

Messenger and Visitor.

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A Woman's Story Apparently a good many women have found their way to the Klondike Yukon country. Some have gone as angels of mercy on missions of philanthropy, and some on other missions. Some have gone to stay and some to make a visit and return. Among the latter is Miss Flora Shaw, a newspaper correspondent, whose account of affairs at Dawson City produced quite a ripple of interest some months ago. Another who has been on a visit to Dawson is Mrs. Roswell Hitchcock, a lady of much experience as a traveller. She is an American and was accompanied on her Klondike journey by a lady friend, Miss Van Buren. Besides the pleasure of a new experience it was hoped that material for a new book might be secured. With this in view Mrs. Hitchcock not only took account of the scenery of the Yukon country which for magnificence she thinks is unequalled in the world, but made a close inspection of the people and their manner of life in Dawson. She speaks of the excellent order which prevailed there, thanks to the services of the Mounted Police, and the sense of safety which is enjoyed. She and her friend pitched their tent not in the town itself, but upon a hill which overlooked it, and were never afraid of molestation, although unprotected except by a large dog which was their companion in travel. Concerning the management of affairs in Dawson, Mrs. Hitchcock has no fault to find, except in regard to sanitation. There is no disorder. All the people live in good fellowship, but there is absolutely nothing in the way of sanitary arrangements. The death rate was very heavy—ten or fifteen a day, due to bad water and the lack of sanitation. The people think that as they pay the government ten per cent. royalty, the latter should initiate sanitary reform. Mrs. H. agrees with Miss Shaw that what Dawson needs is good women to make homes for the miners, but says that a system of sanitation should be the first thing, and the women should not be asked to go there under present conditions. As to the dance halls and the kind of life connected with them, Mrs. H. thinks they are not worse than those of eastern cities, and no doubt that is quite bad enough. She made the acquaintance of all sorts of people,—professional men, Oxford graduates, etc., among them. Mrs. Hitchcock kept a diary during her trip, and when she returned sent her manuscript to the Putnams, rather expecting it to be returned with thanks. On the contrary it was accepted on good terms, and on the request of the publishing house, she is going back after material for another book.

The Standard Oil Trust. The Standard Oil Trust which now has the oil business of Canada as well as that of the United States under its control, is making its presence in the country felt in several ways, and notes of indignant protest are heard from various quarters. "The first application of the monopolistic screw," to quote the words of the Toronto Globe, "was the advance of two and a half cents per gallon on the wholesale quotations of illuminating oil," which is, of course, a legitimate first fruits of monopoly. At the present there are other oil companies besides the Standard Oil Trust operating in Canada. But that Trust, from long experience, understands well how to manage affairs so as to make it uncomfortable and unprofitable for its competitors. Its immense wealth gives it a tremendous advantage. A part of its plan for strangling competition is to secure a discrimination in its favor in respect to railway tariffs. Such discrimination it secured from the Grand Trunk and the C. P. R., though, in granting it, those roads violated the provisions of the Dominion law on the subject, and

to avoid trouble in the matter, it appears that they have abandoned special rates to the Trust. But the matter can be arranged between the Trust and the railway companies by other means, which answer the same purpose for both, and accordingly the Standard Oil monopoly receives no check from the provision of the Canadian railway laws. Another way in which the Trust is making its presence felt in Canada is by lowering the quality and diminishing the supply of the crude oil used for fuel purposes. This crude oil which, in recent years, has been sold at Petrolia and Sarnia at prices ranging from 80 cents to \$1.25 per bbl., is used to a considerable extent in connection with certain industries in Ontario. Furnaces and other machinery have been constructed with a view to the use of this oil as fuel, and when the supply is cut off, or the product supplied is of a grade which cannot be used in connection with existing machinery, the disturbance and the loss resulting are of course very considerable. There is accordingly an agitation on foot to have this crude oil, which now pays a prohibitive duty of 2½ cents per gallon, placed on the free list. It is asserted on behalf of the Standard Oil Company that there is an insufficient supply of crude oil for manufacturing purposes in Ontario; and if this be true, the manufacturers hold their demand for the removal of the duty on such oil is all the more reasonable. But no doubt the real reason for the curtailment of the fuel supply is that the advance in price of the refined article makes it more profitable to sell the product of the Canadian oil wells in the form of an illuminating oil than as fuel. Whatever may be the merits of the case, as between the manufacturers of Ontario and the Standard Oil Company, it is pretty certain, as it seems to us, that the invasion of Canada by the great oil monopoly, with its tremendous wealth, and its unscrupulous exercise of the influence which that wealth gives, is not a matter for congratulation. The Trust is here to exercise the same autocratic power and monopoly which it does elsewhere, and by such means to add to its immense wealth and its power to control the markets, through its control over individuals, corporations, railways, governments, and everything which money will influence. Its presence is inimical to the moral interests of the country. Railway and other companies, and even governments, are not so invulnerably virtuous that we can desire to see them subjected to such influences as those which the Standard Oil Company employs for the promotion of its ends.

Death of Lord Herschell. The death of Lord Herschell, which occurred at his hotel in New York on Wednesday morning last, has removed very unexpectedly a man highly distinguished for ability and eminent service—one indeed whom it seemed the Empire could ill afford to lose. Some weeks ago Lord Herschell fell on a slippery sidewalk and broke one of his hip bones, but seemed to be progressing satisfactorily toward recovery, and his case caused no anxiety. But at an early hour on Wednesday morning he was attacked with heart failure, and in a short time had passed away. His death has caused great surprise and called forth expressions of profound regret on every hand. Baron Herschell was born November, 1827, and was a son of the late Rev. Ridley Herschell, of London, and Helen, daughter of William Mowbray, of Edinburgh. He married, in 1876, Agnes, third daughter of Edward Leigh Kindersley. There are one son and two daughters living. Lord Herschell was a Privy Councillor, a Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, Doctor of Civil Law, Doctor of Laws, a Deputy Lieutenant for Kent and Durham, a Justice of the Peace, Captain of Dean-Castle, Chancellor of London University, and was appointed British member of the Venezuela and British Guiana boundary arbitration tribunal in 1897. He was knighted in 1890 and was created a peer in 1876. In addition to the many important public services which Lord Herschell had rendered is his work as a member of the Joint High Commission, which especially has brought him prominently into view in this country and in the United States. The services which his long experience and great legal knowledge and acumen enabled him to render as a member of the

Commission are recognized as being of a most valuable character. Hon. David Mills speaks of Lord Herschell as a tower of strength to Canadian and British interests in the Commission and says that his loss will be specially deplored by his brother commissioners and by all who had the pleasure of coming in contact with him. His wide range of information, his accurate legal knowledge and his thorough acquaintance with the issues between Canada and the United States, after six months' attention to them, will make his loss a subject of most profound regret to this country, and when the Commission is renewed it will be difficult to fill his place with a man equally well qualified.

Little People of Africa. Readers of Henry M. Stanley's book will remember his account of a race of pigmies which he met in his travels in Central Africa. These interesting little folk have been met again by Mr. Albert B. Lloyd, a young Englishman, who has recently made a journey through the forests which were traversed by Stanley. Mr. Lloyd first went to Uganda, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, and after being in charge of a station for two years, he decided to return home by way of the Congo to the West Coast. On his way he entered at Mbeni, the darkest of the African forests, and on the sixth day of his march through the forest he first encountered the pigmies. "They came shyly creeping into my camp that evening," says Mr. Lloyd, "as I sat before the tent door reading, keeping their little sparkling eyes moving constantly from one to another of my caravan. None of them were over four feet in height, and yet all were very powerfully built and very hairy; most of the full-grown men had beards half way down the chest. A strip of bark cloth was all the clothing worn by men and women alike. The men carried tiny bows and arrows, or short throwing spears, both of which they can use with great effect." At the place where the pigmies were met there were a number of people who had been brought up from the lower river by the Belgians and placed them in the forest to mark the way and to provide portage for travellers, and among these there was fortunately a man who had learned the language of the pigmies, and through whom Mr. Lloyd was able to carry on an interesting conversation with the chief of the party. To the traveller's questions as to the size of their forest home, their customs, their numbers, etc., the pigmy chief answered intelligently, thus showing that though their habits of life are of a very low order yet they have not lost human intelligence and are not beyond reform. "It is my belief," says Mr. Lloyd, "that these little people once lived in open country far away from the nocturnal shades of the forest, but were eventually driven into seclusion by the slave hunters of the past, and here at any rate they are unmolested. I did all in my power to get them into an open space in the forest where there would be light enough to take a snapshot of the group, but as soon as they saw my camera it was apparent that this was an impossibility. However, as they all stood about, some hiding their faces in their hands and others crouching behind their bolder companions, I hastily touched the trigger of my camera for a snapshot. Alas, the shade was too great, and the plate is a blank. I learned also that for the whole of the six days in the forest I had been watched day and night by these little folk. Whether their idea was to rob me of my possessions as Mr. Stanley was robbed, or whether they were merely watching my actions, I cannot say. I only know they gave me no trouble whatsoever, but were most kind, providing me and my caravan with fresh meat, such as forest antelope or wild pig. They assured me when I parted from them that they would see me again, although I should be in ignorance of the fact. I afterwards met the same band of little people some six or eight days further on. They had followed me as they had said, and seemed delighted when I told them that I had been unable to see anything of them during that time. Only once did I see a real pigmy encampment. This was in the densest part of the forest, where there almost seemed to reign perpetual night. It consists of a few low huts thatched with leaves from the trees, between three and four feet high, a very rough sort of shelter from Africa's tropical storms. I passed in perfect safety right through the very heart of their domains, and no African tribe could have been more friendly than the pigmies were to me."

The Bridge of Christian Education.

He whom the fourth gospel calls the "Word of God," revealed God because he was the son of man as well as the Son of God. The book, that we commonly call the "Word of God," reveals God because it is the work of man as well as the work of God. In their controversies concerning the person of Christ, the theological leaders of the fourth century manifested so much theological heat and hate that the records of their councils make us blush with shame. In the present-day discussions of the nature of the Bible many are manifesting such an un-Christlike bitterness that our heresy trials will fill with shame the generations that are to come. Between Apollinarianism, that robbed Christ of his humanity, and Arianism, that robbed him of his divinity, there was a great gulf. Between the unscholarly Christians who so magnify the divinity of the Bible that they practically deny its human element and the worldly students who lay such stress upon its human elements that they fail to see its divine riches, there yawns a great chasm. Through this there leaps a Niagara torrent of bitter denunciation against irreverence and higher criticism, illiteracy and superstition. Pansy only to express the hope that this worse than wasteful rush of energy will, ere long, be expended in turning the wheels of progress in the kingdom of God, let us turn away from these troubled waters that divide to the grand suspension bridge. It is the bridge of Christian education. One side needs education. The other needs insight through the spirit of Christ.

Education is needed to overcome the influences of misinterpretation and doubt. The feeling that the Bible is altogether different from other books and that there is something magical about it, is the explanation of many misinterpretations. I have made a collection of historic, or well authenticated examples, but will take space for but one. Peter the Great, in introducing tobacco into Russia, in view of the remonstrance of her religious leaders, asked if his tobacco smoking was any worse than their brandy drinking. "Yes," they deliberately replied, "for 'not that which goeth into a man but that which cometh out of a man defileth him.'" Though some misinterpretations are full of humor, all of them are full of harm. Church history, from beginning to end, is but a commentary on Bunyan's doggerel: "By misinterpreting evil ensues." Dean Stanley tells of the martyrdom of whole villages of so-called Fire Baptists who committed themselves to the flames because of the corrupt reading "Baptism by fire for the remission of sins." This is but an extreme instance of a class of illustrations with which history teems. The same influences that have been at work throughout the ages are at work today. Would then that a favorite saying of Prof. W. A. Stevens might frequently ring in our ears: "Error, somewhere, sometime, inevitably brings disaster." To prevent this it should be brought more prominently before the minds of the people that the Bible did not drop down from heaven ready-made, but at sundry times and places it was written by man. The same laws that apply to the interpretation of other books apply to it. It contains law; let it be interpreted as law today. It contains poetry; let it be interpreted according to what we know of the laws of Hebrew poetry. The most of it is written as history; let it be treated as an ancient history, according to the laws of historical interpretation, and let us not attempt to spiritualize every verse.

To general education the Bible is a library of many books. Let it be treated as such. Let us understand the books separately. We distinguish between Macaulay and Carlyle. Let us distinguish between Mark and Paul. We distinguish the early English bards and chroniclers from the illustrious writers of the Elizabethan age. Let us distinguish then between the different books of the Old Testament, and between the Old Testament and the New, and see if Christ is present in the one in the same sense in which he is present in the other. This is not handling the butterfly and destroying its bloom. It may decrease superstitious awe but it will only increase acceptable reverence. It will also give relief to the thoughtful Christians who are reading literature from the other side of the chasm and to whom the *ipse dixit* of the preacher is no longer sufficient. It may be said that after all these are few. Compared with the numbers in the church probably they are, but they are increasing in number and some of them are our best. The noblest Christian man I ever knew, and generally recognized as the best citizen of the city from which he controlled his large business interests, once confessed to me how he had frequently left his church after hearing a sermon based on what he had learned since to be an erroneous view of the Old Testament scriptures, with this one cry in his heart unuttered even to his wife: "I cannot, I cannot believe it." If we are to keep such men with us—and we must—we must give them a more intelligent view of scripture. His is but an extreme example of the effect of this critical spirit that is leaving the mass of our church members. If we are to help them not simply to get out of their slough of doubt but to get through it and if we are to prevent large numbers of our brightest and best from falling into it, we must call their attention to the "certain good and substantial" steps through the very midst

of it. If once they learned that inspiration is not identical with infallibility; that authority is not altogether dependent upon authenticity; and that there has been manifest progress in the morality of the Hebrews, and in their conception of God, there would be less fog and more faith.

In a bicycle tour through the beautiful scenery of Cape Breton, somewhat tired, we reached the summit of "Smoky," to be richly repaid. Beneath, draping the valleys and reaching almost to our feet, a heavy vapor completely hid the sea. Above the noise of the falling waters, that sounded like the boiling of a mighty caldron, arose the whistling of a steamer, uncertain of her course. But all around us, the granite rocks and dark green trees were, not only visible in the clear sunlight of heaven, but were beautiful in the golden sunshine from the cloudless blue. Those, who, though after much difficulty, reach the height of the truth that the Bible contains the word of God, not simply in spite of but even because of the fact that it is the work of man, are richly repaid as emerging from the mists that perplex their fellows, they enter into the light and splendor of the unveiled throne of God.

We pass over the chasm to the other side, the greatest need of which is not education but Christian education. The great teacher after one of his pregnant parables of the Kingdom said "He that hath ears let him hear." Christian education, to the unregenerate students of the Bible, exclaims concerning it: There is more in it than you with all your new lights and methods have obtained from it. He that hath ears let him hear the inner, the spiritual meaning of the Word. I shall never forget a lesson learned in good old Dr. Osgood's Hebrew class. Some of us were trying to get the meaning of a passage in the Old Testament. As the result was not satisfactory, he politely called us grammar-and-dictionary fools, adding, by way of explanation, that they were the greatest fools on earth, and then remarked, in words, the meaning of which is deepening as the years roll by: "Young gentlemen I would rather have the interpretation of a spiritually minded old woman, who read her English bible, than the interpretation of such fishermen as you." Far be it from me, while calling attention to the need of education, especially to prevent errors of misinterpretation, to fail to lay due stress on the interpreting insight of the spiritual mind. "It is the heart that maketh theology," said Neander. "The Spirit of God opens the eyes of the true Christian so that, reading between the lines the spirit of the text, he brings wondrous things out of God's law. The spiritually minded, though illiterate old woman, sees more helpful truth than is discovered by the unspiritual German scholar. We read that Petrarch, perfect master of Latin but not of Greek, was presented with a copy of Homer. His reply was: 'Alas Homer is dumb or I am deaf; nor is it in my power to enjoy the beauties I possess. You should have given me a guide who could lead me into the fields of light.'" Is it not similarly true that many of our great scholars are unable to enjoy the beauties of the Bible because they are not subject to the leadings of the Spirit of God? Though they enter the temple gates, they know not the inner glory.

There is great need, then, that the education in our preparatory schools and colleges be Christian education. The greatest argument for a denominational school is, after all, not its denominationalism but its Christianity. Were it not for this Joe Howe was right and our beloved Acadia has no right to exist. This it is which has justified her existence under the Christian leadership of Dr. Sawyer and his predecessors. This it is which gives her a mission for the years that are to come. We are proud of her and because we want her second to none in the power of developing the intellect, we rejoice that the peerless Dr. Sawyer is still able to fill his honored chair. We love her and because we want her second to none in the power of quickening the soul, we rejoice that, when the presidency became vacant, the governors were directed in their choice to Dr. Trotter who enjoys this spiritual insight into the things of God. To both and to all associated with them, we cry, in the spirit of our theme: Give us more general education that we may escape the slough of doubt and the many other evils of misinterpretation; but, better still, give us more Christian education that we may dig down deep into the inexhaustible riches of divine truth.

When we realize the importance of Christian education we are filled with sorrow as we think how few reach our Christian schools; but our sorrow is turned to joy, as we think how many our Christian schools reach. A great responsibility, then, rests upon their students and especially upon those who enter the work of the ministry. Theirs is the work of bridging the chasm. On the one hand, defending the Bible from its overzealous friends who claim for it what it does not claim for itself, they are to convict the worldly students of sin and of the need of the Christ-life; and on the other hand they are to correct the misinterpretations of the people and, by proper methods of treating the scriptures, commend their preaching to thoughtful men. Some one has said that the Bible is divine because it has survived so many poor sermons from it. I dread to think how much of the scepticism of the age has been, if not caused, at least, occasioned by them. I fear that many of our sermons ought to be thrown away, nay, fired away, for they ought never to be touched again save with a match. It is true many of them have been the means of reaching souls and that, after all, is the great mission of the sermon but, through sermons based on true interpretation, the same and better results might be accomplished while this general, but great evil, will be avoided. Let us have earnest evangelistic preaching for we need more than we receive but, for the love of truth, let it be intelligent, let it be truly scriptural.

Mighty forces for good then are regenerated teachers and educated preachers. As we have them, and only as we have them, can we sing of our Convention as Whittier of his State:

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near the school, the church spire stands.
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near the church spire, stands the school.

H. F. WARING.

Demonology and Medicus.

Last week, after reading a short but sharp criticism on Dr. Schauffer's article on "Christ's Divine Authority," I wondered if the time would ever come when the "wise and the prudent" would want to take away the whole of the Bible. They have already tried to take away the best part of it. A good many years ago, when scientific men and learned philosophers stood up to speak, Christian men would turn pale with fear, and would tremble exceedingly for the safety of the ark of the covenant. We have often of late stood on the shore and watched with much anxiety the launching of dangerous looking theological torpedo boats, which have threatened distraction to every other vessel afloat; but who would have thought of the good old gospel ship receiving such a broadsider from the medical profession.

As I imagined that I saw the big ship roll over on its side, and as I was wondering whether it would ever be able to right itself again, I fell asleep; and as I slept I dreamed; and in my dream I found myself in an operating room in a large city hospital. On the table lay a man strapped tightly down so that he could not move hand or foot. At the head of the table stood a dignified being who was well known by the profession as "Medicus." Around this great and luminous star were a hundred lesser lights. They were doctors of divinity and preachers of the gospel, whom he was going to lead out of the black darkness of ignorance and error into the glorious light of truth.

When the learned Medicus opened his mouth to speak all was hushed. "Gentlemen," said he, "I have a very serious charge against a Rev. Mr. Schauffer, D. D. He says in an article on 'Christ's Divine Authority' that 'even evil spirits cried out saying that He (Jesus) was the Son of God.' Now, of course, every educated physician recognizes the 'possessed' as insane. Satan, for instance, did not really enter into Judas; he was only insane. This man lying on the table before our eyes has committed murder and many other crimes too numerous and too hideous to mention. It has been said that he is possessed. The government authorities have handed him over to us so that we may examine him and find out if there is any truth in the demon theory. Before using the knife, let me ask: Does any rational man believe, in this age of the world, that evil spirits ever entered into men, and then passed into animals, besides other extraordinary feats?" He paused a moment for a reply, but the D. Ds. seemed to have been dumbfounded. "If evil spirits," continued the great Medicus, "can enter into a human being we shall surely find it out in the case before us." The man was then put to sleep. The knife was carefully examined and, in a short space of time the skilled hand of Medicus made bare for inspection the brain, the heart, the lungs, and every other important part of the human machine. "Can you see any traces of evil spirits there?" asked the triumphant Medicus. "If demons wanted to make their abode in this man, where could they get in? There is no room for them in the heart or in the lungs or in the brain, as you can plainly see with the naked eye." At this point in the lecture the learned Medicus grew eloquent. He gradually raised his voice higher and higher, and louder and louder, until it sounded like rolling thunder. At the sound of his voice the D. Ds. shrivelled up to almost nothing and trembled in their very shoes. "Gentlemen," roared Medicus the great, "I solemnly declare, before the whole world, notwithstanding all that Christ and His apostles have said about men being possessed with demons, that the theory is all false from beginning to end. Such stories as the 'healing of the demoniac' and 'Mary, out of whom it was said was cast out seven demons,' and the 'disciples receiving power to cast out demons,' and 'Satan entering into Judas,' and a host of other such like stories belong to the infancy of the world, and ought to be relegated to the ows and bats of that twilight age." The learned physician, after a moment's pause to take breath, continued: "Gentlemen, I am bold to say that an educated physician is a far greater authority on such theological questions than a doctor of divinity."

Near the close of this somewhat lengthy lecture the patient died. The speaker, after consulting his watch, remarked that the time had arrived for closing, but if the preachers would like to ask a few questions they could do so.

"Doctor," asked one of the student ministers, "did that man have a soul? If he had, how did it get into him, and what has become of it?"

"Doctor," asked another, "can you explain from that dead body the mysteries of the resurrection? Would it not be equally absurd to believe, in this age of the world, that that dead body can live again?"

"Doctor," Doctor, "Doctor," from quite a number of voices, and then the questions came in thick and fast, but the doctor looked confused and could not answer them. It suddenly occurred to his mind that he had a very particular engagement which called him away at once. So he caught up his hat and coat and strode across the floor, and mounted the steps leading to the street; and the last words that we heard from the lips of the eloquent but much excited Medicus was: "To the ows—to the ows and bats with the whole concern—Bible, soul, resurrection, demons; yes, everything!"

At this stage of the proceedings I awoke from my sleep to find that it was only a dream. I found that the good old book, the Bible, had stood the shock, and that the good Dr. Schauffer was going right on with his work just as though Medicus, the learned physician, had never opened his mouth.

J. WEBB.

Sights and Sounds in India for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Please excuse my back! I am writing this letter with my face toward the south. My chair is in the south door of a Telugu brother's house. This south door is the front door. In these January days, when the sun is south of the equator, his blazing rays shine in upon the front veranda all day long. Indeed, this cool day, you may sit upon the platform, with your chair close to the wall of the house, and warm your feet in the sun, while all the rest of you is in the shade. If you were here you would laugh at us to hear us talk about being cold, for the mercury in the thermometer is up to 68°. However, after you swelter through half a dozen summers in India you will think atmosphere like this very bracing.

Close by the door a drove of cattle are being driven to pasture. Their hoofs raise a cloud of dust from the narrow, powdered street. It blows into your eyes and nostrils and chokes you. When they get past you say, Good riddance to such bad passers-by. This dusty lane is hardly wide enough for two ox-carts to pass each other without collision. It needs careful navigation. This is Main Street. It runs from east to west, through the village from one end to the other. Why is this heathen hamlet like St. John or Halifax? Because the houses are built close to the street.

Remember, please, if you wish to call on this Telugu brother that he lives on Main Street. You cannot miss it. From the west end enter on Main Street. Turn neither to the right hand nor the left until you come to a well-curb on your right. Here this brother's Hindu father drowned himself nine or ten years ago. Keep straight on still. After you pass the well it is the third house on the left. It has a little roof. You need not fear. You cannot help finding it. Here you are now! Run up the steps! Knock on the frame of the open door! Come in! You are as welcome as the flowers of May! If you are a Christian you will be received as an angel of light. True Christians in this and the surrounding villages are about as rare as angels anyway. One of the treasures which we may lay up in heaven is the joy of being greeted there by those to whom God has made us a blessing in this life. The best Christmas present I received this Christmas was from this Telugu brother. He has lately been reading Pilgrim's Progress. This book has been translated into good, plain Telugu. When he got along to the place where Christian and Faithful, on the road to the Celestial City, were met by Evangelist, then his heart began to burn within him. When he read what Christian said to Evangelist he said he could not help writing it out and bringing it to me. The words are: "Welcome, welcome, my good Evangelist! The sight of thy countenance brings to my remembrance thy ancient kindness and unweary labors for my eternal good." It was the afternoon before Christmas when he handed me a slip of white paper with these words written on it in a clear, neat hand, in Telugu. With trembling voice he said, "This is my Christmas present. These words express exactly how I feel toward you." This alone was enough to make melody in my heart to the Lord all Christmas and all the New Year. I know he would rejoice to see the countenance of any one of you for he knows that you all have had a share in sending him the gospel.

This brother's house (facing the south) is as long as two ordinary houses. Indeed it is occupied by two families. A boy has just run down the front steps. He hies, like the north wind, straight across Main Street into a narrow alley, and away through the village toward the equator. On his way he passes an old oil mill, an old black man sitting on his heels, and a tall palm tree. We will name this lane "Spy Alley," for this old out-caste has been stationed here as a spy to watch us. He need not ask you to excuse his back, for his wizened face and yellowish grey moustache are steadfastly set toward the north temperate zone, and he keeps his half shut eyes fixed on the open door where we are sitting. These he squats on his heels, as motionless as a mud-turtle, warming himself in the sun's beams, with his sharp nose pointing to the north, as faithfully as a needle to the pole.

He had no gun. Therefore we may safely let him blink away in peace for a minute, while we stand on the steps here and see where we are. We are on the north side of Main Street. You remember that this house is as long as two ordinary houses. It used to have two ordinary houses opposite it. Opposite the hall that is nearest to Canada is a house with red mud walls and a withered palm-leaf roof. We will name this residence "Weaver's Lodge." Then opposite the east half of the house where we are standing in an open space, where a house used to be. We will call this "Good News Lot." Between Good News Lot and Weaver's Lodge is Spy Alley, near the other end of which the old spy is sitting yet, as quiet as a vegetable; but doubt not, he is beholding our every movement.

Take a good look at Good News Lot! This is the centre of interest today. This is the subject of this letter. This is one of the spots on the globe from which you shall hear again. South of this lot runs a foot path, which we will dub "Back Foot Path." On the east is a mud house, which hides the rising sun; and upon which, therefore, we will confer the title of "Orient Lodge." Now, who can give the boundaries of Good News Lot? There is one boy with his hand up, shaking it very vigorously, as if he were anxious to try. "Well, Alexander, proceed!" Rising politely to his feet he begins: "Good News is bounded on the west by the old spy." Sit down you rogue! No nonsense in school! Gustavus Adolphus! Bound Good News Lot! "Good News Lot, sir, is

bounded on the north by Main Street, on the west by Spy Alley, on the south by Back Foot Path, and on the east by Orient Lodge." Correct Gustavus! Take your seat!

Good News Lot was bought some years ago by the Hindu who drowned himself in the well, which you saw on your way up Main Street. Since his death it has belonged to his four sons. The two youngest are members of the Bimli Baptist church. The second one, also, professes to be a Christian, but he does not act much like one. He is not a member of the church. If he were we should be obliged to exclude him. The eldest son is still a Hindu, but very friendly with the missionaries and kind to his Christian brothers, although at first he was very angry at them for their apostasy. Pray for him! Sometimes he seems very near the kingdom. The other day these four brothers came to Bimli, got a native petty lawyer, made out a deed of this Good News Lot, and gave it to the Bimli Baptist church.

On this spot, God willing, we are going to build a new Baptist meeting house. The Hindu who bought it at one time began to build a heathen temple here, but after laying the foundations he gave it up. Now his sons have given it to a Christian church as a building spot for a temple to be erected in the name of Christ! I am here today at the request of Bro. Somalingam, who wrote me yesterday, inviting me to be present at the ceremony of digging the trenches for the foundation of the Lord's house. The hour has come. This is Bro. Somalingam's home, and he (not the missionary) has been the leader in all this enterprise. He gathers us all together in the front hall, and asks me to lead in prayer. We praise God for the rich grace which has come to this home and commend this new undertaking entirely to Him, for "Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it." Then we cross Main Street in a body and take our stand on Good News Lot. The mason who was to stick the stakes has not arrived. But Somalingam and Veeracharyulu, the two youngest brothers, seize the yard-stick and the rope and begin operations at once. At the sight of the measuring line the old spy flies off like an arrow. In a few minutes we are surrounded by a crowd. Every neighbor has left his work at the word from the spy and hastened to the spot, ready for war to the bitter end. All commence to shout at once, ordering the proceeding to stop immediately. But Bro. Somalingam keeps on measuring, driving the stakes and tying ropes to the stakes to mark the place where the trenches are to be dug.

"What do you think you are doing?" rings the wrathful voice of a man, rushing up Spy Alley. "Have you bought the whole village?" screams a woman, darting out of the back door of Orient Lodge. From Back Foot Path comes another feminine shriek. "We might as well move out and build another village! There is no more room for us in this hamlet!" Another cry pipes above the storm. "I don't believe their father ever owned this property anyway. If he did he sold it." Boys and girls of all sorts and sizes dodge in and out through the crowd, tumbling over the ropes and dragging out the stakes. The roar of the multitude waxes louder and louder, while the first verse of the second Psalm rings in my ears,—"Why do the heathen rage?"

Why do we not do something to stop the row or send the crowd away? Because we know that the land is justly and legally ours, and the whole British Empire is on our side. We expected some such uproar as this, and have had all the papers made out without leaving one loophole for the enemy. We can afford to stand and listen to this bedlam, until they are tired of it. Somalingam quietly tells them that they may make their complaints at the civil court. Meanwhile, we send for the munisiff and the kernaam. The munisiff is a rustic kind of police-magistrate. He can neither read nor write, but he has authority to settle small disputes in the village. The kernaam is the government secretary, which is appointed in every village. The munisiff arrives first, with his squeaky sandals, his bamboo stick, his haggard, wrinkled face, and makes his low salaam. He declares at once that we have made out the lot too large, and the line should come only far enough west to be in range with the west wall of a certain house, back of Back Foot Path. We inform him, quietly, that we are going by the deed. He stamps around, fumes, points his finger and stretches forth his hand like a learned land surveyor, whose word is as true as trigonometry. Then the mob, seeing that he is on their side, make all the more noise, and tread around the boundaries of our little Zion that is-to-be, like the Roman legions, that destroyed Jerusalem.

Here comes the kernaam, walking up Main Street like a prince. He is a noble looking Telugu and proud brahman. Of course he can read and write. After exchanging salutations, we say to him, "You are the kernaam and therefore ought to know everything that goes on in the village. Therefore, we sent for you. We know what we are doing. It is useless for the neighbors to waste their time and strength fighting against us. By the grace of our Lord, we shall carry out what we have undertaken." Then Somalingam handed him the two deeds. One was the deed of the property to his father. The other was the new deed of the same to the Bimli Baptist church. He took the papers and read them both through aloud, in sing-song tones; for a Telugu seldom reads anything to himself, even if he be entirely alone. The crowd hushed and pressed around him to hear. Meanwhile, the men who had all this time been digging the trenches worked on, plying crow-bar and spade, throwing up the dirt in a heap, in the centre of the lot. When the kernaam had finished reading both deeds, he looked around upon the multitude and said, "Of course you are all right in not wanting these Christians to build their temple here. We are all of one mind on this point. Not only would we like to keep them out of this little spot; but we would be glad if we could oust them all clean out of our village. But what can we do? Do you see these deeds? Here are the signatures of the former owners whom we all know, and who sold this property to Somalingam's father. What is the use of fighting with a mountain? If a man tie his long hair to a mountain and try to run away with it, he will only pull his hair out by the roots; but he cannot budge the mountain. This deed is as safe as a mountain. We can do nothing. What is the good of all this row? Salaam!" And he went off about his business. As he departed, Bro. Somalingam said to me, "He is like Balaam, whom Barak sent to curse Israel; but he has blessed us!"

After the kernaam's lucid exposition of the case, the crowd lost heart and began to disperse, each man going

back to his work the way he came. But one neighbor who had been talking louder than anybody else from the first, now began to rage worse than ever. He was a man of the weaver caste and the owner of Weaver Lodge. For the last two or three years he had been, slowly but surely, enlarging his door yard, until it had spread out across Spy Alley and turned the stream of travel across the middle of Good News Lot. It was his hope that this might be permanent. From the first he had been tramping around like a madman, declaring that he would never let anybody touch his door yard. In his fury he had kicked off the rope at the south-west corner, jerked out the stake and flung it away. Then sitting down on the ground where the stake should be, he affirmed that he would not stir from his tracks for this man, that man, nor any other man. There he sits as if frozen to the sod, and Somalingam is sitting beside him. The patience and gentleness of this brother have always been a wonder to me. Even now he waits there, unruffled! Up to this time, I have said nothing to the mob and done nothing, except to give the brethren the benefit of my presence. But this is too much. Stepping up to where the old weaver is squatting on the corner, I call for a stake. "What!" said the weaver. "Are you going to strike me?" "Wait a minute and you will see," is the only reply. He thinks he is sitting over the spot where the stake ought to be. But here close to his left, bare, brown big toe is the hole where the old one was, I place the point of the new stake in the hole and Pearl, of whom you have heard before, drives it in with a big stone. Then we slip the rope over it and say, "Woe to the man who touches this stake!" The old weaver disappears as suddenly as he came and we see him no more that day.

But lo! The diggers meanwhile have taken fright at all the uproar. They have thrown down their crow-bars and spades and now are nowhere to be seen. Knowing the tricks of the heathen, we understand at once that somebody has frightened them away, by threatening to do some awful thing to them if they keep on digging. A threat like this strikes terror to the heart of a coolie. Never mind! I have four coolies here, who pushed my jimricksha out here this morning. "O, Appadu! O, Tummayya! Here! You four men dig these trenches quickly! You are not afraid of these villagers. If any man dares to touch you, I will have him brought to justice if it takes my last copper. You shall be well paid too for this day's work!" Flung all fears to the winds, they grasp the spades and crow-bars, and spring into the half-finished trenches. They dig away like beavers. A smile lights up their dark faces, as if they were richly enjoying the privilege of facing a little danger for the sake of being the heroes of the hour.

A few days ago I broke one of the stays of my bicycle, or I should have come out on that today, instead of in the jimricksha, and these coolies would not have been with me. Somalingam laughs and remarks, "I know now why the Lord let you break your bicycle. It was in order that you might have to bring these coolies out with you; for now all the coolies around here are so intimidated that we could not get one for any money." It was a hard blow to me when the stay broke; for it seemed to be in a place that could not be mended. However, God gave me grace to thank Him for the accident, as He did also when the chain broke on the way home from Bobbili, but I did not see how the work could go on without a bicycle. However, here is a case where the work goes on better without.

The uproar dies away. There is not an enemy in sight. Now that God has given us the victory, the old munisiff comes back and stalks around, boxes a boy's ears who is doing no harm at all and looks as if he would behead any villain on the spot who might presume to disturb our peace. The four coolies go on with their work until it is time for their noon-day meal. Then they stop for a while to regale themselves with curry and rice, which one of their number was despatched a little beforehand to cook. Thus refreshed they return to their task again in the afternoon.

Meanwhile, the old coolies come back and say they are ready now to begin work again. We understand that the ones who threatened them, seeing that they were conquered and were now only robbing these coolies of a days wages, have gone therefore and withdrawn their threat and permitted the coolies to come back to their work. Somalingam thinks it will be better for the completion of the victory if we let these men exhibit the wholesale character of the defeat by returning to their contract and, he therefore allows them to do so. Our Bimli coolies give up the spades and crow-bars to the returning runaways. With penitential zeal they bend to the earth to complete their task. The three-year-old son of one of the diggers has mounted the pile of fresh earth and is pounding away at it with a stick, as if he thought he had as much to do with the business as anybody else.

The last echo of the rage of the heathen was what we overheard a woman muttering to herself, as she came out doors to get a jar of water: "It appears to me that the gods let this Somalingam live a long while! We thought he was going to die last year; but he is alive yet, and this is the kind of work he is up to," meaning that he was committing the heinous offence of erecting in their midst a temple to this new religion. Yes! The children of Belial would have rejoiced with loud songs, if he had died! But God in great mercy, raised him from death's door that he might be the channel of grace to more of his perishing countrymen. You will be glad to hear that his health is better now than at any other time since his recovery. If we had been going to build a rum-shop in their village, there would have been no opposition. But just as men crucified the Christ who came to save them, so now the Hindus contest every inch of advance that we make toward reaching them with the gospel of the crucified and risen Saviour! Nevertheless we love them, and have them in our hearts day and night, though the more we love them the less we are loved. Soon we hope to see the new Baptist meeting house standing on Good News Lot. It will only measure about fifteen and a half by seventeen feet; but if it is only filled with the glory of the Lord, it will be large enough. Dedicate it with your prayers! If I am invited to preach in it, my first sermon shall probably be, "Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other gospel unto you... let him be accursed!"

Sincerely yours,
Bimlipatam, India, Jan. 7th. L. D. MORAN.

others. When Christ opens men's eyes, so that they see the things of the spiritual world, there must be a change. Men ought to be able to recognize a new look upon their faces, a new power in their lives. And they who have been healed should know more about themselves than others can tell. This man who had been born blind was able to tell the Pharisees one thing very distinctly, namely, that "whereas I was blind now I see." He could tell them too who it was that had healed him, and he could not be persuaded that he who had done so great things for him was not worthy of his gratitude and adoration.

From Halifax.

Before me is a letter from the city press signed, "Pendeunis." It is an open secret in Halifax that the writer is the Hon. J. W. Longley. This one of the many he has written, and which is now before me, merits a place I think in your columns.

As I fear you would object to its length I will condense it, but not change its meaning. The best social life, says this writer, ought to contain the most educated, cultivated and high minded people. But time has disturbed the aims of social life. Social life-society has become a kind of fetish. Social ambition causes great yearning, toil and struggle. It is the ultimate aim of much of the slavish laborer for riches. A pitiful sight it is, to look upon a man or woman suddenly coming into the possession of great wealth, and having no culture, pushing their way into society for which they are not prepared. They can have no fellowship with their coveted companions. Misery and heart burning are the result.

But a person of average education and manners can succeed into getting into society. But the struggle must be a severe one, and the rewards of success paltry and insignificant. If a person has normal applications with the so called society, and maintains them in a sensible manner, no meanness or unworthiness is involved in it; but the position of the social climber is one of the most miserable and contemptible that can be imagined.

The process of "getting there" may be thus described: A deep seated yearning desire and fixed purpose to get into society, cost what it may.

Avoid intimacy with those who do not belong to the best. Live for a time in solitude, and never let it be seen that you have any intimacy with persons who do not belong to the "best circles." Great care must be observed on this point.

Cultivate those who can advance your interests. Do favors for them. Laugh at their jests. Shower gifts upon their children. Express no opinion on any debatable subject. Listen for general opinion and fall in with it.

Get established in one or two families and then extend your acquaintance. Get them to induce their friends to call on you. Call on all the new arrivals of social pretension—the General and Admiral, the naval and military people. Be agreeable, even obsequious.

Begin to entertain. Ask people freely to your house. Spend money on them; use it freely on the impecunious of those in the circle. Drop the humble people who first helped you, observe toward them a rigid manner which will keep them at a distance.

Forget that love and self-sacrifice exists. When your moral nature or religion speaks, put cotton wool in your ears. A good deal of wool is used. Disregard wholly your obligations to your early friends. Fawn to those for whose society you yearn and look. Be cold, heartless, worldly. Do not have anything if it would interfere with your main object. Laugh heartily at the biting sarcasm of the social butterfly. Look bored if you are hearing high moral sentiments.

If you observe these rules and have money enough to spend on food and drink, you will succeed. You will be recognized and invited to social functions. You will find enough to partake of your carnal luxuries—champagne and dinners.

Now what have you got? Not likely one to stand by you in adversity. You have acquired no intellectual strength, nor attained to any moral elevation or spiritual growth.

In Heaven's name don't waste your whole life and energies in struggling, climbing, fighting for mere casual recognition among people who, taken in the aggregate, are heartless, soulless and aimless.

You will have a shrunken soul, a hard heart, a disregard for the noble feelings of manhood and womanhood which will bar you from the kingdom of heaven.

Reporter here remarks, that this state of things, so vividly described, cannot be confined to the upper circles, so called. It descends and does not spend itself till it has influenced all classes. Halifax is steeped in it.

This is the atmosphere which religion breathes in the city. The accounts from the towns give unmistakable evidence that the evil is in full swing in other places—in villages and small towns. It chills the life of Baptist churches, of all evangelical churches. The victims are numerous and are multiplying. So soon as it strikes a

devout Christian, vitality disappears. That Christian, is dead, while he or she lives.

The intercollegiate debate between Dalhousie and Acadia, in the old Granville Street church building, was a most successful affair. The house was packed. Dalhousie was in the end gallery and Acadia in the body of the house. The feeling between the two Colleges was noble and generous. The eight men in the debate reflected credit on the Colleges in which they have been trained. They acquitted themselves in fine style. The verdict of the judges has been endorsed in private by the Dalhousie students. The friends of Acadia who know the men who do the training within her walls, could see the marks of the master-hands in the discipline exhibited by the debaters. Such illustrations and such examples of training as the public saw that night will do more to commend Acadia to the public than all the rough and risky foot-ball contests that ever have been held or ever will be. The friends of Acadia were well satisfied and felt a pardonable pride in the way in which the students acquitted themselves. Not so much that their debating power and skill were in any sense superior to that of Dalhousie, but rather that as young men of talent, taste and discipline they sustained the standard claimed for Acadia under exceptional circumstances.

The four students from Acadia are undergraduates, but three of the four from Dalhousie are pursuing post-graduate courses in Dalhousie's professional schools, and one of them a graduate of Acadia. To have had the contest equal all should have been undergraduates.

The universal verdict is, that the eight young men did well. Mr. Everitt McNeil, in summing up, for the Acadia side, the arguments of their opponents, and disposing of them, was skillful, tactful and successful to a degree that would be a credit to a man accustomed to such forensic contests.

Two Filipinos, a general and his secretary, on his way from New York to London, were on the platform and heard the debate.

More of such trials of strength between colleges will be useful in a high degree.

City law against houses of infamy and for the regulation of the drink traffic, is largely disregarded. There is a little stir just now. The school commissioners have made an attempt to drive houses of bad character from the neighborhood of the City Academy, which is attended by both boys and girls. They have had some success. A Law and Order League has just been incorporated by the Legislature. The liquor fraternity have seen danger ahead. Some one has got before a committee of the Legislative Council a bill to require this League to have a capital of \$5,000. That is intended to destroy it. But we have a large number of good and wise men in both places. They understand the plans of the designing. The proposed bill, I predict, will be strangled in the Legislative Council. The Law and Order League will go forward reminding the city officials of their duties. Last Sunday was the first time that liquor shops and hotels were under the espionage of the police, for the purpose of enforcing the Sunday law which prohibits selling. The policemen got their orders and they were carried out. There will be much work for the Law and Order League to do.

REPORTER.

What About the Children?

We are concerned about the young people. We labor, and preach, and pray for them; they are on our hearts day and night, and there is nothing we so much desire as to see their true conversion. This is right. God help us to be more and more in earnest in seeking to reach this class. And still, there is another question of still greater importance looms up before us, namely, "What about the children?" We often speak of the young people as the hope of the church. This is true. But may we not say, with even greater propriety, the children are the hope of the church. Get the children converted and they will not only be converted when they come to be young men and women, but they will be a long way ahead in Christian experience and qualification for service.

I do not want to carp, or say one word that might seem, in the least degree, censorious, but I do want to say that for many years I have been most seriously impressed with thought that our young children are not receiving the share of attention the Lord would have us give to them.

As I have seen it, and do see it now more clearly, I think, than ever before, no effort we can put forth, however, persevering or self-denying, ought to be considered too great to give in honest, prayerful endeavor to lead the very young to him who said, "Suffer the children to come unto me."

We love to think that all who die under the age of accountability go straight to him who "gathers the lambs with his arms." But what about those who die after the age of accountability, who have not accepted Christ as their own personal Saviour. We shudder at the thought of their being lost, and we want to put it far from us, and yet what hope does the Bible give?

I think too, the age of accountability in the care of

most children comes very early, it may be five, or six, or seven, or occasionally even younger than that, but the thought is this, whenever that time comes, then that child needs intelligently to accept Jesus in order to possess a hope of heaven. Then, is it not true that direct, loving, personal effort with and for the children, is by far the most remunerative work in which we can engage. And yet, are we not sometimes found guilty of treating the children as though they were not worth the trouble? "they are only children," it is said, and brushing them aside we turn our attention to older ones, only to find, that in the majority of cases, their hearts are hard, their minds are pre-occupied, or perhaps skeptical, Satan and the world have got in ahead of us, and we are too late. They meet our advances with a smile, or even scoff at our most earnest entreaties. They are already in the whirlpool of sin, or worldly pleasure, and in the majority of cases, we can only cry unto God, that he will save them from the final and awful plunge.

It is true that many loving workers are getting down to the hearts and consciences of the little ones one by one, and they are richly rewarded. But are there not multitudes of young children belonging even to Christian homes, for whom little direct and personal effort is being made, or ever has been made to lead them to the Saviour.

I know the great burden of responsibility in this matter rests upon parents and they cannot shake it off or pass it over to pastor or Sunday School teacher, and I have often thought there will be a terrible meeting by and by, when careless parents stand with unsaved children at the same judgment seat. If I am my brother's keeper, how much more are fathers and mothers the guardians of their children's souls.

But is there not a certain measure of responsibility resting upon every one of us in regard to the little ones within our reach. We have faithful preaching in abundance for the older ones and special efforts are often put forth for their benefit. Has not the time come when we should have more preaching and more special effort put forth by the churches, in the interest of the children.

How would it do, to bring the children more generally into the preaching services. We have just the one gospel for the younger and the older, and the shepherd, when he sees the lambs gathered around, will not fail to have something warm for them.

And cannot we have more meetings especially for the children, when direct effort shall be put forth with a view to their conversion. We think such things are good for the older ones, if so, would it not pay a hundred fold in the case of the children.

May God help us to think of these things. I would like with the editor's permission, to say a word some other time on the church membership of converted children.

Toronto.

I. E. BILL.

Proposed 80th Birthday Anniversary.

The 23rd day of March, 1899, will be the 80th Birthday of the Rev. J. C. Morse, D. D., and on the 31st day of the same month it will be 57 years since his ordination in the old Waterford meeting house, and become recognized pastor of the Baptist churches of Digby Neck.

In commemoration of these events, the said churches have decided to have at the Doctor's home in Sandy Cove, a Donational Birthday gathering on the said 23rd day of March.

All the Doctor's friends, far and near, whether they be members of the same body or not, are cordially invited to be present on the occasion. Ministering brethren are particularly requested to attend.

It is intended to hold a commemoration service in the Baptist church at Sandy Cove, beginning at 2 p. m. of the same day, and a sermon on the occasion by Rev. J. H. Saunders, of Yarmouth, after which we will repair to the Doctor's home, where a tea will be provided by the ladies of Digby Neck.

By order of the churches,
Waterford, March 2, W. C. DENTON, Clerk.

Literary Notes.

"The White Man's Burden" gives the keynote of the American Monthly Review of Reviews for March. The editor, in "The Progress of the World," discusses the Philippine situation and American prospects in those islands, as well as the bearings of the ratification of the Spanish treaty on the future of the Filipinos. Col. William Conant Church, editor of the Army and Navy Journal, contributes a sketch of Gen. Elwell S. Otis, whose efficiency in subjugating the refractory followers of Agulnaldo is winning the admiration of the world.

Every pastor and many other workers will desire the Life of Drummond, by George Adam Smith. See our premium offer on page 8.

The Story Page.

The Capitulation of Micah Cobb

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

She made her own bed, let her lay on it!"

"She's layin' on it, Micah," Selinah Cobb murmured drearily. In her heart she knew Lois Ann would never rise from it. She fought off the knowledge daily with all the fierceness of her soul.

"Hey?" Micah Cobb cried suspiciously, glowering at the little, meek woman. "How do you know she's layin' on her bed? How do you know it, hey? You ain't—"

"No, I ain't, Micah," answered his wife stiffly. The note of courage in her mild voice sounded out of place. "I promised the Lord I'd obey you, an' I'm doin' it; but it's killin' me. Aunt Persis Dole told me she was sick abed. She says—oh, Micah, it's heart-breakin'!"—she says—

"That'll do!" thundered, Micah Cobb. "It don't signify to me what Aunt Persis Dole says about the town paupers; nor it don't signify to you, neither. Mind that!"

He stumped heavily out of the room, jarring the house to its frail foundations. The "set" look Selinah Cobb was acquainted with was on his face. She sank into a chair and rocked herself back and forth in an agony of despair. The small, sunny room was full of the stirring sounds of early summer, and whiffs of summer air stole in at the windows and caressed the bowed gray head compassionately. After a while Selinah slipped to her knees.

"O dear Lord," she prayed, "Lois Ann's sick abed, an' thou knowest whether she's goin' to die or not. I'm afraid she is, dear Lord. An' I can't go to her. Micah's set, an' there ain't any hope. O dear Lord, dear Lord, take my place with her and be a mother to her! Touch her gentle and loving as I'd like to. Comfort her, dear Lord! Don't let her miss me. Thou canst do everything."

The sobbing words stopped and she arose comforted. "I guess I can bear it," she thought patiently.

It was two years since Lois Ann went away from home to be good-for-nothing Tim-Durham's wife. The ban of her father's terrible displeasure was over her—poor, pretty, weak little Lois Ann! The doors of home shut after her forever. Now, broken and sick and deserted, she was stranded at the only refuge left her—the home the town provides for its poor. Aunt Persis Dole said she was very sick. Aunt Persis was the kindly go-between who carried the pitiful little bulletins to Lois Ann's mother.

"She's sinkin'," she told her a day or two later, trying unavailingly to soften the words; "she's sinkin' Seliny. The Lord's comin' after her soon. An' she says, 'Tell mother to be glad.'"

So the slow days went by till they counted another week Micah Cobb's stern face grew sterner; there was no hope for little dying Lois Ann's mother. In her simple code of honor there was no clause that made it possible for her to disobey Micah. She had promised the Lord to obey.

On one of the first days of the second week, Aunt Persis Dole came again. The sad news was in her face. Selinah Cobb read it afar off.

"You needn't say it, Aunt Persis," she cried sharply. "Don't say Lois Ann is dead! There ain't any need to."

Aunt Persis' kind old face was very sad. She took the little woman into her arms and crooned over her as if she were a little child. "There, there, dearie, the Lord's good; there, there! He ain't ever give up more than we manage to bear. You mustn't cry any more; you must stop and listen to what I say, dearie. Lois Ann left two tiny babies. There's two of 'em, Seliny."

"Two of them?" repeated the little woman mechanically. She lifted her broken, dazed face from Aunt Persis' breast.

"Yes, dearie, Lois Ann's two little babies. The Lord decided there was somethin' for 'em to do in the world, an' he let 'em come. It ain't for us to wonder at the Lord Seliny. He plans wise things, past findin' out."

Lois Ann's two little babies! Why Lois Ann was a baby a little while ago! She lay in the wide old crib upstairs, a tiny dot of color in the white. And Micah leaned over her and touched her tiny, puckered face with one of his great forefingers. Micah was so fond of little baby Lois Ann! Lois Ann's two little babies! And nobody to love them!

"Miss Springer 'll be good to 'em," Aunt Persis was saying as if in answer to her thoughts. "She's got a good heart. They won't suffer, Seliny. An' mebbe the Lord only means for 'em to stop a little while."

But the Lord's plans for Lois Ann's babies were for their living and thriving. The two little waifs grew fat and strong. Their tiny, serious faces put on the laughter and grace that mothers watch for and grandmothers exult in. Aunt Persis said they were likely babies and favored their poor mother.

It was a dry, hot summer and Selinah Cobb grew thin and wasted. The hunger in her heart was starving her. She lay awake the long nights and yearned for Lois Ann's babies. Micah never mentioned them. She did not know whether he had ever heard of their existence, and she did not dare to ask. He was very still and stern, and rarely spoke of his own accord.

In August, the babies at the town farm were two months old. They were nearly three when Selinah Cobb's courage was born. It was the courage of despair. "If I don't see 'em soon, dear Lord," she prayed on her knees by the bed, "then I shall die. I can't bear it any longer. I'm goin' to see Lois Ann's two little babies. Forgive me beforehand, so I won't harm 'em. Micah's satter than ever; but I've got to go, dear Lord."

She chose a day when Micah was away. In the afternoon she put on her bonnet and shawl and hurried down the dusty road. The babies were in a clothesbasket under a tree, taking care of themselves. Nobody seemed to be near them. Selinah sat beside them on the grass and crooned to them—Lois Ann's two little babies! She was planning a revolution in her gentle breast, and it took her breath away. It terrified her. In her soul she knew she had been planning it a long time.

"If I can't only take 'em both!" she cried. "It don't seem fair for one to stay behind. But I can't; I've got to shut my eyes up an' take the first one I come to."

She glanced hastily around, and then closing her eyes and catching up one of the babies, she thrust a sugar plum into its tiny mouth to keep it still. "There, there," she whispered. Her shawl made a shield and almost concealed the little form. The sugar was successful in its mission. The other baby kicked on in the clothesbasket lonesomely. Selinah did not dare to look back upon it.

"I can keep it up in the porch chamber where it's cool an' nice. Micah never goes up there, an' he won't hear as far off 's that." She found herself being guiltily glad that Micah was deaf. It had always been a grief before.

"I'm glad the heifer's come in. I can use her milk with a little warm water an' sugar in it. An' I'll fetch Lois Ann's crib down out o' the attic."

Uncertainties of the future had no terrors for her. She refused to think of possible—how possible!—discovery by Micah, or the misery it would bring about. She refused to think of anything but the beautiful present time, with Lois Ann's baby against her breast. Its tiny, warm body gave her courage, its sweet-scented breath was incense to her nostrils. The baby had fallen asleep under the influence of the sugar in its mouth and the jolting steps of its new guardian. The little flushed face peeped out from the folds of the shawl, and Selinah Cobb stopped again and again to kiss it.

"It looks like Lois Ann!" she exclaimed; "an' the other one did too. Oh, I wish I could have brought 'em both! It don't seem fair to leave the other one."

Her new courage was equal to going back for the lonesome baby in the clothesbasket, but already the one in her arms tired her unaccountably. If she were only stronger!

The north chamber was cool and still. Its simple, old-fashioned furnishings must have looked luxurious to the wide, wondering eyes of Lois Ann's little baby. The town provides few luxuries for its poor. Lois Ann's crib was softer and pleasanter than the poorhouse clothesbasket. It was almost supper time when Micah got home from town. Selinah heard the pounding of old Dobbin's hoofs on the road and hurried away from the north chamber guiltily. Safe in the kitchen she heard Micah's steps on the back stairs and then overhead in the little kitchen chamber. The steps sounded heavy and strange to her; and what could Micah be doing up there? He wasn't accustomed to go upstairs at all.

"It was a mercy I didn't come down the back stairs," she congratulated herself; "I should have met Micah just as sure. An' I hadn't had time to get the surprise out o' my face. Dear land, I believe Micah would have seen the print o' Lois Ann's baby fingers on my cheeks! I can feel 'em layin' there now."

She moved about the kitchen exultantly. She had not felt so happy for many, many months. A hymn of rejoicing rose to her lips and quavered itself into song that rose clearly to the kitchen chamber and astonished Micah. He was moving across the bare floor on tiptoe, with a queer, softened look on his rugged old face. Outside in the yard old Dobbin whinnied to be fed. Selinah caught sight of him and uttered a little cry of astonishment. He was still in the thills of the old farm wagon.

"Dear land, Micah ain't unharnessed yet!" she cried softly. "If that ain't queer! He's always unharnessed before he comes into the house, ever since the 'beginnin' of the world!"

The steps descended the back stairs softly and went on through the little hall and woodshed to the whinny-

ing horse. Selinah got supper and rang the bell gently at the door. She thought she heard a little cry from above, but there was no time to investigate. "Micah's deaf," she thought with a sense of relief.

They were very quiet at supper; but that was nothing new. They had been very quiet together since Lois Ann died. But to-night, if Selinah had not been preoccupied, she would have seen a new gentle look on Micah's face, and less of the old, abrupt roughness in his manner. He seemed to be listening for something. Selinah did not notice; she was listening too.

Fortunately, the baby in the cool, dim north chamber slept sweetly on its mother's soft little bed. It only awakened when Selinah went up after tea with its supper. She fed and undressed the child with the strained look of happy excitement in her plain face. Some of Lois Ann's baby clothes lay beside her on the floor in a soft, yellow heap. Lois Ann's baby lullaby was on her lips. She sang it very softly so Micah would not hear. Long into the darkness she sat there rocking and crooning and feeling the warm, tiny figure in her arms. Then with a sigh of renunciation she laid it in the crib and felt her way downstairs. Twice during the evening she heard a child's cry and twice stole away upstairs, but both times Lois Ann's baby lay soundly asleep just as she had left it. "It's queer I keep hearin' it cry," she thought, puzzled.

So the strange evening crept away to bedtime, and she and Micah put out the lights and went into the little room across the hall. Selinah did not dare to go upstairs again so soon, but she comforted herself with thinking she would stay awake and go by and by. Micah was a sound sleeper; he wouldn't know if she went to the ends of the earth. Her conscience, so long tender and easily troubled, was silent now. She was doing right—right! It was right to take care of Lois Ann's little baby! It was right to rock it and comfort it, and sing low little lullabys to it. She told herself so fiercely, and she would not let herself try to explain why she kept it all from Micah. She did not try to explain to the Lord even.

"Dear Lord," she prayed silently, "I can't help doin' it; I've got to. If it ain't right, make it just as near so as you can, dear Lord. I've always tried to be faithful an' obeyin'. I'll do anything I can now but give up Lois Ann's little baby. O dear Lord, I can't do that!"

She lay awake listening and thinking of the other poor little baby left behind alone. It troubled her seriously. Her heart went out wistfully toward Lois Ann's other baby.

"It ain't fair, it ain't fair!" she thought in keen distress. Presently she drifted off to sleep unintentionally. When she awoke a little while afterward Micah was just going out of the door with a lamp in his hand. A rift of moonlight lay on his big, lean figure in its white garment and gave it a queer, ghostly look.

A little, imperative, sharp cry was in her ears. She sprang to her feet in fright. Micah had heard it too, and was going upstairs to find it. He would find Lois Ann's baby. And then she crept through the hall and up to the north chamber. Dear land, the baby wasn't crying! The moonlight touched its tiny, sweet face caressingly and laid light fingers on its little, closed lids. The baby was asleep! But still the sharp cry in her ears! And where was Micah? In utter astonishment she went to find him, through room after room, until she came out to the kitchen chamber. Micah was there. She stood still on the threshold with a strange throbbing in her heart.

"Sh—sh! rock-a-bye-bye-bye," crooned Micah, gruffly tender. He was pacing the little room from side to side, his bare feet making padding noises on the floor. Lois Ann's other little baby was in her arms. "Sh! rock-a-bye-bye, sh!" The lamp was on the table, and in its faint light, confused and blended with the moonlight, Selinah saw his face as it used to look when Lois Ann was a baby. It was full of tenderness.

"Micah! Micah!" she sobbed in the doorway, and then with a sudden impulse, she went back to the north chamber and gathered up the baby in Lois Ann's crib. They met in the door of the kitchen chamber. Micah's baby was still fretting.

"Let's swap, Micah," Selinah said quietly. "This one's asleep, an' I'll kind of cuddle the other one a little while. I—I know how, Micah." She was trying to subdue the tremble in her voice. Her little, thin figure was shaking like a reed. She could not understand. It was like a queer, wild dream. But the other baby was fretting and needed cuddling. "Let me take it, Micah," she pleaded, holding out the baby that was asleep.

Micah Cobb's astonished face confronted her in the narrow door, but he held his baby tightly in his arms. "This is Lois Ann's baby," he said stiffly.

"Why, so is mine—so is mine, Micah. Didn't you ever know there was two of 'em—didn't you, Micah? Lois Ann's little babies were twins. There, you faze

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this one, an' I'll jest cuddle yours a little mite of a speck. It'll go right to sleep."

The exchange was made in grave silence, and presently the tiny wailing ceased.

"Come, we'll lay 'em both in Lois Ann's crib, Micah; it's wide enough. It's in the north chamber. I brought it down. Come, Micah."

And in the moonlight they laid the sleeping babies side by side in their dead mother's crib. The kiss of the gentle light was on the tiny faces and on the solemn old ones above them. They stood there together, and in some sweet, inexplicable way, all old things became new and the anguish and grief in between faded out of their souls. Their tremulous old hands crept together.

It was long into the night when the explanations were made and they too could sleep. Selinah had her little story to tell; but Micah's was more wonderful. The sight of the tiny, lonely figure in the clothesbasket as he drove past, the hunger to know if it was Lois Ann's baby; the closer inspection and the tiny, warm clutch on its finger. "I couldn't stan' that, Seliny," he said huskily. "It was little Lois Ann clutchin' me tight. I couldn't take my finger away. I knew it was Lois Ann's baby, an' I fetched it home. I couldn't make up my mind to let you know. I was ashamed to."

Selinah slipped to her knees, with her gentle face to the moonlight. "Dear Lord, it's all right. We thank you—me an' Micah. There's only one thing more, dear Lord—if you'll jest let Lois Ann know."—Young People.

"Who Lives Over There?"

Perhaps some of you have heard of the lovely "West-side Fruit and Flower Mission" and the wonderful good it is doing in its sweet ministry among the poor invalids of New York City. Its name, however, may be misleading, as many things beside fruit and flowers are distributed to the "least of these."

Miss Darby belonged to this mission, indeed, she was one of the most active members, ever going about in loving ministry. Late one November she took a severe cold and by the advice of her physician she went to a dear old friend of her dead mother's to rest. Looking out from one of the back windows one day she caught a glimpse of a pale, sad face at an open door.

"Who lives over there in that small brown house?" she asked the old lady.

"I don't know," was the answer. "I often wish I did, for there's some one sick there. I am sure. I see the doctor go there every few days."

The doctor went into the small brown house while they were talking. Miss Darby's sweet face grew serious. With her sympathetic nature she could not help wishing that she too could visit the inmates of the little house. She wondered if she were not needed there.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. In the small brown house a gray-haired woman was weeping. On the bed lay her only child—a man of middle age, slowly recovering from an attack of rheumatism. The larder was almost empty. There was no money coming in. A sad state of affairs, truly!

"It doesn't seem right," moaned the gray-haired lady. "Now, if you'd been a drunkard, Fred, and had squandered all your money, you'd be getting just what you deserve, but seeing you've always been a temperate man, doing your best, it doesn't seem right."

"What doesn't seem right, mother?"

"That we should be so poor. Tomorrow will be Thanksgiving, Fred, but we can't keep it."

"Why not?" he questioned.

"With a piece of salt pork and some dry bread?" she spoke bitterly.

"Is that all there is, mother?"

"That's all."

"I am sorry," he said, "but we must be thankful for that. We must keep Thanksgiving, mother. I find much to be thankful for. I am thankful that the Lord has spared you to me for one thing."

He reached out his thin hand and stroked hers gently, and presently her face grew peaceful.

"Do you remember the last Thanksgiving we had in our old home?"

"I'll never forget it," he answered.

"What did you have for dinner, gran'ma?" asked little Dora eagerly.

"Oh, everything good," clasping her hands at the thought, "a golden brown turkey, a—"

There was a rap at the door. Dora opened it and a sweet-faced lady entered the room.

"I'm Miss Darby," she said. "I thought some one was sick, and I came to see."

"I was sick and ye visited me."

After a long talk, Miss Darby went back to the old lady with whom she was staying and told her tale.

"It's wonderful to see the trust that sick man has in his Heavenly Father," she said. "I wish it were in my power to give him such a Thanksgiving as he deserves."

"It's in my power," was the old lady's answer, "and I'll give it to him."

Early on Thanksgiving morning Miss Darby ran over to the small brown house to "borrow the baby," she said. When she returned him he was dressed in a pretty white dress and was smiling and cooling at a great rate.

With Miss Darby went a boy carrying a large market basket which he placed carefully upon the floor. Johnny eyed it anxiously. If you only could have seen what it contained and how carefully it was packed!

The sick man's mother unpacked it, while tears filled her eyes. Out from the basket she took a good sized roast turkey, a mince pie, vegetables, jelly, fruit, and other things to make a feast for the sick and well.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul!" cried the sick man, tears of joy filling his eyes, "bless Him forever!"

It is nearly three years since Miss Darby carried the Thanksgiving feast to the small brown house. The sick man recovered long ago, so did the invalid mother, and if you could see the happy family now it would make you joyful.—H. H. Farley, in Youth's Temperance Banner.

The Young People

EDITOR,

J. B. MORGAN.

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic—March 12.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Fellowship in Christian Service, Nehemiah 4: 6, 16-23.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, March 13.—Ezekiel 11: 14-25. A new spirit to aid in self-mastery, (vs. 19). Compare Ps. 51: 10.
 Tuesday, March 14.—Ezekiel 12: 1-16. An example in the midst of rebels, (vs. 2). Compare 1 Samuel 12: 3, 4.
 Wednesday, March 15.—Ezekiel 12: 17-28. Results of non-self-mastery, (vs. 19). Compare Ps. 107: 33, 34.
 Thursday, March 16.—Ezekiel 13.—Way to avoid self-mastery, (vs. 3). Compare Jer. 23: 16.
 Friday, March 17.—Ezekiel 14. Self-responsibility unavoidable, (vs. 14). Compare Prov. 11: 3.
 Saturday, March 18. Ezekiel 15.—Of little account at most, (vs. 5). Compare Ps. 8: 4.

Prayer Meeting Topic—March 12.

Fellowship in Christian service, Neh. 4: 6 16-23.

This topic is easily deducible from the story of the building of Jerusalem's walls as recorded in the passage indicated, for assuredly Nehemiah and his co-workers rendered service to God and their countrymen in thus fortifying the city, while the mutual and hearty fellowship of the builders is apparent to even the careless reader. Though the service we should render unto God and our fellowmen is not of the character of Nehemiah's, it is none the less real, nor is fellowship in it less needful.

I. This service consists in—
 1. Illuminating dark surroundings. "Ye are the light of the world . . . let your light shine." By teaching and exemplifying the truths of religion we illumine. Wherever Christians are who truly serve darkness in the form of ignorance and sin is dispelled more or less completely.

2. Witnessing to truth. "Ye shall be witnesses unto me . . . unto the uttermost part of the earth." A young woman in our prayer service quoted Phil. 4: 19 and then testified, "I have proven that for myself." Witnessing to truth which we have verified in our own experience is part of our duty.

3. Seeking and saving the lost. "Whoso converteth a sinner . . . saveth a soul from death." It is not sufficient to build churches and maintain pastors to preach to such as may choose to come. Lost sheep and wild sheep cannot be expected to seek the fold, they must be sought out and run down. This belongs to the Christian's service.

4. Giving our life for the redemption of men. Jesus fed, healed, forgave, comforted, instructed, helped men, so giving his life which was finally exhausted on Calvary. He has left us "an example that we should follow in his footsteps." How much of our life are we giving to others? of life's sympathy and love and energy and earning?

II. The Fellowship in this service should be—

1. Mutual. In Nehemiah and his workmen we have this illustrated. While there may be division of labor according to gifts bestowed, mutual interest and appreciation should be manifested. "The eye cannot say to the hand I have no need of thee, nor again the head to the feet I have no need of you . . . the members should have the same care one for another."

2. Hearty. Such was fellowship between Nehemiah and his workmen. The faint-hearted and half-hearted instead of adding to, subtract from the courage and zeal of those they associate with—"whatsoever ye do, do it heartily."

3. Real. Let not pretension or deceit find place among those who serve the Lord. Judas, with the kiss of friendship, betrayed his master. Mutual, hearty and real may our fellowship in Christian service be.

Parsonage, Kentville, N. S. B. N. NOBLES.

Softened Anger.

We are too kind to ourselves in calling anger our infirmity. We have a charming facility in using lenient language towards our own weaknesses, while describing those of other people with the severity of a true blue Puritan. It was Drummond who said, "Anger is the hottest infirmity, the generous failing of the just." Yes, sometimes. But in the majority of cases it is the mean infirmity of selfish and proud natures. Most of the hottest anger in the world comes from injuries, supposed injuries, from slights and criticisms by which vanity has been wounded.

Jesus Christ once exhibited anger, only once so far as the record tells us. It was of a peculiar quality, for we

are told it was blended with grief. He "looked round about on them with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their heart." It was not the expression of resentment, or of wounded pride or irritation. It was indignation unstained by hate or malice. Any one who loves the right will hate the wrong. Love and hate are blood relations. It is worthy of notice that Christ did not speak to them with whom he was angered. He simply looked on them. The tongue is a dangerous thing to turn loose when hot passion is in the soul. His lips were silent. Blessed calmness! What troubles we should escape if we did likewise. 'Tis said of one of the Emperors that in moments of provocation he would recite the alphabet from A to Z before he made reply. The quarrels and wranglings of life would have a precarious existence if all followed his example. The tongue under the emotion of anger is like a highly mettled horse that feels the prick of the spur in his side. Are we not too lenient towards those things which we in superabundant charity call our infirmities? It is our way of half-excusing what we should wholly condemn. What makes greater havoc in homes and churches than temper? Yet who classes this amongst the greater sins? When we inquire into the causes of backsliding, decayed religion and divided churches, we enumerate a hundred things, but leave out one of the greatest of all—temper. This produces alienations and separations, silences prayer, destroys the charm of fellowship and frightens away the dove of peace.

Anger that is mellowed by grief is not an evil thing, but good. In our higher moments we know something of the blending of these emotions. We are angered at a wrong and have a pity for the wrong-doer at the same time. We hate a crime, but as we think of the infatuation, weakness and suffering of the criminal we are mellowed by grief. A truly Christian feeling leads us to look on the worst men with sympathy. There is a touch of sadness in all wickedness. The dying Christ interpreted the malice and cruelty about his cross in the light of the ignorance in which the people acted. If we only think a little we shall always find something that will turn anger into pity and prayer.—The Commonwealth.

Sayings of General Gordon.

To be happy, a man must be like a well-broken, willing horse, ready for everything. Events will go as God likes.

If you tell the truth, you have infinite power supporting you. But, if not, you have infinite power against you. The children of kings should be above all deceit, for they have a mighty and a jealous Protector.

Oh, be open in all your ways. It is a girdle around your loins, strengthening you in all your warfarings.

We have no conception or idea of what God will show us if we persevere in seeking him, and it is he who puts this wish in our hearts.

Make him your guide; you do not want any other. He has said, "I will teach you all things," and, depend on it, you will find it the shortest course to pursue.

In one word, live to God alone. Keep your eye on the "Pole Star;" guide your bark of life by that.

Do we believe Jehovah to be the Almighty—namely, the Ruler of all things, supreme in all, and against whose will no power can act? Or do we recognize Baal—namely, the various events, accidents, and circumstances of life, as acting independently of God, and, therefore, to be considered in the walk of life?

If we live in the Spirit, we shall hear his voice minutely and always.

How unlike in acts are most of so-called Christians to their Founder!

What is it if you know the sound truths and do not act up to them? Actions speak loudly, and are read of all; words are as the breath of man.

Anything said against you is infinitely less than ought to be said.

When you get well down in your own opinion of yourself, it is remarkable how well the world thinks of you, and how worthless are its thoughts to you.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

The Difference.

A stranger, in Boston, I paused for a moment after service at the door of one of the city churches to look about at the wonderful carvings and the beautiful stained-glass windows. As I stood there, my eye fell upon a plain little woman who was venturing to speak to a richly dressed dame whom she had met face to face in the aisle. I noted that there was no response. The would-be grand dame simply drew her furs more closely about her, and sailed majestically on, her chin in the air. The little woman flushed, her lips trembled. At this moment a hand grasped her hand warmly, while a sweet voice said, "Mrs. Jenkins, how glad I am to see you!" The speaker was Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, the author of the famous "Battle Hymn of the Republic," a woman honored and revered throughout the civilized world.

The little woman looked up. Her face seemed metamorphosed. Those few words had changed the aspect of the whole world to her. Some one did care to speak to her, some one was glad to see her!

As I turned homeward I pondered upon what I had just seen; and I felt that perhaps there was no better illustration of the difference between the truly great and the would-be great.—Eleanor Root.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 178 Wentworth Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.

For Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, the schools, native preachers and Bible women at Chicacole; also the young lady Missionaries at this station, the reading room and the hospital. That those who have long heard of Christ there, may be led to come out boldly and follow Him.

Notice.

Only the total of money received from the W. M. A. S. will be acknowledged in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

At a recent meeting of the Executive of the Maritime Baptist Publication Society, a complaint was made that the Treasurers of all our Boards and others, were taking up too much space in the paper with their acknowledgements. This matter was brought before the Executive of the W. B. M. U., and after due consideration it was decided that only the sum total received from each society be given in the acknowledgement in MESSENGER AND VISITOR. If the whole amount is received by the Treasurer it is not necessary to state so much for Foreign Missions, so much for Home Missions, Reports and Tidings, etc. This will require great care on the part of each person sending money to Mrs. Smith, that they state clearly whether they wish the money to go to Foreign or Home Missions and the exact amount given to each, so at the end of the year there may be no fault finding or misunderstanding. Our Treasurer is most faithful and efficient; but she is not omniscient and cannot know unless she is told where you wish your money to go. It gives her much unnecessary trouble to write and enquire whether you want your money given to Foreign or Home Missions. Please take note of this change and help to make things go easily and correctly.

Circulating Library.

It may be there are some sisters who do not yet know that the W. B. M. U. have a circulating library at Amherst, under the care of Miss Margaret Wood. It contains a number of good books and a large quantity of tracts and leaflets, with just the information you require in your society meetings to make them interesting and instructive. Miss Wood writes that a number of the books have been out for a long period. The specified time for the books to be kept is two months. They should never be kept longer; some books have been out three, four, five, and six months. Now, my sisters, is this right or just to those who are asking for them? If a book is to be used at all, it certainly can be read by a great many in two months and the one who sends for it is responsible to see that it is returned in the specified time. If the book is lost or destroyed another should be purchased, if possible, and placed in the library or the cost of the book forwarded. When Miss Woods sends a book she also writes a post card. Is it too much trouble to return a post card, saying it has been received? If you send for a book and receive neither card or book within a week, write at once and inform Miss Woods, so she can trace the missing book. Nothing in this world that is worth anything is gained without a little trouble and it seems as though these were very small things to do. We want the library to be used, but not abused. We want the largest number possible to participate in its benefits, in order to do this the books must not be kept out longer than two months and returned sooner if possible. Will those who have had books out for a length of time please return them at once? Miss Newcombe, India, has lately sent three books for Mission Bands; Miss Archibald, "In the Tiger Jungle." A number of copies of "Gurabathi and Herriamah" will be placed in the library, they may be sold at 10c each or loaned in the usual way. This is a most interesting story of the first converts in Tekkali, written by Mrs. I. C. Archibald and should be read by all. Herriamah is still living and working as a Bible woman at Chicacole. If any persons have mission biographies, history or good mission stories, will they not donate them to this library that its proportions may be increased? With knowledge will come a greater interest in our mission work and no better means can be employed than the circulating library if properly used.

From an India Paper.

A correspondent writes: The 24th of December was expected for, by the Native Christians of Chicacole with

feelings of great joy, for on that day a Christmas tree was got up solely by the Native Christian community of Chicacole and was announced to be held in the house of Mr. M. Venkata Row of the Government Telegraph Department. At 4 p. m., sports for the children were commenced and were well enjoyed by both the children and the spectators. Miss M. E. Archibald of the Baptist Mission, then distributed money prizes to all the successful competitors. At 5.30 the assembly withdrew into Mr. M. Venkata Row's house which was decorated for the occasion and where a Christmas tree was planted in the middle of the house beautifully decorated with flowers and Chinese lanterns. About 100 well assorted prizes were hung on the tree. The proceedings commenced with a lyric and a hymn, followed by prayer by Mr. B. Guranna. The other items of the programme consisted of an English hymn, a Telugu and a Uriya duet by the Misses Mahanty, a solo by Mr. Amirtha Lal, and an address on 'Christmas' by Pastor B. Subba Rayudu. The Christmas presents were then given away by Miss Archibald to the children. She then gave a nice and short address in Telugu on the manner the people in Canada enjoy Christmas. Refreshments were then served and the meeting was closed with the usual vote of thanks to Miss Archibald and to Mr. Venkata Row for kindly lending his house for the occasion. Much credit is due to Mr. J. A. David, Overseer, P. W. D., for the material help rendered by him and Mr. Subba Rayudu for his valuable assistance given in decorations. Misses Clark and Powledans, two European ladies from the Baptist Mission bungalow, were present that evening in Indian costume. They wore a Saree and round their necks were strings of imitation gold beads and their heads ornamented with natural flowers.

Carleton, St. John West.

The Union Missionary meeting was held with the Carleton church, February 23rd. On account of the weather our number was not as large as we had wished. Afternoon meeting, led by the President Mrs. J. R. Richards, after singing and a short address from the President in which Mrs. Dykeman was welcomed among us, we had a letter from Miss Archibald, read by Mrs. Everett. A few words from Mrs. Manning, Gates, Dykeman and Higgins. Mrs. N. C. Scott told us of her work in the Junior Society of Main Street. Evening session, Pastor Higgins in the chair, after scripture and singing Mrs. J. N. Golding gave a paper on "Chinese Characteristics," also told of the founding of Brussels Street Chinese Mission. Rev. J. A. Gordon gave an address in his usual pithy style. Three exercises by the Mission Band which did much credit to their leaders, Mrs. M. C. Higgins and Miss B. Wilmot. Miss Bella Theall kindly presided at the organ during both sessions. A large gathering was present in the evening. We pray a blessing may follow our meeting.

M. A. STRANGE.

Hazelbrook Society.

It is a long time since you heard any tidings from us, but our silence is owing to our not having anything special to write about. Our society is doing well. Our annual meeting was held last month and encouraging reports given. We hope to organize a Mission Band here shortly, and trust you may receive some note of its proceedings.

J. W. J., Sec'y.

Amounts Received by the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U. from Feb. 10th to Feb. 28th.

Mrs C F Clinch, Clinch's Mills, \$3; Cumberland Bay, \$5.10; McDonalds Corner, \$31; Albert, 26c; Canso, \$9; North Sydney, \$13.46; Indian Harbor, \$2.25; Weymouth, \$1; Havelock, \$5; Chelsea, \$2; Melvern Square, \$5, support of biblewomen \$11; 2nd St Margarets Bay, \$3.57; St John, Main St, \$14; St John, Main St, to constitute their President Mrs T F Granville a life member, \$25; Woodstock, \$7.25; Hartland, \$7.50; Campbellton, \$10; Lower Cambridge, \$36; River Hebert, \$10.10; Great Village, \$5.25; Bass River, \$14; Mahone Bay, \$7; Alberton, \$3.50; Gabarus, \$7; Pugwash, Mrs Loves' bible class, \$3.51; Tancook, 25c; Onslow East, \$5; Glace Bay, \$7; St Martins, \$13; Port Maitland, \$10; Briggs Corner, 25c; Sydney, \$6; Central Bedegue, Mission Band, Mr Morse's salary, \$6; Lunenburg, 25c; Collection, District meeting, Mira Bay, \$1.40; Jacksonville, \$5.54.

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

CORRECTION.—In last list of acknowledgements, amount credited Cambridge Narrows, should have read F. M. \$21, instead of \$20. M. S.

The above "list" is made out as directed by the Executive Board. The reasons for the change will be given in W. B. M. U. column. M. S.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

In the last report of the Board to the Convention occurs this paragraph:

"The Board would therefore most earnestly ask that the last Sunday in March be observed as 'Foreign Mission Day,' that all organizations connected with the church observe the same with such exercises as may be best adapted to further the end in view, and that at all such meetings special offering shall be taken for the work wherever practical."

In view of the pressing needs of the work and the continued appeals for more laborers to properly man the fields, it is certain that more must be done by the many, if the best results are to be obtained. One missionary to every 50,000 of the population, with at least 20 native assistants is none too many for the work to which we have given ourselves as a people.

The Treasurer at the last meeting of the Board reported a deficit, March 1st, of about \$2500, and the Quarterly remittance to June 30, to be sent as soon as possible. Usually this remittance is made three months in advance. As a matter of convenience it is best to make it thus. The friends of missions will observe that the Treasurer cannot do this with only about one half the amount in his hands. The offering to this work must be regular and often, at least once in three months. Help us brethren, if you have funds on hand for this department of your work. Do not forget to observe the last Sunday in March. Let Pastors and Presidents of B. Y. P. U.'s, Mission Bands and W. M. A. Societies all combine to make this a grand Foreign Mission Day.

It will be interesting to know how many pastors will preach missionary sermons on THIS DAY—not on these days during the year—but on this very day. The Board is impressed with the need—the great need—of more earnest, consecrated, united effort on the part of God's people in pushing to a glorious consummation the giving of the gospel of Jesus Christ to those who are living in the midnight darkness of heathenism. Brethren we need your prayers, your sympathy and your active co-operation.

Pure Blood

Every thought, word and action takes vitality from the blood; every nerve, muscle, bone, organ and tissue depends on the blood for its quality and condition. Therefore pure blood is absolutely necessary

Good Health to right living and healthy bodies. **Strong Nerves** Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier. Therefore

it is the great cure for scrofula, salt rheum, humors, sores, rheumatism, catarrh, etc.; the great nerve, strength builder, appetizer, stomach tonic and regulator. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. Cure all liver ills. All druggists, 25c.

THE LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND.

By
George Adam
Smith.

With many Unpublished Letters,
Journals of Travel and New Ad-
dresses to Young Men.

"Dr. Smith has successfully faced the difficulties and written a life of Drummond that is both adequate and just. It does not say more concerning his wonderful influence and the almost passionate loyalty he created than could be joyfully confirmed by hundreds of men throughout the world."—BOOKMAN.

"Of the author's pleasing style and other literary qualifications it is of course unnecessary to speak. He has shown that he also possesses that tact, discrimination and faithfulness in dealing with his subject so essential to the best work of the biographer. Professor Smith knew Drummond long and intimately and, like all who so knew him, felt for his friend the warmest love and admiration. But his friendship does not destroy his power of kindly criticism. It does not blind him to Drummond's limitations or prevent him from pointing out the unsatisfactory character of some of his reasoning. It is, of course, but a faint picture of a man's life and work that even the best biography can give, and this is especially true of such a life as was Drummond's, with his noble, sunny and mesmeric personality and his grand enthusiasm for truth and for humanity, ever seeking and finding manifold expression. But Dr. Smith has performed his task with rare ability and there can be no doubt we think, that in the Life of Drummond he has made to English biographical literature a contribution which will be treasured with the best."—MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

We have much pleasure in offering the above valuable work as a premium for 2 new paid subscriptions and 10 cents.

IS THIS YOUR STORY?

"Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast and what food I eat distresses me. I have a heavy feeling in my stomach. I am getting so weak that sometimes I tremble and my nerves are all unstrung. I am getting pale and thin. I am as tired in the morning as at night."

What does your doctor say?
"You are suffering from impure blood."
What is his remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

You must not have constipated bowels if you expect the Sarsaparilla to do its best work. But Ayer's Pills cure constipation.

We have a book on Paleness and Weakness which you may have for the asking.

Write to our Doctors.

Perhaps you would like to consult eminent physicians about your condition. Write us freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The Succession Taxes in Nova Scotia on Devises and Bequests for Religious, Charitable and Educational Purposes.

All Christian Denominations in Nova Scotia may be robbed by the Executive of that Province under its "Succession Duty Act" by having one tenth of each bequest or legacy given by the devisor for religious, charitable or educational purposes scooped up, and spent for ordinary and extraordinary purposes.

In order that the legislature of Nova Scotia might be induced to amend the law, so as to close the treasuries of the different churches against this system of sacrilege, at the Convention in Amherst last August, I offered a resolution which was duly seconded, which if passed would have requested the Nova Scotia legislature to amend the law, so as to exempt from taxation all devises and bequests to denominations for the purposes mentioned. The resolution was so just, and so well appreciated by the delegates representing the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, that it would have passed with but little opposition had it not been balked by a motion made by a few of the delegates who in my opinion put politics before principle, that the resolution stand over for further consideration. This expedient is often resorted to in our Convention, by a few, who well know that a report they dislike cannot be defeated by legitimate means. A similar course was pursued at Bear River with the report on temperance. I was called away to attend important official business before the close of the Convention at Amherst and the resolution was not again taken up.

I knew when I offered the resolution that it would be approved of by all Christian denominations in the Dominion of

Canada and elsewhere. The Rev. Allan Pollok in his letter to The Halifax Herald of the sixteenth instant, said: "The theological colleges are maintained not by the State, which nowadays supports everything which is not religious, but by freewill offerings. In such a case as this, not only are the supporters of a college taxed for general education, but when benevolent friends bestow gifts upon it, the government steps in and divides the money with the legatees to the extent of one-tenth of the whole. Others may call it taxation: I call it robbery."

The Baptist institution at Wolfville have been sending out their agents to procure donations for "The Forward Movement," and those agents have met with laudable success. One plea for this movement was that John D. Rockefeller of New York had pledged himself to give \$15,000 towards "The Movement" that was if the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces would give \$50,000. The churches well know that while they are asked to give the \$50,000, that the men who are working so ardently to raise that amount, have for some reason only known to themselves, allowed the government of Nova Scotia to take out of the Payzant bequest \$7,850, money of the denomination, a sum more than half as large as the Rockefeller donation.

In Ontario and New Brunswick and as near as I can ascertain all the other provinces of the Dominion, and in all other civilized countries, Nova Scotia excepted, devises and bequests for religious, charitable and educational purposes are exempted from all taxation general and local. Why Nova Scotia should stand out in bold relief as the robber of churches, charities and education, is hard to understand. In the past that fine province was noted for its noble efforts to advance religion, charity and education, and there was a time when its politicians were noted for their ability and patriotism. Will it have its well earned pre-eminence taken away by allowing its politicians to be the robbers of churches, denominational schools and charities. It is said that about one fifth of the amount, \$58,000, it receives as succession duties, comes out of the churches and the institutions connected with them. The legislature of Nova Scotia, as if desirous of earning a bad reputation, has placed the succession duty chain around the neck of Christianity in the Maritime provinces, and the executive of that province lately said, "we will not remove the chain but will strengthen its links." The death-bed gifts of the men who have devoted to religion, charity and education, a part of the wealth with which the Lord has blessed them, is diverted from its legitimate uses to be used for purposes the donor never dreamt they would be, and the living are told that they need not expect that their gifts to the Lord will be used for the advancement of His cause, without having a part of them, I suppose Mr. Pollok would say, taken for just the opposite.

I will ask the Baptist of the Maritime Provinces when next they meet in convention to speak out in no unmistakable terms and say to the legislature, you must return all the money you have by your legislation stolen from our institution.

CHAS. E. KNAPP.

Forward Movement.

L. Higgins, \$12.50; Cassie Scott, P. E. I \$1.25; Wm. Stretch, \$1.25; Alex McPhee, 50cts; Hector McLean, 50cts; Frank McLean, 50cts; Mrs. Daniel Howard, \$1.25; Hector McLean, \$1.00; Robert McPhail, \$1.25; Arch Livingston, \$1.00; Wm Howard, \$5.00; Mrs. John Nelson, \$2.50; John M. Hunter, \$1.00. Total \$29.50. Total for Feb. \$1391.33. These lists are made up and mailed on Wednesday in each week. All sums not received before, that will be one-week behind in the report.

Wm. E. HALL.

March 1st.

Notices.

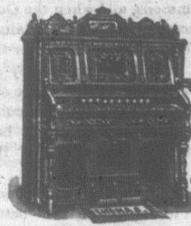
The officers of the Nova Scotia Eastern Baptist Association have accepted the kind invitation from the Oxford Baptist church to meet with them in July next. My



Hard facts

for women who wash. No work you do is so unhealthful as your work over a washtub. This hard, perspiring work in the midst of soiled clothes and tainted steam will make trouble for you. The less of it you do, the better. Wash with Pearlina, and there's little or none of it. Nothing but rinsing the clothes, after soaking and boiling them. Consider your health.

Millions of Pearlina



Thomas Organs

In the "Tone," which has always been a distinguishing feature, in delicacy of "Touch," in ease of manipulation, in simplicity of construction and perfect workmanship, they stand unrivalled and never fail to give satisfaction.

JAS. A. GATES & Co. MIDDLETON, N. S.

Address for a few months will be Bridge-town, N. S. T. B. LAYTON, Sec'y Eastern Asso.

There will be, D. V. a meeting of the Board of Governors of Acadia University, in the library of the College, on Tuesday the 14th inst., at 10.30 a. m. A full attendance of the Board is very desirable. By order of the Executive committee. S. B. KEMPTON, Sec'y of Board. Dartmouth, March 1st.

The Guysboro West Association of Baptist churches, is appointed to meet at Senora on Monday evening and Tuesday the 13th and 14th inst. Will all the churches of the district kindly take notice and send delegates. The brethren at Senora are looking forward to the meeting being helpful and the committee expect to have a profitable programme. Rev. W. E. Hall of Halifax expects to be present, his help will add much to the interest of the occasion. GRO. W. CLARK, Sec'y.

The programme for the meeting of the Prince Edward Island Baptist conference to be held at Montague Bridge, on March 13th and 14th is as follows: Monday evening, 13th.—Foreign Missions, Rev. A. F. Browne; Home Missions, Rev. J. C. Spurr; Grande Ligne Missions, D. Price; North West Missions, A. C. Shaw; Acadia University, W. H. Warren. Tuesday 14th, 9.30 a. m.—Minutes and reports; Paper by Pastor E. J. Grant; Paper by Pastor A. F. Browne. G. P. RAYMOND, Sec'y.

The next Quarterly Conference of the Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Co's will meet with the church in Jacksonville, the 2nd Friday in March. It is most desirable that all the churches in the district be represented. Come, and be prepared to report intelligently on the condition of your church. W. J. RUTLEDGE, Sec'y Treas. Kingston, N. S., Feb. 16.

The Albert Co. Baptist Sunday School Convention will meet at Turtle Creek, on Wednesday the 8th day of March next, at 2 o'clock, p. m. If any School has not received statistical blanks will they please let me know at once? W. TITUS COLPITTS, Sec'y Mapleton, Albert Co., N. B.

The next meeting of the Baptist Conference of Prince Edward Island will be held at Montague, on the 2nd Monday and Tuesday of March. G. P. RAYMOND, Sec'y.

As I have accepted a unanimous call from the Benton, Lower Woodstock and Canterbury churches, I wish to speak through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to those who wish to correspond with me as clerk of the N. B. Western Association; secretary-treasurer of York and Sunbury Co. Quarterly Meeting, or otherwise, that my future address will be Benton Station, Carleton Co., N. B. C. N. BARTON.

At the last session of the Nova Scotia Western Association, it was left with the moderator and clerk to secure a place of meeting for our next session. The Margaretville Section of the Upper Wilnot Baptist church extends a cordial in-

Notice of Sale.

To the Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns of George Wiggins and Cyrus M. Wiggins, late of the Parish of Waterborough, in the County of Queens, and Province of New Brunswick, and to all others whom it doth or may concern.

Take notice that there will be sold by Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of St. John in the County of Queens of St. John, and Province aforesaid on Monday, the third day of April next, at twelve o'clock noon "All that tract or lot of land situate, lying and being in Queens County known and distinguished by the No. 39 and being on the North Westerly side of the Washademoak River, and bounded as follows, to wit: Beginning at a marked Poplar tree standing on or near the North Westerly bank or shore of the said River about 22 chains measured along the course of the brook below the first rapids; thence North 45 degrees, West 148 chains, thence South 17 degrees, west 17 chains; thence South 45 degrees, east until it meets the North Westerly bank of the said River Washademoak; thence along the said bank until it meets the first mentioned bounds." Together with the buildings and improvements thereon and the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging.

The above sale will be made under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in an Indenture of Mortgage made by the said George Wiggins and Cyrus M. Wiggins of the one part, and one, Winslow Broad of the other part, dated the twenty-ninth day of August, A. D. 1888, and duly registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Queens County in Book "C" No. 2 of Records, pages 288, 289, 290 and 271. Which said Mortgage was duly assigned by the said Winslow Broad to the undersigned Janet Rankin Broad by an Indenture of Assignment dated the fourteenth day of June, A. D. 1888, and duly registered in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for Queens County in Book "B" No. 3 of Records, pages 308 and 310. Default having been made in payment of the moneys secured by said Indenture of Mortgage. Terms of sale "Cash." Dated this eighteenth day of February, A. D. 1899.

JANET RANKIN BROAD, Assignee of Mortgage. MORT McDONALD, Solicitor to Assignee of Mortgage.

Invitation to this Association to hold their next session with them. I have communicated with the clerk, Rev. W. L. Archibald, of Milton, and we, in the name of the Association, accept this invitation so cordially given. The Western Association will accordingly meet at Margaretville—on the Bay Shore—on the 3rd Saturday of June next. J. W. BROWN, Moderator. Nictaux Falls, Feb. 4.

The Queens County Quarterly meeting convenes in regular session with the 2nd Grand Lake Baptist church (Range), beginning Saturday, March 11th. On the afternoon and evening of the day preceding, the Queens Co. Baptist Sunday School Convention will hold its quarterly session. F. W. PATTERSON, Sec'y-Treas.

The York and Sunbury Quarterly meeting will assemble with the Baptist church at Prince William, the second Friday in March at 7 o'clock, p. m. The opening sermon will be preached by the Rev. C. N. Barton. Rev. P. R. Knight will preach the quarterly sermon, Sabbath morning at 10.30 a. m. Saturday morning the business of the quarterly will be transacted. The conference meeting will be held the same day at 2 p. m., and at night a missionary meeting. It is hoped that all the brethren and members will attend the quarterly meeting as much important business must be attended to. REV. W. D. MANZER, Chairman. M. S. HALL, Sec'y-Treas.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. 25c. at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

RUN DOWN



BUILT ME UP

WATERFORD, Digby Co., Nov., 1895.

C. GATES & CO.

Gentlemen—Two years ago I was run down, lost my appetite and became so weak that I could not work. Tried many medicines without receiving any benefit. I then got your LIFE OF MAN BITTERS and SYRUP which soon built me up so that I have remained well ever since.

Yours respectfully, DELANEY H. GRAHAM.

Whiston & Frazee's COMMERCIAL COLLEGE,

HALIFAX and TRURO, N. S.

Our Course of Instruction is thorough and up to date, and graduates readily find employment. Send for circulars to

S. E. WHISTON, Halifax, or J. C. P. FRAZEE, Truro.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Excellent for babies, nursing mothers, growing children, and all who need nourishing and strengthening treatment.

Always get PUTTNER'S, it is the Original and BEST.

GRIPPE'S LEGACY.

Shattered Nerves and Weakened Heart—A St. John Lady Tells About It.

Mrs. John Quigley, who resides at 30 Sheriff St., St. John, N.B., states: "Some time ago I was attacked by a severe cold, which ended up in a bad attack of La Grippe. Since that time I have never regained my health, being weak, nervous and run down.

"I suffered very much from Indigestion, accumulation of gas in the stomach, and was in almost constant distress. I doctored with some of the best physicians in this city; but got no relief until I began using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and am pleased to say that they have completely cured me.

"My appetite is restored; my nervous system has been toned up to its old-time condition, and I have no more trouble from the Indigestion and can eat anything I choose.

"I am only too glad to testify to the merits of such a marvellous remedy as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills for the cure of nervousness, heart trouble, Indigestion, etc. Price 50c. a box, all druggists.

The Home

The Best Bred Woman.

General Sherman, towards the close of his life, revisited the battlefields in northern Georgia, says The Youth's Companion. In one of these battle scenes his memory seemed to be at fault. He could not identify the landmarks. A young forest, with dense undergrowth, had sprung up where once had been the level cotton fields of an old-time plantation.

The General, after trying to find his way about, and only becoming more confused, turned aside and called at the nearest house in order to ask a few questions. An old lady with white hair and a stately manner answered the summons, and when the General and his companions had explained their errand, offered to show them over the battlefield. So, with their guide they returned to the edge of the woods, where she told them that the fields had not been cultivated after the war, so that the trees had grown and changed the aspect of the region.

With the aid of his guide, the General was soon able to reproduce the battle picture, with its broad stretch of plantation and, the sloping hillsides, the walls, fences and lanes. The charming old lady either nodded assent as he recalled the details, or else corrected him when his memory was less faithful than her own.

"Where was the beautiful old mansion?" he asked. "It must have stood in that quarter."

The old lady nodded quietly. The General then described the picturesque plantation house which had overlooked the battlefield, and with a shudder went on to tell how it had been plundered and set on fire after the fighting was over. It was a stirring account of the horrors of war. The victorious troops had been frantic with excitement, and the officers had not been able to restrain their excesses. The fine old colonial mansion had been left in ashes when the army resumed its march.

The white-haired guide said nothing until there was a convenient opportunity for talking about something else. Then she found her tongue, and again astonished the General with the accuracy of her memory.

"You must have lived here before the war!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she said, "I knew every corner of the plantation."

"Then you remember the old home?" she was silent.

The General again referred to the wanton destruction of the house, and told how a fine old piano had been flung out of a bow window and family furnishings ruthlessly destroyed until, at last, there was a revel of flame, followed by blackened ruins. He sighed as he spoke, and explained how angry he was when the outrage was brought to his notice.

"Surely," he said, turning to the lady, "you must have seen the old house?"

"It was my home," she answered quietly, when he seemed determined to have an answer.

General Sherman stared at her for a moment, then made her a courtly bow, taking off his hat.

"You are the best bred woman I ever met," he said.

The compliment was deserved, for while he had revived memories of perhaps the most bitter experiences of her life, she had not said anything to make him feel ill at ease.—Methodist Recorder, Pittsburg.

Would You Dare Tell God That?

Mary is a thoughtful little girl. She is very careful about what she says. Her brother is quite unlike her in this respect. She thinks before she speaks, while he speaks and thinks afterward; and very often when too late he is sorry for, or ashamed of, what he has said.

One day he came home very angry with a schoolmate about something that had happened on the playground. He told Mary about it, and the more he thought and talked about it, the angrier he grew, and he began to say terribly harsh, bitter and

unreasonable things about his comrade. Some of the things he said Mary knew were not true; but he was too angry and excited to weigh his words. She listened for a moment, and then said gently:

"Would you dare tell God that, Ralph?"

Ralph paused as if someone had struck him. He felt the rebuke implied in her words, and he realized how wickedly and untruthfully he had spoken.

"No, I wouldn't tell God that," he said, with a red face.

"Then I wouldn't tell it to anybody," said Mary.

"Oh, that's all right for you to say," said Ralph; "but if you had such a temper as I've got—"

"I'd try to get control of it," said his sister gently. "When it's likely to get the upper hand of you, just stop long enough to think, 'Would I dare tell God that?' and it won't be long before you'll break yourself of saying such terrible things."—Young People's Paper.

All children who read their nursery rhymes faithfully have been warned by the tragic tale of "Catching Prawns" that the prawn is an artful, treacherous creature that "leaps and swims" and lures its victims into the rising tide. Our American children, who never see prawns, are likely from the description in the English rhyme to regard the prawn as a strange sea monster. The English child, who knows the delights of prawn-fishing, however, requires to be warned of its dangers.

The prawn is a species of crustacea found on the seashore, under seaweed and among the rocks. It is about four inches long, with a grayish thin ridged shell. Like a lobster, it turns red when boiled. The best prawns are found on the English and French coasts. A few are taken on our Southern coast, but they are not equal to the delicious little shrimp. Shrimps are familiar food in this country, even in the most distant parts of the country, where they are sent, like lobster meat in cans. It is because of the superiority of our native shrimp and the demand for prawns in Europe that the latter creature is seldom seen in our markets, even in a canned state.—For L. M. S.

Helping One Another.

The basket of blocks was on the ground, and three rather cross little faces looked down at it.

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy.

"Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins," said Nellie.

"I won't carry it!" said the little cousin with a pout.

Mamma looked from her window, and saw the trouble.

"One day I saw a picture of three little birds," she said. "They wanted a long stick carried somewhere, but it was too large for any one of them to carry. What do you think they did?"

"We don't know," said the twins.

"They all took hold of it together," said mamma, and then they could fly with it."

The children laughed and looked at each other; then they all took hold of the basket together, and found it was very easy to carry.

"The way to do all hard things in this world," said mamma, "is for every one to help a little. No one can do them all, but every one can help."—Christian Leader

It is in the calmness of the soul—not when its passions are awake, not in its insensibility, but in its calmness—that we become most conscious of the divine presence. Thus the prophet sought his cave and the patriarch went out at eventide to meditate and Jesus found on the solitary summit of the mountain a place where he might be alone to pray. . . . We need more than the patriarchs of old to go forth at eventide to meditate and to seek in quietness of the heart the presence of God.—Ephraim Peabody.

The British Columbia Legislature on Saturday passed a resolution that the Dominion government be asked to increase the Chinese per capita tax to \$500 per head.

There are three conditions: When the blood is poor; When more flesh is needed; When there is weakness of the throat or lungs.

There is one cure: that is Scott's Emulsion.

It contains the best cod-liver oil emulsified, or digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. It promises more prompt relief and more lasting benefit in these cases than can be obtained from the use of any other remedy.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.



FREE.

We give this fine watch, and also a chain and charm for selling two dozen LEVER COLLAR BUTTONS, at 10 cts. each. Send your address and we forward the Buttons, postpaid, and our Premium List. No money required. Sell the Buttons among your friends, return the money, and we send the watch, prepaid. A genuine American watch, guaranteed a good timepiece. Mention this paper when writing.

LEVER BUTTON CO., 20 Adelaide St. E., Toronto, Ont.

Take B.B.B. This Spring.

'Twill purify the system—Give you strength and energy.

Very few people escape the enervating influence of spring weather.

There is a dullness, drowsiness and inaptness for work on account of the whole system being clogged up with impurities accumulated during the winter months.

The liver is sluggish, the bowels inclined to be constipated, the blood impure, and the entire organism is in need of a thorough cleansing.

Of all "Spring Medicines," Burdock Blood Bitters is the best.

It stimulates the sluggish liver to activity, improves the appetite, acts on the bowels and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, removes all poisonous products, and imparts new life and vigor to those who are weak and debilitated.

7 Big Mr. Wm. J. Hepburn writes Bells. from Centralia, Ont.: "I can sincerely say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best spring medicine on the market. Last spring my blood got out of order, and I had seven or eight good sized boils come out on my body, and the one on my leg was much larger than an egg. I got a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and inside of six days, when only half the bottle was taken, there wasn't a boil to be seen. I have recommended B.B.B. to different people in our village, and all derived benefit from it. I wish B.B.B. every success, as it is indeed a great medicine for the blood."

B.B.B. is a highly concentrated vegetable compound—teaspoonful doses—add water yourself.



From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

Fifteen thousand dollars wanted from the churches of Nova Scotia during the present convention year.

GERMAIN ST.—A deepening interest in religious matters is manifest in this church. Two were baptized on Sunday last.

CANSO.—Baptized six last evening. Several others have been received, who will obey probably next Sunday.

MIDDLETON, N. S.—Six were baptized on Feb. 26th. A very quiet and effective work is going on at the Wilmot section.

FAIRVILLE.—Three more were buried with their Lord in baptism last Sunday at the close of the evening service.

PRINCE STREET CHURCH, TRURO.—This Church has recently investigated charges touching the standing of one of its members.

FREDERICTON.—During the month of February I had the pleasure of baptizing five young men and three young women.

2nd ELGIN, A. C., N. B.—"Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life."

KARS, KINGS CO., N. B.—We are pleased to report to you the fact that our church continues in a prosperous condition.

PARRSBORO, N. S.—I can hardly realize that two months have passed since our removal from the beautiful village of Port Maitland to the beautiful town of Parrsboro.

JEDDORE.—We are happy to state that progress is being made in our Church work. It was my happy privilege to baptize two converts on Sunday, the 26th inst.

BRISTOL.—Since writing we have seen the work of God go forward in this place. On Feb. 19, Bro. Young and myself had the privilege of baptizing the following persons: Sankey Rogers, Arthur Taylor, Olive Crandall, Hope Crandall, Vella Davis, Maud Davis, Viva Davis, Inda

Drest and Cassie Bell. On the 26th Duncan Rogers, Aubry Gainer and George Davis. At the close of our meeting Friday evening a special offering was taken up amounting to \$25, and presented to Bro. Young and myself.

SUSSEX.—We are pleased to report another improvement in our church. The ladies of the Sewing circle, aided by Mr. Charles T. White, have purchased a vocalion organ.

NELSON, B. C., 1ST BAPTIST CHURCH.—We have reason to thank God for the advance granted to his kingdom in this mountain begirt city.

LOCKPORT, REV. J. B. WOODLAND; OSBORNE OR (1st Ragged Island), Dea. James Hayden, Dea. Herbert Dolman, Benjamin Hayden, Rockland, Dea. Gorham Freeman; 2nd Sable River, Dea. Abram Lloyd; 1st Sable River, Pastor G. H. Baker, James Harlow, Jr., John G. Freeman.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER ABSOLUTELY PURE Makes the food more delicious and wholesome

MARRIAGES.

GOODWIN-MURPHY.—At Argyle Sound Feb. 25th, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Ephraim Goodwin and Ethel Murphy, all of Argyle Sound, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

DAY-MITCHELL.—At Head of Jeddore Harbor, Jan. 30th, by the Rev. C. S. Stearns, Mr. Alex Day to Miss Prudence Mitchell, all of Jeddore.

HUNTLY-HENDERSON.—At the residence of Mr. Gilbert Crandall, Esq., Hatfield Point, Kings Co., N. B., Feb. 27th, by Pastor S. D. Ervine, Henry Eugene Huntly, of St. Martins, N. B., to Miss Minnie Asbrook Henderson, of Parrsboro, N. S.

MCCULLY-DOW.—At the parsonage, Parrsboro, Feb. 7th, by Rev. D. H. MacQuarrie, Robert McCully to Hattie Dow, both of Fox River, Cumberland Co., N. S.

TAYLOR-SIBLEY.—At Whittenberg, Col. Co., N. S., March 1st, by Rev. A. Chipman, George Henry Taylor, of Musquodobit, and Jennie Catherine Sibley, of Whittenberg.

BECKWITH-RILEY.—Hantsport, N. S., March 1st, by Rev. G. R. White, Mr. Andrew Beckwith to Miss Bella Riley, all of that place.

SPICER-BENNETT.—Hantsport, Feb. 1st, by Rev. G. R. White, Mr. Alden Lee Spicer to Miss Lydia May Bennett.

FISHER-NORTROP.—At Collins, Kings Co., N. B., Feb. 8th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Pastor E. K. Ganong, David Fisher, of Long Creek, Queens Co., to Miss Iola Northrop, of Collins, Kings Co.

VIDITS-YOUNG.—At the parsonage, Port Lorne, March 2nd, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Alton Vidits, of Nictaux Falls, to Annie Young, of Granville Ferry.

CHUTE-POOLE.—At the parsonage, Port Lorne, March 1st, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Henry Chute, of Hampton, to Maud M. Poole, of St. Croix, Annapolis Co.

DEATHS.

YOUNG.—At West River, Lot 47, P. E. I. on Feb. 10th, aged 5 months, the infant daughter of Charles and Margaret Young.

MCCNEILL.—At Wilmot Valley, P. E. I., on Feb. 19th, after a short illness, Lucy, beloved wife of Malcolm McNeill, aged 61 years.

KEIZER.—At Beckerton, on Feb. 17th, Sidney Spencer Keizer, aged 7 years and 4 months, son of Mr. Sidney Keizer. Suffer the little children to come unto me.

MELLIK.—At Elmira, Lot 47, P. E. I., on Feb. 17th, John Henry, aged 7 months and 23 days, infant son of Stephen and Emma J. Mellick.

STEVES.—At Hillsboro, Albert Co., Feb. 26th, Doris Roberts Rowe, eldest daughter of John T. and Laura E. Steeves, aged 6 years and 6 months.

RAND.—On Sunday, the 12th of Feb., at Perea, Cornwallis, Miss Elizabeth Rand, in the 89th year of her age. When quite young she joined the 1st Cornwallis Baptist church, of which she was a devoted member at death.

FINE TAILORING.

A gentleman prominent in public life in New Brunswick writes from Albert County under date January 23rd.

"DEAR SIR: Enclosed please find cheque for \$25 for suit of clothes. I am well satisfied with the fit.

P. S.—I shall see you if all be well in March next.

This was one of our splendid assortment of Black Suitings. We can suit you, too.

A. GILMOUR, 68 King Street, St. John.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

BRIDWELL'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES 1850-1898. 48 years of success prove these troches to be the best for Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

March TIBBETTS.—18th inst., of aged 64 years the St. Mar leaves 6 son their loss. WITTEMOR Mass., Feb. 5 George Witte more was a d River, N. S. all who kne the Bear R has fallen. HARDY peacefully 22nd. Our relic of the l one of the ol bers of the church. Our peaceful and ADAMS.—A on the 16th i Saphira Adam was a member church, was k dall about 30 and i daughter end was peace TIBBETTS.— 21st, of ascen Tibbetts, aged a member of church. He He leaves a wi mourn their l eternal gain. SPIDEL.—At Sarah, wife of years. She w church here, Christian. H daughters still of a kind and One son and i by death. DAVIS.—At James Yve, 1 N. B., Feb. 1 relic of the late Our departed s late Rev. Edw since that time exemplary Chr was "to live is MCKINLEY Mrs. Marjorie When first tak ing from earth to be filled with wore on each and served to di happy in Jesu for the 3 sons deprived of the father and moth BROWN.—At longed illness, Brown. Our d of the Baptist ch boro, where h by her sorrow daughters. An was conducted tist and Metho The bereaved ch of their many fr COGGINS.—Di Feb. 24th, Albe Our brother was Baptist church spring, by the R Coggins was of did not say very but he lived it in the shop. business. His f band and father, supporter and t Bro. Coggins wa was patient in su death. May G children. SMITH.—Died of fever, Gilbert son of Albert and N. B. Constitut by griped our br of a more conger

TIBBETTS.—At Plympton, N. S., on the 18th inst. of la grippe, Mr. Robert Tibbetts, aged 64 years. Deceased was a member of the St. Marys Bay Baptist church. He leaves 6 sons and 4 daughters to mourn their loss.

WITTEMORE.—At West Summerville, Mass., Feb. 5th, of Brights disease, Mrs. George Wittmore, aged 28. Mrs. Wittmore was a daughter of Ezra Miller of Bear River, N. S. She was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was a member of the Bear River Baptist church. Another has fallen asleep in Jesus.

HARDY.—Mrs. Sabina Hardy passed peacefully into her last resting place, Feb. 22nd. Our sister was 75 years of age, and relict of the late William Hardy. She was one of the oldest and most faithful members of the 1st Ragged Island Baptist church. Our sister died as she lived—peaceful and happy.

ADAMS.—At Brighton, Digby Co., N. S., on the 16th inst., of pneumonia, Widow Saphira Adams, aged 84 years. Our sister was a member of the St. Marys Bay Baptist church, was baptized by old Father Randall about 30 years ago. She leaves 4 sons and 1 daughter to mourn their loss. Her end was peace.

TIBBETTS.—At Plympton, N. S., Feb. 21st, of ascending paralysis, Mr. John R. Tibbetts, aged 66 years. Our brother was a member of the St. Marys Bay Baptist church. He died rejoicing in the Lord. He leaves a wife, 4 sons and 5 daughters to mourn their loss. But their loss is his eternal gain.

SPIDLE.—At Bridgewater, N. S., Feb. 8, Sarah, wife of Mr. George Spidle, aged 64 years. She was a member of the Baptist church here, an earnest and devoted Christian. Her husband, 3 sons and 2 daughters still live to cherish the memory of a kind and affectionate wife and mother. One son and 1 daughter have preceded her by death.

DAVIS.—At the residence of her son, James Vye, Upper Nelson, North Co., N. B., Feb. 11th, Mrs. Matilda Davis, relict of the late Charles Vye, aged 66 years. Our departed sister was baptized by the late Rev. Edward Hickson in 1874, and since that time has lived a consistent and exemplary Christian life. Her experience was "to live is Christ, to die is gain."

MCKINLEY.—At DeBert, N. S., Feb. 25, Mrs. Marjorie McKinley, aged 54 years. When first taken ill the thought of departing from earth and her loved ones seemed to be filled with gloom, but as her illness wore on each day added to her faith and served to dispel the gloom. She died happy in Jesus. Much sympathy is felt for the 3 sons and 2 daughters who are deprived of the earthly presence of both father and mother.

BROWN.—At Oxford, N. S., after a prolonged illness, Catherine, relict of J. E. Brown. Our dear sister was a member of the Baptist church of the town of Parrsboro, where her remains were brought by her sorrowing children, 1 son and 2 daughters. An appropriate funeral service was conducted by the pastors of the Baptist and Methodist churches of the town. The bereaved children have the sympathy of their many friends in Parrsboro.

COGGINS.—Died at his home in Westport, Feb. 24th, Albert Coggins, aged 42 years. Our brother was baptized into the Westport Baptist church nineteen years ago this spring, by the Rev. Isaiah Wallace. Bro. Coggins was of a retiring disposition and did not say very much about his religion, but he lived it in his home, on the street, in the shop, and carried it into his business. His family has lost a kind husband and father, his church has lost a loyal supporter and the town a good citizen. Bro. Coggins was sick nine months, but was patient in suffering and triumphant in death. May God bless his widow and children.

SMITH.—Died at Nelson, B. C., Feb. 1st, of fever, Gilbert E. Smith, aged 27 years, son of Albert and Lydia Smith of Harvey, N. B. Constitutional weakness aggravated by griped our brother to the West in search of a more congenial climate. For years he

most satisfactorily served the 1st Harvey church as clerk. Upon his arrival in Nelson, he lost no time in identifying himself with the interest of the cause of Christ and quickly gained the respect and confidence of the church as shown in the unanimous resolution of sympathy forwarded to the sorrowing ones at home. Of him it may truly be said, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

WILSON.—At Millville, Aylesford, Jan. 20th, Bro. Clark C. Wilson aged 71, leaving a widow, 5 sisters and 2 brothers to mourn the loss of a true husband, a faithful friend and a devoted Christian, in all the departments of church work in which he was highly esteemed and much beloved. He has been a great sufferer for many months. He was divinely sustained through it all until nature gave way, he knowing whom he had believed, he entered into rest. His remains were followed by a large number of mourning friends to the Greenwood Cemetery. Much sympathy was expressed for the widow who at the time was at the point of death.

FOUNTAIN.—At Great Village, N. S., Feb. 24th, Eleanor, beloved wife of Amos Fountain, aged 75 years. For 25 years she had been laid aside from the active duties of life through paralysis, and for more than 3 years previous to her death she had been unable to raise herself from her bed. Her affliction was tempered, however, with great mercy for seldom during her long illness did she experience pain of body. Beside this God had given to her a husband who spared neither his own efforts nor the means at his disposal to gratify every wish that she could utter. For many years she had been a disciple of Jesus, and through all her illness her faith in God's wisdom and love never seemed to falter.

HOYT.—At McKenzie Corner, Carleton Co., on Feb. 23rd, Mrs. Hannah Hoyt, aged 66 years, widow of the late Dea. John Hoyt. Another mother in Israel has passed on to the better land. Sister Hoyt was a prominent member of the South Richmond Baptist church, much beloved by her fellow disciples. Her talents were many and were all occupied. She was president of the Women's Aid Society, and the cause of missions, home and foreign, held a large place in her heart. Her relatives and friends were many, and their sorrow is great. The general respect in which she was held was evidenced by the large gathering at her burial.

PARKIN.—At Little River, Elgin, Albert Co., Jan. 19th, Mrs. Mary M. Parkin, relict of the late Dea. William Parkin, aged 75 years and 11 days. Our sister was one of the oldest members of the 2nd Elgin church. She was interested in all things connected with the church of Christ, and no place was dearer than the sanctuary. Up to the last moment she retained all her faculties, and to the last summons she cheerfully responded, her last words being "Jesus take me" home. Sister Parkin leaves 1 brother, 3 sons, 3 daughters and 22 grandchildren. A true friend, an affectionate sister, a loving mother, and a worthy Christian woman has gone out from us. May the God of comfort be the support of those who mourn. Rev. 14:13 preached by the pastor.

BELVIA.—At his residence, Lower Cambridge, after a brief illness, Mr. John Belyea, aged 62 years. Deceased was baptized into the fellowship of the 1st Cambridge Baptist church, 40 years ago, by the Rev. Mr. Skinner. He was a man of the most sterling Christian character, and was greatly beloved by the entire community. His removal from our midst is a great blow to the church of which he was an active and energetic member, while his own immediate family and relatives have sustained an irreparable loss. The immense concourse of people that attended the funeral, and the universal manifestations of grief, abundantly evidenced the esteem and love in which deceased was held. Funeral services conducted by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. G. W. Springer, and Rev. A. B. McDonald. May the "God of all comfort" graciously sustain the grief-stricken family.

LESLIE.—It is with deep sorrow that we

FOR COMFORT AND EASE

Nothing can equal a MORRIS CHAIR. A chair in which a person can lay back at any angle desired, and better still can change the position without rising from the chair. All these good points exist in the Morris Chairs we sell. This Chair is in Oak, has loose cushions of Figured Corduroy and the price is only \$22.00.



Manchester Robertson & Allison

chronicle the death of Edmund Leslie, of North Sydney, C. B., which occurred on Sunday, Feb. 12th. About 3 months ago Mr. Leslie was stricken with partial paralysis. From this he recovered sufficiently to leave his house, though his health was very much impaired, and his vitality greatly reduced. On Thursday evening, the 9th, the final attack came. It came in the form of a deep slumber which fell upon the sufferer. All efforts to awake him proved unavailing, and on Sunday afternoon the long sleep of death came. The deceased is missed very much in the town, and especially in the Baptist church, of which he was a faithful member for many years. His seat was seldom vacant, and his lips seldom silent when there was opportunity for witnessing to the saving power of Christ. Of him it can truly be said that to every worthy cause he gave his most hearty support. Such men are greatly missed by the community in which they have lived. The deceased leaves a wife, 2 sons and a daughter to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father.

SAUNDERS.—Died at her home in Westport, Feb. 23rd, Mrs. Saunders, widow of the late Charles Saunders, aged 86 years. Our sister was baptized into the Westport Baptist church in 1815 when but 15 years of age. She wanted to be baptized two years before she was, but her parents objected on account of her youth. Our sister held fast her profession of faith in Jesus and by a life of constant activity proved that she possessed what she professed. During my last conversation with her a few weeks ago she said, "I am only waiting to step over the river." THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR which she had read during the many years of her Christian activity was beloved by her. Her paper came Friday, she read it and died before the next issue came. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." The funeral services were conducted by her Pastor C. E. Pineo.

MARSHALL.—We deeply regret to report the very sudden death of Ernest A. Marshall, son of the late Albert and Arabella Marshall, of Clarence, Annapolis Co. About four months ago he left his home in full health to start life for himself in Salem, Mass. He had secured a good situation, and as he was a consistent young Christian he had visited many friends. About two weeks before his death he had a slight attack of la grippe, but had resumed work again. On Feb. the 1st he was taken suddenly again, and on Feb. the 8th died at the City hospital, then of pneumonia. His remains were brought home. The funeral services were conducted by his pastor, the Rev. E. L. Steeves, and the interment took place in the Paradise cemetery. He was a young man of pleasing character and was a general favorite. His death cast a great sadness over the community. In the midst of life and with bright prospects before him he was cut off. Very much sympathy is expressed for his friends who mourn his loss. St. John papers please copy.

ROBERTSON.—At East Point, P. E. I., our beloved brother, Deacon Alexander Robertson, who passed peacefully to his eternal rest on the morning of February 22nd, at the advanced age of 80 years. Our brother had been a Christian for many years. In 1842, he put on Christ in baptism

and has since lived an earnest, consecrated life. He loved God, and always took the deepest interest in his Master's cause. He was faithful and regular in his attendance upon the means of grace, and delighted to praise the Lord in song, and was always ready to give a reason for his hope in Jesus. About 26 years ago he was appointed deacon and filled this high office with credit to himself and profit to the church. He was a liberal contributor to all our denominational objects; a careful, judicious counsellor, he has thus been greatly helpful to his young pastor, who will much miss his words of encouragement and appreciation. He leaves two sons and one daughter besides a large circle of relatives and friends to cherish the memory of his sainted life. The funeral service was conducted by Pastor E. A. McPhee, and was very largely attended. He will be much missed, but our loss is his gain.

LEWIS.—Our sister, Mrs. Sarah Lewis, aged 58, wife of John Lewis, Esq., Surrey, Albert Co., N. B., fell asleep in Jesus Sunday morning, Feb. 26th. The news of her death came like a thunderclap from a clear sky to many of her friends. When the news of her death was made known very few of her friends knew she had been sick. She was only a few days seriously sick. She had been a great sufferer from asthma for a number of years. A renewed attack was brought on, and this supervened by the all prevalent grip, and it was too much for her shattered constitution. All that loving hands could do was done by her son, Dr. John Lewis, of Hillsborough. His uncle, Dr. William Lewis, M. P., was called to his assistance, but of no avail. Death claimed its victim. She was greatly beloved by her friends. The large number of friends who attended the last rites of the dead voiced the esteem in which she was held. She leaves a sorrowing husband and 7 children to mourn their loss. Her funeral service was conducted by her pastor, J. Miles, assisted by Rev. Mr. Allen, Methodist.

SOLEY.—At Onslow Mountain, Feb. 10, Mrs. Margaret Soley, widow of the late Thomas Soley, at the advanced age of 98 years and 8 months. She was quite well in body and her mental faculties were good until fifteen months ago she fell and broke her hip, and from that time until her death she was utterly helpless. Her life was so calm and peaceful that to those with whom she lived her removal causes a deep feeling of loneliness, yet they are comforted to know that Jesus has taken her from a world of pain and weariness to a bright home above, to bask in the sunbeams of his love. She had been a Baptist for 70 years. She was a wonderful woman in her home; so utterly unselfish, ever ready to minister to the wants of her family. Her conscientious principles and strict integrity were truly exemplified to the loved ones at home, who can testify to her remarkable patience which never seemed to tire. To her, mere human goodness was nothing. She sweetly trusted in Jesus, and loved to quote, "Come unto me and I will give you rest," and "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish but have everlasting life."

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. It features an illustration of a woman in a long dress and apron, holding a tray. The text includes: "A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious." "Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa." "The firm of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand." "Dominion Medical Monthly." "A copy of Miss Parlova's 'Choice Receipts' will be mailed free upon application." "WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd. ESTABLISHED 1700. Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal."

News Summary.

At Thursday's cabinet meeting it was decided to summon parliament for March 16.

Nova Scotia will hereafter grant long leases for its lumber lands, the lowest price being 50 cents an acre.

The Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick has been called together for the transaction of business on March 23.

The English professor at Dalhousie was locked out of a classroom Monday and now all the class are under suspension and the faculty are considering the proper punishment.

Monteith, Conservative, was elected to the Ontario Legislature on Tuesday from South Perth, defeating Stock, Liberal, by thirty votes. This is a seat lost to Mr. Hardy.

Joseph Hudson, junior of the firm of Hudson Hebert & Co., wholesale grocers, Montreal, was found dead in his office on Monday. He had died while at work, sitting in his chair.

An order-in-council is to be passed prohibiting government officials from acquiring an interest directly or indirectly in any mining claims, timber lands, or town sites, under penalty of speedy dismissal from the public service.

The Ontario government, to meet the deficiency caused by the prohibition of the export of logs to the United States, announces an increased tax on breweries and distilleries. It will also tax banks, loan, trust and insurance companies, railway and street car companies.

A movement has been set on foot in St. John's, looking towards an extensive reciprocity agreement between Newfoundland and the United States, including fish for the West India market, lumber, pulp, minerals and other valuable products of American industry.

On Saturday a serious accident occurred on the northern division of the Intercolonial railway. The engine and several cars of a special east-bound freight, left the track, going over an embankment. The engine was completely turned over and badly damaged.

Mr. N. J. Grace, of Boston, who arrived at Fredericton Monday at noon, left on the 4.15 train, taking with him Jim Paul, the well-known Indian guide, two other Indians and two squaws from the settlement in St. Marys. They will have a camp at the fair and will illustrate the mode of life of the New Brunswick Indians.

J. H. Ross, commissioner of public works of the Northwest Territories; Hon. David Laird, Indian commissioner in Winnipeg, and J. McKenna, of the Indian department, have been named as the three delegates to negotiate a treaty of peace and amity with the Indians of the Peace River district.

The United States ambassador, Joseph Choate, and Mrs. Choate, members of the United States embassy, and Addison Charis, of Indiana, the new United States ambassador to Austro-Hungary, arrived at London on Wednesday. At Southampton Mr. Choate was presented with an address of welcome by the mayor and sheriff of the city.

In the Spanish Senate Tuesday the opposition members of the committee to which the government's bill for the cession of the Philippines was referred, submitted a counter measure, but it was rejected by 120 votes against 118. The government thus carried the crucial vote by a narrow majority.

Mr. Woodford, of London, England, is on his way here in connection with a telegraph line to the Klondyke. He is the promoter of a company which intends to construct telegraph lines from Quesnelle, which is now touched by the C. P. R., to Dawson City and the Atlin district. The company has already been formed with £200,000 and it is stated millions are behind the scheme.

The Spanish Senate on Monday by a vote of 130 to 7 approved of the motion of Marshal Martinez De Campos, signed by all the Spanish generals in the Senate, demanding a parliamentary inquiry into the conduct of the recent war. It has been reported in Madrid that Senor Don J. Brunetti, Duc D'Arco, former Spanish minister to Mexico, will be designated minister to the United States on the resumption of diplomatic relations. Senor Poloby Bernabe, late Spanish minister at Washington, will go to Lisbon.

Dr. P. H. Bryce's report relating to the registration of births, marriages and deaths in the province of Ontario is one of the most valuable ever printed on the subject, and the returns are the most complete in the history of the province. The population of the province on December 31st, 1897, is estimated at 2,283,182. The total births returned is 47,323, and the total deaths 27,633, the difference giving an actual increase over 1896 of 19,690. This increase, added to the assumed population of 2,263,492 in 1896, gives a population

of 2,283,182, or an increase practically of one per cent. during the year.

London papers of March 1st contain reports from special correspondents which indicate that the illness of the Czar is more serious than at first related. All affairs are said to be in charge of the Grand Duke Michael, grand-uncle of the Czar. The illness of the Czar, together with that of the Pope, tends to take the eyes of Europe from the affairs of the United States and her late war. However, it is intimated that there may be something of importance behind the latest move of Germany in withdrawing her ships from Philippine waters to the Yellow Sea, leaving all her interests in the care of the Americans just when the Czar is ill.

The following order signed by Secretary of the United States Navy, John D. Long, has been sent to the commanders of all navy yards and war vessels: "After mature deliberation the department has decided that it is for the best interests of the service that the sale or issue to enlisted men of malt or other alcoholic liquors on board ships of the navy, or within the limits of naval stations, be prohibited. Therefore, after the receipt of this order, commanding officers and commandants are forbidden to allow any malt or alcoholic liquors to be sold or issued to enlisted men either on board ships or within the limits of the navy yards, naval stations and marine barracks, except in the medical department."

It is said Sir James Winter will tender his resignation as prime minister immediately upon the arrival of the new governor, Sir W. McCallum, and that he will be appointed chief justice of the colony. His successor as premier, it is said, will be Hon. A. B. Morine.

Alexander Campbell formerly of Nova Scotia, who has been a resident of Galt, Ont. for the past two years, died on Monday, age eighty-eight years. Prior to confederation he represented Colchester in the Nova Scotia Legislature as a supporter of the Howe government. His remains will be taken to West River, N.S.

Rheumatism Cured in 4 Hours.

Mr. H. E. West, Water-street, Vancouver, writes: I have been suffering from a very painful attack of Rheumatism in my right shoulder, and could not attempt to raise my arm, so great was the pain. A friend procured a bottle of Griffiths' Menthol Liniment, and in less than four hours the pain entirely left me and has not returned. It certainly is the great pain reliever. 25 cents by all druggists.

A Prisoner's Release.

A bright youth of eighteen suffered so badly from asthma and bronchitis that he was forced to remain in an air-tight room for months at a time. Dr. Clarke's Kola Compound cured.

Mr. L. O. Lemienes, C. P. R. Engineer, 556 Alexander Street, Winnipeg, writes: "My son who is just eighteen years of age, has been a terrible sufferer from asthma and bronchitis during eight years. I have spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and many remedies, but he became worse each year. Many times he became so weak and the attacks so severe, that we thought each would be his last. For months at a time he has been confined to the house in an air-tight room, and continually treated with mustard plasters and poultices to keep him from choking. About the first of September we heard of Clark's Kola Compound, and purchased in all seven bottles. While taking the first four the change was very slight, but shortly after taking the fifth he gradually became better, and could soon go out any day, and since completing the treatment has been completely cured. He goes out in the severest Manitoba weather, and exposes himself to severe tests, and the attacks have not returned. It certainly has been a blessing to him, and I feel it my duty to highly recommend it to any person troubled with this disease."

Clarke's Kola Compound is the only permanent cure for asthma yet discovered, and it has cured over 800 cases in Canada alone. Sold by all druggists. Sample sent to any address. Enclose 5 cent stamp. Address the Griffiths & Macpherson Co., 121 Church Street, Toronto.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES

Printed on Heavy Linen Paper, 8x11 inches at 30c. per dozen. For sale by PATERSON & CO., Printers, 92 Germain Street St. John, N. B.

'Tis But the After-Effects of Grippe and the Common Diseases That Make People Look So Weak and Deathlike.

PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND The Great Disease Banisher and True Health Builder

The writer a few days ago enjoyed a half hour walk with a well-known physician on one of Montreal's crowded business streets. Meeting with a great many pale and sallow-faced men and women—young and middle-aged—the writer asked his physician friend the question: "Doctor, we are passing scores of sick looking people; does this fact prove that we are deteriorating as a people in health and general physical development?"

The physician's answer was very much as follows: "A large number of sickly looking and half-well people have passed us to-day, which, I am sure has prompted your question. You must remember that grippe has been epidemic during the winter, and has left thousands in a sad condition of health; then there are other common causes of sickness that have been operating, such as insomnia, headaches, digestive disturbances, blood troubles, rheumatism, and kidney and liver ailments. All these have contributed to sickness and deaths this year, and those we have passed are but a few of the victims. The same conditions exist in all countries, and I would not care to state positively that as a people we are deteriorating in true manhood and womanhood. Early attention to, and sensible care and treatment of, present weaknesses will bring all back to good health."

The class of sick people to whom the city physician referred stand in urgent need of Paine's Celery Compound, if they would quickly regain nerve force and power, weight in flesh, fresh blood and sound bodily health. There is nothing known to physicians of the most extensive practice equal to Paine's Celery Compound for building up the weakened body. When the great compound is used, all weaknesses soon become things of the past, and solid health, refreshing sleep, natural appetite and vivacity of disposition make life a pleasure.

MENTHOL D&L PLASTER

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.

Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL Beware of Imitations

30 CENTS PER BOX

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

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The above is the name and trade mark of the original Kidney Pill. The only reliable Kidney Pill. They were placed on the market by Mr. James Doan, Kingsville, Ont., February, 1885—long before other Kidney Pills were thought of. Their phenomenal success in all parts of the world, as well as in Canada, has brought forth many imitations. Take nothing that has a name that looks or sounds like D-O-A-N-S. Always ask for D-O-A-N-S Kidney Pills—the pills that quickly and thoroughly cure all kinds of Kidney ills after other remedies fail.

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For Passage Rates to all Points in CANADA, WESTERN STATES and to JAPAN, CHINA, INDIA, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS, AUSTRALIA and MANILA, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to A. H. NOTMAN, Asst. Genl. Pass. Agt., St. John, N. B.

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Cramps, Colic, Colds, Croup, Coughs, Tooth-ache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and all Bowel Complaints.

A Sure, Safe, Quick Cure for these troubles is

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The Pleasures OF LIFE

Life has not many pleasures for the victim of general debility. There is weakness of body and dejection of spirit—can hardly avoid being nervous, fretful, unhappy—often pain or depressing sensations about the heart—system irregular and appetite variable.

Howard's Heart Relief is a perfect heart, blood and circulation improver, searching out weak or painful parts; nourishing all organs, muscles, nerves; restoring appetite, digestion and assimilation.

We promise permanent cure, and that promptly and safely where cure is at all possible.

At drug stores or by mail at 50c. per box, or 5 boxes for \$2. S. W. HOWARD, 71 Victoria St., Toronto.

The Farm.

Experiments in Cattle-Feeding.

In a bullock-feeding experiment carried out by The Royal Agricultural Society at Woburn last season, as described by Dr. Voelcker in the journal of the society, the object was to test the comparative advantages of dried grains and good meadow hay as food for cattle, in addition to roots and cake. According to analysis, there was a great superiority in favor of the dried grains, weight for weight. Still, although the eight bullocks fed on grains and the eight fed on hay had all they chose to consume, with equal quantities of other food, the former, in forty days, increased in live weight only 678 pounds, as compared with a gain of 938 pounds made by the hay-fed beasts. Valuing the 52 cwt. of hay chaff at £3 5s. a ton (5s. being allowed for chaffing), and the 37 1/2 cwt. of dried grains at their cost, including carriage to the farm, at £4 8s. 3d. a ton, the hay-fed bullocks had cost 6s. 6d. more than the others, and the value of the extra meat made by them was £3 16s.

Thus it was clearly not advantageous to substitute dried grains entirely for hay. But when a ration of half hay and half dried grains was tried against hay alone, other foods being equal, the advantage was slightly in favor of the mixture, though only to the extent of about 1s. per beast. Another experiment was carried out with sheep to test the comparative feeding values of meadow hay chaff, oat-straw chaff, the two mixed equally, and dried grains. In respect of gain in live weight the sheep fed partly on hay and straw chaff did best, those on hay chaff being second, those on grains third and those on straw chaff last. The same order was shown in the financial reckoning, without allowing for manurial values of food consumed. With this allowance the hay and straw came first, grains second, hay third and straw last.—London Chronicle.

The Holsteins Threatened.

Unless the friends and breeders of Holstein cattle interpose some satisfactory objection, this meritorious breed will soon be eliminated from the herds of milk producers wherever the New York Condensed Milk Company has a factory.

This company has declared Holsteins to be deficient in butter fats, and is determined to weed them out of their herds. Any milk producer whose herd is composed largely of these cows is certain to be crossed from its list in the near future. This decision has not been reached hastily. For several years there has been the low rumble of discontent, with an occasional note of individual warning. Within three months a number of herds of large milking Holsteins have been thrown out of the Brewster factory without preliminary notice, and their owners have had to seek a market in New-York City. In the face of numberless tests inaugurated by the breeders, showing large and satisfactory secretions of butter fats, the milk producers are aggrieved at the arbitrary action taken, and are also led to doubt the sincerity of the company's discrimination.

But after due consideration, the doubt is bound to shift to the breeders and testers, and they will need to bestir themselves to prevent the substitution of thousands from other breeds where the Holsteins are now established. How the breeders shall act is for their determination, although they are certain to have the aid and sympathy of the milk producers. Let it be understood that the State test and factory test are not, or may not be, the same. The company is not bound by any statutory test, having a test suited to its own idea of what the standard should be.

It might be wise for the breeders to visit each factory and examine the tests there made of Holstein herds. In that way they will be able to ascertain the standard to which they must bring their breed, or yield to the inevitable in having their "dreams in black and white" swept from a thousand fields in this State alone. The action of the New-York Condensed

Milk Company is likely to be followed by other milk companies, for this company sets the pace, and the Holsteins will be relegated to the shambles, or to the beef sections of the West, where they will be outclassed by breeds already on the ground.—Brook Farm, in Country Gentleman.

The Bacon Hog.

On the bacon question the writer has had no two opinions for a long season. It has been my settled conviction for years past that the transformation of the lard hog into the bacon hog was only a question of time, even in the corn belt. This conviction is based on experience. Our American breeders deserve great credit for evolving several breeds of hogs of great excellence, so far as easy keeping qualities are concerned, but in an overanxiety to get these easy feeding qualities they have so far overstepped the mark that they have impaired stamina and also the breeding qualities of their favorites, and to so great a degree have they done this that the profits from swine husbandry are becoming much less than they would otherwise be. These waning properties must be restored, and in restoring them the evolution found necessary will result in the production of the bacon hog. The American farmer will further be compelled to grow this animal because of the sensible growing demand for leaner meat.

In my experience in growing the bacon hog I have found both the Tamworth and the Improved Yorkshire breeds possessed of a high adaptation for the same. All-in-all, I have obtained the most satisfactory results from the Improved Yorkshire, but the number of these experimented with has been larger. Bacon hogs, however, may be grown in good form from Berkshire, Cheshire, Chester White, Duroc-Jersey and even from Poland China blood, through a proper system of breeding and feeding, but this cannot in all instances be done with some of those breeds just at once. Some time must elapse before the resultant change would be made. A quick way of making it would be to secure Yorkshire and Tamworth sires, if they could be got, and to cross them upon the sows of the grades of those breeds. If the farmers of the corn belt only knew what they would gain by this cross they would never again say an unkind word about Improved Yorkshire and Tamworth swine.—Professor Thomas Shaw in Nebraska Farmer.

There are circumstances in which the common verdict of mankind would be one of stern judgment upon a man who simply—did nothing. A building is on fire. A passer-by discovers a volume of black smoke or a tongue of flame bursting through a window. He knows that the upper stories of the building are tenanted, and that there are probably men and women asleep in it, all unconscious of their peril. He gives no alarm. He makes no effort to save either the property or the sleeping inmates. He simply keeps on his way. Does not society justly hold up such a man for reprobation? It condemns him for—doing nothing. And what shall we say of Christian people who, living in a world where moral and spiritual need appeals to them on every hand, and men around them are in direst peril, sound no alarm and offer no relief? There will surely be sore judgment at the last day for the "do-nothings." Inasmuch as ye did it not.—Baptist Union.

Croup Quickly Cured.

Mrs. J. Sims, mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, B.C., writes: If there ever was a never-failing remedy for a disease, it is Griffiths' Menthol Liniment for croup. We have frequently administered it to our children, even the baby, and never knew of its failure to cure in a few minutes. No home should be without it. 25 cents at druggists.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale. All the people use it. HARLIN FULTON. Pleasant Bay, C. B.

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Consumption, if Properly Treated, is Curable—Left to Itself it is Slow, Sure and Deadly.

There is no human ailment so destructive of life as Consumption. It is the weapon of the grim reaper, carrying off its victims at any time, and in no month or in no season can they feel sure of immunity. Modern medical science has made many discoveries along many different lines, but in no case is the human race under a greater debt of gratitude than to that distinguished and eminent chemist, Dr. T. A. Slocum, whose researches have resulted in a cure for consumption, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles—a cure that exterminates the cause, builds the body and kills the germ of disease. To prove the efficacy of this cure, 3 bottles are offered free to any sufferer. All that is necessary is to put your name, postoffice and nearest express office on a post card, and mail it to The T. A. Slocum Chemical Co., Limited, 175 King Street West, Toronto, Ont., stating you saw this free offer in The MESSENGER AND VISITOR, when the three bottles will be sent you at once. This test costs you nothing, and it is a duty you owe to yourself and your friends to try the Slocum Cure.

District Meeting.

The quarterly district meeting of the Baptist churches of Cape Breton Island convened with the church at Mira-Bay on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 21st-23rd. Rev. S. Spidle presided. In the absence of the sec'y, the undersigned was appointed sec'y, pro tem. On Tuesday evening a very practical sermon was preached by Rev. A. J. Vincent, of Sydney from Rev. 3:8. At 10 a. m. on Wednesday the first regular meeting was held. After a devotional service conducted by Bro. Spidle, the minutes of the previous district meeting were read and adopted, after which the following delegates were enrolled: Port Morien, Rev. S. Spidle, L. D. Spencer, Sister D. Phillips; Homeville, Rev. S. Spidle, A. Holmes, Sister L. Dixon; Mira Bay, Rev. S. Spidle, D. J. Martel, J. Nichol, W. Spencer, A. J. Spencer, A. Phillips, T. Spencer, F. Spencer, S. Martel, W. Nichol; Glace Bay, Rev. F. Beatty and wife, Mrs. Phillips; Sydney, Rev. A. J. Vincent, Miss Harrington; North Sydney, Rev. M. A. MacLean. After the enrollment of delegates a motion was adopted that the sec. pro tem. be appointed to communicate further with the Secretary of the Home Mission Board respecting the resolution drafted at our last district meeting with reference to the needs of the Gabarus, Forcheau and Grand Mira churches. Encouraging reports were then given by representatives of the different churches. The reports on the whole were very gratifying, showing faithful service rendered by pastors and people during the past three months. Tangible results were not lacking, and the work accomplished was such as to encourage us to press on to greater efforts and more worthy results in our Master's service. In the afternoon an address was given by Rev. A. J. Vincent on "The Work of the Spirit," Pro. 16, 7, 8. A very interesting and helpful discussion followed. The Wednesday evening session was devoted to a public platform meeting on the subject of missions, when the following addresses were given: Foreign Missions, M. A. MacLean; Grand Ligne, F. Beatty; Home Missions, S. Spidle. At the close of the meeting a collection was taken for missions. On Thursday morning a very interesting and instructive paper was read by Rev. F. Beatty on the subject, "The Supreme Importance of Bible Study in Christian Work." The afternoon session was devoted to the work of the W. M. A. societies. Four societies were represented, and an intensely interesting program carried out. The following numbers are worthy of special mention: Bible reading by Miss Harrington of Sydney, "What God can do through weak agencies;" paper by Mrs. Beatty of Glace Bay, "Hindrances to our work;" paper by Mrs. Charles Jefferson of North Sydney, "A history of the W. M. A. societies from their organization." Encouraging reports were given by each society represented, and by others which could not send delegates. Letters were also read from Mrs. Archibald and Mrs. Crowley, speaking encouragement to the societies, and enlisting their deeper interest and sympathy in the great missionary movement. The closing session on Thursday evening consisted of an evangelistic service, the sermon being preached by the undersigned from 11 Peter 1:5, 8. All the sessions were marked by the presence of the Holy Spirit, and we felt in closing that we had been greatly blessed and strengthened for further service for our Master. It was decided to meet again in May or June at Porcheau. M. A. MACLEAN, Sec. pro tem.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Lunenburg Co., district meeting was held at New Canada Feb. 27th and 28th. In the absence of the president and secretary, Bros. Blakeney and Churchill were requested to fill their positions respectively. On account of the storm, Monday evening's meeting was poorly attended. Bro. Blakeney led in a prayer service which was very helpful. The usual routine of business was gone through on Tuesday morning, the churches represented giving encouraging reports generally. Special meetings have been held at New Germany, New Canada, Bridgewater and Pleasantville with varied success. Conversions are reported from each field and a revival of interest among Christians. The Denominational funds are being raised according to the requirements notwithstanding the many things which have occurred in the county during the winter to make money scarce. The failure of fish and the losses by fire make the winter a hard season for the churches, financially. By an unanimous vote it was decided to ask the Home Mission board to grant to Tancook church the sum of fifty dollars (\$50.00) to aid in paying their pastor the first half year. The afternoon session was devoted to W. M. A. S. and B. Y. P. U. Each society occupied an hour and gave programmes of an especially interesting nature. Two addresses were delivered in the evening which were listened to with the marked attention which their excellence deserved: "The relation of Home Missions to Denominational progress" by Bro. Archibald, and "The influence of Acadia University upon our Denomination" by Bro. Smith. E. P. CHURCHILL, Sec'y.

News Summary.

The Manitoba Legislature has been summoned to meet of March 16. A case of smallpox has been discovered at Windsor, Ont. A large deposit of mica is said to have been located near St. Ann's, C. B. President McKinley has signed the bill creating the rank of admiral in the navy. The Massey-Harris Co., Toronto, owing to good times, has advanced the wages of all employees ten per cent. The failures in the Dominion this week numbered forty-seven, against thirty-two in the corresponding week last year. Winnipeg laborers are protesting against a reduction in wages caused by the cheap employment of Doukhobors. Mr. Rudyard Kipling is now making fair progress towards recovery, but two of his children are down with pneumonia. The Century, Cosmopolitan, Ladies' Home Journal, Harper's, Munsey's, Leslie's Magazines for March, are on sale at T. H. Hall's, King St., cor. Germain. The Cape Breton Copper Co. purposes soon resuming operations, and will send a cargo to the States for experimental purposes, as the market is good at present. Near Tupelo, on the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, six coaches loaded with soldiers were overturned and two were killed and six others seriously hurt. Attorney-General Longley has introduced a resolution in the Nova Scotia Legislative Assembly for a memorial to the Queen in favor of reforming the Dominion Senate. A Berwick correspondent writes that J. N. Parker, a highly respected citizen of that place is very seriously ill. Mr. Parker's son is now home from the States nursing him. The minister of inland revenue has decided that after July 1 all officers of his department engaged in the handling of public money must give guarantee bonds as security for the proper discharge of their official duties. By an act now before the Main Legislature it is feared that the Calais branch of the Bank of Nova Scotia will be compelled to close its business in that city. A very largely signed petition from the business men of Calais has been taken to Augusta in the interests of the bank. A young man of West Bay, C. B., named McDonald had a fierce hand-to-hand encounter the other day with an enormous wildcat, which sprang on him while passing a fallen tree. His face and arm were badly torn before he succeeded in despatching the brute. A few years ago wild-cats were believed to have become extinct in Cape Breton, but they are of late becoming alarmingly numerous.

An Appeal For Relief.

The recent disastrous fire in Digby has left a number of people entirely destitute and in urgent need of help during the rest of the winter and spring, and until they are able to begin some business for the support of themselves and their families. At a public meeting held on Friday, February 17th, the undersigned were appointed a committee to solicit and receive contributions to a relief fund, and we would respectfully urge that anything your town, or individual citizens, are disposed to give, may be sent as soon as possible to Secretary-Treasurer or to any of the committee:

- T. C. Shreve, Mayor, Chairman.
- Rev. H. A. Harley, Rev. W. G. Evans,
- Rev. B. H. Thomas, John Daley,
- Rev. G. F. Johnson,
- Secretary-Treasurers.

Personal.

Rev. R. N. Bynon supplied the pulpit of the Tabernacle church, St. John, last Lord's Day. Rev. J. D. Freeman has been appointed chaplain to the New Brunswick Legislature. It is said the appointment is a popular one, as it certainly should be. The pulpit of the Leinster St. church was supplied last Sunday by Rev. Ira Smith, of London, Ont., and we understand that he was heard with much interest, though the very heavy rain prevented a large attendance in the evening. Mr. Smith is expected to occupy the pulpit again next Sunday. Rev. M. B. Shaw, formerly of our Telugu Mission, and for the last three years pastor at Fallbrook, Cal., has accepted a call to the church at San Bernardino. The Daily Sun of the latter place congratulates the church on its good judgment and speaks of Mr. Shaw as one of our choice men who combines in his spirit an unswerving fidelity to the Word of God and the Cross of Christ with a burning enthusiasm for world-wide missions. Mr. Shaw is a son of Mr. Isaac Shaw, of Weston, Cornwallis, and a brother of Rev. A. A. Shaw, of Windsor, N. S.

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You'll be proud of your clothes if they are washed with SURPRISE Soap.

They'll be perfectly clean, sweet, dainty—free from streak, spot or odor.

No scalding, boiling, or hard rubbing either.

Only 5 cents for a large cake that will do better work and more of it than any other soap.

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are now ready to be sent out. When writing mention colour wanted, and if possible give us an idea of the price you would care to pay.

We are showing in the new goods an extensive range of velours, both in colours and black. We also show an extensive range of black brocades, black soles, at prices ranging from 25c. to \$3.45 per yard.

FRED A. DYKEMAN & CO.
St. John, N. B.

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We started this sale to make room for the carpenters to add to our premises first of May. Low prices must do it. Men's, Youth's Boy's and Childrens clothing cut away down.

FRASER, FRASER & CO.,
40 and 42 KING STREET,
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We are offering from now until March 1st, 1899, GREAT BARGAINS in slightly used KARN PIANOS and ORGANS.

We are doing this to reduce our large and increasing stock of slightly used Karn Pianos and Organs and to make room for the following makes of Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines we represent:

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- SEWING MACHINES—New Raymond, New Williams and Wheeler & Wilson.

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Earn this valuable Watch, Chain and Charm by selling twenty Topas Scarf Pins, at 15 cents each. Send your address and we forward the Pins and our Premium List, postpaid. No money required. These Pins will almost sell themselves, for the Topas has all the brilliance of the best diamonds, and has never before been offered at anything like this price. The Watch is neat in appearance, thoroughly well made, and fully guaranteed. Unsold Pins may be returned. Mention this paper when writing.

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