say that there are some people in the church who are made glad on two occasions, when the pastor first comes and where he last goes. They say that there are many churches who pray "Oh, Lord send us the right man." This is a proper prayer, but there is another prayer of equal importance, namely, "Oh, Lord make us the right people." They

say that there are men in every church who expect to go to heaven when they die who have helped kill the pastor. The new minister is to preach his first sermon. Mr. Sanctification, or better known Mr. Cranktification, is present, he is trying to look pious, or he has his head down in rather a sympathetic attitude. The service is closed, he is approached by a brother. "Well, how do you like the new pastor?" or "I will tell you later," with a tone of voice that implies he is not much. He goes home, the family are all present, every ear is open to hear father's verdict of the new minister. "Well, he is not as good a preacher as I thought he was," and then there is this, and there is that. If it were possible for that man to remain on that field for fifty years and be able to preach like the Apostle Paul he would have no influence with that family. Of course father knows. And because these children are growing up to hate religion he blames the pastor or the church. A student who was to fill another appointment for a pastor very innocently asked the pastor what kind of people would be at the meeting, the pastor very wisely answered, they will listen to you while you are there and talk about you when they go home.

People of God be careful what you say when you go home.

THE PASTOR.

They say that there are professional preachers as well as professional evangelists, that they preach until the plaster falls from the wall and the shingles drop from the roof of the meeting house and they make no effort to have them replaced. When an appeal is made by some one, that a special collection be taken in behalf of foreign missions, the response is "pay my salary first, or home missions—pay my salary, or education—pay my salary, such men never get their salary and should not.

They say that they have a better prayer meeting when the pastor is absent for he takes up nearly all of the time with his profound thought or finding fault with those that are absent instead of going to their houses and finding out the reason why they do not attend the prayer meeting. They say that there are certain families on his field who are members of his church and he has been their pastor for five years and he has never called on them and they have come to the conclusion that he is not very friendly.

They say that he has been preaching on a certain tangent or doctrine for the last six months and some think that it is a false doctrine and they are tired of that kind of stuff, and they want the old gospel in its purity.

They say that he contracts bills and borrows money and makes no effort to pay them and goes away and after he is dunned a number of times he ignores the whole business, and still he puts on a bold front. They say he is nearly a half an hour late each service and sometimes he does not come at all. And still he wonders why it is the church is so dead as he is a profound preacher.

J. A. MARPLE.

Literary Notice.

"Song Waves," a lyrical poem by the late Theodore Harding Rand, D. C. L., of 78 stanzas; the White Throat, Summers, Glory Roses, The Wind, The Crystal Spring Ay Me! The Years, The Note of Nature. Repose and at the Ford will be brought out early in December by William Briggs of Toronto.

Some stanzas of this extended Lyric were published last year in the Christmas number of Acta Victoriana, and were much admired for their rhythm and beauty. There will be for a frontispiece a photo-engraving of the author taken from an oil painting.

The following stanzas are from Song Waves:

I dreamed I drew my parting breath,
And fell, in sinking swoon of death,
To gulfs of utter night all chilly,
While woven hands held me close beneath.

And then—a thousand lights on shore,
The radiant forms I'd known before;
And growing sound of kindly voices;
And flood of light through an open door.

And, lo! at stern and prow there stands,
Close-veiled an angel winged—the sands
Beneath the shallop's keel wake music,
Folded am I by the pierced hands.

A friend of Mrs. Rand at Toronto has kindly assumed the expense of the publication of this book, giving Mrs. Rand the entire profits of the sale for all the orders that come through her.

Any person can obtain a volume, postage prepaid, for one dollar.

Orders sent to Rev. E. M. Saunders Halifax, to Dr. Black, MESSENGER AND VISITOR office or to Mrs. Rand, 17 Madison Avenue, Toronto, will be duly filled. This book fresh from the press, will make a fine Christmas present. A large number of orders should be sent from the Maritime Provinces. E. M. S.

Let God be your guide in the building of the vessel in which you expect to cross the ocean of life, and enter entirely without wreck. Use no timber that will not bear storm. Never sleep while you skirt the reef.—Cook.

The Story Page

The Doctor's Thanksgiving.

"B-r-r-r!" exclaimed the doctor, as he came into the kitchen and threw off his greatcoat. "We're in for a stormy night. I'm glad tomorrow's Thanksgiving, and I do hope it'll be a holiday for me as well as for other folks. It'll be a good day to stay indoors."

His wife put both arms about him, regardless of the flour on her hands. "I do hope you won't be called out," she said; "you need a rest. Now sit down, and I'll soon have supper ready."

The doctor drew up a chair near the fire, and went on while the table was being set: "Yes, the wind's from the east, and I think we'll have rain before morning. It'll be a bad night offshore."

Then he relapsed into silence, enjoying the warmth of the room and thinking with pleasure of the next day. When he went to the door, just before retiring, there was a fine, driving sleet from the east. The doctor gave only a glance out of doors; then he shut and bolted the door, and went upstairs to bed. It seemed to him that he had just dozed off when he was awakened by a furious pounding below. Some one was doing his best to let him know that admission was wanted.

"Well, what's wanted?" he asked, though he felt sure he knew beforehand.

"Old Paxton's sick," said a hoarse voice from below; "and I've come for you. Dr. Brightly's out of town."

The doctor drew in his head and shut the window. "It's no use," he exclaimed; "there's no holiday for me. It's nearly five o'clock, and it'll be seven before I can reach the village. Two or three hours more must be spent there at least, if the old gentleman has one of his regular attacks, as I fear. That means afternoon before I return. It won't be much of a Thanksgiving for me; will it? That is," he went on hastily, "I mean not a holiday." For his wife had come to his side and was looking at him in gentle reproach.

Fifteen minutes later the doctor ensconced in a buggy beside the man who had come for him, was trying to keep his face from the biting attacks of the wind-driven sleet against which they were slowly forcing their way. It was a tiresome struggle of two hours before they drew rein in front of the house where was the patient, and the doctor was glad to get indoors.

Old Paxton, as he was generally called, was well advanced in years, and was subject to periodical attacks of a chronic disorder which obstinately resisted treatment and usually entailed the physician's constant presence at the bedside for several hours before it yielded its hold even for a time. So it was now. The doctor set to work at once with a full knowledge of what to do and of what was before him; but it was past ten o'clock before he felt he could safely leave his patient. Then, with a sigh of relief, he went down stairs, and, after procuring a bite to eat, prepared to start for home.

A few minutes later there was a knock at the door, and the doctor went and opened it. His driver was there, but he was all excitement, and he did not wait to be asked what was the matter.

"There's a ship offshore!" he exclaimed. "She came in an hour ago! She's on the outside bar. They're all down on the beach now, watching her. They've sent for the coast guard; but the station's miles away, and it'll be several hours before they can get here with their gun; and they say she can't last that long. There's men aboard her, too; a while ago they were seen tryin' to get a boat off from her; but the waves smashed it all to splinters alongside the ship!"

For a minute the doctor hesitated as he thought of his comfortable home. Then it came to him that he might be of some assistance here. There was no physician but himself in the place. Suppose some of these poor fellows managed to get ashore alive? They would need just such aid as he could best give. Plainly his duty was down on the beach. He would miss his Thanksgiving, probably, altogether. But what of that beside the good he might be able to do here?

"Show me the way!" he said, quickly, to the men. "I'll go down with you and see if there is anything for me to do."

It was a fight against the wind all the way down to the beach, and at every step the gale seemed to increase in power. Presently, through the misty spume which obscured all objects at any distance, a crowd of men came into view. Their figures were magnified by the atmosphere hugely. They were all looking to the seaward.

The doctor and his companion stopped beside a smaller knot of the men in rough coats and sou'westers, who were gathered about an old whaleboat.

"Where does she lie?" asked the doctor, after a minute's fruitless scanning of the mass of tumbling waters before him.

"Straight ahead, off the second bar!" returned the nearest man, pointing a seamed hand in front of him. "She's hard and fast there! The seas are pounding her hard. By an' by she'll break; then may God ha' mercy on those aboard her!"

It was an awesome sight. In angry majesty the huge billows rolled in from under the gray, a hissing wreath of white upon their brows. Suddenly one of the billows, more powerful than its fellows, seemed to have lifted the mist upon its shoulders, and, dropping, to have left the curtain hanging in empty air. Beneath its ragged edge and over the tops of the waves the doctor caught a glimpse of a mass of black, framed in spume and driving water, splintered bar here and there reaching up, and flying, broken ropes, which whipped the air. Not a sign of life showed about the hulk; but those who saw the sight knew that men had been there but a short while before, and a groan came from the crowd. The gray mist fell once more and blotted out everything from view.

The doctor, moved to his very depths, leaned forward and laid a hand on the man nearest him.

"How long can she last?" he asked, involuntarily falling into the language of his informant of a moment before.

"Not more than an hour or two!" was the answer.

"And can't the station men get here before that?"

The man shook his head. A moment the doctor was silent, his mind working quickly. Then, all at once, he had sprung up on the bow of the boat beside him.

"Men," he cried, and his voice rang out strong and clear, "there's work to be done and we must do it! Your mate tells me that there are poor souls out there and that the guard can't get here in time! But you're not going to see them die because of that? Who'll go with me, then, and try to bring them in? Who offers?"

The crowd had turned their faces to him as one. But there was no answer. They all knew the danger better than he. The doctor glanced from face to face. Then suddenly he spoke again:

"What, will you see them die? Will you let me, a landsman, put you to shame? Who comes first? There are but six places to fill!"

There was an instant more of silence; but then the crowd to a man pressed around the speaker, each crying that he would go. The doctor jumped from his perch as a broad-shouldered, weather-beaten fisherman pushed his way to the front and clapped him on the shoulder and spoke out.

"We're with you, doctor!" he said, in his rough bass. "But only the best oars must go. I'll pick 'em and take out the boat myself."

In five minutes the doctor saw five sturdy fellows ranged up along the side of the whaleboat. He himself at the bow—for he had insisted upon going—stood ready for the word. Together the six shoved the boat down to the water's edge. Then three of the men with the doctor leaped in, and, dropping their oars between the tholepins, bent, ready for the first struggle.

The leader in the stern, his steering oar over the gunwale, watched the waves before him. Suddenly he roared out a "Let her go," and the two men at the boat's edge ran her out on a receding wave, wading to their waists before they tumbled aboard and seized the stroke oars.

The long blades of the six oars were buried and the boat leaped forward as the oarsmen threw their weight upon them. Then a huge wave came booming in, the boat rose high to meet it, and the doctor in the bow saw a mass of water rush by him. The next instant the boat gave a sudden fling and slid down in the dark abyss between the waves. Again it rose, and again poised for an instant on the billow's summit, then rushed down the decline once more. The doctor, with all his old-time college experience in handling an oar, found his strength and skill sorely tried to retain his grasp upon the heavy ash sweep which he held. Once, when a faint cheer came to his ears, he thought of his home and one who waited for him there; but the next instant the attack of a monster wave, which nearly swamped the boat, drove even the pang this caused him from his heart.

Again and again they were driven partly back. But steadily the boat's crew fought their way on, sheets of spray flying from the bows and fairly blinding the men for the moment. Then, all at once, there came a sharp command from the steersman! "Hold hard!" and the doctor felt something strike him on the shoulder heavily. Instinctively he reached out a hand and caught it. As he realized that it was a rope and that it must come from the vessel, he dropped his hold on the oar and grasped the line firmly.

In another minute, with the help of the man nearest him, he had given it a turn around a thwart and the boat swung in the less heavy seas in the lee of the wrecked schooner. Almost before he had time to look up at the vessel's deck, a man appeared in the gap in the crushed bulwarks above the doctor's head, and as the boat heaved upward on a wave, this man slid down the rope into the boat's bows.

In a minute came a second, then a third man, each, as he dropped into the boat, crawling aft. Finally, after an instant's wait, came a fourth man, this last one falling helplessly across the forward thwart, and lying there

doubled up with his head against the gunwale. Quickly the doctor raised him and passed him back to the stern.

There was a pause; then one of the rescued men called that that was all, and the steersman's voice quickly roared out, "Let go!"

With fumbling haste the doctor untwisted the rope and dropped on his seat and seized his oar as the boat swung around, its bow pointing toward where the shore lay—toward where the billows were racing in great, tumbled masses of white-capped green. Of the struggle back to the beach the doctor realized little besides his physical exertions. Now that they were returning with their mission, as it seemed fulfilled, his heart was all with the dear one in his own little home miles away. He only knew that it was safely over, that desperate journey, when a score of hands seized the whaleboat and rushed her far up the sands with her load yet within her. He heard the cheers and cries, but somehow they seemed to come from far off. Then, as he saw a helpless figure carried from the boat, he recognized that their was great work to be done, work which he could do more skillfully than those around him. He climbed from his seat, and hurried as fast as his stiff legs would allow, up to the little frame fishing shanty where the rescued sailors had been taken. Two of the men were sufficiently strong to need no further aid than that furnished by the hot drink and warm blankets already given. The third was hardly worse off, though he was very weak. It was the fourth man who lay on a pile of old blanket-covered sails in the corner, to whom the doctor turned his attention.

In the dim light the doctor bent over and looked at the figure before him. It was that of a young man of robust frame. The face was strong, with clean-cut features; a mass of curly hair clustered damply about his temples and forehead. Something in the face made the doctor give a sudden start; and the fisherman who stood by ready to lend assistance if it were needed noted a quick pallor come over his face.

The only words the fisherman said, as the doctor brought his head up from the sailor's breast, framed the question, "Is he a-livin'?" And learning that he was, and that it would be best, perhaps, if the doctor were left alone with the rescued men, the simple fisherman left the shanty content, and rejoiced to be able to tell his mates that all was going well.

When he had gone the doctor deftly wrapped the unconscious sailor in a couple of warm blankets, after stripping him of his wet clothing. Then, having forced a few drops of liquid between the white lips, he threw himself down on the floor beside the impoverished bed and fell to chafing vigorously the cold hands. Rolled in their warm blankets, the other three men in the room slept, betraying their presence only by their heavy breathing. They did not see the pitiful look of longing anxiety with which the doctor hung over the young man. They would not have understood had they seen it.

But before the doctor's mind there passed a panorama of the past, called into life by the sight of that handsome young face before him. It seemed to him but the other day that a boy of fifteen, his son, the one child that had ever called him father, romped about the place and pleaded to go to sea. The day when the boy had disappeared, leaving only a blotted note of explanation behind him, was clear in every detail even now though it was fully twelve years ago. As for those twelve years, they represented a heart-sore period, during which he and his brave little wife strove to console each other for their terrible loss, and waited, with lessening hope, despite their courage, for the return of the boy in whom they had bound up so much of their love.

And now, after all these years, to be so rewarded for that waiting it seemed to the doctor scarcely possible. Yet, had he not the evidence of it before his own eyes? Had he not there beside him the same boy, now grown to a man, but still the loved son? He could not doubt what every instinct, every pulse of his heart told him was so. In silent thanksgiving he bent over the face of the slowly reviving young sailor and pressed his lips to the poor head now warming into life.

Presently the man began to stir, and then as if he had only just awakened from an uneasy sleep, opened his eyes. At first there was only blankness in those eyes; then all at once they filled with the light of puzzled intelligence and turned upon the doctor. There was surprise, but no recognition in them, and the doctor, thinking only of his own quick discovery, was pained. Then, however, he remembered that in himself there must have been a wonderful change, and he gently stroked the hand he held and asked the other how he felt.

For a while he played the professional man's part and refrained from putting the question he so longed to ask. At last, however, he could restrain himself no longer, and he stooped suddenly over the young man with both arms about him.

"Bob," he whispered, eagerly. "Bob, don't you know me? It's daddy, Bob—daddy! Tell me you remember Answer me!"

At first the man's face; recognition, a into being ag expression of as he saw the seemed to re quickly raise choking sob if the twelve the boy's arm his breast. The light dow of the d anxiously w same Thank noon, she re not be home to keep the ready for hi Presently the splashin and she ran held, with h edly from a quick ran his arms, di "Dearie," suppress the will be a ve you can be "Why, of turned her "Then," wrecked tod One of them always thou He stopped. Her hand held her to But she o here?" and wagon, still from him as wagon a m A momen from the op Then, with man's arm up the step arm around "It was G our Thank ent.

A party o leading to E lakes. As back from front, the voice and then ri angel's son mother soo The little obscurity w and fortune able teacher "If I o the young music; and find who he he paused s toward ther to market. courtesy as me who is "Yes, in toward the after havin singing the For an in young man the trouble "Oh, he "No, the this world, pathos—" to making y running do that he sing "Amen! a "Thank on. "And th be wiped av

Most pee Browning.

The Young People

At first the puzzled look came back into the young man's face; but it lasted only an instant.

The light was shining warmly from the kitchen window of the doctor's house, and the doctor's wife was anxiously waiting there for his arrival at six o'clock that same Thanksgiving evening.

Presently the sound of wheels crushing the gravel, and the splashing of a horse in the puddles came to her ears; and she ran and opened the door, shading the lamp she held, with her hand.

"Dearie," he said, in a voice in which he did not try to suppress the joy, "I have something to tell you which will be a very great and happy surprise. Do you think you can bear to hear it all at once?"

"Why, of course," she replied in half alarm, and turned her face up to his.

"Then," said the doctor, slowly, "there was a vessel wrecked today offshore. There were four men saved. One of them was a young man. You remember that we always thought that—that—Bob, our boy, had gone—"

Her hands closed convulsively upon his arm, and he held her to him, fearing she would fall.

But she only asked swiftly: "Where is he? Is he here?" and, as she watched, his eyes turned toward the wagon, still standing outside, she suddenly tore herself from him and ran out of the door. As she reached the wagon a man got down quickly.

A moment she stood looking in his face, the light from the open house door bringing out its every line. Then, with a glad cry, she leaned forward and the young man's arms closed about her. And, as these two came up the steps into the house together, the doctor stole an arm around the neck of each.

"It was God's way," he said, reverently; "and this is our Thanksgiving."—Francis C. Williams, in Independent.

Singing Away the Pain.

A party of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes. As they came within sight of a cottage standing back from the road, with a lovely garden of flowers in front, there reached them the sound of singing.

The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, then dropping to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep.

The little company was entranced. What genius in obscurity was here? Some one, surely, born to win fame and fortune when brought forward and trained by suitable teachers.

"If I could ever hope to sing like that," exclaimed the young man who was driving, himself a student of music; and then, stopping his horse, he said, "Let us find who he is; perhaps I might be of help;" but here he paused as a young girl came out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a slight courtesy as she did so, he asked, "Will you please tell me who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?"

"Yes, indeed," said the girl, turning a bright face toward them. "It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the while."

For an instant the company was speechless; then the young man asked, "Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble? Tell these ladies about it, please."

"Oh, he is getting a bit old now," was the answer. "No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but"—and her voice dropped into tender pathos—"he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest."

"Amen!" said the young man, reverently; and with a "Thank you, dear," from the ladies, they drove slowly on.

"And there shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away," said Aunt Mira, softly.—Christian Life.

Most people are kind if they only think of it.—Mrs. Browning.

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

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

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. V. P. U. Topic.—How to listen. Matt. 13: 1-23.

Daily Bible Readings.

- Monday, December 10.—Psalm 61. "The Rock that is higher than I." (vs. 2) Compare Ps. 18: 2. Tuesday, December 11.—Psalm 62. To whom belongeth power? (vs. 11.) Compare Ps. 59: 9. Wednesday, December 12.—Psalm 63. How long shall I bless thee? (vs. 4.) Compare Ps. 146: 2. Thursday, December 13.—Psalm 64. The delusion of evil-doers, (vs. 5.) Compare Job 22: 13. Friday, December 14.—Psalm 65. God's care of the earth, (vs. 9.) Compare Matt. 5: 45. Saturday, December 15.—Psalm 66. What hath God done for my soul? (vs. 16.) Compare Ps. 51: 12, 13.

Prayer Meeting Topic—December 9.

How to listen. Matt. 13: 1-23.

Jesus came to the world with a wonderful message, and a heart burning to give it to the multitudes. It is no wonder that he often forcibly called the attention of the listeners by these words, "Who hath ears to hear let him hear." The power to hear should never be abused, as the time may come when it shall be impaired. The boiler-maker often loses the sense of hearing, at least partially, because the ear has been overtaxed. Sometimes it also occurs that the message of the gospel so often falls upon unheeding listeners that it no more comes as a blessing to them. The time will come when "all the daughters of music are low or silent." Be wise and hear while you may.

Four classes of hearers are noticed. Three received a brief benefit, and conferred none. One was most richly blessed, and lovingly used the gift presented. Heart hearing is the only distinction drawn. There is no doubt that the call of God is just as clear today as ever. The door of duty is just as wide open. The message of love is often lost because the heart is not prepared to receive it. The power of a whisper of love that reaches a receptive heart cannot be measured, it binds both speaker and hearer with bands stronger than steel. The voice of Jesus is toned to vibrate in harmony with human need and sorrow, of want and woe; and to all he brings a message of redress and relief. May we hear so as to live.

H. H. S.

Saves to the Uttermost.

A cit, missionary was called from his bed at night, to meet a half-clothed little girl, who said as she saw him: "Be you the man that preached last night, and said that Christ could save to the uttermost?"

"Yes." "Well, I was there, and I want you to come right down to our house and try to save my poor father."

"What is the matter with your father?" "He's a good father when he don't drink, but he's out of work now, and he drinks awfully. He's most killed my mother; but if Jesus can save to the uttermost, he can save him."

In a miserable underground room the drunken father was found brandishing a knife over his wife. The missionary began to talk kindly to him and he became subdued. The little girl went up to the missionary saying: "Don't talk to father, it won't do any good. Ask Jesus, who saves to the uttermost, to save my father." He knelt and prayed with unwonted power. The drunkard was melted to repentance. A new era dawned on the family.—Ex.

Power of a Kind Word

Many a year ago a poor German immigrant woman sat with her children in the waiting-room of an English station. A lady passing to a train, struck by her look of misery, stopped a moment to speak with her; the story was soon told. Her husband had been buried at sea. She was going to Iowa, and "it was hard to enter a strange world alone with her babies." The stranger had but one instant. She pressed a little money into the poor creature's hand, and said: "Alone! Why, Jesus is with you! He never will leave you alone!"

Ten years afterward the woman said: "That word gave me courage for all my life. When I was a child I knew Christ and loved him. I had forgotten him. That chance word brought me back to him. It kept me strong and happy through all my troubles."—Philadelphia Methodist.

The Grace of Giving.

The sea of Galilee, receiving the Jordan on one side and pouring it out on the other, has its waters clear, pure

and full of life, while the dead sea, receiving the Jordan, and giving out nothing, has waters black as asphaltum and barren of life. The church whose pastor refuses to train them in the grace of giving will become a Dead sea, the curse of God resting upon it; while the church whose pastor continually teaches them to give, as they receive, will be like the sea of Galilee, full of life and beauty. To live we must give.—[Rev. A. C. Dixon.

Gathered Thoughts for Daily Use.

Our Sabbaths are forks in the road—shady resting places where we can sit down and cool off while we read the signboard which tells us the way. Alas! that so many should pass the time whittling, and when the day is ended, hasten forward without so much as noticing that there is a right and left.

Says Dr. Newton.—In the course of a long life I have observed that when people are getting religion they are full of self-abasement, and are ever ready to condemn themselves; but when they are losing it, or have lost it, they are often full of self-confidence and find their pleasure in censuring and condemning other people.

Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord harkened and heard, and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. Mal. 3: 16.

The Recording Angel is still busy writing up our lives. Every event is noted, every word receives careful scrutiny, not even the smallest thought escapes observation. "Even the hairs of your head are all numbered." Ere long the life record will be closed, and the summing up will be given by the Master himself, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me." How searching, and yet how just will be that "inasmuch." Will it proclaim to us a life of selfishness, or a life of devotion of Christ! Is our life being spent for Christ or self? We are busily engaged at the present time answering that question.

"Jesus was not in his native element down here. The atmosphere oppressed him. He longed for a breath from the river-bank of heaven, and he often went out on the mountain-top at night to get it. Praying was as natural as breathing; it was breathing. We sometimes wonder how Jesus could toil all day long and then go out on a mountain and pray all night. But that is because praying to us is working, while to Jesus it was resting."

"Pity is a poor substitute for sympathy. Anybody can pity; it takes a Christian to sympathize. Too many people weep their eyes dry over the sad state of their neighbor, and turn away with much satisfaction because they have made such a large contribution in tears."

"The man who lives for himself is engaged in a very small business."

If you have failed in everything you have tried don't be discouraged; you may make a good critic.

A physician cannot be very successful unless he is enthusiastic about his profession, and a Christian will never amount to much unless there is enthusiasm in his Christianity.—H. M. Wharton, D. D.

It is not worth while being religious unless you are altogether religious. It won't do to be merely playing at religion, or having religion on us as a bit of veneer. It must saturate us.—Professor Drummond.

Men are enthusiastic about cattle, orchids, stamps, old china; there is no fad from book-collecting to stamp-collecting to which we do not give a passing benediction. Why should all this tolerance for a man's hobby that we cannot understand, turn into persecution when you come to a man whose mania is Jesus Christ and the kingdom of God?—John Watson, D. D.

The supernatural value of our actions depends upon the degree of our union with God at the time we do them.—F. W. Faber.

As men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who seems eager to force his way through it, so mankind everywhere open their ranks to one who rushes zealously toward some object lying beyond them.—Dwight.

Our Sabbaths are forks in the road—shady resting places where we can sit down and cool off while we read the signboard that tells us the way. Alas! that so many should pass the time whittling, and when the day is ended, hasten forward without so much as noticing that there is a right and left.—Sel.

The last instruction which Mary Lyon ever gave to her scholars at Mount Holyoke contained the characteristic sentence: "There is nothing in the universe that I fear but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fear to do it."

A full, mature life cannot be comprehended by a child. What we will be in heaven cannot be known to us now, but in Jesus we see that it is unspeakably good, and our highest desire is to be like him.

If you want to come to the from of usefulness in your church, suppose you begin by coming to a front seat.

"Cast your bread upon the waters, but do not wait until it is too stale for your own use."

A missionary is a Christian in operation.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.

For Chicacole, the lady missionaries and their helpers, the school and Hospital, that God would use them all for the salvation of souls. For the Northwest and Indian work.

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the W. M. A. Societies of Prince, Edward Island in connection with the Baptist Conference at St. Peter's Road on Tuesday at 2 30 p. m., Dec. 11th.

MRS. J. C. SPURR, Prov. Sec'y. for P. E. I.

Bureau of Literature.

The following concert pieces with music have been received:—Joy Bells, A Christmas Entertainment, Merry Christmas Bells, Ring the Bells, The Babe of Bethlehem, Bells of Christmas, The Christmas Festival. These leaflets are suitable for Sabbath Schools or Mission Bands. Price 5c. each. Catalogue of Recitations, Dialogues, Readings, etc., sent on application. Address Miss Margaret Wood, Amherst, N. S.

It is very gratifying and encouraging to know that Crusade Day has been more generally observed this year than ever before. So many more reports have been sent to our column for which we are truly grateful; but as they are very similar and other material is on hand to be printed it has been thought best to condense these reports. It will be universally admitted and proved by many witnesses that Oct. 11th, Crusade Day, was very stormy throughout these provinces, that many meetings were held and much visiting done on that very unpleasant day, speaks loudly for the zeal of our sisters. That postponed meetings were held in many places shows the courage, determination and increased interest of our Societies. This will be rewarded in the future and bring a great blessing to the work. The Secretary writes of the Valley church, Surry, Albert county. Their meetings are held regularly and those who attend are greatly blessed. The great need is a sense of personal responsibility in this mission work and united faithful effort—"Lord, it is nothing with thee to help with many or them that have no power; Help us for we trust in thee and in thy name go against this multitude."

Mrs. W. T. Sherwood, Sec'y of Woodstock W. M. A. S. says their Society held a meeting the evening of Thanksgiving day, programme consisted of readings, recitations and a stirring address by the pastor. It is to be regretted that there are so many in our churches who think all their time, interest and money should be used on our home church and no thought given to the perishing heathen who has never heard of Christ the only Saviour. Is it our merit that causes us to be placed in more favorable circumstances? May the Lord help us to come speedily to a greater realization of our privileges and responsibilities.

Amherst.

Mrs. A. E. Black reports a dozen sisters through the severe storm made a large number of calls and were successful in adding eight new names to their membership with a hope of more to follow. Meeting held evening of Thanksgiving proved interesting and instructive. Pastor Bates presided in his usual gracious manner and by helpful words supplying every want. A paper was read relative to the work by the "Sisters of Mercy" whose zealous example might be emulated by us, which was followed by "Little Builders." Eight sisters took part in short selections from Cor. Sec'y. and Home Mission report. "Missionary Chickens" was rather amusing. A feeling of sadness crept over many as "In Memoriam" was read, that beautiful tribute to the lives of our loved sisters, Grey and Hardy. An excellent paper on "spiritual benefits of a missionary meeting" and a ten minutes' talk on the outlook of the work brought the meeting to a close. Music rendered by the choir and a solo by Mrs. Cain was much enjoyed. Col. \$16.09. Mrs. J. Clark reports from Tryon, P. E. I. After two unsuccessful attempts to hold a meeting on account of the storm these brave and loyal sisters tried the third time and had a large audience and a well rendered programme. The Mission Band had a large share in the exercises and acquitted themselves well. Collection, \$16.

Bonshaw, P. E. I.

Meeting held Sept. 16th. Readings and recitations by the young people. The pastor's wife gave a report of Convention at Windsor. The pastor an address on the Mission work. Col. \$17.60. This society is small in numbers, they work amid many difficulties; are widely

scattered, but they are a faithful, courageous little band, anxious to do all they can for the missionary cause. B. C. also reports from Bonshaw that their interest in the work has been greatly increased this summer. Recently they adopted the plan of taking a collection at each meeting and find it work very successfully. A pleasure and stimulus to our Society was a letter from Miss Clark, India. It brought us much nearer the work among the Telegus and helped us to realize indeed that we are co-workers on whom depends much of the success or failure of the work. God grant we may be more earnest, active, consecrated workers.

Mrs. Henry Severance writes from Fourche that they observed Crusade Day there as was suggested, by prayer in the morning and visiting in the afternoon. A good meeting was held the next evening. The result of this effort was three new members and the promise of two others to contribute; so they feel greatly encouraged. The leader of the Mission Band at Fourche reports the boys and girls interested in the work. At a picnic recently held by the Band and Sunday School \$20.92 was raised, to be divided equally between the Band and School.

Mrs. Mary Randall, secretary, writes of the Sydney branch of the Woman's Mission Aid Society. They observed Crusade Day. Different streets were taken by some of the members and a fair canvas made. We found when we held our deferred meeting on Thursday of the following week that the programme had not suffered by being kept. Our pastor, the Rev. A. J. Vincent, opened the meeting and after a short address, called on Mrs. Crawley, who gave us some of her experiences during her first months in Burmah, noticing in closing some of the great changes that had taken place since then in Burmah, with an allusion to some heathen acquaintances who had become much loved Christian friends. Mrs. Lewis gave us a talk on the methods used in missionary work by the Clarendon St. church, and Miss Sadie Harrington reported the business meetings of the Society during the Convention, and in mentioning the appropriations for the year gave a most interesting account of her visit to some of the mission fields out West for which money had been appropriated, making it seem much nearer to us than the mere announcement—"So many hundreds for such a department of work" could have done. Some of the young ladies furnished music and at the close of the meeting we were glad to have an opportunity of meeting many of the friends who have recently come among us, and were encouraged by the promise of several new members.

Amount Received by the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U. FROM NOV. 13TH TO NOV. 28TH.

Halifax, North church, F. M. \$15; Woodstock, F. M. \$6.26, H. M. \$1.50; Crusade meeting coll. H. M. \$2.59; Reports, 25c.; Wine Harbor Tidings, 25c.; Lunenburg, F. M. \$1.27; Chester Basin, F. M. \$6; Centreville, F. M. \$7; 2nd Chipman, to constitute Mrs. D. Dunbar a life member, F. M. \$5; 2nd Chipman, Tidings, 25c.; Clyde River, F. M. \$5, H. M. \$6; Hillsboro F. M. \$6.50, H. M. \$2; Bridgetown, Reports, 25c.; Wine Harbor, Tidings, 25c.; Riverside, result of Crusade meeting, support of native preacher, \$20; Truro, Immanuel church, F. M. \$8.12; Cumberland Bay, F. M. \$9.50; Sackville, F. M. \$14, H. M. \$6; Harvey, F. M. \$14.20, H. M. \$20.60, Reports 50c.; Forest Glen, F. M. \$9.50; Paradise, F. M. \$4, H. M. \$3; Florenceville, F. M. \$3, H. M. \$3; Portapique Mountain, Elmira Crowe, in memory of her mother, Mrs. James Graham, DeBert, N. S. who loved the cause of missions, F. M. \$25; East Mountain, F. M. \$3; Lower Newcastle, F. M. \$6; St. John, Main St., F. M. \$11.25; Freeport, F. M. \$4, Tidings, 25c.; Lunenburg, F. M. \$5.

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

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

Miss Newcombe writes:—"We are greatly encouraged just now. The Spirit seems to be at work among the women in the homes of our Christian brothers who have so long remained utterly indifferent. One has been received for baptism, four more are asking for it, yesterday another gave evidence that she had been converted. We feel the work is genuine and are full of hope. It all means extra work and more time spent in prayer. Am having daily Bible classes with them as usual. Never had such a grand time before, their dead minds are being quickened and they desire to hear and grasp the truth as never before. We have begun daily prayer meetings (evening) as a church to study the subject of prayer, and to plead for a blessing during the Conference next month."

Miss Archibald writes:—"Of the 18,241 inhabitants of this town 9,762 are women. What are we doing to make known the way of Life to these who rule in the homes, to these who have the power to mould the characters of the youth of this town! We feel more and more that the work of the lady missionary "per se" counts for little among the thousands, but with a staff of Bible women to train, lead, enthuse, her efforts and efficiency would be multiplied perhaps a hundred-fold. There should be at least 10 active, well trained, spiritually equipped Bible women at work in Chicacole proper (town.) Each woman should be responsible for thirty or more homes, thus we would have 300 homes (gosha) where the Bible would be faithfully and regularly taught. Perhaps it would be well to teach the letters so that these women may learn to read the Bible for themselves. Visits once a month or once in three months are almost useless. The darkness is dense, the knowledge nil. On the first visit to a home we say, "Now if we pray to the true God can he hear us?" "No, he cannot hear," is the reply. A repetition of the passage "He that formed the ear can he not hear?" changes their opinion."

Our work perhaps is chiefly for these Goshu women. The low castes can hear the gospel in the Bazaars and in the streets but only we lady missionaries can gain access to the homes. Now we must be faithful to these women; we must bombard the homes; we must teach those who have no chance to hear; yes, teach them systematically, faithfully, regularly. Some one says, "What's the use? If you do teach they will not confess Jesus?"

It may be true that many will not have courage to leave husband, father, mother, children, all for Jesus' sake, but does that excuse us from showing them the Way of Life. I believe many will be saved, for the promise is, "my word shall not return unto me void," and it is this Word of Life entering into the inner fortress, the home, which will move the foundations of superstition and idolatry, and eventually cause the walls of Hinduism to fall with a great crash.

Miss Clark and I have talked over this matter, we believe the workers will be forthcoming; we have several now in training, and while at the Quinquennial Conference we will make enquiries. Now my point is this—"Will the sisters and the Board support us in this prospected work among the Goshu women? The Evangelistic Schools also call for prayer and support, six young men are in this work, two are not yet sufficiently trained to work independently. The Lord has opened to us a door among the children, and the door seems to be open among the caste women if we were only ready to enter as we should.

This work is continually on our hearts, and our one longing and earnest desire is to see the kingdom of God advanced in our midst. Since we have been sent here at such expense, I am sure the constituency will deem it wise to give us the opportunity of working more efficiently for Christ, and we believe we can do more work by having more helpers as I have explained above. The hospital is well attended. One baptized Sept 30. Interest good in several villages." MABEL ARCHIBALD.

Mr. Churchill says:—"Our work here has nothing of special interest to report just now. Several were baptized a few Sundays since and there may be one or two come forward at our Conference meeting tomorrow."

Says Mr. Gullison:—"Well, God is pouring out his Spirit upon us of late. We have been enjoying quite a revival season. Two weeks ago one woman was received for baptism. At that time three more asked to be baptized, but we did not feel just safe and happy to have them received. During these meetings, however, they have given unmistakable evidence of having been born again. Tomorrow we all go to Polepilly to spend the day. I think it quite probable that five will be baptized there in the new baptistry. We are praying that some of them will make Bible women of the Master's own choosing. Praise the Lord for these mercy-drops, a little harvest of others sowing. But oh, my dear brother, we cannot be satisfied with such results when we think of the Christless souls all about us. The spiritual indifference and deadness is something awful. 'How long oh Lord, how long?'

I wish I could have had you with me in a little village last night, just so you could FEEL something that it is impossible to describe. If you would not have 24 hours' 'blues' or 'blacks' you are more an angel than I take you to be."

"To Avoid Great Faults Beware of Small Ones."

So, also, if you would be free from serious diseases, beware of the little germs of badness in your blood. That small pimple, that little distress in the stomach calls for Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Scrofula—"Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured me of scrofula. I was weak and debilitated but it made me strong and well. After a severe cold I had catarrhal fever. Again resorted to this medicine and it cured me." Sarah E. Deroz, Annapolis, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills; the non-irritating cathartic.

For 25c.

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

PATERSON & CO., 107 German Street, St. John, N. B.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc., a speciality.

Decen... BA... SP... at... say... gett... N... an... eas... thi... che... out... b... n... m... imp... s... with... It... prom... take... It... color... hair, color... may... every... health... \$1.00... "I have... an great... my hair... has star... March 2... W... if you... exp... Vigor, w... Reception to... The school... presented a v... pearance last... large number... other friends... time in social... special purpose... the new pastor... wife. The fr... given to socie... Deacon J. M... meeting assun... An address of... the pastor by D... forth a sitting r... Following this... congratulatory... present, includ... Mannin', Mr... Leinster St., a... Tabernacle, an... speeches there... which added m... the occasion. F... his work unde... conditions. Qui... being put upon... covering of the... main audience r... ing, repainting... will add materia... entering upon h... Nobles has the h... esteem of his bre... we will hope an... St. John may be... blessing.

**Constipation,
Headache, Biliousness,
Heartburn,
Indigestion, Dizziness,**

Indicate that your liver is out of order. The best medicine to rouse the liver and cure all these ills, is found in

Hood's Pills

25 cents. Sold by all medicine dealers.

Largest Foundry on Earth making
CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS
Purest copper and tin only. Terms, etc., free.
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md.



FOR
**Impure Blood,
Thick Water,
Swellings,
Fever, Cough,
Lost Appetite, Etc.**

USE THE RELIABLE
**GRANGER
Condition Powder**

A Terrible Cough.



If people would only treat coughs and colds in time with Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, there would be fewer homes desolate.

The severest coughs and colds, bronchitis and croup, and the first stages of consumption yield readily to this powerful, lung-healing remedy.

**INDIGESTION
CAN BE CURED.**

An Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

C. GATES, SON & CO.,
Middleton, N. S.
Dear Sirs,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your Invigorating Syrup, which I readily did, and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used I was completely cured. Have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly,
(REV.) F. M. YOUNG,
Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. S.
Sold Everywhere at 50 Cents per Bottle.

**More Rooms,
More Teachers,
More Students.**

We have succeeded, however, in obtaining additional rooms, and we trust will find room for all, at all events those who come soon.



S. KERR & SON,
Oddfellows' Hall.

The Home

Given and Taken.

Smoothing soft the nestling head
Of a maiden fancy led,
Thus a grave-eyed woman said,

"Richest gifts are those we make,
Dearer than the love we take,
That we give for love's own sake.

"Well I know the heart's unrest,
Mine has been the common quest,
To be loved and therefore blest.

"Favors undeserved were mine,
At my feet as at a shrine
Love had laid its gifts divine.

"Sweet the offerings seemed, and yet
With their sweetness came regret,
And a sense of unpaid debt.

"Heart of mine unsatisfied,
Was it vanity or pride
That a deeper joy denied?

"Hands that ope but to receive
Empty close; they only live
Richly, who can richly give.

"Still," she sighed, with moistening eyes
"Love is sweet in any guise,
But its best is sacrifice!"

"He who giving does not crave,
Liketh is to him who gave
Life itself, the loved to save.

"Love that self-forgetful gives,
Sows surprise of ripened sheaves,
Soon or late its own receives."

—John G. Whittier.

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The Fears of Children.

A little girl frequently fancied she saw bears and tigers whenever she happened to awake in the night. Presumably she dreamed of some danger, maybe on account of having eaten too much for supper or having eaten the wrong kind of food. At any rate, she frequently awoke crying in the night, and in her fear interpreted the dim outlines of a dress or a curtain as a fearful beast that was about to attack her. The best thing to do is to deal tenderly with such fancies, and remove the child as far as possible from the object that has caused her excitement. Then, if you can do so without disturbing the other children, light the lamp and let it fall full on the thing that has given rise to her fear. Be slow, and express your opinion first as a kind of preliminary assumption that the bear may after all be mamma's skirt or the curtain moving in the draft, and when this comforting probability is understood, follow up your advantage, and declare it to be a good joke that a harmless piece of cloth should look like a fearful animal. Make the child smile at the incongruity of her fancy, and her laugh will cure the horror of the dream and dispel the nightmare as sunshine dissolves the mist.—The Arena.

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The Importance of Self-Control.

Among the minor virtues probably the habit of self-control in speech holds the most important place in the life of a woman. The acquirement of this habit must begin early or it will never be attained save with great difficulty. It must be formed in girlhood if it is not well started in childhood. I have seen the happiness of many a fair life ruined by the want of power to suppress the word of bitterness, contempt and anger, even under what may be called "reasonable provocation." There are times when one's only duty is to keep from talking. There are times when keeping still is wisdom, love, Christianity.—Ada C. Sweet, in Woman's Home Companion.

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Ferns for the Window.

Wood ferns potted in the autumn in the rich leaf mould where they grow mixed with one-sixth finely-sifted coal ashes will thrive well through the winter months if kept in a cool window and well watered. Under glass they develop as well as in their native woodland, sending up delicate new fronds and growing in rank luxuriance. Velvet moss, with its attendant partridge and winter-green berry vines, makes a charming bed for these woodland favorites and will repay the gardener for transplanting.—Ex.

To make an old-fashioned seed cake, take a quart of raised dough and add to it three eggs, white and yolks together; a quarter of a pound of butter, a quarter of a pound of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of caraway seeds. Work all these ingredients together, adding the eggs one at a time. Rub the mass with softened butter, cover it, and let it rise until it is about double its bulk. Then put it in a well-buttered pan, cover it again and let it rise. As soon as it has risen enough to bake, or in about an hour; bake it in a moderate oven. Ice it thickly when it has cooled and serve it when cold. It will keep several days.—(For S.)

Russian tea is made of strong English breakfast tea, using three heaping tablespoonfuls of tea to three pints of boiling water. Let the tea infuse one minute, then drain it off and add three slices of lemon. Serve in teacups, or in Russian style, in thin glasses, with a silver teaspoon in each glass, to prevent its being cracked by the hot tea. Sometimes a few drops of vanilla and a little lemon juice, as well as sugar, are added to each glass of tea.

Tart apples make delicious fritters. Peel them, core them and cut them across the core in rather thick slices and dip them in batter, after first grating a little orange or lemon peel over the apple, sprinkling on a little sugar, and adding a few drops of lemon or orange juice. Let the fritters fry in boiling hot lard for about five minutes. Lift them out with an open wire spoon and shake sugar over them.—(For L. A. L.)

Pale and Bloodless.

**THOUSANDS OF ANAEMIC GIRLS
HURRYING TO THE GRAVE.**

A Young Lady at Cobourg, Ont., Whose Case Was Pronounced Hopeless, Tells How She Regained Health and Strength —A Lesson to Mothers.

Anemia is the term used by doctors to indicate poverty of the blood. The prevalence of this trouble is most alarming, especially among young girls, and a large percentage of the altogether too numerous cases of consumption which annually ravage the country have their origin in this trouble. The first indication of anemia is a pale, sallow or waxy complexion. This is followed by loss of appetite, frequent headaches, indisposition to exertion, swelling of limbs, violent heart palpitation and frequent fainting fits. These symptoms may not all be present, but the more there are the greater the urgency for prompt and effective treatment, which should be persisted in until all traces of the trouble have vanished. Among the thousands who have been brought near to the brink of the grave from this trouble, and ultimately restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, is Miss Bella Boyd, an estimable young lady whose home is at Cobourg. Miss Boyd gives her experience as follows:—

"It is nearly ten years since my illness first commenced, and although I was doctoring more or less I received little or no benefit, as the doctors did not seem to understand my trouble. Two years ago my health became so bad that another doctor was called in, and he stated that my case was a most severe type of anemia, and that while he could help me the trouble had progressed to such a stage that he could hold out little hopes of a cure. At this time I was pale as chalk, my eyelids were swollen and would hang down over my eyes like sacks of water. My feet and limbs would swell, and were always cold. I was subject to violent headaches, severe palpitation of the heart, and if I stooped over I would be so dizzy that I could scarcely regain an upright position. My appetite failed me almost entirely, and I grew so weak that I was a mere wreck. While in this condition I read in a newspaper of the cure of a young girl whose case was much like mine, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. Those who knew me did not think any medicine could do me any good or that I would ever get better; but I determined at all events to give the pills a fair trial. I have used them for nearly a year with the result that I feel like a new person. The swelling in my eyelids and limbs has disappeared; my appetite is good and my face is regaining the color which left it years ago. I can sew and do work about the house, and this great change in my condition is due solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It is not too little to say that they have saved my life and I strongly urge girls who are similarly affected to give them a thorough trial.

A Bushel of Eggs

In the fall and winter is worth a barrel in hot weather. There's a way that never fails to fetch eggs when they're wanted, and that is to feed, once a day, in a warm mash

Sheridan's CONDITION Powder

It helps the older hens, makes pullets early layers, makes glossy plumage on prize winners. If you can't get it we send one package, 25 cents. 5 lbs. \$1.25; 10 lbs. \$2.50; 25 lbs. \$6.25. Sample sent free from J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

A DAUGHTER'S DANGER.

A Chatham Mother Tells how Her Daughter, who was Troubled with Weak Heart Action and run Down System was Restored to Health.

Every mother who has a daughter drooping and fading—pale, weak and listless—whose health is not what it ought to be, should read the following statement made by Mrs. J. S. Heath, 39 Richmond Street, Chatham, Ont.:

"Some time ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills at the Central Drug Store for my daughter, who is now 13 years of age, and had been afflicted with weak action of the heart for a considerable length of time.

"These pills have done her a world of good, restoring strong, healthy action of her heart, improving her general health and giving her physical strength beyond our expectations.

"They are a splendid remedy, and to any one suffering from weakness, or heart and nerve trouble I cordially recommend them."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

Colonial Book Store

Send to me for your SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLIES and SUPPLIES at Publishers' Prices.

Peloubets Notes I have a beautiful Bible, Teacher's edition, with new illustrations, size 5x7, only \$1.50.

Arnold's Notes on the S. S. Lessons, 60c. Send for Catalogues for Sunday School Libraries. I am offering special discounts.

Class Books, Supt. Records, Envelopes.

T. H. HALL,
Cor. King and Germain Sts.
St. John, N. B.

**Dr. J. Woodbury's
Horse Liniment,
FOR MAN OR BEAST,
HAS NO EQUAL
As an internal and external remedy.**

We, the undersigned, have used the above named LINIMENT for COUGHS, LAMENESS, etc., in the human subject as well as for the Horse, with the very best results. We highly recommend it as the best medicine or Horse on the market, and equally as good for man when taken in proper quantities: W. A. Randall, M. D., Yarmouth. Wm. E. Turner, Charles I. Kent, Joseph R. Wyman, ex-Mayor, " R. B. Feltner, Lawrence town. Manufactured at Yarmouth, N. S., by

Fred L. Shaffner,
Proprietor.

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The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

Fourth Quarter.

ZACCHEUS, THE PUBLICAN.

Lesson XI. December 16. Luke 19: 1-10. Commit Verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost.—Luke 19: 10.

EXPLANATORY.

I. ZACCHEUS, THE SEEKER.—Vs. 1, 2. I. AND JESUS ENTERED AND PASSED THROUGH (WAS PASSING) JERICHO. The newer city built up and beautified by Herod. It was a thriving city at this time.

2. THERE WAS A MAN NAMED ZACCHEUS. He was a Jew (v. 9). His name is Hebrew, from a root meaning "pure," in contrast with his former character and reputation. WHICH WAS THE CHIEF (rather, "a chief") AMONG THE PUBLICANS, or gatherers of revenue for the Romans. The taxes imposed by the Romans on subject nations were farmed out to men of wealth, who, for a specified sum paid at once into the Roman treasury obtained the right of collecting the taxes of a province or city. These contractors, who were usually Roman knights, entrusted the actual collection of taxes to sub-contractors or tax-gatherers. This system, which is still prevalent in the East, gave the widest scope for rapacity and extortion.

II. ZACCHEUS SEEKING TO KNOW MORE OF JESUS.—V. 3. AND HE SOUGHT TO SEE JESUS. The imperfect tense in the Greek denotes that he "kept seeking;" "he was busy seeking." WHO WAS HE. "Not to see what kind of a person, but which one of the crowd he was."

III. HIS TRIUMPH OVER HINDRANCES.—Vs. 3, 4. AND COULD NOT FOR THE PRESS (crowd) who were thronging Jesus on his way to Jerusalem. They were going up to the Passover, at which feast sometimes two million people were gathered together. It seems probable that the crowd thronged Jesus in expectation that he might announce himself as the Messiah. BECAUSE HE WAS LITTLE OF STATURE, and could not see over the heads of the multitude.

4. AND HE RAN BEFORE THE MULTITUDE, along the path in which they were coming. AND CLIMBED UP INTO A SYCOMORE TREE. The right spelling is "sycamore." It is an entirely different tree from our sycamore, which is the name of the sycamore maple in England, and of the button-wood tree in America.

IV. ZACCHEUS FINDS HIS SAVIOUR.—Vs. 5-7. The action of Zaccheus was really a prayer, which Jesus answered in his own way, giving vastly more than the publican expected. 5. AND WHEN JESUS CAME TO THE PLACE, HE LOOKED UP, AND SAW HIM. He knew both his name and his heart's desire, either from his supernatural knowledge of man, or "he might easily learn his name and something of his character from the comments which his conduct would draw from the crowd." ZACCHEUS, MAKE HASTE, AND COME DOWN. Words of extraordinary grace, for, while the Lord "accepted" many invitations (Luke 7: 36; 11: 37; 14: 1), yet we do not read that he honored any but this publican by thus offering himself to share his hospitality. The reader will remember

the words of the Lord to the church of Laodicea."

6. AND HE MADE HASTE. "If Zaccheus had not been alert now, he would have failed of his only opportunity. This is always a memorable time in any man's history when, through a book, a letter, a personal interview, a sermon, a special providence, he is brought into contact with that spiritual power which arrests his waywardness and changes the whole current of his being." AND RECEIVED HIM JOYFULLY. He had obtained not only what he had hoped for, but a great deal more, fulfilling the desires of his heart, which he had not dared to express even to himself. When one really wishes to leave sin and come to Christ, then nothing is so joyful as repenting, and receiving Christ, and living in love.

7. AND WHEN THEY SAW IT, THEY ALL MURMURED. The action of Christ was very unpopular, and it required great courage thus to brave the almost universal national feeling. The very actions by which he proved himself the true Messiah were regarded by the nation as unworthy of their Messiah. THAT HE WAS GONE TO BE GUEST. A friendly, social visit, as with an equal. It does not necessarily imply that he remained over night. (See on v. 5). WITH A MAN THAT IS A SINNER. A disreputable outcast, a notorious sinner.

V. CONFESSION, CONSCRATION, RESTORATION, SALVATION.—Vs. 8-10. 8. AND ZACCHEUS STOOD. Stood forth, stood up before his family, and whatever guests were present. He would confess his reformation, and his intention to live a new life, before all; thus, like Cortez, burning his ships behind him to leave no opportunity of retreat. BEHOLD, LORD, THE HALF OF MY GOODS I GIVE TO THE POOR. "Not, it is my practise to give. Zaccheus' statement is not a 'vindication,' but a 'vow.' 'I now give by way of restoration.'"

AND (he will be just as generous) IF I HAVE TAKEN ANY THING FROM ANY MAN BY FALSE ACCUSATION. The "if" does not imply doubt, but being used with the indicative mood in the Greek denotes a supposition according to fact, implying that he has done such wrong in the past, as if he had said, "whatsoever I have taken, I RESTORE HIM FOURFOLD. Not a declaration of his past habit, but the expression of a new purpose. It was common for the publicans to put a fictitious value on property or income, or to advance the tax to those unable to pay, and then to charge usurious interest on the private debt."

9. THIS DAY IS SALVATION COME TO THIS HOUSE. The publican was saved; saved from his past sins, saved from the punishment thereof, saved from his sinful character, to a new, true, holy, and heavenly life. Salvation is in the present tense as well as the future. FORASMUCH AS HE ALSO IS A SON OF ABRAHAM. This expression was probably used with a reference to the sneer of Pharisees against publicans and sinners, as being unworthy of eternal life. Our Lord declares that however much the self-righteous Pharisee might despise Zaccheus, he was a genuine son of Abraham, if any one was.

10. FOR THE SON OF MAN IS COME TO SEEK. We learn from this, that though Zaccheus seemed to seek the Lord to see him, yet the Lord was secretly seeking Zaccheus. AND TO SAVE THAT WHICH WAS LOST. And therefore he went where the lost were.

IT'S NOT BIRTH.

Nor Wealth, Nor State, but "Git up and Git, That Makes Man Great."

This is the motto on the letter head of a well-known grocery firm in Watertown, N. Y., Fred B. Bush & Co., and is indicative of the character of the men. Mr. Bush himself had quite an experience with food in relation to health, as he was refused insurance because the examining physician found he had Bright's disease and could only live a short time at the least.

"My own physician suggested that I make a radical change in diet. About that time my attention was called to Grape-Nuts food, and I began with doctor's permission to use this food. Of course I had been forbidden the use of sugar or starchy food, but my doctor knew that Grape-Nuts was composed of the starch of wheat and barley transformed into grape sugar and in this condition is easily digested.

"To make a long story short, Grape-Nuts has been a constant dish at my table for three years. I have taken no medicine during this time and I am now strong and healthy and capable of doing a hard day's work every day."

So much for pure food, properly selected and perfectly cooked by experts at the factory. There is not a single disease in the category of human ills but what can be helped by the use of pure food of this character, and most of the ordinary diseases can be cured.

Playing Doctor.

A lawyer has two bright children. A few days ago their mother found they were playing "doctor." The youngest child was the patient, with head wrapped in a towel, and the older, the physician, with a silk hat and a cane. The mother, unseen by the little ones, listened at the doorway, "I feel awful bad," said the patient.

"We'll fix all that," said the doctor, briskly. "Lemme see your tongue."

Out came the tiny red indicator.

"Hum-hum! coated," said the doctor, looking very grave indeed.

Then, without a word of warning, the skilled physician hauled off and gave the patient a smart slap in the region of the ribs.

"Ouch!" cried the sufferer.

"Feel any pain there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes," said the patient.

"I thought so," said the healer. "How's the other side?"

"It's all right," said the patient, edging away.

Thereupon the doctor produced a small bottle, with what looked like either bread or mud in it, and placed it on the table.

"Take one of these pellets," the physician said, "dissolved in water, every seven-teen minutes—al-ter-mit-ly."

"How long mas' I take 'em?" groaned the patient.

"Till you die," said the doctor. "Good-bye."—Sunday-School Evangelist.

One of the Little Heroes.

John was a dear little six-year-old, and it was his first few weeks of school life. His home training had been of the Puritan order, and had yielded the usual results. He was conscientious and exact, truthful to the smallest detail, but he had a terrible dread of being "kept in," as there was a standing promise of a whipping at home.

One day, when the tasks were assigned, the teacher announced in unmistakable accents that the work which was not finished before the dismissal bell rang, should be completed after school.

Poor little John! The sentence struck terror to his heart. His pencil seemed to move never so slowly. His heart beat so violently he was sure the teacher must hear.

The dreadful gong sounded. In a dream the little fellow heard the teacher say, "Those who have completed their work pass out." The teacher was not looking. Here was the chance to escape disgrace in school, and the punishment that would await him at home. Right and wrong struggled violently in the little breast. He struggled to his feet, and passed out the door without being challenged. In a moment more the teacher was startled as the door flung open, and a sad, tear-stained, broken-hearted little man rushed in, and going to his seat, seized the half-filled paper, and, handing it to the teacher, sobbed out:

"Have I told a lie? I tried so hard not to. Does God know how hard it is for little boys?"

Are there not some real heroes among his little ones?—The California Christian Advocate.

Tolerance.

Do you show your love by your works? While you have time, as you have opportunity, do you in fact "do good to all men," neighbours or strangers, friends or enemies, good or bad? Do you do them all the good you can, endeavouring to supply all their wants, assisting them both in body and soul, to the uttermost of your power? If thou art thus minded—may every Christian say yea—if thou art but sincerely desirous of it, and following on till thou attain, then "thy heart is right, as my heart is with thy heart."

"If it be, give me thy hand." I do not mean, "Be of my opinion." You need not; I do not expect or desire it. Neither do I mean, "I will be of your opinion." I can not; it does not depend on my choice; I can no more think than I can see or hear, as I will. Keep up your opinion, I mine, and that as steadily as ever. You need not even endeavour to come over to me, or bring me over to you. I do not desire you to dispute those points, or to hear or speak one word concerning them. Let all opinions alone on one side and the other; "only give me thine hand." I do not mean, "Embrace my modes of worship: or, I will embrace yours." This, also, is a thing which does not depend on your choice or mine. We must both act as each is fully persuaded in his own mind.—John Wesley.

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The Anchor line has commenced a progressive movement which will place it in the fore rank with the big lines. The line is now having built on the other side five new steamers, ranging from 7,000 to 9,500 tons each. The new boats will add 74,000 new tons to the fleet. Besides the above proposed additions to the fleet there has recently been completed a new boat for the Anchor line. The fleet now consists of 25 steamships. J. H. Scammell & Co. are the St. John agents.

A portion of the wall of the Theatre Francaise, in course of construction at Montreal, collapsed in the gale on Wednesday and in its fall demolished a small house. The ruins caught fire and an invalid occupant was so badly burned that he died on his way to the hospital.

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I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAGUE.

Sydney, C. B. I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER.

Yarmouth. I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Burin, Nfld.

ROYAL The Absolutely Pure BAKING-POWDER

is the baking powder of general use, its sale exceeding that of all other baking powders combined.

Royal Baking Powder has not its counterpart at home or abroad. Its qualities, which make the bread more healthful and the cake of finer appearance and flavor, are peculiar to itself and are not constituent in other leavening agents.

Great efforts are made to sell alum baking powders under the plea that they are so many cents a pound cheaper than Royal. The admission that they are cheaper made is an admission that they are inferior. But alum powders contain a corrosive poison and should not be used in food, no matter how cheap.

From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

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

NORTH RIVER.—The Lord has graciously blessed us here; the church revived and thirteen baptized. The church also made as a present of upwards of twenty dollars for all which we are very grateful.

I. B. COLWELL.

Petitcodiac, Nov. 26.

SALISBURY, N. B.—Baptized four last Sunday, Nov. 25th, into the fellowship of the 1st Salisbury church from the Steeves Mountain Section. Work on the Father Cradall Memorial church is going on satisfactorily. When completed it will be an ornament to the village, and a credit to the Baptists of this place. Is there not some brothers or sisters who would like to help in this worthy cause?

J. E. TINER.

PORT HILFORD, N. S.—The Sunday School, lately re-organized, is doing good solid work. A new library has been added to its equipment at a cost of \$35. Pastor Fisher has devoted much energy and enthusiasm to this work. Also by his clear presentation of the truth he is awakening us to duties to God and one another, hitherto unperceived or ignored. COM.

BEAR RIVER, N. S.—It has proved a great pleasure to be at work again in my native land. Our church was without pastoral care several months, and felt the loss. The work is gradually recovering. The Sunday School is prosperous under the care of Principal Ruggles of the high school. The attendance has reached 150. There is also a good Sunday School in the Morganville settlement cared for by Dea. Harris. The church is facing its problems courageously and trusting in the Covenant keeping God.

ISRAEL W. PORTER, Pastor.

TABERNACLE, HALIFAX.—We are still alive and working with a few faint indications of an increase of life. The past year has been full of excitement, which has greatly hindered our work. But now that the soldiers have returned, exhibition and election over we hope for better things for the church. Bro. Hugh McLean, gospel singer, was with us one week between other engagements. He sings the gospel most effectively. We hope to have him a little later. You will do well to do the same. G. W. SCHURMAN.

WALLACE AND PUGWASH.—The Wallace church held a thanksgiving service on Nov. 29th, at which we had a "roll call" of the members each responding by a text of Scripture. A thank offering of \$40 was taken. On the evening of the same day the Pugwash church had a similar service in which a large number took part by responding for themselves and for absent members who had written letters to the church, we find this a good way to keep in touch with absent members. A thank offering of \$80 was taken. As churches, "we thank God and take courage." PASTOR.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.—God in his wisdom has taken from us our beloved Pastor, Rev. J. W. S. Young, calling him to a higher and holier service. While we bow submissively to the Divine will we desire to express our sorrow at his sudden, and what seems to us early death, and realizing the great loss sustained by the church, we deem it fitting to place on record our appreciation of his valuable service to the church and community. We respected him as a man, we valued him as a friend, we loved him as a pastor, we are thankful that we were permitted to know him, to sit under his ministry for a few brief but blessed months. We desire to express to the bereaved widow and family the sympathy of our hearts and the assurance of our prayers that God's comforting grace may prove all sufficient in her loneliness and sorrow. May the great Head of the church sanctify to our upbuilding in holy things this providence strange to us but plain to him. On behalf of the church. JOHN WEBBER.

SACKVILLE, N. B.—On Sunday, Nov. 25, our pastor, Rev. E. E. Daley, preached his farewell sermon to crowded houses in both Bethel and Main Street churches. He and his family left the next morning for their new home in Bridgetown, N. S., followed by the best wishes of not only

the members of this church and congregation, but of the entire community. During his three years' pastorate the church has been blessed of God, over one hundred and twenty-five having united therewith by baptism. The church has certainly been most fortunate in the men they have called to be their pastors. The names of Mr. Donald, Hall, Warren, Vincent and Daley are endeared to the hearts of many in this community. On the 16th inst., our assistant pastor, Rev. W. R. Robinson, who had preached most acceptably to us since March 1st last, left to assume the pastorate of the Gibson church. We are now without any under shepherd. We are praying that the Lord of the Harvest will send us one of his own choosing. F. W. EMERSON, Church Clerk.

Nov. 26.

ST. ANDREWS.—We have begun work on this important and in some respects difficult field; but the encouragement already received, far outweighs all discouragements. From the people thus far we have had all the kindness and attention that anyone could reasonably expect. There are three churches on the field, one in the town, one at Bayside and one at Bocabec. The spiritual condition of these churches is quite satisfactory. We have the assistance and sympathy of the Home Mission Board, which will greatly help us in pulling through hard places when we come to them. Taken altogether, the prospects for this field are bright. Our prayer is: the Lord bless, keep us humble and make us faithful. I do not want to encroach on your space; but I would like to make some reference to the dear brethren and friends in Richmond from whom we have recently parted. The parting was a sore one; it was even tearful. No kinder people, nor more loving Christians can be found. I most cheerfully recommend the Richmond field to any earnest brother who wants to get among a people who know how to appreciate a minister of the gospel. The last acts of tangible kindness shown us by our Richmond friends just before leaving were, first, a sum of over fifty dollars put into my hand to enable me to buy a horse; second, a beautiful present to Mrs. Currie, in value about twelve dollars. The memory of these substantial tokens and previous one of a similar character, will be among the brightest of our lives. God bless our Richmond friends. CALVIN CURRIE.

Nov. 26th.

HOPWELL.—The roll call and reopening of the house of worship at Hopewell Hill was a pronounced success. The storm did not prevent the people in large numbers from being present, and a larger number answered to their names than usual. The Rev. C. W. Townsend was unable to be present on account of the death of their child, and the pastor was compelled to fill in the gap. The Rev. M. E. Fletcher rendered valuable assistance and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address to the Deacons who were ordained in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. King (Methodist) was with us in the evening and assisted the pastor, who again had to speak. The repairs have cost us over \$400. During the past fifteen months we have raised five hundred dollars which left us with a debt of nine hundred dollars. The collections of the day amounted to three hundred and thirty-one dollars and ninety cents. Since then the sixteen dollars have been sent in. We have a beautiful house of worship and with God's blessing we hope to liquidate the balance of our debt in the course of another year. W. A. West was the contractor, and his work has given universal satisfaction. The plans and specifications were drawn up by Watson Reed, Esq., Architect, of Riverside, N. B., and we are very grateful for his help. The ceiling attracted a good deal of attention. It is the first one of the kind in these provinces. The material was manufactured by George Prescott's mills in West River, Albert Co., and is composed of three ply hard wood glued together like veneering; and the consensus of opinion was that it was very handsome. The walls are spruce finished in the natural wood. The building is heated with hot air. Mr. Hatfield of Harvey did the painting both outside and inside and he has maintained his reputation as a good workman. The houses of worship on this field are now in fairly good repair and we are in a better position to do the Master's work than ever before. The music during the day was very fine. The different choirs united and formed one grand choir to the edification of all. Six have recently received the hand of fellowship and the light is beginning to shine. F. D. DAVIDSON.

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An Omission.

In my report of the Yarmouth county Sunday School Convention I note one omission that I much regret. In a very able manner that delighted all present, Pastor W. F. Parker taught the lesson of the then following Sabbath, the text of which was Luke 16:1-12. This was one of the best things of the Convention. R. J. G.

DANIEL & ROBERTSON.

St. John, Tuesday, Dec. 4th.

Send in your requests for samples of dress goods, silks or cloths, in good time for Christmas as we always have a rush just at the last minute.

A Dress for Christmas.

A dress is one of the nicest presents you can give.

A Silk Waist length for Christmas.

A silk waist is always appreciated. A length of silk for a waist will cost you \$1.75, \$2.28, \$2.63, \$3.50

A Silk made up for Christmas.

Silk Waists made up, all ready to put on. Sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38. Colors and black with fine needle tucks back and front, french sleeves. Colors, light blue, pink, red, navy, rose, cerise, \$4.25, \$5.50.

Handsome Black Waists for Christmas.

Black peau-de-soie tucked waists, \$4.25.

Black taffeta silk waists, shell corded and tucked, \$5.50.

Black taffeta waist, with fine tucks and hemstitching between tucks, \$6.50, \$7.90.

Cloth for Cape or Coat for Christmas.

We will send you a full line of cloths on request.

Golf cloths for capes, fine Beavers and other cloths for coats.

Daniel & Robertson,

London House Retail.

St. John, N. B.

NEWCOMB—J. bride's father, by Rev. I. B. C. of Hopewell Hill. D. Jones of Pet. LODGE—COR. age, Fairville, Rev. A. T. Fairville to J. place. PICKLE—HRI parsonage, on Nov. 7th. Pickle to J. bec Junction. ROBERTS—M at the home cent, Samuel Grace McDona. WELTON—W S., Nov. 17th Amos Welton Parraboro. SEARS—CAN 17th, by Rev. Sears and Lizz boro, N. S. PATTERSON— church, Peres Nov. 28th, by M. A., William Kings Co., to Lean, of B Kings Co, N. MCKINLEY— home of the Rev. A. B. Kinley and I Cambridge, N. COOK—LATHA bride's father, Harbor, Guysb by Pastor G. and Bessie Lat bor. GILLARD—M B., on Nov. 28 A. M., Theopli land to Annie McDORMAN— church, Bear Rev. Israel W. McDormand to ter of F. W. P. MCLERNAN— the bride's par C. Spurr, B. A. Ada J. Judson, CARR—RAWD S., Nov. 29, by rance Carr of Rawding of county. GRAY.—At E Garfield Gray, TOWNSEND.— boro, N. B., on beloved daughter aged 12 days. STEVENS.—A N. B., on Nov. 45 years, beloved ens. RUSHTON.—A Jas. E. Rushton age. He leaves to mourn their FRASER.—At Catherine Fraser earth. Our dep years a faithful Baptist church. EVANS.—At pneumonias, Mr wife of J. I. Ev tized into the Baptist church consistent life, who knew her, and grave condu assisted by Rev. KILCUP.—At Eston, Centrevi Nov. 12th, of pa eighty-six years the church in C tized by Father years ago. The fort to him and in his last illness thoughtful of the HAMM.—Char passed away on 78th year of his slight paralytic and has been a stricken down v nesday and after entered into re good citizen, a k father. One br rowing wife, two and a large circ survive him to m WOOD.—At A unexpectedly on 25th, Abble, be

MARRIAGES.

NEWCOMB-JONES.—At the home of the bride's father, Petticoctiac, N. B., Nov. 21, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Joseph D. Newcomb of Hopewell Hill, Albert Co., to Charlotte D. Jones of Petticoctiac.

LOGG-CORAM.—At the Baptist parsonage, Fairville, on the 26th inst., by the Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Phair Lodge of Fairville to Jennie Coram of the same place.

PICKLE-HENDERSON.—At the Baptist parsonage, Richmond, Carleton county, on Nov. 7th, by Rev. C. Currie, Ward Pickle to Jennie Henderson, both of Debec Junction, Carleton county.

ROBERTS-MCDONALD.—On Nov. 16th, at the home of the bride, by A. J. Vincent, Samuel Roberts of North Sydney to Grace McDonald of Sydney, C. B.

WELTON-WELTON.—At Parrsboro, N. S., Nov. 17th by Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, Amos Welton and Janie Welton, both of Parrsboro.

SEARS-CANNING.—At Parrsboro, Nov. 17th, by Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, William Sears and Lizzie Canning, both of Parrsboro, N. S.

PATTERSON-MCLEAN.—At the Baptist church, Perseus, Kings county, N. S., Nov. 28th, by the Rev. W. N. Hutchins, M. A., William Patterson of Delhavan, Kings Co., to Ada, daughter of John McLean, of Baxter's Harbor Mountain, Kings Co., N. S.

MCKINLEY-HANSELPACKER.—At the home of the bride, on the 28th Nov., by the Rev. A. B. Macdonald, Alexander McKinley and Dora Hanselbacher, all of Cambridge, N. B.

COOK-LATHAM.—At the home of the bride's father, Mr. John Latham, Isaac's Harbor, Guysboro county, N. S., Nov. 14, by Pastor G. A. Lawson, Edmund Cook and Bessie Latham, both of Isaac's Harbor.

GILLARD-MUNROE.—At Glace Bay, C. B., on Nov. 28th, by Rev. A. J. Archibald, A. M., Theophalis Gillard of Newfoundland to Annie Munroe of Glace Bay.

MCDORMAND-PURDY.—At the Baptist church, Bear River, N. S., Nov. 28th, by Rev. Israel W. Porter, B. A., Charles F. McDormand to M. U. May, eldest daughter of F. W. Purdy, all of Bear River.

MCLENNAN-JUDSON.—At the home of the bride's parents, Nov. 14th by Rev. J. C. Spurr, B. A., Seymour G. McLennan to Ada J. Judson, all of Alexandria, P. E. I.

CARR-RAWDING.—At Clementsvalle, N. S., Nov. 29, by Rev. L. J. Tingley, Lawrence Carr of Lequille, N. S. to Eva Rawding of Clementsvalle, Annapolis county.

DEATHS.

GRAY.—At Parrsboro, N. S., Nov. 4, Garfield Gray, aged 18 years.

TOWNSEND.—At the parsonage, Hillsboro, N. B., on November 24th, Ella, the beloved daughter of Rev. C. W. Townsend, aged 12 days.

STEVENS.—At Harvey Bank, Albert Co., N. B., on Nov. 15th, Ada A. Stevens, aged 46 years, beloved wife of Captain S. Stevens.

RUSHTON.—At Parrsboro, N. S., Nov. 6, Jas. E. Rushton, in the 57th year of his age. He leaves a wife and three daughters to mourn their loss.

FRASER.—At Eldon, P. E. I., Nov. 21st, Catherine Fraser was suddenly called from earth. Our departed sister was for many years a faithful member of the Belfast Baptist church.

EVANS.—At Shediac, Nov. 22nd, of pneumonia, Mrs. Ann H. Evans, beloved wife of J. I. Evans, aged 80 years. Baptized into the fellowship of the Shediac Baptist church in 1876, she lived a quiet, consistent life, loved and respected by all who knew her. Funeral service at house and grave conducted by Rev. E. C. Corey, assisted by Rev. Isaac Howie, (Methodist).

KILCUP.—At the home of Mr. Otis Eaton, Centreville, Kings county, N. S., Nov. 12th, of paralysis, David Kilcup aged eighty-six years. He was a member of the church in Canard, having been baptized by Father Manning nearly seventy years ago. The Bible was a source of comfort to him and he loved the house of God. In his last illness he was very patient, and thoughtful of those who cared for him.

HAMM.—Charles Hamm, of Grand Bay, passed away on Sunday, Nov. 25th, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Hamm had a slight paralytic stroke about a year ago, and has been ailing ever since. He was stricken down with peritonitis last Wednesday and after four days of suffering entered into rest. The departed was a good citizen, a kind husband, and a loving father. One brother, in California, a sorrowing wife, two sons and three daughters and a large circle of relatives and friends survive him to mourn his departure.

WOOD.—At Alexandria, P. E. I., very unexpectedly on Sunday evening, Nov. 25th, Abbie, beloved wife of Benjamin

Wood, Jr., aged 31 years. After a little more than a year of married life our sister has been called from her pleasant earthly home to the home on high. Possessed of a gentle, kindly, helpful spirit always seeking to minister to others and forgetful of self, she will be greatly missed by all who knew her. Our loss is her eternal gain. Funeral services on the 29th were conducted by Pastor Spurr, assisted by Rev. R. Ople. Our prayer is that the comforts of the gospel may sustain the bereaved.

WILSON.—In his vessel at Machiasport on Nov. 23, Capt. Jacob Wilson of St. John, aged 64 years, leaving five sons and four daughters. He was baptized in 1867 by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, becoming a member of Second Cambridge Baptist church. During the last twenty years he lived in St. John. Wherever he lived and wherever he sailed he was the same faithful confessor and follower of his Lord and Saviour. His body was borne to the Narrows, where the friends and companions of his earlier life, who knew his worth and who loved him well committed it to the tomb, to await the "bright immortal morning."

GRINTON.—At Falkland Ridge, November 9th, John Grinton, aged sixty-nine. Deceased was a descendant of one of our first families settled in Springfield. Late in life he was baptized by the late Evangelist Young, but for some years before his death was not permitted, because of affliction, to meet his brethren in the public services of the sanctuary. The pastoral visit, religious conversation and prayer were during this period a source of evident comfort to our brother's mind and a stimulus to his faith. In his last illness, which was attended by terrible suffering, Mr. Grinton was patient, calm and strong in the prospect of death, look-forward with even something of eagerness to the rest remaining for the people of God.

HARTLING.—On the coast of Labrador, during the summer, Harris Hartling, beloved son of Deacon George and Mrs. Hartling of Oyster Ponds, Jeddore, N. S., in the eighteenth year of his age. This young man was engaged in lobster fishing on the coast of Labrador and one day while performing his accustomed task he fell from his boat into the water and in a very mysterious manner was drowned. His sad and sudden death has caused a pall of gloom to fall upon the community in which he lived as well as upon the hearts of his grief-stricken parents. We are made glad, however, to know that our young brother had yielded his heart to the entreaties of Jesus three years before his death; therefore he was prepared for the summons that called him so unexpectedly from time into eternity. May God bless and sustain the parents in this their time of affliction.

CHESLEY.—At Clarence, N. S., on the 20th inst., Mrs. Harriet Chesley, in the 78th year of her age. Mrs. Chesley was one of the oldest members of the Clarence Baptist church of which she had been a faithful member for many years and during her years of health and strength was one of the most energetic workers in her Master's cause. Notwithstanding the fact that she has been almost totally blind and in feeble health for a number of years she was never heard to complain and only sometimes laterly murmured at her Lord's long delay in calling her home. Her life was most exemplary in every particular, of a quiet and gentle disposition, her godly example was a constant sermon to those who knew her best. By word and example she ever would have fulfilled the angel's song: "Peace on earth, good will to men," and this she made her own.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

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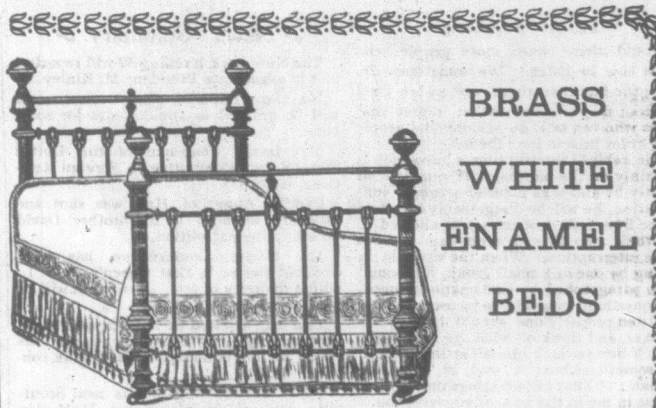
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BRASS WHITE ENAMEL BEDS

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Are now coming into greater use than ever, as being most healthy on account of the cleanliness of the metal, and the most popular are those finished White Enamel with Brass Trimmings. We are now showing a great variety of new designs in White Enamel Beds at prices from \$4.75 to \$27.09. Also ALL BRASS BEDS at lowest prices.

Write for illustrations.

Manchester Robertson & Allison

VAN EMBURG.—Drowned in the loss of the Steamer "City of Monticello," on Nov. 10th, Wynne, aged 19, and Fred, aged 17, dearly beloved sons of Isaac Van Emburg of Pubnico Head. Besides their father, an invalid mother, two brothers and one sister are left to mourn. Wynne had been assistant cook with his father, but took his father's place, taking with him his younger brother Fred as assistant. Thus the father is providentially spared the joy and light of the house are taken. Wynne's body has been found, and was buried from his late home on the 14th inst. By request of the family, Pastor McPhee preached the funeral sermon from 2 Sam. 1: 23; being assisted in the exercises by Revs. Messrs. Brown, (former pastor), Sturgis, Wilson and West (F. B.). The family is in great grief, but we can only bid them look up to and trust in him who doeth all things well. To all the sorrowing friends we tender our deepest sympathy.

TOOLE.—At Tootleton, Kings county, Nov. 19th, James W. Toole, aged 55, after a very short illness from gastric ulcer and hemorrhage, entered his peaceful rest. Funeral on Thursday the 22nd, services conducted by the Rev. Mr. McNeal of Hampton, assisted by the Rev. Mr. Hughes of St. John. The sermon from 1 Kings, 2 and 2, was very practical and full of comfort. The deceased was a deacon of the Baptist church for about ten years; also a worthy member of the I. O. G. T. and I. O. F. In all these positions our good brother will be sadly missed. We can only say, as he repeated in his last moments, "Be still, and know that I am God." Great sympathy is felt for the bereaved family of a widow and two daughters. They indeed mourn the loss of a kind husband and loving father. Only five months before his only brother left us. Four sisters yet survive them. May the God of all grace comfort and sustain the loving family, and raise up others to fill the places of those who are passing from us.

MARSHALL.—At Weymouth, N. S., Nov. 6th, Ella, the beloved wife of Capt. R. Marshall, passed on to the better land, aged 54 years. Our Sister Marshall, whose maiden name was Banks, came to Weymouth in her girlhood's days to live in the home of her uncle, the late Father Randall. In early life she united with the Baptist church, to which she gave efficient and faithful services and large-hearted support. The poor shared in her benevolence and her many friends in her abundant and cheerful hospitality. To our sister there came the usual cares and sorrows of life, but she lived in the sunshine and was the light and joy of the household. Her children—seven of whom survive her—two having preceded her, in great sorrow mourn her departure and call her blessed. Her husband in his deep grief remembers with gratitude the Lord's great gift of one so beloved. Some ten months' notice of death's certain approach caused no dismay, the intense suffering of internal causes cast no shadow, at eventide it was light. The beautiful floral offerings and the grave lined with native mosses, together with the large concourse of friends at the

burial, were worthy tributes of respect and love.

BECKWITH.—At Centreville, Kings County, November 23rd, Edgar Beckwith, in the 40th year of his age. While returning home from the C. P. R. station with a load of empty barrels, his horse became unmanageable and he slid from the load for the purpose of holding them. He was thrown to the ground and the wheels passed over him. When picked up his neck was dislocated near the shoulders and the back of his head was badly cut. Medical attendance was secured at once and everything possible was done for his recovery but after two days suffering his soul went to God. He leaves a wife, one child and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss. Bro. Beckwith was baptized into the fellowship of the 1st Cornwallis church when in his 16th year, pastor, Rev. S. B. Kempton. He was interested in all the work of the church, especially in the spiritual welfare of the young, and he will be greatly missed in the religious life in the community where he resided.

Notice.

A word of explanation may be right from me. During the summer it was my intention to resume study in the fall but have been led differently. "Do the work of an evangelist," has been my calling from the beginning. My studies and training at Moody's School, Mt. Hermon, and Dr. Gordon's in Boston has been along this line. God has sealed it by results. Terms—Work for God. Hire with no board, church or person. Pastors or churches led to try such service in special meetings after Jan. 1st, 1901, may address me now. GEO. H. BRAMAN, Prosser Brook, Elgin, Albert Co., N. B.

New Book.

MESSIAH'S SECOND ADVENT: A Study in Eschatology.

This is a volume of 288 pages from the pen of our honored Professor of Systematic Theology, Dr. Goodspeed. The topics dealt with are: "The Resurrection of the Dead," "The General Judgment," "No Probation after Christ Comes," "Rev. 20: 4-6, and Resurrection from the Dead," "The Kingdom," "The Ever-Imminent Coming of our Lord," "The Power of His Coming," "The Last Day," "The Progress of the Gospel," "The Millennium," "Some Evils of Premillennialism." A full Index to Scripture texts is added.

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GEO. A. McDONALD, 120 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S.

The Art of Listening.

Would there were more people who knew how to listen! We sometimes deplore the fact that there are so few good talkers; may we not rather regret that those who can talk so seldom find people who know how to hear them?

The habit of interrupting is one which is certainly on the increase. If one will sit quietly by and take notes of a casual conversation, he will be disagreeably surprised to see how few sentences are allowed to run their smooth and even way without some interruption. When the story is in telling by one of a small group, it is bound to be paraphrased by exclamations, needless questions, or would-be jocose speeches. To listen properly one should look at the speaker, and think of what he is saying. Such a listener is in himself an inspiration. We sometimes hear it said of a man or woman: "That person brings out all that is best in me in the way of conversation." And generally the reason for this is that this particular person gives appreciative heed to what is being said.

To look at a book, to turn over the pages of a magazine, or to glance over the columns of a newspaper, is not to listen attentively, and will serve as a damper to the most enthusiastic of speakers.—Harper's Bazar.

Iced tea is quite a different preparation. To make iced tea, pour five pints of boiling water over three heaping tablespoonfuls of the best English breakfast tea, and let it draw or infuse five minutes. It must not boil. Add a pint of cold milk. Pour it into an icecream freezer packed in salt and ice, and turn the handle of the freezer around five minutes. Serve it in thin glasses, with powdered sugar and thin slices of lemon.—Rx.

A boy is like a bicycle, because he cannot stand alone. He needs a steady hand to direct his way. He runs the easiest down hill. If you lose control of him, he may break your heart, if not your head. He is not made to travel on bad roads. The straighter you keep him the more safely he runs. The faster he runs the more closely must his guide stick to him. He needs blowing up once in awhile. He should never be run by more than two cranks.—Young Churchman.

With all the pomp and circumstance which might have attended the obsequies of a member of the royal family, the remains of Sir Arthur Sullivan were interred in St. Paul's Cathedral on Tuesday. The Queen, Emperor William of Germany the Prince of Wales and other royalties were represented, and the musical and dramatic world attended in force. The coffin was embedded in magnificent floral tributes sent from far and near.

A writer in the London Daily Mail has figured it out that, averaging the poor and frugal with the rich and extravagant, it costs a young Englishman about \$2,000 to fit himself for the navy, \$3,000 for the army, \$3,875 for the church, \$4,000 for the bar, and \$4,720 for the practice of medicine.

THE DOCTOR LAUGHED
But the Woman was Frightened.

A physician of Columbus, Ga., rather poked fun at a lady patient who insisted she had heart disease.

The trouble really was caused by injuries from the effects of coffee drinking, and the nerves were so affected that it gave her every indication of heart disease. This is true of thousands of people who are badly hurt by the caffeine of coffee, and, it is understood that if continued long enough, real organic heart disease will set in.

The lady referred to above is Mrs. C. V. Irvine, 1010 B street, East Highland, Columbus, Ga. She says: "I have been running down in health for a number of years and suspected that coffee was hurting me but could not get my consent to quit it. My heart troubled me so that I was very short of breath, and could do little or nothing that required exertion. I had fearful nervous headaches nearly every day, and was exceedingly nervous with indigestion and badly constipated. The doctor laughed at my idea of heart trouble but knew that I was in a serious condition generally. Finally I was induced to quit coffee and take up Postum Food Coffee. This was about four months ago and the change has been wonderful. I feel like another person. My heart does not trouble me at all, and the stomach and nerves are decidedly improved. My head does not give me the old trouble it did, while the bowels are regular without any purgatives or medicine of any kind. "I can hardly express my gratification for the relief from suffering brought on by the use of regular coffee, and I cannot thank Postum enough."

News Summary.

The New York Evening World reports a plot to assassinate President McKinley.

No more Imperial army commissions will be granted to the colonies for some time.

Mr. Davis, Chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, is dead.

Camille Angur of Hull was shot and seriously wounded by his brother David on a hunting expedition.

Mr. Martin, Conservative, has been declared elected in East Queen's, P. E. I., with a majority of ten. A re-count will be held.

Two men arrested in Detroit were found to have \$300 in Dominion Bank bills stolen at the famous Nanabee bank robbery.

While out shooting rabbits near Stouffville, Ont., on Monday Henry McMullen accidentally shot and killed his brother, Sinclair McMullen. The top of the head of the victim was completely torn off.

A movement is on foot in London to erect a tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral recording the services rendered to the nation by the war correspondents who fell in the Sudan and South African campaigns.

A number of Portuguese troops, with two guns, have left Lorenzo Marquez for Catembo, near the Transvaal border, where it is reported that Gen. Dewet and a Boer commando have fled to escape the British.

The last steamship arrival at Montreal from sea was the Bray Head, which arrived on Wednesday. It is expected she will sail Friday morning, making the last departure for sea, one of the latest records.

Lord Roberts reports from Johannesburg that five Italians, four Greeks and one Frenchman are under arrest charged with attempting to assassinate him. Their intentions, he says, were to blow up St. Mary's church while he was at service.

A cable despatch from Manila says that the American cruiser Yosemite was sunk in a typhoon at Guam on the 15th of November, and that five of her crew were lost. The Yosemite was first commissioned April 13, 1898.

The Somalis have risen in Jubaland and province of British East Africa. About 4,000 well-armed men are on the warpath. Sub-Commissioner Jender, who has been on a tour inland, with a small force is said to have been attacked.

It will be seen by their advertisement in another column that Messrs. S. Kerr and Son have made additions to their rooms and teaching staff in connection with their Commercial College on Union Street, which will materially increase their facilities for work.

The new building of the Family Herald and Weekly Star in Montreal is said by some persons to be the finest newspaper building in the world. This is saying a good deal for Canada as well as for the enterprize and success of the paper.

Prohibition legislation came before the courts at Winnipeg on Wednesday. The court held that the Dominion Alliance had no status in the argument on the prohibition act case, consequently Messrs. Mulock and Taylor, counsel for that body, will not be heard.

The departure for Australia of Their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of York has been postponed for a short period. Much disappointment has been expressed in colonial circles in London at the announcement that Canada would not be represented at the great Australian function, and it is said that the postponement of the duke and duchess's departure is due in a large measure to the desire of the home government to secure the presence of a representative of Canada at the great gathering.

Mr. D. P. Kent, the artesian well borer, has been working for some weeks at Woodman's Point, at the summer residence of Mr. Arthur McDonald, trying to get a supply of good drinking water. He went down about 700 feet and three times water was found, but each time it was a strong mineral flavor and could not be used for general purposes. The undertaking has been abandoned and Mr. McDonald will be compelled to sink an ordinary well for river water. He will have an analysis made of the mineral water and it may be he will find that he has a valuable property in the artesian well.—Globe.

Good Work is the name of a new monthly illustrated paper published by the American Baptist Publication Society. It takes the place of the Colporteur, which has been discontinued. Its columns are devoted to accounts of missionary work in all parts of the country, together with many helpful suggestive articles. It is well illustrated, contains sixteen pages, and costs only 25 cents a year per copy. No pains will be spared to make it progressive, suggestive, and eminently helpful in every department. Attention is called to the fine premiums offered. Send to 1420 Chestnut Street for further information.

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Consumption!
Starting Statement by Sir James Grant, of Ottawa.
3000 Die Annually
In Ontario Alone Through the Ravages of the Great White Plague.
Before the Canadian Medical Association held at Ottawa a few days since, Sir James Grant, the noted physician, made the startling statement that 3,000 persons die annually in Ontario from tuberculosis. Truly, consumption is the most terrible disease in the world: it is the result of germs attacking the weak spot.
For a quarter of a century Dr. T. A. Slocum, one of the most eminent scientists of the day, has made the cure of consumption a life study and has succeeded in compounding a system of treatment which positively destroys the germ that produces the disease, at the same time building up the system and creating fresh and blood. There is no humbug about Dr. Slocum, he knows exactly what his treatment will do and affirms emphatically that it cures in ninety per cent. of cases. The doctor has such confidence in the Slocum system that he offers treatment positively free to all who desire a cure. Here is the offer:
You or your sick friends can have a FREE course of Treatment. Simply write to THE T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL Co., Limited, 379 King St. West, Toronto, giving post office and express office address, and the free medicine (The Slocum Cure) will be promptly sent.
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We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.
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Safe Pleasant Effectual

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The Farm.

Pulling Together.

Some farmers have the "knack" of making the best of environment, and they are the ones who succeed. I knew a young couple who married and moved on a farm. They had only enough money for the barest necessities, and it so fretted the young farmer that he took it for granted that there was no use in trying. He was continually saying: "You can't expect me to do much with so little. If I had some of the modern appliances, like my neighbors, I'd show you a thing or two. Such and such a man gets along well because he has everything to work with. I have nothing.

"But if we have no machinery, we must do the best we can in the old fashioned way, the same as our fathers and mothers did in the long ago, before such things were invented," insisted his wife. "If you have nothing else you can farm with a spade and a hoe. I might as well say because I have no incubator I can hatch no chickens; because I have no separator, I can make no butter; because I haven't a washing machine, I cannot wash, or a sewing machine, I can make no clothing—but that isn't a woman's way—not mine at any rate. I shall do my work faithfully, in the slow, old way, until I can get together what I want for quicker and better work."

It was ten years ago when they began, and Mary has proved her words, for she is now the owner of a first class incubator, a good separator, a sewing machine, a washer and wringer, and I know not what all else, while her husband potters around doing very little of anything, but he is very fond of spreading out his fat hands and saying: "Oh, yes, me and Mary are gettin' long splendidly. There's lots of money in butter and chickens, and Mary has everything modern to work with. We are making money we are. We'll soon have our farm all paid for."

"It sounds like the story of 'Me and Betsy Killing the Bear,' Betsy, if you remember, doing it all herself, while her husband was hiding behind the door," laughed a young man, in talking it over the other day. "If Jake Springer was half as smart as his wife, and made the best of everything, wouldn't they make things go? It is so queer that some men will stand still and let the wife do all the pulling, and never be conscious of it. I don't know what to make of such men."

"It is oftener the women that stand still," I said.

"Well, that is the way it ought to be, if there is any standing at all," said the young man.

I said to myself "There is no sign on earth more beautiful than a husband and wife pulling along together, no holding back or balking by either one. That is as God designed it, from the beginning, when he placed the first man and woman on the first farm."

In the old fashioned days there was little machinery to work with, but many farmers got along better than farmers of to-day, because both husband and wife pulled side by side together, and made the best of everything.—(Mrs. A. E. C. Maskell.

Too Much.

That the farm is a big place is very evident when many things are demanding attention, and the fact is made plain that something must be neglected. The secret of many a farmer's success lies in his ability to plan and outline just the amount of farming that it is within his power to

show. It is much easier to plan a large amount of work than to accomplish what should be done. Many a young, energetic

will take three men to properly cultivate. Early and late hours are kept, and labor and time are spent "going over" the crops. Results are not satisfactory, crops suffering for attention annoy, and the young man becomes discouraged. He reasons that he has worked

hard, and therefore he ought to prosper. This young man has to learn that work to be telling must be intelligently done. In fact, much hard work on many a farm is a complete loss, because it was directed over too large an area. The same time and effort spent in "going over" the large area, the many trees, or the acres and acres of berries, if confined to less acres or trees would have paid.

Nothing is so disheartening as to labor hard for days, with not even the satisfaction of having a neat, attractive farm that at least affords a comfortable living. This phase of farm economics must have the most careful attention. To restrict one's self is a difficult task for the average farmer, for it does seem reasonable that, if one acre will pay well, two acres ought to bring double the income.

If the farm is run down and is depreciating because the land is deteriorating and outbuildings are tumbled down and fences are all out of repair, and crops are not profitable, it might be a paying question to ask, "Am I attempting too much for paying results?" If businesslike investigation shows that less farming would be more profitable, have the force of character and the nerve to attempt less. Some neighbor may smile at small farming and talk knowingly about one-horse farmers, but when your farm shows the results of less attempted and more done, and you yourself don't go rushing along to make a living, but have time for a leisure drive with your wife and children, and get some comfort out of life, the smile will not be one of ridicule, but of commendation.—(Rural World.

Let Chicks Out Early.

There are a great many untruths for the reason that they are so constantly told. We scarcely ever read a poultry journal now in summer, but we note the statement that it is best to keep the chicks confined mornings until the grass is dry and the dew has disappeared. Don't you believe it. If you can safely leave your brood coop doors open all night, do so. Allow the chicks the opportunity of getting out as early in the morning as they like. They will pick up worms and bugs sufficient to afford a good breakfast—a far better breakfast than you or I will be able to supply them. Of course, we will feed them in the morning, but several hours later, for you and I do not "get up" with the chicks—not every morning.—(Thomas F. Rigg.

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Only One Pile Cure Which Can Be Considered Such.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is strictly scientific both in its composition and in its therapeutic action, and the best feature is that it is perfectly harmless. No ill effects ever result from its use.

The cure is accomplished painlessly by the astringent properties and healing oils contained in it, which cause the little tumors and congested blood vessels to contract and the obstruction to the circulation to be removed.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is in suppository form and far superior to any salve or ointment for convenience.

It is applied at night and absorbed into the sensitive rectal membrane, acting both as a local and a constitutional treatment.

One 50 cent box of the Pyramid has often been effectual, even in cases of many years' standing.

Relief from pain and itching is so immediate that patients sometimes imagine that the remedy must contain some form of cocaine or opium, but a careful analysis shows it to contain no cocaine, anaesthetic or injurious drug of any kind. It is guaranteed free from any deleterious substance.

The ligature treatment, the knife, or the still more cruel treatment by dilation, besides causing intense pain and sometimes collapse and death, are now known to have little value as far as a permanent cure is concerned.

Thousands of pile sufferers bear witness to the value of the Pyramid Pile Cure and even in cases where a dangerous surgical operation has failed to cure surprising results have been obtained from this remedy after a week's use.

A complete treatment of the Pyramid Pile Cure is sold by druggists everywhere at fifty cents.

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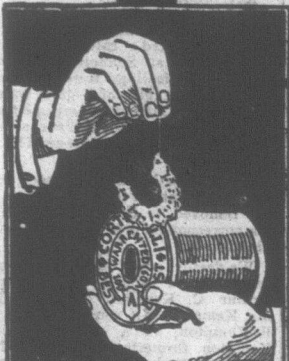
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News Summary.

Failures in the Dominion last week numbered twenty-eight, against twenty-five in the corresponding week of 1899.

Finley Peter Dunn, author of the "Dooley" papers, and for many years an active newspaper man of Chicago, is dangerously ill with pneumonia.

The Dominion customs revenue for five months of the fiscal year up to Nov. 30 amounts to \$12,302,640, an increase over the same period last year of \$2,007,263.

The great Northern Railway has completed a contract with the Leyland line whereby they charter five boats of that line for five years to carry grain between Quebec and Great Britain.

Marin Kuhns, a noted desperado, escaped from the penitentiary, Columbus, Ohio, on Thursday and is still at large. He walked by the guard at the gate as though he were a trusty.

An extra of the Canada Gazette has been issued formally proroguing Parliament until Jan. 14. Before that date is reached it is likely that the notice summoning Parliament for the despatch of business will be published.

J. Thomas Baldwin, a famous musician and bandmaster, is dead in Boston city from blood poisoning following the pricking of his finger with a penknife. He conducted the Boston Peace Jubilee orchestra.

Mrs. Emma Van Liew, of Vanwart, Ohio, indicted for murder in the first degree for having caused the death of Miss Alice Hammell by throwing vitriol in her face on September 12, pleaded guilty on Friday to manslaughter and was sentenced to the Ohio penitentiary for ten years.

The largest casting ever made in America was run into the moulds a few days ago at Milwaukee, Wis. The casting is intended for the bed plate of a blowing engine for a Pittsburg concern, and weighs 110,000 pounds, all in one piece. In making it the workmen poured 125,000 pounds of metal.

The Christmas number of The Christian Guardian, which will be issued on December 12, will offer many literary and artistic features. Among its many contributors are Mr. W. E. H. Massey, the manager of the Massey Harris Company, who, from his great business experience, writes of the "Dangers Which Beset Young Men"; Mrs. Jean Blewett, one of the most popular of our lady writers, who tells "The Girl in Love" some things which she ought to know, and Miss Maude Pettit, a popular story-writer, who contributes a beautiful story entitled, "In the Face of a Child." These with a score of other articles, poems, and stories, appropriate to the season of the year, will make the Christmas Christian Guardian a very readable number.

Personal.

Rev. Elbert E. Gates has just completed a pastorate of six years and six months with the church of Sennett, N. Y., and has accepted a call to Noank, Conn. The church at Sennett has manifested their kindly feelings toward the retiring pastor by the gift of a gold watch and chain. Mr. Gates is a maritime man, son of Mr. W. J. Gates of Halifax, a graduate of Acadia '91 and of Rochester Theological Seminary '94.

Rev. Calvin Currie having accepted a call to the pastorate of the St. Andrews church has removed to St. Andrews and desires his correspondents to note the change in his address.

We deeply regret to learn of the very serious illness from typhoid fever of Rev. Arthur C. Kempton of Jansenville, Ill. Mr. Kempton is a son of the late Rev. J. F. Kempton, and a brother of Rev. A. J. Kempton, formerly pastor of the Carleton Church. He is recognized as a man of fine ability and we trust that he may be spared for the large usefulness that his ability and devoted Christian life seem to promise.

It will be seen by a notice in our obituary column that death has lately visited the parsonage at Hillsborough. Our sympathies are extended to Pastor Townsend and his family in their loss.

Among those who recently took the examination preliminary to the study of law in New Brunswick was Mr. Wylie McC. Manning, a son of Rev. Dr. Manning of St. John. Mr. Manning is at present studying at Acadia, a member of the class of 1901.

The MESSENGER AND VISITOR office enjoyed a call last week from Deacon Robert Marshall of Clarence, N. S. Mr. Marshall is an old and faithful friend of the paper and we trust that he may yet have many happy days in which to enjoy its weekly visits.

Rev. Jos. A. Cahill has removed to Jacksonville, Carleton Co., having, as we understand, accepted a call to the Jacksonville and Jacksonville churches.



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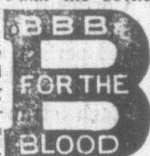
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THE CHRISTIAN VOL. XV

Proposes an Invasion of England.

to be a clear in influential ed to promote Britain, and, in war. It is comfortable fa has held impor army but in time Minister be permitted to he is a member vasion of Engl be held as a England, and resolution to th the Governmen for the mobiliz paring everyth bark as speedil is probable intension was is true that pro of the Senate a dent ruled the n not alter the fa paying resolu of France by o whatever may sufficient to gi From such connection with one who was o honor in a case tion of the Fren thing is possibl of military glor race hatreds an as would inevi unjust and dis appears to be in sufficient numb constitute a gra the peace of the

A Matter of Justice

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