

Messenger and Visitor.

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The Criticism of British Leaders.

The statesmen who at the present time are at the helm of affairs in Great Britain must be much less impressed with the honors attaching to their exalted positions than with their difficulties and responsibilities. It is doubtless an indication of the health and vigor of the nation's life that the people at large are feeling so deeply, thinking so earnestly and expressing their thoughts and feelings so freely in reference to the present war and the method of its management, however silly and ungrateful much of the faultfinding may sound in the ears of men who are seeking to give to their country the best service of their large and disciplined powers. The men who are serving the British nation at this trying time as ministers of the State or as commanders of her armies need and deserve the prayers and sympathies of the people. These we may believe are not withheld, but it is evident that, in many quarters at least, criticism is much more in evidence than prayers and sympathy. There are no doubt some grounds for adverse criticism, and the censors are by no means confined to the ranks of the party opposed to the present Administration. The London Times and other standard Conservative journals have become very outspoken in condemnation of the methods of the War Office. Some recent speeches of the Hon. Mr. Balfour, leader of the Government party in the House of Commons, intended as a defence of the Administration, have tended to increase rather than diminish the volume and virulence of the criticism. Probably when the present crisis in South Africa is past, and the nation shall have resumed a calmer temper, it will be recognized that much of the faultfinding which has been indulged in, both in respect to the Generals in the field and the authorities of the War Office at home, has been undeserved and ungrateful. It is hard, indeed, for the British people to bear with equanimity the repeated reverses which the nation's troops have suffered, and the general lack of success that has so far characterized the present war. But it is puerile to demand impossibilities or to ignore the very grave difficulties with which the government and the army have had to contend. It must be admitted, however, that, considering the disturbed condition of affairs in South Africa for years past, and the grave contingencies of the situation, it does seem strange that the British authorities should have been so poorly informed as they evidently were, in respect to the great military strength of the Transvaal, and the immense preparations for war which the Boers had been so industriously making. It would seem therefore, to be a just ground of criticism that the Government had so little idea of the military force which it would be necessary to employ in order to bring the war to a successful conclusion. But on the other hand, this ignorance and unpreparedness of the government seems to be an effective refutation of the charge, which the enemies of the nation have been making so loudly, that the subjugation of the Dutch republics was a definite part of British policy in South Africa, and that it was the intention from the first to force the Boers into war in order to effect their subjugation. The facts which have been coming gradually to light since the war began point rather to the conclusion, that the present conflict is a result of a determined and long cherished purpose to make the Dutch power supreme in South Africa, and if that purpose is likely to fail of realization, it is probably only because the men of the Afrikaner Bund were disappointed in their intention to bring on the war at a time when the military strength of the British nation would have to be employed elsewhere.

The Heliograph.

It appears that the efforts which have been made to turn wireless telegraphy to practical account in the South African war have not been successful. Whatever its range of application and its utility may prove to be when thoroughly tested by continued experiment, there is no doubt that for the present it is a far less practical means of communication on land under conditions where connection by wire is impracticable than the ancient heliograph which has proved of so great service in enabling the beleaguered towns of Ladysmith and Kimberly to communicate with the outside world. Our word *heliograph* is compounded of two Greek words, *helios*, the sun, and *graphein*, to write. A heliographic message is simply a series of sun flashes arranged according to an understood code. The apparatus for sending the message consists of a mirror mounted on a tripod and hung on both horizontal and vertical axes, with adjusting screws admitting of minute changes of plane. By this means the sun's rays are directed by careful adjustment of the mirror within the field of vision of a receiving telescope several miles away. In sending despatches long and short flashes are the equivalents of dashes and dots in the Morse system of telegraphy. The heliograph apparatus possesses the great advantage of lightness and portability. It also admits of messages being sent with entire secrecy. In cloudy weather heliographic communication of course becomes impossible, but the prevailing clear skies of South Africa are favorable to its use. In the campaign of 1883-85, it is said, a heliograph signal service extended from Orange River to Molopole, a distance of 429 miles. This would require repeating stations, but there are records of heliograph despatches sent a distance of nearly 50 miles directly in India, and in 1897 a despatch was flashed from Mount Wilson in California to the Island of Santa Catalina, 75 miles distant. Messages are also sent by means of searchlight signals. This method has the disadvantage of a shorter range and less secrecy, but there is the advantage that it can be used at night, when communication by heliograph is of course impossible.

Seizure of Neutral Vessels.

The seizure and search by British cruisers of certain vessels belonging to neutral powers upon the suspicion that a part of their cargoes consisted of contraband of war destined for the Transvaal, has called forth a good deal of discussion, and some of it, especially that in which the German press is concerned, has been bitterly denunciatory of Great Britain's action. Inquiries into the matter have been made by the representatives of the American and German governments in London, and so far as those Governments are concerned there is nothing to indicate that they are greatly disturbed over what has occurred. The German press, however, would seem to have seized eagerly upon these incidents with the purpose of embittering popular feeling in that country toward Great Britain. Probably, too, the German press understands that the Emperor is not unwilling that the popular mind should be stirred up on this subject, not indeed with the purpose of putting the nation into a hostile attitude toward Great Britain, but in order to secure popular endorsement for his expensive scheme of doubling the present strength of the German navy. There is no doubt but that the Emperor desires for the present to maintain friendly relations between his own Government and that of Great Britain. It may be doubted, however, whether it is a great object with him to promote a feeling of warm friendship between the peoples of the two nations, and it may therefore fall in quite nicely with his plans if the people of Germany are made to believe that, because of her superiority as a sea power, Great Britain is exercising rights in the seizure of German ships, which she would not venture to assert if the German navy were as formidable as her own. The rights of search and seizure ought certainly to be exercised with due caution, but that such rights exist under the recognized conditions of civilized warfare no one can pretend to deny. The British navy cannot be expected to stand idly by while the ships of neutral powers are carrying aid and comfort of various kinds to countries with which the nation is at war. German papers have sought to make much of the fact that the manifest of the *Bundesrath*, a steamer seized by a British cruiser, does not show that anything contraband was in-

cluded in her cargo. But this is no sufficient proof that the seizure was unjustifiable, since the British contention is that the contraband articles were shipped under fictitious labels. Arms and ammunition, though shipped in piano cases, would not on that account prove less effective in the hands of the Boers against the lives of British soldiers. The facts of the matter in the case of each seizure which has been made will of course be carefully enquired into. If on such enquiry it shall appear that the British officials have over-stepped the bounds of international law, the Government which is responsible for their acts will have to make restitution, and so far as other Governments are concerned in the matter, it does not appear that they are in any doubt as to Great Britain's intention to act an honorable part. . . . Since the above was written dispatches have stated that statements relative to the seizures referred to have been received from the British Government in reply to enquiries on the part of the German and American Governments, which statements are considered at Washington and Berlin as so far satisfactory. In replying to the United States, it is understood the British Government declares that foodstuffs which cannot be shown to be destined for the use of the Boer forces in the field will not be considered as contraband of war.

The War.

At present writing there is not very much new to report respecting the situation at the seat of war, though it is believed that there has been severe fighting in Natal during the past few days, and it is possible that important news may be received within a few hours. General Roberts is now at the head of military operations in South Africa; he and General Kitchener having reached Capetown on Wednesday last. So far as the despatches have informed us, the beleaguered towns of Ladysmith, Kimberly and Mafeking are still holding out against the enemy, but the latest news from Mafeking is dated Dec. 28, when the report was "all well." The list of casualties on the British side in the assault upon Ladysmith on Jan. 6, as given out at the War Office, was 135 killed and 242 wounded. This is heavy enough, but it is much less than was at first reported, and the loss of the Boers was probably far heavier. General Methuen continues to hold his position on the Modder River. Portions of his command have been active, and, having made reconnaissance into the Free State for a distance of 20 miles; report that the country for that distance was clear of Boer troops, except patrols. Generals French and Gatacre appear to be somewhat more than holding their own, in the parts of Cape Colony in which they are operating. But for the present all eyes are turned toward Natal, and to the result of General Buller's efforts to relieve Ladysmith. Almost nothing has been learned definitely as to General Buller's movements since Thursday last. At that date a part of his force had moved westward from Frere and had occupied a position at Potgieter's Drift, near Springfield and on the bank of the Tugela river, while a force of 11,000 men under General Warren was reported to have moved eastward by way of Weenan and approached the banks of the Tugela at a point some 20 miles from Colenso. As Potgieter's Drift is 15 miles westward from Colenso, the extreme positions of General Buller's army would be some 35 miles apart. The plan of attack would therefore appear to be, to force the Boer wings, while an attack would of course also be delivered at the centre. There were reports on Monday that General Warren had crossed the Tugela, and occupied a strong position on its northern bank, but the reports remain unconfirmed at the time of our going to press. There are rumors also of the Boers having withdrawn from the vicinity of Ladysmith and having evacuated Colenso, and it is concluded in some quarters that they are about withdrawing their forces from that part of the country. What is probably true is that the Boers, aware of General Buller's plan of advance, have been redispersing their forces with the purpose of offering the most effective resistance to his intended attacks. It seems impossible that we shall be much longer kept in suspense in reference to what has been taking place in Natal during the past week, but at present everything is in cloudland. We can but hope and pray for the success at this juncture of the British arms, for a decisive victory for General Buller and the relief of Ladysmith would be an important step toward the end which we all desire.

Lessons From a Great Career.

BY J. B. GAMBRELL

A few days ago D. L. Moody died at his home in Northfield. After C. H. Spurgeon, he was the most noted Christian worker of this generation. The two men were strikingly alike in many particulars, and they were the warmest of friends. Both were short and heavy. Each had a fat unintellectual looking face. Both were men of great plainness of dress and speech. Both had great stores of common sense. Each had running through him a rich vein of quaint humor—Spurgeon more than Moody. Both were orthodox clean up to the hilt and fervently evangelical. Each was incessant in labors. Each had many interests in hand. Each depended solely on the Word of God and the Spirit of God for success. Each believed in predestination clear through, and both were more than commonly fruitful in resources and active in the employment of means. Neither was a graduate of any institution, but both founded and were at the head of important institutions. That two such men, for a generation, should lead God's forces among men carries great lessons. Those lessons need to be gotten by heart by the rest of us, especially the younger workers.

Spurgeon was raised amid the ever-recurring exigencies of a preacher's home. He came up to hear practical questions discussed every day—how a little money could be made to serve the many wants of a rather large family. He was forced to learn the needful lesson of self-denial, and the practical lesson of turning a penny to the best account. Without this training Spurgeon would have been little prepared for his work in London.

A few years ago Mr. Moody's mother died. She had happily lived to an advanced age and saw her son in the midst of his great and glorious work. Mr. Moody made a talk at her funeral in his plain, straight-forward way. Standing with his hand on the head of the coffin, he told of the simple piety and strong faith and purpose of the dead woman. She was left a widow with a large family. They were so poor that sometimes some of the children had to lie in bed to keep warm, while the others put on all the clothes. He spoke of the bewilderment of joy that came to the family, when a kind neighbor drove up with a great load of wood, drawn by four horses, and threw it off at the door. It was almost more than they could believe. Amid penury and constant struggles the lad grew up; but he, standing by his dead mother, said: "We were never too poor to go to church or to learn our Bible lessons." Out of this struggle came a serious minded, hardened, trained worker—a chosen vessel to do a mighty work in the world. To such homes, rather than to the mansions of the great and rich, must we look for the great men in the front rank of God's army. Poverty, if it conquers a family, is a direful calamity, but if the family conquer it by strong faith, high purpose, and the practice of industry, economy and shifty management, then poverty becomes a ministering angel, sent forth to minister to those who shall inherit the earth.

The invaluable lessons received in his rearing made the features of Moody's life work, and were the last on his lips as he gave his dying message to his children. "I have been a very ambitious man," said the dying hero to his children, "not to accumulate money, but to leave you all plenty to do." He then charged them to look after the schools and not let the work suffer. The same blessed work which had filled his heart and hands during his busy life he gave them as their heritage. He could wish nothing better for them. And, indeed, it is the highest possible ambition for any one to be usefully connected with that kingdom which shall gather into it the glories and blessings of all worlds. The dying words of this great saint are commended to those parents whose ambition is to leave their children rich and to put them beyond labor. Alas! for the ruin that comes to families through wealth intended only to pamper the flesh and not to serve God. If there is any truth in religion, Mr. Moody was right.

I am writing this Christmas day, amid the waste and sin of the festive season. While I write there rise before me multitudes of ruined sons and daughters of wealthy families, who never got the idea that life ought to be a service. With money to spend they sought worldly pleasures only, and in the chase they fell into the snare of the evil one and went to ruin. In many cases, the money the parents robbed God of, was at last exorted from them to pay the wages of sin. May God the Holy Spirit, write the dying words of Dwight L. Moody on the hearts of the parents of America. Leave your children, brother, sister, plenty to do.

Mr. Moody's preaching carries a much needed lesson for this generation of preachers and people. Plain! It was plain as plainness itself. He delighted, like Spurgeon, in Saxon words, which were short and strong. His sermons came right out of the Scripture: To hear him was easy, but you never got the idea that he was a great preacher. Not at all. What he said came to you as something you knew as well as he did, only perhaps you never thought of it that way exactly. Taking the sermons we heard him preach as specimens, and they no doubt were, his preaching had the finest qualities—just

the qualities which many would never notice, so good were they. You did not see the sermons; you saw the thing the sermon was about. You certainly saw the thing he was talking about, and that is the business of a sermon. The best hearing is when the atmosphere is least disturbed by other sounds. Moody talked. A short, stocky man in a business suit, looking as if he might be a well-to-do butcher or shoe merchant, stood before you. His voice is excellent and carries the ring of confidence. He begins in a direct, business way. There is nothing of the preacher tone in his voice, but the tone of command. If he wishes anything done, he says so in the tone of a strong, kind commander. It is done at once. He reads his hymn and maybe stops to comment as he goes. Then he reads his Scripture lesson. You know he believes it. Then he preaches—talks. There is no oratory, no effort, but plain talk about the things in the text. He believes it all. You feel he does, and so clear is it, why shouldn't he believe it and you too? Never do the slightest openings appear for a doubt to slip in. Where is doubt? It is excluded. After this manner the sermon went to the class, delivered in a conversational tone, strong enough to reach the limits of the crowd. There is very little gestulation, and no attempt at oratory, and yet it is speaking of the highest order.

The truth delivered is left with the Spirit to use. But the preacher is now transformed into a worker. Every arrangement has been made in advance to follow the lead of the Spirit in dealing with individual souls. In the after meetings the truth is applied and enforced in face to face meetings. Here Moody's rare common sense and good management comes into full play. Mr. Moody, beyond most preachers, held to the truth and spirit to save and sanctify; but beyond most men he planned his work and brought every possible human agency into full play. This is back to the Bible. A great quality in Mr. Moody's preaching and work was his rigid pursuit of the main things. He never ran off after the small questions which engage so many writers and preachers. These small questions he treated very much as an earnest workman would treat a fly that might light on his nose. A slight brush was enough, and all the attention the fly would receive. By methods so simple, so plain, this great servant of God succeeded. These are the real methods of the true preacher. It is the truth made plain and blessed of God that saves. Let us not forget this lesson.

But running through the life and work of this servant of God was an ever controlling purpose. You could not mistake it. He was aiming to do something as much as in him lay for the world's good. This purpose, like a strong running stream, drew everything into the current and swept everything on in the direction of his godly life.—Standard.

Prayer as the Discoverer of Want.

It is nothing against the truth that much prayer fails for want of definiteness—a truth of which we have to remind ourselves constantly—to say that the object of prayer is quite as much to enable a man to find out what he wants as it is the means of his telling it. No need is greater, in this increasingly noisy world, than the need of knowing what we want. This is a matter genuinely subject to inspiration, and the last thing to be taken for granted; yet nothing is supposed to be so settled, so axiomatic, as that a man knows what he wants.

To this assumption that we know what we want, that here is no field for discovery, are due half the repulses which we meet in prayer. It is this sense of discovery alone which can lift prayer out of the region of mere duty, and set it on a level with the passions of the soul. But what chance of discovery or surprise is there for those who have just the same subject matter forever,—meat, drink, raiment, or the obvious things of life? The chief defect in the prayers of the heathen was, according to Jesus, that most of them might have been taken for granted, and that they had ruled out of their prayer the tracts where surprise is possible. How many men are rebelling against the course of their prayer because it has become just memoriter praying for things they used to want, or things they think they ought to want, while all the time the great dim restlessness in them comes to no expression and no conclusion. Men reproach themselves for not having more fervor in prayer, when the wonder is that they have as much fervor as they do, if you consider what they pray for. Far more important than that two or three should agree on what they want, is it that a man should agree with himself as touching his desires. Looked into more searchingly, the apparent unconcern of God, the most chilling suspicion which we experience in prayer, comes to signify only that the whole man was not present in the prayer. Divine things do not negotiate with a tenth of man, and the command which makes prayer difficult is, "Wherever thou art, be all there."

Happily there are times when our praying just goes a way of its own, regardless of what we were going to ask for, and in the process a light is struck upon something we want a great deal more. For a man who has been contending with God all along that what he wanted was this or that trifle, there can be no greater transformation than to discover that he is restless for a nobler thing than he ever gave himself credit for. It is an assurance of more manhood than he supposed himself to possess. Who has not felt, though ever so vaguely, the utter incongruity of his way of describing his own wants?

There is hardly any experience more liberating than the discovery of a great ignorance in one's self. And no freedom can be sweeter than that of the man who has for years walked hopelessly up and down in the narrow

definition of his own troubles, absolutely convinced that he knows just what they are, but who has now been let out into knowing that he never knew. The idea of relief through a new trouble, the cure of want by simply wanting enough, the peace which takes the place of distraction when we refund all little desires into one great one that orders the rest into their places, a man does not come to all this himself. It is the end of a very long and elaborate leading when a man enters his prayer thankful to know that here it is not half so much his place to show God what he wants as it is God's place to show him. Peace is to know, to utterly know and acknowledge and get to work upon, a want that is commensurate with all this inward stir and dissatisfaction.

There is something very disheartening about the easy dogmatism afloat nowadays concerning what "the people want," as if it were of all things the most obvious. The trouble is that, when you ask men what they want, you have put them at their supreme disadvantage, and, if they try to tell you, they will nearly always tell you the wrong thing. That is what is wrong about statistics. Christ did not ask the disciples what they wanted. He told them. The work of the prophet is not to ask people what they want, but to know more about it than they do, and tell them; to stare longer than the average man is capable of into the great nebula of his desires until it begins to clear into a face; to credit men with better desires than they ever confess to, and go on serving the real need of them long before they come to themselves enough to know what it is. The reason why prophecy is dying out is because those who ought to be prophets are going to men, rather than to God, to find out what men want.

If we could believe what men say about their chief wants today, we should have to believe that with a very large proportion of our fellowmen their greatest want is to be cared for, to be noticed, to be loved. How much social service and religious energy and church organization is devoted wholly to the filling of this supposed want, and how little it progresses in the making of manhood! The number of people who are sure they could do better in another city, or that they can be happy where they are only on condition that people should care more for them than they do, is legion, and our best service to them is, with all possible kindness, not to take them at their word. It might go without saying that we want to be loved, and yet men repeat without ceasing, in their prayers, something so obvious that the veriest stranger in the street car could see it without a word being said about it. Let a man harden into thinking this to be his real want, lest one should sink to the level where this really is his chief desire, God holds a man in many arrests and breaks him down in one disappointment after another, until he comes within hearing of the one want whose office it is to end the disturbance of his nature, the wish to love rather than be loved, to live in outgoings, to take the initiative, and so to be free.

The reality of prayer still lies ahead of him who thinks that prayer can only begin when he really knows what he wants. To know what one wants is the greatest answer to prayer. Our needs would turn out to be not so many, after all, if we could only introduce some order and precedence among them. All unknown to us, the real reason why we so often dread prayer is that we feel, and have always felt, unequal to telling what the trouble is. So far it has never occurred to us that it is rational to go to prayer in order to find out. God is a jealous God, and prayer will keep on being a failure and disappointment so long as the man who prays tries himself to do the very thing that only God can do, or to make a preliminary of prayer the thing which is often the highest outcome of it. There come now and then days in which we are simply aware of a thorough-going unrest in ourselves,—and such days are getting very numerous in these times. The very wording of such experiences would itself be the greatest relief, but that is just what we are incapable of till we are taught in prayer. God gives our vague wants back to us, reasoned, illuminated, ordered and touched into strange grandeur which we never suspected in them, and in the very disclosure of our gravest wants making us feel more than ever like men. Nothing can so add to the liberty of prayer, nothing, perhaps, can so remove from it the careworn and anxious quality which so often makes it forbidding, as to feel that we are never more welcome there than when we know not what we want.—Sunday School Times.

Gospel of Wonder.

BY J. P. MCCASKEY.

In a world like this the gospel of wonder should be taught second only to the gospel of grace. In the schools it should be taught to the children among their earliest lessons, and all the way; and later, side by side with that greater gospel in which the Christian world believes. In these early years, when happy childhood peoples fairyland with its bright creations, when the imagination is so easily roused to activity, and the eye sparkles and the cheek is aglow because the heart is awakened, it is then, when the mind is plastic, and impressions are deepest, that the lessons of beauty, of fitness, of wisdom, of power, may best be taught—the lesson of goodness, of love and constant care by day and by night, through sun and storm, in all the round of the majestic year. Here should be learned this gospel of wonder, whose influence upon the forming mind and mouldering thought can never be lost or forgotten.

"Hail, holy Light! offspring of heaven first born!" What is it? from what exhaustless fountain does it flow? What is its sublime office? Who made that sevenfold

ray to flood the earth and sky with the beauty and glory of color? Who sent it on its course through illimitable space to give warmth and life and gladness? "And God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light." Could we but know the amazing wonder of it all! But what were light with none to see? Who made this wondrously perfect thing, the eye? With all its variety of form and size and structure in the wide range of animal life, it is always the complement of light. I recall a picture seen years ago through the microscope. The light was very good, I was using a rather high-power lens, and looking at the delicate beard in the throat of the corolla of a snap-dragon. The fine filaments under the objective became separate stalks standing apart from one another, when suddenly into the bright light, with ample room for all his movements, there ran one of the most beautiful animals I have ever seen, light green in color, almost transparent, perfect in form, his antennæ in quick movement, and his eyes which impressed me most, alert, eager, brilliant. He felt the unusual warmth and light and seemed to enjoy it. As I looked at those eyes it was with a feeling of reverence for the Power that created them, such as has seldom been stirred within me by the spoken words of man. To the naked eye this wonderful creature was quite invisible! A good microscope is a very profitable thing to play with. Not many books can match it, if one brings a seeing eye to the lenses.

And this wonderful ocean of air, at the bottom of which we walk on solid ether! How came it into being—this elastic shell, a vast mixture of gases in physical contact but not in chemical union, colorless, transparent—this "goodly firmament" through which we see the far-off sun and moon, the planets and the stars; which holds for us the blessings of the rain and the dew, the snow and the hoarfrost? All living beings upon the planet are so created and so marvelously adapted to it, that it is the very breath of their life! Its pulsations, obeying law, give us sound and music; and as the complement of this property of the air we have throughout the animal world the wonder of the ear, with its marvellous sense of hearing, more rich in blessing to thoughtful souls of sensibility than the eye itself.

We have the wonder of waters, so essential to animal and vegetable life, and to the changes needed to make the earth a habitable planet. Water everywhere, above, below, and all about us, to supply our constant need; fresh and salt, always changing conditions and locality under the potent influence of the sun, the master force upon this working world. The gases here not simply mixed together in given proportion, as in the air, but in chemical union, in such vast quantity that if the tie which binds them and makes them life-giving water were suddenly dissolved, the earth would at once be changed to a glowing furnace, in whose fervent heat every semblance of life upon it would be utterly destroyed. We are told by scientists that the proportions of land and water surface, one square mile of land to three of water, is what it should be for evaporation and the rain supply. We are told also in the Book that one day the earth shall be destroyed by fire. He who sealed this marriage bond between these gases needs but to break that seal! Stars have blazed out in the depths of space, glowing bright for many months, attaining high magnitudes, where before no star had been seen, and then died out, to be seen no more—worlds, perhaps, in which, in God's appointed time, this seal was broken!

In the animal and vegetable world, wise men are everywhere reverent students of structure, reading the lesson of design and wonder. Not only in the creature itself, but in every detail of its organism, it affords the same amazing evidence of plan and purpose, and, like the old astronomer, the earnest student of these things is but "thinking the thoughts of God after him." He looks at man, the masterpiece of creation, and feels in the depths of his being that he is "fearfully and wonderfully made," and the more he knows of ten thousand creatures less exalted than man, the more these words express his feelings and his thought. Look at a dog or a horse! a cat-bird or a song-sparrow!

Through ages of heat, and cold, and wear, and change, and life, and death, the fertile soil has succeeded to solid rock, until now, wonder of wonders! it brings forth abundantly fruit and seed "after its kind." Have you ever thought what a wheat-field is? or a corn-field? a cherry tree, or a currant bush? or any other of the ten thousand growing things that come and go within the year, or that last for many years with their annual fruitage? To the miracles of wonder wrought about us all the while our eyes are holden that we do not see. The perfection of God's work is on every hand—and we so seldom think of it as related to him! And one of these days we expect to go to Heaven! Wouldn't it be well to get somewhat acquainted with the thought of the nearness of God in our daily life and in our present surroundings, that we may grow more into the atmosphere of that blessed country? And to impress this thought upon our children, our pupils, in ways that, to some of them at least, may make it attractive and delightful? Heaven is not so much a place as a condition of mind and heart; and we and they may be in it even now in so far as we accustom ourselves to the thought of seeing him in his wondrous works, and in so far as it is the habit of our lives to "think pure, speak true, right wrong, and follow the King."—Pennsylvania School Journal.

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

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

Red lanterns hurried to and fro:
And footsteps, soft and quick paced through
The house, and native brethren came
With tearful eyes and sat upon
The bamboo matting at the doors,
Wide open flung to the night air.
Lord lay thy hand upon our hearts!
The sister, who, with rainbow face,

Had welcomed to her lonely home
This "chellelu, the gift of heaven,
Now knelt beside the bed and prayed,—
"O, Jesus! Make my sister well!
"Your choice,—not mine,—your choice is best!"
She stood and watched our every move
And all we did, that God had placed
In our poor human power to keep
The one more precious than all worlds.

The heavy breathing ceases now
And she is better. Yes! No more
That deathly pallor shall o'erspread
Her angel face and crush our hearts.
For death has done his very worst:
And has no more that he can do.
O, fear him not! O, fear him not!
He cannot touch her deathless soul.
Receive her spirit, Jesus, Lord!
Of such thy kingdom is composed.
Thou lov'st her best. With many tears
And psalms, we yield her up to thee.
Our bosoms quake. Our heart and soul
Are loosed from their foundations in
Our breast: earth sinks beneath our feet.
Though all is gone from pole to pole;
The rock of ages holds us up,
And arms of everlasting love
Support our trembling frame of dust,
And we are still. The voice that hushed
The raging waves on Galilee
Now speaks his word of power: and peace.—
His perfect peace reigns in the storm.
Though moon and stars be turned to blood,
And planets into planets crush;
Without thy leave no sparrow falls:
Nor shall one little one be lost.
Thy will is best. Thy plan for her
Is best for her, and best for us.

O, lovely Master, who in arms
Of love, the little children did'st
Enfold and lay thy hands upon
The tender locks of infancy,
How precious in thy sight are all
The little ones of this dark globe!
How did thy cheek, with holy wrath,
Burn on that day when bigot men
Would drive them back from coming to
Thy feet; and rob them of thy touch!
Ah! Those same men must first become
Like those same children ere thy face
In glory they may see! How glad
Each innocent to nestle in
Thy gentle arms! Thy dulcet call
Drew them to thee, as running to
Their mother's knee. Thou wast, sweet Prince,
The children's joy! Thy bosom was
Their heaven! They were to thee the most
Like home in this low world,—a rest
Unto thy soul, bowed down to death
Beneath the burden of our sins.
This moment, our dear Frances has
Forsaken our weak arms to go
To thee. Thou lov'st her best: and thou
Hast called. Without thy call, all earth
And hell could have no power to trar
Her from our nest. Though absent from
The body now! she is at home
With thee,—at home with thee,—at home!
As angles bare the poor man from
His sores to thee, so now they bear
Her spirit free to thy embrace,
Thou lover of our precious lamb!
The fever dread is left behind.
Far from this burning clay, she has
Departed and found refuge from
The heat, among the fountains where
Thou leadest forth thy flock, and where
The sun of Ind shall smite no more.
She is with thee in Paradise
To-night, and smiles to see thy face,
Which shines upon her soul and lights
For her, the hills and fields of heaven
And jasper walls and golden streets.
Far better, very far, than all
The Eden's of this world, in all
The halcyon days of history.
To die is gain! To die is gain!

By faith, we follow her glad soul
Clear through the shining pearly gates.
We see her lovely earthly smile
Transfigured by celestial grace.
How can we tell you all we see?
Her happy face, her beaming eyes;
The loveliest gardens God can make;
The loving angels round her there;
Angelic saints all robed in white,
Each heart aglow with mother love
For those who leave their mother's here;
And many loved ones gone before,
Who wait for us, and welcome her
With such deep joy as angels know
When, in God's presence, they rejoice
To see one soul returning from
Eternal night. So there is joy
In heaven at one more purchase of
His blood brought home! To die is gain.
The half has never yet been told.
The sky bursts open to our gaze
And we behold her sweet surprise
When ushered into all this love!
Thus while one troop of angels bore
Her hence, another troop swept down
To comfort us, were left behind;
As once of old they came to soothe
The sorrows of Gethsemane.
They sang to us and made us sing
As once of old their voices rang
O'er midnight fields nigh Bethlehem.
Sufficient is his grace, as he
Has said, for every awful hour
Of trial keen, as we have proved.
He does not fail, his Word is true.
The half has never yet been told.

"Chellelu" is the common Telugu word for a younger sister.

Poor Marion sobs at mother's knee.
This first great sorrow breaks her heart.
Her lamentations fill the house.
Like grief that cannot be assuaged.
"Weep not, my dear," the mother said,
"Our darling is with Jesus now
And all the lovely angels too.
They will take care of her so well
That she shall have no fever more,
Nor feel the heat of this hot clime,
Nor any pain; but laugh and play
And sing with happy boys and girls
And brother Phillips, who from this
Same room was carried by a band
Of angels to the better land.
He will be, O, so glad to see
His little sister come to be
With Jesus too, and they will love
Each other there and look for us.
And we shall follow soon to stay
With her and him and Jesus too,
And Paul and Mary evermore,
And Christians more than we can count,
To look at Jesus face to face.
And sing about his dying love.
'Twill not be long. 'Twill not be long!"

She dried her tears and wept no more.
At once the Bible she believed,
And there and then such grace received,
The God of grace alone can give.
For he who heals the broken heart
Poured oil into her wounds that night
And turned her sorrow into joy.
Thus pillowed on her Jesu's breast,
She slept that night the sleep of peace,
And with the rising sun arose
To walk amid the garden shrubs
To gather flowers and pretty leaves.
From bush to bush, with humming heart,
Like humming bird from flower to flower,
Like honey bee from bloom to bloom,
She filled both hands with garlands gay,
Then hid to that still room where lay
The little tennement of clay,
The house forsaken of the soul,
But precious beyond words to tell.
With throbbing pulse and gentle hands,
There all around that silent form,
She scattered tokens of her love;
And his love too, who made the flowers,
Dappled leaves of green and gold
And bells of odors sweet, sweetest
Of all that grow on Bimbi sods.
The last I saw of that pale brow
It was encircled with these blooms,
And in each little close shut hand
Two golden bells of sweet perfume;
Embalmed in her young sister's love,
Her body in a bed of flowers
And her free soul in Jesu's arms.

Permission granted, often since
That long-to-be-remembered day,
Has she gone down with nimble feet,
Passed through a gate between high walls
Close to the sounding Bengal beach,
To a retreat 'neath shady trees,
Into the English cemetery
To lay more blossoms on two tombs
That wait the voice of him who shall
Himself descend with mighty shout
God speed the day! God speed the day!
Before she enters that great door
Into the garden of the dead,
She knows that Frances is not there,
Nor Phillips either, but the house
They lived in here a little while.
The house is fallen like the tent
Which we take down when we come home
From touring in the villages
To rest from weary wanderings.
The rattle she had learned to shake
The last few days before she went,
The little socks and hood she wore,
The hood that fringed her smiling cheeks
And laughing eyes out doors at even,—
These all are treasures precious still.
A halo shines round everything
In her wardrobe and nursery,
And all she touched has turned to gold.
Her wicker cot, her baby cart
That rolled her out to get the air,
And e'en the ayah's homely face
Who wept the night she passed away
Are gilded o'er with memories
Of one that's gone to be with Christ.
Dear also is the house of clay
Where she lived here, until that day
When heaven opened to her soul.
That little grave we visit still
As we would visit Bethany
Or Jacob's well or Galilee,
To think of one that used to be
To mortal vision visible,
But now is vanished from our sight
To sit upon the right hand of
The great white throne, where she is with
Him now, rejoicing in his arms
Thus e'en the urn beneath the trees
Festooned with sister's leaves and wreaths,
And every sacred toy or frock
That does recall her image sweet
Is fragrant with ambrosial myrrh,
Is redolent of Paradise,
To disenchant from earthly fumes
To draw our thoughts up after her,
To charm us with eternal joys,
Lift heart and soul to set our love
Upon the things that are above,
Not on the things upon the earth.

Yours truly,

L. D. MORRIS.

In Camp, Mopada Market, eight miles north of Bimlipatam, India, Nov. 29th.

editor, the Abbé Gosselin, has made is a very lame one indeed. Archbishop Bruchesi, of Montreal, has repudiated the sentiments contained in the seditious article, and it is probable that Archbishop Begin, of Quebec, did not know that it was to be published in the *Semaine Religieuse*, though that paper is published by his authority and is regarded as his personal organ. The fact, however, that such an article should appear a second time in a religious paper and under the very eye of the Archbishop cannot be said to indicate that the hierarchy has taken great pains to discountenance seditious utterances on the part of the subordinate clergy. It is gratifying to observe that leading French secular papers in Quebec and Montreal and French leaders on both sides of politics have been prompt in condemning the publication of the article in question and professing detestation for its seditious sentiments.

—Such utterances as that referred to above, most regrettable and reprehensible as they are, need not be taken too seriously as if they represented on the part of any section of the French Catholic people of Canada or their clergy a movement hostile to British government. Whether or not the ecclesiastics of Quebec love Britain and British institutions or not, they understand as well as any one else the value of the rights and privileges secured to them under British rule, and they are not likely to endanger those advantages by encouraging sedition. As for ourselves we stand, as we have always stood, for equal civil and religious rights for all the people of Canada, irrespective of all questions of race or religion. However racial and religious conditions in this country may seem to militate against national unity, and however much we could desire a different condition of things, it is plain that the actual condition is that with which we have to deal. It is the part of wise men to recognize this and to make the best of things as they are. We who are British in our ancestry and who feel so powerfully the ties of blood and the influence of national prestige, should consider that a large minority of our fellow citizens in Canada are of French origin. Speaking the French tongue, their traditions and their literature are largely French, and we cannot blame them if they feel a strong affection for the land of their ancestors and a deep interest in its history. But on the other hand, French Canadians may reasonably be expected to recognize the fact that they are citizens of a British colony and cheerfully to accept the duties, as they enjoy the blessings, which British connection involves. It should be recognized too that in this country a man possesses neither more nor less rights as a citizen because of being either a Protestant or a Roman Catholic or neither the one nor the other. Any attempt therefore to stir up racial and religious animosities in Canada, either in the supposed interests of political parties or any other interest cannot be too strongly condemned.

The Second Contingent.

BY REV. A. C. CHUTE.

It is significant this profound interest in our present war, this desire to hasten from the colonies to share with the motherland in the hard fight. "Troops are about to pour into Halifax," the papers are saying. War maps are posted about our walls, and as we read of the progress of the sad events we note the places on the printed outlines of the country where the strife exists. What impatience to learn the latest intelligence. What discussions and forecastings. And of course it must be so. How can any one be indifferent to these exciting and momentous movements? There are great issues involved.

But the thought of the thoughtful and earnest ought to be taking an unwonted spiritual sweep. Christians and churches may get valuable lessons just now. There is a vaster, a more bitter, a far harder, a much more important campaign in progress than that in South Africa. It has been on for many centuries, and will stretch itself farther, how much farther none know. Much territory has been won, and very much more remains to be acquired. This greater campaign is the deadly fight against sin in the human heart, against unbelief, against the powers of darkness. The wars in Cuba, in the Philippines, in the Transvaal, are but incidents connected with the onward march of the main army, the heaven equipped soldiers of Jesus Christ. But, alas! there is not much eagerness at large about missionary maps, which are none other than war maps; about missionary books and papers, which are war books and papers; about the latest news from India, or China, or Africa as to how the principal battles go; about enlistment under Jesus; about additional contingents for him. Not very much. There is no corresponding ardor in what is paramount. Verily we are built upon a small scale. What a clinging there is to the childish things. How difficult it is for us to put them away and to become men, manly men. How common, and therefore how easy, it is to be indifferent to the supreme, to that which gives real significance to all besides, that which furnishes a worthy end for the various sorts of pursuits and activities. These facts but make it the more glaring how pressing the need is for the all-conquering Christ to march into us, to fell walls, to put the vile inhabitants of our breasts to rout, to lay new foundations in us, deep reaching and wide reaching, and to build us up according to his own matchless proportions.

There will be great shoutings, great demonstrations, great gloryings over what has transpired when there is a crowning of Britain's arms with victory (as we are generally assuming there shall be) after the carnage and tears attendant upon this stern war with the Boers. But better, infinitely better, to take part eventually, as a result of loyalty to Jesus in all the affairs of our daily lives (affairs of peace and war, warring ever against sin), as a result of steady devotion to God's will in seeking, as the main purpose, the salvation of souls at home and abroad,—to share at length in the final and complete triumph which shall surely come to Immanuel, in the welding of the kingdoms of this world into the one spiritual kingdom, the kingdom that shall stand forever. Halifax, N. S., Jan. 9 h.

The Real Forces of the Kingdom.

A well known form came into the sanctuary lately. His name is Bro. Bland, Reverend is usually prefixed to his name because he is a pastor. He is a pleasant man whom everybody likes to see, a cheery soul, whose conversation is crisp and whose sparkling sentences affect one like the air of a fine morning. I noticed a droop of the eyelid, and an expression of face that showed soberness, with a touch of care. This was in such contrast to his usual manner, that I ventured to ask him if anything had gone wrong. He was evidently in a difficulty, yet of that kind not easily talked about. I waited, and he soon began to unburden himself.

"You know, sir," he began, "that it helps one to talk to a friend of that which worries one, and after lying awake the last part of my sleeping hours thinking—thinking—of certain features of my methods of operation as a minister, I could not compose my mind to study, and felt that perhaps you would listen to me and that you might be able to help me, or at least to sympathize with me."

"With all my heart," I replied, "consider me your Father-Confessor."

"Well, sir," he went on, "I feel that I must do differently, or else go into some other calling."

I confess that I was struck aback by this announcement. Bro. Bland is one of our envied men. He is clever, a good preacher and popular with all classes. He has an excellent position, and denominationally stands well. There is a prospect before him, and no act of his, of which I can think, ought to lead him to any sense of discouragement. What can be wrong? I mentally asked, while my mind rapidly called up the sources of failures in the case of some others. Could he have committed an indiscretion? or was he disturbed by the scepticism of the day? or—I was recalled from my wonderment by his remark:

"I cannot go on in this way. I am dissatisfied with myself and with my ways of work. I do not desire to weary you, but bear with me while I tell you just what it is that has been troubling me. I feel that I am not religious enough, that I have so poor a stock of spiritual force that I cannot do a decent day's work in my Master's field."

"Oh, yes," I said, "you are tired and discouraged. You have spent your energies, and seeing little or no results, no compensating result, that is, such as a business man looks for, you are inwardly crying, 'Who hath believed our report and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?'"

"No, sir, that isn't it. Outwardly all seems well, but inwardly I am growing conscious of a great lack. To come closer," said my friend, with much earnestness of manner, "I do not play the man for God, either among the people at their homes, or in the pulpit."

I must say that I was getting perplexed. This man is known as a hard-working pastor, and as a painstaking preacher, sometimes, indeed, becoming quite fervid in his discourses. However, my look encouraged him to hasten on to the enlightenment that I saw was coming.

"You see, sir," Bro. Bland continued, "I try to be pleasant on all occasions. I chat, and laugh, and talk of that which interests those I meet. I know a little of everything—very little of course,—but it does to keep up the conversation; with the business man I put forth my little stock or skilfully draw him on to do the talking; I more readily meet the literary personage, and have a delightful chat; with the builder I am not very much at home, but I take an interest in the foundation and in the framing, and can appreciate architectural effect; with the horticulturist I have a pleasant season always, as he tells me one of the best methods of raising fruit, and of his success with flowers—"

"Well, my good man, what is wrong? This is just the sort of thing you should do,—chat pleasantly with everybody. How can you win your way into men's hearts if you don't take an interest in all that concerns them? Dr. Guthrie, you know, got hold of a shoemaker by discussing the merits of leather?"

"Excuse me, sir," said my friend, who looked still more serious, "my great trouble is that with all these people, farmer, carpenter, doctor, lawyer and merchant, I say nothing about the one business on which I am sent."

I began to see something and nodded to him to go on. "I often spend a whole afternoon talking with half-a-dozen or more, immortal beings, some of them members of the church, more of them making no claim to be Christians, and when I come home I cannot recall one sentence I have uttered that would show that I was a servant of Jesus. I am ashamed of myself, sir," he proceeded, with great concern showing in every look and word, and in the tones of his voice, "when I reflect that I am the paid servant of the church to do this very work, to speak to men about eternity, to warn them of their danger, to invite them to come to Jesus and settle up matters, and yet I hardly ever approach them on these subjects. I see the commercial man pushing in, and hanging on, and using all his energies to obtain an order, telling stories, it may be, and smiling, but securing his customers, while I—"

Here the poor man stopped with a thick utterance and a tear in his eye. I thought I heard something like, "God have mercy on me, the unprofitable servant." The rest of the interview must be left for another day as I myself am so affected thereby that I must pause and think over this thing.

I who am also,
AN ELDER.

Letter From a Telugu Christian.

TO THE EDITOR MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

SIR:—I am quite a stranger to you, but you may be glad, and with you the people at home, to know something about me.

I was born in 1876, in Chicacole, India. I was bred and born as a Brahmin of the orthodox type. I received my education in the local High school. I had my religious education at home, which is more a religion of formalities than of strict devotion and piety. In 1890, a little stir was made in me by reading a pamphlet entitled, "Relation between Hinduism and Christianity," by K. M. B. I came to the conclusion that Hinduism with its rituals and ceremonies, the worship of idols and ancestors, was useless, and that a true *guru is needed to teach the way of salvation. I began to read the New Testament earnestly, and found much in the gospel of John consoling to my soul. When I read and re-read the words, "I am the way," I was rather afraid; not that I doubted that Christ is the only way, but it will be a trying time in the life of one who is bred amid caste, with its myriads of superstitions, and the persecutions and troubles one has to undergo if one is "defiled" as the Hindus say. You at home may not know anything which the "convert" to Christianity undergo if he is of the high caste of the land. His relations, his neighbors, and even his parents will hate him, and persecute him in every way they can invent. When he comes through a street they will say to him, "You're an outcast, don't touch us, no, don't." They will give him no water to drink even when he is ready to die. They will throw mud and pebbles at him when they have the opportunity to do so, i. e. when he walks alone.

One Sunday morning I appeared as a candidate for baptism before Mr. I. C. Archibald. I already intended to do the most difficult thing, to break caste. To break caste means to be severed from parents, relations, friends and even the most intimate neighbors. The Hindus will not care much if one is of a loose character, a thief, a drunkard, or even a murderer. They will give such a person shelter and food even at the risk of their life. But if one becomes an outcast, if he becomes a Christian they think that he is the worst sinner on the face of the globe and shun him as they would Satan. Mr. A. found me to be a true penitent man, and after cutting the hair (we have big tufts of hair) and taking away the yagnopavita, sacred thread, he took me into the river which flows past the mission house and baptized me, a number of Christian men and women singing hymns on the bank. The baptism over, I came into Mr. Archibald's office room.

Now the crisis came. A man in the town seeing one baptized spread news that a Brahmin boy fell into the missionary snares and ate the "pariah's food." No sooner was the report spread than a big number of Brahmins and others, who have nothing to do, came to the mission house accompanied by the Brahmin police inspector, Ramarow, and a strong police force. An educated pleader and Mukunda Rao, principal of the High School persuaded me to come out, saying that I have to undergo many difficulties and to look well before I leap. But I considered already and so refused to be drawn back. Then they took me before the medical officer with the consent of the assistant police superintendent, who was then present in town, on the plea that I was poisoned. But nothing came out of their artifices to draw me back from my faith. This is the turning point of my life and the day, November 7th, 1893, is a memorable day to me.

Since then I am enjoying the joy and peace of the Lord undisturbed. Last and not least I gratefully write to say that I am very much indebted to MESSENGER AND VISITOR for the advanced spiritual growth I had and enjoy now. You may use this letter as you like.

Yours in him,

A. NARASIMHAMURTHI.

Baptist Mission, Chicacole, India; Nov. 13th, '99

* A great religious teacher or guide.

Literary Notices.

In The Homiletic Review for January, 1900, there is manifestly a forward movement all along the line. The opening article is by Prof. William M. Ramsay, D.C.L., LL.D., of Aberdeen, Scotland, the greatest living authority on Paul and the Acts of the Apostles and the questions therewith connected. He is the man who has revolutionized the critical views on the question of the origin and character of much of the New Testament, and shown that, so far from being productions of the second or third century, the production of the Acts and other New Testament writings would have been impossible except in the first century. Prof. Ramsay's article is eminently reassuring. Rev. Herrick Johnson, D.D., LL.D., of McCormick Theological Seminary, one of the ablest teachers and most forceful preachers of this generation, writes on "Preaching." Rev. Cornelius Walker, D.D., late Dean of the General Theological Seminary in Virginia, discusses "The Parabolic Sermon," illustrating it by a treatment of three of the parables of our Lord. In the Exegetical and Expository Section Dr. J. Remensnyder discusses "The Baptism for the Dead." Rev. James F. Plummer, "Was Matthias a True Apostle?" and W. R. Worthington, "The Minatory Psalms." We notice with welcome the return of Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia, to the conduct of the Prayer Meeting Service, which was under his direction for ten years previously to 1897. To many a minister the short article by Rev. George L. White on "Indexing One's Library" will be worth ten times the subscription price of the Homiletic Review. Rev. J. H. Stuckenberg, D.D., LL.D., the expert sociologist, begins in the present number a series of papers that will be peculiarly helpful on "Religious Thought and Movement at the Close of the Nineteenth Century," which is to carry on through the year 1900 a world-wide view of the subjects with which it deals. The remaining sections, whose contents must be left unnoticed, are equally rich in suggestive and helpful matters. Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. \$3.00 per year.

The Story Page

What Bessie Found Out.

BY S. JENNIE SMITH.

"Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling!" said the bell at the front door, and Bessie jumped from the breakfast table and went out to see who was calling there so early in the morning.

"It's a telegram, mamma," she cried, excitedly, as she came back to the dining-room, "and the man wants you to sign the book, and—Oh, my, I wonder who could have sent it!"

Mrs. Royle looked anxious. "We always do, I think, when telegrams come to us."

"It's from John," she said to her husband, when she had read it. "Sister Mary is very ill, and wants to see me."

"Then you had better go at once," returned Mr. Royle. "I suppose so. But I wonder if things will be all right here."

"Of course. Why shouldn't they be? The girl is able to take care of the house, and as for Bessie, she isn't a baby any longer, are you, dear?"

"Indeed I am not," Bessie declared, emphatically. "I am nine years old this very month."

"Then you think you can take care of yourself for two whole days?" asked her mother. "I may be gone as long as that."

"Why, yes, mamma. I mostly take care of myself when you are here," was the confident reply.

Mrs. Royle smiled as she thought of the many demands that her little daughter made on her time and attention, but she thought it would be well for her to be entirely dependent on herself for a while.

"Don't bother Kate, dear, for she will have enough to do," was her injunction, as she began hurriedly to make preparations for her departure.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," Bessie assured her, and afterward, when she was kissing her mother good-by, she said, "Don't worry about me one bit, mamma; I'll be all right."

Then, when her mother was really off, and her father had gone to business, the little girl started to get ready for school.

"There!" she said to herself the minute she entered her room, "I forgot all about my braids. I never can fix them decently myself. I wish—mamma had done it before she went away."

But mamma had not, and it still had to be done, so Bessie began to struggle with her hair. It may seem easier than it really is for a little girl to braid her own hair. The strands would get mixed, and the partings crooked. She combed it all out three or four times, and started the braids again, and finally told herself that it would have to do. She knew it didn't look nice, but it was getting late, and she could not afford to bother any more over it. Then she changed her dress, and a new difficulty presented itself. She could not hook it up in the back.

"Mamma always does that," she thought, "and what am I going to do?"

She tugged and pulled, fastening up one hook only to unfasten it in the attempt to do the next. At last she had to go down into the kitchen to get Kate to hook her dress.

"I couldn't help that, of course," she excused herself with, when she thought of her mother's words about not bothering Kate.

"I wonder what mamma did with my hat yesterday," was her next thought, and she began to look hurriedly around the sitting-room.

"Oh, dear! It isn't so easy to get along without mamma as I imagined it would be. She had that hat right here, because she was going to sew the ribbon where it was ripped off. I don't believe she did it, though, for Mrs. Leonard came in and talked ever so long, and that hat ought to be here yet. Where—where can it be? My books are in the closet, anyhow, for I put them there," and Bessie opened the closet door, and there was her hat, too, right where it belonged. It was fixed, after all, as Bessie saw when she took it down, but wondered how her mother had found time to do it. At noon time, she rushed into the house, saying,

"Mamma, can you go—'Oh!' she added, seeing no one in the dining-room but her father, "I forgot that mamma wasn't here. I wish she would come home."

"Already?" Mr. Royle said, in surprise. "Why, I thought you were the little lady who could get along so nicely alone!"

"For some things I can. But then, papa, there are things that I need mamma for. Now, you see, there's an entertainment down on Washington street,—a ventriloquist and such things,—and we school children have tickets that will let us in for ten cents, but I don't want to go so far without mamma."

"No; and you ought not to, either. I'd take you if I could, but I'm too busy. Never mind; there will be more entertainments when your mother is here," and Bessie had to be contented with that thought.

At three o'clock there was a lesson that she wanted her mother to help her with, there was a rip in her sleeve, and a great hungry feeling inside of her.

"Mamma always gives me something nice when I come home," she said to herself, "but I'm not going to bother Kate about it. Oh, dear! What a lot of things mothers do for us, and we never know it till they're away somewhere! They must get so tired working for us all the time!"

At supper, Bessie's hunger was satisfied. She had struggled along with the lesson, too, and as for her dress, she had decided to wear another until her mother came home and could mend that sleeve. So far, she had managed, "after a fashion," as she told herself, but when it came bedtime, she began to wonder what she should do without her mother's good-night kiss. The very idea of going to bed and not having it brought tears to her eyes.

"What's the matter, little daughter?" asked papa.

"Why—I think I want—my mother," sobbed Bessie.

Just then the bell rang, and, when the door was opened, in walked Mrs. Royle.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Bessie, rushing into her arms, "I am so glad that you didn't stay two days!"

"Well, Aunt Mary was improving, so I hurried home. But what's the matter? Weren't you getting along all right, dear?"

"Why, you see, mamma," said Bessie, smiling through her tears, "I didn't really know how much mothers did until you weren't here to do it."—Sunday School Times.

It Lasts But a Minute

"But it is over in a minute, Aunt Amelia," insisted Vernon.

"Everything? All the consequences?" questioned the aunt, in the gentle voice that was never allowed to rise above a certain pitch.

"Yes," returned Vernon, hesitatingly; "I just strike out right and left for a minute, mad all over, and then I am myself again."

"Let me see about that, my dear boy," replied Aunt Amelia, laying down her embroidery, and setting her glasses in a way she had when deeply in earnest. "To begin at the beginning, you pushed Susie very rudely against the chiffonier, scratching its polished surface and breaking the water pitcher she carried."

"I beg your pardon, aunt, but the beginning goes back a little farther. You forgot to state that Susie began the trouble by spilling ink over my table, blotting my geography, and almost ruining my new speech-book," said Vernon, a triumphant ring in his voice.

"That was Susie's part, and had nothing to do with it," responded Aunt Amelia, gently. "Besides, it was an accident, and occurred while your sister was putting your room to rights, a ministry you had no right to demand from her hands; on her part the labor was purely one of love. To begin, then, your temper of a minute made you ungrateful for a kindness, as well as rude to a girl, the latter alone being an almost unpardonable crime in a gentleman. What would you think of your father if he should treat me in the way you treated Susie this morning?"

"Oh, but aunt, I am only a boy," Vernon returned in confusion, "and Susie is only my sister."

"I am only your father's sister, Vernon, and as to being a boy, a boy has just as good a right to be polite as his father; more, for the boy is father to the man, and a boy who is rude to his sister at twelve will be rude to other boy's sisters at double that age."

"But my books," began Vernon sheepishly.

"Never mind the books," interrupted his aunt. "There is a small blot on the fly-leaf of your geography, and the cover of your speech-book is very slightly soiled, so you see that exaggeration must be added to the list of evils springing from that one minute's work."

Vernon looked abashed, but said nothing, and Miss Pugh went on: "It will take a dollar to replace the water pitcher, and the doctor charged another dollar for picking the glass out of Susie's hand. Then Lizzie had to be kept out of school to take Susie's place in caring for the baby, and she was so vexed at being obliged to lose her place in her class, that she worried your mother into one of her nervous headaches, and, as a consequence dinner was late, causing your father to miss the train into the city where half a dozen other men would be obliged to wait a whole hour for the tardy director needed to make their transactions legal. You said that your anger only lasted a minute. Now, let us compute the time lost; one hour each for seven men, including your father; a whole school-day of six hours for Susie and Lizzie each, besides twenty-four hours at least of suffering for mamma. Seven plus twelve, plus twenty-four—forty-three hours in all of precious time for people upon whose time you had no right to trespass. Now, add to this your own remorseful day, the suffering endured by Susie and your mother, besides the ill-feeling

engendered in the hearts of all the disappointed members of the family, and the breaking up of the happy home-life for a whole day. Let us look at the bill summed up—

To Vernon Pugh, Debtor:

Forty three hours of other people's time.

Two dollars of money out of father's pocket.

Ten people angry over their disappointments.

Seven people unhappy on account of mother's illness.

"Now, the only item to enter against this formidable account is:

One minute's enjoyment of anger by the boy against whom the account has been drawn.

"Are you able to settle the bill today, my boy?"

"No, nor never," answered Vernon, despairingly.

"But what can I do, Aunt Amelia?" he asked, humbly.

"Begin all over again," counseled his aunt; "and shut the anger out of your heart altogether."

"How can I, when I fly off in a tantrum before I know what I am doing?"

"Keep your heart and mind so full of other things that there will be no room for the angry feelings," returned his aunt. "You are not very fond of figures, but if you would keep some hard problems on hand to be worked out when the unruly passion is struggling for entrance, you might succeed in gaining a double conquest. On the principle that two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time, you can shut the anger out by letting the figures in."

Vernon promised to give the plan a fair trial, and the very next day he had the opportunity of testing both his power of resistance and his ability as a mathematician. His success encouraged him to keep on trying day after day until, as much to his own surprise as that of any other person, he found himself master both of arithmetic and his own temper.

"It is a good plan, Aunt Amelia," he admitted one day, when acquainting her with his triumph. "You see I keep my mind so full of figures that there is no room for the mad."—Christian Neighbor.

Jennie's Bird.

BY BESSIE ADAMS.

Jennie was very quiet as she walked home from church one Sunday not long ago. Somehow, she was not half so happy as she had expected to be. Her new blue suit was very becoming; the girls had all said it was so pretty. She had behaved well, and listened to the sermon as earnestly as a little girl could. But there was something wrong. She did not join in the talk about their class social with her usual interest, and Ada and Elsie were trying so hard to talk at once that her silence was not noticed.

They separated at the corner just above Jennie's home. She walked slowly on to the gate, and around to the sitting room door. Her father had just come in and stood warming his hands before the grate.

"Oho!" said he, as he looked at her with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "Can this fine bluebird be my little Jennie Wren? If it is, now tell me the text. Jennie Wren always remembers that."

Jennie had her arms around his neck by this time, and was sitting on his knee.

"Well I do know. It was that verse in Matthew about birds, where it says that not even a little sparrow dies without God's knowing it. Then he said how much more God loves and cares for us. Of course I knew about the birds before, but it had never seemed so plain that they were his birds, and that he is watching over them."

There was a little silence. Jennie took off her hat and looked at it very soberly. Then, caressing the soft gray plumage of the lifeless form on it, she said:

"Papa, I wonder how this bird came to die. Do you suppose they killed it?"

"Yes, daughter. There are numbers of men who make a practice of killing these beautiful southern birds, just for little girls like you to wear on their hats."

That was all he said. Jennie rose suddenly and put the lovely hat away. She said no more about the bird, but this was enough to tell her parents what was troubling her childish heart. They were willing for her to work out the problem alone.

The following day Jennie rushed in from school with the energy she always displayed when doing something she knew was right.

"Mamma, can't I take the bird off my hat, please, and get those tips you wanted me to have at first?"

"Yes, indeed you may. But I thought you liked the pretty bird so much better."

"I thought I did too, mamma; but now I am ashamed of myself for it. The preacher made me feel so bad yesterday, talking about God's birds. I just felt as if he was looking right at the one on my hat. Papa didn't make me any better when we talked about it, either,

The Young People

but worse. Today Miss Mary showed us some pictures of birds. One was just like that on my hat. I wonder if she saw it yesterday. Any way she talked a long time about them. She told us, mamma, that millions of song birds are killed every year, just for women and children to wear on their hats. Where forests used to be filled with their sweet songs, and their bright wings used to flash in and out among the green trees, now all is silent, and the poor little baby birds are all dead. Oh, it is dreadful!"

There was no mistake this time the tender hearted child was crying.

"Then," she went on directly, "Ada, Elsie and I decided we would never wear birds or wings any more, but wear feathers, that the ostrich sheds every year, instead. Oh, I do wish I had done as you said!"

"Never mind, my darling. I am glad you think as I do now. And next Saturday we will exchange the bird for tips."

"Oh, no, mamma! Please let me keep the bird and bury it. I'll buy the feathers with my own desk money, for if we take it back some one else will be sure to buy it."

The wise mother consented. On Saturday afternoon three sober faced little girls met in the orchard back of Jennie's home. Each carried a box containing the bird that had adorned her hat. And they were buried as tenderly and lovingly as any pet bird or kitten that had died.

Soon after a bird society was formed among the boys and girls to learn all they could about their native birds, and to do all in their power to protect them. They must have done some good, for the boys have not killed a bird since it was started, and have taken delight in watching them build their quaint little homes.

One day late in the following spring, Jennie ran into her mother's room, her face all sunshine, with this to tell: "Mamma, Madame Bonner has a large card in her show window, among the Easter flowers and ribbons, 'No More Birds Sold Here.' People say it was all started by our Society. And I am so glad because"—Just then a bird in the maple tree outside burst forth into his merry song, "sweeter, sweeter, sweeter," and it sounded so much as if he had heard what Jennie said, and was thanking her, that she and her mother smiled, and was other, as they paused to listen to the sweet song.—Sunday School Times.

A Rich Boy.

"Ob, my," said Ben, "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning around quickly. "How much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben in surprise. "Yes! What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball, and, oh, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling. "And your arms, I guess you wouldn't take \$10,000 for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice. They tell me you sing quite well, and I know you talk a little bit. You wouldn't part with that for \$10,000, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Nor your good health?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than \$5,000 a piece at the very least, don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have \$50,000 and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think a moment, Ben; \$50,000 is a lot of money. Are you very sure you wouldn't sell them for that much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that much at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs ten thousand, arms ten, voice ten, hearing five, taste five, good health ten and eyes fifty—that makes a hundred. You are worth \$100,000 at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think now and then how rich you really are."

It was a lesson that Ben never forgot, and since that day every time he sees a cripple or a blind man, he thinks how many things he has to be thankful for. And it has helped to make him contented.—Selected.

In a note recently received from Rev. C. W. Townsend, pastor at Hillsboro, N. B., in which he promises us two articles in "Baptists as Patriots," he says: "Our Young Peoples' Society is prospering greatly. Within the past few weeks twelve new members, eight active and four associate, have been added. Meetings good."

The Comments on Prayer Meeting Topics during March will be furnished by Rev. W. L. Archibald, of Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

EDITOR, R. OSGOOD MORSE.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to its Editor, Rev. R. Osgood Morse, Guysboro, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the Editor's hands nine days before the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Lessons for Simon and us. Luke 7: 36-50.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday January, 22.—Numbers 8. "The Levites shall be mine," (vs. 14) Compare Num. 3: 45.

Tuesday, January 23.—Numbers 9. "Keep the passover in its appointed season," (vs. 2.) Compare Ex. 12: 14.

Wednesday, January 24.—Numbers 10: 1-14, (15-28), 29-35. The guiding cloud, (vs. 11.) Compare Num. 9: 17.

Thursday, January 25.—Numbers 11. "Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets," (vs. 29) Compare 1 Cor. 14: 5.

Friday, January 26.—Numbers 12. "The rewards of jealousy," (vs. 10) Compare 1 Sam. 18: 8, 9.

Saturday January 27.—Numbers 13. "The magnifying power of fear." Compare 1 Sam. 14: 13-15.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—January 21.

Lessons for Simon and us, Luke 7: 36-50.

Jesus never refused an invitation to go where he could do good. The testimony of Peter, Acts 10: 38, was true of every incident in his life. He was found among all classes and in many different homes; He was easily master of the occasion under all circumstances. In the home of Simon he was a guest, but he proved himself to be no ordinary guest. Questions were asked which gave Simon and his fellow-disciples food for much serious thought. Lessons were taught which were entirely without their code of morals or system of theology. We may well profit by studying the same lessons today.

In this incident, and its accompanying parable, we are taught:

1. To be careful of our attitude towards Christ. No one could have taught this more thoughtfully or more plainly than Jesus. It is not like you that Simon's discourtesy would have been publicly noticed, had not the woman, by her loving deed, drawn attention to it. Why was Simon so discourteous to his guest? Undoubtedly because he had failed to recognize the nature and the worth of that guest. He had dimly conceived of him as a prophet, but even this opinion was not a settled conviction. Let us be careful of the estimate we place upon Christ's character. It is in proportion to our estimation of his character, that we appreciate his blessings. If we do not receive him as Lord, we do not honor his presence. Let us not think that we are patronizing Christ by bidding him become our guest. He bestows the distinction when he enters our sinful hearts.

2. To be careful in our judgment of others. The woman was a sinner, but she was a penitent sinner, and to Jesus this meant more than all else. She saw her heart more clearly than Simon did, more clearly even than he saw his own. While he was busy forming judgments of his guest, and of this unbidden woman, she was taking rapid steps toward the Kingdom. We may know a person's reputation, but we cannot know a person's heart. While we see the exterior, Christ alone knows the thoughts. While we are condemning another, Christ may be justifying that one, and condemning us. "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

3. Somewhat of the abounding grace of God. In his Pharisaical pride Simon shrank from the woman. He thanked God he was not such as she. To come into personal contact with such a character was more than he could bear. To hold intercourse with her would forever degrade him. Simon would not believe that anything but the strictest of ceremonial forms and offerings could save such a character. Of the free grace of God under such circumstances, he knew little or nothing. He may have been religious, but he had no religion. He may have had morality, but he had no piety. "Surely Jesus does not know what sort of a person she is," he argues. But Jesus does know, and it is to save just such persons as this he came to earth. The greatest sinner may find free salvation. "Whosoever will let him come." Simon himself needed the gospel, and the parable shows that the grace of God would greatly enrich his heart. If he had known the sinfulness of his heart, and how much Jesus had forgiven him, his cold disrespect would have given place to the warmest devotion. The consciousness of great mercy from God, brings the glow of great love for God.

Great Village, N. S.

Harmony, Kings County, N. S.

Through the efforts of our pastor, Rev. J. Webb, a Young Peoples' Society was organized in this place on Wednesday, December 20, to be known as the "Harmony B. Y. P. U." Harmony is a branch of the Lower Aylesford Baptist church. The Union has enrolled 18 active members and one associate member. The officers are as follows: Bro. W. A. Fancy, Pres.; Bro. Simeon Cole, Vice-Pres.; Bro. Noble Saunders, Sec'y; Sister Bertha Saunders, Cor. Sec'y; Bro. Fred Saunders, Treas. Will all the Unioners pray for Harmony B. Y. P. U. Union, that it may prove a blessing to the church and community.

Yours in the work, BERTHA SAUNDERS, Cor. Sec'y.

Things Our Young People Should Know About Our Home Mission Work.

BY REV. A. COHOON, M. A.

No. 2.

At the present time there are forty-three fields or circuits in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island needing assistance for Home Mission funds. In a number of cases it is only one church of the group that is aided

directly by the Board, the other churches being self-supporting. They may be classified as follows: In the limits of the Western Association there are three full mission groups and churches receiving aid, attached to six other groups; in the Central Association twelve full mission groups; in the Eastern thirteen full mission groups, and dependent churches connected with two others; and in the Prince Edward Island Association five full mission groups, and dependent churches forming part of two other groups. The number of churches aided directly by the Board is seventy-five and the whole number in the forty-three fields is ninety-two. To keep all these fields supplied with pastoral labor throughout the year, according to the present rate of grants, means an outlay of \$4 445. But in some cases the grants should be larger so as to make up respectable salaries, consequently in order to make suitable provision for this part of our Home Mission work in the two provinces named above, there should be an annual expenditure of at least \$5 500.

SALARIES.

This matter of salaries is a vital one in Home Mission work. In most of our mission fields there are few things to invite, but many things to repel a man from undertaking the work. There are long drives over bad roads, small congregations, few helpers, and many opposing influences. Add to these the small salary and it is not surprising that while there are plenty of applicants for other fields there are but few for these. Sometimes we blame our young men because, when they have completed their course of study they go from us, rather than accept a mission field. And yet it is not surprising that a man who has spent years preparing for the ministry and borrowed money to complete his course and wishes to buy a few books that he may be stimulated in his work, turns away from a field where the best financial prospect is that of making "both ends meet." From these considerations it will readily be seen that the small salary greatly increases the difficulty of securing suitable men for the Home Mission work.

THE MEN NEEDED.

Of the qualifications needed for this work we would notice first, ability to lead men. It is a mistake to suppose that because a church is small it can be managed by any one. There is much greater danger of wrecking a small church than a large one, because of the absence of restraining forces. There are as likely to be serious troubles in a small church as a large one, and because it is a small church the pastor must assume the burden in removing or settling the trouble. Much grace and skill is needed to guide the little bark through the troubled waters.

The Home Missionary should know the gospel and be able to present it clearly and with unction. He should be able to speak without manuscript but his sermons should not be without thought. The mission churches as well as others soon tire of "voice and nothing else." They do not want "ten minute sermons" spread out over fifty minutes.

Ability to have a good prayer meeting with but few helpers is also important. The people are generally so scattered, that he is obliged to have many prayer meetings instead of having many at one meeting. This may mean the training of a larger number of his members, but it makes larger demands on him in many ways.

The more tact and skill he has in pastoral visiting the better for his work, and the greater probability of success in soul winning and church edification. Well for him if he can say with Paul, "I have taught you publicly and from house to house."

THE OUTLOOK.

The outlook for the Home Mission work under the control of the Convention Board is, we think, encouraging. The weaker churches are grouped in such a way that all are being cared for. There is less disposition to break away from the established grouping, as the churches are learning not to think altogether of themselves, but other churches as well. There is more desire than heretofore for regular pastoral labor, and an increasing willingness to pay for such labor. The exodus that takes much of the young life from many mission fields, will keep them in a dependent state, for years to come, but they must not be neglected, because they are contributing their best life to others. The time is not distant, we think, when the mission churches will be as regularly supplied with pastors as the independent church, and summer missions become a thing of the past. From year to year new stations will be opened up and new churches organized, and this Home Mission work, by fostering weak churches and planting new ones, will continue to make its large contribution to the advancement of the Redeemer's Kingdom.

A Passion for Souls.

A BIBLE READING, BY R. OSGOOD MORSE.

I. God's passion for souls. Isa. 1: 18 55: 1-3, Mal. 3: 10, John 3: 16 Rom. 5: 8, Rev. 22: 17.

II. Jesus passion for souls. Matt. 23: 37, Matt. 6: 33, Mark 8: 36, Luke 19: 10, John 4: 35, 10: 15, 16, Matt. 10: 28-30.

III. If we are true followers of Jesus we shall be consumed with a passion for souls such as his. This passion for souls will manifest itself in:

- 1. A longing for closer fellowship with God and Christ. Ps. 51: 10-12, John 14: 23.
- 2. Greater prayerfulness. Isa. 64: 1, 2, Jonah 3: 7, 8, Acts 1: 14, Gen. 18: 23-33, Acts 8: 14-16.
- 3. Delight in God's house. Ps. 84: 1, 2, 10, Mal. 3: 16, Ps. 23: 6.
- 4. Special interest in individuals. John 1: 40 42, 1: 45, 46, 4: 28, 29, Acts 18: 24-26.
- 5. A willingness to do God's will. 1 Sam. 15: 22, Matt. 28: 18-20, John 7: 17, Acts 5: 32, 20: 22-24.
- IV. Results of a passion for souls. Acts 2: 41, 42, 8: 46, 47, 4: 14, 8: 6, 10: 44, 45, 11: 20, 21.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.

For Parla Kimey, the missionaries and native preachers, that their number may be greatly increased, and many souls won to Christ on that field for our Women's Missionary Societies.

Notice.

Will Mrs. Rafuse, who wrote to me from Lunenburg regarding Mission Band work, kindly send again her full address. I wrote at once and also mailed papers, but after some time my letter, etc., has been returned. "Not called for." MRS. M. C. HIGGINS, Cor.-Sec'y. St. John, West, N. B.

A Plea for Missions

The aim of missions is to seek and to save all for whom Christ died. It has been said that a church member who does not believe in missions does not believe in any true way in Christianity, for all characteristic Christian truths imply missions. Take for example first the unity of God and the unity of the race. We believe there is one God and that "he giveth to all life," and "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." Thus when we come to know the only true God we must set about to make him known throughout the world. Then, the Incarnation, "The Word became flesh," not of any peculiar nation but simply human nature. Christ came to this earth and took upon himself human nature that he might become the only Saviour of the whole world. And justification. We are justified by faith. We believe Christianity is a truth. The very God who gave us the power to believe hath given the same power to others who have never heard of him, for "God hath given to every man a measure of faith." And it is, therefore, our duty who know him to make him known unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

Our desire to thus spread the gospel, or in other words our interest in missions is aroused first by love for Christ. He himself hath said, "if ye love me keep my commandments," and hath given the command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." If we love Christ we will wish to be like him, and Christ, was a missionary. He preached to both Jews and Gentiles and sent forth his disciples to teach all nations. Then our love for Christ leads to love for fellowman, for "we are all one in Christ Jesus." The world has been redeemed. "Jesus Christ is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only but for those of the whole world." Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved, but "how shall they call on him in whom they have not believed, and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard." When we realize that millions are dying, millions of our brothers for whom Christ died, we long to let them know the truth as it is in Christ Jesus.

And how may we help to let them know? First by prayer. Christ taught his disciples to pray, "Thy kingdom come," and "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Dr. Pierson in "The Holy Spirit in Missions" says, "I know nothing more nearly resembling Pentecost than the scene which followed the preaching of David Brainard at Crossweek-sung, N. J. Even he, himself, looked on with astonishment and awe at the power of the gospel on the hearts of these savages. But the secret is clear when we look from the field to the closet and see him praying whole days for the anointing of the Holy Ghost to come upon him, and praying with such intensity that his garments were wet with the sweat of his intercession. What an example for us to set constantly before us." Christ has said, "Whosoever ye shall ask in my name that will I do."

Then some are called to go and tell the story in heathen lands, and we have proof that the Holy Spirit goes with and directs such in the lives of such men as Paul, Carey, Judson, Livingston and many others. And we may all help by giving freely, for "freely ye have received," cheerfully, "not grudgingly or of necessity for God loveth a cheerful giver," and in Christ's name and he has promised that "even a cup of cold water given in his name shall not lose its reward."

Missions has its influence on those who send the gospel as well as on those to whom it is sent. Take for example the church at Antioch, which sent out Paul and Barnabas. After their return, when the question arose as to whether the Mosaic law should be imposed on the

pagans, who had accepted Christ, it was a report from the mission fields which defeated it and led the church at Antioch to realize that Christ cleanses hearts by faith alone. And so today, when our Christian ideal has become dimmed by worldliness, some striking illustration of the power of faith comes to us from newly converted lands and stirs us up to deeper faith in Christ.

The gospel works miracles in new countries. It brings freedom—a glorious liberty to the poor women who have lived their lives of slavery. It opens schools for their children, and it brings civilization. James Calvert, missionary to the Fiji Islands, writes: "When I arrived at the Fiji group my first duty was to bury the hands, feet, heads and bones of arms and legs of eight victims whose bodies had been roasted and eaten in a cannibal feast. I lived to see the very cannibals who had taken part in that inhuman festival gathered about the Lord's table. All this in fifty years."

The people of the Sandwich Islands, before the gospel reached them, are described as "a nation of half-naked savages feeding on raw flesh, sensual and devilish to the lowest degree." Forty years after the missionaries began their work, Hon. Richard H. Dana, in describing a visit there says: "I did not find a hut without a Bible and a hymn book, and family worship and grace at meals are as universal as they were in New England a hundred years ago."

Another missionary writes: "The teaching of Christianity among the one hundred and sixty millions of civilized and industrious Hindus and Mohammedans in India is effecting changes,—moral, social and political—which for extent and rapidity of result are far more extraordinary than anything you or your fathers have witnessed in modern Europe."

We who have all our lives lived in the light of this glorious gospel do not, and too often do not try to realize how much depends on our sending it to others. Shall we not henceforth do all in our power to "send the gospel to the earth's remotest bounds."

"While your brother men are dying
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying
There is nothing I can do
Gladly take the task he gives you
Let his work your pleasure be,
Answer quickly when he calleth
Here am I, Oh Lord, use me.

NOTE: This was given as a blackboard exercise from the following outline:

I. All characteristic Christian truths imply missions (a) Unity of God; (b) Unity of the race; (c) Incarnation; (d) Justification.

II. Interest in missions is aroused by (a) Love for Christ; (b) Love for fellowman.

III. Ways of helping: (a) By prayer; (b) By preaching when called, [Paul, Carey, Judson, Livingston]; (c) By giving,—freely, cheerfully, in Christ's name.

IV. Influence of missions: (a) On those who send; (b) On those to whom sent—saves the souls, brings freedom, opens schools, brings civilization.

St. Martins, N. B.

FANNIE McNALLY.

A Thanksgiving and Praise concert, under the auspices of the Melvern Square Aid Society, was held in the Baptist church on the evening of Oct. 19th. A good programme was gotten up and admirably carried out. A large and appreciative audience showed their interest by their gifts and unabated attention to the exercises.

Our membership is small but we do not allow ourselves to get discouraged. If our sisters who are church members, could but realize the benefit it would be to their own lives and souls to engage in this missionary work, they would not stand aloof, but come up to the help of the Lord by uniting their prayers and gifts with ours, in carrying or sending the gospel to our poor, dark, much abused sisters in India.

The proceeds of our concert, \$24.54, is for supporting a Bible woman in India. The 46c. was made up by some of the sisters, making the twenty-five dollars. We send it with our prayers, wishing, hoping, trusting, that the Master will use it for his own glory in helping to rescue our sisters from the thralldom of heathenism.

H. V. B., Sec'y.

Forest Glen.

Our Aid Society was organized in Nov., 1896, by Mrs. Cox, Prov. Sec'y. for N. B., with a membership of five. Mrs. E. P. Eastman, President. During the three years we have had 26 different names on our list. Two have been removed by death—one our beloved President only five months after our organization, five have left the place, and two have dropped out from lack of interest in the work. This leaves us a present membership of seventeen. But I may say just here that our average membership has been thirteen. We find there are seven sisters

in our church who are not identified with our Society—a matter for deep regret! By referring to the quarterly reports, we find that by means of dues, mite boxes, collections at public meetings, etc., we have raised about \$90, or almost \$30 per year. We feel that our success is due, in a large measure, to the faithful and untiring efforts of our President, Sister Elizabeth Colpitts.

Jan. 9th, 1900. JENNIE A. COLPITTS, Sec'y.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

Missionaries are greatly helped by the knowledge of the sympathy of the home church, and that they are held in loving remembrance by their friends. A letter of cheer that asks for no response, a token of remembrance and affection received in the midst of their toil, will often give renewed strength for their work. Try it.

"There is deep conviction on the part of many thoroughly good people that mission work at home and abroad is indicated by the amount of money we spend. In addition to the misleading trend of thought cultivated by such a theory, the idea itself is false. Money may be useful, yes; but there is danger that we become possessed of the false doctrine that money and human souls are exchangeable. In fact, too many of us now think that we can put in so many dollars and reap a corresponding number of souls. We count zeal in the kingdom by the money we spend for its advancement. Such habits lead us away from the truth that Lord God is the supreme head in the kingdom; that we are first to honor him, and then give of our means as he has prospered us. When we put money into a field and there are no conversions we begin to think of giving it up—not so much because there is no need, no willingness to hear, etc., but because we feel that we are losing money. The facts are that the will of the Almighty is to be consulted. Once in a while he gives us a practical illustration of the text: "Without me ye can do nothing." Look at the Telugu Mission; years of time, lives, money were poured out, but all the time there was behind it the thought: If there are not results we must give up—"he that saveth his life shall lose it." But when it was decided: We will stay here if we perish, then—"he that loses his life for my sake shall find it." Are we going to do our work—whatever it may be—in a whole souled, confident way, or are we going to continue to think that we must scheme and plan and execute to help the Lord accomplish his own purpose. Let us not quench the Spirit nor frustrate the work of grace."

MISSIONARY STATISTICS.

The "Almanac of Missions," published by the American Board for 1899, gives the number of Protestant foreign missionary societies in the world as 242, missionaries 11,839, native laborers 67,754, communicants 1,448,861, income \$16,244,372. Great Britain leads in every item. The summaries in the Missionary Review of the World differ a little from these, chiefly in being more comprehensive and detailed. They make the total missionary force 14,210, of whom 4,313 are ordained missionaries, 4,253 are wives, 2,263 laymen, and 3,382 unmarried women. The total native helpers are given as 64,420, of whom 4,185 are ordained. The communicants are put at 1,255,052, and the adherents or native Christians at 3,372,991. The scholars are given as 994,430. In all these items there has been healthy growth during the year. The societies having the principal incomes are as follows: Church Missionary Society, \$1,657,990; Society for Propagating the Gospel, \$1,190,674; Methodist Episcopal, \$946,942; Presbyterian, \$835,581; Baptist Missionary Union, \$782,474; American Board, \$687,209; London, \$579,595; Wesleyan, \$523,536. There are only these eight societies that go above the half-million line—four in England and four in the United States—two Methodist, two Congregational, two Church of England, one Presbyterian, and one Baptist. The total gain in income during the year is about one million dollars according to the "Almanac," and about half a million according to the Review.

Arrow Points.

BY PASTOR J. CLARK.

They are rich whose souls are rich.
The word sin has lost its keen edge in most peoples' minds today.

On pay day remember rent day.
The frequent use of the brown jug, may lead to a den in the Town Jug.

Large plans do not mate with small means.

When the heart flags, the work drags.

Mourn not o'er the Old Year,

All its paths are trod;

Enter on the New Year

Walking close with God.

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\$3; Mrs J M
Rev O N Chi
A N Layton,
The Layton
man, \$2.50;
McDonald a
Jas F Rood,
Dodge, \$2.50
Margeson, \$2
Wyman, \$6.
Robt Longa
Frank M Ra

The Twentieth Century Fund.

A meeting of the joint committee for New Brunswick was held in the Foreign Mission rooms, St. John, on 10th inst. to consider plans and methods of presenting the appeal in behalf of the Forward Movement Fund for Home and Foreign Missions. After prayer, offered by Pastor Townsend of Hillsboro, a communication was presented from the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick, commending the proposed action of the joint committee, and suggesting that immediate efforts be made to undertake the work. It was quite generally agreed that while the spirit of the hour possessed every Christian body in this direction, both in England and America, that Baptists should not be behind in a work in which they have hitherto stood foremost. After some discussion it was, on motion of Rev. Ira Smith, resolved that a special appeal be made in the churches, Sunday Schools and Young People's Unions to contribute to the Twentieth Century Fund, in pledges to be paid in instalments covering a period of two years, and that of this sum the Young People's Societies be asked to raise \$2,500 and the Sunday Schools \$5,000. Brethren Manning, Smith, Townsend and Gates were appointed a committee to prepare literature for distribution, and also to submit methods for prosecuting appeals throughout the churches of the province. The committee adjourned to meet on Wednesday, Feb. 14th, at 10 a. m.

W. E. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

Sabbath School Convention.

The Kars, Springfield and Studholm Baptist S. S. Convention, met in its regular session at Hatfield Point, Kings Co., N. B., on the afternoon and evening of Thursday, Dec. 28th. Considering the inclemency of the weather the attendance was good. It was encouraging to see some brothers from outside the above mentioned parishes.

After 30 minutes spent in devotional exercises, led by Rev. Samuel Braman, the Pres. Bro. A. D. G. Vanwart, proceeded to open the Convention for regular work. Many of the reports from the various schools were encouraging. It is to be regretted though, that out of the nine schools reported, four had closed for the winter months. Rev. R. M. Bynon taught a very interesting and stimulating Normal Lesson. After the question box had been passed around and the benediction pronounced, Convention adjourned until 7 p. m.

The evening session was very pleasantly interspersed with music by the choir. The Primary Lesson was well taught by Mrs. Wm. Perkins, to a very bright class of boys and girls, and the music entitled "Merry, Merry Xmas Bells," which the little ones sang after the lesson, charmed the audience. The questions asked during the former session, were then satisfactorily answered by Revs. R. M. Bynon and W. J. Gordon. An address was next given by Rev. R. M. Bynon on "Home Dep't. Work," then followed a recitation by Miss Jennie McDonald. Brother Braman spoke against dancing in his usual spicy manner. Other speakers were Rev. W. J. Gordon and S. D. Ervine, Bros D. A. Branscomb, and J. F. Rierstead. Pastor Ervine gave an address of welcome, and exhorted all to throw their influence on the side of right. After the benediction had been pronounced by Rev. E. K. Ganong, the Convention adjourned.

Too much praise cannot be given the people of Hatfield Point, for the kind manner in which they treated the delegates. W. A. TOOLE, Sec'y. Treas.

Forward Movement Cash.

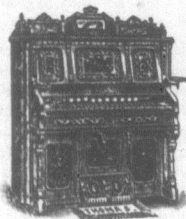
- Morton Dakin, \$1; W H Denton, \$5; M H Dakin, \$2.50; J W Dakin, \$1; Geo A Holems, \$1.50; F M Dakin, \$2.50; Mrs Capt Sprague, \$15; Geo Bowser, \$15; Albert Wry, \$5; Miss Minnie Cook, \$5; Edwin Crosby, \$2.50; Edwin L Crosby, \$2.50; Edith Huskins, \$1.25; Mrs Olevia B Mack, \$5; Alvin Wentzel, \$1; Charles Rice, \$1; Israel Morley, \$1; Jabez Coops, \$2; John H Benson, \$4; Watsel and Ralph Perry, \$2; Leander Outhouse, \$6; Arthur Outhouse \$1; Nicholas Outhouse, \$1; John Porter, \$5; F M Steadman, \$5; P W Verge, \$5; J L DeLong, \$2; W A Read, \$5; J E Turner, \$1.25; W D Carter, \$1; Mrs Burnham McCully, \$1; L D Carter, \$1; Mrs E O Robinson, \$1; Mrs Chas McCully, \$3; D A Carter, \$1.25; A L Steevens, \$5; Mrs P Fletcher, \$3; Mrs J M Youill, \$1; L C Layton, \$5; Rev O N Chipman, \$1; J A McDorman, \$1; A N Layton, \$1.50; Mrs J M Campbell, \$1; The Layton Juniors, \$1; Mrs J A McDorman, \$2.50; Mrs Chas Layton, \$1; J P McDonald and wife, \$1; John Killam, \$3; Jas F Rood, \$5; Isaac Cook, \$1; Robert Dodge, \$2.50; A L Dodge, \$2.50; C B Margeson, \$2.50; Rev A Chipman, \$2; L B Wyman, \$6.25; Mrs Abbie L Young, \$2; Robt Longard, \$1; Mrs Fred Rand, \$5; Frank M Eaton, \$5; Joshua Welch, \$2;



Fur Robes...

We have a splendid assortment of Fur Robes, Sleigh Bells, Blankets, and a general line of Horse Furnishings which we are offering at low prices.

FUR ROBES FROM \$4.75 UPWARD
H. HORTON & SON
11 Market Square. St. John, N. B.



To any Reader

of this "Ad." who intends buying an Organ we would say—Be sure and write us. Why? Because we sell the best organ (The Thomas) on the most reasonable terms, as thousands of our customers can testify. Catalogue sent free on application.

JAS. A. GATES & Co.

MIDDLETON, N. S.



John F Saunders, \$10; John Coldwell, \$2; Dr Trotter \$50; Rex Trotter, \$1; Bernard Trotter, \$1; Jack A Chipman, \$1.05; A J Woodman, \$10; Dudgeon Duffy, \$5; Wm E Hall, \$25; Pulpit supply, \$7; Reis Baker, \$5; Samuel Harrison, \$1; Rev J Williams, \$5; David Sproul, \$6.25; Louise Borne, \$1; Eph Brymer, \$1; A friend of the college, \$1; E H Bradshaw, \$2; J H Siddall, \$2; Bro J T Eaton, \$1; Miss Carrie Broom, \$2; Rev C H Corey, \$5; Isa Dodge, \$10; J H Hall, \$5; J S Marshal, \$1; S F Rood, \$5; Joshua Miller, \$5; Henry J Andrews, \$2.50; Byard Marshall, \$1; E G Dodge, \$5; A H Bartheaux, \$1; Fred E Bentley, \$5; J H Porter, \$2; A J Nickerson, \$5; E M Beckwith, \$10; Mrs E M Beckwith, \$2.50; Mrs L Sheffield, \$2.50; W O Graves, \$2.50; W P Lyons, \$2.50; Mrs Martin Nee Vee, \$2; Alex Barnett, \$2; Miss Hattie M Robinson, \$1.25; Wallace Fraser, \$1; E D Cooney, \$2; Mrs Ada V Fulton, \$1; Moses Brown, \$1; Miss H A Durland, \$4; N N Bentley, \$50; Mrs C M Dickson, \$2.50; S C Morrison \$2.50; John C Wilson, \$2.50; Rev J L Read, \$5. And still not prepared to secure Mr. Rockerfellers. Friends of Acadia who will help? WM E. HALL.
93 North St., Jan. 10th.

ACTIVE men and women everywhere to take orders for "Life of Moody," the great evangelist. Sells at sight. Sample enabling you to make from \$3 to \$7 daily, by mail free on request. Address Globe Bible Pub'g Co., 725 Chestnut street, Philada., Pa.

1900 THE NEW YEAR Geo. A. McDonald,

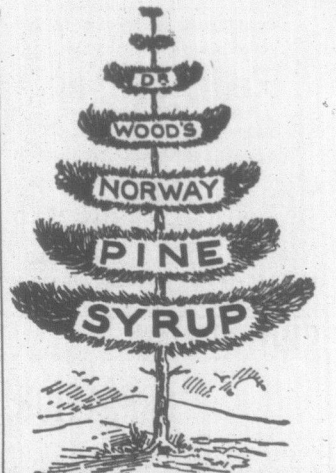
120 Granville Street, Halifax.
Will supply valuable helps on the S. S. Lessons.
WHAT BOOKS SHALL WE BUY for 1900?
Ederheim's Life of the Messiah, 1 v. \$1.50
Farrar's Life of Christ 75c and 1.25
Stalker's Life of Christ 60
Wallace's Life of Jesus 30
Peloubet's Select Notes 1.07
Arnold's Commentary 50
Tompkin's Vest Pocket Do. 25 and 35c.
Harmony of the Gospel, Dr. Robinson 45
Twentieth Century New Testament 50
The Gist of the Lesson—Torrey 25
BLACKBOARD CLOTH
Every well regulated Sunday School will have one or more yards—48 in. wide Send \$1.50 and get a yard.
A New Book—The Blackboard Class for S. S. Teachers 25
The Slaughter Bibles and Library Sale of Books
continues. Order up a box and get selection for your School.
Maps of Palestine for \$2.00.
The above are practical and will aid you. Send AT ONCE. To save bookkeeping please remit with order.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.
Travel in Comfort
—ON THE—
PACIFIC EXPRESS.
Lv. Halifax -- 7.00 a. m. MoTu WTh Fr Sa
Lv. St. John -- 4.10 p. m. MoTu WTh Fr Sa
Ar. Montreal - 8.35 a. m. Tu W ThFr Sa Mo
Lv. Montreal - 9.45 a. m. Tu W ThFr Sa Mo
Ar. Vancouver 12.30 p.m. Su MoThW Th Sa

A TOURIST SLEEPER
On above train every Thursday, from MONTREAL, and runs to SEATTLE, without change.
Double berth rates from Montreal to Winnipeg, \$4.00; to Medicine Hat, \$6.50; Calgary \$6.50; Vancouver and Seattle, \$8.00.
For passage rates to all points in Canada, Western United States and to Japan, China, India, Hawaiian Islands, Australia, and Manila, and also for descriptive advertising matter and maps, write to
A. J. HEATH,
D. P. A. C. P. R.,
St. John, N. B.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at public auction at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County and Province of New Brunswick, on Saturday, the Twenty-fourth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on Friday, the Twenty-second day of December, A. D. 1899, in a certain cause then pending wherein Lisette B. Homer is Plaintiff and Jane Clark is Defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity the mortgaged premises described in said decretal order as "All the right, title and interest of the defendant in and to a certain Indenture of Lease bearing date the First day of November, in the year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Ninety-three, and made between Mary A. Duncan, of Grand Pre, in the Province of Nova Scotia, of the first part, and the said Jane Clark, of the City of Saint John, widow, of the second part, and in and to the leasehold lands and premises therein described as all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the said City of St. John, beginning at the South-westerly corner of the said lot of land hereby leased, thence northerly along the eastern line of Sheriff Street forty feet (40), more or less, thence easterly at right angles to said street one hundred feet or until it meets the line of property of the late Honorable William Hazen, thence southerly along said Hazen's line (40) forty feet, more or less, thence westerly one hundred feet to the place of beginning, being the lot formerly leased by one James White to James Clark, and being the lot of land and premises next adjoining the lot of one Ezekiel Hilton on the northerly side thereof, and on the easterly side of said Sheriff Street, together with the buildings, erections and improvements thereon, standing and being or which might thereafter be erected or built thereon, and the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging or in anywise appertaining, and also all the estate, right, title, interest, term of years therein yet to come, and unexpired possession, benefit of renewal, claim and demand at law or in equity of the said Jane Clark of, in, to or upon the same and every part thereof by virtue of said Indenture of Lease or otherwise howsoever."
For terms of sale apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Dated this fifteenth day of January, A.D. 1900.
AMON A. WILSON, DANIEL MULLIN,
Plaintiff's Solicitor. Referee in Equity.



A powerful lung healing remedy that cures the worst kinds of coughs and colds of young or old more promptly and effectually than any other medicine. Price 25c.
Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation and Dyspepsia. Do not gripe. Price 25c.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County and Province of New Brunswick, ON SATURDAY, the Tenth day of February next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decretal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the Twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1899, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Michael Ryan is Plaintiff, and Lawrence McGrath, Christopher Kane and James McGrath are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the mortgaged Premises described in said Decretal Order, as:
"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of St. John, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the western side of the road leading from the City of St. John to Little River, so called, at a point distant from the lands owned by the Commissioners of the Poor for the City and County of St. John, eight hundred and one (801) feet; thence along the said road southerly two hundred and twelve feet to the line of land owned by the heirs of the late John Cotter (Garrett); thence south seventy-three degrees west by a line five hundred (500) feet to high water mark; thence along the back or shore of Courtney Bay to land owned by one Peter Dean, junior, one hundred and ten (110) feet, more or less; thence north sixty-one degrees fifty minutes east five hundred and twenty (520) feet to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one and one-half acres, more or less, being the same lot of land and premises heretofore sold and conveyed by one Patrick Gallagher and Catherine, his wife, to the said Lawrence McGrath by deed dated the third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, title, dower, right of dower, property, claim and demand whatever, both at Law and in Equity, of them, the said Defendants, or any or either of them, of, in, to and out of the said lands and premises and every part thereof."
For terms of sale apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Dated this Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1899.
HUGH H. McLEAN,
Referee.

AMON A. WILSON, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Leg A Solid Sore.

When it comes to healing up old running sores of long standing there is no remedy equal to Burdock Blood Bitters.
Bathe the sore with the B.B.B.—that relieves the local irritation.
Take the B.B.B. internally—that clears the blood of all impurities on which sores thrive.
Miss D. Melissa Burke, Grindstone, Magdalen Islands, P.Q., says:
"It is with pleasure I speak in favor of B.B.B. which cured me of a running sore on my leg. I consulted three doctors and they gave me salve to put on, but it did no good. Finally my leg became a solid running sore. In fact for nearly a month I could not put my foot to the floor.
"I was advised to use B.B.B. and did so. Three bottles healed up my leg entirely so that I have never been troubled with it since."

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH
Pain-Killer.
A Medicine Chest in Itself.
Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for
**CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS,
COLDS, RHEUMATISM,
NEURALGIA.**
25 and 50 cent Bottles.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.
BUY ONLY THE GENUINE.
PERRY DAVIS'

**SMOTHERING
SENSATION.**

A Kingston Lady's Experience with
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills
in Relieving this Distressing Con-
dition.

"I have suffered for some years with a
smothering sensation caused by heart
disease. The severity of the pains in my
heart caused me much suffering. I was
also very nervous and my whole system
was run down and debilitated.

"Hearing that Milburn's Heart and
Nerve Pills were a specific for these
troubles, I thought I would try them, and
got a box at McLeod's Drug Store. They
afforded me great relief, having toned up
my system and removed the distressing
symptoms from which I suffered. I can
heartily recommend these wonderful pills
to all sufferers from heart trouble.

(Signed) MRS. A. W. IRISH,
Kingston, Ont.

LAXA LIVER PILLS cure Biliousness,
Constipation and Sick Headache.

**INDIGESTION
CAN BE CURED.**

An Open Letter from a Pro-
minent Clergyman.

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

Dear Sirs:—Please pardon my delay in
answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have
no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup.

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

Yours truly,
(REV.) F. M. YOUNG,
Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. S.

Sold Every where at 50 Cents
per Bottle.

**ONLY A
COUGH!**

But it may be a sign of
some serious malady fasten-
ing itself upon the vital
parts.

Putner's Emulsion

will dislodge it and restore
the irritated and inflamed
tissue to healthy action.

Always get
PUTNER'S it is
THE BEST.

USE THE GENUINE
**MURRAY &
LANMAN'S
FLORIDA
WATER**
THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME
FOR THE HANDKERCHIEF

The Home

Mending China and Glassware.

It is quite a fine art to understand how
to mend fine French china, and especially
the hand-painted pieces, for they are not
only expensive, but usually the gift of
some one who has expended time and
patience in painting them. It is not much
more trouble to mend a number of pieces,
when you get ready for it; hence it is a
good idea to collect the broken dishes,
glass, etc., and make your cement fresh,
and do it all at once.

A good cement may be made as follows:
First, make a thick solution of gum
arabic, then stir in the plaster-paris (about
the same quantity of each), and it forms a
thick paste. Apply this to the edges of
the broken pieces with a small brush, and
be careful to unite the edges very neatly
and carefully.

In washing such pieces after they are
mended (wait, of course, until they are
perfectly dry), avoid a too sudden change
from cold to heat. No soap should ever
be used about such glass or china, as it
has a disastrous effect upon the colors on
fine china. In washing them, make a
suds of pearline and warm, soft water.
Wash them in the suds quickly, and rinse
them through clear, warm water. Dry on
a soft linen towel. The whole must be
done carefully, and not entrusted to any
one who does not understand it. This is
a great saving to the housewife, and a
pleasure, also, to be able to save pieces
belonging to her set of China. Then, too,
cut-glass pieces can be mended thus and
preserved in the family.—Religious Her-
ald.

Chocolate Creams.

Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff
froth. Gradually beat into this two cup-
fuls of confectioners' sugar. If the eggs
be large, it may take a little more sugar.
Flavor with half a teaspoonful of vanilla,
and work well. Now roll into little balls
and drop on a slightly buttered platter.
Let the balls stand for an hour or more.
Shave five ounces of Walter Baker and
Co.'s Premium No. 1 chocolate and put
into a small bowl, which place on the fire
in a saucepan containing boiling water.
When the chocolate is melted, take the
saucepan to the table, and drop the creams
into the chocolate one at a time, taking
them out with a fork and dropping them
gently on the buttered dish. It will take
half an hour or more to harden the choco-
late.—Maria Parlos, in New York Ob-
server.

STEWED CABBAGE.—Shred a small head
of cabbage, and stew it until tender in just
enough water to keep it from burning,
having it closely covered to keep in the
steam. When it is done add salt, pepper,
butter and a cupful of cream; let it come
to a boil and serve hot.

Cleanomania.

Don't be too clean! Be temperate in all
things. Mind that your zeal for keeping
things tidy exemplary enough in moder-
ation—doesn't develop into fanaticism.

The over-orderly woman makes life a
martyrdom to her household. She
wonders, for instance, how a girl so nice
as you can be so heedless about the shades.
If there's any one thing she does stickle
for, it is shades on a level! And she'll
proceed conscientiously to exclude your
pet path of sunshine, or the expanse of
view you love better than all the level
shades in the world, by drawing the blind
down on a mathematical line with all its
fellows.

For her there is nothing too sacred to be
interrupted by a sudden onslaught upon
an accidental fly. Excuse her, please, for
breaking in; but flies are one thing impos-
sible to tolerate. Pardon her, as she darts
towards an invisible smudge or film of
dust somewhere; some people never seem
to see such things, but for herself, well
then a complacent sigh.

In bad weather the boys may not bring
their visitors indoors. Aren't there the
playgrounds and the barn? And isn't it

her duty to teach them neatness.

"Oh, Bobby; how I wish I had a nice
dirty mother like yours," one little, re-
stricted chap was overheard to exclaim, to
a more fortunate companion.

Bobby, proudly accepting the impeach-
ment, returned with superiority, "I guess
you do, Jack. I wouldn't swap mothers
for a farm. My mother's too busy being
comfortable and good and jolly to think
so much about 'clean' like yours. My
won't you be glad when you are big an'
can be all the dirty you want!" Which
carries a moral to "over-particular"
mamas.

Cleanliness is a good thing, an estimable
thing, but it isn't the whole of life. Re-
member that "The life is more than
meat, and the body than raiment," and
that the hygiene of minds and souls is
quite as important as the hygiene of
material things.—Christian Observer.

PUMPKIN PIE.—To secure the necessary
dryness, the pumpkin for pies should be
peeled and steamed until tender. For a
single pie take a cupful and a half of
steamed pumpkin sifted through a sieve,
one cup of boiling milk, half a cupful of
sugar, one egg beaten to a foam, half a
teaspoonful of salt, and a fourth of a
teaspoonful of cinnamon. Line deep plates
with thin pastry, fill with the custard, and
bake half an hour, or until the pie swells
in the centre and is brown.

FROTHED CHOCOLATE.—Scald one pint
of milk in the double boiler; dissolve one
level teaspoonful of cornstarch in a little
cold milk, add it to the scalded milk and
cook for ten minutes, stirring occasionally.
Scrape or grate four squares of bitter
chocolate, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar
and two tablespoonfuls of water and set at
the side of the fire where it will slowly
melt. When quite dissolved and glossy
add gradually one pint of boiling water,
stir over the fire for two minutes and
add to the milk. Cook in the double boiler
for five minutes, then while still over the
fire, beat vigorously with an egg beater
for five minutes. Send at once to the
table and serve with a tablespoonful of
whipped cream in each cup.

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Don't wait a few days to see if it
will "wear off"; it is much more
likely to become dangerous and it
will undoubtedly be much more
difficult to cure. The longer you
permit it to prey upon the delicate
membranes of your throat, bron-
chial tubes and chest, the more you
render yourself susceptible to other
attacks and to chronic pneumonia
or consumption.

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Botanic
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than 30 years it has been curing
the worst cases and it will surely
cure you.
**25 CENTS
AT ALL DRUGGISTS.**

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COUGHS AND COLDS

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From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

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

SURREY, ALBERT CO., N. B.—The Valley Sabbath School held their annual Christmas concert and tree Dec. 23rd.

IMMANUEL CHURCH, TRURO, N. S.—At the closing service of a very pleasant pastorate of three years in Immanuel church Truro, it was my privilege to give the hand of fellowship to five who are going to greatly increase the efficiency of this band of workers.

WEST JEDDORE, N. S.—Both the Jeddore and East Jeddore churches are without a pastor, and no one preaching for either.

PORT HAWKESBURY, N. S.—This little church is still holding the fort and looking to the Master for his blessing.

NEW GLASGOW, N. S.—Matters in this church continue to move along quietly and well.

SPRINGFIELD, N. S.—On the 9th inst., a large number of our friends gathered at the parsonage and after an evening spent very pleasantly, presented us with money and articles amounting to \$35.

EDMONTON, ALBERTA.—The friends of Northwest Missions and of the Edmonton church will be glad to know that the last quarter of 1899 has been one of the best in the history of the church.

SYDNEY, C. B.—There has not been much of late outside the regular church work to report.

IMMANUEL CHURCH, TRURO.—Permit me to call attention to an error which has occurred in the last Year Book.

TRUKALI, INDIA.—We received two more candidates this week for baptism. This makes sixteen baptized thus far this year at Trukali.

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

little ingathering and pray for greater blessings in the days to come. We are seeking to increase the interest of the Tekkall and Chicacole churches in the support of their chosen evangelists.

We were most generously remembered by our friends during the holiday season. To make hearts glad and bodies comfortable is a large element in the religion of our people.

Denominational Funds, N. S., from Dec. 21, 1899 to Jan. 11, 1900.

Mrs Isaac Huntley, Avonport, \$5; Lower Canard S S, \$20; Eunice Kaowles Wolfville, \$2; 3rd Horton church (New Minas), \$19.71; do special, \$1.50; Inglesville section Lawrence town church, \$7.59; Windsor, special, \$90.69; Upper Wilmot, \$42.60; North Temple, Ohio, \$18.10; Mrs Adelia Parker, Oaklands, \$2; "In memory of Libbie Parker," do, \$5; Frank Hamilton, Avondale, \$1; Brazil Lake, mite boxes and concert, \$12.55; 1st church, Halifax, \$50.15; Caleb Huntington and family, Huntington, \$5; Weymouth church, \$10; Burlington, \$5; Wolfville church, \$2.41; North church Halifax, \$55.45; Hantsport, \$12.50 Temple Yarmouth, \$28; Thomas T. Craig, Cambridge, \$5; Alice B Craig, do, \$1; Wolfville church, \$1.50; Oxford S S, \$5; Indian Harbor church, \$3; Margaree, \$11; Paradise and Clarence, \$7; Clarence B Y P U, \$4; do special \$1; Waterville B Y P U, \$10; F M Steadman, Weymouth, \$50; Chester church, \$15; Guysboro, \$16.50; Port Hawkesbury, \$5.—\$531.25. Before reported \$2032.37. Total \$2563.62.

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What Shall Be Done FOR THE DELICATE GIRL You have tried iron and other tonics. But she keeps pale and thin.

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AGENTS WANTED TO SELL Life of Dwight L. Moody BY Rev. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal.

WASSON the 13th in J. Hollie V of St. John GAVEL- Dec. 20th, sisted by Inglis Gave of Yarmo GILLIE- Guysboro, Morse, M. Eunice Sm boro Co., N LUTZ-JO 25th, by the win Lutz to New Cornw ISNOR-T parents of pastor A. daughter of W. Thowles KRATING bride's uncl by Rev. J. Albert Co., Edgett's La ROGERS-A N. B., Dec. Sank K. Ro sie C. Atkin LUDDING of the bride W. J. Rutle New Harbor Geo. Burke, Guysboro Co GILDART- Little River, I. N. Thorne sie Prosser, Co., N. B. WILSON-N the bride, Lu pastor I. N. Lutitia Norse Co., N. B. BAILEY-VA dence of the Digby, N. S., Thomas, Lloy Laura E. F. Hiram VanBie HILTON-H 1st, by W. F. church, Capt. mouth, N. S. the same place HICKS-WHE Midgie, by R Hicks to Zen Midgie, West. JONES-SLOA bride's father, Howard, Ann and Hedley S. ton Co. WORTHING- of the bride's f New Horton, A by Rev. Truem ing, of Boston. BARTER-WA Carleton Co., Wetmore, Sam to Lottie C. Wa DAVIDSON-MA church, Hants W. H. Robinson ed by the Rev. Davison, R. N officer of the R press of India. daughter of Dr. port. SMITH-STARR 1st, by G. A. W Emma May Sta Starratt, Esq., a MORRELL-BIS the bride's fat New Minas, on Nobles, C Fenw and Luella Bish

MARRIAGES.

WASSON-SMITH.—At 135 Queen St., on the 13th inst., by Rev. G. O. Gates, D. D., J. Hollie Wasson and Adelia J. Smith, all of St. John.

GAVEL-LASKIE.—At Yarmouth, N. S., Dec. 20th, by Rev. P. G. Mode, M. A., assisted by Rev. W. M. Brown, of Tusket, Inglis Gavel, of Gavelton, to Leta Laskie of Yarmouth.

GILLIE-SMITH.—At the parsonage, Guysboro, Jan. 4th, by Rev. R. Osgood Morse, M. A., Herbert D. Gillie and Eunice Smith, both of New Harbor, Guysboro Co., N. S.

LUTZ-JOUDREY.—At Burlington, Dec. 25th, by the Rev. J. L. Read, Nelson Edwin Lutz to Phoebe Blanche Joudrey, of New Cornwell, Lunenburg Co.

ISNOR-THOWLESS.—At the home of the parents of the bride, on the 5th inst., by pastor A. E. Ingram, Alfreda, eldest daughter of Horatio Isnor, and William W. Thowless of Halifax, N. S.

KEATING-EDGEETT.—At the home of the bride's uncle, Capt. E. Edgeett, Dec. 27th, by Rev. J. Miles, A. M. Keating, Surrey, Albert Co., N. B., to Nannie B. Edgeett, Edgeett's Landing, Albert Co. N. B.

ROGERS-ATKINSON.—At Florenceville, N. B., Dec. 25th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Sank K. Rogers, of Bristol, N. B., to Cassie C. Atkinson of the same place.

LUDDINGTON-BURKE.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on Jan. 3rd, by Rev. W. J. Rutledge, Ira C. Luddington, of New Harbor, and Maud L., daughter of Geo. Burke, Esq., of Drum Head, all of Guysboro Co., N. S.

GILDART-PROSSER.—At the parsonage, Little River, Albert Co., Dec. 6th, by Rev. I. N. Thorne, George W. Gildart and Resie Prosser, both of Little River, Albert Co., N. B.

WILSON-NORSEMAN.—At the home of the bride, Lutz Mountain, Dec. 25th, by pastor I. N. Thorne, Otty C. Wilson and Lutitia Norseman, both of Westmorland Co., N. B.

BAILEY-VANBLARCORN.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Brighton, Digby, N. S., on Dec. 21st, by Rev. B. H. Thomas, Lloyd S. Bailey, of Westport, to Laura E. F., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hiram VanBlarcorn.

HILTON-HILTON.—At Yarmouth, Jan. 1st, by W. F. Parker, pastor of Temple church, Capt. Bradford R. Hilton, of Yarmouth, N. S. and Mrs. Sarah H. Hilton of the same place.

HICKS-WHEATON.—On Dec. 24th, at Midgie, by Rev. J. W. Gardner, Nathan Hicks to Zena Wheaton, both of Point Midgie, West. Co., N. B.

JONES-SLOAT.—At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 27th, by the Rev. Geo. Howard, Annie Jones, of Burt's Corner, and Hedley S. Sloat of Centreville, Carleton Co.

WORTHING-WILBUR.—At the residence of the bride's father, Kinnear Wilbur, Esq., New Horton, Albert Co., N. B., on Jan. 1, by Rev. Trueman Bishop, Frederic Worthing, of Boston, Mass., and Laura Wilbur.

BARTR-WALLACE.—At Cloverdale, Carleton Co., Jan. 3rd, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Samuel G. Barter, of Avondale, to Lottie C. Wallace.

DAVISON-MARGESON.—At the Baptist church, Hantsport, Jan. 9th, by the Rev. W. H. Robinson, uncle of the bride, assisted by the Rev. G. R. White, A. Wellesley Davison, R. N. R., of Vancouver, 2nd officer of the Royal Mail Steamship, "Empress of India," to Eva Varnardel, only daughter of Dr. C. I. Margeson, of Hantsport.

SMITH-STARRATT.—At Cambridge, Jan. 1st, by G. A. Withers, Joseph Smith to Emma May Starratt, daughter of James Starratt, Esq., all of Cambridge.

MORRELL-BISHOP.—At the residence of the bride's father, Adelbert Bishop, of New Minas, on Dec. 25th, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, C. Fenwick Morrell, of Freeport, and Luella Bishop of New Minas.

DEATHS.

CHIPMAN.—At the Baptist parsonage, Great Village, N. S., on Jan. 6th, of tubercular meningitis, Mary Winifred, infant daughter of Rev. Owen A. and Annie S. Chipman, aged six months.

KAY.—At Forest Glen, Dec. 7th, Annie, beloved wife of Albert Kay, in the 25th year of her age. She leaves a sad husband and three little ones. May God be their support and Saviour.

DUNCAN.—At Lewis Mountain, Dec. 15th, Ruth, beloved wife of Robert Duncan, in the 44th year of her age, leaving a husband and eleven children to mourn the loss of a kind mother and wife. Asleep in Jesus. God bless the dear children and sustain the lonely husband.

HEATH.—On Dec. 28th, Mrs. Mary A. Heath passed away from earth to the realities of the beyond, after an illness of three months, aged 67 years, at her late home, Cloverdale, Carleton Co. She was a member of the Baptist church of Gardener, Me., and leaves a son and daughter.

REEVES.—At Port Hawkesbury, Dec. 27th, Mrs. Elizabeth Reeves, aged 75 years. Sister Reeves was for many years a humble, faithful follower of Jesus. She was esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. In her home she was kind and gentle. She is greatly missed by her family, to which she was fondly attached. May the Lord sustain them in this hour of need.

ROSE.—At Overton, November 30th, James K. Rose, aged 57. Brother Rose was baptized by Pastor W. L. Parker. He was a faithful attendant of the house of God. He will be much missed in the church and community. He will be missed in the ranks of temperance workers and in all that was best for public welfare. He leaves a widow and three children to mourn their loss.

SMITH.—At Montreal, Dec. 26th, Joseph Dimock Smith, aged 70 years. Born, grew up, and converted under the ministry of the late beloved Father Dimock, he united with the Chester Baptist church. A son of Deacon John Smith, of Oak Island, Chester, N. S. When a young man he went to Halifax, and engaged in the Daguerrotyping business. He afterward removed to St. John's Nfld., where he married Miss Ellen R.-ad, thence to Montreal. He leaves a wife and four children to mourn their loss of a kind father and loving husband.

HERITT.—At the Portage, Kings Co., Dec. 10th, David Heritt, in the 66th year of his age, leaving a widow, one son and daughter to mourn their loss. Brother Heritt had been failing in health for some months, had been confined to his bed about a fortnight when inflammation set in and carried him off suddenly. About 40 years ago our brother professed faith in Christ, and united with the Havelock church. Later he transferred his membership to the Petitediac church, where he continued to retain his honorable standing until his death. May God comfort the living who mourn.

CHUTT.—At Wood's Harbor, Jan. 6th, Mrs. Henry Chutt, aged 74 years, 6 months. Sister Chutt was baptized by the late Rev. Thomas DeLong, in the 31st year of her age. She first united with the Baptist church at Barrington, in 1869 under the pastorate of the late Rev. Mr. Ri'chan. She, with a number of others, withdrew from Barrington, and was organized in the first Baptist church at Wood's Harbor of which she remained a consistent member to her death. In her last days she often said she was only waiting for her Lord to come and take her home. She leaves an aged husband, many relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

FOSTER.—At North Kingston, N. S., on Dec. 10th, after a painful illness of many months, Mrs. A. D. Foster passed to the "Sabbath rest" that "remaineth for the people of God," at the age of fifty years. Again a large place has been made vacant in the little church of God here, by the removal of another faithful one. Especially will she be missed from the Sunday

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In Bedroom Suits of three pieces, Dining Tables and Sideboards at a low price we are showing exceptionally good values, and it will pay to write for our photos of these goods.

Write us for anything desired in Furniture and we will furnish photographs and prices.

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school, from which during her last year of service as teacher, she was never absent a single Sunday. A long illness of exceptional suffering was borne with the same quiet uncomplaining spirit which characterized her whole life, and she leaves behind a noble example of Christian humility and the fragrance of a hallowed memory. Truly "Love never faileth."

CORBETT.—A very sad event took place here on Saturday. A fortnight before, Miss Bessie M. Corbett, of Moncton, came to Sussex to spend her holidays with her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Drummond. She was taken ill on Wednesday night, the 3rd inst. On Saturday an operation was performed for appendicitis, but she died the same day. She was nearly 14 years old. Much sympathy was felt for the bereaved family. The girl was a general favorite in Sussex, where she had spent her vacation for a number of summers. The floral offerings were especially beautiful, and the large number of them attested to the high esteem in which the young lady was held both in Moncton and in Sussex. Before she died she bid her loved ones good bye, and assured them of her trust in Christ saying, "I am not afraid to die."

GRAVES.—Mrs. Huldah M., wife of Samuel C. Graves, died at her home in Lexington, Mass., Dec. 6th, after a short illness, aged 64 years and 10 months. She was a daughter of the late Levi Rand, of Pereaux, N. S. Mr. and Mrs. Graves resided in Pereaux, Kings Co., until they removed to the States in 1888. Four children, three sons and one daughter were born to them, all of whom are now living. Mrs. Graves was a woman of rare Christian qualities, a lover of her home and family, a faithful wife and devoted mother. She had been a follower of Christ from her youth, having united with the Baptist church in Pereaux more than 40 years ago, of which church she was ever a devoted and consistent member. She later removed her relation to the First Baptist church in Lexington, Mass., where her womanly, Christian virtues, won for her many friends who mourn her loss. The funeral was held from the Baptist meeting house, the pastor of the church, Rev. J. H. Cox, assisted by the Rev. C. A. Staples, D. D., of the First Parish, conducting the services.

SMITH.—At Yarmouth, N. S., Dec. 13th Benjamin Smith, aged 89 years. In the decease of Bro. Smith, Zion church has lost the oldest member that adorned her membership roll. For forty-seven years he had been identified with the mother church of Yarmouth, during all of which time his life was in most consistent accord with the principles of Jesus Christ. As an evidence of the esteem in which he was regarded by the church, and of the zeal of his faith, he held the office of deacon for several years. During the last few years of his life, the decrepitude of years prevented his activity in church life, but in no wise diminished his interest in the church and in men's souls. His last public testimony was a tender appeal to the unsaved to come to Christ, and his solicitous inquiry was always concerning the prosperity of the church. His last illness came unexpectedly, but was not prolonged. After much suffering, borne with heroic resignation, he fell asleep. On Sunday

afternoon, in the presence of a large number of citizens, a funeral service was conducted by the pastor, assisted by the deacons.

MORTON.—Raymond E. Morton, aged 17 years, eldest son of Albert V. and Bell Morton. He professed to know Jesus as his personal Saviour some months before his death, but thought he would wait a little before he united with the church. Rev. T. A. Blackadar attended the funeral. Christmas afternoon, Ralph J. Morton, second son, left home about 2 o'clock with other boys to enjoy a skate on Lake Tupper, he left us bright and happy, but in less than one hour word came Ralph is drowned. In less than three hours they raised his body from its liquid grave, and brought it back to the parents and friends as all that was left of the dear boy. He was 15 years and 4 months old, professed faith in Christ some time since, and was baptized by Rev. E. C. Baker, August 1st, 1897, into the fellowship of the Brookfield Baptist church, and was interested in the work of the church. The evening before his call to higher service, he was in the Union meeting and gave his testimony for his blessed Master, and always seemed anxious to do something to make somebody happy. We laid his body in the Brookfield Cemetery on the 27th ult. A large number attended the funeral. It was a sad occasion. The sermon was preached by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Balcom, from the words, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," etc. The exercises were participated in by Rev. T. A. Blackadar of Kempt. His life was short but filled with good deeds, and the memory of the just is blessed.

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FOR SALE at Smith's Cove, Digby County, N. S. Situated in close proximity to good School, Churches and Railway Station.

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Important to Agents.

A New Book on the "WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA" is now in preparation by competent writers and will be issued in due time. Sample prospectus will soon be ready. This book will cover the whole field of the great struggle between Great Britain and the Boers, historically and otherwise. It will be profusely illustrated. We want agents for it in all parts of Canada. Best terms guaranteed. Full particulars on application. As this book will be new and fresh it will pay agents to handle it instead of the old "African War" books that are now on the market. R. A. H. MORROW, 50 Garden Street, St. John, N. B. P. S.—Outfits now ready. Agents are wanted everywhere. Full particulars on application. Address

Advertisement for Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa. Includes an illustration of a woman in a long dress and apron. Text: "A PERFECT FOOD—as Wholesome as it is Delicious." "Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa." "The firm of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand." "Dominion Medical Monthly." "A copy of Miss Parloa's 'Choice Receipts' will be mailed free upon application." "WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd. ESTABLISHED 1790. Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal."

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, partially cut off. Includes words like "lower", "Wolf-", "tion", "floor", "60", "delia", "ry of", "lton,", "s and", "50 15", "nton", "church", "mple", "Cam-", "lville", "Indian", "Para-", "P. U.", "U, \$10:", "chester", "Port", "report-", "vention", "the hop-", "g the", "N. S.", "mors", "stay", "at n", "aster", "page", "cine", "tarfo.", "on us", "ice to", "grade", "ermit.", "on to a", "it. A", "The", "JR,", "street.", "N. B.", "MARKS", "DESIGNS", "RIGHTS & C.", "cription may", "e whether an", "Communication", "ok on Patents", "ing patents.", "C. Co. receive", "rican.", "Largest etc.", "Terms, \$5 a", "newsdealer", "New York", "STON", "ION AND", "DISEASES", "OF BLOOD", "IGH LOSS", "FFETITE.", "this article", "sulation, I have", "had troubled", "ined consider-", "E., Montreal.", "ttle", "o, Limited,

CHICKEN SALAD.—Chop moderately fine one chicken cooked tender, the whites of twelve hard boiled eggs, and three medium-sized pickled cucumbers; mash the yolks fine, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper, and one-half cupful of cider vinegar. This may be mixed the day before using.

We shouldn't ask you to invest your money in a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam if we were not sure it will do you good. Humbug is a deadly element in business. 25c. all Druggists.

The French Senate sitting as a high court in the conspiracy cases has condemned MM Buffet and Deroulede to ten years' banishment. Mr. Guerin was sentenced to ten years' confinement in a fortified place. The decision condemns the convicted men to pay the costs of the prosecution. The sentences took effect immediately. Buffet and Deroulede left Paris by the Northern Railway at 5 o'clock this morning.

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ASTHMA, **BRONCHITIS,** **Coughs,** **BRONCHIAL TROCHES** **Colds,** **Sore Throat,** **Noarseness.**
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But for the noble contribution of the world's greatest artists this book could not be manufactured for less than \$7.00. The Fund created is divided equally between the family of the late Eugene Field and the Fund for the building of a monument to the memory of the beloved poet of childhood. Address Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund, (Also at Book Stores) 180 Monroe St., Chicago.

If you also wish to send postage, enclose 10 cts.

Order from MESSANGER AND VISITOR, 85 Germain Street, St. John.

Women's Ailments.

Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys. The poisons that ought to be carried off are sent back into the blood, taking with them a multitude of pains and aches.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life. Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says: "Some time ago I had a violent attack of La Grippe. From this, severe kidney trouble arose, for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing Doan's Kidney Pills highly spoken of, I began their use and in a short time found them to be a perfect cure. Before taking these pills I suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and have removed every pain and ache."

LAXA-LIVER PILLS

Work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and Constipation and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

News Summary

The bubonic plague is yet sporadic at Manila. There have been six cases and four deaths.

Postmaster General Mulock has received a service medal from the Militia department. He was at the front in 1868, as a private of the Queen's own Rifles.

E. Dana Greene and his wife were drowned Monday night while skating on the Mohawk river at Schenectady, N. Y.

The New York court of appeals has decided that the United States bonds are taxable under the transfer tax act of the state.

It is expected that two steamers will be chartered at St. John to convey Canadian hay to South Africa. Contracts for, about 30,000 tons have been given out.

Malcolm McLeod, Q. C. of Charlottetown, died suddenly on Monday, aged 64 years. Mr. McLeod was a brother-in-law of Mr. Alex. Martin, M. P.

At Fredericton on Tuesday the twelve year old daughter of William Campbell was frightfully burned by the explosion of a stove, near which she was standing.

Two freight trains on the Grand Trunk collided near St. Henri station, Quebec, Wednesday. The engine of one train ploughed through the van of the second, instantly killing Conductor Ramsden.

It is stated that Lieut. Col. Sam Hughes is still lying at Cape Town unable to get any military employment because of reports forwarded against him by General Hutton.

The increase in the population of Ottawa last year was 1,616 over the previous year. On the 30th September last the population was 57,000. Ottawa had a prosperous year.

While skating at Baysville, Ont. Monday evening, Thomas Brown, jr., aged 19, Margaret Brown, aged 21, and Jane Brown aged 17, children of Thomas Brown, ran into a wide crack in the ice and were all drowned.

While trying to make a short cut home by crossing the tracks of the Boston and Maine railroad at Newbury, Mass., Monday, Thomas Thornton, of Newbury, and George Poole, of Rowley, were instantly killed.

William Campbell was killed by falling off the C. P. R. train at Milton, Ont., Monday night. He was sixty-five years old and was on the way to Toronto to say farewell to his son, Sergt. W. A. Campbell, jr., of the Toronto section of the Canadian Mounted Rifles, when he met death.

Governor McCall on Tuesday prorogued the Newfoundland Legislature until February 1. This means that the negotiations with the British cabinet over the French shore modus vivendi have not yet been completed, but that they may culminate very soon.

Judgment was given Wednesday in the South Ontario provincial election bribery case. Eight men were fined \$200 each and another \$300. All were disqualified for eight years. Wm. Smith, ex-M. P., admitted paying out \$1,200 during the election in buying votes.

The funeral of Dr. Edward McGlynn was held Wednesday in St. Mary's church, Newburgh, N. Y. Archbishop Corrigan conducted the services. About one hundred priests of the diocese were present, and occupying seats in the church were all the Protestant clergymen in the city.

Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, chairman of the executive of the Red Cross Society, will go to South Africa himself as Red Cross commissioner to care for the interests of the Canadian soldiers and organize assistance for wounded. Dr. Ryerson will pay his own expenses. He will go on the Montezuma.

The business of Portland, Me., in 1899 is considered to have been very satisfactory. The steamer business showed an increase over the previous year of 25 steamers and 90,932 tons. The exports increased 171,677 tons, and the imports 24,128 tons. Bushels of grain handled through the elevator have risen from 8,728,593 in 1898 to 14,818,257 in 1899, an increase of 6,089,664 bushels.

Louis Pommert, Augustus White, Ger. Llewellyn and Furns Moody, four of the crew of the fishing schooner Edith S. Walen, of Gloucester, Mass., found watery graves off the Nova Scotia coast on New Year's day. The victims were all young men. Pommert resided in Gloucester; Llewellyn was a native of Moncton, N. B.; Moody lived in Port Medway, N. S., and White was also a native of Nova Scotia.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the Genuine can be purchased as easily. The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT inform us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

WITH AGE COMES WISDOM



From childhood to ripe old age since 1810.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used by generation after generation

Relieves Every Form of Inflammation

for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.

Many old couples relate that ever since they were boys and girls together, JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and grown in favor with them for many family ills from infancy to old age.

I have used Johnson's Anodyne Liniment more than fifty years in my family. For colds, coughs, sore throat, lameness, colic, toothache, etc., have found it always good. Mrs. WALTER L. TORRES, 2 Cornish, Me. Send for our Book on INFLAMMATION, mailed free. Sold by all Druggists. Put up in Two Sizes, Price 25 and 50 cts. L. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.



Corticelli Skirt Protector should not be used as a binding—it is a physical impossibility for any kind of a binding to outwear a skirt.

Corticelli Protector Braid should be sewed on flat—not turned over—one or two rows of stitching—one at upper edge of braid and the second near the bottom of the skirt.

Put on thus it is a real "protector"—its perfect shade match makes a desirable bottom finish for any skirt.

Sold everywhere 4 cents a yard.

The genuine has this label.

Corticelli

FREE COMBINATION OFFER NO MONEY WANTED

FROM YOUR OWN POCKET

In order to introduce our Assorted Steel Pens we are giving away Watches and Chains, Rings, Bracelets, Autoharps, Jack Knives, Fountain Pens, Air Rifles, Cameras, Chairs, Clocks, Forks, Sleds, and numerous other beautiful premiums. LADIES, BOYS and GIRLS send us your full name and address and we will send you 18 packages of our assorted Steel Pens to sell among your neighbors and friends at 10c per package. When sold remit us amount due, \$1.30, and we will forward premium you select from our mammoth catalogue which we mail with goods. Send to day. Address

STANDARD WATCH & NOVELTY CO., P. O. Box 626, ST JOHN, N. B.

BE SURE

BE SURE and get our BARGAIN prices and terms on our slightly used Karn Pianos and Organs. BE SURE and get the aforesaid before buying elsewhere. WE MUST SELL our large and increasing stock of slightly used Karn Pianos and Organs to make room for the GOODS WE REPRESENT.

MILLER BROS.

101, 103 Barrington Street HALIFAX, N. S.

The Farm.

Cooking Food for Hogs.

Winter always brings inquiries about the profitableness of buying feed cookers or steamers for cooking food for hogs.

But when wintering a lot of brood sows, young and old, or a lot of fall pigs to be marketed in May or June, there is great advantage in cooking or heating food.

Then again, in years like this, when potatoes are so low priced that it does not pay to haul them any distance to market,

Again, if sows are to farrow in March or the forepart of April, then warm food and shelter will save many a litter, and richly pay cost of a heating apparatus.

The Object of Mulching Strawberries.

Concerning the "winter overcoat" of the strawberries, The Rural New Yorker's Hope Farm man has said: We tried forest leaves, fine manure, coarse manure, stalks, marsh hay and cowpea vines.

Why Apples Keep Badly in Cellars.

The most important condition in storing apples is the temperature. The storage room should be kept very near the freezing point, ranging preferably from 33 degrees to 35 degrees F.

This is something to which every farmer especially ought to give attention, for every farm certainly ought to raise apples enough for the family.

Wisconsin's Cranberries.

In Wisconsin this has been a banner year for the cranberry growers. Accord-

ing to all reports, there has never been such a crop grown in former years, nor one harvested in better shape.

Treatment for Plant Lice.

At one of the experiment stations, treating pelargoniums infested by aphides with one-half dram carbon bisulphide for three hours, was found to be thoroughly effective in destroying the insects without injury to the plants.



The dictionary says

success means prosperity; good fortune; a wished-for result. The success of Pearline means more. It means that Pearline has proved itself the easiest, quickest, safest, most economical thing to use in washing and cleaning.

Cleanliness is next akin to Godliness.

Colonial Book Store

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

Peloubets Notes on the S. S. Lessons for 1900, \$1.00.

Arnold's Notes on the S. S. Lessons, 60c.

Revised Normal School Libraries, I Lessons, 30c.

Class Books, Supt. Records, Envelopes.

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

MERIT

Has secured the high reputation held by

Woodill's German

And placed it in the forefront of Baking Powders.

It is classed by the Government among the few Pure Cream of Tartar Baking Powders now made in the Dominion.

MONT. McDONALD

BARRISTER, Etc.

Princess St St. John

HOME WORKERS WANTED!

Canada's Greatest Industry.

BY THE PEOPLE, FOR THE PEOPLE.

People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited.

Incorporated by Ontario Provincial Charter under the Ontario Companies Act.

Head Office and Mill, TORONTO, ONT.

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL STOCK, \$180,000.00.

Divided into shares of \$1.00 each, of which 100,000 shares are offered for public subscription.

PRESIDENT: A. W. MAYBERRY, Esq., T.D., Toronto. DIRECTORS: P. J. L. HORROCKS, Esq., Consumers' Gas Company, Toronto; H. T. HARDY, Esq., Toronto; J. H. HUNTER, Esq., Toronto. BANKERS: THE IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA, Toronto, Ont. SOLICITORS: GIBSON ARNOLDI & CO., Toronto, Ont. TRUSTEE AND TRANSFER AGENT: STUART S. ARNOLDI, Esq., North British and Mercantile Co., Toronto.

WORK FOR YOU WINTER AND SUMMER.

Read Carefully and Become a Shareholder.

This Syndicate has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing knitted goods cheaper than any existing company; to keep down prices, and to oppose the large knitting combines and companies which have joined hands to raise prices.

1. The Syndicate will manufacture its own yarn and machines for which it has a mill and every facility.

2. The Syndicate will have all goods made by shareholders knitting at their own homes.

3. The Syndicate will pay for all property made goods at once upon receipt of same, and besides paying for the work when sent in will semi-annually divide with its working shareholders the net profits from the sale of all goods made by its shareholders.

4. The Syndicate will sell all goods made by its working shareholders.

5. To make subscriber of twenty \$1.00 shares the Syndicate gives free a twenty dollar Knitting Machine to keep, and also supplies each working shareholder, free of charge, full directions, samples and yarn to make the goods.

6. To become a shareholder, a worker, the owner of one of the machines, to be paid for the work you do, and also to participate in the equal division of the net profits, you have only to become a member of the Syndicate and take twenty \$1.00 shares which will cost you twenty dollars.

7. The Syndicate will manufacture its own yarn and knitting machines and supply these machines and yarn to its shareholders FREE. By this plan it can readily be seen that the Syndicate will not only benefit its shareholders but also the public.

8. The Syndicate is fully prepared to keep its shareholders supplied with yarn for doing the various kinds of work required, and it is also in a position to dispose of all goods knitted from these yarns through large jobbers and to the general trade as fast as it is sent in by its shareholders.

9. We have a factory for the purpose of manufacturing machines and yarn only, all knitted goods being made by our shareholders at their own homes, no knitting being done on the premises. It will be seen that to manufacture goods on so large a scale it would be necessary to have a number of knitting factories, which would mean the investment of thousands of dollars, besides taxes, insurance and interest on same. We can, therefore, not only manufacture goods cheaper and in larger quantities, but down the combines and pay our shareholders a handsome dividend semi-annually.

10. The Syndicate furnishes a high speed family seamless knitting machine, and will last a lifetime with ordinary usage. In fact the Syndicate will guarantee the machine for twenty years. It will knit from the finest imported yarn to the coarsest of Canadian wool yarn the same as hand work, but eighty times faster. With each machine a full outfit is sent, together with a supply of yarn to commence at once. The guide accompanying machine is so plain and the operation so simple that any one of ordinary intelligence can make any of the knitted goods required by the Syndicate such as Gents' Socks, Ladies' Stockings, Golf and Bicycle Hose, Knicker, Leggings and Toggles for Children.

11. The Syndicate pays for knitting these goods are:—Socks, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; Ladies' Stockings, \$10.00 per 100 pairs; Gents' Golf and Bicycle Hose complete, \$10.00 per 100 pairs; Leggings and Footless Bicycle Hose, \$5.00 per 100 pairs; fine Toggles, \$5.00 per 100. All these goods are quickly made on the machine and at these prices any person willing to work can make good pay, much more than clerking in store, working in shop or laboring on farm. Shareholders can devote all or part of their spare knitting, both at all times they are expected to work for the interests of the Syndicate.

12. All persons willing to accept and honestly knit the yarn entrusted to them, and to return made goods promptly to the Syndicate.

13. Each person desiring to become a shareholder of stock, participating in the semi-annual dividends, and to do knitting for the Syndicate, receiving pay as fast as work is sent in, must cut out the following APPLICATION FORM, sign the name to it, fill in address and reference, and enclose it with Express or Post Office Money Order for \$20.00 to the Syndicate's Secretary, Stuart S. Arnoldi, 36 Wellington Street, Toronto, Ontario, to whom all money orders are to be made payable.

APPLICATION FORM FOR STOCK AND MACHINE.

STUART S. ARNOLDI, Trustee and Transfer Agent, 36 Wellington Street, TORONTO, ONT.

DEAR SIR—I enclose you herewith \$20.00 in FULL PAYMENT for twenty shares of stock (subject to no other calls) in The People's Knitting Syndicate, Limited, which I wish allotted to me, and one of your machines, with samples, instructions and yarn, which I wish sent me as soon as possible to enable me to begin work for the Syndicate at once upon receipt of same. The said stock to entitle me to participate in the semi-annual dividends of the Syndicate in addition to being paid cash on delivery for all the Knitting I do for the Syndicate.

Name your nearest Express Office: Your Name..... Post Office..... Name Reference, Mr..... Address.....

Messenger & Visitor. Owing to the large number of applications already pouring in, the number of shares has been limited to twenty for each subscriber.

SUBSCRIPTION LISTS CLOSE IN THIRTY DAYS.

Outing

A MAGAZINE for the Young and Old, exhaling the very essence of outdoors.

A recent specimen copy and handsomely illustrated prospectus outlining the extensive plans for 1900 will be sent on request.

Buy the HOLIDAY NUMBER with its beautiful cover. At all news-stands. 25c.

Outing Publishing Co. 239 Fifth Ave. New York

News Summary

The Queen has proclaimed the meeting of Parliament for January 30.

Spotted Tail, the well-known Sioux chief, who has been exhibiting at Paris, has died.

The bubonic plague has made its appearance at Rio Janeiro, Brazil. There has been one death.

Prof. James Martineau, the eminent Unitarian theologian, died at London on Friday. He was in his 95th year.

Failures in the Dominion this week numbered twenty-eight, against thirty-four in the corresponding week of 1899.

Winnipeg was visited by a serious fire Thursday. The Manitoba produce building and stock were destroyed, involving a loss of \$76,000.

Lewis E. Gildsmith, the cashier who stole \$91,000 from the Port Jarvis, N. Y., National Bank, has been sentenced to eight years' imprisonment.

Hon. Mr. Fielding has informed representative of fraternal societies who have waited on him that it is not the intention of the government to propose any legislation during the coming session dealing with such organizations.

Luigi Crispi, son of Signor Francisco Crispi, the distinguished Italian statesman and former premier, was on Friday sentenced to four years' imprisonment for the theft of jewelry from the Countess Collores in April of 1896.

The jury at Toronto in the case of Henry Williams, charged with the murder of J. E. Varcoe, on Thursday returned a verdict of guilty, with an unanimous recommendation to mercy. The prisoner was sentenced to be hanged on April 13 (Good Friday).

A widespread scandal has resulted in Berlin from the discovery that, owing to the connivance of officials in the Berlin stockyards, large quantities of condemned tuberculous beef have been smuggled through and sold to a large restaurant and to several big sausage makers. An official investigation has been ordered.

Foreclosure proceedings were begun at Chicago Friday against the famous Ferris Wheel to collect \$300,000 paid to the Ferris Wheel Co., by the holders of three hundred bonds of the value of \$1,000 each. It is stated that judgments to the amount of nearly \$90,000 are already entered against the company. The wheel is now standing in Chicago.

The Burrill-Johnson works at Yarmouth were sold at auction Thursday for \$35,000 to H. Bradford Cann. Messrs. Gifkins and Yould came down in a special train with a view to buying sufficient land for an approach to the loading berth of the D. A. R., but the real estate, plant buildings, wharves and balance of the unsold stock were sold outright.

Not one of us but has wished to change places, and in the January "Cosmopolitan" the brilliant Edgar Saltus writes on "The Delights of Trying to be Somebody Else" in a manner that makes the folly of the almost universal wish excusable and even commendable. The article is heavily illustrated with pictures of people who for the time being have tried to be somebody else.

Personal

We are pleased to learn from Rev. I. C. Archibald that there has been some improvement in his health. Mrs. Archibald has been quite unwell but we are glad to be able to report that she also is better. They were in Lunenburg last week, and attended the Quarterly Meeting there.

It will be seen by reference to our obituary column that a dark shadow has fallen upon the Baptist parsonage at Great Village, N. S. Brother and sister Chipman have the sympathy of many friends in their sad bereavement.



ONLY ONE BEST.

There's only one best soap—"SURPRISE"
It's a pure, hard, perfect soap.
It makes clothes cleanest and whitest in the least time and with least work.
No boiling, scalding or rubbing—all the dirt simply goes away when "SURPRISE" Soap comes.
It costs but 5 cts. a cake, but lasts as long as if it cost 15.
Don't take a "just-as-good" soap.
There is no soap as good.
Remember the name—"Surprise."

Dykeman's

Three Entrances } 97 King st.
 } 59 Charlotte
 } S. Market

Great Reductions in Dress Goods.

Double width meltons in Black and Navy, Green, Brown, Cardinal and grey at 13c. per yard. Regular 22c. quality.

Wool Box Cloth—Regular 55c. quality for 35c. in two shades of Brown and Royal Purple.

Brocaded Black Goods 60c quality for 40c.

Black Crepons 75c. quality for 45c.

\$1.00 Black Crepons for 69c.

SEND FOR SAMPLES—We pay expressage on all parcels amounting to \$5.00 or over. On all orders amounting to \$50.00 and over we will allow a discount of 5 per cent.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO., St. John.

IT'S EASY TO CATCH

A cold and it's easy to cure one if taken in time and treated with the right remedy. It is no trifling matter, though, if neglected. Pneumonia, Consumption and numerous other ills are but the consequence of neglected colds. At the first symptom of a cough or cold take

PARK'S PERFECT EMULSION

of Cod Liver Oil, a scientifically prepared and thoroughly reliable combination of Pure Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, with Guaiacol; perfectly emulsified so as to render it easy of assimilation and beneficial in action. The different ingredients being accurately proportioned, the dose may be graded to suit the age and condition of the patient. It is devoid of all obnoxious taste or smell. Children and invalids can take it with perfect safety and convenience.

50c. per bottle. All Druggists.
—Manufactured by—
Hattie & Mylius,
HALIFAX, N. S.

La Lettre d'Amour is one of the best love stories Richard Harding Davis has written. The scene is laid in London and the characters are a beautiful American girl, her mother, a wealthy young Harvard man, and a violinist of the Hungarian Orchestra. The illustrations are by Howard Chandler Christy. La Lettre d'Amour is the leading story in the Midwinter Fiction Number of The Saturday Evening Post, which will be on sale January the 25th.

Overcoats, Ulsters, Reefers and Suits

for Men and Boys. Good, new, warm Clothing going at our January Reduction Sale to clear before stock-taking. If you are in need of any, you can save money by buying here now.

FRASER, FRASER & CO.,
FOSTER'S CORNER,
40 and 42 King Street, St. John, N. B.

A Letter from Boston.

The following letter has been received by T. H. Estabrooks, Tea Importer and Blender:

Boston, Mass., Dec. 26, 1889.

Mr. T. H. Estabrooks, St. John, N. B.

Dear sir---Is your Red Rose Tea handled by any house here? If not, could I import some and what would be the duty on same? On a trip through Nova Scotia last August, I was obliged to drink Red Rose about every place I stopped, and liked it so well I brought two pounds home with me. Kindly advise me and oblige,

Yours truly,
C. A. CLARK.

In a letter of January 1st, 1900, Mr. Clark, in ordering a supply of Red Rose Tea, writes further: "We like the Red Rose better than any tea we can get here at any price."