

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LII.

Published Weekly by the Maritime Baptist Publishing Company.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME LII.

VOL. V., No. 49.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1889.

Printed by G. W. DAY, North Street, Saint John, N. B.

—THOSE STATEMENTS.—Will the subscribers to whom statements of account have been sent, please remit promptly, as the offers we make are special ones, and will expire in a few days.

—SCREW TO WIN.—That pluck and perseverance is sure to win is finely illustrated in the life of William Carey. It is told of him that when he was a boy he attempted to climb a tree, and in doing so broke one of his limbs. After many weeks of suffering, the first thing he did after getting out of the house was to go and climb that tree. This determined and invincible spirit, sanctified by the grace of God, insured his success in missionary work in India.

—MR. BRYSON, an Episcopal rector, refused to give the communion to a Mrs. Swayne, on the ground that she had attended Methodist service, and had made herself a "schismatic." She appealed to the courts, and the rector has been suspended from office and emoluments for one year, and has all costs to pay. Those who put themselves under the control of Caesar in religious affairs, must not complain if they are compelled to go to Caesar.

—MANAGEMENT.—The captain of a ship must control his crew or his crew will control him. The orator must master his audience and lead his audience or his audience will master him and despise him. The pastor of a church must lead and teach his people if he will do them good and command their respect. "Let no man despise thee," is an apostolic injunction which he cannot afford to forget. People wondrously enjoy being managed, especially when they see that their best interests are promoted thereby. Let our young pastors make a note of this.

—AN EXAMPLE.—A layman has been holding services at a certain destitute section in Hants, N. S. The attendance has outgrown the school-house, in which the meetings have been held, and now the people, assisted by a brother in Windsor who is ever ready to help on any good work, are building a house of worship. What a grand work is this for a busy man of business to accomplish, and yet, in these provinces of ours, there are any number of just such openings and any number of brethren who might do similar blessed work for the Master, were they but to sacrifice a little time and toil in order to seize the great privilege of advancing Christ's glory by helping men to Him and His salvation. Are there not some who will begin this kind of work at once? Pastors, help those who are fitted for this work into it.

—WHO DOES THE GUESSING?—The *Herald* and *Presbyter* cite some Baptist author as holding that Lydia, of Philippi, had no young children to be baptized with her, and therefore cannot be cited in defense of infant baptism, and says: "The case of Lydia was always a very troublesome one to our Baptist brethren, and this effort to guess away the difficulties is not very ingenious, though it may be ingenious." A little more needs to be said about this guessing business. Before Lydia's household will give any difficulty to Baptists, the following guesses will have to be taken as facts; for the Scripture record gives us no information: 1. Lydia was a married woman; 2. She had children; 3. Some of them were too young to understand and accept the gospel message; 4. She had brought these young children with her from her home, hundreds of miles away, on her business trip to Philippi; 5. These were baptized with the elders who might be called the household, exclusive of such young children. Is it not wonderful that the Baptists do not accept infant baptism at once, when a difficulty so great as she one founded upon all these guesses, confronts them? May we not suggest to the *Herald* and *Presbyter* and to others who rely upon Lydia's household to prove infant baptism, a lot more difficulties. Why not guess that Paul baptized infants in every place he preached, and be done with it, for there is just the same evidence he did this as that there were infants in Lydia's household; the records are only equally silent about both. No, no, it is not the Baptists who do the guessing. We only accept what the record states; it is our Pedobaptist friends who have to guess the baptism of infants into the records, in order to make a difficulty for us.

—Here is a whole sermon in a sentence by Hannah Moore: "He who cannot find time to consult his Bible will one day find that he has time to die; he who has no time to pray must find time to die; he who can find time to reflect is most likely to find time to sin; he who cannot find time for repentance will find an eternity in which repentance will be of no avail; he who cannot find time to work for others may find an eternity in which to suffer for himself."

Eastward Bound.

S. S. DAMARA, NOV. 2.

How fortunate it is that we are able so largely to forget our sad experiences! I was reminded of that fact to-day. Now that we are so gently gliding along upon the smooth waters of the English Channel, on this delightful day, we have almost forgotten how miserably sea-sick we were only a few days ago. Life now begins to appear worth living. I think there have been times, since we left Halifax, when some of our passengers rather doubted the desirability of living. The world with all its joys seemed to have lost its attractions for them. It is marvelous how insignificant this world suddenly becomes to one who is passing through the "desperate" stage of sea-sickness. Equally marvelous is it, that one should have such an unwillingness to leave this world—that he should cling to life so tenaciously—just so soon as he has passed the "desperate" limit of his illness. A new life seems to dawn upon him; his spirits rise with the barometer. Now the sun seems to shine more brightly than it ever did before; the sky seems bluer and the air purer than ever before. His heart becomes lighter as the sky becomes brighter; an unwonted joy fills the heart of the once disconsolate traveller. Thus it always is. So soon as the rift in the cloud appears, and the dark, threatening sky begins to clear and the sun again smiles upon us, we forget the storms through which we have passed. In life there are many storms through which we must pass. Sometimes our heavenly Father seems almost entirely to have withdrawn His presence. Clouds and thick darkness hide His face. But, to the Christian, this dark experience cannot last long. Soon the storm will pass over and he will again bask in the sunlight of God's presence; and in His presence he will find fullness of joy. Child of God, be encouraged by this thought. The heavens will not always frown upon thee. Thou shalt soon forget the sting of thy sorrow; its bitterness will pass away, and thy joy when it comes will be all the greater, because of the sad experience through which thou hast passed.

In my last letter I gave some account of our journey as far as Halifax. Let me continue the description of the trip from that point. The *Damara*, unfortunately, was to sail from the wharf at Richmond. This fact made it impossible for many of our Halifax friends to see us off. A few, however, met us at the steamer and remained with us until our departure. We were pleased to notice the interest which these friends manifested in us. The familiar faces of brethren Maynard, Freeman, C. W. Williams, Geo. McDonald, and Miss Lila Williams, have lingered in our memory during our voyage across the ocean. We shall think of these friends as they lay to rest upon us waving their handkerchiefs and bidding us farewell. When we were far down the harbor we saw the handkerchiefs still waving, until finally they faded from our view. Then as we left the deck and went below we realized, as we did not before, that we were off for India. What a world of meaning is in this custom of waving handkerchiefs! Only a form, and yet how suggestive! As we saw the waving of hands and handkerchiefs we knew that fervent prayers were rising to God in our behalf. Of those who were with us till we sailed, two were fathers and two were mothers of members of our missionary party. The pain of leaving home was lessened by the presence of our dear parents with us.

The *Damara* has 15 passengers on board. With the majority of these we have become very well acquainted and have found them very pleasant. The voyage has been a good one, though we have had some weather which we should consider rather rough. One woman did not leave her berth from the time she left Halifax until yesterday—19 days. To most of us sea sickness has not been so serious. At first we found the experience rather ludicrous. It was quite amusing to see the dishes upon the table flying in all directions. To find yourself knocked about from one side of the cabin to the other, or sprawled upon all fours on the floor, is quite a ridiculous experience. But ere long one gets tired of this fun. To have your soup or tea emptied in a flood upon your knees, or to be pitched headlong down the stairway, running the risk of breaking your neck, is to carry the experience farther than most mortals care to go. You never know when you will be slammed against the wall of the saloon; nor can you predict with any degree of certainty in what direction you will next take a "header." One naturally prefers to have the use of his own will in circumnavigating himself. It is rather amusing to see how desperate one will

become when tossed about in this unceremonious way. His exclamations of remonstrance and protest are both loud and decided. But protests and denunciations are useless, however exasperated one may be. Hence the best way is to subside, and take the experience with as good a grace as possible, committing yourself to the "tender mercies" of the staggering boat and the merciless waves.

During the voyage—twelve days—we find many things to interest us, and many ways to occupy our time. When ever sufficiently free from sea-sickness, we spent our time in writing, reading, eating, sleeping, etc. We have had a good opportunity during the voyage to get a lot of correspondence of our hands. Part of the time we have found amusement in watching porpoises. These fish swim around the bow of the steamer. They are nearly as large as a man and swim much faster than the steamer sails. To watch them dart like a shot through the water, or jump entirely out of the water, was great fun. During the evenings we have sometimes enjoyed a number of games. Some of these we never heard of before, and others were old and familiar. But they all helped to pass away the time very pleasantly.

November 4.—At noon on Saturday, we sighted land for the first time since leaving the rock-bound coast of Newfoundland. For the last thirty-six hours we have been making our way up the English Channel. The weather in the Channel has been pretty rough. The chief attraction on this part of our voyage was the "lights along the coast." The captain informed us that there were about twelve of these lights stationed along the coast. He gave us the names of the lights and a description of them; so that we could observe each as we came to it, more intelligently. Some of them are fixed, others intermittent, and many of them can be seen twenty-five miles.

We spent two Sabbaths on board the *Damara*. Both days the weather was rough and disagreeable. However, we managed to make the day seem as much like the Sabbath as possible. In the morning we gathered together for a short service. About eight of us joined in the Bible-class for a couple of hours during the evening. Singing filled up the remainder of the time. The first Sabbath on board was as little like our usual method of spending that day as could well be imagined. Part of the time I was feeding "dry hark" by the forkful to sea-sick women stretched out upon a long sofa; or peeling apples, squeezing lemons, etc. Your correspondent was once a hospital chaplain, but never before a "hospital nurse." I have often heard that it was a good thing to "learn a little of everything"; and I may say that I am trying to become accustomed to new and untried experiences of every sort. Our captain was a jolly fellow, and took delight in chaffing the Nova-Scotia passengers about our ships, climate, country, etc. We found it quite a pleasure to give him back as much as he gave.

For the last hour or two we have been slowly drawing up to our landing place through several miles of docks. The "spy" looking custom-house officers have come on board. They are already eyeing us sharply, and will soon be overhauling our luggage and "digging in the depths" for dynamite, etc. Another interesting class of beings have also come on the steamer. They hover around the passengers like hawks over a chicken-yard. Being the first specimens of Englishmen that we had seen on our arrival, we were singularly impressed with the "uncouth, non-politene" of these English people. But these singularly polite people frequently offering us their assistance, plainly overdid the matter and betrayed their desire for a "job," and a chance to rob the innocents by exorbitant overcharges. Finally, in spite of custom-house officers and porters—or perhaps better, by the aid of them—we hops to get ashore and make our way into the midst of the noise and confusion of London. W. V. HIGGINS.

In the *Central Baptist* we find the following bit of history, which carries its own moral: A few years ago an infidel club established a town upon the border of Missouri, calling it "Liberal." They determined that no church should be established in the place, and that as far as possible God and His people should be kept out of the town. They built a large hall, costing some \$1,200. The club is broken up, the town is a failure practically, the hall has been sold to the Methodists for a house of worship for \$500, and even in Liberal the power of God is being felt. It is said that the railway authorities were appealed to by the infidel founder for a side track, but they replied, "Any people who want no church and no God, will not need any switches."—*Christian Secretary*.

Missionary Correspondence.

BOONJEWALIA, Oct. 1.

It has been so long since I have written anything for the *Messenger* and *Visitor*, that I almost feel ashamed to begin again. Should anyone enquire the reason of my long silence, I must confess myself without a sufficient excuse. The days have just slipped past one after the other, till they have grown into weeks and months. My last letter was written in April, while on my last tour, before the hot season had fully set in. To escape the extreme heat, we started a week or two later for the hill, or mountain, I suppose we might call it, near Kimpdy, in the Chiochole field. It took us five days and nights to travel the distance—less than one hundred miles—by native bandies. Without any previous mutual arrangement to that effect, Mr. and Mrs. Davis and baby from Cocanads, Mrs. Archibald from Chiochole, Mr. Archibald from the top of the "Hill," and we from Bobbili, all met one Saturday morning at the foot of the Hill, and to get us and our belongings all up to the top we required quite an army of Sowa coolies. A sufficient number was forthcoming, but it being famine time and the hot season together, their strength was not at all equal to our needs, so three men had to walk most of the way, and a hard, stiff climb we found it. But once at the top, we soon forgot the hardness of the way. The air was delightful, so clear and fresh, it was just a pleasure to breathe. The mercury stood at 80 degrees, instead of 100 degrees as in the plains. After a few days of observation, though some things were not just to my liking, I decided to copy Mr. Archibald's example in a hump house for ourselves or others who may come after us.

For several weeks I had little help and had to work almost single handed, and it is no little praise of the climate to be able to say I never worked harder in my life. Still, the best I could do, things moved slowly, and it took much longer than I had planned for.

I had no carpenter, so all the wood-work such as door and window frames, etc., I had to do myself. I used to go to the woods in the morning as soon as it was light enough, cut down some trees and rough hew the stuff, and bring it out on my shoulder to a shed, where I would work under cover during the day. Some may care to know how and of what material our houses are built. Mr. Archibald's is built of mud, and I commenced to build mine of the same material, but finding it too difficult to get coolies enough to build with it, I decided to use mud and stones, the latter of which were close at hand.

It was so late in the season before the walls were begun, that I felt sure the rains would set in before they could be finished, so put the roof up first and built the walls under cover, and I hoped to have no trouble. But alas for the plans of "mice and men." All know the case of the man who built his house upon the sand. I did not do just that, but built instead upon mud and the result was much the same in both cases.

Before commencing to build with the stones, I had got the wall part way round built up with mud nearly a yard high, and not wishing to lose all that work, and hoping for fine weather till it got thoroughly dry and strong, I built upon it. But in a few days the rains set in and the mud kept getting softer instead of harder, until one day when we had just got the wall up to the wall plate and had one room finished, all that part built on the mud came down in a heap, and I lost four or five days of hard work, and so I did not get our house quite done.

In order to have it as far along as possible, we remained on the Hill two or three weeks after other missionaries left. Under the circumstances it was not the most pleasant place in the world. It was literally a case of building a house, if not a "palace, in the clouds," of which we have all heard. After the rains set in, the clouds used to settle down upon us, day after day, so thick we could often not see objects fifty yards away. If any one wishes to know, as I used to when a youngster, what the clouds are like, the best way to describe our clouds is to say they were just like our thickest Bay of Fundy fog, only more so. After a time it got so bad we had to move out of the open work-place we were staying in, into Mr. Archibald's big house, and there we kept a fire burning all the time to keep things dry. But it was nice and cool, especially at night. We used to get our supplies up from Kimpdy by coolies, but sometimes they didn't come on time. Once, for two or three days, they did not put in an appearance, and when Saturday evening came there was nothing on the hill to eat, neither rice, nor bread, flour,

meat or anything but the milk our cow was giving. Sunday morning I hurried off some of our men to different villages to try to find something, but in vain. However, at two o'clock the coolies came and the famine was over. Glad enough were we, a few days later, when we found ourselves one evening at the foot of the Hill and bandies waiting to take us to Kimpdy. Thence a couple of nights by native bandy, took us to Chiochole, where three days were spent conferring together on mission matters, and then the home drive to Bobbili. Heavy rains, muddy roads, broken-down bullocks and swollen rivers made this last anything but a pleasure trip. A day or two of rest, however, and we were ready to take up our work again, feeling we had been greatly benefited by our vacation and our escape from the hot season, which, we are told, was a very trying one at Bobbili.

I am sorry to say our good health record has been interrupted. Last month there was a general outbreak of malarial fever in Bobbili and neighborhood. Mrs. Churchill, myself, and some of our servants and boarding children had an attack. It was not of a severe type, though we were a good deal pulled down by it. I seem, however, to be clear of it and am so much better that I am making a tour toward Vizianagram, where I hope to meet Mr. Sanford and go with him to visit some of the out-stations connected with our new station of Vizianagram.

So much for matters personal. Of general news I have not much to write. While we were away on the hill, there was a very general outbreak of cholera all through the country, and large numbers died. In connection with this, we have heard of cases that were peculiarly sad. But one case was horrible. One dresser told me that in a village not far from Bobbili, a marriage ceremony was being performed, the bride as usual being only a child. While the ceremony was going on, the man was attacked by cholera and died. The parents and friends begged and entreated the Brahmins that the preceding ceremonies should be regarded as not binding, and that the girl should not be regarded or treated as a widow. They would not consent, but insisted that the remaining ceremonies should be completed between the girl and the corpse, which was done. G. CHURCHILL.

W. B. M. D.

"Be ye steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Extracts from the Minutes of the Regular Executive Board Meeting, held Nov. 13, 1889.

The vice-president, Mrs. G. O. Gates, occupied the chair. After reading the Scripture, prayer was offered by Mrs. M. E. Cowan. The minutes of the last meeting were read and approved. The treasurer's quarterly account was read and was exceedingly satisfactory.

Letters were read from Mrs. Churchill, Bobbili, India; Miss Wright, Chiochole, India; Miss Gray, Bimlipatnam, India; Mrs. Smith, Amherst, N. S.; Miss Sophia Jackson, Liverpool, N. S.; Rev. Prof. Keirstead, Wolfville, the secretary of the Baptist Convention; Rev. W. J. Stewart, secretary of the Foreign Mission Board; Rev. J. H. Doolittle, superintendent of the Baptist Missions in the North-west.

We regret to learn from Sister Churchill's letter that she had been suffering very much from attacks of fever, she was still very poorly, and wrote while unable to sit up. Sisters Wright and Gray are in their usual health and pursuing their loved work with ever increasing interest. Their quarterly financial accounts were pleasing in the highest degree. Miss Gray said Mr. and Mrs. Sanford had gone to Vizianagram to fit up the place somewhat before the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Higgins. She would be left with the care of the Bimlipatnam station during their absence.

Prof. Keirstead's letter conveyed the kindly resolution passed by Convention at its last session inviting the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union to hold its next annual mass meeting with Convention.

Rev. J. H. Doolittle, after speaking of the past work done, aided by the Union, on the Cardiff and Sourisford fields, says:

I have just returned from a tour over the whole district, and there are greater things to tell. At Cardiff there have been three baptisms, and numbers more are halting. A church with a membership of about 30 was organized last Sunday. At Sourisford there have been 25 conversions, the result of special services in one district; four baptisms at another evening came there was nothing on the hill to eat, neither rice, nor bread, flour,

have been asked to support has been abundantly blessed.

M. E. MARCH, Cor. Secy.

It will be remembered that \$250 of the W. B. M. U. funds was given to aid in home mission work in Manitoba. In acknowledging the last remittance, Mr. Doolittle writes to our late treasurer:

You can scarcely understand what joy it gives us to see our friends in the East taking such a hearty interest in the work of this country. We are busy planning our work for the future, and with the increased co-operation of the Maritime Provinces, Ontario and Quebec, our prospects are most promising. We are providing for our greatest need permanent pastors, and we must do an enlarged summer's work through students next season. We are likewise moving in the line of vigorous evangelistic work. It will also be necessary for us to provide a building fund. We ought to erect at least six church buildings next summer. We are arranging to have the *Messenger* and *Visitor* regularly supplied with information by Brethren Hall and Whitman of Emerson, and are also providing a printed sheet for general circulation. We shall also make some provision for maps of Manitoba and the North-west, indicating the extent of our field and the location of our mission. The money you have forwarded was designated to fields in a new section of the country, which is rapidly opening up. An excellent work has been accomplished there. On one field there were several baptisms, and a church of about 30 members was organized. In the other field there were 25 conversions, and a widespread quickening in the whole district.

I trust you will be kept fully informed as to the needs and progress of our work. I shall keep your Society constantly in mind. Wishing you abundant prosperity in your work, and heartily thanking you for your assistance,

I remain, faithfully yours,
J. H. DOOLITTLE.

The needs for Christ in Manitoba and the North-west are greater at the present time than ever before. The country is just recovering from the shock of a commercial panic. Prospects are promising and immigration is rapidly increasing. If Baptists are ever to work in that country, now is the time. Such opportunities have never been open to them before. Our brethren are making a desperate struggle to fulfil their obligations to those thousands, many of whom are from our homes and our country. In addition to the loud call for pastors and student preachers, there is great need of Christian schools. Prof. S. J. McKee says, "There are more waiting for educational facilities who would soon be ready for service, if an institution were provided, and such a school could have 150 or 200 students for a start." To accomplish all this work earnest and persistent efforts are being made. The appeal to our Convention and to the Ontario and Quebec Convention must receive an unanimous response. Rev. A. Grant thinks if this aid were given for four years, they would then be in a position to do their own mission work.

Sisters, the claims of this mission are still upon us. Something has been done. Bread has been cast upon the waters and it has been found after few days, but too much has been left undone. Let us try to overtake the past opportunities. If our sisterhood of 30,000 make an offering of ten cents each to this special work, at the beginning of the new year, we shall greatly assist those worthy calls for our sympathy and help. Although our brethren and sisters in Manitoba and the North-west are prosecuting their work so vigorously they don't forget the spiritually destitute in the foreign fields. With us they feel that the work at home and abroad is one. Miss Frith, of the Ontario-Quebec Societies, recently made a tour through that country, and organized several mission circles. This will be a source of strength to Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Society of Manitoba. At a recent meeting of its board, Miss Booker, of Emerson, was appointed a missionary to the Telugus, to labor with the missionaries of the Ontario and Quebec Societies; but will be supported entirely by the Baptists of Manitoba and the North-west.

There is not a differing relation woman bears to social life, but is treated of in this book—the Bible. As a daughter, you will find her an example, obedient, gentle, and true, even if obedience mean suffering, as in the case of the daughter of Jephthah. As a sister, she moves before us in the gentle case of Martha, and the contemplative love of Mary of Bethany. As a wife, examples abound of wise helpmeets from Ruth to those of whom Paul and Peter speak. As a mother, so lofty in her love, so noble in her purpose—from Hannah to Mary, the mother of Jesus. As a widow, so calm, so heroic, and so loving, until, as in the widow of Nain, we seem to see her tears, and hear her songs of joy. All that is pure and holy is before you in living example.—From "Friendly Words to Young Women."

Thus you will see that the work you

The Christian Life.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

Brothers, let every man wherein he is called, be holy as God is holy. You find that three times within the compass of a very few lines this injunction is repeated. "As God hath distributed to every man," says the apostle in the 17th verse, "as the Lord hath called every one, so let him walk. And so I ordain in all churches." Then again, in the 23rd verse, "Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called." And then finally in our text.

The reason for this emphatic reiteration is not difficult to ascertain. There were strong temptations to restlessness besetting the early Christians. The great change from heathenism to Christianity would seem to have swept the joints of all life, and having been swept from their charge in religion, all external things would appear to be adrift. It was most natural that a man should seek to alter the circumstances of his life, and when he was free, the freeman, in some paroxysm of disgust at his former condition, trying to become a slave. These three cases are all referred to in the context—marriage, circumcision, slavery. And for all these the apostle has the same advice to give—stop where you are. In whatever condition you were when God's invitation drew you to Himself—for that, and not being set to a "vocation" in life, is the meaning of the word "called" here—remain in it.

And then, on the other hand, there was every reason why the apostle and his co-workers should set themselves, by all means in their power, to oppose this restlessness. For, if Christianity in those early days had once degenerated into the mere instrument of social revolution, its development would have been thrown back for centuries, and the whole world and power of it, for those who first apprehended it, would have been lost. So you know Paul never said a word to encourage any precipitate attempts to change external things. He does not say, do not trouble yourselves about external circumstances; keep to your Christian profession; let those alone, they will right themselves. Art thou a slave? Seek not to be free. Art thou circumcised? Seek not to be uncircumcised. Get hold of the central, vivifying, transmuting influence, and all the rest is a question of time. But, besides this more special application of the words of my text to the primitive times, it carries with it, dear brethren, a large general principle that applies to all a principle I may say, dead in the flesh of the maxims upon which life is being ordered by the most of us. Our maxim is, "Get on! Paul's is, "Never mind about getting on, get up." Our notion is—"Try to make the circumstances of your life what you have them." Paul's is—"Leave circumstances to take care of themselves, or rather leave God to take care of the circumstances. You get close to him, and hold His hand, and everything else will right itself. Only he is not preaching this conscientiousness. His previous injunctions were—"Let every man abide in the same calling wherein he is called." He says that that may be misconceived and abused, and so, in his third reiteration of the precept, he puts in a word which means a flood of light upon the whole thing—"Let every man wherein he is called therein abide." Yes, but that is not all—"therein abide with God!" Aye, that is it! not an impossible stoicism; not hypocritical, fanatical contempt of the external. But whilst that gets its due force and light, what a man yields himself in a measure to the natural tastes and inclinations which God has given him, and with the intention that he should find there subordinate guidance and impulse for his life, still let him abide wherein he is called with God, and seek to increase his fellowship with him, as the man thing that he has to do.

I. Thus we are led from the words before us first to the thought that our chief effort in life ought to be union with God. "Abide with God," which, being put into a word which means a flood of light upon the whole thing—"Let every man wherein he is called therein abide with God!" Aye, that is it! not an impossible stoicism; not hypocritical, fanatical contempt of the external. But whilst that gets its due force and light, what a man yields himself in a measure to the natural tastes and inclinations which God has given him, and with the intention that he should find there subordinate guidance and impulse for his life, still let him abide wherein he is called with God, and seek to increase his fellowship with him, as the man thing that he has to do.

Most men seem to think that they have gone to the very bottom of the thing when they have classified the gifts of fortune as good or evil, according as they produce pleasure or pain. But this is a poor, superficial classification. It is like taking and arranging books by their bindings and flowers by their colors. Instead of saying, We divide life into two halves, and we put there all the joyful, and here all the sad, for that is the ruling distinction—let us rather say, The whole is one, because it all comes from one purpose, and it all tends towards one end. The only question worth asking in regard to the externals of our life is—how far does each thing help me to be a good man? How far does it open my understanding to apprehend Him? How far does it make my spirit pliable and plastic under His touch? How far does it make me capable of larger reception of greater gifts from Himself? What is its effect in preparing me for that world beyond us? Is there any greater, more satisfying, more majestic thought of life than this—the scaffolding by which souls are built up into the temple of God? And to care whether a thing is painful or pleasant is as absurd as to care whether the bricklayer's trowel is knocking the sharp corner of a brick, or plastering mortar on the one below it before he lays it carefully on its course. Is the building getting on? That is the one question that is worth thinking about.

You and I write our lives as if on one of those manifold writers which you use. A thin filmy sheet here, a bit of black paper below it; but the writing goes through upon the next page, and when the blackness that divides two worlds is swept away there, the history of each life written by ourselves remains legible in Eternity. And the question is—what sort of autobiography are we writing for the revelation of that day, and how far do our circumstances help us to transcribe fair in our lives the will of our God and the image of our Redeemer? If, then, we have once got hold of that principle that all which is—summer and winter, storm and sunshine, possession and loss, memory and hope, work and rest, and all the other antitheses of life—is equally the product of His will, and the manifestation of His mind, equally His means for our discipline, then we have the amulet and talisman which will preserve us from the fever of desire and the shivering fits of anxiety, as to things which perish. And, as they tell of a Christian father, who, riding by one of the great lakes of Switzerland, one day long on his way to the church council that was absorbing his thoughts, said to

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Day after day the Christian believer observes a widening gulf between himself and religion, and he personally knows many people whom this indifference afflicts. How can he suggest relief to his acquaintances who are thus afflicted? How can he rouse them to a state of conscious indignation to join the company of believers? How can he bring them to look on Jesus Christ as their Saviour? These seem to him difficult as well as serious problems, and he is tempted to give them up as insoluble. Of course there is a way to solve them, and it is this: He must first be praying prayerfully. It will not appear to him who seeks in his own strength, and with his own ideas as to timeliness. We truly think that intimate acquaintance is often a bar to our speech, in respect to spiritual interests. God may lead us over that bar, or remove the obstruction, by offering the opportunity of a new acquaintance. The case of a brother comes to mind; he felt this concern for others, for his unconverted friends, but he did not know how to express it. One day he formed a new acquaintance, under circumstances which made it seem probable that the acquaintance soon would ripen into friendship. Suddenly he thought of the possibility of developing that friendship along the lines of Christian sympathy, and, without embarrassment or hesitation, he asked the prospective friend if he had any interest in church affairs. The work was half done in an instant, so far as the human agency was concerned, simply because it was so well begun. The answer to that preliminary question was knocking the sharp corner of a brick, or plastering mortar on the one below it before he lays it carefully on its course. Is the building getting on? That is the one question that is worth thinking about.

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these were members of her Sunday-school class, and upon them she had exerted an influence for a considerable period of time. But the other four were newly-found acquaintances, members of a family brought to the appreciation of the sweetness of fellowship by believers through this Christian worker's kindly offices, beginning with a call upon the mother of the household. Christians must not despair of being soul-winners. Ways in which they may exercise an influence for good upon either old friends or new friends will be opened up for them, if they put themselves under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and keep their eyes open that they may see and seize the blessed opportunity when it comes.—Interior.

The Greatest of These. Mary, Lucy and Ellen were sitting in the bay window working as though their lives depended on finishing those particular pieces of fancy-work while daylight lasted. They were all pretty and gracious young things, charming like the flock of English sparrows outside in the ivy. Now that the sun has come out, how different everything looks; if the fair were not coming off so soon, I should drop everything and go out.

There goes Miss Randall home from school, "How tired she looks! Her children are too much for her." "I am not going to waste any sympathy on her," said Ellen; "they say she is a good girl, and her manners seem to me to be extremely abrupt, cold and repelling." "What expressionless hair she has, and eyes equally so," added Lucy. "Her hair would not be so bad if she would arrange it better; for my part, I think she is rather sweet-looking," said Mary, gently.

"I'll be bound, Mary, if there is anything good to see in her, you will see it, uninteresting as she is. Isn't there some chemical which always finds the gold if there is any?" "Yes," continued Lucy. "I think I could safely leave my character and person in Mary's hands, and feel sure she would give me the best she could for me behind my back. If she will do it for the merest acquaintance, she will for me."

Mary laughed and blushed while she said: "She's a kind work, or say nothing at all." The other girls regarded her affectionately, for Mary was loved by everyone. "Girls," said she, "it is much easier to keep from criticizing people than to avoid 'thinking evil.' Whenever I want to give myself good overeating, I read that thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. Dear, dear, how can one reach such a standard as that? 'Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all things, believeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth.'"

Nothing was said for a few moments, and then Ellen remarked: "I do enjoy saying just what I think of people once in awhile, and having it all out." "But suppose you are being dissected, and not allowed to defend yourself. I always think of that." "Oh, I take it for granted that people express their opinions of me just as I do of them. There is another thing. How can I say nice things of one I thoroughly dislike?" "Mother says it is best to say as little as possible about a person one dislikes." "Well, Mary, how can one help thinking evil?" "I read somewhere that one can not prevent the birds from flying over one's head, but we can keep them from making nests in our hair."

"I do not believe, Mary, that you and Cousin John ever think evil of any one, or it would come out sometimes." "Heigho!" exclaimed Dr. John, pushing aside the portiere and entering the room from the adjoining library. "My dear, I did not intend to be an eavesdropper, but was looking for a book, and caught some of your interesting remarks. When you began on me, I thought it was time to assert myself." "I am sure we were just saying something complimentary," said Ellen, hastily reviewing the conversation in her mind. "Yes," replied her cousin, "it was an agreeable surprise." "Now, that is too bad," cried Ellen. "Well, you have just admitted that you like to hear your friends to pieces. French authors say if you are bringing them to look on Jesus Christ as their Saviour? These seem to him difficult as well as serious problems, and he is tempted to give them up as insoluble. Of course there is a way to solve them, and it is this: He must first be praying prayerfully. It will not appear to him who seeks in his own strength, and with his own ideas as to timeliness. We truly think that intimate acquaintance is often a bar to our speech, in respect to spiritual interests. God may lead us over that bar, or remove the obstruction, by offering the opportunity of a new acquaintance. The case of a brother comes to mind; he felt this concern for others, for his unconverted friends, but he did not know how to express it. One day he formed a new acquaintance, under circumstances which made it seem probable that the acquaintance soon would ripen into friendship. Suddenly he thought of the possibility of developing that friendship along the lines of Christian sympathy, and, without embarrassment or hesitation, he asked the prospective friend if he had any interest in church affairs. The work was half done in an instant, so far as the human agency was concerned, simply because it was so well begun. The answer to that preliminary question was knocking the sharp corner of a brick, or plastering mortar on the one below it before he lays it carefully on its course. Is the building getting on? That is the one question that is worth thinking about.

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of the school children on the following morning, and gradually the poor girl's life was brightened by many pleasant little attentions. When they learned to know her better, they discovered more of her true worth of character, and found that she could be an affectionate as well as lovable friend.

On the morning of the day when the famous bazaar was to come off, the girls received a package containing a beautiful slumber rug, with a note, saying: "I want to do something to show my appreciation of your kindness—your loving kindness—to me since I came here a stranger. I know that something for your fair will be more acceptable than anything else, so please accept this, which no other has good me to make." The girls were quite overcome at the thought of her spending her precious leisure in doing this elaborate piece of work, but she assured them that it had given her, particularly her mother, the greatest pleasure to make it.

"Their gratitude is quite out of proportion to the cause," Ellen remarked privately; "and I have made up my mind never to express an opinion until I know the character of a person. It is so easy to be mistaken." "Do we not often misjudge our friends and acquaintances, because we can not know their secret hindrances and difficulties? Perhaps they have some anxiety resting heavily, which makes them seem selfish and unsympathetic. Let us be on the lookout for good, rather than disabuse ourselves, and find the bright side of people's characters—feeling sure that there is a bright side. Let us ask humbly for grace to avoid the sin of taking up a reproach against our neighbor, so that the world may have no occasion to say, ironically: 'See how these Christians love one another.'"

—That was a suggestive lament of a Connecticut deacon. Referring to twelve persons who had joined his church on profession of faith on a given Sunday, he said "there was not one sinner among them." Alas! in these days of laxity we see so little deep conviction of sin. We can not explain it by saying that people are so much better in heart and so much more fully instructed that such deep conviction as our fathers felt is not necessary with us. It was Paul of blameless life, living "in all good conscience," who felt himself the chief of sinners. And the better a man is, the deeper will be his sense of guilt; the clearer his vision, the more plainly will he see the stains on his soul.

When a fairer wishes an abundant harvest he plows deep; when the Holy Spirit wishes an hundred fold from the seed sown in the heart, he plows deep with conviction of sin. Shallow conviction is not followed by much love. We see the man "compelled to enter the straight gate;" there is more hope that they will walk steadfastly along the narrow path without looking back or sighing for the flesh pots they have left behind. It is inspiring to see a man overwhelmed with a sense of guilt before God, feeling in his heart that he is lost and condemned, and that his damnation is just. Such a man will love all the more the Saviour who has rescued him from such guilt, and will hate sin all the more. It is "the broken and contrite heart," which God delights to accept.

There are among us a mischievous tendency to try to make salvation pleasant to the carnal heart. There is too much preaching as if all that was necessary was a willingness to accept Jesus; too much dwelling on that willingness, which is the sinners' sin. Too little is heard of "golly arroy for sin," and the result is our churches are being filled with members to whom such language as David and Paul use, and such as we read in Bunyan's Grace Abounding and in Augustine's Confessions, is well nigh meaningless. Their mothers have never had such feelings of their awful state before a broken law and a holy God. This is not because the saints of old were guiltier than the men of to-day, but because they had a deeper and truer knowledge of sin.

We all have many and great sins to be forgiven, and the love we cherish toward Christ will be in proportion to our sense of the enormity of our guilt. Admit that a man can be saved without such deep contrition, yet the love of such will be small in consequence of the shallowness of his conviction. He who is crushed into the dust by a sense of his awful guilt will love much. Our love will be in proportion to our sense of sin, and that love will give us a clearer insight into God's character and our obligations, and this will give us a deeper sense of the greatness of the sins that have been forgiven, and this will strengthen our love. The road to deeper and stronger love lies through repentance, which is not ended with regeneration, but continues so long as we commit sin. Jesus said of the woman who had washed His feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven; she loved much." The sinner who feels himself to be, the more will he love the physician who heals him.—Western Recorder.

Mr. Spurgeon is much improved in health and is preaching with all his old time power. From the London Baptist we learn that Mr. Spurgeon wrote the other day to an American lady (Mrs. Ambler) who had sent him a box of a remedy for rheumatism: "The medicine has just now arrived, and as I happen to be suffering from an attack, it comes at the right time. I have already taken so many drugs that I mistake the woman who suffered many things of many physicians and was nothing bettered. Yet I will try again. May God bless the means. The newspapers represent me as soon to be done for, but I shall outlive many of them and be heard when some of their thunder is hushed in the eternal silence."—Christian Secretary.

"My customers say that Burdock Blood Bitters is the best blood purifier in the market," thus writes Wm. Lock, of McDonald's Corners, Ont.

The girls were silent, but each took the lesson to heart. They loved their Saviour, though self and the world sometimes came between and obscured that love. Nothing more was said on the subject, but Dr. John was amused to see how particularly kind they were to Miss Randall after that. Ellen was seen gathering a large bouquet of roses to send her by one

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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Fourth Quarter.

Lesson XI. Dec. 15. 1 Kings 11: 4-18.

SOLOMON'S FALL.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor. 10: 12.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE INFLUENCES WHICH LED SOLOMON AWAY.—(1) POLYGAMY. For it came to pass when Solomon was old, between 50 and 60 years old; when his energies, being somewhat relaxed, he would have less power of continued resistance to the influences of his foreign wives. His wives turned away his heart after other gods.

(2) BAD COMPANY. Through his heathen wives Solomon was thrown into bad company and under bad influences.

(3) A FALSE TOLERATION. Not the allowing each of his wives to have her own opinions and her own religion till convinced of better things by his wisdom and his conduct, but the favoring and aiding of religions and principles which were destructive of the very foundation of his prosperity.

(4) A WEAK STATE OF HEART. And his heart was not perfect with the Lord. The word rendered heart in the Old Testament is very significant. It means more than the will, the emotions, and the affections; it reaches down to the depths of one's selfhood out of which thought, feeling, action, flow.

(5) POLYGAMY. Contrary to the divine law of his kingdom (Deut. 17: 17) Solomon multiplied wives till he had 700 wives and 300 concubines (1: 3).

(6) IDOLATRY. For Solomon went after Ashtoreth. Solomon never entirely forsook the worship of God. "He continued his attendance on the worship of Jehovah, and punctually made his offerings three times a year in the temple" (1 Kings 9: 25). Ashtoreth was the highest of the Phœnician deities; the ancient Venus of the Greeks.

(7) EXTRAVAGANCE. The wealth of Solomon was enormous. The king was proportionately extravagant. See the account given of his palaces, his gardens, and his retinue. No country could long bear such a strain, and it tended to cherish pride, and selfishness, and self-conceit in the king.

(8) OPPRESSION. He appears to have copied the Phœnicians not only in magnificence, but in disregard for human suffering. The Canaanites were reduced to the position of helots; multitudes were torn from their homes to fell timber in the forests or hew stones in the quarries (2: 20-25). The greatness of the oppression is clearly seen not long after in the appeal of the citizens to Rehobam to lighten their burdens (12: 4, 14).

beginning of his reign (3: 4-15), and then at Jerusalem, about the middle of his reign (9: 9-11) in the very height of his prosperity. These were special warnings and encouragements because of his great danger.

(3) WISDOM TO FORESEE THE TREND OF EVERY COURSE OF LIFE. He was not walking in the dark. He knew the consequences of his conduct.

(4) GOD'S BLESSINGS. God's promises had been fulfilled to him, and God had given him every earthly blessing it was possible to bestow.

(5) RELIGIOUS WORSHIP. All the influences of the purest religion in the world were thrown around him.

(6) THE WORD OF GOD. 10. And God commanded him: both in the visions and in His Word. Solomon had the Pentateuch, Joshua, and Judges, and practically both books of Samuel. As a wise and learned man he must have studied these thoroughly.

(7) WISDOM TO FORESEE THE TREND OF EVERY COURSE OF LIFE. He was not walking in the dark. He knew the consequences of his conduct.

(8) OPPRESSION. He appears to have copied the Phœnicians not only in magnificence, but in disregard for human suffering.

(9) SPECIAL WARNINGS. 9. And the Lord was angry with Solomon. The Lord's anger is a sense of justice which would stop the evil doer in his course and punish him.

(10) THE LORD'S WRATH. The Lord's wrath is a sense of justice which would stop the evil doer in his course and punish him.

(11) THE LORD'S WRATH. The Lord's wrath is a sense of justice which would stop the evil doer in his course and punish him.

(12) THE LORD'S WRATH. The Lord's wrath is a sense of justice which would stop the evil doer in his course and punish him.

(13) THE LORD'S WRATH. The Lord's wrath is a sense of justice which would stop the evil doer in his course and punish him.

(14) THE LORD'S WRATH. The Lord's wrath is a sense of justice which would stop the evil doer in his course and punish him.

The Census of India.

The new census of India gives the population in March, 1888, as 269,477,728, of which 60,684,378 belonged to the native States. Distributed according to religion, in round numbers, the Hindoo population in millions is about 190; the Mohammedans 81, "aboriginals" 64, Buddhists 31, Christians nearly 2, Sikhs nearly 2, Jains 1, while Parsees, Jews, and others are comparatively very few.

The Church of England has nearly 350,000 members, other Episcopalian churches 20,000; the Church of Scotland the same number; all other Protestants, 138,000; Roman Catholics nearly a million; and Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks, over 300,000. About 106,000,000 males and 111,000,000 females are neither under instruction nor able to read or write.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

St. Andrews, N. B., 4th Oct., 1889. Messrs. Brown & Co. Being very much reduced by sickness and almost given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your

PURNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a very short time, my health began to improve, and the longer I used it, the better my health became. After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last summer performed the hardest summer's work I ever did, having often to go with only one meal a day. I attribute the saving of my life to PURNER'S EMULSION. EMERY E. MARNEY, Liverty Stable Keeper

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There is no better time than the present for entering either the Business Department, Short-Hand & Type-Writing Dept., or Telegraphy Department. Students can enter at any time, and can take any specialty or combination of studies. No VACATIONS. SEND FOR CIRCULAR. S. KERR, Principal

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Ordination.

Pursuant to notice a council convened at Wolfville for the purpose of considering the propriety of setting Bro. McQuarrie, student at Acadia College, apart to the work of the Christian ministry.

Rev. S. B. Kempton being chosen chairman, and Rev. J. H. Foshey sec'y, the meeting was called to order, and the following list of delegates made out: Wolfville—Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., Rev. Dr. Sawyer, Professor Kierstead, Deacon Ruscoe; Halifax First—Deacons E. D. King, B. H. Eaton; North church, Halifax—Rev. J. W. Manning, brother J. H. Bently and W. J. Gates; Dartmouth—Deacon J. W. Johnson, brother N. E. Hermon; Windsor—Rev. J. H. Foshey; Hantsport—Rev. P. S. McGregor, deacon Davidson; Brookline—Deacon H. H. Reid, brethren Clarence Reid, Isaac Huntley, L. A. Cooney, Lic; Gaspareaux—Rev. M. P. Freeman, deacons Andrew Caldwell, F. Larkin, John Vaughan; Canard—Rev. S. B. Kempton, deacons S. McDonald, R. E. Rand; Third Horton—Bro. L. Rouse. The council being organized, Rev. S. B. Kempton was chosen moderator, and Rev. J. H. Foshey, sec'y of council.

The following brethren were invited to testify—Rev. A. Cohoon, S. McC. Black, Prof. D. F. Higgins, Prof. A. Caldwell, and Bro. G. W. Borden.

The following brethren, students from the College, being present, were also invited to testify: C. A. Eaton, lic; W. B. Wallace, lic; C. H. Bently, lic; T. J. Bradshaw, lic; C. R. Minard, lic; H. H. Saunders, lic; R. E. Gullian, lic; D. F. Baker, lic; W. H. Stackhouse, lic; L. J. Quigley, lic; H. A. McNeill, lic; W. M. Smallman, lic; E. H. Borden, lic; J. S. Wright, lic; C. H. Collahaw, lic; J. L. Miner, lic; Austin Kempton, lic; C. E. Seaman, S. F. Newcomb, M. H. McLean, C. B. Freeman, G. P. Raymond, lic; F. S. Messenger, Q. Morse, lic; E. E. Daley, lic; F. M. Shaw.

Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., pastor of the church, made explanations relative to the call of Bro. McQuarrie to ordination. Some question arising as to the propriety of ordaining students before the completion of their course of study, Bro. Cohoon arose to justify the action in this case on the plea that the church Bro. McQuarrie was to serve for a year was in such an isolated place that it would be almost impossible to secure an ordained minister to administer ordinances, etc.

A question was also raised with respect to the regularity of the proceedings, some supposing that Baptist usage did not admit of a minister being ordained without the authority of the church calling him to be her pastor. After a short discussion, however, it was thought to be regular enough, and the following resolution passed the council unanimously:

Resolved, That the council being satisfied with the regularity of the proceedings, Bro. McQuarrie be requested to give a statement of his conversion to Christ, call to the ministry and views of Christian doctrine.

The candidate then came forward and gave a very full and touching account of his salvation and call to the ministry, as also a very clear statement of his belief of Christian doctrine.

Bro. McQuarrie was then subjected to a very prolonged and severe examination by the council, which he passed in a most satisfactory manner.

The candidate being requested to retire, it was moved by Rev. M. P. Freeman, and seconded by Rev. P. S. McGregor: "Having heard with great interest the statement of the candidate relating to his religious belief, call to the ministry and conversion to Christ, the council advise the ordination to proceed in usual way, by prayer and the laying on of hands."

Evening Service.—In the evening, a good audience having assembled, Rev. A. Cohoon preached the ordination sermon from I Tim. 4: 6; Rev. S. McC. Black offered the ordaining prayer; Rev. S. B. Kempton extended the hand of welcome; Rev. J. W. Manning gave the charge to the candidate. The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. M. P. McQuarrie.

Thus closed a more than usually interesting ordination service.

J. H. FOSHEY, Secretary of Council.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

PROSSER BROOK, Albert Co.—The revival still continues. Three have been baptized since last report by the Rev. J. C. Steadman. Bro. H. Warden is being much blessed in his labors here.

CHARLOTTETOWN.—We expect to occupy our new vestry in two or three weeks time. Our congregation, Sunday-school and prayer meetings are steadily increasing in number and interest.

J. A. GORDON.

NEW ROSS, Lunenburg Co.—The Rev. S. Langille is much encouraged in his work. He had the privilege of baptizing one Sept. 22, and again on Oct. 27, one. Much opposition to the truth is manifested; but here now, as always, it prevails.

OAK BAY, Charlotte Co.—It was my happy privilege to receive two into this church on the 17th inst. I have also received a unanimous call from the churches of this field for another year. I was very kindly remembered by the kind people of Bartlett's Mills on the evening of the 11th inst., for which I feel most grateful.

F. S. TODD.

ONLAW.—Last Sabbath, Nov. 24th, it was our happy privilege to receive six more into the East Onlaw Baptist church, five by baptism, and one by profession, as a result of the work done in Nutby, and more to follow. Bro. Wm. Cummings, of Truro, was with us several times and rendered valuable aid. The Lord has owned and blessed his labors in Nutby. Souls through his instrumentality have been led to Jesus.

DISTRICT NO. 1. CENTRAL ASSOCIATION. N. S.—The last district meeting called to meet at Cambridge, Oct. 29, was a failure—none of the brethren except the chairman and pastor of church being present. The next meeting will take place at Upper Aylesford, on Monday, Dec. 9, at 2 o'clock, p. m. Rev. D. Price, of Cambridge, will preach in the evening. Will pastors make an effort to be present, and churches having no pastor send a delegate.

H. N. PARRY, Chairman.

ACADIA MINES.—The Lord continues to work with his people at Acadia Mines. Last Sunday (Nov. 24), eight more were baptized and added to the church. This gracious work had its beginning, doubtless, in the church removing, from itself, dead and corroding branches, until the top looked painfully thin; but this let the light of heaven, which brought life and fruitage. When a church, in the love and fear of Christ, purges itself from impurities, God will assuredly give them a golden harvest.

P. R. FOSTER.

DIGBY COUNTY MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE.—Pursuant to a call from Rev. J. L. Reed, Rev. W. J. Bleakney, W. H. Richan and Dea. J. F. Saunders met the conference in the Digby Baptist meeting-house, on Nov. 26. The paucity of our number may be accounted for partly from the fact that during the past year every parsonage in the county, with the exception of that of the Digby North church, have been vacated, and Bear River, Weymouth, New Tusket, and Westport are still pastorless. Bro. Tingley now "holds the fort" at Long Island, and Bro. J. C. Morse, of course, remains, and will remain, until the Lord call him up higher. We are hoping that our depleted ranks will soon be filled, and that as a county conference we shall yet "wage a good warfare." The next sessions are to be held at Barton and Hill Grove, on the 17th and 18th of December, commencing at 10 o'clock on the 17th, at 10 a. m. Each pastor is requested to prepare a paper for the occasion. At the evening meetings we propose to discuss the following themes: "The relation of Home and Foreign Missions, each to the other;" "The need of money for carrying on the Lord's work;" "The spirit of liberality."

ST. FRANCIS.—I wish to tender my thanks, in behalf of the St. Francis Baptist church to the "Baptist Book and Tract Society," for the handsome present of a Pulpit Bible and hymn book. The church has been supplied with the "Canadian Baptist Hymnal" and consider the hymns to be a very choice selection. We were very much pleased to have them at our Dedication Service, as we were then enabled to select hymns suitable for the occasion. The preaching by Rev. A. Cohoon was a rich treat. His visit to St. Francis was highly appreciated, and will not soon be forgotten. Since parting with Bro. Cohoon I have been giving what spare time I had to St. Leonard and Grand Rivers, which the lowest section of the St. Francis field. The Lord has been pleased to meet with us by His converting power—as a proof of it last Lord's day six followed their Saviour in the ordinance of baptism, five of whom have families—one couple over 61 years old. Several others have joined us in prayer, and we trust they will soon be led by the Holy Spirit to put on Christ as the word of God directs. Pray for the St. Francis missionary.

C. H.

P. S.—I thank those who have been supplying me of late with papers and Sunday school books, &c., and pray that the blessing of God may attend their circulation.

C. H.

GIBSON.—About January, 1887, a few sisters started a sewing circle at Gibson, at the home of Mrs. John F. Miles; then followed sales and suppers. In the summer of 1888 Bro. McIntyre started a Baptist Sunday-school. The interest has grown under the care of Bro. Crawley, of the Fredericton church, and Bro. Simms, who succeeded Bro. McIntyre as superintendent of the Sunday-school. In July last there was a building committee appointed—Thos. Hobbs, D. Babbitt, and Chas. Verx—to draw plans and build. Subscription papers were started. Bro. A. F. Randolph, of the Fredericton church, presented them with the ground—a beautiful site, commanding a fine view of the noble St. John and city of Fredericton. August 1st the stone wall was ready, and on the 14th of November the church was organized, with a membership of 35, who had letters from their different church homes. On the 17th, the dedication services, was preached by Bro. Hinson, of Moncton, at 11 a. m.; Sunday-school at 2 p. m.; addresses at 3 p. m. by Bros. Thomas and Manzer; at 6:30 preaching by Bro. Thomas. The sermons were the best efforts of the preachers, and were highly appreciated by full houses. The church has a seating capacity for 350, and when the spire is finished, in the early spring, we are in hopes the debt will be small, if any. We are now looking for a minister to take charge of the church and look after the interests of St. Mary's and Maryville. The church is willing, but not rich, if the H. M. Board could see their way to assist, it looks as if the combined interests would be self-sustaining in a short time. Pray for us all, that the Great Shepherd may send one to suit the needs of this growing interest.

CHURCH CLERK.

PERSONAL.

The address of the Rev. J. C. Bleakney for the present is Woodstock, N. B. He has resigned the pastorate of the Richmond and South Richmond churches, but is supplying them occasionally till they can secure the services of a pastor. His health, which has been failing, is hoped, will improve with rest.

The Rev. F. H. Beale, of Hebron, Yarmouth, has been spending a few days in the city. His church and many friends will be glad to know that his sight has been much improved; and we hope that the medical advice and treatment he here sought will be of permanent advantage. On Sabbath, the 24th, he sup-

plied the Leinster street Baptist church with much acceptance.

The Rev. M. B. Shaw, A. B., late pastor of Milton, Yarmouth Co., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Fallbrook Baptist church, Los Angeles, California. We wish our bro. great success in his work. The removal of another of our talented young men from a pastorate which is found somewhat difficult to fill, indicates that we, in order to supply our churches with efficient pastors, are called upon to do more than provide for their education in our own provinces.

NOTICES.

The Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties Quarterly meeting will be held with the Jacksonville Baptist church, on Friday, 20th Dec. Service to commence at 7 p. m. We hope to see a large attendance of ministers and delegates present. THOS. TOSS, Secy. & Treas.

THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY.—Bostwick Hall Mission, Acadia Mines, held its 30th anniversary on Wednesday evening, Nov. 27. After opening by prayer and responsive readings, the scholars sat down to a bountiful repast supplied by the teachers and kind friends of the mission. This school, which has been a flourishing condition, and the prospects are bright for even greater usefulness in the future. GEO. F. DOIS, Secy.

Marriages.

GRAY-MOORS.—On Nov. 22, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Edward Gray, to Annie May Moors, all of Sackville, N. B.

CAMPBELL-LEIGHTON.—At the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 20, by Rev. Thos. Todd, Scott F. Campbell, to Alice G. Leighton, both of Benton.

ATKINSON-BARNES.—On Oct. 30, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Wm. A. Atkinson, to Lois E., only daughter of Jane and Sanford Barnes, Esq., of Westcott.

GODDARD-DOVER.—At the Baptist residence, Nov. 25, by Rev. T. M. Munro, Edward Goddard, of Sandy Point, to Lucy Downie, of Lockport, N. S.

BROWN-McGINNIS.—At Chipman, Queens Co., Nov. 14, by Rev. W. G. Corey, James Irwin Brown, to Carrie Olive McGinnis, both of Chipman, Queens Co., N. B.

HUNT-HANLEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 20, by Rev. D. W. Crandall, Porter F. Hunt, Esq., to Mary E. Hanley, all of Greenfield, Queens Co., N. S.

KEITH-McLEOD.—In the Baptist church, Penobscot, Nov. 27, by Rev. Sydney Welton, B. A., Fred. H. Keith, to Agnes Louisa, eldest daughter of Daniel McLeod, Esq.

SIMPSON-LAWRENCE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Bay Side, Charlotte Co., by Rev. F. S. Todd, Joseph Simpson, of Eureka, to Lena Lawrence, of Bay Side.

ADAMS-BOYD.—At the residence of the bride's father, Nov. 16, by Rev. T. M. Munro, John H. Adams, of Shager Harbor, to Emily Boyd, of Port Clyde, Shelburne Co., N. S.

LEVY-LEVY.—At the home of the bride's father, Sherwood, Lunenburg Co., Nov. 21, by Rev. S. Langille, David Levy, of Waterville, Hants Co., to Ella Levy, of Sherwood, Lunenburg Co., N. S.

FORD-ANDERSON.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Oct. 15, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, Ernest L. Ford, Esq., attorney-at-law, to Louise, daughter of the late Edward Anderson, all of Sackville.

BOWLES-WESTER.—At the home of the bride's father, A. A. Webster, Cambridge Kings Co., N. S., Nov. 14, by Rev. David Price, assisted by Rev. Mr. McLennan (Presbyterian), Norman Bowles, of Waterville, to Edith Webster, of Cambridge, N. S.

Deaths.

MESSENET.—At St. George, Oct. 20, Claude Messenet, aged 72 years.

CROSS.—At Fall River, Oct. 20, Raymond, infant son of Alpheus and Ella J. Crossman.

MAHER.—At Elgin, Albert Co., Nov. 17, George M., fourth daughter of Daniel Maher, of Little River.

FRANK.—At Second Falls, Oct. 23, John Frost, aged 40 years. May God bless the widow and fatherless.

McVICAR.—At Mascarene, Oct. 27, James McVicar, aged 75 years. Deceased died in full assurance of faith.

TURNER.—At the residence of E. Perry, Digby, Oct. 27, William B. Turner, aged 92 years.

COX.—At Second Falls, Parish of St. George, Nov. 16, Mrs. Herbert Cox, aged 30 years. Deceased put off preparation to meet her God until her death-bed.

SORREY.—At Sturgeon, P. E. I., Nov. 19, Mrs. Ellen Sorrey, widow of the late John Sorrey, at the advanced age of 97 years. Her children mourn, not without hope.

CRAIG.—At Second Falls, Nov. 14, Mrs. Elizabeth Craig, aged 71 years. Our deceased sister was a devoted member of the Second Falls Baptist church and died rejoicing in the faith.

McFARLANE.—At the Dow Settlement, Canterbury, York Co., N. B., Nov. 21, of typhoid fever, Samuel McFarlane, aged 49 years. He leaves a wife and seven children to mourn their loss.

STEVENS.—At Lower Steviacke, Colchester Co., N. S., Nov. 17, of whooping cough and congestion of the lungs, J. Winifred, daughter of the late James E. Stevens, aged 8 years and 7 months.

RAND.—At Black Rock, Tobique River, Victoria Co., Nov. 12, of spinal meningitis, Willie J., aged one year, one month and twelve days, youngest and beloved child of Benjamin and Ella Reed.

CURSTANCE.—At Upper Rawdon, Hants Co., Nov. 13, Elizabeth, wife of William J. Curstace, aged 81 years and eight months. Deceased had been a member of the Baptist church since her girlhood. She died trusting in Jesus.

CLARK.—Killed by a falling tree, while working for Charles E. Boone, on Whitney Brook, Acostook Co., Maine, Nov. 13. Andrew Clark, of Ashland, Carleton Co., aged 52 years and seven months, leaving a wife and eight children to mourn their loss.

CROSBY.—At Woodhurst, Oct. 2, Ida, beloved wife of Parker Crosbyman. A few years ago she and her husband together were banished and united with the Donchester church, where she held her membership in good standing till called home. Her age was 27 years.

JENKINS.—At her residence, Johnson, Queens Co., Nov. 13, Elizabeth Jenkins, in the 74th year of her age. Sister Jenkins professed faith in Christ about 48 years ago, and was baptized by the late Elder Mersereau. She united with the Free Baptist church at Perry's Point, of which she remained a consistent member until called away to join the church in glory. She leaves a husband and five children to mourn their loss.

ANDERSON.—At the Baptist Parsonage, New Germany, N. S., Nov. 15, Wilfred M. Anderson, aged 10 years, beloved son of Rev. W. P. and Clemmie Anderson. Fifteen days ago we buried Vernon; the day following Wilfred complained of not feeling well. The doctor was summoned, and then another, and everything was done, yet the summons came. With the expression, "I love Jesus best of all," his ransomed spirit took its flight.

BANKS.—At Harmony, Kings Co., N. S., Oct. 19, of heart disease, Leslie W. Banks, aged four years and nine months. Leslie was a bright boy, one so young in years. He came with his father to the house of God and paid great attention to the gospel. His peaceful spirit is with his sainted mother in the home above. Much sympathy is felt for our dear brother. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all."

LAYTON.—At Falmouth Village, Nov. 6, Mrs. Layton, widow of the late Hyman Layton, of Falmouth, Hants Co. She made her home with Mr. John B. Lyon, her son-in-law, where she was kindly cared for by a loving Christian daughter. Though her sickness was short, death, to her, was a relief. She was a faithful member of the Falmouth Baptist church, and a good member of the W. M. A. S. Three sons and four daughters mourn the loss of a tender mother. They all belong to a Baptist church, and consequently mourn as those who hope to meet again.

MILTON.—At Dorchester, N. B., Oct. 15, Joanna, beloved wife of Wm. Milton, aged 68 years. About forty-five years ago our sister was baptized by Rev. W. Sears and joined the Upper Sackville church. On moving within the limits of Dorchester church, she transferred her membership there. The general influence of her life tended to lead others to the Lamb of God. If her seat in the house of worship were vacant, you might expect a justifiable excuse; and the hymn sung at the funeral, "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely," seemed appropriate. For six long years she struggled against disease, but it proved to be the most refining and sanctifying period of her whole life. "Father, thy will be done," meant more, much more, to her than mere sentiment; yet the words were uttered. Though dead she yet speaketh. A husband, three sons, and six daughters are possessed of the strength derived from the memory of a devoted Christian wife and mother.

GOLDEN EAGLE BREAD KEEPS MOST SIX DAYS.

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W. Frank Hatheway,

ST. JOHN, N. B.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Hot Water Heating Apparatus, Dalhousie, N. B.," will be received until Wednesday, 18th December next, for the construction of a Hot Water Heating Apparatus at the Dalhousie, N. B. Post Office Building.

Plans and specifications can be seen and form of tender and all necessary information obtained at this Department and at the Clerk of Works Office, Dalhousie, N. B., after Wednesday, 4th December next. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to five per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned to the tenderer. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, A. GORRIE, Secretary.

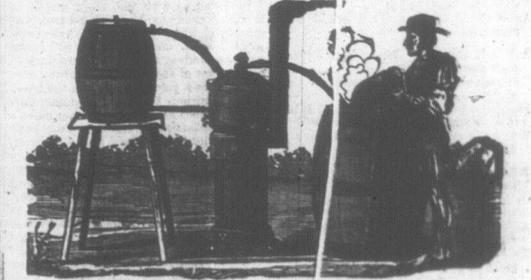
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FELLOWS' LEMING'S ESSENCE Cures Lameness, Rheumatism, Sprains, Swellings, and all other ailments of Horses. Numerous testimonials testify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and everywhere brings forth testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that Fellows' Leming's Essence is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

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Head Quarters for School Books, Sheet Music and Music Books.

GROWING OLD.

They call it "going down the hill" when they are growing old. And these mournful accents when our tale is nearly told: They sigh when talking of the past, the days that used to be, As if the future were not bright with immortality.

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

CATHEDRAL STEPS.

When Rene came to himself, he was seated by the table in his chamber at the Auberge, with his face buried in his hands. It had all happened in a few seconds, but he knew that a great epoch in his life had passed. Something had happened in his heart that would never go outside the same. He scarcely thought of Madame Cartel. It was against Eglantine herself that his anger burned most hotly. Of the gay, easy-going woman of the world little was to be expected; but of the child who had lain upon his mother's breast and been taught at his father's knee, he felt he had had a right to look for something better. After her eager denial, it was impossible to doubt that she had acted thoughtlessly. But what right had she to be thoughtless on a matter of such vital importance, he asked sternly. Eglantine, the child would have known better. Was Eglantine, the woman, to be more easily led astray? Had she forgotten the perpetual blasphemy in the sacrifice of the mass, the idolatrous worship of a woman like herself, enmeshed in the music she had gone to hear? Had the incidents of that afternoon made so little impression upon her heart that she could clasp hands so quickly with the persecutors of her kind? Where was Nanette? Had she forgotten her mother, and the cost at which the pure faith of her childhood had been purchased for her. Rene Chevalier's heart grew hard. Granting all that was so, and the suffering of a stranger awake only passing sympathy, one thought could not be had—how could her feet upon that threshold—how could she cry, like an angel in the way, have withstood her. She could not have forgotten his father. Had she learned to condone that cruel death, to think lightly of that cruel confusion to make friends with his murderers? He had heard this point, when he had looked at the little testament in his breast. He drew it out and opened it. The leaves were yellow and clinging clammy together. The volume was evidently little read. With growing sadness, but less bitterness, he turned to the first leaf with its three inscriptions. He had glanced them over that afternoon with a tender smile. Now his eyes grew dim as they rested on the words printed on the bottom of the page:

"I do, my Rene, but it is very hard to good without you and my aunt Nanette."

With a rush of remorseful tenderness, he lifted the book to his lips. She had said to him and to all they would have had, but it had been "very hard," alone. He could understand it all now, could imagine just how untoward things had been made for her—how lonely and difficult had looked the strait way, how broad and easy that other road, down which all about her were sauntering their feet. He had been to judge and condemn her! Rene Chevalier felt on his knees beside his bed, and cried to God for pardon, and for strength to save her eyes yet. "Help me, Rene! Be patient with me, Rene!" seemed now to him the language of those languid of those languid, those pleading eyes. Ay, he would help her—God helping him!—with all there was in him of love to give, of strength to hold, of courage to achieve—help her, and already dimly he foresaw the possibility, from henceforth, of a life of herself. He would go to her early on the morrow. It was his duty to remonstrate plainly with Madame Cartel on the imprudence of attending a Catholic service, under the last ordinance, but he would be very gentle with Eglantine. He would tell her of the scenes he had witnessed that evening in the weaver's attic, and of many another case of suffering and constancy he knew; he would remind her tenderly of old days, his mother's love, his father's teachings; he would not speak either to her or himself of the day before her story of that day in St. Euphrat, of which he felt sure she had never heard. She must

listen to him; flattery and indulgence could never have so utterly spoiled a heart naturally true and loving. Whether the blessing would ever be returned in his own bosom, he did not ask; into one deep, passionate desire had been emptied all the other desires of his life. "Still angry with me, little one? Is it such a crime to have pitied you, ungrateful child? Will I make you take back what I said, and protest he will make you the kindest and best of husbands?"

"The glow of the summer morning was softened to a golden shadow in the heart of the luxurious boudoir. Madame Cartel's wrinkled hand was upon her niece's head. Eglantine's flushed face was bent low over her embroidery frame. "There was no need to say anything about it, aunt Madeline. I will not hear Rene abused, but you know very well that I need not marry him unless I like."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it, my dear. I read him through at a glance. He is one of those uncompromising fanatics, who are bringing down all this misery upon our poor France—people who seem to be in love with martyrdom, and generally end in making a martyr of more than themselves. They have no pity, no tenderness."

"Then that is not the kind of a man Rene is, I feel sure. He was always gentle with me, and could never bear to see me hurt. You have no idea how good he is!"

"Good? I have not the least doubt of that, my dear. But it is a very uncomfortable kind of goodness to live with, I can assure you. I know it all from my experience with my dear old Albert. There was no reason why we should not have been happy; we were young, we were rich, and we loved each other, but alas! Albert could find no happiness in any occupation but palming. Songs and laughter he considered frivolous, and bright colors were a offense to his soul. He never permitted himself to pay me a compliment; he appeared to have forgotten how to smile. I fear I should have forgotten too, if the good Lord, who knows what is best for us, had not taken him away to the world for which I am sure, he was far better fitted than this."

"All good men are not like that, aunt Madeline. My uncle Godfrey was not, I know. If there was any name she dreaded to hear from the lips of her niece, it was that of the martyred pastor. She positively started.

"I have not the least doubt M. Chevalier was a saint, Eglantine. But I cannot have that painful story brought up again. Tell me, if that young man was not a fanatic, why did he look at you last night as stupidly as if he were staring at the ugliest face in La Rochelle. If you are ready to forgive the fault, my beautiful, I am not."

"Nonsense, aunt Madeline. I don't suppose Rene hated her. I look at her, and I would love her just the same."

"Then I protest he does not deserve to win my love! Come, my little one, confess! How did you feel when you saw that young man yesterday was not so blind."

"Eglantine is a silly body's maid. I don't suppose she had any idea of her own worth, but she was thinking how he had looked at her, if she thought of him at all, remember that he would gladly suffer three or four months of the pleasure of having served her. She would not have been a woman if she had not contrasted the ardent glance which had accompanied the words with the sad, anxious eyes fixed on her a few hours later."

"M. Chevalier—to see madame and mademoiselle, announced a footman upon the threshold. The next moment Eglantine's white hand was in Rene's big brown ones, and his tender, sorrowful eyes were once more searching her face."

CHAPTER IX.

"DELIAR!"

In the same apartment where we saw them twenty-four hours before, playing their double game, M. Renau and his friend sat that afternoon over their wine. Henri, who had kept sedulously indoors all day, had just quitted the table in gloomy silence. The abbe shrugged his shoulders as he glanced toward the closed door.

"There is something wrong with our handsome young captain. He is not himself to-day."

"May it not be that he is incensed at the action of the authorities yesterday, and is brooding over the wrongs of his people?"

"I might think so if it was not for this sudden impulsion to leave La Rochelle. That tells a different story."

"Then I will saunter round to madame's, and see if she can throw any light upon the matter."

"The red glow of sunset was on the carved panels of the room when M. l'Abbe returned. M. Renau gave a keen look into his face, and uttered an exclamation hardly suitable for clerical ears, though the priest bore it with composure."

"Ha! I see I was right. We have been betrayed," said the courtier.

"We have, monsieur. And by no less a person than the Huguenot lover himself. He saw our captain assisting the young lady in the press, and had an interview with him afterward."

"Not a quarrel? I would give a good deal to bring that about, Louis."

"On the contrary, to judge by the Huguenot's report, the rencontre was a most amiable and satisfactory one."

"Then Henri's moodiness is easily explained, and we may as well throw up our cards."

"Madame says not."

"She does not know my kinsman."

"But she does know her niece, and insists that certain plain words have not been without effect. Her wit, moreover, have been invigorated by a little spice of temper. The young man had the imprudence to antagonize her at the outset."

"The young fool! It would not be hard to outwit such a fellow as that. But Henri will be harder managed."

"Nevertheless, madame declares that the matter can be arranged. She has a scheme for putting the Huguenot out of the way, and if we can persuade M. Henri to remain a few days longer, of bringing the young people together unawares. If love and beauty do not carry the day after that, the world has changed, she says, since she was young."

"She is romantic. But let us hear what she proposes. Stay! Tell me first how the fellow contrived to offend her. I thought our old friend's bonhomie was invulnerable."

"It has one assailable point, monsieur. Madame has a fragment of that troublesome commodity, called a conscience, which will in her possession, and was by the hand that disturbs it. M. Chevalier met her last night coming out of the cathedral, and there has been the mischief to pay. He openly reproached madame, in an interview this morning, with her conduct, and the risk she had permitted her niece to incur, and poured out upon mademoiselle such a torrent of fanatical appeals and reminders that she is completely subdued, and has promised, sobbing, never to cross the threshold of the cathedral again. Madame is seriously discomfited. She would rather have seen the ghost of her dead husband, I verily believe, than have heard some of the things M. Chevalier said, but she vows all the same she shall not darken her doors again."

"M. Henri showed his white teeth in a way that was not pleasant. The grimace was more like the smirk of a wild beast than a smile."

"So that is what comes of your plot to get the young lady to chapel, and tempt us to make little progress in her conversion, or Henri's either, till we have made a breach between them and the Chevaliers. It is this I have had most in view in encouraging Henri's passion for his friend's betrothed, and I own I am a little disappointed. How does madame propose to dispose of this firebrand?"

"The priest drew a step nearer his patron."

"The authorities are inquiring for the young man who harassed the mob in the street yesterday. Neither mademoiselle nor her foster-brother have taken any pains to conceal that he is the individual. Madame has only to lift her finger, and he is out of our way."

"Has she means mischief, does she? Has she lodged information against him already?"

"Madame has not the nerve to give information against any one, monsieur, but her plan is perhaps as efficacious. M. Chevalier is to be privately warned of his danger, and advised to quit La Rochelle. He will do so, probably, without hesitating to remain a few days longer. At any rate, madame will take care they do not meet, and that the young lady does not suspect the real cause of his non-appearance. She will be piqued, disappointed in this state of mind she is to meet M. de Capitaine again. What say you?"

"Madame is clever," smiled the courtier, as he rose leisurely, and took his hat down from a peg. "Was the young man so confiding as to entrust her with his address?"

"He was too cautious for that, monsieur. But I made out our captain's address, or would find means to obtain it, he knew his friend was in danger, and I did not err."

"Have you spoken to Henri already?"

"M. de Capitaine is on his way to warn his friend."

M. Renau uttered a contemptuous exclamation, and the round eyes of his companion opened in dismay.

"You surely do not intend to lodge actual information against him?" he inquired anxiously.

"His patron's answer was a short, satirical laugh, as he quitted the room. (To be continued.)"

Burdock Blood Bitters regulate the secretions, give strength to the debilitated, eradicate all humors of the blood and give excellent satisfaction to all.

Some one used an old lady about a sermon—"Could you remember it?" "Remember it? La, no; the minister couldn't remember it himself. He had to have it written down."—Christian Advertiser.

Big Things of the World.

The largest suspension bridge in the world is the one between Brooklyn and New York. The length of the main span is 1,595 feet 6 inches. The entire length of the bridge is 5,989 feet.

Fortress Monroe is the largest single fortification in the world. It has already cost the American government over \$5,000,000. The water battery is considered one of the finest military works in the world.

The loftiest active volcano is Popocatepetl (Smoking Mountain), thirty-five miles southwest of Puebla, Mexico. It is 18,784 feet above the sea level, and has a crater three miles in circumference and 1,000 feet deep.

The largest university is that of Oxford, England. It consists of twenty-five colleges and five halls.

The most extensive park is Deer Park, in the environs of Copenhagen, Denmark. The enclosure contains 4,200 acres, and is divided by a small river.

The largest pleasure ground in America is Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, which contains 3,740 acres.

The largest body of fresh water on the globe is Lake Superior. It is 400 miles long, 160 miles wide at its greatest breadth, and has an area of 32,000 square miles. Its mean depth is said to be 200 feet, and its greatest depth about 900 fathoms. Its surface is 535 feet above the level of the sea.

The largest tunnel in the world is that of St. Gothard, on the line of railroad between Lucerne and Milan. The summit of the mountain is 900 feet beneath the surface at Aundermat, and 6,000 feet beneath the peak of Kastelhorn of the St. Gothard group.

The most extensive cavern is the Mammoth Cave, in Edmonson Co., Ky. It is near Green river, six miles from Cave City, and 28 miles from Bowling Green.

The largest trees are the mammoth trees of California. One of a grove in Tulare Co., according to measurement made by members of the State Geological Survey, was shown to be 276 feet high, 105 feet in circumference at the base and 76 feet at a point five feet above the ground. Some of the trees are 356 feet high and 34 feet in diameter. Some of the largest that have been felled indicated an age of from 2,000 to 2,500 years.

The largest inland sea is the Caspian, lying between Europe and Asia. Its greatest length is 760 miles, its greatest breadth 270 miles, and its area 18,000 square miles.

The largest empire in the world is that of Great Britain, comprising 8,557,658 square miles (more than one-sixth of the land of the globe), and embracing under its rule nearly one-sixth part of the population of the world. In territorial extent the United States ranks third, including 3,580,245 square miles, including Alaska; in population it ranks fourth, with its 60,000,000 people. Russia ranks second, 8,352,940 square miles.

The highest monolith is the obelisk at Karnak, Egypt. Karnak is on the east side of the Nile, near Luxor, and occupies part of the site of ancient Thebes. Its whole length is 122 feet, its weight 400 tons. Its height, without pedestal, is 180 feet 10 inches.

The Chinese wall is the largest wall in the world. It was built by the first emperor of the Tsin dynasty, about 220 B. C., as a protection against Tartars. Its length is 1,250 miles. Including a parapet of five feet, the total height of the wall is twenty feet; thickness at the top fifteen feet, and at the top fifteen feet.

The largest library is the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris, founded by Louis XIV. It contains 1,400,000 volumes, 300,000 pamphlets, 170,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, and 150,000 coins and medals. The collection of engravings exceeds 1,800,000, contained in some 10,000 volumes.

The largest bell in the world is the great bell of Moscow, at the foot of the Kremlin. Its circumference at the bottom is nearly sixty-eight feet, and its height twenty-one feet. Its weight has been computed to be 443,772 pounds.—United States Statist.

The Use of the Lash.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE IS OPPOSED TO THE PROPHANE TOUCH OF A WHIPPING POST—THOUSANDS ARE LAMING THEIR BRAIN.

There is recently some discussion in reference to the restoration of the lash for certain classes of criminals. While the spirit of the age is opposed to corporal punishment, it is not opposed to the plying of the lash to the human body, yet there are thousands upon thousands of people in the Dominion who are applying the lash to their brain and nervous system in such a way that they are suffering from naturally sound constitution, vigorous mental powers, are upon the high road to breaking down. They live upon their nerve, and they are wearing it out.

Do you feel irritable, are you absent-minded, preoccupied, unable to remember the familiar names of some friend or place, with a pain or tightness in the head, watering eyes, poor sleep, dyspeptic troubles, and a tired, listless feeling? These are a few of the warnings that your nervous system gives of the approaching paresis, paralysis, or insanity. This is the way that thousands have trod. Happily others have used Prof. Phelps' great discovery, Paine's Celery Compound, and this marvellous preparation has strengthened their nerves, filled their system with vitality, and brought health and happiness to take the place of suffering.

Under the use of this wonderful restorative, which is purely vegetable and therefore harmless, the dull eye has grown bright, the pale cheek has become rosy, the brain clear, the muscles strong, the mind, weakness and exhaustion have given place to strength and buoyant feelings, and perfect health has been restored. Like nothing else, it is a scientific, health-giving remedy that cures all nervous diseases, gives vigor to the physical organs, and removes all possibility of heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, and other awful disorders which so frequently end diseases of the nervous system.

Archbishop Whately was so perturbed by a side-de-camp conundrum on one occasion that he thus disposed of him: "Do you know the difference between an aid-de-camp and a donkey?" "No," replied the aid-de-camp. "Neither do I," said the archbishop.

Writing Famous Poems.

Gray's immortal "Elegy" occupied him for seven years. Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" in the shade of a grand old forest—a fitting place for such a theme.

Cowper wrote one of the drollest and quaintest English ballads, "John Gilpin's Ride," when he was under one of those terrible fits of depression so common to him.

General Lytle wrote his beautiful composition, "Antony and Cleopatra," which begins, "I am dying, Egypt, dying," on the night before his death. He had a premonition that he was going to die the next day.

"See the Ball," the little poem which has made the name of Nora Perry known in the world of letters, was jotted down on the back of an old letter, with no idea of the popularity it was to achieve in the pages of a noted magazine.

The "Old Oakon Bucket" was first suggested to the author, Samuel Woodworth, in a bar-room. A friend with whom he was drinking said that when they were boys the old oakon bucket that hung in his father's well was good enough for them to drink from. Woodworth immediately went home and wrote the famous poem.

John Hays, Credit F. O., says—His shoulder was so lame for nine months that he could not raise his hand to his head, but by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the pain and lameness disappeared, and although three months has elapsed, he has not had an attack of it since.

To the Deaf.—A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any Person who applies to NICHOLSON, 30 St. John St., Montreal.

A poor preacher was caught in a shower on his way to church. He said: "I shall certainly take cold if I go into the pulpit so wet." "Oh, no, you won't," was the reply; "you are always dry enough there."

You can make a large sum of money at home, without leaving your home, by selling the "Five Millions" of Dollars.

BRISTOL'S PILLS THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER & KIDNEYS SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE GOD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES Almost as Palatable as Milk.

NESTLE'S FOOD IS ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR INFANTS IN HOT WEATHER.

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BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY.

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BEAUTY OF Skin & Scalp RESTORED BY THE CUTICURA REMEDY.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDY in their marvelous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin, and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, and pimply diseases of the face, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

St. John's, N. B. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS

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Agents for Maritime Provinces.

WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS

LITTLE HONORA MULLALLY.

Poor little Honora Mullally. At the close of Thanksgiving day, standing in front of her alley, watching some children at play. Her gown was a wonderful garment, all patches from shoulder to hem, and her hat and shoes—well, I beg your excuse.

THE HOME.

Write to Them.

"Yes, Tom said that he morning, while he stood in the hall, surrounded by trunks and boxes, and tried to look mainly and don't care as he lightened the straps of his valise, 'yes, you can say what you choose; but it's hard lines on a fellow to be packed off this way to school for three or four years at a time, and I'm sick of it!'

"But Tom, dear," I reasoned, with what he calls my "big sister tone," "you must have an education, you know, and you can't study nearly so well at home. Besides, it isn't very long before vacation."

"Well, I know, mamma," Tom answered, but Alice and Belle and Kate don't write to me much more than once a month; and father never does, except to send me a check. Not that I am complaining about the check. Don't think it; but sometimes a letter with it would taste awfully good. I know there isn't very much to say. Billy Lawrence's mother never says much except just 'I love you and how are you getting on?'

"All right, Tom, dear," said his mother as she gave him a final kiss, "I will write to you as often as we can, even if we don't say anything except 'I love you, and how are you getting on?'

fourteen little notes carefully tied up, and none of them contained anything but these few words: 'I love you, and how are you getting on?'

"And he liked it, and told of it among the 'fellows,' and other sisters are trying it too. For it is a good plan, sisters of boys who are away at school, beginning their new lives without you. You, too, will find it, and many a warm, loving thought of his sister will find its way into the heart of your Tom, and make a truer and better for all the years that are to come, if sometimes you will pause in your own happy, busy lives to say, 'Dear Tom, I love you, and how are you getting on?'

THE FARM.

A CHEAP FERTILIZER.—The following composition is recommended by a chemical authority as a cheap and reliable substitute for commercial fertilizers, such as phosphates, etc. Take one barrel of pure, raw, finely-ground bones, and one barrel of the best wood ashes; mix them on a floor, and add gradually three pails of water, mixing thoroughly with the hoe. Use in small quantities in about the same manner as the superphosphates.

TEMPERANCE.

"I'll give up this sort of thing after I am married," said Perry Ralston, as he raised a glass half filled with the dark colored liquid and drained it to the last drop.

"Better reform before the event takes place, or the little woman who takes you in hand will find her task a pretty hard one," said the young man's companion, in a joking tone.

"What do you mean to insinuate?" he asked, angrily.

"You are not going out to-night, Perry? I thought perhaps you would like to hear the new song that I have been practicing."

"Both the song! Bring Bertie out of the nursery; he will enjoy it immensely!" said Perry Ralston, as he drew on his overcoat.

"You are always doing something to promote our happiness, Perry," said the pale lady, smiling. "We are very happy, Bertie and I; yet sometimes when I think of—"

"What in the mischief are you doing here at this hour?" exclaimed a loud voice. "If you have been waiting for me, the sooner you stop that sort of thing the better it will be."

not have continued his remarks even if he had desired to do so; for by this time the carnal, the sensual, the lounge, breathing heavily and hilling the atmosphere with the fumes of the vile stuff that had been the cause of so many untold heart aches.

"An hour later Myra Ralston, with face blanched to a deathlike pallor, entered the room a shuddering, pale, and the recumbent figure and clasped her hands convulsively. Hot tears fell from her burning eyes, and her hands trembled as she placed a large shawl upon the form of the man who was bringing distress and misery into a home that might have been one of the happiest on earth.

"Poor Myra! The time of thy visitation is come. May the black surge of thy desolation be tempered by a merciful God!"

"Can't do it, Ralston. You owe us five dollars now, and boss gave orders to shut down on you," said the bar-keeper, scowling.

"Here, take this," said Perry Ralston, handing the man a child's gold ring.

"I'll take the ring," said the man, closing his fingers upon it quickly; "but it will have to help to pay off the old debt, as the concluded, with a tantalizing laugh."

"It was Bertie's ring. Myra gave it to me to buy bread and coal," muttered Perry, as he turned away from the bar.

"There is a stir at the door, and the next moment a man bearing a child in his arms entered the room.

"Guess this youngster's done for; I found him in the snow drift under the window," said the man, moving towards the stove.

"Throw the brat out again; there's no room for him here!" said the proprietor, brutally, at the same time coming forward as if to carry out his inhuman order.

"Shame!" Seeing that he had gone too far, the man drew back and permitted the person who held the child to approach the fire.

"Nothing, nothing whatever," replied the young man, hurriedly, evidently anxious to avoid a quarrel. "Come," he said, carelessly, "suppose we take a stroll up Broadway."

"As the two young men sauntered along down Broadway, no fine woman imagined that they were partly intoxicated, or that they had been upon the verge of a quarrel.

"The man whose reasoning powers have been destroyed by the demon Rum stands upon a smouldering volcano, which may at any moment destroy him, body and soul. Many a life has been forfeited or spent behind the bars of a prison in payment of the blow given to resent a fancied insult. Father, mother, wife and child are made to feel the unjust fury of a drunkard's frenzy, and, as they crouch trembling at the sound of the dreaded footsteps, may God in His infinite mercy watch over them."

THE CONSUMPTION. GOLD IN HEAD. CATARRH. DEATH. STAGES.

There is positive danger to health and life in neglecting a case of Cold in the Head or Catarrh, and at this season with its changeable weather, unusual moisture and sudden changes from heat to cold, there is peculiar liability to cold in the head. A neglected case of Cold in the Head rapidly develops into Catarrh, and neglected Catarrh just as certainly develops into Consumption and leads to premature Death.

Mr. Alex. Burns, of Sudbury, Ont., says: "I may state that I have been afflicted with Catarrh for seven or eight years, and it has attended with consequent symptoms such as foul breath, constant dripping into the throat, hawking and spitting, partial deafness, hoarseness, and a general feeling of heaviness in the head directly over either eye. I have used powders and ointments, but they were the only relief arising from use of such was temporary relief, followed by the usual symptoms in a more aggravated form. The results arising from the use of Nasal Balm are sweet breath, stoppage of the droppings into the throat, clearness of hearing, and not one slice of mucus has been expelled since the use of it. In fact it is my opinion that a careful and persistent use of the Balm will effect a cure in any case of Catarrh."

Mr. John H. Adams, merchant, Bradford, Ont., says: "I have used NASAL BALM for Catarrh, and found it to be a CURE."

W. A. Doyle, Bush, Man., writes: "As a family medicine to check Catarrhal affections of the Head, NASAL BALM HAS NO EQUAL. We prize it highly."

Mr. A. Schilling, Toronto, says: "For a number of years my wife has been badly troubled with Catarrh. Dr. Schilling's Balm cured her, but she became worse and weaker than before, and I found that I had spent \$20 for medical treatment that did me no good. My wife then began to use your NASAL BALM, and made a new man of me. She is better and stronger than for years, and our remedy is the best in the market, and I have never used a remedy so satisfactory."

EMILIE PELLISSIER, Grenville, says: "I can scarcely find words to tell you how highly I value your Balm. Its effects in my case have been wonderful."

Alpha H. Dale, Farber, Ont., writes: "Your NASAL BALM has made a new man of me. I have never used a remedy so satisfactory."

A CAUTION.—Beware of Imitations. If your dealer has not NASAL BALM in stock, do not let him persuade you to take any other, and it will be sent you on receipt of price—30 cents and \$1.00 a BOTTLE.

FULLFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

NOTICE.

Parties who intend to furnish Private Homes or Hotels this season, should not fail to write for samples of CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, and LINOLEUMS. Note the Advantages: No Expense! The Lowest Prices Quoted! The Newest Designs to select from!

WILTON CARPETS, with Borders in French Designs; BRUSSELS Carpets, with Borders in French Designs; BALMORAL, with Borders in French Designs; BRUSSELS Carpets are quoted lower than any house in the trade. OILCLOTHS, LINOLEUMS, and CORK Carpets, direct from Kilsyth, Scotland, cut in one piece and any shade of color.

Five Parlor and Drawing Room Furnitures upholstered to match the colors and designs of Carpets. Send for Circulars.

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First.—AS A STRENGTH-GIVING FOOD FOR INVALIDS and CONVALESCENTS. Second.—FOR MAKING RICH GRAVY and STRONG SOUP. Fourth.—To Spread on Thin Slices of Bread for SANDWICHES. Fifth.—Whenever a Food is needed that will Nourish, Invigorate, and build up the Constitution.

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The best and cheapest place to buy your WINTER SASHES is at A. CHRISTIE WOOD WORKING CO.

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WE have now in stock: MUFFS and HOSES: Black Bear, Silver and Grey Lynx, Natural and Black Beavers, Blue, Red and Black Fox; and a variety of other furs.

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CHANGE OF TIME. 2 TRIPS PER WEEK 2 FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.,

By the Superior Side-Wheel Steamers of the INTERNATIONAL S.S. Co. TO BOSTON.

COMMENCING MONDAY, Nov. 10th, and will further notice, one of the fine steamers of this Company will leave St. John for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 7:30. Eastern Standard Time.

Always served by the Palace Steamers of this Company. All Ticket Agents sell by these Popular Lines. For State Rooms and further information, apply to E. A. WALDRON, General Manager, Portland, Me.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

'90, Winter Arrangement, '90. ON and AFTER MONDAY, 10th NOVEMBER, 1890, the Train of this Railway will run daily from St. John to Boston.

Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from Montreal & Quebec, 11:10. Express from Halifax & Pictou, 11:30. Express from Halifax, Pictou and Miramichi, 11:50.

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway to and from Montreal are lighted by electricity, and headed by steam from the locomotive. All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Montreal, N. B.

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SHE (The Sensible Housewife)

Sent the Largest Number of Wrappers of WOODILL'S German Baking Powder

AND WRITES: VERMILION, Pictou Co., Sept. 5, 1890.

I have received through Mr. B. B. B. the largest number of wrappers of Woodill's German Baking Powder. I have used it, and I was not satisfied by it to use any other quantity. I have used it for years, and can recommend it as a First-Class Baking Powder.

W. H. B. FRANKLIN, Halifax, N. S.

THE BEST GATE'S MAN BITTERS.

NOPE IN CASE THAN OTHER MAKES.

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