

# Messenger & Visitor.

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## Bethlehem.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

O little town of Bethlehem!  
How still we see thee lie;  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep,  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to night.

For Christ is born of Mary,  
And gathered all above,  
While mortals sleep the angles keep  
Their watch of wondering love.  
O morning stars together  
Proclaim the holy birth!  
And praises sing to God the King,  
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,  
The wondrous gift is given;  
So God imparts to human hearts  
The blessings of his heaven.  
No ear may hear his coming,  
But in this world of sin,  
Where meek souls will receive Him still,  
The dear Christ enters in.

O Holy child of Bethlehem!  
Descend to us, we pray,  
Cast out our sin and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
O, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel.

## A Christmas Meditation.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto myself."

Whether or not the twenty-fifth day of our December is the anniversary of the birthday of Jesus Christ we do not know, but we know that on some day in a year now past, by a little more than nineteen centuries that event occurred in reference to which we now date all other events in the calendar of time; and if at this season of the year our minds are turned particularly to the contemplation of that day which stands supreme among the birth-days of the sons of men, the result to us should be most profitable.

In much of the sentiment that finds expression in the celebration of Christmas there may be nothing deeply religious, but that which ever so faintly reflects the glory of that divine event which gave a Saviour to the world is not to be wholly disregarded and despised. Whatever of goodness, of sweetness, of purity and kindness is framed into the picture of the Christmastide, is a reflection from the light which rose upon the earth in the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem. Whatever of beauty and purity, of truth and righteousness is to be found in the home life of the people, in their marts of business, in their schools of learning, in their civic and national councils, is not apart from Jesus Christ. Happy is that people that knows the joyful sound of the Christmas bells, and happy the lands where the children are taught to connect the joy of the gladdest season of the year with the coming of the Son of God to earth.

But to the true believer Christmas has an immeasurably deeper meaning than it can have to the world at large. To him the light which rose on the world in the advent of Jesus Christ is not the faint radiance of a star on the distant horizon,—it is no pale reflection of a far-off glory, but a sun that blazes in the highest heavens and fills the world with light and vivifying power. To him the Christ of Bethlehem and Calvary stands not merely for some gracious influence which, among many other influences, has touched the lives of men and communities to refine and sweeten and elevate; to him the incarnation embodies God's supreme revelation of love and power. It is the love of the Cross prostrating the believer in repentance, but raising him into holy fellowship with Christ, and binding him in willing service to his Sav-

iour. It is the power of the resurrection, giving the consciousness of present peace and the assurance of comfort and final victory hereafter. To the Christian who is coming to know Christ in the fellowship of His sufferings and the power of His resurrection, the story of the advent is not merely some sweet story of old, a sort of religious romance which serves to tinge with a softer light the hard facts of history, soften the asperities of life and promote kindlier feelings among men. It is the central, the most vital and significant fact of human history. It is the measure of God's love and of man's largest hope. It is the story of One who comes to bruise the serpent's head; to purify unclean hearts, to subdue unholy lusts, to vitalize impotent wills, to begot love, to slay despair, to make death the portal to eternal life, to make men Sons of God and to teach their lips to sing songs of redemption and everlasting victory. If the Christian's idea of the significance of the coming of Jesus Christ into the world is the true one, then the day which marked his advent is indeed the day from which we well may reckon all other days and all other events in human history.

"And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men to myself." That calm declaration of Jesus, uttered in the midst of a swirling sea of passions and forces working for his destruction and for the effacement of his name and influence from the world, has had a wonderful, though it be as yet but a partial, fulfillment. More and more, as years and centuries have passed, have the thoughts of men been turned toward him. They have been held by a spell they could not resist. In every path that they have gone the face of the Crucified has risen up before them, everywhere in human affairs the hand that was pierced has been working to overturn and to build anew. Surely it is no dead face, no dead hand, that the world has seen and felt. The influence of Him whom Jewish bigotry and Roman skepticism united to crucify is, beyond all comparison, the mightiest and the most beneficent that the world has seen. It has laid hold upon hearts, homes, communities, governments and nations, with a power for regeneration and sublime inspiration such as has come from no other source. It has begotten the noblest ideals and worked most mightily for the realization of them in the individual lives of men and women; it has worked to create clean hearts and to renew right spirits; it has implanted and nurtured the spirit of love, gentleness and truth in the home life; it has inspired and cultivated the spirit of sympathy and kindness in communities, teaching men to be pitiful and helpful toward one another; it has built hospitals for the sick and the insane, homes for the orphaned and the aged, and inspired numberless philanthropies for the relief of human want and suffering; it has been the supreme inspiration of all the holy ministries of self-denying love; it has sent forth men and women to brave hardship and disease, danger and death, in every form, and in every uttermost part of the earth, that they might tell men everywhere the story of Bethlehem and Calvary; it has wrought for soundness of body and sanity of mind, for virile manhood and virtuous womanhood, for intellectual quickening and the largest education, for the promotion of enterprise, the extension of commerce, the development of human intellect and material resources and for all that is most admirable and beneficent in modern civilization. The influence of Him who was cradled in the manger of Bethlehem upon the whole circle of human thought and activity is immense, incalculable. The world's literature in all its highest aspiration and noblest productions reflects His influence. He has touched the world's learning, and it has expanded into lengths and breadths, into heights and depths immeasurably beyond the reach of pagan thought, He has touched

the world's art,—and its painting, its architecture and its music have been lifted into sublimer heights and made to express a spiritual beauty that seems almost divine.

And these are but beginnings. The world has only begun to apprehend the significance and glory of the Incarnation. For as yet how far does the prophecy of Jesus, that He will draw all men to Himself, fall short of its complete and final fulfillment! It is only in a superficial and half-conscious way that the world at large can be said to have been drawn to the Christ. To some degree it has seen and heard and wondered; it has been attracted as to the eye and the ear and the intellect, but it is only as it were a soul here and there that has experienced that profounder attraction which binds the heart to Him in faith and love, in spiritual fellowship and service. To how many millions the story of Bethlehem is but an idle tale,—a superstition, a myth or religious romance; how many are there who, looking back through the long centuries, profess some sort of homage to the Christ of the Manger and the Cross, but who are really as far from submitting their wills and hearts to Him as their King, as were those who condemned and slew Him, and how many of earth's millions there are still to whom the story of Bethlehem and Calvary has never been told. And if the fruits of the incarnation are even now, through the influence of those who have believed and loved so vast and so beneficent, what shall the blessing and the glory be when every knee shall bow to Christ and every tongue confess Him Lord, when by the divine right of an eternal Kingship the Virgin's Son shall reign King of kings and Lord of lords?

Surely we may and must believe that the attractive power of Him who has been lifted up is to be exerted in far greater and more glorious measure than the world has yet seen. We can do no otherwise than hope and pray believingly, that the blessing shall come in all its wealth and power. Shall not they of Japan and India come? Shall not the millions of China and of Africa behold the Uplifted Saviour? Shall not His gospel be given to all the world; are not the heathen his inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth, shall they not become His possession? Let the church then still watch and wait, in prayer and expectation, for larger endowments of the power from on high and fuller manifestations of the Priestly and Kingly glory of her Lord. Let her expect another and a greater Pentecost, that in the divine energy of a new baptism of fire she may arise from the dust and impotence of worldliness, put on the armor of light, and with talents, learning, wealth and every faculty and possession consecrated to her Lord, go forth to larger and still more fruitful service in His name.

## Peace on Earth.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

"What means this glory round our feet,"  
The Magi mus'd, "more bright than morn?"  
And voices chanted clear and sweet,  
"To-day the Prince of Peace is born!"  
"What means this star," the shepherds said,  
"That brightens through the rocky glen?"  
And angels answering, overhead,  
Sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"  
'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,  
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;  
We wait for Him like them of yore;  
Alas! He seems so slow to come!  
But it was said, in words of gold  
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim.  
That little children might be bold  
In perfect trust to come to Him.  
All around about our feet shall shine  
A light like that the wise men saw,  
If our loving wills incline  
To that sweet Life which is the Law.  
So shall we learn to understand  
The simple faith of shepherds then,  
And kindly clasping hand in hand,  
Sing, "Peace on earth, good will to men!"

### Bells Across the Snow.

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
Is with us once again,  
With memories and greetings,  
With joy and with its pain.  
A minor in the carol,  
A shadow in the light,  
A spray of cypress twining  
With holly wreath to-night.  
And the hush is never broken  
By the laughter light and low,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
'Tis not so very long  
Since other voices blended  
With the carol and the song!  
Could we but hear them singing  
As they are singing now,  
Could we but see the radiance  
Of the crown on each dear brow,  
There were no sigh to smother,  
No hidden tear to flow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the bells across the snow!

O Christmas, merry Christmas,  
This never more can be;  
We cannot bring again the days  
Of our unshadowed glee.  
But Christmas, happy Christmas,  
Sweet herald of good will,  
With holy songs of glory  
Brings holy gladness still;  
For peace and hope may brighten,  
And patient love may glow,  
As we listen in the starlight  
To the bells across the snow!

### The Ethics of Gambling.

BY S. C. MITCHELL.

Gambling may be roughly defined as the attempt to get something for nothing. The gambling habit originates in a threefold desire, seeking the stimulus of excitement, delighting in victory over another, and loving money as the equivalent of power. If these desires are not regarded as noble, they are at least natural. It was probably from this viewpoint that Sir Henry Maine remarked: "Gambling is instinctive in the human breast." These three impulses, moreover, are not mutually exclusive; but on the contrary are co-operative and interactive.

While the gambling instinct in its origin and operation remains the same, the forms of gambling are constantly changing. The ancient Egyptians bet on chess; the classical peoples bet on dice; after the fourteenth century, when playing-cards were introduced into Europe—probably brought from Arabia to Viterbo in 1379—that game soon out-distanced all others in popularity. But the inventive genius of our day has multiplied the forms of gambling. The same class of men who formerly wagered thousands on the turn of a card, or on the emptying of a dice box, now speculate in the stock, produce, or cotton exchanges, or wager on athletic sports and on horse-racing, which is at present the greatest of all gambling games. The editor of "The Spirit of the Times"—a well-known sporting paper—says that the United States is the garden-spot of gambling. "We gamble more universally, more persistently, and for higher stakes, than the people of any other country." Gambling is the American sin. It has merged into social amusement, on the one hand, and into business, on the other; and hence it is regarded by some as innocent and by others as necessary.

#### I. Stimulus of Excitement.

In the beginning, most persons take part in games of chance solely for amusement, a motive in itself not only simple, but innocent. It is a form of social interest, akin to the child's delight in play, which is the result of the natural impulses seeking outward expression. If this desire for amusement tended to go no further than the attainment of its avowed object, its ethical import need not engage our attention. But too often the simple desire for amusement with cards issues in purposes and passions which by a gradual process head up in the habit of gambling. The first step is innocent, but the second step which it suggests, and to which it frequently impels is the beginning of sorrow.

The significance of the first step may be thus traced. Participation in a game of chance leads ordinarily to two things: first, skill in playing the game, and, secondly, a desire to protract the interest; and, of necessity, to increase the excitement. Both of these factors—skill and the stimulus of excitement—become ends themselves. A man's skill, aside from any money consideration, is often a strong inducement to gamble. Of this I shall speak later.

To give zest to the game, involving skill and chance, a small stake is proposed. Here enters the motive which is in the social game wholly subsidiary, but which becomes dominant in the gambler's passion. The game, originating in a desire for amusement, is no longer an end, but a means. Money is no longer a means to give zest, but an end in itself. The initial actors have changed parts. A pastime as a result of acquired skill has be-

come a profession; the instinct seeking the stimulus of excitement has begotten a habit of intoxication as unbreakable as that of opium or whiskey; and the endeavor to increase the interest by a small stake has become a sordid determination to get money without rendering its equivalent. The gambling habit in its fascination and power has been described for us in an unforgettable way by Dickens in the person of Little Nell's grandfather, with every faculty paralyzed, with every emotion dead, except the passion for gambling.

We do not, however, have to resort to fiction to find types of the habitual intoxication which gambling breeds. The tenacity of its grip upon a man's character, its octopus-like enfolding power, is known by living instances to every one of us. Gamblers as a class are exceedingly difficult to reform. Their whole moral and spiritual nature has undergone a stiffening process, the rigidity and callousness of which have well nigh passed the possibility of a return to the normal condition of the mind—humane, sympathetic, supple, and self-energizing. The effect of liquor is in a measure physical; the effect of opium is seen in the errancy of the moral sense; voluptuousness so lessens the vitality of the higher faculties that they atrophy; but the effect of gambling is not so much to stunt as to kill the human in man, converting him into a mechanism, steel-like in the sharpness as well as in the coldness of his operations, and, although soulless, yet impelled by a passion resistless toward ends that are no less fascinating than cruel. Hardness best describes the resultant character of the gambler, in which the human had given place to the tiger element. For gambling is the only habit which finds its gratification, not merely in the association with another, but at the expense, and even the ruin of one's fellowman. It preys on another's misfortune, as the vulture on carrion. Thus it is seen that the stimulus of excitement in gambling leads to a character which is the negative of the crystal principle of ethics—Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

#### II. The delight in victory over another.

In the complexity of motives that lead to gambling is the delight in victory. Man is masterful. The first word which he caught from his creator was "Have dominion," and whatever else he has forgotten of his genesis those words re-echo constantly in his mind. The original desire for amusement in a game of cards results in skill in overcoming another and a money stake which changes hands as an evidence of victory. Though distinct in origin, these motive forces not only act in concert, but also excite one another. Skill in the game, correctness of judgment in a horse-race, insight as to the turn of the market quotations, become professional aims filled with professional pride. Our definition was not exhaustive. Gambling is often something more than an attempt to get something for nothing. Glory as well as gold is an ultimate motive in the gambler's breast. He delights in the sheer discomfort of his opponent. "There is an authentic instance," says Curtis, "of a speculator, who was carrying on margin 11,000,000 bushels of grain, which declined in value \$25,000 during the afternoon, and who did not bother himself even to read the quotations, but gave his entire attention for four hours to a game of whist at dollar points, and was much out of temper at its close because of a loss of nine dollars." (Forum, Oct., 1891.)

The exceeding sinfulness of this aspect of the gambler's mind is that it leads him to treat persons as things. This confusion is fatal to all the finer feelings in man. When once a person becomes to you a mere pawn, when the head means less than the hand, when man becomes a machine, then materialism has wrought its worst. Such a state of mind not only resents the suggestion that you are your brother's keeper, but also denies that you are your brother's brother. It is one thing to confound truth and error, it is another to mistake the living for the dead. Thus the gambler's heartless delight in victory over another is the negative of the law of love as stated and embodied by our Saviour.

It is perhaps instances of nerve like that just cited which led one to say that "gambling is reprehensible, but the spirit that underlies it is noble. A genuine gambler is a great man gone wrong, and gambling is a misdirection of courage and energy and enterprise—of all those attributes which make man most manly." But we are bound to add that there is nothing so bad as a good thing perverted. As to the boasted gambler's honor, two things, however, are to be noted. First, gambling debts are not collectible by law, and hence the honor principle must obtain, if this profession is to be kept up. A gambler's honor as to debt, accordingly, is not so much an evidence of uprightness, as an unwillingness to be excluded from the gambling fraternity. And, secondly, it must be remembered that, when gambling debts were collectible in the courts, many were the suits entered, showing that this so-called honor is either a recent growth or springs from the fear of losing caste in gambling circles.

#### III. Desire for Money as the Equivalent of Power.

The third equivalent to gamble was stated to be the desire for power, and hence the love of money as its equivalent. This is a cause that is peculiarly active at

this time, as is evidenced by the forms of gambling now most in vogue. Games have given place to speculation. The barred room over a saloon has been abandoned for the readier revenues of the Stock Exchange. Men are now less influenced by the love of excitement or delight in victory over an opponent, and more by the gain of money. Gambling has been stripped of outward adornment. It is single-eyed and bent on money. Social excitement and pride born of skill are factors of little moment in the devotee of the "bucket-shop," in whose joyless eyes and fixed expression can be read the mania for money. Gambling has become 'strict business' without sentiment, and without concealment; and the passion is today as wide-spread as it is intense.

The evils that flow from the attempt to get something for nothing by gambling are twofold. Gambling is a social affair, both because it takes two to engage in it, and because it concerns property, in which society has an inalienable right.

Regarded in a certain way, the evil of opium is individual, because its effect may eat in the main with the man who indulges in it. He can eat opium alone. Not so with gambling; at least two are necessary to make a game. For every winner there must be a loser.

Moreover, the social nature of property is violated by gambling. No man can rightfully ask, "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with my own?" "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself" is a principle that is no less true of one's property than it is of his person. Property is not inert; it has sympathies which reach out, like tentacles, to clasp all the varied interests of human well-being. Property is the product of men's co-operation, and in its safeguarding society has an interest. That is the meaning of the deed recorded in the court. Law concerns itself with property. Money, which is an evidence of property, is industrial rather than individual. Property roots itself by infinite ramifications in the social soil and cannot thence be plucked without regard to these vital connections. The deepening appreciation of this truth, the responsibility of wealth, is one of the most gratifying facts in American life at the present time. Its evidences are upon every hand. Witness the magnificent gifts of our public-spirited men of means to the educational and philanthropic enterprises of our country.

This communal interest in property is set aside by gambling, and an exclusively selfish interest is substituted therefor. A striking instance of this is known to me personally. A young man, moving in fashionable circles, was engaged to an attractive young lady, before whom all seemed bright. The young man's health became precarious and his doctor ordered him to go abroad for the sake of the baths. Unwilling to part from his affianced, he begged that she would marry him, although he was and about to go beyond the ocean. She consented; and on the day of the marriage he set out for an indefinite stay in a foreign land, leaving her in the home of her father. After some months, the waters proved effective; his health was restored; and the young husband came back to his bride. They at once set up a home, furnishing it joyfully and beautifully. He seemed interested in business and prosperous. All was happiness. Late one night he returned home, and, finding his wife waiting for him, nonchalantly asked, "How much money do you suppose, wife, we put into the furniture of our home?" And then proposed playfully that they make a list then and there of the cost of all the articles in the home. The wife suspected nothing. Next morning, however, the officer appeared to levy upon the furniture with that same list in his hand. At the gambling table on the previous night when the game ran high, the young man had put up his all, even the furniture of his home. Disappointment, divorce, life-sorrow, these fell in rapid succession upon the wife whose heart until that fatal moment, knew only love and joy. The sang-froid of that incident is appalling. Only the grip of the gambling habit could have so far deadened the human in man.

Gambling affects the social element in property in another important way. It paralyzes the productive power of the man who gambles. It reverses in him the basal incentives to thrift, inventiveness, industrial co-operation, and to self-help. The gambler knows not the glow which is begotten by a manly desire to subdue nature, to add to the forces that make for man's well-being. He is a stranger to honest work. He resents the suggestion of toil. He is not merely a parasite. To him work is a reproach.

This aspect of the gambler's art has led some extremists to say that gambling is stealing. That statement fails to note that the exchange of money at the gambling table is voluntary. But when the gambler becomes the gamester, then the line between gambling and stealing is less easily drawn.

Thus gambling is seen to be not only at war with the divine principle underlying the relations of persons, as it is epitomized in the Golden Rule, but also at war with the facts of property, both as regards its increase and as regards society's interest in it.

Richmond College, Virginia.

Pan American Notes.

HENRY FRANCIS ADAMS, M. A.

No. 3. Fish.

From apoledom to fisheries was an easy and natural transition to a Nova Scotian, for we export more of these two commodities than any other. I found more people in the U. S. Government buildings than any other. The "Fisheries" building with the Government's wonderful exhibit of fish, was simply crowded, every way you turned. There was a table that every one went to, looked at, studied over, and came away much wiser than before. On it were seven shallow metal pans; like large square cake pans. On the bottoms were eggs of different kinds of fish; little round pink things, smaller than a small pea. Running water (I presume tepid) flowed constantly over the pans, so that the water was never still. Many eggs were motionless, but every now and then an egg would burst, and out would pop the head of a very tiny fish about half an inch long. It was deeply interesting, and this fish-hatching looked very funny, too. For instance there were some of these fish-mites that seemed to be in awkward predicaments. They had their heads out one side of the egg-shell, and their tails out the other side, but couldn't, with all their wiggling get the shell off the middle of their bodies. I did so want to help them get free and enjoy liberty. But of course I did not dare to interfere, and probably would have killed them had I tried. Then from one egg I saw twins wiggling and wiggling to commence their life-race. Wouldn't it be interesting to read the biography of a fish? For soon those fish-mites will be turned into lakes and rivers to paddle their own canoe. They will be chased by larger fish; and between their enemies in water and on land will meet with some hair-breadth escapes. And think of their exploits in running rapids, leaping over falls, and running up fishways, surpassing the genius of man. With the history and mystery of a fish's life we must not say more, but hurry on to the wonderful Aquarium.

All round this building was a belt of magnificent cisterns, about 5 feet high, 8 long and 3 deep. These were so arranged that the plate glass fronts were inside and faced the centre of the building. Between these cisterns and the centre was an extended circular court, about 12 feet wide, covered and darkened. Light was thrown on the top of the cisterns, making all the fish therein almost transparently visible to the spectator in the darkened passages. It was a most ingenious device, reflecting great credit on the Treasury Supervising Architect, J. K. Taylor, Esq., and ministering greatly to the pleasure of the visitors. Added to the beautiful and ugly inhabitants of the cisterns, their interiors were most artistically ornamented with moss-covered rocks and all the luxuries that make a congenial environment of a fish. Of course all the waters were running and marine foods furnished to fish daily. What a steady stream of humanity poured into that court and feasted their eyes on the gold, silver, steel, black, white and speckled beauties! Some wanted to remain viewing this unique collection, but policemen were detailed all along the court saying all the time "Move on, move on!"

Well, what did these cisterns contain? I have seen the Aquarium in Brighton, England, but the one at the Pan I think beat that. If Isaac Walton had been there, how his soul would have feasted on that piscatorial collection or rather selection. Just think of the list! I may have missed some. I think I did, but this is a fairly representative list. Bass furnished the largest variety. There were in different cisterns the Sea, Striped, Rock, Strawberry, White, Yellow, Small-mouthed and Huge-mouthed black, eight varieties of Bass. Of Salmon there were three kinds: Quinatt, Atlantic and Land-locked. Of Trout there were five varieties: Lake, Still-head, Brook, Rainbow, and Albino Brook. Oh boys! you should have seen the cisterns of gold fish. They were the most golden and largest fellows I ever saw, and they moved about with a majestic demeanor indicating their consciousness of the royal blood in their veins. Then there were some queerly shaped dwellers of the deep, whose fantastic fins and tails, and odd-shaped mouths, quite harmonized with their names. Here are some: Killifish, Tantog, Ganner, Soup, Filefish, Swell-fish-and-burr, Remora, Pinfoot, Striped Mullet, Sea-Robin, Spot, White-perch, Diamond Back, Terrapin, Golden Tench, Green Tench, Blue Sun Fish, Fresh-water Drum, Warm-mouth, Yellow Carp, Scale Carp, Sturgeon, Quill-Back, Car Pike, Grayling, and Golden Ide. But there were some common varieties with which the lads are more familiar. The common Bel, Toad-fish, Croaker, King Crab, Blue Crab, Catfish, Logga-head Turtle, Snapping Turtle, and—now don't laugh boys, who should be displaying all his ugliness in this great collection of tony fish, but your much-despised, and often abused friend—the Sucker. If he is only a scavenger of the waters, he is very much more useful than many of his cruel enemies—the boys. How I would like to have had all the Nova Scotian lads and lassies see this great collection of the finny tribes the U. S. Government has ever gotten together. It was truly Pan-American in its variety and representativeness. I would very much like to have

seen some of our N. S. table fish there—The Cod, Haddock, Mackerel, Herring, Sprat, and even the smelt. But I suppose the authorities thought we could see them every day. Yes, dead; but how few see them alive. It was with great reluctance I left that building in which there were also living seals deporting themselves before a great crowd. Also there were exhibited the boats and apparatus used by fisherman in their craft.

While I am in one U. S. Government building we will pass along an arcade into the greatest of the three it put up and filled with objects of the intensest interest. While the two smaller buildings were occupied by the Fish and Smithsonian Institute respectively the grand central one, contained Departmental exhibits from the U. S. War, Navy, Treasury, Postal, Agricultural, and the different bureaus of the State Department. This was the largest and most complete exhibit the Government ever made. A whole month was not too much time for a student to spend in that building with note-book in hand.

Here are effigies dressed in American costumes of every decade nearly, since the discovery. From the almost nude aborigines down to the cultured gentlemen of to-day. It was the history of style, presented to the eye. Quaint and queer they looked to a denizen of this continent to-day. Near to these was a respectable collection of animals of this continent, that had passed through the Taxidermist's hands. The most mighty of what is now extinct, was the completed cast of the great water reptile Dinosaur, horned and ugly.

The display of the country's postal methods in plaster figures was very instructive. From the days of the saddle-bag mail carrier to the present expeditious system, representations were given. But the funniest feature of the post office experiences were presented in two glass cases. They contained the most imaginable variety of opposites. All the things had been mailed to some one. Insufficient address and no address; shortage in stamps and no stamps. In some cases a refusal to take a delivered parcel because of the large sum requested before the unstamped package left the hands of the postman. For some reason all these articles had found their way to the U. S. Dead Letter Office. There was a human skull that must have a weird history. It was mailed to Prof. Gross, unstamped, I suppose, for the professor refused it of the postmans because there was three dollars and nineteen cents to pay. So they both refused to part. The professor with his money and the postman with his skull. Consequently the latter sent it to the Dead Letter Office. Hence its permanent place in this D. L. O. collection. There was also a young alligator, of course preserved by the Taxidermist now. But possibly it was alive or hibernating when mailed. If so the various postal clerks through whose hands it passed, must have had a rollicking time of it. From the tip of its tail to tip of its nose, I think it was about twenty inches long. Then there were two sets of false teeth that mis-carried. I felt badly for the persons whom they did not reach. For although I haven't a false tooth in my head, I have observed how terribly persons feel, when they have mislaid them, or they are being repaired. What a long fast from meat diet those persons must have accomplished, whose artificial jaws went to the D. O. L. Watches were there, and little idols, probably mailed by a missionary in India to some American friend. Possibly one given up by a heathen on becoming a Christian. A trophy of the victory of the True over the False. There were two swords from the heads of two sword-fishes. Pretty hard to handle I should think. But of all the tender touching things that I saw there, what do you think it was? You'll never guess! Give it up? A Doll. There is no cuter or cunninger sight than to see a darling dimpled daisy of a three year old Dorothy with a Doll, especially on Christmas morning. Just think, now, of the sunshine that one pet did not get through that doll going to the D. L. O. There were hundreds of other things there, but you are tired of my "notes," so am I, good-bye.

Thy Works Are Marvelous.

Psalm ix.

Thy works are marvelous, O Lord,  
And I rejoice in Thee;  
Thou hast maintained my righteous cause  
And ever succored me.  
In awful justice high enthroned  
Thou dost rebuke the wrong;  
But they who put their trust in Thee  
Thy bounty doth make strong.  
The thick walled cities are destroyed  
And vanished out of thought,  
But Thou forever wilt endure,  
O Lord that changeth not.  
In time of trouble Thou art near  
Defending with Thy might;  
A refuge to the weary soul  
Art Thou, O Lord of light.  
Have mercy on my soul, and keep  
Me from the gates of death,  
And I will magnify Thy name  
As long as I draw breath.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT.

The Divine Fatherhood.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

Kindly allow me space in your highly esteemed paper for a few remarks. I have been somewhat interested and more surprised of late, in regard to some of the remarks made on the subject, The Fatherhood of God. Since Bro. Freeman has explained his views so correctly, I feel there is not very much to be added, but a few words more may possibly throw some light, and not being very wise I will just say a very little. The Bible distinctly teaches that God created man after his own image after his own image created he him and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and he became a living soul.

An act sufficient in my estimation to make Him the Father of man. (There is no such warrant about hogs and dogs), and Mr. Freeman makes no such reasoning, from the fact that he could not as there is no reason in it, and if God is not the Father of all men who is? The devil never created anything or anybody, only he is the originator of sin, the father of lies and such like, and after children come to know right from wrong and choose for themselves the service of sin then he who was the originator of sin becomes their father, but only in the sense of service, (not Creator.)

On the other hand, God is not only Father as Creator and preserver of all men, but he is the Author of and Father of all Goodness and Right Living, and he becomes in a higher sense, the Father of all those who through Jesus Christ enlist in that service, or his service, and then I should like to know if those that hold that God is not the Father of all men have any children, say from 1 to 8 or 10 years old, and if they have who they would like to claim as being Father to them. Perhaps there is a flaw in Baptist doctrine, (enough). Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven, except ye become as a little child ye shall in no wise enter therein. Strange that men should pull so hard at the extreme end of a subject and not see God's plain truth along the centre.

A READER.

In the Bright Days.

We need Christ just as much in our bright, prosperous, exalted days as in the days of darkness, adversity, and depression. We are quite in danger of thinking that religion is only for sick rooms and funerals, and for times of great sorrow and trial—a lamp to shine at night, a staff to help when the road is rough, a friendly hand to hold us up when we are stumbling. This is not true. Jesus went to the marriage feast as well as to the home of sorrow. His religion is just as much for our hours of joy as for our days of grief. There are just as many stars in the sky at noon as at midnight, although we cannot see them in the sun's glare. And there are just as many comforts, promises, divine encouragements and blessings above us when we are in the noons of our human gladness and earthly success, as when we are in our nig. of pain and shadow. We may not see them in the brightness above us, but they are there, and their benedictions fall upon us as perpetually, in a gentle rain of grace.—"Glimpses Through Life's Windows."

Sincerity.

It is a mistake to say that it makes no difference what we believe so we are sincere, for the reason that belief is always reflected in the life. Belief of an error is rendered doubly pernicious by perfect sincerity in that belief. There is evidence, for example, that the old Roman Catholics honestly believed that heretics should be burned alive, and sincerity in this belief made horrible many a page of history. Sincerity cannot make black white. But when we combat this error, let us not for a moment underrate or undermine the vital importance of sincerity without which not even the almighty truth can save us. So great indeed is its ethical value that where it is found joined to right purposes it will take the sting out of error which is less than fundamental. Otherwise who then can be saved, for who is wholly free from error? The Lord will pardon much to honest ignorance, and have long patience with the error which is embraced because it is sincerely believed to be the truth.—Brethren Evangelist.

Lines With A Night Robe.

MRS. A. S. CHIPMAN.

I have made a night robe for my darling to wear,  
As with dimpled hands folded in sweet vesper prayer,  
He kneels by my side and "Our Father" is said,  
E'er he lies down to sleep in his own little bed.  
But what means it? This robe is too long and too wide!  
Ah, my boy is a man and is gone from my side;  
Yet the love that unites us but stronger is grown,  
Still sweet, pure and true as in years that are flown.  
May his Saviour be near when his day's work is done;  
And his cares fly away with the setting of sun;  
And peace fold her pinions above his soft bed,  
When his prayer, as of old, to "Our Father" is said.

## Messenger and Visitor

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### Bethlehem.

There will always be a peculiar charm associated with the scenes of our early life. The loved spot where our infancy roamed grows dearer to our thought as years pass by. However widely the scattered members of the family may be separated, however various our labors and interests may be, memory will ever turn in fondness to the ancient family seat, and the roof-tree that sheltered us in childhood's days. No flowers will ever smell quite so sweet to us as the honeysuckle that used to blossom about the doorways of the old homestead. No birds will ever sing quite so gloriously as those which built their nest in the old orchard trees. No cup will ever yield such delicious drink as "the moss-covered bucket" that hung in the old home well. No face will ever wear for us such a halo of loveliness as the dear mother's face that beamed upon us in our cradles. Certain it is, that, however humble it may have been, the old home has cast a spell upon our spirits which time can never break, and which will ever call us backward through the years in fond remembrance.

In similar fondness, but with a holier feeling at heart, the Christian world today turns back in thought to Bethlehem. Bethlehem is the birth-place—the family seat of the Christian religion. The far-scattered members of the family of faith look back to Bethlehem as the Old Homestead of Christianity. There bloomed the sweetest flower of our humanity; there appeared the face that was "altogether lovely"; there the voice that had in it tones divine became articulate; there sprang up the deep, sweet well, from which the water of life has flowed to all the earth. It is therefore a natural and fitting thing that the Christian heart should make frequent pilgrimage to Bethlehem.

In a painting on "The Nativity" by one of the great masters, a wondrous light glows in the stable where the "divine event" occurred. It falls on the faces of the wonder-stricken shepherds; it touches and illumines the face of Joseph; it bathes the face of Mary with a transfiguring glory. And when we look for its source, we find it not the light of torch or candle, nor yet of moon or star, but a brightness raying forth from the face of the Holy Child. It suggests the great fact, emphasized by each recurring Christmas-tide, that Jesus is "the master light of all our seeing." His "life was the light of men."

In this light we gain our clearest and truest thought of God. Our thought of God should ever be that which the Incarnation teaches. "This is my beloved son, hear ye Him!" And what sort of a God is He who is reconciled to us in Bethlehem? Not a God who dwells afar, who is alienated from us, who is absorbed in interests to which we must be sacrificed, but a God who makes common cause with us in all that concerns our welfare. The God proclaimed from Bethlehem by the Incarnation, is One with an infinite capacity for sacrifice. According to the fact of Christ, to be God is not to sit enthroned at the apex of the universe in "splendid isolation" from His creatures, but to be God is to stoop in tenderness and pity to the level of His creatures, and show a Father's heart and a Father's love toward all mankind. The God whom we are to seek as our Saviour and serve as our Master, is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But Bethlehem stands witness also, to a great fact concerning Man. The Incarnation speaks to us as nothing else can do of man's capacity for God. At the creation man was made in the likeness of God. At the Incarnation God was "made in the likeness of men." That the Son of God *could* and *did* be-

come the Son of Man, establishes forever the fact of man's kinship with God. The essential value and dignity of manhood is luminously revealed in the declaration—"The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us." Bethlehem and Calvary declared what man is worth to God. Christ's own theanthropic person constitutes the irrefutable evidence that we also are "the offspring of God," made "that we should seek God, if haply we might feel after Him and find Him."

The great event of Bethlehem has a special message of cheer for those of us who grope after God on the lower levels of life. Christ might have been born in a mansion, He chose a manger. Since He appeared in a manger we need not be surprised to find Him anywhere. He will make a home for Himself in our poverty, in our lowliness, in our commonplaceness. If our hearts are open to Him, though he find there but a poor pallet of straw, He will come in and abide.

From Bethlehem also comes a voice that speaks to us of duty as well as privilege. "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus; who being in the form of God, counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men." The spirit which should dominate our lives is the spirit which prompted Christ to become incarnate. We have need to look long and steadily at the Incarnation to be cured of setting our minds on high things. We have too ready a scorn for things that are lowly. We strain ourselves to catch the heel of the man above us, when we should be stooping to grasp the hand of the man beneath. In this we reverse the method of Bethlehem. Why, we ask ourselves, should we be held down by unworthy people? Why should we be robbed of ease and comfort by the ceaseless demands of wicked, incapable, ungrateful men? The answer is, because this is the only way in which we can help them, and because we ourselves are thus helped by Jesus every day. The Incarnation proclaims a message of Salvation and it also inculcates a spirit and method of service. It is when we yield ourselves to Bethlehem service that the Christmas chimes sound sweetest in our ears. We may not have gold to give but we may give ourselves and thus fulfil the law of Christ.

### Editorial Notes.

—The current issue of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR bears the date of December 25, but as the paper is printed on Tuesday, it will probably reach most of its readers on Christmas Day. To all our friends we wish "A Merry Christmas," or if there is any other kind of a Christmas better than a merry one—as we suspect there may be—we wish them that.

—We are persuaded that those church members—and how many of them there are! who habitually absent themselves from the prayer meetings of the church, are depriving themselves of something which no Christian can afford to miss. We all need the special grace which the Lord has promised to those who gather together in His name. We need to be blessed in receiving what our brethren have to impart, and we need no less the blessing which comes through giving a fraternal hand and speaking a cheering word to those who are making the Christian pilgrimage with us. How many a discouraged pastor would be cheered and how many a half empty prayer-meeting room would be filled and brightened if all Christians who could would start out at the beginning of the New Year to be regular attendants at the prayermeeting!

—The London Baptist Times has some interesting remarks upon a translation of Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress into Kisi-Kongo, the language of the people of the Lower Congo. The translation has been made by Rev. Thomas Lewis, of Kibokolo, Zombo, and is published by the Royal Tract Society of London. There is now, we are told, a reading community of 5000 persons on the Lower Congo. The Pilgrim's Progress had previously appeared in Kisi-Kongo in serial form, and had been received with so great appreciation by the simple-minded but naturally intelligent people that an edition in book form is likely to be eagerly welcomed. The Congo people are said to have wonderful memories, and over their camp fires, in the course of many a weary journey, the adventures of "Christian" are recited, at times by those who cannot read, but who inherit the power of carrying voluminous stories in their minds.

—In respect to the results of missionary work on the Congo, the Baptist Times says: "Less than a quarter of a century ago our missionaries entered the Congo region at peril of their lives. They found the people sunk in

deep and all-pervading barbarism—without letters, without religion other than a cruel fetishism, without a glimmering knowledge of the decencies of civilized life. Full of the hope of God, they settled down to their work. Now we have a chain of stations stretching along the great waterway to the very centre of the Dark Continent, Christian churches, spacious buildings, written languages, printing presses, the Scriptures in the vernacular and the beginnings of a native Christian literature. . . . The Vice-Governor of the Congo Free State has just written to Rev. Holman Bentley, extolling in no measured terms the importance of the educational work accomplished by him and his colleagues, while H. M. Consul-General has written to Mr. Baynes acknowledging that the kindness and the efficiency of the Baptist Mission have laid all Europeans who do business in the Congo region under the greatest obligation.

—A correspondent desires to be informed how a Post Office Order can be made payable to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, as requested in the standing notice at the head of page 4. Our correspondent is evidently under the impression that a P. O. order or postal note must be drawn payable to some person. This is not the case. All that is necessary is to insert the words "Messenger and Visitor" in the place where the name of the payee would ordinarily appear. If our patrons prefer they may of course make their orders payable to the Editor of the paper, but if they are made payable to "Messenger and Visitor," it facilitates business at this office. In answer to the same correspondent we may say that in forwarding contributions for the Annuity Fund it is not necessary that the street address of the Treasurer shall be given. A letter addressed "Rev. Dr. Saunders, Halifax," may be expected to reach him safely. The like is true in respect to other treasurers of Denominational Funds. We make these statements here as the information may be useful to other correspondents.

—The Baptist Year Book of the Maritime Provinces of Canada for 1901, printed by the McAlpine Publishing Company, Halifax, has just come to hand. As to form and general make up, the Year Book for 1901 follows closely the lines adopted in previous years. In respect to arrangement of matter there is room for some improvement. Following the "Convention Record" and the lists of the officers and members of the Convention, etc., we have the minutes of the Convention; the reports of the Treasurers of Denominational Funds; the report of the Board of Governors of Acadia University; the reports of the Home Mission Board and the Foreign Mission Board, the Twentieth Century Fund and the Ministers' Annuity and Ministerial Relief and Aid Fund; also the Reports on the State of the Denomination, Temperance North West and Grande Ligne Missions etc. Following these we have the minutes and usual statistical statements of seven Associations. On pages 203 and 204 there are given condensed statements showing the membership of the churches in the various Provinces and Associations, and the number baptized during the year, the contributions to Benevolent Funds, and statistics of the Sunday Schools. From this tabulated statement it is seen that the total number of baptisms for the year was 1292, or 92 less than the preceding year; The total membership of our churches is given a 50,821 or 569 less than reported last year. The decrease may be, and probably is, rather apparent than real, but it must be regarded as a serious matter that the conditions are such that a decrease rather than an increase must be reported. The total of contributions for denominational objects was \$24,044.29. The Year Book, as will be seen, contains a very large amount of information concerning the work of the Convention and its various Boards, information which should be at the hands of every intelligent church member. We advise our readers to get a copy of the Year Book, peruse it carefully and keep it near by for reference. It is to be observed that four months have passed between the time of the Convention and the issuing of the Year Book. So long a delay should be unnecessary. We presume that the Committee having the work in charge have endeavored to do their best under existing conditions, but if so, it is plain that existing conditions require to be changed.

After the above was in the printer's hands the short article from Dr. Kempton on the Year Book, which appears in another column, was received.

### Man's Relation to God.

DEAR EDITOR:—It is not surprising that your readers are interested in the discussion regarding man's relation to his Maker. I have conversed with some on the subject, and I write to enlarge the circle.

About 300 B. C., a Cilician poet wrote concerning God among other things,

"For we His offspring are and He in love  
Points out to man his labor from above,  
When signs anerring show when best the soil  
By well timed culture, shall reap our toil, etc.

Somewhere near 50 A. D., Paul stood among the philosophers and gossipers of Athens, and surrounded by the

festering abominations of idolatry, he endorsed the words of the poet and added, "Being then the offspring of God we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold and silver and stone, graven by art and device of man," etc. You should read the whole speech, Act. 17: 22-31, and see how freely the great doctor of divinity who wrote the letter to the Romans—see how freely he endorses the utterances of his countryman, and other poets whose words we might have quoted.

Now what are we to do with this if we deny that God is the father of man? Are Paul and the poets wrong? Or is there some art of textual dexterity by which their words may be rendered meaningless without going thus far? For my own part I reverently accept the doctrine. I have no fear of Idols before my eyes. They can only kill the body, and I have not been made their custodian. I readily accept the teaching of the poets over Paul's endorsement, and I consider it an ironical comment on our boasted light when a student of Scripture is called down as a dangerous innovator for expressing such views of man's relation to the Deity as were discoverable to heathenish minds in pre-Christian centuries.

That man is the offspring of God is the conclusion of reason and Scripture. See the royal father in Israel in agony over his fallen son—"My son, my son, would God I had died for thee." You say, "How like God." If you read Jer. 31: 20 you will see how God speaks of his child—"For since I spake against him I do earnestly remember him still, my bowels are troubled for him." Yes, and God did what David would like to have done, when he gave Christ in order to bring many sons into glory. The parental character of God was suggested to Moses, on seeing the eagle hovering over its young and protecting them amid the crags above him—Deut. 32: 11, 12. Have we not all our father? hath not God created us? Mal. 2: 10. Dost thou art our father, Isa. 63: 16. I refer the reader also to Eph. 2: 18, and to the Parable of the Prodigal Son. To erase "father" from that parable would certainly leave it without a foot to stand on. In John 3: 16 the love and gift are surely the love and gift of the Father. "The Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children and they have rebelled against me—children that are corrupters; they have forsaken the Lord, they have provoked the Holy One of Israel unto anger; they are gone away backward." Isa. 1: 2-4. Read the Sermon on the Mount and see how Christ talks to that mixed multitude—"Your father findeth—knoweth—if ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children how much more shall your father," etc. This cannot be explained away by saying that we must be born again in order to come up to the morality of the Sermon on the Mount, for that can be said of the Decalogue as truly as of this.

Christ speaks of God as, My Father, Your Father, The Father. He is the Father of Angels, Job 38: 7; He is Father of Spirits, Heb. 12: 9; He is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ and of all believers. It will surely be understood that Christians are not his children in as high a sense as Christ, that holy angels are his sons in an infinitely higher sense, than those "who kept not their first estate," and that holy men and women are children of God in a truer sense than those whose hearts are alienated from Him. The text, "Son, give me thy heart," indicates this very difference. Also, "love your enemies . . . that ye may be the children of your father," etc.

By lineal descent the Jews were children of Abraham. Paul is not denying this where he tells us that Abraham is father to all who believe in Christ. So when Christ found wicked and unbelieving Jews who boasted of being children of God and of Abraham he rebuked them sharply. For in moral and spiritual relationships they were so far removed from God, and from their father Abraham, except in a sort of ex-officio sense, that in these respects they could be said to be the children of the devil, or a generation of vipers. It became them to have used the words of the prodigal, "I am not worthy to be called thy son." When we think of the vast moral distances between man and his Maker we are not surprised that we sometimes refuse to recognize them as his children. But if we look not so much at his unlikeness to God as at the dim traces of divine lineaments yet remaining, we must concede to him even in his wicked wretchedness, dead in trespasses and sins, that he is a son of the "One God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we for him."

"As sometimes in a dead man's face,  
To those that watch it more and more,  
A likeness hardly seen before  
Comes out—to some one of his race."

I do not write in the spirit of controversy, but I may be allowed to say a word in regard to the apprehension of some as to how this doctrine may affect Arminianism, Calvinism, etc., etc. My sentence is, let there be light. God is the Father of lights. If anything cannot abide the light let it go. No calamity will happen. We may have to revise our theology, or burn some old sermons, but the world will sustain the shock.

Again referring to I John 3: 1, we are asked what will there be to wonder at if man's lineal descent is traceable

to God, as in Luke 3: 38. It would be a calamity not to be able to wonder, especially at the things of God. Some one has said that he would prefer to live in a cottage and have a mansion to wonder at than to live in a mansion and have nothing to wonder at. But no one ever lost his faculties by moving out of a small house into a large house, or by putting a new window in the small house. There is no need of fear. For while we behold the immeasurable love of God in Christ moving for His children like the heaving of an infinite sea, we shall be like one lifted on the wings of angels unto heavenly heights, and the visions and capacities of wonderment will ever abide and enlarge. And these discoveries instead of disturbing, they confirm the blessed assurances of a saved state. "But God commendeth his own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. Much more then being now justified by his blood, we shall be saved from wrath through him. For if while we were enemies we were reconciled to God by the death of his Son, much more being reconciled we shall be saved by his life." Rom. 5: 9, 10. Yes, we may talk to the simplest as C. H. Spurgeon did at the close of a serious conversation with an unconverted little girl,—Run upstairs and pray to the Great Father through Jesus Christ."

D. H. MACQUARRIE.

Parreboro, N. S., Dec. 20.

The Year Book.

MR. EDITOR: The Year Book is printed at last, and is being distributed as fast as it comes out of the hands of the binder. We had hoped to have sent it out long before this, but—Delays are sometimes dangerous, often vexatious and frequently unavoidable. The present issue may not please everybody. It is not quite perfect. What book ever is so. Some mistakes may be found in this one. Such might be expected, but ought not to be forgiven. Criticism will be in order now. Don't fail to send it along.

There are a few omissions. Lest any one fail to observe them, I call attention to one or two. There is no mention of the "Baptist Ministers' Institute," not because the Committee of Publication forgot about it, but because they got tired of chasing the information needed and gave up the race. The ministers of the African Association are not in. Have not arrived yet, though being waited for. Other omissions may perhaps be found on inquiry. These suggestions will aid the investigator.

Such as it is the book goes forth with its message to the world. The tidings it bears ought to awaken anxious thought and concern in the hearts of all the members of our denomination. What shall we say to the record made on p. 203.

With all the efforts put forth, the machinery in use, the preaching, praying, evangelizing, the year shows a decrease of over 500 in membership. Account for as you may, there is the fact—painful enough too, to all that love Christ and his cause. It will surely be in order to cry mightily unto God to reverse this condition of things, for our sakes, for the sake of the unsaved world about us, and for His own name sake.

'Tis a bitter grief to any pastor, as the writer well knows, to have no baptisms to report at the end of the year. Let us pray one for another, for we are sufferers together, as well as laborers together. Last month, Dec. 19th 1901. S. B. KEMPTON.

Notes By the Way.

The trip from Truro to Scotch Village is deserving of notice. An excursion train that day had brought about 600 people to Truro from points along the Midland Railway, and these were packed into five cars. Standing room even on the platforms was at a premium. The sad thing about the excursion was the seemingly un stinted supply of liquor which by some means had been procured. Men to whom years should have brought wisdom eagerly reached out their hands for the circling bottle. Young men and even boys drank with their elders,—some shame-facedly, others pleased thus to show, as they thought, their manhood. Seeing these things one cannot but wonder sometimes if the emphasis laid upon legislation has not made us less active in work for the individual. There was grand work done along this line by the pioneers of the temperance movement, and there remains much more to be accomplished. Legislation is good, and prohibition may be ours before long, but temperance sentiment and strong, consistent temperance men are not produced by process of law.

SCOTCH VILLAGE

was reached in time to participate in the mid-week prayer meeting and Bible study. Rev. L. H. Crandall has entered upon his second year of service here, and his people generally appreciate the fact that they have a pastor of more than average ability and zeal. The recent roll-call and the quarterly meeting lately held with this church have already been reported in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. The condition of the field as a whole is better than for some years, and Pastor Crandall is hoping and working for an ingathering. On Thursday I proceeded to Windsor, but returned on Saturday to spend the Sabbath with Bro. Crandall, and in spite of the mud and threatened rain found fair sized congregations at

both Scotch Village and Avondale eager to listen to the Word of Truth. Monday brought my pleasant visit to a close, and the ferry-boat carried me over from Avondale to

WINDSOR.

Here Dr. Gates reports large congregations, and, though he did not say it, congregations well pleased with the style of preaching they hear. A course of sermons on the Holy Land has been heard by many who do not count themselves among Baptists. Of one feature of the work especially, he has reason to be proud. That is the Sunday-school. The average attendance for the past six months has been 255. More than \$70 has been contributed to missions, besides almost an equal amount for the purposes of the school. If we could add to this that during those six months souls had been born into the kingdom the record would be one hard to be surpassed. But this is a time of faithful sowing, and the piteous harvest will not long be delayed.

Tuesday evening, having completed the work in Windsor, the writer in company with others from Windsor took the evening train for Wolfville, to attend the annual Junior Rhetorical Exhibition. The pleasure of visiting once more the old familiar scenes was enhanced by the interest of the occasion. Seven essays of more or less excellence were delivered by the chosen Juniors, and enjoyed by the audience. The musical numbers by Mr. Wright and Miss Marratt were skillfully and sympathetically rendered. But doubtless a fuller account of this function will be received from a more competent source.

Early Wednesday morning, Wolfville, was again left behind, and with a merry party of students to make things lively the homeward journey was begun. A little work remained to be done at Amherst and a few days were spent here. But an account of this must be postponed for a week, lest the blue pencil should be called into requisition. R. J. COLPITTS.

Amherst, Dec. 21.

New Books

BIBLICAL AND PRACTICAL THEOLOGY, By Rev. F. L. Chapell.

A preface informs us that this book contains the matter prepared by the author for his junior classes in the Gordon Missionary Training School and used by him there for ten years. Its contents are embraced under four "classes" and under each class several topics are considered. In all there are twenty-five topics. Thus, under Class I, which is entitled *General and Comprehensive*, we have:

- Topic I. The World's Lost under Satan.
II. God's Purpose in Christ's Restoration.
III. Ages, Dispensations, Times and Seasons.
IV. Jesus Christ; His Person and Career: His Office and Work.
V. The Holy Spirit as Executor of Father and Son.

Class II deals with *The Preacher and his Work*. Class III. *The Preacher's Message and the Result of Preaching the Gospel*.

Class IV. *Motives and Guidance for Christian Service*. From this a general idea of the scope of the book may perhaps be gained. It is an outline rather than a treatise. If one is looking for any extended and reasoned discussion of the great doctrines of the Christian religion he will not find them here. The feature of the book principally to be commended perhaps is its practical character. It seems to be intended for the worker quite as much as for the student. There is much in the book with which evangelical Christians generally will be in harmony, though probably many will feel that the emphasis is frequently misplaced. As would be expected from its source, the book is throughout strongly colored by pre-millennial views as to our Lord's second coming. The author has not thought it worth while to give any consideration to the post-millennial view, but has given some space to an attempt to explain and harmonize the several pre-millennial theories, considering the limits of the book and the difficulties attending such a task, we think it must be admitted that, if he had succeeded, more could not reasonably have been expected. We are inclined to think, however, that the book which shall reconcile the various pre-millennial theories or evolve from them one clearly intelligible is yet to be written.

—Published by Harriet Chapell, 1420 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

New Canterbury Tales, By Maurice Hewlett, Author of "Richard Yea and Nay," "Forest Lovers," etc.

In "Richard Yea and Nay," Mr. Hewlett demonstrated his ability to combine the knowledge and imaginative faculty of the historian and the dramatic imagination of the novelist in a most effective manner, the book being recognized as one of the most powerful historical romances of recent years. A good deal is accordingly expected of Mr. Hewlett in dealing with historical subjects, and those expectations will not, we believe, be disappointed by his recently published book. Mr. Hewlett has followed Chaucer in taking the Canterbury pilgrimage as the scene of the tales which he relates, and while we may miss the charm of Chaucer's quaint poetry in the prose narrations of our modern author, the palm of the story teller is his. The book tells of a journey or pilgrimage made by a company, under the auspices of the Prioress of Ambresbury, from Winchester over the old historic road to Canterbury. The time is the year 1450, the 28th year of King Henry VI. As these pilgrims to Canterbury make their journey they beguile the tedium of the way, as did Chaucer's pilgrims, with tales of which some of the travellers at least are provided with a bountiful supply. The tellers of these new Canterbury tales are the Lady Prioress of Ambresbury; Master Corbet, the Scrivener of London; Dan Costard, the Prioress' Confessor; Smith, the Shipman of Hull; Captain Bozeshhead, formerly of Milan, and Peregrin Perceforest, who was born in Gloucester. The book evinces the power of the clever story-teller who knows how to blend comedy, pathos and tragedy for the entertainment of his hearers, but it evinces also a knowledge of the times to which the tales belong and the imaginative faculty which enables the author to give his stories their true historic setting.

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

## \* \* \* The Story Page \* \* \*

### Mary Ann Slicer's Legacy.

BY ELIZABETH PRESTON ALLAN.

"There—there, boys! Stop your fussing. If there's one thing I can't abide, it's to see boys squabbling,—more particular if they happen to be brothers. No, you can't either of you ride that there cutter. If you can't guide your own tempers straight, how am I going to trust you with my dumb creatures? Here, Moses, get up and start this machine going."

Ross and Edgar stood back crest-fallen. They had lost their chance to drive the reaper around Mr. Figgat's wheat-field, but there was no help for it. Good-humored to a fault though the farmer was, when he said a thing it was said, and few people ventured to question the old man's decisions.

But Ross felt a little sore about this rebuke.

"Didn't you ever quarrel when you were a boy, Mr. Figgat?" he asked reproachfully.

The farmer turned and looked at Ross with surprise, then his eyes seemed to look quite beyond the boy in knee-pants and blouse, away down a vista of nobody knows how many years. Finally he broke into a hearty laugh:

"I did," he said,—"once I did quarrel with my only brother for a whole day; but by sunset it turned into a huge joke, and whether I laughed at Bill most, or whether he laughed most at me, I dunno to this day."

"How was that, Mr. Figgat?" Edgar asked, thinking secretly that a good story might make up for the lost ride.

"Well, it was this way," said the farmer, taking off his straw hat to wipe the glistening beads of moisture away. "Father was sent for one day to hear a will read. 'Twas Cousin Mary Ann Slicer's will, and Bill and I took a great interest in it. We knew if father was sent for, it must be because he was named in the will, and we had big thoughts of what it might bring us."

"But as father and mother said nothing to us about it, we daren't ask any questions. That's the way children did in old times. So we went off to our work of weeding the garden, and there we did more talking than work."

"We 'lowed it wouldn't be less than a hundred dollars, and to us a hundred dollars looked like a whole fortune. 'I guess pap'll get a horse and buggy,' said I, 'so we can drive ma to church, like Mrs. Simpson, 'stead of goin' in the spring-wagon.'

"'Horse and buggy,' says Bob very scornful,—'much good that would do! I'm going to ask him to send me to the Valley High School, where I'll get a chance to go to college.'

"'And how much good,' says I, 'would that do the rest of us, to have you spoutin' long words at us that we couldn't understand.'

"Well, Bob sass'd me back, and I give him as good as he sent, until mother heard us, and sent me to pick stones out of the three-cornered lot, and Bob to carry water to the men in the field. But every chance we got we jeered each other. I made signs like a dandy, walking with a cane in my hand and cigar in my mouth, and Bob, he pretended to be driving a fiery horse, swelling out his cheeks to look like Mr. Simpson."

"But I wasn't enjoying myself a bit, and I'm sure Bob wasn't. You see, we were used to being partners. The work came easier, because we helped one another, and as for the play,—well, it just wasn't any play worth counting, the day we quarreled."

"When supper-time came around, there was father, looking just the same as ever. We gazed hard at his pockets, but they showed no sign of bulging. At last Bob made the plunge. Bob was always pluckier than me. 'Pap,' says Bob, 'what did Cousin Mary Ann Slicer leave you in her will?'

"Our father looked as much surpris'd as if the setter dog had spoken, but he was too much taken aback to reprove Bob's forwardness. 'She left me her big bell-metal, apple-butter kettle,' said he, 'the one I've always borrowed from her in the fall.'

"I looked at Bob, and his face was as red as fire. I didn't know whether he was going to burst out laughing or crying. I felt my own face in a blaze too, and I was about as near one as t'other; but fortune favored us,—not with a legacy from Cousin Mary Ann Slicer, but with the tinkle of cow-bells in the front yard."

"Boys!" mother said, as much excited as if a hundred dollars was at stake, 'there's Pollie in the front yard. She'll eat ever' flower I've got!'

"Bob and I had already bolted through the window, and Pollie did not even get a chance to smell the sweet-peas, if that's what she was after."

"I say, Bud," old Bob said to me when we made the side gate fast, 'as you ain't going to ride in a buggy, and I ain't going to college s'pose we go down and finish our new dam before dark.'

"I agreed with a whoop of joy, and I was so glad to get out of that fuss with my pard that I never got into

another's long as we lived under one roof,—nor afterwards, for that matter."

"Did you ever get the buggy, Mr. Figgat?" asked Ross.

"I had the pleasure of driving my old mother to church many a Sunday, year in and year out in a buggy bought with my own earnings," said the farmer, "which was a long sight better for me than if Cousin Mary Ann had left us a coach and four."

"And Bob,—how about Bob?" asked the other young listener.

"Bob!" exclaimed Mr. Figgat in surprise, "don't you know the Hon. Robert Figgat of the state Senate?"

"Oh-h-h!" cried the boys.

"Of course, you know him," said the Hon. Robert's brother proudly. "He took himself to college, and that's the reason he's come out on top. Bless him! he's the best man at the capital. We're pards yet, and me and him have often agreed that, if Cousin Mary Ann had left us a hundred dollars a day it wouldn't have paid us for what we would 'a' lost if we had quarreled over it. Here, Mose, stop that machine, and give the boys a chance. All right, Edgar; let Ross try his hand,—your turn'll come."—Sunday-School Times.

### The Little Folk.

A Children's Christmas Story.

BY MARY MURRAY.

"Are you crying, Mollie?" Tommy asked from his little cot. Mollie raised her head from under the clothes. "I want muvver, Tommy, I do want muvver so much. I'm wery lonesome," and her voice died away in a faint wail.

"Don't cry, little Mollie, I'll come in your bed and muvver you," Tom said, sliding to the floor, and passing the uncurtained window. "God has hung out his lamp, Mollie," he said, solemnly. "He knows we are lonesome; perhaps mother's told Him."

Mollie tumbled out of her cot, too, and stood beside him, angel-like in her white night-gown, looking with bright, rapt eyes at the sailing moon. But soon her former trouble returned and great tears rolled down her cheeks.

"I want muvver," she sobbed.

Tommy took her golden head in both his arms and pressed it hard to his breast. "There I'll muvver you," he said, bravely trying to keep back his own tears. "Let's get into your bed, Mollie, and I'll tell you something. I'll never hit you again, Mollie—Mother didn't like us to quarrel."

"I'm not crying about that," Mollie said, scrambling back into her cot, "'cause I know it was only play, but my dolly's broke her arm an' I don't know what to do for her."

"Poor little Mollie," Tom said, stroking her hair as he had seen his mother do.

"Stop crying and I'll tell you something—something wery nice."

Mollie choked down her sobs, and sat up in bed, with Tom's arms around her, and the broken doll on her knee.

"What is it?" Tommy, she asked.

"Gran'pa told it to me," said Tommy. "It's about Moses."

"Little baby Moses in the bulrushes?" Mollie asked, eagerly. She loved the picture in the great Bible they looked at on Sundays.

"Yes Moses when he was a man. It's not all about Moses, though; it's a plan of mine, Mollie, to get mother back again."

"Oh, Tommy, how nice!" Mollie cried, clasping her hands in joy.

"Yes; I've thought about it a lot, Mollie, and we'll do it to-night," said Tom. "You can come too."

"Where?" Mollie asked, excitedly.

"Gran'pa told me as we walked home from church last Sabbath—you were with nurse last Sabbath morning—"

"Yes, Tommy."

"Well, we passed a big, big holly tree. And Gran'pa told me it was called, 'Christ's thorn,' and that God showed himself to Moses in the burning holly tree." And I've thought, and thought, and thought," he said, earnestly.

"Yes, Tommy, said Mollie.

"Well let's go and ask God to send mother back. P'raps he'll hear us better there, and can find the way."

"Won't it be cold, Tommy?" Mollie said, shivering.

"God'll warm us. And maybe he'll burn up the tree, like he did for Moses," he answered, firmly. "Don't be afraid, Mollie, I'll take care of you."

Mollie began to cry. "I'm frightened, Tommy," she whispered, and I'm wery, wery cold."

"Oh, we'll put on our clothes first. I'll dress you,

Molly. And maybe God'll help poor dolly's arm, too, if we ask him."

"Do you think he will? I'll take dolly with me," Molly answered. They had soon dressed themselves and crept down the dimly lighted staircase into the hall. Sounds of singing in faint waves from the kitchen, for it was Christmas Eve, but no one noticed the children's exit, for their grandfather was visiting a sick parishioner, and their nurse had gone to the kitchen to enjoy herself with the others.

In a few minutes the two little figures almost as black as the shadows they cast on the frozen snow, had left the house far behind, and hand in hand were speeding rapidly in the direction of the holly tree. It was not long before they had reached it, but not before Molly had fallen and bruised her knee badly and become wet with snow. Tommy cheered her as well as he could with the manful courage of seven years.

"I am sure God will hear our prayer, Molly," he said. "See, here is the holly. We must kneel down and clasp our hands."

"Do you think God will light it at once!" Molly asked, in awe-struck tones.

"No, we must wait a bit," Tom said, and side by side they knelt under the snow hidden boughs. As they waited, the moon hid behind a cloud and a few feathery flakes of snow began to fall.

"Lord, we're waiting, please," Tommy cried. But no answer came save the chill wind hurling and creaking through the boughs, and shaking down snow on the suppliant little ones, so they shut their eyes tightly and waited a while longer, half dreading and half hoping to open them. The sound of approaching footsteps fell on their ears, and Tommy rose jubilantly.

"It is coming now, Molly," he cried.

It was only their white-haired grandfather returning from his visit. He lifted Molly in his arms, his eyes filling with tears at the thought of their faithful request, as they explained their plan to him.

"Hush, my darling," he said, tenderly, "in God's own time you will be together again." And then he bent down and kissed Tommy to comfort him, for the little boy was crying. Never before had Tommy felt how much his grandfather loved him, for the old clergyman had half forgotten how to show his affection until to-night, and the little boy stole his hand into his and squeezed it tightly. Molly had fallen to sleep in her grandfather's arms, and they walked in silence back to the house. Lamps were blazing in the windows, and the hall door was wide open, sending out a stream of golden light into the night. As they entered, a girl came running forward to meet them.

"Father, thank God, you have found the children," she cried, warmly. "I have only just arrived, and when I went upstairs their beds were empty. Is this Molly?" and she began to kiss the sleeping child.

Molly awoke, and clasped her round the neck, blinking sleepily into the beautiful face bending over her.

"Is it muvver come back?" she whispered.

A great tear splashed down on her face.

"No, my darling, I am only your aunt," the girl answered, sadly.

Tommy came forward and took her hand.

"God has sent you till we go to mother," he said reverently.—Presbyterian Review.

### Work Away.

Jim was a poor little newsboy. He wanted to buy a cake for his little sister because it was her birthday. But if he sold all his papers, he would not have any money to spare; his mother needed it, for she was poor. "I wish I could raise three cents extra," he said to Will, his little comrade.

"Work away, then," sharply answered Will, and he ran off crying his papers.

Jim ran off shouting his also. He sold a great many of them; and when he was tired, Will's words, "work away," would come back to him, and he would go on again.

It was beginning to grow dark when he went into a horse-car. All the people in it had papers or shook their heads at him except one young lady. She looked at the little boy, and bought a paper from him. It cost one cent. She handed him a five-cent piece. Jim was going to give her the change, when she smiled at him and said: "The rest is for you."

Then he ran to buy the little frosted cake for his sister. Kitty gave him some of it, and as they were eating it he said: "I wish that lady knew." And then he thought how glad he was that he had "worked away" instead of giving up.—Child's Hour.

### The Longest Day.

It is quite important when speaking of the longest day in the year to say what part of the world we are talking about, as will be seen by reading the following list

which tells the length of the longest day in several places:

At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and a half hours in length.

In Spitzbergen, the longest day is three and one-half months.

At London, England, and Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours.

At Hamburg, Germany, and Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours.

At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 1st to July 21st, without interruption.

At St. Petersburg, Russia, and Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest five hours.

At Tornea, Finland, June 21st brings a day twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length.

At New York the longest day is about fifteen hours and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours.—Ex.

Little Joe.

Down in a cellar, damp and drear,  
Where never once the sun shone in  
With blessed cheer,  
Amid deep sorrow, want and sin,  
A little one whom angels kept,  
Lay still and slept.

"Wake me," he said, "when it shall rise,  
The star, you know, that is so bright  
It lights the skies  
And makes it day where all was night;  
To hear about it, as you tell,  
Makes me most well."

"Yes, yes, child, I'll be back in time,  
You'll see the star ere yet the bells  
Begin to chime;  
But when the angel music swells,  
And gates of heaven open wide,  
Don't slip aside.

"I must away, the Christ-child keep  
My treasure while, for his sweet sake,  
For aid I seek;  
How many hearts as mine will break  
With cold despair, and want, and fear,  
For Christmas cheer!"

"Tis Christmas eve, and everywhere  
A sea of joy and beauty shines,  
And not a care  
Waits on the night, her teeming lines,  
Lead forth the countless shining bands,  
Girdling all lands."

So sang the chorus, anthem sweet,  
That rose into the mighty dome,  
And hushed the street;  
The merchant in his princely home,  
On adding to his treasure bent,  
Gives warm assent.

The maiden lifts her fair young face,  
And softly whispers, "How divine!"  
E'en while a trace  
Of falling tears blots out the line—  
"The heart of desolation sighs  
'Neath Christmas skies."

Beside the grand Cathedral door  
A bent form, prematurely old,  
Repeats it o'er,  
"A sea of beauty, but—so cold!"  
And the care-free night—"how glowing  
Is their showing!"

"But where little Joe lies dying,  
In the dark, alone with sorrow,  
Ever trying  
Some new grace from pain to borrow,  
There, surely night and care are one  
Beneath the sun."

"Christmas eve! the world rejoices,  
Full, careless as the careless strain,  
The glad voices  
Are trilling in the holy fane;  
They will not miss, they do not know,  
My little Joe."

The chimes are rung, the star is set,  
But little Joe has slipped away;  
And no regret  
Can chill the mother heart to-day,  
For she has met the angel throng,  
And gone along.

—Selected.

Christmas Everywhere.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night!  
Christmas in lands of the fir tree and pine,  
Christmas in lands of the palm tree and vine,  
Christmas where snow peaks stand solemn and white,  
Christmas where cornfields lie sunny and bright!

Christmas where children are hopeful and gay,  
Christmas where old men are patient and gray,  
Christmas where peace like a dove in his flight  
Broods o'er brave men in the thick of the fight;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

For the Christ-child who comes is the Master of all;  
No palace too great and no cottage too small.  
The angels who welcome him sing from the height.  
In the "City of David" a King in his might;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within,  
Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin,  
Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right,  
Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light;  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

So the stars of the midnight which compass us round  
Shall see a strange glory and hear a sweet sound  
And cry, "Look! the earth is aflame with delight  
O sons of the morning, rejoice at the sight!  
Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

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

Prayer Meeting Topic—December 30.

Numbering our days. Psalm 90: 12  
We should not so number our days as to make this life on earth the only life we have. Time is to be regarded and prized not for the harvest we may reap, but for the seed-sowing that it enables us to do. Earthly life is not a unit; it is only a minute fraction of a unit. For the unit of being is so large that it has in it all opportunity, all occasion, all-achievements, and all duration.

The way, therefore, to number our days is not to so number them that they seem to include the results of our lives, but to so number them that they seem to include simply the beginning of our lives. Our days will bring to us stepping stones which will lead us up to the threshold of a nobler life, nobler in its opportunities, occasions, and the character of its joy.

Wisdom suggests the proper application of facts, the right use of knowledge, the correct direction of our faculties. Your greatest responsibility is yourself. The gravest charge you have to keep is the charge of your own soul. Life weaves us into the fabric of society. We are knitted and knotted with other lives. But death unthreads us from our connections. In the last day you will be responsible for yourself. The blunders of life do not kill. God is always eager to give us one more chance.

The Kingdom of God.

XI. The Consummation of the Kingdom of God. (Part 2. In history).

The purpose of this study is to examine the question which is so frequently asked and so differently answered, "Is the world growing better?" or to put it in another way, Is the Kingdom of God making any progress towards its glorious consummation as outlined in our last study? Does the history of the world, and of the church in particular, warrant the conclusion so finely put by Tennyson:—

"Yet I doubt not through the ages  
One increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened  
With the process of the ages,"

so that the man of faith may appeal to that history as confirming his faith, and on the basis of the knowledge obtained build a larger faith?

We find men who give this question the answer "no." Men were saying no in the day when the author of Ecclesiastes lived, and his reply to them was (Eccl. 7: 10),—"Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this." On the other hand there are those who answer this question with a "yes," who believe that God is not going to be defeated in his gracious purposes for the world, and that his truth is mighty and shall prevail. We confess to belonging to this latter class, and confidently believe that our faith is abundantly justified by the progress of the Kingdom of God through the ages.

If you will recall the second study you will remember that we spoke of three spheres in which the kingdom was to be manifested and established, viz:—

1. The individual.
2. The home or family.
3. The state.

Naturally our inquiry in this study would lead us to consider whether the kingdom had brought to these spheres any betterment, and in what way. In other words has the Kingdom of God done anything for the individual? for the family? for the state?

1. As respects the individual.

The kingdom has done so much for the individual that we hardly know where to begin or what to mention. Think of  
a. His redemption.  
b. His ideal.  
c. His hope.  
d. His motive power.  
e. His freedom.

The gospel of the kingdom is preeminently the gospel of man and for man. It takes in all men (John 3: 16. I Tim. 2: 4. 2 Peter 3: 9); it leaves out none. And by taking hold of the life at its most vital points, it helps men to realize themselves, their mission, their destiny.

Christ didn't free any slaves, yet the gospel of the kingdom has freed the slave in England, America, and in Russia. The gospel has no word about prohibition in the sense in which we understand it, yet the principles of the gospel at work among men are grappling with the mighty evil of intemperance, and pushing demon Rum harder and harder to his death. What is known as the temperance reform movement is three-quarters of a century old, and yet within that time there has been a mighty revolution in the thought and sentiment of a great host of people concerning temperance, both within and without the church. When the Saviour was born the main maxim was, "a man's wolf to a man he does not know." Over against that the kingdom placed its principle of neighborly love. The history of the nineteenth century is the history of the struggle between these two principles. The principle of the kingdom is surely gaining the day.

The King by tabernaculating in our humanity declared the dignity and supreme worth of man, though he was far astray from God, lost in the whirling rapids of sin. Under the gracious influence of the Son of Man the world has been losing its ferocity, and has been becoming more and more considerate and humane both in its thought and its activity concerning man. The growth of this humane spirit is witnessed to in many ways, among which we may mention the following:—

1. The establishing of charitable institutions, such as orphanages, homes for foundlings, etc.
2. Prison reforms.
3. Hospitals.
4. Educational institutions.
5. More humane methods of warfare; and the use of

arbitration in the settling of international disputes instead of an appeal to arms.

f. In the breaking up of the slave trade, and the abolishing of slavery itself.

g. In the sacredness of human life.

h. Especially in the missionary enterprises of the past century. The forces, which the missionary impulse of the last century has set in motion, have not yet brought forth their abundant harvest; nevertheless great and mighty changes have taken place in heathendom, and we believe that even greater and mightier changes are to occur. The Lord has done and is doing great things for us, for man, whereof we are glad.

2. As respects the family.

It will be readily admitted that the Jewish home was by far the best in antiquity. Yet the Jews tolerated polygamy, and woman's position in Jewry was far from ideal. Christ gave new sanctity to the home, especially in his doctrine of husband and wife (Matt. 19: 3-15; 5: 27-32), and forever exalts woman to her proper place in the world's life. It is a recognized fact that it is the gospel of Christ that has given woman her place and mission in the world: and wherever the gospel goes woman has been elevated and honored; and wherever this has occurred the home has been made more sacred. We have only to glance into the history of missions in order to see how true this is. In this connection it is significant that the law of chastity which Christ proclaimed as the law of his kingdom bears directly and indirectly upon the home.

If any one doubts the influence which Christianity has had in making the home what it is in Christian lands, let him read the history of the early times, or the records of pagan countries even to-day. Was it in Babylon, or in Egypt, in Greece, or in Rome that marriage was sacred and woman honored? Is it in China, or in Japan, in India, or in the isles of the Pacific that the home is blessed, and the mother's influence the sweetest, noblest power therein? Ah! we know how it is, only too well. It is only where the Christ has come with his lofty standard of marriage and chastity, with his ideal for manhood and womanhood that the home approaches the end for which it was instituted by the Creator. In Christian lands even those who refuse to acknowledge Jesus as their Lord, are nevertheless dominated in some measure with his thought about the home life. It is Christ who fills our home with blessings, who makes them Christian. Let us give him the honor and the glory.

3. As respects the nation or the state.

Certainly whatever Christianity has done for the individual and for the family, it has also done for the state.

The student of constitutional history will discover that the governments of the world, especially of those peoples where Christianity has been aggressive, have made great changes in the past nineteen centuries. The ancient governments were despotic. The rulers were absolute in authority. They held the power of life and death in their hands. The doctrine of the deification of the emperor in the time of the Caesars appeared in a modified form to be sure, in the theory of Louis XIV, "I am the state," and also in the dogma of the Stuarts of "the divine right of kings." But during these centuries the leaven of the gospel of humanity was working and the people were coming to a different conviction concerning rulers and governments. The democratic tendencies of the 19th century are but the fruitage of the leaven of the kingdom of God. This democratic spirit has given the world a new conception of nationality and government.

Along with this democratic movement has grown up a new ideal of national life as a moral personality with the consciousness of dependence upon God. We are told that when Mr. Lincoln became president of the United States "he ceased to be indifferent to religion and passed into a devout belief in the mysterious control of the destiny of the nation by a sovereign, omnipotent hand." And in the noble life of Queen Victoria, nothing is more beautiful than her devout reliance upon God and her deep sense of responsibility to him for the exercise of the royal power.

Another element in the idea of national life which may be traced to the influence of the Kingdom of God on the nations, is that of a mission, a destiny. The Christ-spirit moving among a people establishes the conviction of a divine destiny, or if you please of a divine election. But the doctrine of election as held by the Christian nation puts in what the Jews were continually leaving out, viz.—that in them shall all the other nations of the earth be blessed. A nation can't be Christian and be selfish, any more than an individual can. The nations as well as individuals are learning more and more that they can not be a wolf to their neighbor, or to the stranger. Thus we are learning human fellowship and brotherhood. This growth has been partly in, and partly out of the church, partly due to, and partly in opposition to the church. But in all cases the solid progress which has been made is due, and can be abundantly shown to be due, to the presence of the Spirit of Christ in the world. In spite of apparent reverses and counter influences that spirit is, we believe, moving steadily on to final victory. (Cf. Rev. 11: 15.)

After all the question as to whether the world is growing better is an individual one. Am I, are you, growing better? that is, are we growing into the likeness of the King, and manifesting his spirit in the world? Young friends, let us answer the question, as we love Christ and pray, "Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done in the earth, even as it is in heaven."

NOTE. There are four books which I would like to mention as helpful books in this important study. They are:—

- Bruce: The Kingdom of God.
- Gulick: The Growth of the Kingdom of God.
- Dorchester: Problem of Religions Progress. (Rev. Ed.)
- Dennis: Christian Missions and Social Progress. (Vols. I and II now out.)

The first will aid us in understanding the Master's teaching concerning the kingdom; the others will help us get clear conceptions of the work which the Spirit of Christ has been, and still is, doing in the world.

## Foreign Mission.

### W. B. M. U.

*"We are laborers together with God."*

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

#### PRAYER TROPIC FOR DECEMBER.

For Chicacole, the missionaries and their helpers, the reading room, Schools and Hospital that God would use them all for the salvation of souls.

Christmas greetings to all the members of our W. M. A. Societies and Mission Bands.

#### A Three-Dollar Christmas.

"I cannot do a single thing for Christmas this year?" mused Mary Graves as she splashed through mud and sleet on her way home from school one tired Friday night. "All these examination papers to correct, my mending three weeks behind, and that ever-present board bill. I've neither time nor money, and if I had I'd just start straight for Helen's, and sleep through the whole tiresome week," and the tired little teacher winked hard to keep the tears from brimming over. She climbed the stairs of the dingy little house she called home and stepped into a dingy room into which she had managed, in the mysteriously womanly way, to bring the atmosphere of home. She lighted her kerosene lamp, slipped into a comfortable wrapper, and with a tired sigh that was almost a sob, dropped into her wicker rocker. Life was not very attractive to Mary Graves that dull December night. She was tired, lonely, homesick. From a dreary school room, through a dreary street, to her dreary room, and by and by a dreary supper of bread and tea and apple sauce with ancient ginger cookies. She decided to indulge in the luxury of a good cry. But as she turned for her handkerchief she found on her bureau a little bundle of mail which Miss Perkins had left for her. A letter from Julie! Oh, how lovely! and then she decided to postpone the tears while she read the long letter from her dearest college friend who had been now for three years in India. It was written fine on thin paper, just an ordinary letter of the ordinary routine: a week of fever, the every-day school life, a short trip to the jungle where she had lived in a tent among real wild heathen, a bit about the successful examinations, and at the end these few personal words: "Oh Mary, Christmas will be 'almost here' when you get this letter. What would I not give for the day with you. You can't think how hungry we get for it all;—the dear old church; the gay tree and practicing carols for the Christmas concert; the delicious mince pies and the turkey; the stockings in the chimney corner; the cold clear starlight; the bells and the holly and the snow. Do write me all about it, Mollie dear. Since Sister Jane died there is no one to write the little homey things. We are going to celebrate with some real home-made bread this year, if the flour isn't carried away by the weevils, and we have a can of real apple sauce which will remind us of home. Will you be with Helen this year, I wonder? You must miss the old home church, and you never speak of any missionary interest where you are now. Haven't you a woman's circle or a mission band? I wish someone would send me a Christmas box for my Brownies here; nothing expensive and nothing bulky, on account of freight charges. Last year I had such a nice box when Ida J. came back, but this year we'll have to do the best we can with some left over cards and a few pencils, but it will be a merry Christmas for the children and a happy Christmas for me, for I shall be busy every minute. There have been some hard things to meet out here, but after all this is the happiest life in the whole world, and seeing Christ born again in these poor sinful hearts makes a perpetual Christmas Day. The hardest thing is that we can't begin to reach them all. Don't our home churches care, Mary? Do you think they know the need? We are so crippled for lack of funds and the Board are so anxious not to increase the debt that they have had to cut down instead of adding to our appropriations, but I will not burden you for I know that you are doing all you can. Your biblewoman, Anama, just came in with shining eyes to tell me of a new caste house opened, and a dear little high caste widow who listened so hungrily to her message, your message, dear, for she is your substitute. But I must stop. Good-night, or rather to you, Good-morning, from your loving Julie."

The bell rang for the apple sauce and tea and Mary ran down. Somehow her thought had changed and instead of reflecting on her own dreariness, she turned to Julie, Julie, who was so fastidious, who loved the æsthetic! How did she ever endure it? Think of bread and apple sauce for a Christmas treat. Miss Perkins looked at her several times as she rather absently drank her tea.

"You didn't get bad news, did you? I see you had a letter from India."

"Oh, no," said Mary, rousing herself. "By the way, Miss Perkins, haven't you a missionary circle here?"

"A what?"

"A circle for foreign missionary work."

"Oh, no, we don't feel any call to do outside. The minister's salary is 'way behind now and if we can't tend to ourselves I guess we'd better not begin on the heathen. I never believed much in that kind of thing. The Lord made 'em and I guesst He can save 'em without my help."

But Mary was not discouraged by this burst of logic and went upstairs again and sat down to her quiet evening. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"I believe I could afford a missionary Christmas. Life seems somehow better worth living when I hear from the other side and know that a part of my hard-earned shekels can really help those shut-in souls. I have such a wide outlook, why shouldn't I help some of these Selftown people to a broader horizon, too?" She took her purse and carefully counted the contents. "By giving up my picture frame, I think I can afford three dollars for my Christmas gifts. It would not buy one ordinary present, and there are at least a dozen people besides my Sunday School class to be remembered. Well, here goes for my list," as she wrote she kept up a mental comment. "Miss Perkins shall have the *Helping Hand*. Poor soul! she has no outlook at all. She never reads anything but the *Selftown Weekly Journal*, but she will have to read this if I give it to her. She can't escape my glittering eye. Then to Helen—I'll send the *Prayer Calendar*. She is so shut in with her invalid mother; but they can both pray for the missionaries and their prayers will be heard. I am sure she does not know or she would care. It may start me on a suggestion for a circle. What can I get for Agnes and Jesse? They have everything and they give me such lovely things. I believe I'd give them each a copy of *Andaloo*. Only fifteen cents each and such an interesting true story! Then for Aunt Jane and Sarah Benton I'll mount that exquisite Wistaria on violet ribbon for little wall banners, twenty cents each—and oh, my class! What can I get for ten lively boys? I wonder if I could get 'Around the World.' I see they have clubs of twenty-five at the ten-cent rate. I'll try to make two of the other teachers do the same, and for a dollar I'll provide those youngsters good up-to-date missionary reading for a year. Now let's see, there are seventeen people already and I still have loads of money left. I wonder if I dare send that little booklet 'For If We Believe' to Mrs. Merton. She is so crushed over her daughter's death!"

"Dear Julie doesn't need any missionary inspiration, but ought to have a little luxury. I have fifty cents left. I have it! There is that lovely illustrated Christmas number of *Scribners*. It shall go straight off to-morrow and will give her a little brightness and change. And still I have fifteen cents left. Oh, dear! I had forgotten Cousin Kate and her baby. There isn't time to crochet socks and he has more pairs than he has toes. I'll make him a member of the Cradle Roll, bless his dear little heart. It may remind Kate of her mother's love for missions, and suggest that in her devotion to that baby she is not doing all she might for the Christ-Child. Five cents still!—was there ever such an elastic three dollars—what can I do with it? I know. It shall buy a stamp and I'll write to the Rooms and find out the very loneliest, forlornest, farthest away missionary and send her the jolliest Christmas letter she ever had. I'll tuck in a sprig of holly and some funny little stories and lots of love, and—I do believe I am getting into the old Christmas whirl after all. I shall have to hurry to get it all done. Come on, examination papers, and let me hustle you out of the way and get to a pleasanter task. So the order came on to the Rooms and the package went promptly back. Each little parcel was daintily tied and properly delivered on Christmas morning.

No, they weren't all converted to missions, and one or two said laughingly, "Isn't Mary queer! A missionary tract, of all things!" But seed must have time to grow, and on the whole Mary believes there is more hope from her missionary seed-sowing than from bits of useless fancy work or scraps of crude painting; for each little gift carried the spirit of him for whom we keep Christmas.

#### Clementvale N. S.

Our W. M. A. Society is continuing in its work. At the October meeting some new officers were appointed. Mrs. Prudie J. Chute who for several years lovingly and faithfully served the Society as President, was returned to that position in place of Mrs. L. J. Tingley, our former pastor's wife. M. E. Banks was elected vice-president, and Mrs. O. C. Chute, Sec'y. and Treas. The former committee's were retained. Although our society is not as progressive as we would wish to see it, yet we are trusting that God will enable us to do more work this

year and help each member to remember God's command, "Go ye therefore and teach all nations and if they cannot go, be willing to help those who have gone by prayers and offerings." MRS. O. C. CHUTE.

#### Bonshaw.

We never seem to have much to report from our W. M. A. S. in Bonshaw. We are few in number and are so scattered we can only meet occasionally. The last summer however, we were able to meet more regularly, consequently have been encouraged and stimulated to greater effort.

We have held two public meetings this year, one on the evening of Sept. 22nd, addressed by Rev. F. J. Bradshaw, returned missionary from China, to whom we feel very grateful for a most interesting meeting; and our thank offering service on the 29th with the following programmes: Address by our President, Mrs. MacLean, readings by Mrs. Clark, Miss Gordon and Mr. James Green; paper on Hospital Work in India, by Miss Bertha Crosby, recitation by Miss Janet Gordon, address by our Pastor, and very choice music kindly furnished by the Tryon choir. Last Wednesday evening we met socially at the home of our much loved sister, Mrs. Mark Quinn, and surprised her by presenting her with the Union's Certificate of life membership. We spent a most enjoyable evening and were sorry our pastor and his wife could not be with us. Added one new name to our membership. G. Crosby, Sec'y.

#### Annandale W. M. A. S.

Though you have not heard from us of late yet we are glad to report still alive, and on the 24th of November we held a public missionary meeting led by the President, consisting of readings and recitations, songs and solos worthy of mention, our deacons, Mr. Nichol and Mr. Mills, gave short addresses. We gained one new member and are greatly encouraged. SEC. V.

### Week of Prayer.

Following is the programme issued by the Evangelical Alliance for the Week of Prayer—January 5th-12th.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 5, 1902.

Sermons, Christ Jesus the head; our Prophet, Priest and King; Col. 1: 18; Eph. 1: 22; 2: 10-19.

MONDAY, JANUARY 6.

The Church Universal, Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and in God the Father who sent Him to save.

Prayer that the church may do God's will and rightly represent Christ, always and everywhere. The recognition of all believers as constituting the one church; and of Jesus Christ as the Head. Eph. 4: 1-17.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 7.

CHRISTENDOM.—Confession of abounding errors in doctrine and practice.

Prayer for implicit obedience to the Holy Spirit speaking through the Inspired Word. Heb. 12: 25-29.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8.

Prayer for Nations: especially our own Empire and Dominion. Rev. 5: 1-14.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 9.

Prayer for families, colleges, schools, Christian character, and rule of love. Parental responsibility. Training the young. Home example. Family prayer. School and College influence. Temperance and self-restraint. Only ministers and teachers. The spirit of Christ animating and energizing. God's word studied, observed and applied to conduct. Col. 3: 1-17.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 10.

Non-Christian Races. Their exceeding need. Their claims. Efforts to reach and evangelize them. The claims of the Jews. Isaiah 61.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11.

HOME AND CITY MISSIONS. Prayer that all such enterprises may be conducted in love, and by the power of the Holy Spirit.

That all home mission workers may be of one heart, serving in holy and hearty co-operation.

That existing evils may be dealt with effectually, so that drinking, gambling, swearing, Sabbath-desecration and immortality of all kinds may be purged out. Rev. 21: 1-18.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 12.

The one Body of Christ. I Cor. 10: 17; I Cor. 12: 13, 13, 27; Col. 1: 17, 18, 24; Eph. 4: 4-16.

It is desired that prayer may be made daily for CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

## Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old.

It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acidity of the blood, on which rheumatism depends, and builds up the whole system.



The Messenger and Visitor

Is the accredited organ of the Baptist denomination of the Maritime Provinces and will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for \$1.50 per annum, payable in advance.

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Ontario Letter.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT.

McMaster University has had quite a sensation. The writer spent parts of two days there at Thanksgiving and found the faculty and students in a condition of unusual excitement.

PROF. M'KAY.

The able and popular professor of mathematics and physics, has been invited to take the principalship of the Technical School of the city of Toronto, and had signified his intention of accepting the position. The offer was certainly tempting. Not only would his salary be nearly doubled, but what was more of an inducement, he would have a free hand in the development of a great institution which has already an enrolment of 1400 students, and is but in the beginning of its career. Strong efforts were made to retain Prof. McKay by the McMaster governors. The students did their part by serenading him in a body. But the letter of acceptance was written, and all gave the matter up as final. However, Prof. McKay reconsidered the question with the result that he withdrew his acceptance and decided to remain at McMaster. Then the excitement broke out again. This time it took the form of a banquet, which was given Friday evening, December 6, when the Professor received an address and a handsome clock, while his wife was presented with a silver tea service.

FOUNDER'S DAY

The annual memorial of Senator McMaster was held on Dec. 19th. It was a special celebration, because on that day the new wing containing chapel and library was dedicated. The corner stone was laid by Mrs. McMaster one year ago, and she was again an honored guest at the dedication of the finished structure.

The proceedings began with prayer by Dr. Farmer, and Scripture Reading by Prof. McKay. On behalf of the Board of Governors, Mr. D. E. Thomson, K. C., named the edifice Castle Chapel; in memory of the first president. Addresses referring to the three uses of the building were given. "How to use a library," Dr. Cross; "Public Speaking among McMaster Students," E. J. Reid, B. A.; and "A graduate's Memory of the Chapel," Rev. W. J. Pady. Congratulatory words were spoken by eminent educationalists of the city, and the service concluded with a brief reply by Chancellor Wallace.

The ground floor of the chapel will seat 600, and the students' gallery will accommodate 200. The library is in the basement, and is arranged for 25,000 volumes.

In the evening a lecture was given in the new hall, by Dr. Faunce, president of Brown University, on "The service of the College to the State and the Church," after which a reception was held.

On Friday, Dec. 20, the Alumni Society held a Conference. The program included the following topics: "The Churches of the Masses," Rev. J. B. Kennedy, Toronto; "What Baptists Stand for," Rev. G. Gilmore, Montreal; "The Life and Work of Huxley," Prof. R. W. Smith, McMaster University; "Our University as a preparation for post-graduate study," Prof. McLeay, and Mr. W. W. Charters.

CHURCH CHIMES

Bloor St., Toronto, is still pastorless. Beginning in Jan. 1902, Dr. J. D. Herr of Norwich, Mass., will supply for some months.

James St., Hamilton, is also pastorless. Rev. Ralph Hunt, late of Jamaica Plain, N. Y., is supplying for three months.

In Montreal three anniversaries have lately been held. The First church, J. A. Gordon, pastor, has just celebrated its seventieth anniversary. Point St. Charles church enjoyed the sixth anniversary Nov. 24th.

Olivet church, has sold to the C. P. R. for \$5,000 and will build in a more central locality. Grace Church anniversary was held Sunday, Dec. 8th.

There are now in Montreal, six Baptist

churches, with a combined membership of 1,200, and 1,350 in the Sunday Schools.

In Toronto, the corner stone of a new church on Sheridan Ave., has been laid. This is a child of the church extension society formed some months ago.

MINISTERIAL MOVEMENTS.

Rev. W. H. Porter, Toronto, goes to Cleveland to help Dr. Eaton for four months.

Rev. R. R. McKay of Woodstock, goes to Brandon.

Rev. S. A. Dyke returns to Toronto from Woonsocket, R. I.

Rev. D. Reddick has come back from Denver, Col., and has settled in Rat Portage.

Rev. H. F. Adams of Truro, N. S., has been visiting Toronto, where he was pastor twenty years ago; and in a letter to "The Globe" he thus describes the situation: "After twenty years I find the little one has become a thousand; for the Baptists have outstripped the growth of population. Their theological hall has become a university, her seven churches have become sixteen, with a membership of five thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, and six thousand two hundred and fifty-eight scholars in their Sunday School."

The Mission Herald is the name of a new religious periodical which has just made its appearance in St. John. It is a twelve page monthly undenominational in character, and it proposes to devote attention especially to work for boys. The editor is H. E. K. Whitney and its business manager, F. C. McLean.

Personal.

We are pleased to know that the Rev. J. Miles who has been in poor health for a time is able to resume pastoral work. He has accepted a call to the church at Cheggogin, Yarmouth county, N. S., and has removed to that place from Surrey, Albert county, N. B.

The Earth Has Grown Old.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care,  
But at Christmas it always is young;  
The heart of the jewel grows lustrous and fair,  
And its soul full of music breaks forth in the air,  
When the song of the angel is sung.  
It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night!  
On the snow flakes that cover thy sod;  
The feet of the Christ-Child falls gentle and white,  
And the voice of the Christ-Child tells out with delight  
That mankind are the children of God.  
The feet of the humblest may walk in its field  
Where the feet of the holiest have trod,  
This, this is the marvel of mortals revealed  
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed  
That mankind are the children of God.  
—Phillips Brooks.

IF INTERESTED

If interested in children you are interested in Scott's Emulsion. As a remedy for consumption and other forms of lung and throat diseases Scott's Emulsion has won such fame that its value as a children's medicine is sometimes forgotten. It is worth remembering

There is nothing like Scott's Emulsion for bringing strength and health to drooping children. It always has this general action.

But notice!—that for rickets, scrofula, tubercular disease, whooping cough, St. Vitus's dance, coughs and colds—Scott's Emulsion has a direct effect. Food and medicine all in the same dose.

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

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77 King Street.  
59 Charlotte Street.  
6 South Market St.

Send along your requests for samples of any of the NEW FALL DRESS MATERIALS

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

For Separate Skirts and Tailor-made Suits the heavier materials are in favor. In these we are showing an enormous assortment. Prices running from 80c for the all wool friezes up to \$4.50 per yard. Lighter weight materials run in price from 25c up to \$3.50 per yard.



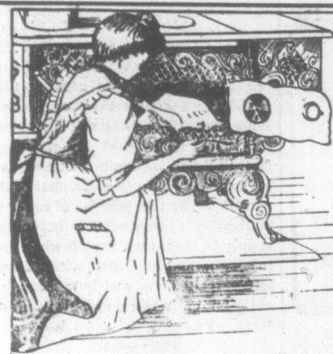
LADIES' UNDERVESTS.—The best value that can be procured. An excellent close woven, soft finish, fleece lined Ladies' Undervest in four sizes, 28 to 34, at 50c. per garment. Drawers to match, 50c. per pair.

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

CHILDREN'S FLEECE LINED DRAWERS. Loose down, to the knees, with Jersey fitting leg from knee down, so they will fit neat under the stocking.

Prices from 38c. to 50c. according to size.

F.A. DYKEMAN & CO.



"Famous Active" Ranges

have Small Basting Door on Large Oven Door.

Just large enough to baste a fowl or roast, shift a pan, etc., and yet too small to admit enough cold air to chill the oven.

The "FAMOUS ACTIVE" has all the special features found on all the other ranges made in Canada, and many exclusive ones.

A perfect baker, and a fuel saver.

Regulated oven. Thermometer on oven door.

4 or 6 cooking holes. 42 styles and sizes.

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Notices.

At the Home Mission Board meeting convened in Yarmouth Sept. 10, a provisional committee of the Board was appointed to take charge of the work hitherto carried on by Bro. Cohoon, until such time as his successor could be obtained or a permanent satisfactory disposition of his work be arranged. Correspondence upon all Home Mission questions should be addressed to me during this provisional arrangement. Any correspondence forwarded to me, will be immediately submitted to the members of the committee. P. G. MODE, Sec'y. Prov. Com. Yarmouth, P. O. Box 322.

P. S.—I would like it to be understood that I have nothing whatever to do with the finances of Home Missions. Bro. Cohoon of Wolfville still has entire charge of these matters. Please do not send me any money, inasmuch as it only multiplies correspondence and complicates book-keeping. P. G. MODE.

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

Dec. 20th. The Lunenburg county Quarterly Meeting will convene with the "Day Spring" Baptist church, 13th and 14th of January, 1902. Let all the churches of the county be represented by delegates. W. B. BEZANSON, Sec'y.

Sunday-school Teacher—"What was the last thing that God created?" Little Girl—"The Joneses' Baby."—The Woman's Journal.

It Hurt To Eat.

The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspeptics suffer after every meal can all be permanently removed by Burdock Blood Bitters.

It tones up and restores the stomach to normal condition so that it digests food without causing discomfort.

Here's proof positive:

Miss Maggie Spude, Dalhousie, N.B., wrote the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and felt very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomfort."

A little girl's composition on boys is as follows: "When a boy hollers he opens his big mouth like frogs, but girls hold their tongue, till they are spoke to, and then answer respectable and tell just how it was."

## In the Clutch Of Consumption.



Don't neglect that persistent hacking cough till you find yourself in the clutch of Consumption. It's an easy matter to stop it now by taking

### DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

This pleasant remedy heals and soothes the lungs and bronchial tubes, and cures lingering and chronic coughs when other remedies fail.

Mr. W. P. Cann, writing from Morpeth, Ont., says: "I honestly believe I would have died of consumption only for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I have used it for years and consider it has no equal for severe colds and throat troubles."

You May Need

## Pain-Killer

For Cuts Burns Bruises

Cramps Diarrhoea All Bowel Complaints

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy.

There's only one PAIN-KILLER PERRY DAVIS' Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

## For 60 Years

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

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

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

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

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



## We do not believe it!

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

Free syllabus on application.

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We want very person who is interested in Business Education either for themselves or others to send for our Year Book containing full information. Your name and address on a post-card will bring it to you. Address

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

## The Home

### FAINTING FITS.

Ordinary fainting fits are not often dangerous in the least. They are caused by the temporary absence of blood from the brain, caused by a sudden fright or shock of any kind; even by a slight attack of indigestion. If you are certain the attack is simply one of ordinary fainting, the remedy is a simple one. Lower the head and lift the body and feet a little higher, so as to allow the blood to flow back to the head. Loosen the clothing about the throat and waist and allow an abundance of fresh air to be admitted to the room. Do not allow many persons to stand about the person fainting, as they exhaust the air. Apply smelling salts to the nostrils or ordinary ammonia diluted with water and poured on the handkerchief. A little sal volatile or twenty drops of sweet spirits of lavender in a half glass of cold water will assist in restoring consciousness, when the patient can swallow. Unless a physician is present to prescribe do not give more powerful medicine.—Ex.

### AVOID COUGHING.

A physician who is connected with an institution in which there are many children, says: "There is nothing more irritable to a cough than coughing. For some time I had been so fully assured of this that I determined for one minute at least to lessen the number of coughs heard in a certain ward in a hospital of the institution. By the promise of rewards and punishments I succeeded in inducing them simply to hold their breath when tempted to cough, and in a little while I was myself surprised to see how some of the children entirely recovered from the disease.—Ex.

**Peanut Nougat.**—Take two cupfuls of confectioner's sugar, place in a sautepan over the fire, and, as soon as dissolved, throw into it one cupful of shelled peanuts, stirring rapidly. Pour this quickly in a buttered pan, press it into a flat cake with a buttered knife. It will be necessary to work fast, as it cools quickly.

**Peppermints.**—Take two cupfuls of granulated sugar, and half a cupful of water. Let it boil hard all over the sautepan for about three minutes, and then add two teaspoonfuls of essence of peppermint. Take from the fire at once, and stir hard until the mixture is white and creamy. Then drop them on paraffine paper, any size desired, twirling spoon to make them round.

**Butter Scotch.**—Boil, together, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of molasses, half a cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of vinegar, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful of soda. Stir it frequently, to prevent burning. Drop a little into ice cold water, and if it hardens, quickly and is brittle, remove from the fire, and flavor with lemon and vanilla, a teaspoonful each. Pour upon a buttered tin. It should be one-fourth of an inch thick. When nearly cold, mark off in strips or squares, and wrap in paraffine paper.

**Cocanut Balls.**—Beat the white of one egg, to a light, stiff froth, as for frosting, then stir in enough confectioner's sugar to make it stiff to stir, then add unsweetened desiccated cocoanut until the mass is stiff enough to knead with the hands. After thoroughly incorporating the cocoanut and sugar, break off small pieces and roll into balls. Put a little cocoanut in a dish, and while the surface of the balls is soft roll them in it.—Ex.

### DOUGHNUTS AND OLY KOEKS.

There is considerable confusion at present between the "doughty doughnut" of old Dutch fame and the modern doughnut which is undoubtedly not a doughnut, but a successor of the old Dutch oly koek. In old Kullerbocker cookbooks written in faded ink and handed down from colonial times we often find the rule we now use for Christmas doughnuts labelled "oly

koeks." Doughnuts were formerly nothing more than dough cakes fried in fat and made from bread dough. They were rolled in sugar after they were fried, but they contained no sugar and no "shortenings" to make them sweet and crisp. Oly koeks are rich raised cakes, not quite so "crisp and crumbling" as crullers, which were raised with eggs like pound cake, while the oly koek, like the doughnut, was raised with yeast.

The rule we give to-day dates back many generations in the old New York family from which it comes. It is easily remembered, because it calls for one cup of homemade yeast—perpetual yeast makes delicious oly koeks or modern doughnuts—one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, two cups of new milk and two eggs and a good pinch of salt. Cream the butter, and sugar, add the eggs and a little flour, warm and sifted. After this add the milk and the yeast, and finally enough warm sifted flour to make a dough as stiff as you can stir it. It should be a stiff batter to make a dough when it is risen that is as soft as it can be rolled. Let the dough rise until it has increased three times in volume. It will take about eighteen hours, when the weather is cool. Roll the dough out on a floured board and cut it into balls with a cutter about the size of the cover of the tea caddy.

Put a raisin or half a teaspoonful of sweetmeats of some kind in the centre of each ball, and let these oly koeks rise until they are very light, or for about an hour. Fry them each for ten minutes in very hot fat. Roll them in powdered sugar after they are cooked. They will keep a long time if covered up in a stone pot. They are properly served with ice cream or syllabub.—N. Y. Tribune.

Whatever faults the Turk may have (Some wouldn't do to print). This to his credit must be said: The Turk can take a hint.

Just drop a ton of bricks on him Or hit him with a bat, And he at once will understand What you are driving at. —Chicago News.

To watch her was a fearsome sight! She "beat" the eggs, both yolk and white, She "whipped" the cream with all her might, And "stoned" the raisins with delight! That's why Miss Seraphina Newell Was thought by some to be quite cruel. —Union Signal.

**THE BABY WENT TO BOY-LAND.**  
He sat on my knee at evening,  
The boy who is "half-past three,"  
And the clear blue eye from his sun-browned face  
Smiled happily up to me.  
I held him close as the twilight fell,  
And called him "My dear little son,"  
Then I said, "I have wondered for many days,  
Where it is that my baby's gone."  
"I'd a baby once in a long white-gown,  
Whom I rocked just as I do you.  
His hair was as soft as yellow silk,  
And his eyes were like violets blue,  
His little hands were like pink-tipped flowers—  
See, yours are so strong and brown!  
He has slipped away and is lost, I fear,  
Do you know where my baby's gone?"  
Did my voice half-break as the thoughts would come  
Of the sweet and sacred days  
When motherhood's first joys were mine?  
Was a shade of regret on my face?  
For close round my neck crept a sturdy arm.  
And the boy who is "half-past three" Said, "The baby—he went to Boy land,  
And didn't you know?—he's me!"  
—Philadelphia North American.

A case that is interesting St. Louis physicians is that of Eli Daniels, a patient in the City Hospital, who is convalescing from an operation on the heart. Daniels, who is a negro, roostabout on the steamer City of Chester, was stabbed in the heart at Chester, Ill. Dr. H. L. Nister, superintendent of the City Hospital, where Daniels was taken twenty-four hours after being cut, sewed up the wound, taking several stitches, and the patient is now well on the road to recovery.

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and ours is so strong we guarantee a cure or refund money, and we send you free trial bottle if you write for it. SHILOH'S costs 25 cents, and will cure Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and all Lung Troubles. Will cure a Cough or Cold in a day, and thus prevent serious results. It has been doing these things for 50 years.

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Miss Clark, Supt. Grace Hospital Toronto, writes they have also used it with the best results.  
50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.  
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## PURE GOLD TOMATO CATSUP

"It's like mother's" Natural color Natural thickness Natural flavor.

Tomatoes and crushed Spices only—try it.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON.

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

First Quarter, 1902.

JANUARY TO MARCH.

Lesson I. January 5. Acts 1: 1-11

GOLDEN TEXT.

While he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.— Luke 24: 51.

EXPLANATORY.

I. JESUS RAISED FROM THE DEAD. HENCE THE EVER-LIVING MESSIAH SAVIOUR.—Vs. 1-3. THE FORMER TREATISE, or history,—the gospel according to Luke,—deals with the ascension as the close of the earthly life of Jesus; it is there the final sequel of the resurrection; but in the Acts "the ascension is contemplated as the opening of the heavenly life" as the beginning of the founding and development of Christ's church, the visible kingdom of heaven. O THEOPHILUS. A proper name, not uncommon among the Greeks and the Jews. ALL THAT JESUS BEGAN BOTH TO DO AND TEACH. Either what Jesus did from the beginning, or implying "that the former treatise related what Jesus began to do and to teach; and this relates what he, the same Jesus, continued to do and to teach." Everything that Jesus did or taught was but a beginning, a seed from which far greater things were to grow.

2. UNTIL THE DAY. Luke closes his gospel with the account of the ascension. TAKEN UP TO HEAVEN. THROUGH THE HOLY GHOST. Showing that the commission was from a divine source, and guided by the Holy Spirit. HAD GIVEN COMMANDMENTS UNTO THE APOSTLES. At various times during his life and the forty days of his resurrection life, but especially at his last appearance.

3. TO WHOM ALSO HE SHOWED HIMSELF. Not merely "appeared," but showed himself, made himself appear. AFTER HIS PASSION. "Too sacred a word to be expunged from this the only place where it occurs in the Bible." BY MANY INFALLIBLE PROOFS. "Infallible proofs" is one word in the original, and signifies "proofs by sure signs." R. V. simply "proofs," the technical use of the Greek word, "convincing certain evidence." FORTY DAYS AT INTERVALS, ten or eleven times SPEAKING OF THE THINGS PERTAINING TO THE KINGDOM OF GOD, which was to be unfolded and carried on through them.

II. THE PROMISE OF POWER.—Vs. 4-8. 4. AND BEING ASSEMBLED TOGETHER WITH THEM, the twelve (pointing back to Luke 24: 49) They assembled probably in Jerusalem on the day of ascension, whence Jesus led them out toward Bethany (Luke 24: 50). COMMANDED THEM. Emphatic, "charged them." SHOULD NOT DEPART FROM JERUSALEM, BUT WAIT. They waited by prayer, by conference together, by doing necessary duties (vs. 13, 14, and rest of the chapter.) Waiting is

not sleeping with folded hands. "Tarry at the promise till God meets you there." They waited ten days. FOR THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER. For the fulfilment of the promise which the Father had given. It was really the sum and substance of all the promises of the coming of the kingdom of God, and the redeemed world to Abraham, to David, and through the prophets, especially Isaiah. WHICH... WE HAVE HEARD OF MR. This promise is alluded to in Luke 24: 49, and found in John 14: 16, 26; 15: 26. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another comforter, that he may abide with you forever."

5. FOR JOHN the Baptist, the forerunner of Christ, TRULY BAPTISED WITH WATER, the symbol and type of a higher and better baptism. Many were brought to repentance then. But something far mightier, higher, better, was needed. YE SHALL BE BAPTISED WITH (or in) THE HOLY GHOST. As the element in which the baptism is performed. Not that this would be the first time that the Holy Spirit had been received, but that the influence would come with peculiar manifestations, in great abundance, and upon all disciples. NOT MANY DAYS HENCE About ten days, on Pentecost. "Not many days, that they may hope, but he does not say how few, in order that they may wait."

6. WHEN THEY THEREFORE WERE COME TOGETHER on the Mount of Olives (v. 12). THEY ASKED Kept asking, "the imperfect denoting a repetition of the question." LORD, WILT THOU (R. V. "dost thou") AT THIS TIME RESTORE AGAIN THE KINGDOM TO ISRAEL? As promised again and again in the Scriptures. Israel was then subject to the Roman power. They probably imagined that the world would be converted to Judaism, and that Jerusalem, the holy city, would be the resort of all nations, the centre of light and power and religion for the world. They probably had no conception and could not have, of any other way in which the hopes of the Jews and the promises of the Bible could be accomplished.

7. AND HE SAID, implying that their general expectation of some kind of restoration was correct. IT IS NOT FOR YOU TO KNOW THE TIMES OR THE SEASONS. Omit the. It is not for you to know times, the duration of future periods of church history, or seasons, critical periods, occasions of special importance, the marked epochs in the development of the kingdom of God. WHICH THE FATHER HATH PUT (or placed) IN HIS OWN POWER (or authority.) Kept within his own absolute disposal; the dates of which he will make known when he sees fit.

8. BUT INSTEAD OF THIS USELESS KNOWLEDGE YE SHALL RECEIVE POWER to accomplish the things you desire to know, to make the Ideal, the Real. You cannot know the future, but you can make it.

III. THE GREAT COMMISSION.—Vs. 8. Having an ever-living King, and the promise of the necessary power, the next step was an authoritative commission, a work committed to them by divine authority. That work was to "be witnesses that Jesus was the Messiah," the expected Saviour and deliverer.

YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO MR. The words, which are apparently identical with those of Luke 24: 48, strike the keynote of the whole book, which is the history of the way and the places in which the commission was carried out. The gospel is built upon facts, not theories. The gospels are the summary of the witness of the apostles. They were written many years after the apostles began to preach, and are the story that had been told many hundreds of times by these witnesses. And still the power of preaching and of teaching is not in arguing, but in witnessing, in declaring the truths known and tested by experience.

First. IN JERUSALEM where the facts of his death and resurrection were best known; the central point of the former dispensation, on which the new was to be grafted (Acts 1: 7)

Second. AND IN ALL JUDAEA, AND IN SAMARIA, when the disciples were driven from Jerusalem by persecution (Acts 8: 12)

Third. UNTO THE UTTERMOST PART OF THE EARTH. By "uttermost" both time and space are included; to the remotest corners of the earth, to the remotest period of time.

IV. THE ASCENDED LORD.—Vs. 9. We next come to the connective link between the earthly and the heavenly life of Jesus. The same Jesus who lived and taught on earth now rules in glory and power in heaven over his earthly kingdom.

9. WHILE THEY BEHELD. A CLOUD RECEIVED HIM OUT OF THEIR SIGHT. (Compare Matt 17: 5; Luke 9: 34.) Perhaps it was like the "fiery cloud" pillar, the symbols of God that led the Israelites through the wilderness, or Elijah's storm chariot, or the bright cloud of glory which overshadowed him on the Mount of Transfiguration.

V. THE PROMISED RETURN.—Vs. 10-11. This was the assurance that Jesus was

to be with his people as he had promised, and would carry out his work to complete success.

TO AND WHILE THEY LOOKED STEDFASTLY. "Looked stedfastly" is one word in the Greek, and "denotes a fixed, steadfast, protracted gaze." It is frequently employed by medical writers to denote a peculiar, fixed look. AS HE WENT. "As he was going." "The present tense denotes that the cloud was still visible for a considerable time, as if carrying their eyes and their hearts with him to heaven." They gazed with intense eagerness, questioning what it all meant. BEHOLD. Implying suddenness. TWO MEN. Angels in the form of men (Compare Matt. 28: 2-5 with Luke 24: 4) IN WHITE APPAREL. No doubt, like the angels in Matt 28: 3, "his raiment white as snow," and "in shining garments" (Luke 24: 4) The brilliant whiteness showed their pure nature and the bright lumen whence they came. As his advent and his resurrection, so his return to heaven was accompanied by ministering angels.

11. YE MEN OF GALILEE. All of them were Galileans. WHY STAND YE GAZING UP as if you had lost your Master, and he was separated from you forever? THIS SAME JESUS. The very same, but in another form. The physical body was changed into heavenly glory. "Under any circumstances, heavenward gaze, contemplation, seraphic vision, must be exchanged while for earth's duty. We must come down from the mount, whether it be the Mount of Beatitudes, or of Transfiguration, or of Olivet." SHALL SO COME IN LIKE MANNER. Visibly, openly, gloriously. This apparently refers to the final coming of our Lord at the completion of his earthly mission, when shall be fulfilled the description of the new Jerusalem in Rev. 21: 22. The angels only reminded the apostles of what Jesus himself had promised them "Henceforth from this time on, you will see the Son of man seated on the right hand of power and coming in the clouds of heaven" (Matt 26: 64)

VI. WAITING FOR THE PROMISE.—Vs. 12-14. 12. RETURNED THEY UNTO JERUSALEM. Where they had been commanded to remain; the best place for the manifestation of the Spirit and the fulfilment of the promise. A SABBATH DAY'S JOURNEY. About two thousand cubits, or three-fourths of a mile.

13. INTO AN UPPER ROOM. The Greek has the definite article, "the" upper room some well-known place of resort. WHERE ABODE. Not as a home, but as a regular place of meeting, their church home. Besides this, they were regular attendants at the temple services (at nine and at three o'clock.) The eleven apostles, as named, were the central company.

The Hacking Cough.

One of the meanest things to get rid of is a hacking cough. There is apparently no cause for it. No soreness, no irritation at first; but the involuntary effort of the muscles of the throat to get rid of something is almost constant. Of course, with many coughs is a habit, but it is a bad habit, and should be stopped. When you realize this and try to stop it, you find you can't, for by that time there is an actual irritation, which will never get better without treatment.

It is a curious thing that nearly all treatment for cough actually makes the cough worse. Then, too most medicines for cough have a bad effect in the stomach. This is especially true of so-called cough remedies that contain a narcotic. The true treatment for cough is one that heals the irritated surfaces. This is what Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm does. It protects the throat also while the healing process is going on. When this remedy was first compounded our old men were young boys, and all this time it has been doing a steady work of healing throats. The most obstinate hacking cough will quickly show the effect of the Balm. People who have been trying for years to break up the mean little cough, will find a sure friend in this delicate soothing compound made from the barks and gums of trees. All druggists sell Adamson's Botanic Balm. 25 cents.

I was cured of Acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Bay of Islands. J. M. CAMPBELL.

I was cured of Facial Neuralgia by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Springhill, N. S. WM. DANIELS

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Eureka Harness Oil advertisement with image of a horse and harness.

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Fourth (enlarged) Edition just published. Joint Stock Accounts a prominent feature. Mailed for retail price, \$1. Send for our catalogue, containing terms, etc., for our Business and Shorthand courses of study. Now is the time to enter.

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

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Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by

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

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

Faith advertisement.

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Balsam advertisement.

Advertisement with human figure.

Canada fifty finest Cards advertisement.

Cod Liver Oil advertisement.

Advertisement with 'UP' text.

## From the Churches.

### Denominational Funds.

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

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

**WITTENBERG, N. S.**—On Lord's day last I had the pleasure of baptizing Mary, the second daughter of our brother, Ezekiel T. Sibley, Esq., and welcoming her and one other young sister into the fellowship of this church at the close of the morning service. God be praised for these recent mercy drops. A. E. INGRAM.

**4TH HILLSBORO.**—For the past four weeks Evangelist J. A. Marple has been assisting us in special meetings with the 4th Hillsboro church, and the Lord has blessed his labors with us in the reviving of the church and the salvation of souls. On Sunday, Dec. 1st, eight were baptized into the fellowship of the above named church. At the close of the special meetings on the 7th, William Bishop and Watson Osborne were ordained deacons. We are now at work with the Caledonia church and already a number have confessed Christ. Brethren, pray for us. A. A. RUTLEDGE.

**NEW HORTON, ALBERT COUNTY, N. B.** Since reporting two weeks back the increase of interest and baptisms in this church the people have shown their appreciation of their pastor by presenting him with a gift of \$25. This donation was made during a very pleasant evening spent with the friends at the home of Mrs. Moody Reid, daughter of the late Deacon Chipman Read. Dollar bills show which way the wind blows even more pleasantly than straws. We trust such laden winds may prevail throughout these Provinces and strike every Baptist parsonage. We begin special services in Harvey next week. M. E. FLETCHER.

**SACKVILLE.**—Of late our church has been wonderfully blessed of God. Several have found the Saviour precious to their souls. We have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing converts following their Lord in baptism the four consecutive Sundays ending the 15th inst. Many of our old members have been revived by the Holy Spirit, and some of them have had a most blessed experience in their Christian life. The Lord is with us and it is the intention of our pastors to begin holding special meetings about the 30th inst. Rev. A. T. Robinson, late of Regina, has arrived and taken charge of the Bethel section of our church, as the co-pastor to Bro. McLatchy. For the first time in this old historic church we have two associate or co-pastors. We trust the Lord will bless us more and more. F. W. E. Dec. 19th.

**OAK CHURCH, RIVER JOHN, N. S.**—We are now entering upon our eighth year on this field, and under more favorable circumstances than at the beginning of any previous year. We are comfortably placed in the parsonage, which the churches of the field have purchased. It has cost the brethren some sacrifice, nevertheless the burden is born willingly. Of this burden the brethren of River John are bearing nearly three-fourths. New Annan bears one-fourth, being relieved by River John because of their expense in building a new church. We are also repairing the Oak church. We are enabled to do this through the generosity of Bro. Charles Sutherland who resides in California. Though far away, he never forgets the home church. Every year some token of his kind remembrance is received. J. T. DIMOCK. Dec. 18th.

**GUYSBORO, N. S.**—Sunday, Dec. 8th, it was my privilege to exchange pulpits with A. C. Berrie (lic.) pastor of Crow Harbor Baptist church. It was gratifying to find such a warm hearted people, also to see how deeply entrenched into the hearts of this people is their present pastor. I baptised Nina Creamer, daughter of Dea. Creamer. We trust Bro. Berrie will be the instrument used in God's hands of bringing many of the un saved of the community to Jesus Christ. Bro. Berrie remained with me for several nights, preaching at the Cove; Pastor Whitney (lic.) of New

Harbor also preached one night. We trust that for Guysboro county there is great blessing in store. The religious atmosphere is warming and indications are for great glory to God. E. QUICK.

**CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.**—Since Pastor Raymond's resignation our church has been dealing with the matter of his successor, and after due deliberation Rev. Johnson L. Miner has been invited to become our pastor and has accepted. Mr. Miner has been laboring in Plymouth, Mass., for the past three or four years, and expects to be in his pulpit here first Sunday in January. During the interim we have not been entirely pastorless, as Bro. Raymond has stood by us and he has not yet preached his farewell sermon. In deciding this matter we have departed from what is almost a custom—we had no candidating. We have never seen Mr. Miner, but on his reputation we called him, and he, without having seen us, decided to come, and we trust that he who knows us both approves of the new relationship and that the result may be the advancement of his kingdom. CLERK.

**RIVER HERBERT, N. S.**—Our general missionary, Rev. A. F. Baker, and Bro. H. A. McLean visited us on the 16th ult., and remained three weeks. Bro. Baker preached the old gospel of salvation by grace in "demonstration of the Spirit and of power." He used no foreign or hot-house methods of rearing plants. The gospel was the "power." In a clear searching and convincing manner was "ruined by the fall and recovery by grace" presented. Sin in all its hateful, malignant and damning character was shown up. Then the Lord Jesus was lifted on the Cross higher still. Bro. McLean assisted greatly by singing sweetly and in exhortation and prayer. As a result eight were baptized by Bro. Baker on the 8th inst. In the evening it was our privilege to give the hand of fellowship to ten, two having joined by experience. As the gleaming goes on we hope to gather a good sized bundle of ripe and well developed grain. PASTOR.

**CLEMENTSPORT AND SMITH'S COVE, N. S.**—In addition to the recent gifts from Clementsport, the pastor is happy to acknowledge valued and kindly remembrances from Deep Brook and Smith's Cove. Increasing congregations and deep interest make manifest the spiritual life of this field. At the Brook two regular services during the week are largely attended and well sustained. A Union has recently been organized, with Mrs. Louisa Clements president. At the Port a ladies' Society was organized on the 16th, with Mrs. Silbert Hicks, honorary president; Mrs. Joseph Roop, president; Mrs. William Merritt, vice president; Mrs. John Hicks, secretary-treasurer. At the Cove everything indicates a prosperous New Year. The Tuesday and Thursday meetings are highly prized, and the Conference and communion seasons are attended by large numbers. The fine meeting house has just been improved by being newly shingled and repainted. The heating arrangement has been much improved. The Junior deacons have been elected, Simeon Sullis, S. H. Hall and Spurgeon Weir. They will be ordained on the evening of the annual roll call, January 7th. The Upper Clements folk have put in a handsome set of pulpit furniture. We are looking for continued and greater good things in the future. WARD FISHER. Dec. 18th.

**TABERNACLE, ST JOHN, N. B.**—The Tabernacle is still closed, and the prospect is not very bright for reopening it at present. We cannot tell whether we shall do so in a month or in three months. I began my work here on Oct. 20th. The congregation at the evening service of that day numbered 400. On the following week the epidemic of small pox broke out, near Haymarket Square, and on Sunday morning, Nov. 10th, I looked into the blanched faces of 13 persons. The Sunday School of the afternoon had a total attendance of three. We then decided to close the church indefinitely as an epidemic of small pox in our immediate neighborhood appeared to be imminent. The Tabernacle has been closed over six weeks, and during these dark days our hands, our heads and our hearts have been full of testing and

trying, labor, thought and emotion; and the end is not yet. Our people are perplexed, and our congregation scattered; but these things bulk less with us than they ever did before. Upon the walls of my isolated room, in the old Tabernacle, this motto hangs "After Clouds Sunshine." We pray that the "shadows" will soon "flee away." After that we hope for a turn in the tide, when, D. V., we trust it will soon be high water with us. For the present I am cut off from direct communication with my friends, but anything addressed to "The Tabernacle" will find me. Wishing you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year I close. Dec. 18. HOWARD H. ROACH.

**BARTON, N. S.**—The cause of God is in a low state on this field. At Plympton the Baptist interest is small but there are some who are active in the work of the Lord. We are not without some tokens of the Divine favor. The prayer meetings are small but are seasons of refreshing. The Sabbath services are well attended in all sections of the field. Two new voices have recently been heard at Plympton testifying for Christ. They have received light and grace to confess Christ. Last Sabbath was a good day for Baptists at Plympton. A good number of people witnessed an impressive baptism. Isaiah Sabean, a man of mature years, was baptized and welcomed into the church. Bro. Sabean has a history. He has seen much of life. For ten years he was a soldier of the Queen, serving in South Africa and Japan. Then he became a policeman in Liverpool, England, and held that position for twenty-five years. The Lord has dealt graciously with him, spared his life, brought him back to his native land, given him a good hope of everlasting life through Christ, grace to follow his Saviour in baptism and take upon him the vows of discipleship. The Lord be praised for the deliverance he has wrought for this brother in advanced life. We are thankful for the mercy drops but are praying for showers of blessing. J. W. BANCROFT.

In re Rev. E. A. Allaby.

At the last session of the Yarmouth county Quarterly Meeting, the following action was taken in the case of Rev. A. E. Allaby:

Whereas Rev. A. E. Allaby, late pastor of the Bay View Baptist church in this county, has been received into fellowship with Reformed Baptists, (so-called), and the Bay View church having withdrawn fellowship from Bro. Allaby, therefore Resolved, that it becomes the duty of the pastors and delegates here assembled to state publicly that Bro. Allaby is no longer a Baptist minister, and is in no way whatever connected with the Baptist body. D PRICE, Chairman. P. G. MODR, Sec'y.

### Quarterly Meeting

The Baptist Quarterly Meeting of the Counties of Colchester and Pictou, convened at Brookfield, on the 16th and 17th inst. In the unavoidable absence of the regular appointee, for Monday evening, the Secretary endeavored to supply the deficiency. Three meetings were held on Tuesday. The reports of most of the churches were hopeful in spirit. The additions to the churches for the quarter as reported were: A adia Mines, ten by baptism and four by experience. At Great Village, four by baptism. At Wittenberg, three by baptism.

The pastor and his excellent wife, are thus greatly encouraged in their work. The Five Island and Lower Economy church, now have the services of Pastor Roop all to themselves, and the church at Bass River and Portauquique, have called Bro. Haverstock to resume pastoral work with them, and he will soon enter upon his labor there.

The Brookfield delegates sought and obtained the careful advice of the Quarterly concerning some difficulties said to exist in their midst. A Bible reading entitled "Four lessons in school of prayer," was presented by Rev. C. H. Martell. A sermon was preached by our president, Rev. M. A. McLean, from Rom. 3:28. The W. M. A. S., met at 3:30, while the brethren met in private conference. In the evening an Evangelistic service was held. When addresses were delivered by Bro. William Cummings, Esq., Revs. Dr. Birch, A. M. McLean and others. A. E. INGRAM, Sec'y.

The transport Victoriau will not arrive at Halifax until about January 17. The Manhattan is due on the 7th.



## SURPRISE SOAP

*Is a Pure, Hard, Solid Soap.*  
Economical in wearing qualities.

Most satisfactory in results.  
Gives the whitest clothes,  
clean and sweet.  
You make the best bargain in  
soap when you buy

**SURPRISE**

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!

## Pond's Extract

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which easily cure and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

## BUSINESS MEN

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

## SEND FOR

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

OUR NEW TERM begins Thursday, January 2.



S. KERR & SON

Oddfellow's Hall.

## Kind Greetings

of the Season to ONE and ALL is tendered by the manufacturers of

**WOODILL'S  
GERMAM  
BAKING  
POWDER.**

In early life I was acquainted with a man who was anything but fair to look upon. He was crippled, so that he could only go with uncertain step. There was upon his face a look as if he were in constant pain and weakness, and his features were disfigured also with scars. But these blights and scars were for him the insignia of the noblest honor. He had been a soldier in the army of the Potomac. In a gallant charge he had greatly distinguished himself, but had received wounds from which he never recovered. He never knew a well day again. He must henceforth bear the marks of that heroism. But he was not ashamed, but proud of them. He knew they were brands of honor. He could well have said, in the very spirit of our Scripture, "Henceforth let no man trouble me, question my loyalty to duty; for I bear in my body the inextinguishable marks, the very brands of my fidelity."

MARRIAGES.

GIBSON-GRDGG. - At the parsonage, Centreville, December 17, by Rev. B. S. Freeman, Byron F. Gibson, of Good's Corner, to Nellie Gregg, of Centreville.

STRONACH-FALES. - At the parsonage, Melvern Square, December 17, by the Rev. H. N. Parry, Stephen Stronach, Esq., to Mary E. Fales, all of East Margareville.

HOWELL-DOWNIE. - At the Baptist church, East Margareville, December 18, by the Rev. H. N. Parry, J. Alonzo Howell, of Linwood, Mass., to Susie R., daughter of Jacob Downie, Esq., of East Margareville.

RUSSELL-RAFUSE. - At the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Nelson Russell, New Ross, N. S., Dec. 18, by Rev. A. Whitman, Mary Russell to Harry Rafuse, all of New Ross.

MORRELL-COLLINS. - At the residence of the bride's mother, N. S., Dec. 18, by the Rev. E. H. Howe, Bradish H. Howe, Esq., to Aggie M. Collins, both of Westport, N. S.

MITCHELL-CHUTE. - At the residence of the bride's parents, Dec. 18, by Rev. J. L. Tingley, Norris Mitchell to Susie Luella Chute, all of Hampton, Annapolis county, N. S.

MARTIN-MCPHERSON. - At the residence of the bride's father, Port Hawkesbury, C. B. Nov. 19th, by Rev. F. Cann, Addison Martin to Laura McPherson, both of Hawkesbury.

MATHER-CARPENTER. - At the Baptist parsonage, Crompton, R. I., on December 14, by Rev. Archibald Mason, Walter P. Mather, of Apponaug, R. I., and Essie A. Carpenter, of East Greenwich, R. I.

BROWNELL-POLLARD. - At Amherst, December 19, by Rev. W. E. Bates, Bedford S. Brownell to Gertrude M. Pollard, both of Northport, Camb. Co., N. S.

TERRIS-HORTON. - At Amherst, December 19, by Rev. W. E. Bates, Amos S. Terris, of Springhill, N. S., to Anna M. Horton, of Amherst.

LEPAGE-BURTT. - At the residence of Mr and Mrs. H. E. Burtt, the bride's parents, on December 19, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A., John Taylor LePage to Minnie Ethel Burtt, both of Woodstock, N. B.

HUTCHINSON-TWERDIE. - At Woodstock, N. B., on December 19, by Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A., Edgar B. Hutchinson, of Midnapore, Alberta, N. W. T., to Alice A. Tweedie, of Concord, N. H., U. S. A.

PHINNEY-BISHOP. - At Lawrence town, N. S., Dec. 19th, by Rev. W. L. Archibald, assisted by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Norman H. Phinney, Esq., merchant to Mrs. Emma M. Bishop, both of Lawrence town.

JENKS-SHAW. - Thursday, Nov. 21st, at the residence of the bride's parents, 26 Blowers street, by Rev. L. D. Morse, Albert Stanley Jenks to Lillian Grace, daughter of Mr. W. W. Shaw, all of Halifax.

SMITH-CROSS. - At Nictaux South, on Dec. 18, by Rev. W. M. Smallman, Alonzo A. Smith of Kingston, N. S. and Mary A. Cross of Nictaux South, N. S.

DEATHS.

MCLEAN. - At Cumberland Point, N. B., on 15th inst, Sarah, third daughter of the late George McLean, aged 76 years. She died trusting in Jesus.

MCGREGOR. - At Torbrook, N. S., on Dec. 11, Lucy, the beloved wife of John McGregor, aged 78 years. Mrs. McGregor was for many years a consistent

member of the Nictaux Baptist church. Her life was a constant testimony to the saving grace of the Lord Jesus and a real benediction to all who knew her.

HUTCHINS. - Mathew M. Hutchins, aged 71 years, died December 10 at Hampton, N. B. Bro. Hutchins joined the Cumberland Bay church when a young man, and has been faithful unto death. For the past two years he has been living with his daughter in Hampton, where he died. His remains were buried at Cumberland Bay. May God bless those of his family who are left to mourn.

McKEEN. - At Country Harbor, Guys-boro County, on December 11, of erup, Alexander Sterling, aged 4 years; also on December 15, Elizabeth Jane, aged seven weeks, children of Alexander and Mary McKeen. May the gracious presence of the Lord be manifest to the parents in this time of trouble.

WIGGINS. - At the residence of her brother, Eben Wiggins, Newton Center, Mass, Nov. 13th, of consumption, Lillian G., fourth daughter of the late Gilbert Wiggins of Wiggins' Cove, Queens county, N. B. Deceased was born Nov. 4, 1872. Was born again, March 17th, 1888 and was baptized the following day, by the late Rev. G. W. Springer and united with the Wiggins Cove Baptist church. Some time after, she came to Waltham, Mass., and united with the Beth-Eden Baptist church, Waltham, where she lived and labored in many ways for the cause she loved so much, and died trusting in the Saviour whom she tried to serve. Her remains were taken to Waltham and a sermon preached by her former pastor, Rev. J. J. Miller, from I John 1:9, a text of her own choosing. Our sister by her bright happy disposition and strong Christian character won for her a host of friends, who came to pay the last tribute of respect to the one they loved.

Annuity Collections.

Will the churches which have not already taken their collections for annuity please do so at their earliest convenience. The claims are urgent. The following churches have been heard from: -

The Tabernacle, Halifax, Seal Harbor, Hammonds Plains, Paradise and Clarence, Pennfield, Lewis Head, Half-Island Cove, Crowe Harbor, Beaver Harbor, Lower Prince William, East Point, Pleasantville, Dayspring, Wallace River, Berwick, Tryon, Port Bickerton, Waterville, Country Harbor, Goshen, St. Mary's, 1st Yarmouth, Kingsclear, Sable River, Lower Economy, Five Islands, New Cornwall, Nictaux, Gaspereaux, North Church, Halifax, Mahone Bay and E. C. Simonsen.

The above churches have responded to the call. Will the others follow the good example as soon as possible? The Board will meet in a short time to make half yearly appropriations to the ministers, widows and children.

E. M. SAUNDERS, Sec'y. Treas Halifax.

District Meeting.

The adjourned Quarterly Meeting of the Baptist churches of York and Sunbury counties convened at Maryville, Dec 6 8 inst.

Friday evening, Rev. J. H. McDonald preached the opening sermon, taking as his theme Missionary Work - its relation to home and foreign. Text, Is. 54: 2 The presentation was one of earnestness and spiritual power. The business of the Quarterly was taken up at morning and afternoon sessions of Saturday.

R-ports from the churches showed encouragement from the past, and bright prospects for the ensuing quarter.

In view of the fact that a number of interests were being neglected, a committee was appointed to consider the care of some and advise measures at the next quarterly.

The Twentieth Century Missionary Fund, Baptist Doctrine and Church Discipline were presented by Revs. J. H. McDonald, G. Howard and W. H. Robinson, respectively.

The names of the speakers are sufficient to warrant the reader in concluding that the subjects were handled in an interesting, instructive and convincing manner.

Rev. F. B. Seeley gave a helpful discourse Sat evening from Rom. 6: 23. The subject of Watchfulness was presented by Rev. W. H. Robinson, Lord's Day morning, Text, Mark 13: 37.

In the evening Rev. G. Howard gave a thrilling presentation of Truth, closing one of the best Quarterly Meetings ever held in these counties and all returned home thankful for the privileges of such an institution. N. B. R., Ass.-Sec'y.

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

GLOBE-WERNICKE ELASTIC BOOK-CASE



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

An Ideal Book-Case for the Home.



ASIATIC DYES.

The Brainerd & Armstrong embroidery silks, Asiatic dyed, are the most durable because they do not fade.

They will stand more wear and hold their colors better than any other embroidery silk. 400 shades.

In patent tangle-proof holders.

Sold everywhere.



Note the Solid Progress of Confederation Life Association.

Table with columns: Year, Premium Income (Net.), Interest Income, Total Income (Premiums & Interest), Assets, Insurance in Force (Net.). Rows for years 1878, 1878, 1883, 1888, 1893, 1898, 1900.

Cash Surplus above all liabilities, Government Standard: \$505,546.25. Capital Stock, Paid-up: 100,000.00. CAPITAL STOCK, Subscribed, Uncalled: 900,000.00. TOTAL SURPLUS SECURITY FOR POLICY HOLDERS: \$1,505,546.25. S. A. McLEOD, Agent at St. John. GEO. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent.

HIS ANSWER.

In the Scotch Highland districts the attendance at church during unpropitious weather is but scanty. One minister, finding himself on a boisterous Sunday, confronted with but one solitary auditor, who happened to be a gruff, outspoken character, took him

into his confidence, with a view to propitiate him. "Will I go on with the sermon, John?" John, gruffly: "Of course." "Getting into the pulpit, and leaning over it, he asked: "Will I give you the Gaelic sermon or the English one?" John, more gruffly still: "Gie's baith; ye're weel paid for t' - Good Words.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900.

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



Breakfast Cocoa. - Absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Premium No. 1 Chocolate. - The best plain chocolate in the market for drinking and also for making cake, icing, ice-cream, etc.

German Sweet Chocolate. - Good to eat and good to drink; palatable, nutritious, and healthful.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

BRANCH HOUSE, 12 and 14 St. John St., MONTREAL.

TRADE-MARK ON EVERY PACKAGE.

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including 'SE', 'ld Soap', 'ring quali', 'results', 'clothes', 'bargain in', 'SE', 'med Eyes!', 'tract', 'are soft water', 'or eye cup', 'and the pain', 'lived.', 'ngorous, ir-', 'parations', 'same as?', 'easily sour', 'wood alco-', 'discover and em-', 'ulated help as', 'cure good post-', 'begin to supply', 'for such help', 'who can write', 'Practical Pen-', 'atalogues, con-', 'es of Study.', 'gins Thursday', 'ERR & SON', 'fellow's Hall.', 'S', 'E and ALL is', 'manufacturers of', 'NG', 'POWDER.', 'aintined with a', 'at fair to look', 'that he could', 'p. There was', 'ere were in con-', 'd his features', 'ra. But these', 'r. He never', 'e must hence-', 'that herozim', 'but proud of', 'ere brands of', 'e said, in the', 'Henceforth', 'question my', 'a my body the', 'e very braude'

In addition to the large shipments of hay and oats orders are now coming to Canada from the War office for flour. The Department of Agriculture expects to receive an order from the imperial authorities for one thousand tons of flour.

Dr. Ritchie, of Chatham, charged with violating the Scott Act by issuing blank prescriptions for liquor, has been convicted and fined. It was held that the doctor was responsible, as the prescriptions had been used within the time limit, though issued previously. An appeal has been taken.

The Hong Kong press says: "Upon returning from a visit to the United States flagship Kentucky, in Hong Kong harbor, on Nov. 18, Consul General and Mrs. Rublee of the U. S., and a friend, were set upon by four or five German sailors. The matter has been referred to the German Consul."

WHAT TO DO ABOUT SANTA CLASU.

The problem is before us: What shall we do with Santa Claus? The anxious mother questions: "Would you have me tell the child nothing about Santa Claus? Would you leave all that beautiful part out of the child's life?" By no manner of means. There is a Santa Claus; why should we deny him? The first thing to do is to believe in him yourself. Ask yourself what Santa Claus has meant to the child. He is the mysterious, never-seen benefactor, the one who never forgets, the one who never brings the good child nought but sunshine, and leaves a trail of happiness behind.

Think of what Christmas meant to you as a child. Think of the expectancy, the realization, the flood of good feeling and fellowship that seemed to pervade the world on those days, and then ask yourself if this echo of the most wonderful song ever heard on earth has not some connection with the childish idea of Santa Claus.

Tell the child the dear old stories of the good saint as often as you please, but tell them invariably as myths, as fairy tales. Tell them from babyhood, when the letter will be all he will understand, until he reaches the age when he can grasp the spiritual idea and slough the letter off. If the child is always told the myth of Santa Claus as a fairy tale, he will have all the childish joy and will have nothing to unlearn, and when he reaches the age of five or six his mind will readjust it to an idealty.—Anna Margaret Price, in December Ladies' Home Journal.

Painters' Kidneys.



The worst thing a painter has to contend with is the turpentine. The lead, of course, is bad too. But the turpentine cuts the kidneys, inflames and weakens them, makes the painter's life a dangerous and troublesome one. When a painter's backaches, it's time for him to begin treating the kidneys.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

will fix them up—take out the inflammation and congestion, give ease to the aching back.

Mr. J. Evanson, the well-known painter and decorator, 50 Oxford St., Toronto, Ont., said: "About eight weeks ago I was taken with an excruciating pain in my back over the kidneys. It was so bad that my wife had to apply hot cloths till the doctor came and gave me morphine."

He said the trouble was due to a stone passing from the kidney to the bladder. My water was loaded with a brick dust deposit and scalded on passing.

While in this condition I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills and started taking them.

It was not long before I got relief from pain and have been improving in health ever since. My urine is now clear and does not smart me, and I feel better than in years.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS.

These little black fellows act easily and naturally on the system, clearing away all bile and effete material. Constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, heartburn, waterbrash—all disappear when they are used. Price 25c.

News Summary.

Fourteen cases of small-pox at St. Anne's near Winnipeg are reported.

William Millar, an employe of the Orillia Electric Light Co., was found frozen to death near Severn Bridge, Ont.

The Harper memorial fund at Ottawa has now reached \$1,544. Lord Minto has subscribed \$50 and Hon. A. G. Blair \$200.

The farm house of Mrs. S. Hill Young, at Oak Bay, Charlotte county, was totally destroyed by fire-Wednesday afternoon.

The long distance telephone wire between St. Stephen and St. John was used Wednesday night for the first time.

A man named Desosiers is dying at Quebec from the effects of a blow on the head with a bottle inflicted by one Sylvain, a couple of days ago.

Despatches from Copenhagen describe the growing agitation there against the sale of the Danish West Indies without first taking a plebiscite.

The board of geographical nomenclature met at Ottawa Wednesday and decided upon the correct spelling of a number of place names in Canada.

Mrs. Georgia, mother of Georgia, the Thetford mines murderer, became insane upon hearing the coroner's verdict in her son's case, and is now almost at the point of death.

Lord Kitchener announces that Commandant Kritzinger has been captured, badly wounded, by Gen. French. Kritzinger was trying to break the blockhouse cordon at Hanover Road.

Mayor Morris of Ottawa was notified from Toronto Tuesday that the provincial government could not remit the conviction against him for purchasing liquor after hours.

Great destruction of property in New Zealand was caused by an earthquake on Nov. 18. In the town of Cheivot and Cout damages will reach £20,000. Scarcely a building was left standing.

A sharp earthquake shock was felt in Agram and in several other Croatian towns Tuesday afternoon. Much property was damaged. The people were panic-stricken, but no lives were lost.

The department of agriculture, Ottawa, has received an order from the war office for 1,000 more tons of Canadian flour to be shipped to South Africa. This will make 2,914 tons of flour sent to the Cape.

Henry Fenton, of West Branch, River Philip, was tried before Stipendiary Davis, Monday morning, on a charge of assaulting Councillor Charles Bragg. He was fined \$20.

While standing in front of the open fire in Martin Cone's residence, in Calais, Wednesday afternoon, Miss Rosy Sands, a domestic, was so badly burned about the face and body by her clothes catching fire that she died.

The storm of Saturday and Sunday, did great damage at Madison, a small town on the Kennebec, Me. The loss it is thought, will be nearly \$500,000. In Maine, bridges were carried away, many buildings crushed or overthrown and millions of logs were swept away.

At Sydney, Monday, Wm. Morgan, aged about 25 years, a native of Birmingham, Ala., was killed at the blast furnaces of the Steel Co. Death was caused by a blast of gas from the furnaces, which smothered him and burned him about the chest.

Three mariners from the cruiser Curlew created consternation recently among the lobster fishermen of Back Bay, Charlotte Co., who had set their traps before the close time was ended. By a clever ruse they dropped down upon two fishermen and captured their boats. Two others escaped after a lively chase. Two hundred illegally set lobster traps were destroyed.

The British consul in Porto Rico has sent to the department of trade and commerce at Ottawa a report which is intended as a warning against the shipment from Canada of codfish not fit for consumption. The report of the Board of Health at Porto Rico states that stringent measures would be taken to prevent the importation of such produce in future.

THE SIN OF FRETTING.

There is one sin which it seems to me, is everywhere and by everybody underestimated, and quite too much overlooked in valuation of character. It is the sin of fretting. It is as common as air, as speech; so common that, unless it rises above its usual monotone, we do not even observe it. Watch any ordinary coming together of people, and see how many minutes it will be before somebody frets; that is, makes more or less complaining statement of something or other, which, most probably, every one in the room, or in the car, or on the street corner, it may be, knew before, and probably nobody can help. Why say anything about it? It is cold, it is hot, it is wet, it is dry; somebody has broken an appointment, ill-cooked a meal; stupidity or bad faith somewhere has resulted in discomfort. It is simply astonishing how much annoyance may be found in the course of every day's living, if one only keeps a sharp eye out on that side of things. Even holy writ says we are prone to trouble as the sparks fly upward. But even to the sparks flying upward, in the blackest of smoke, there is a blue sky above; and the less time they waste on the road, the sooner they will reach it. Fretting is all time wasted on the road.—Helen Hunt.

Sir Edward Clarke, ex-solicitor general, addressing the junior constitutional club, upon anarchism at London Thursday, said that Great Britain's praiseworthy stand against extraditing political offenders should not prevent her joining the United States and other countries in a conference with the view of making anarchy an offense against international law.

The Right Thing.

A New Catarrh Cure, which is Rapidly Coming to the Front.

For several years, Eucalyptol Guaiacal and Hydrastin have been recognized as standard remedies for catarrhal troubles, but they have always been given separately and only very recently an ingenious



chemist succeeded in combining them, together with other antiseptics into a pleasant effective tablet.

Druggists sell the remedy under the name of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and it has met with remarkable success in the cure of nasal catarrh, bronchial and throat catarrh and in catarrh of the stomach.

Mr. F. N. Benton whose address is care of Clark House, Troy, N. Y. says: "When I run up against anything that is good I like to tell people of it. I have been troubled with catarrh more or less for some time. Last winter more than ever. Tried several so-called cures, but did not get any benefit from them. About six weeks ago I bought a 50 cent box of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and am glad to say that they have done wonders for me and I do not hesitate to let all my friends know that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are the right thing."

Mr. Geo. J. Casanova of hotel Griffin, West 9th street, New York City writes: "I have commenced using Stuart's Catarrh Tablets and already they have given me better results than any catarrh cure I have ever tried."

A leading physician of Pittsburg advises the use of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets in preference to any other treatment for catarrh of the head, throat or stomach.

He claims they are far superior to inhalers, salves, lotions or powder, and are much more convenient to take and are so harmless that little children take them with benefit as they contain no opiate, cocaine or any poisonous drugs.

All druggists sell Stuart's Catarrh Tablets at 50 cents for full size package and they are probably the safest and most reliable cure for any form of catarrh.

Cough! Cough! Cough!

Do not cough any more but use a bottle of PUTTNER'S EMULSION, the old established favorite remedy. Whether your cough is of long standing, or from recent cold, PUTTNER'S will do you good. It will allay irritation, attack and dispel the germs of pulmonary disease, tone up your system and help to cure you. Your doctor will tell you so. Your neighbors will say so too. Thousands have been cured by it.

Be sure you get Puttner's, the original and best Emulsion.

Of all druggists add dealers.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Christmas and New Years

ONE FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR ROUND TRIP.

Between all Stations, Montreal & East.

GENERAL PUBLIC Going Dec. 21 to Jan. 1 Return Jan. 4, 1902.

SCHOOLS COLLEGES Going Dec. 7 to 31 Return Jan. 31, 1902.

On surrender of Standard School Vacation Certificate.

For Rates, Dates and Line Limits of Excursion Tickets to Points West of Montreal, see nearest Ticket Agent, or write to A. J. HEATH, D. P. A. C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.

Use the genuine

MURRAY & LANMAN'S FLORIDA WATER

"The Universal Perfume." For the Handkerchief Toilet and Bath. Refuse all substitutes.

Notice of Sale.

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

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain indenture of Mortgage bearing date the first day of May, A. D. 1879, and made between Jane Fairweather of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in said Province, widow, of the first part, and Jane Puddington of said City and Province, widow, of the second part, and duly registered in the Records of the City and County of Saint John in Book No. 1, of records pages 383, 383, 384 and 385, said mortgage having been duly assigned by the said Jane Puddington to Mrs. L. McDonald, of said City of Saint John, widow, by indenture of assignment dated the tenth day of September, A. D. 1900, and the equity of redemption in said lands and premises having been sold and conveyed to said Montague McDonald, there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment of the principal interest and other moneys secured by said mortgage be sold at PUBLIC AUCTION ON SATURDAY, the FIRST DAY OF FEBRUARY next, at the hour of Twelve of the clock Noon, at CURRIE'S CORNER, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, the lands and premises described in said indenture of mortgage as follows namely: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situated lying and being in Kings Ward, in the City of Saint John, aforesaid, and described as follows,—beginning on the South side of Carleton street at the Northwest corner of a lot owned by E. S. Deveber, thence Westwardly along Carleton street a distance of forty feet thence at right angles Southwardly a distance of eighty feet, thence Eastwardly parallel to Carleton street a distance of forty feet or to the Western side line of E. S. Deveber's property, thence Northwardly along the said line a distance of eighty feet to the place of beginning, together with all and singular the buildings and erections and improvements on said land and premises standing and being, and all rights, members, privileges and appurtenances to the same belonging or in any wise appertaining."

Dated this 23rd day of October, A. D. 1901. CLARA L. MCGOWAN, L.D., Assignee of Mortgage, AMON A. WILSON, Solicitor.

SUCCESS

If there is culture tea... knowledge a successful f... other bra... more fallu... other. The cry in near... money in f... their attent... Yet in split... some intere... that fruit gr... is the most... Comped... best fruit f... tions yield... capital em... cent, in g... per cent... nursery bu... growing e... latter we... and climat... The claim... requires ex... anyone can... crops, and... But few c... many start... and then i... ignorance... ness. It is... influence e... money in... Fruit gr... than most... farmer mu... fruits, and... do either... work to r... skill and... varieties... thuiasun... highest... counted fo... farm. Th... and push... to make... living. It is a... incompe... business... the reliab... they will

When a... Infalte w... he draws... sources;... ways. Things... people b... winner "... ceeds." E... Ever t... agree the... earth. There... man who... way, as... with the... within. This... honorable... tool and... The to... by bad fo... You ques... habits u... clean cut... do, quit... well sele... in clear... of this a... body wel... the mind... A sur... tion is to... morning... digested... one far... life's wor... Follow... if it does... place of... its regene... With a... man can... where th... use him... pose. Sense,

The Farm

SUCCESSFUL FRUIT GROWERS.

If there is anything that modern agriculture teaches it is that more skill, knowledge and experience are required in successful fruit growing than almost any other branch of farming. There are more failures with fruit farms than any other. There is consequently heard the cry in nearly every State that there is no money in fruits, and farmers are turning their attention to other lines of farm work. Yet in spite of this the last census shows some interesting figures, which go to prove that fruit growing when properly conducted is the most profitable of farm specialties. Compared with other farm products, the best fruit farms of specially favored locations yielded twenty-five per cent. on the capital employed, against nineteen per cent. in general farming, and seventeen per cent. on grain and hay. Only the nursery business and flower and plant growing exceed fruit-raising, and these latter were possible only where the soil and climate were very favorable.

The claim that fruit-growing successfully requires experts is absolutely true. Almost anyone can raise pigs, poultry and general crops, and can make a moderate living. But few can produce fine fruits. A great many start in with the idea that they can, and then after failing as a result of their ignorance they condemn the whole business. It is not unnatural that they should influence others to believe that there is no money in raising fruits.

Fruit growing requires more head work than most branches of agriculture. The farmer must understand how to raise fancy fruits, and how to sell them. If he cannot do either he must fail. It is no novice's work to raise fine fruits. There must be skill and experience, a knowledge of varieties and species, and a spirit of enthusiasm which makes one strive for the highest. Brains and labor combined never counted for more than to-day on the fruit farm. The man who possesses the ability and push to raise fine fruits is in a fair way to make something more than a good living.

It is a good thing probably that the incompetent are dropped out of the fruit business. Their failure is an assurance to the reliable and intelligent growers that they will make more profit. These ignor-

QUAINT PHILOSOPHY

In an Advertisement.

When a man acts as he believes the Infante within him would have him act, he draws power to himself from unseen sources; that power may be shown in many ways.

Things work smoother, plans carry out, people begin to say, "lucky;" "he's a winner;" "everything he touches succeeds," etc., etc.

Ever try it? If you ever do, you will agree that it is the greatest proposition on earth.

There is a marvelous potency behind the man who acts in a simple, straightforward way, as near as he knows, in accordance with the promptings of that invisible Deity within.

This should teach him that great and honorable work is ahead; Man at once the tool and a part of the master workman.

The tool must not be dulled and ruined by bad food, tobacco, whiskey, coffee, etc. You question including coffee among "bad habits." None of these habits are bad habits unless they weaken or lessen the clean cut power of the individual. If they do, quit them. If food and drink are not well selected, change. Put your machine in clean, first-class shape. It is the purpose of this article to suggest a way to keep the body well so it can carry out the behest of the mind.

A sure and safe start in the right direction is to adopt Grape-Nuts Food for every morning's breakfast. It is delicious, pre-digested, highly nourishing, and will put one far along toward doing his best in life's work.

Follow this with abandonment of coffee, if it does not agree with you, and take in place of it, Postum Cereal Food Coffee, for its regenerating and vitalizing nourishment.

With a wise selection of food and drink, man can quickly place himself in shape where the marvelous Directing Power will use him for some good and worthy purpose.

Sense, just plain, common sense.

ant novices give the whole fruit business a bad name. It is not that they frighten others from the business by their complaints, but that they lower the standard of market fruits with their poor, half-watered products. They actually demoralize some markets, which must inevitably affect the goods of those who have been careful in their work. The sooner we get rid of the croaker in the fruit business the better it will be for the whole trade, and we can afford to lose them.—S. W. Chambers in "American Cultivator."

TREATMENT OF THE COLT.

I like to have the colt go some in harness when a yearling, and then if it is not wanted in harness again for a couple of years, when it is harnessed again its past associations with the harness all seem to come back again, and it is ready to begin where it left off. The summer the colt is a yearling is the hardest time to keep it in good flesh, and even with an extra chance it will get thin. When the colt is a two-year old it will do some work or some driving, but I never intend to use them much at that age. My colts are stabled nights for five months during the cold weather, that is, they are tied with a halter I do not like the way of letting them run loose, for they will move about too much of the time. But if they are tied up with some bedding under them they will lie down most of the night. This takes the weight off their joints and rests their legs, and seems to me the better way for them.

Even if I intend the colt to get its living in the fields during the winter it is put in the barn at night, given a little grain in the morning, curried, watered and turned out. Its stomach is empty; it will go out to the fields and eat most of the day. Toward night it will be back for some water and its place in the stable. If I have a three-year-old I want two of them; I then work them a half day each—that is, make them do one horse's work. This is good for them, and will go a long way toward paying for their keeping; and then, a colt treated thus will, if properly fed and handled, make a better growth and develop into a more desirable horse than if turned out in the best pasture to care for itself as a four-year-old.

For the same reason that a boy eats more from the time he is eight years old till he is twenty than afterward, the colt needs more feed than the mature horse. If I kept a horse till it was old and decreased in value I would not part with it, for those that deal in that class of horses are not always the best to them, and when a faithful animal has been kept in good shape till it has passed its usefulness as painless a death as possible and a decent burial would be a fitting tribute to the noble animal—the horse.—L. S. Green, in "Farm, Field and Fireside."

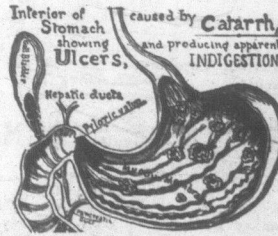
INTELLIGENT COWS.

The other morning, a very sultry one, two cows came out of our gate, evidently on the lookout for something, and after being at first somewhat puzzled by their pleading looks I bethought myself that they might be in want of water. No sooner had this idea occurred to me than I had some water brought in a large vessel, which they took with great eagerness, the pair then suntered contentedly away to a field near at hand. In about half an hour or so we were surprised and not a little amused by seeing our two friends marching up to the gate, accompanied by two other cows. The water tap was again called into requisition, and the new comers were in a like manner served liberally. Then with gratified and repeated "boos"—an unanimous vote of thanks—our visitors slowly marched off to their pasture. It was quite clear to us that the first two callers, pleased with their friendly reception, had strolled down to their sister gossips and dairy companions, and had informed them—how, I cannot say; can you?—of their liberal entertainment, and had taken the pardonable liberty of inviting them to our cottage.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Dr. Sproule Explains

Why Other Physicians So Often Fail To Cure

Diseases OF THE Stomach.



Of all the chronic ailments which afflict modern humanity, none, perhaps, procure for their victims less sympathy than the various forms of stomach trouble, which are all popularly and erroneously classed under the head of "dyspepsia."

Not only is the blood impoverished by the poor digestion, but a great nerve system is kept perpetually on the rack. Thus both mind and body are affected, and the victim grows to be a burden to himself and friends.

I have often felt my blood boil with compassion and indignation, as I have seen the impatience and lack of pity to do be such an old story that those around no longer worry over them; and then impatience soon steps in.

They try doctor after doctor, cure after cure, remedy on remedy, with no benefit, or only temporary relief. They grow worse rather than better. The things which they can eat without distress becomes fewer and fewer in number. Till at last life grows scarcely worth the living.

What do I do when such a case comes to me? Continue the dosing and drugging with peptics, pancreatics, acids, alkalies, soda, etc.? Not at all. As all treatment for regular stomach trouble has failed, it is fair to conclude that the cause lies in another direction. My long experience has taught me not to waste time, but to ask at once if the patient has or ever has had Catarrh of the Head. Nine out of ten times the patient is much surprised at the question, but answers yes.

This, then, was why all "dyspepsia cures" had failed. In all such cases the stomach is perfectly well able to digest. But the Catarrh mucus has dropped down from the head, and gradually coated over the lining of the stomach. The digestive juices are thus prevented from doing their work. The food is not digested and fails to nourish the body, so that the blood grows poor and weak and does not feed the nerves. At length the Catarrh germs attach themselves to the membranous lining of the stomach, and eat into it, forming gradually festering sores and ulcers. These are all as tender as similar ones would be on the surface of the body. The result is that, when this latter stage is reached, any food put into the stomach causes pain, and the man is more than ever convinced that he has dyspepsia.

He has Catarrh of the Stomach. Properly treated he can easily, simply and quickly be rid of it. But he must have treatment for Catarrh, and the proper treatment at the hands of an expert Specialist.

Thousands of poor discouraged souls have applied to me as a last hope, after having been treated in vain by doctors and patent medicines, for dyspepsia or indigestion. These treated them for Catarrh, and in each case the despondent, suffering chronic invalid gave place to a strong, healthy, happy man or woman. I will gladly send you the names of many such people in your own province. I have cured them after they had dosed themselves for years with their family physicians' prescriptions, and nearly all of the advertised dyspepsia cures, with only the result of becoming thoroughly discouraged, and hopeless of ever getting cured. Reader, if you are one of these discouraged people, just pluck up courage to make another trial. Write me, and it is nine chances out of ten you will never again have to dose yourself for dyspepsia or indigestion.

So as to enable you to find out if the disease you are troubled with is Catarrh of the Stomach and not dyspepsia, I have appended some of the commonest symptoms.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH OF THE STOMACH.

- Do you belch up gas?
- Is your tongue coated?
- Are your bowels irregular?
- Do you suffer from nausea?
- Are you drowsy after meals?
- Is your flesh soft and flabby?
- Do you suffer with headache?
- Do you feel bloated after eating?
- Have you rumbling in your bowels?
- Have you palpitation of the heart?
- Do you feel languid in the morning?
- Do you have pain just after eating?
- Have you pain in pit of stomach?
- Do you have chilly and then hot flushes?
- Do you have a desire for improper food?
- Is there a sour or a sweet taste in the mouth?
- Is there a gnawing sensation in stomach?
- Do you feel faint when stomach is empty?
- Do you see specks floating before your eyes?
- Have you feeling of emptiness in morning?
- Have you a burning in back part of throat called heartburn?

If you are troubled with some of the above symptoms, mark them on the piece of paper, cut it out and mail to me, also, write any other information you may wish to give me about your case; as soon as I receive your letter I will study it over carefully. This is no trouble to me. I will then make a diagnosis, giving my opinion of your case, and if it be suitable for my treatment, will tell you just how much this course of treatment will cost. This I always make as reasonable as possible, leaving you perfectly free to think the matter over carefully, and then take treatment from me or not, just as you consider best.

Perhaps I may be able to do you good and relieve you of much suffering, and the more suffering I can alleviate, the happier I can make my fellow human beings, the fuller will be my reward in the Great Hereafter.

Dr. SPROULE B. A. (Graduate Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Naval Service), ENGLISH SPECIALIST IN CATARRH and NERVOUS DISEASES, 7 to 13 DOANE STREET, BOSTON.

FRAUD on CONSUMERS

THE SALE OF BAKING POWDER AS

WOODILL'S

WITHOUT THIS SIGNATURE

W. H. D. Pearman

ON EACH PACKAGE.

It is said that the largest insurance policy in the world is carried by Mrs. Dunsmuir, mother of the Premier of British Columbia. The lady has recently secured two life insurance policies of \$500,000 each, making an aggregate risk of one million dollars. The insurance agent who placed them claims under the provincial law a commission of five per cent, which would amount to \$50,000. This is resisted, so that Mrs. Dunsmuir has not only a remarkably heavy life insurance, but a law suit as well.

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