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The announcement of the death of Arthur Orton, otherwise known as the Tichborne Claimant, recalls the very general interest which the Tichborne case excited some twenty-five years ago. Sir Roger Charles Tichborne, who was the eldest son of a wealthy Hampshire family and heir to an estate of about £2,000,000, had led a wild life and was finally sent away by his family to South America. In 1854 he sailed from Rio Janeiro to New York, and as the ship on which he sailed was subsequently reported lost with all on board, Sir Roger's brother Alfred succeeded to the estate. His mother, however, could never be convinced that her son was dead. She advertised for him for years, and in 1865 received a letter from Wagga Wagga, Australia, purporting to be from the missing Sir Roger. She sent the writer money, and soon after the famous "Claimant" appeared. In spite of the fact that the man bore little or no resemblance either physically or intellectually to the real Sir Roger, Lady Tichborne welcomed him as her son and the pretensions of the "Claimant" were credited by many. The possessor of the estate, however, declared that the claimant was Arthur Orton, a butcher of Wapping, East London. Orton brought suit in the Court of Common Pleas for the possession of the estate, but lost his case, the jury returning a verdict of "Not proved." In this suit he swore that he was Sir Roger Tichborne, and he was subsequently prosecuted for perjury in the Court of Queen's Bench. After a prolonged trial he was convicted and sentenced to fourteen years imprisonment. After his release he came to this country on a lecturing tour, which proved unsuccessful. He returned to England, and in 1895 he published a sworn statement, in which he confessed he was Arthur Orton, the youngest son of a Wapping butcher. He told how he met in Australia one Dick Slade, who had lived near the Tichborne estate in Hampshire. Slade had seen in an Australian paper one of the advertisements of Lady Tichborne regarding her son. He called Orton's attention to this advertisement, and incidentally gave him a great deal of information about the Tichborne family. It was this meeting with Slade that laid the foundation of the famous Tichborne claimant case.

Great Britain and China. Mr. Balfour's speech delivered in the Imperial House of Commons on Tuesday last, dealing with the situation in China, had been anticipated with much interest. In enumerating the concessions obtained by Great Britain Mr. Balfour said that assurance had been received that the region of the Yang-Tse-Kiang should not be alienated by any foreign power, that the successor of Sir Robert Hart, as the director of the Chinese imperial maritime customs, is to be an Englishman and that the ships of all nations are to have access to the inland waters of China. In addition a fourth concession had but recently been obtained, namely, the opening of three new treaty ports, Funing, Yochau and Chin-Wang. Mr. Balfour expressed the belief that neither Russia nor Germany had any intention of depriving Great Britain of any of her treaty rights in China, and in reference to railroads projected by Germany in Chinese territory, Mr. Balfour said that, wherever they were constructed the result must be beneficial to British commerce. As an offset to the acquisition of Port Arthur by Russia, Great Britain has secured Wei-Hai-Wei. Mr. Balfour intimated that an offer had been made to the Russians, that, if they would abstain from taking Port Arthur, Great Britain would give a pledge to take no port on the Gulf of Pe-Chi-Li. But that offer was not accepted, and accordingly, on March 29, Russia was informed

that Great Britain would hold herself free to safeguard her interests, and since that time a lease has been obtained of Wei-Hai-Wei on the same terms as those on which Russia secured Port Arthur. Wei-Hai-Wei, it will be remembered, is the strongly fortified port now held by Japan as a guarantee of the payment of the war indemnity by China. It is to be presumed that Japan would much prefer to surrender the port into British hands than to permit its occupation by any other power. Relative to the security of the future, Mr. Balfour said it could not be denied that the indications were that China might collapse, and with further decay, fragments might be snapped up by various powers. But it would be a mistake to allow Great Britain's policy to be governed by remote contingencies, adding: "We desire to maintain the integrity of China as far as possible, but it must be recollected that the future will probably have strange surprises in store. I believe the time may come when the great commercial powers will join in an alliance to prevent China falling a prey to any exclusive influence, and I am convinced that Great Britain, by continuing her present unselfish policy of opening to all what she secures for herself, will build up in Europe, and not the least in America, a body of public international opinion which will be more powerful than any hasty action Great Britain might take at the present moment."

Mr. Fielding's Budget Speech. The Finance Minister of Canada delivered his budget speech in the House of Commons on Wednesday last. The delivery of the budget speech is always one of the grand occasions of a parliamentary session, and Mr. Fielding's exposition of the Dominion's financial situation had been anticipated with at least the usual interest. The present Finance Minister stands well with his own party and with the country generally. He has a good record and is generally regarded as a man whose ability and political virtue qualify him to rank with the best men who have preceded him in the important office which he now occupies. Fortune has been kind to Mr. Fielding this year. The crops have been good, the prices of the country's chief exports have been better than for some time past, the volume of trade has increased, and, in consequence, the Finance Minister's hopes and optimistic predictions have been somewhat more than realized. As a matter of fact neither Mr. Fielding nor his Government can do much in the way of controlling the weather, making the harvest bounteous or in determining the prices of exports. On the other hand, if the harvest had been poor, the volume of exports small and the prices low, all this might happen with the best Government in the world, and it would be most unfair to hold the Finance Minister responsible for the results. But governments are apt to be judged largely by results, without much discrimination as to determining causes, and as Mr. Fielding intimated in his speech, if the year had proved to be an unfavorable one, his political opponents would not have been disposed to make much allowance for that fact, when they come to consider the financial situation as revealed by the budget speech. The accounts for the year ending June 30, 1897, showed a deficit of \$519,000, which was much less than had been predicted by the late Finance Minister. The financial operations for the current fiscal year ending June 30, 1898, will result in Mr. Fielding's estimate in a total customs revenue of \$21,000,000, compared with \$19,478,000 last year, excise, \$8,000,000, compared with \$9,170,000 last year. From miscellaneous sources he estimates a revenue of \$10,300,000, or a total revenue of \$39,300,000. The expenditure he estimates at \$38,750,000, a

surplus for the current year of \$550,000. In this estimate he allows for the extra Yukon expenditure, for account of a vigorous policy by the Department of Agriculture, for additional interest on the public debt, and for additional outlay for extension of the Intercolonial Railway to Montreal. A statement of the position of the national debt showed that last year it had been increased by \$3,041,000, and on June 30 last stood at \$260,568,000. The estimated capital expenditure for the current year, ending June 30, 1898, was \$7,506,000. Deducting from this \$2,300,000 for sinking fund and the estimated surplus of \$550,000, it left the estimated increase in the debt for the current fiscal year at \$4,500,000. For the fiscal year beginning June 30, 1898, and ending June 30, 1899, Mr. Fielding estimated the receipts on account of consolidated fund at \$40,500,000, and the expenditure at \$39,124,000, an estimated surplus of \$1,376,000. The expenditure included two new items of \$396,000 for Yukon and \$660,000 for operating the extension of the Intercolonial Railway to Montreal. Without these the expenditure would be \$38,068,000, or about the same as for the current year. In proof of the increasing prosperity of the country, Mr. Fielding referred to the increased amount of deposits in the chartered banks and the Government savings bank, the increase in the earnings of the great railway lines of Canada, the advance of stocks and securities and the increase in the volume of trade. The trade returns for the last fiscal year show an increase in imports of over \$8,000,000 and in exports of \$16,000,000, the largest volume of exports in the history of the country. The returns for the eight months, ending Feb. 28, of the current year, show an increase over the same period of the previous year of over \$12,000,000 in imports and \$26,500,000 in exports. Few changes in the tariff are proposed in the resolutions submitted with the speech. The more important of these have reference to tobacco duties—which it is proposed to make more equable by levying the duties according to a standard of weight which makes allowance for moisture—and to sugar duties, which it is proposed to amend so as to discriminate in favor of the product of the West Indies. This proposal, if carried out, will give the West Indian article, produced from sugar cane, considerable advantage over the sugar beet product of Europe.

The Chinese are said to be complaining that European Governments have appropriated the best harbors of the country to such an extent that for a number of warships which China is having built for herself, abroad, no harbor is to be found. However that may be, it appears doubtful whether the integrity of the Chinese Empire can longer be preserved. The nations of Europe are beginning to assert their claims to "spheres of influence" in that part of the world as they have done in Africa. The policy of Great Britain has been to keep China intact and have the country freely opened up to the trade of the world. To Russia, Germany and France, who are not in a position to compete commercially with Great Britain on equal terms, this policy is not acceptable. At present these nations appear to be complying with the demands of the British Government that Chinese ports occupied by European nations shall be opened to the trade of the world, but it is highly improbable that they will be content with this. If they do not parcel out China among themselves, it will be because of the interference of equal or superior power setting bounds to their ambition. If Great Britain, the United States and Japan shall unite in saying that the integrity of China must be respected, it is likely that it will be respected by the most ambitious nations. However, the power of Russia keeps advancing like a glacier from the north, and it would appear to be the certain destiny of much of northern China at least to be absorbed into the great Russian empire.

True Greatness.

BY ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D., (BAPTIST) MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

Text: "He shall be great in the sight of the Lord," Luke 1:15.

So spake the angel who foretold the birth of John the Baptist. "In the sight of the Lord"—then men are not on a dead level in his eyes. Though he is so high and we are so low, the country beneath him that he looks down upon is not flattened to him, as it is to us from an elevation, but there are greater and smaller men in His sight too.

No epithet is more misused and misapplied than that of "a great man." It is flung about as indiscriminately as ribbons and orders are by some petty state. Every little man that makes a noise for awhile gets it hung round his neck. Think what a set they are that are gathered in the world's Valhalla, and honored as the world's great men. The mass of people are so much on a level, and that level is so low, that an inch above the average looks gigantic. But the tallest blade of grass gets mown down by the scythe, and withers as quickly as the rest of its green companions, and goes its way into the oven as surely. There is the world's false estimate of greatness, and there is God's estimate. If we want to know what the elements of true greatness are, we may well turn to the life of this man, of whom the prophecy went before him, that he should be "great in the sight of the Lord." That is gold that will stand the test.

We may remember, too, that Jesus Christ, looking back on the career to which the angel was looking forward, indorsed the prophecy, and declared that it had become a fact, and that "of them that were born of women there had not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." With illumination of His eulogium we may turn to this life, then, and gather some lessons for our own guidance.

I. First, we note in him unwavering and immovable firmness and courage.

"What went ye out into the wilderness for to see; a reed shaken with the wind?" Nay! an iron pillar that stood firm whatsoever winds blew against it. This, as I take it, is in some true sense the basis of all moral greatness—that a man should have a grip which cannot be loosed—like that of the centipede with all its tentacles round its prey—upon that dominate his being and make him a hero. "If you want time to weep," said the old artist poet, "there must be tears in your own eyes." If you want me to believe, you yourself must be aflame with conviction which has penetrated to the very marrow of your bones. And so, I take it, the first requisite either for power, upon others, or for greatness, in a man's own development of character, is that there shall be this unwavering firmness of grasp of clearly apprehended truth, and unflinching boldness of devotion to it.

I need not remind you how magnificently, all through the life of our typical example, this quality was stamped upon every utterance and every act. It reached its climax, no doubt, in his bearding Herod and Herodias. But moral characteristics do not reach a climax unless there has been much underground building to bear the lofty pinnacle. And no man, when great occasions come to him, develops a courage and an unwavering confidence which are strange to his habitual life. There must be the underground building; and there must have been many a fighting down of fears, many a curbing of tremors, many a rebuke of hesitations and doubts in the gaunt, desert-loving prophet, before he was man enough to stand before Herod and say, "It is not lawful for thee to have her."

No doubt there is much to be laid to the account of temperament, but whatever their temperament may be, the way to this unwavering courage, and firm, clear ring of indubitable certainty is open to every Christian man and woman; and it is their own fault, their own sin, and their own weakness, if they do not possess these qualities. Temperament? What on earth is the good of our religion if it is not to modify and govern our temperament? Has a man a right to jib on one side, and give up the attempt to clear the fence because he feels that in his own natural disposition there is little power to take the leap? Surely not. Jesus Christ came here for the very purpose of making our weakness strong, and if we have a firm hold upon Him, then, in the measure in which His love has permeated our who nature, will be our unwavering courage, and out of weakness we shall be made strong.

Of course the highest type of this undaunted boldness and unwavering firmness of conviction is not in John and his like. He presented strength in a lower form than did the Master from whom his strength came. The willow has a place as well as the oak.

Firmness is not obstinacy; courage is not rudeness. It is possible to have the iron hand in the velvet glove, not of etiquette—observing politeness, but of a true consideration and gentleness. They who are likest him that was "meek and lowly in heart" are surest to possess the unflinching resolve which set his face like a flint, and enabled him to go unhesitatingly and unrecalcitrant to the Cross itself.

Do not let us forget, either, that John's unwavering firmness wavered; that over the clear heaven of his conviction there did steal a cloud; that he from whom

no violence could wrench his faith, felt it slipping out of his grasp when his muscles were relaxed in the dungeon; and that he sent "from the prison"—which was the excuse for the message—to ask the question, after all, "Art thou he that should come?"

Nor let us forget that it was that very moment of trepidation which Jesus Christ seized in order to pour an unstinted flood of prayer for the firmness of his convictions on the wavering head of the Forerunner. So if we feel that though the needle of our compass points true to the pole, yet when the compass frame is shaken the needle sometimes vibrates away from its true goal, do not let us be cast down, but believe that a merciful allowance is made for human weakness. This man was great; first, because he had such dauntless courage and firmness that over his headless corpse in the dungeon at Machærus might have been spoken what the Regent Murray said over John Knox's coffin: "Here lies one that never feared the face of man."

II. Another element of true greatness that comes nobly out in the life with which I am dealing is the clear elevation above worldly goods.

That was the second point that our Lord's eulogium signalled. "What went ye out into the wilderness for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment?" Ah! you would have gone to a palace if you had wanted to see that, not to the reed-beds of Jordan. As we all know, in his life, in his dress, in his food, in the aims that he had set before him, he rose high above all regard for the debasing and perishable sweetness that hold of flesh, and are ended in time. He lived consciously for the Unseen. His asceticism, which belonged to his age, was not the highest type of the virtue which it expressed. As I have said about his courage, so I have said about his Christ's is of a higher sort. As the might of gentleness is greater than the might of such strength as John's, so the asceticism of John is lower than the self-government of the Man that comes eating and drinking.

But while that is true, I seek, dear brethren, to urge this old, threadbare lesson, always needed, never needed more than amidst the senselessly luxurious habits of this generation, needed in fewer places more than in a great commercial centre like that in which we live,—the one indispensable element of true greatness and elevation of character is that not the prophet and the preacher alone, but everyone of us, should live high above these temptations of gross and perishable joys, should

"Scorn delights and live laborious days." No man has a right to be called "great" if his aims are small. And the question is, not as modern idolatry of intellect, or, still worse, modern idolatry of success, often makes it out to be, has he great capacities? or has he won great prizes? but, has he greatly used himself and his life? If your aims are small you will never be great; and if your highest aims are but to get a good slice of this world's pudding—no matter what powers God may have given you to use, you are essentially a small man.

I remember a vigorous and contemptuous illustration of St. Bernard's—he likens a man that lives for these perishable delights which John spurned, to a spider spinning a web out of his own substance, and catching in it nothing but a wretched prey of poor little flies. Such an one has no right to be called a great man, surely. Our aims rather than our capacity determine our character, and they who greatly aspire after the greatest things within the reach of men, which are faith, hope, charity, and who for the sake of effecting these aspirations put their heels upon the head of the serpent, and suppress the animal in their nature, these are the men "great in the sight of the Lord."

III. Another element of true greatness, taught us by our type, is fiery enthusiasm for righteousness.

You may think that that has little to do with it. I believe it has everything to do with it, and that the difference between men is very largely to be found here, whether they flame up into the white heat of enthusiasm for the things that are right, or whether the only things that can kindle them into anything like earnestness and emotion are the poor, shabby things of personal advantage. I need not remind you, how all through John's career, there burned unflickering and undying that steadfast light; how he brought to the service of the plainest teaching of morality a fervor of passion and of zeal almost unexampled and magnificent. I need not remind you how Jesus Christ himself laid his hand upon this characteristic when he said of him "he was a light kindled and shining." But I would lay upon all our hearts the plain, practical lesson that if we keep in that tepid region of lukewarmness which is the utmost approach to tropical heat that moral and religious questions are capable of raising in many of us, good by to all chance of being "great in the sight of the Lord." We hear a great deal about the "blessings of moderation," the "dangers of fanaticism," and the like. I venture to think that the last thing which the moral consciousness of England wants today is a refrigerator, and that what it needs a great deal more than that is that all Christian people should be brought face to face with this plain truth—that their religion has, as an indispensable part of it, "a spirit of burning," and that if they had not been baptized in fire there is little reason to believe that they have been baptized with the Holy Ghost.

I long that you and myself may be aflame for goodness, may be enthusiastic over plain morality; and may show that we are so, by our daily life, by our rebuking the opposite, if need be, even if it took us into Herod's chamber and made Herodias our enemy for life.

IV. Lastly, observe the final element of greatness in this man—absolute humility of self-abnegation before Jesus Christ.

There is nothing that I know in biography anywhere more beautiful, more striking, than the contrast between the two halves of the character and demeanor of the Baptist; how, on the one side, he fronts all men undaunted and recognizes no superior, and how neither threats nor flatteries nor anything else will tempt him to step one inch beyond the limitations of which he is aware, nor to abate one inch of the claims which he urges; and, on the other hand, like some tall cedar, touched by the lightning's hand, he falls prone before Jesus Christ and says, "He must increase, and I must decrease." "A man can receive nothing except it be given him of God." He is all boldness on one side; all submission and dependence on the other.

You remember how, in the face of many temptations, this attitude was maintained. The very message which he had to carry was full of temptations to a self-seeking man to assert himself. You remember the almost rough "No!" with which, reiteratedly, he met the suggestions of the deputation from Jerusalem, that sought to induce him to say that he was more than he knew himself to be, and how he stuck by that infinitely humble and beautiful saying, "I am the voice"—That is all. You remember how the whole nation was in a kind of conspiracy to tempt him to assert himself, and was ready to break into a flame if he had dropped a spark, for "all men were musing in their heart whether he was the Christ or not," and all the lawless and restless elements would have been only too glad to gather round him if he had declared himself the Messiah. Remember how his own disciples came to him, and tried to play upon his jealousy, and to induce him to assert himself, "Master! he whom thou didst baptize," and so didst give him the first credentials that sent men on his course, had outstripped thee, and "all men are coming to him." And you remember the lovely answer that opened such depths of unexpected tenderness in the rough nature: "He that hath the bride is the bridegroom: The friend of the bridegroom heareth the voice; and that is enough to fill my cup with joy to the very brim."

And what conceptions of Jesus Christ had John that he thus bowed his lofty crest before Him, and softened his heart into submission almost abject? He knew Him to be the coming Judge, with the fan in His hand, who could baptize with fire, and he knew Him to be "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." Therefore he fell before Him.

Brethren! we shall not be "great in the sight of the Lord" unless we copy that example of utter self-abnegation before Jesus Christ. Thomas A. Kempis says somewhere, "He is truly great who is small in his own sight and thinks nothing of the giddy heights of worldly honor." You and I know far more of Jesus Christ than John the Baptist did. Do we bow ourselves before Him as he did? The Source from which he drew his greatness is open too us all.

Let us begin with the recognition of the Lamb of God that takes away the world's sin, and with it ours. Let the thought of what he is, and what he has done for us bow us in unfeigned submission. Let it shatter all dreams of our own importance, or our own desert. The vision of the Lamb of God, and if only, will crush in our hearts the serpent's eggs of self-esteem and self-regard.

Then let our closeness to Jesus Christ, and our experience of his power, kindle in us the fiery enthusiasm with which he baptizes all his true servants, and let it, because we know the sweetnesses that excel, deprive us of all liability to be tempted away by the vulgar and coarse delights of earth and of sense. Let us keep ourselves clear of the babble that is round about us, and be strong because we grasp Christ's hand.

I have been speaking this morning about no characteristic which may not be attained by any man or woman of child among us. "The least in the Kingdom of Heaven" may be greater than he. It is a poor ambition to seek to be called "great." It is a noble desire to be "great in the sight of the Lord." And if we will keep ourselves close to Jesus Christ that will be attained. It will matter very little what men think of us, if at last we have praise from the lips of him who poured such praise on his servant. We may, if we will. And then it will not hurt us, tho' our names on earth be dark, and our memories perish from among men. "Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

Fact and Fiction Concerning the Southerners.

BY KATHERINE C. MCLEOD.

THEIR POLITENESS AND THEIR STARK. There is a certain fiction scattered abroad and dispersed throughout the North to the effect that the Southerners are a marvelously polite and courteous

people. But forbids a per The Southern ness up to on stare. "No yet offend in according to most griev Science of the formul read: "Car curiosity." make-up, an accounts for the prevailing the manner-w provocation, she, or it begi aggressively, beside you at detail of costu disgust or vex or manner wh only adds an Northerner is provokes muc seller of new within his gat in addition, t scrutable man she becomes t inflicted open dom. It is so one and all, th as upon the s There remaine the Southerner is the knowled by his curiosi THE Another popu that all the won it comes from papers. From A woman is selc abroad, return who is not acce being. Attend out of ten you only that and would be treas flattering term men are a cast o generation, she lauding of her t that she is regar accounts for the one of the unde Believing that sh is treated as suc such. A Paradi of fact, and tak full-dress audienc cannot begin to women, to a simi ern cities. As to man lacks taste a she lacks that exp ness which, as girl of today ad prevail in her ch expected in her e extent, what the pet and plaything-expression is teati gushing, sweet and on the street in me and addresses her ing tones. Beauty type mostly, charac prevailing expressio very good in its pl very much as woul with her state, thou horror upon the wor support as a disgra end and aim of life. hearts of this peopl addressing parcel, most invariably tak would be disrespect reflection upon her woman. The south possible, she runs aw pursueth" sometim accomplished during dresses and braid, so HER- This excellent th indigenous to the so said and above ment for it, and in vain, th

people. But there is a certain law of politeness which forbids a person being called well-bred who rudely stares. The Southerners as a rule keep the whole law of politeness up to one certain point, and there they offend—they stare. "Now whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Therefore, according to Scripture, these people are not polite, for most grievously do their right eyes cause them to offend. Science certainly should reconstruct for the Southerners the formulas of man's original elements, and make it read: "Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and curiosity." The latter element is conspicuous in their make-up, and their inability to control their feelings accounts for the stare. A slight difference in dress from the prevailing local style, a northern accent, or simply the manner which proclaims one not a native, is sufficient provocation, and then, be it man, woman or child, he, she, or it begins to take you in—deliberately, persistently, aggressively. The woman, apparently a lady, sitting beside you at the counter, will turn and stare until every detail of costume and person is mastered. No amount of disgust or vexation expressed in the victim's countenance or manner will cause her to desist until satisfied; all that only adds an entertaining spice to the pastime. A Northerner is very quickly recognized, and as such alone provokes much curious interest. Even the small boy, seller of newspapers, will turn to stare at the stranger within his gates who stands waiting for a street-car. If, in addition, the stranger is known as one of those inscrutable maniacs—an instructor of colored people, he or she becomes the object of a scrutiny as minute as that inflicted upon some rare paleface in the wilds of heathendom. It is so utterly guileless, natural and childlike, in one and all, that one can only smile indulgently upon it, as upon the same manifestation of wonder in a child. There remaineth yet much knowledge to be possessed by the Southerner, and by no means least in the acquisition is the knowledge of how not to make himself ridiculous by his curiosity.

THE BEAUTIFUL SOUTHERN WOMAN.

Another popular fiction, both at home and abroad, is that all the women of the South are beautiful. Perhaps it comes from reading the society column of the daily papers. From that one would gather just such an idea. A woman is seldom mentioned there as marrying, going abroad, returning, or otherwise making herself apparent, who is not described as a rarely charming and beautiful being. Attend the wedding or reception; and five times out of ten you see a most ordinarily pleasing person—only that and nothing more. But to the Southerner it would be treason to speak of a woman in other than flattering terms. To him, reared where the manners of men are a cast of the deeply courteous school of the past generation, she is, *ex officio*, charming, and hence the lauding of her thus in the papers. The realizing sense that she is regarded so, be she plain or otherwise, largely accounts for the easy, cordial grace of manner which is one of the undeniable charms of the southern women. Believing that she is all that could be desired, since she is treated as such, she, as much as in her flesh, becomes such. A Paradise this for plain women. But as a matter of fact, and taking her for all in all, a representative full-dress audience of Atlanta, or some other cities near, cannot begin to compare, for beauty and style of its women, to a similar gathering in any of our large northern cities. As to her outer adorning, the southern woman lacks taste and style. As to her general make-up, she lacks that expression of individuality and purposefulness which, as a rule, animates the countenance of the girl of today and the North. These elements do not prevail in her character, and therefore can scarcely be expected in her expression, for she is still, to a large extent, what the woman of the past generation was—the pet and plaything of the home and society, and her whole expression is testimony to that fact. She is languid or gushing, sweet and sentimental; kisses her lady friend on the street in meeting or parting, as a matter of course, and addresses her as "Love" or "Honey" in languishing tones. Beauty there is, of course, but of the doll type mostly, characterized by decided *embonpoint*, and a prevailing expression of excessive, languid sweetness, all very good in its place, but as a steady diet affects one very much as would continual caramel. She is content with her state, though. She still looks with somewhat of horror upon the woman who rides a wheel, regards self-support as a disgrace, and marriage the only honorable end and aim of life. So deep-rooted is this feeling in the hearts of this people, that the saleswoman or man when addressing parcels, if uncertain about the name, will almost invariably take his or her chances on "Mrs." It would be disrespectful to the unknown fair one, and a reflection upon her attractions, to suppose her a single woman. The southern girl marries young. If at all possible, she runs away for the purpose—when no man pursueth—sometimes, it is so romantic. If it can be accomplished during her school days, while still in short dresses and braids, so much the more romantic.

HER SWEET, LOW VOICE.

This excellent thing in woman is supposed to be as indigenous to the southern woman as the beauty aforesaid and above mentioned, but after seeking diligently for it, and in vain, the present scribe has decided that

the rising generation does not keep it. Only once has it saluted the writer's ears, and then it came from the lips of a middle-aged woman. One meets with it frequently among the mulatto and quadroon women, but might well doubt its existence in the rising white one. She can ill afford to lose it, its charm is wonderful, as sweet and clear as the "horns of Elf-Land faintly blowing." Our northern east wind cursed vocal gymnastics which she seems to be striving to imitate, are sadly out of harmony with her sweet and languid manner.

THE BLUE BLOOD OF VIRGINIA.

One wonders, in reading of the people down here, where they keep the nobodies, for all who are worthy of mention at all, get "honorable mention" as coming of "the bluest blood of old Virginia," or "of good old Virginia stock." Virginia appears to have a monopoly of the above articles, and the supply of ancestors hailing from her borders seems as inexhaustible as that which arrived in New England in the Mayflower. The Southerner who can trace his descent from one of that legion of honor, has his feet on the solid rock, socially, for ancestorly considered, Virginia is the Plymouth Rock of the South. But if he cannot do so, his case is less hopeless than it might be elsewhere, for honors are easy down here, and those who are not born to greatness, or cannot achieve it, have it "thrust upon 'em" in the shape of some such title as Colonel or Judge, by the colored people or others who wish to be complimentary. Gradually the name becomes permanently attached to the man, and so it comes to pass that numerous men who never sniffed the battle-aven afar off, are known as "Colonel," and many others who do not know Blackstone from Jeremiah, pose as "Judge." The man of influence who pines for a handle to his name, need only move down here for a few weeks, after which he may go to Washington or New York and set up his establishment accordingly.

ALL FACT, NO FICTION.

The people may be behind the times, and in mind, body and estate below what your fancy pictured them; the ugly red clay fields and roads may glare side by side with the vivid green of foliage and grass, and fret the eyes accustomed to more neutral tones in nature; the whole land, by its ill-kept roads, dirty streets, mongrel dogs and neglected live-stock, may with its shiftlessness offend the northern temperament of the Miss Ophelia within you, yet none of these things can damage the one indisputable fact that the South is charming.

"For over all, and more than all
That could be said or can befall,
That tongue can tell, or pen can trace,—
The wondrous witchery of grace."

And everything else delightful lurks in its sunny climate. Its subtle influence disarms your prejudice, and in spite of you it melts away—along with your avoirdupois. The longer you stay, the better you understand why the Southerner cannot refrain from cheers and claps and shouts whenever that wild jingle dashes upon the air—

"Dixie, Dixie, land of cotton, simmon seed and sandy bottom,
Away—away—away—to Dixie land."
SPELMAN SEMINARY,
Atlanta, Ga.

Echoes from the Rockies—Pike's Peak—A Climb to the Top.

BY ERNEST F. HALL, MEMBER OF THE "ROCKY MOUNTAIN CLIMBING CLUB."

History is made rapidly in this century. The time is not far behind us when the prairie schooners of the Colorado Argonauts spread their white sails to the breeze, and entered upon their long cruise from the Missouri river to the Rocky Mountains in search of the golden fleece which was believed to be hidden among the rugged fastnesses of those giant hills. The romance of the days when Pike's Peak was the landmark of those mariners of the desert belongs now to the category of fact, which is ever stronger than fiction. The searchers after treasure found a savage people holding in fee a land, rich, not only in gold and silver, but also beautiful in a thousand ways to those who learned the mystic "esame" which opened the reluctant doors of prosperity. Trials, dangers, hardships, were not lacking. Many fell by the way, but still more survived and succeeded, and the pioneers of Colorado have won such rewards as seldom fall to the lot of those who follow new pathways into undiscovered countries. Today the waste places are clad, the desert blossoms as the rose, the fountains of wealth, of health, of pleasure, have been opened and the perspective of future achievements presents infinite vistas of success. No longer do the prairie schooners tack and veer over a pathless waste, but long trains of palace cars on half a dozen trunk lines of railroad carry their quota of passengers with comfort, speed and safety from both oceans to the mountains, and accomplish in a day what used to require the full limits of a fortnight.

With such facilities for travel and with Denver, "The Queen City of the Plains," the wonderland of the "Garden of the Gods," and the Pike's Peak region at the end of the journey, it is no matter for surprise that this favored region should vie in attracting qualities with the sunny slopes of Italy, and the rugged grandeur of the Bernese Oberland. But behind the Argonautic expedition to Pike's Peak lies history, and still farther on in the distant past lies tradition. With the latter it is not proposed to deal, as this is to be a record of fact, rather than a production of fancy.

While far from being the highest, old Pike's Peak is the best known of Colorado mountains, and its fame is

known as far and wide as is the name of Colorado itself. Pike's was discovered and named on November 15, 1806, by Colonel Zebulon Pike, who was here on an exploring expedition in the interior of the great state of Louisiana. He and his party made an attempt to scale the grand old monster, but failed, getting no closer to it than the summit of Cheyenne mountain. The Pike's Peak gold regions were far better known than the Cherry creek diggings or the Colorado placers, and there is probably no one who lived in the days when the State was born who does not remember with a thrill the well-known legend of "Pike's Peak or Bust," used by so many of the pioneers and, alas, the equally familiar "Busted" that was appended to it by many of the disappointed prospectors. Pike's was a hard climb in the early days, but during the past ten years it has been the easiest in the State, owing to the building in the first place of the carriage toll road, and later on the well-known cog-wheel railroad the greatest, longest and steepest of the kind in the world.

I shall never forget my first impressions of this grand old peak. It was in the early morning, Nov. 21, 1897, we had just crossed the Kansas line some 200 miles away and our "double header" was puffing hard to make the heavy grades across the prairie. I was standing on the rear platform of the coach drinking in the pure ozone, when suddenly my eyes were transfixed upon something in the western horizon "bathed in floods of living fire." It was the summit of Pike's Peak shining grandly out of the pure ether, clad in eternal snow, reflecting the first rays of the rising sun and sparkling with all the colors of the rainbow. By 10 o'clock we could plainly see the "snowy range" for a distance in either direction of 100 miles. Long's Peak to the far north and the Spanish Peaks to the extreme south. At 2 o'clock we had arrived at Colorado Springs where we have a magnificent view of the peak 14 miles distant yet not apparently more than 4 or 5. But to understand what Pike's Peak means in its fulness we must make a "climb to the top" and witness that grandest of sights—sunrise from the peak. Nestled at his feet lies Manitou, the "Sarotoga of the West," from whence we proceed early in the afternoon.

There stands before us a mighty wall of rock, upon whose summit it would seem a star might nestle in the night. Up, up its steep and rocky sides the hand of man has carved a pathway to the clouds! Here romance and reality shake brotherly hands across the Divide. Summer and winter are locked in each other's arms. A July sun beats down upon frigid banks and not a tear flows from the warm embrace. There is no "melting mood." How beautiful are the variations. Beds of green moss, grass and wild flowers creep up to the snow line and hide their modest heads beneath its fleecy folds. It is no unusual thing to scrape away the snow of the sudden storm and pick beautiful fragrant flowers from the green vines beneath.

We have now arrived at Minnehaha Falls and although we have travelled less than two miles we have made an ascent of 1,774 feet. Still onward we press, higher and higher until we reach the "Half-way House" at an altitude of 8,913 feet, 2,620 feet higher than Mt. Washington, N. H., and 713 feet higher than the Hospice of St. Bernard in Switzerland, the highest inhabited point in Europe. Here we find shelter for the night and resume our toilsome journey at 3 in the morning. The air is cold and clear. Onward and upward and still onward and upward we go. Our step becomes weary and our breath painful from lack of oxygen, but there is no halt.

We are now crossing timber line at 11,578 feet. A little above the point where timber disappears entirely, commences a region of astonishing beauty, and of great interest on account of its productions; the intervals of soil are sometimes extensive, and are covered with a carpet of low but brilliantly flowering alpine plants. Onward we press toward the summit. Windy Point is reached and as we wind our way around the narrow trail our breath is nearly taken away at the awful height of 12,233 feet. Still onward we press, until just at sunrise, exhausted, we stand upon the giddy heights transfixed with the glory of the panorama that stretches before us, 14,147 feet above the sea, and billows of mountain peaks below!

There is no sound amid this vast solitude to break the dread silence that wraps its white mantle all about us. Not the hum of an insect nor the ripple of a cloud to jar the solemn stillness of this meeting of man with his Maker.

The world is now before us, and rare indeed, would be the art that could picture to the soul, unaided by the sense of sight, the unapproachable magnitude of the view that now greets the bewildered eye.

Spread out before us is a mighty panorama of 40,000 square miles. What a vista for the eye of man! To the west, protruding its glistening crests above the clouds, is the Saugre de Christo range spreading out its sheet of perpetual snow and refreshing the air you greet with the vigor it stimulates; Buffalo, Blanco, Ouray, Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Holy cross and Elbert peaks are all in this direction varying from 60 to 150 miles. To the north are the abyss, Gray's and Long's peaks, the furthest of any we see in the Continental Divide, and Denver, Castle Rock and Manitou Park. To the east is a gay confusion of buffalo plains, streams and flowering fields dotted over with villages and cities. Colorado springs, Manitou and the Garden of the Gods are at our feet, and look like flower beds. To the south are seven Lakes, the Raton mountains of New Mexico and the famous Spanish Peaks; the cities of Pueblo, Florence, Canon City and Altman, the highest mining towns in the world.

Few men, comparatively, know the sensation of looking from a mountain top over thousands of miles of the earth's surface. To those who have realized this sensation it affords an indelible recollection; one of the cherished experiences of a lifetime. Whatever susceptibility to grand impressions, whatever poetic fancies the dullest mind may have, are sure to be aroused and exercised by this experience.

The barometer on the summit of Pike's Peak stands at about seventeen inches, and water boils at 184 degrees Fahrenheit.

Pueblo Colo., March 21st.

Messenger and Visitor

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PLEASE EXAMINE THE LABEL ON YOUR
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YOUR SUBSCRIPTION IS PAID

—Mr. L. Clifton, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society of England, has just returned from an extended trip in the north of Canada. More than a year ago Mr. Clifton left Winnipeg and travelled to the most northerly post of the Hudson Bay Company on Hudson Bay, and from there six hundred miles farther north, where he lived alone among the Esquimaux. In that region Mr. Clifton hunted the musk ox, and secured a fine specimen of this animal, which is now becoming scarce. Mr. Clifton is reported to be a traveller of wide experience, having travelled extensively in Mexico, North Africa and Northern Russia. He explored the River Yukon from its source to its mouth in 1894. From his recent trip, it is said, he brings back with him a complete record of his travels and many sketches. These will form material for a series of articles in the London Illustrated News.

—It is stated that when Abraham Lincoln, in troublous times, presided over the destinies of the United States, he was one day visited by a number of gentlemen who were much exercised and troubled in reference to the way in which the affairs of the nation were being managed. The President having listened patiently to what they had to say, replied as follows: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you were worth was in gold and you had put it into the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope, would you shake the cable or keep shouting out to him, 'Blondin, stand up' a little straighter; Blondin, stoop a little more; go a little faster; lean a little more to the north; lean a little more to the south?' No, you would hold your breath as well as your tongue, and keep your hands off until he was safe over. The government are carrying an immense weight, untold treasures are in their hands. They are doing the very best they can. Don't badger them. Keep silence, and we'll get you safe across." This bit of advice may have its application in other circumstances than those in connection with which it was uttered. It frequently occurs that the best we can do to help on a good cause is to show confidence in those whose duty it is to lead in it, and who are endeavoring, to the best of their ability, to fulfil the duties to which they have been called.

—We learn that Professor A. E. Coldwell has closed his engagement at Acadia and gone to Astoria, Oregon, where work is awaiting him. Professor Coldwell has given the best years of his life to our schools at Wolfville. For a number of years he was teacher in Horton Academy. On the retirement of Professor Kennedy from the chair of Natural Science, he was appointed instructor in that department, and subsequently was made Professor of the Natural Science. This office he has filled fourteen years, giving his strength and ability to the duties of a department that needs the services of several men. Professor Coldwell has shown himself a man of wide information, great industry, and entire devotedness to his subjects of instruction. And his work has yielded good fruit in the general knowledge imparted and in kindling desires for further study in the minds of a number of students who have become successful teachers and professors. He has shown himself a man of high character and Christian spirit, and bears with him the esteem of a wide circle of friends who will follow him with grateful remembrance and prayers for his welfare. For years Professor Coldwell has represented the College in the Summer School of Science and in other relations of our institution to the public. We shall hope to learn from time to time of his continued prosperity.

—More things are wrought through prayer than this world dreams of. If any man, without financial resources of his own, without asking any person for

a dollar, and without making any appeal except that of believing prayer to God, should propose to establish schools for 123,000 pupils,—erecting buildings for this purpose at a cost of nearly \$600,000,—distribute more than a million and a half copies of the Scriptures and much other Christian literature, besides supporting hundreds of missionaries,—if any one, we say, should propose to carry on such a work and under such conditions—a work extending over more than half a century and involving the expenditure of some seven millions of dollars—the wise world would simply disregard such pretensions as the dreams of a religious fanatic. But this is the record of the work of George Müller, of Bristol, England, and this work Mr. Müller undertook and accomplished through faith in the power of God to hear and answer prayer offered on behalf of work which he felt called to undertake in the name of his Master. Mr. Müller has lately passed away, at the age of ninety-two. Two years ago he related his experience before a large audience in Bristol in an address of fifty minutes, which made a deep impression upon those who heard it. In that address Mr. Müller challenged any man living to tell of a case in which pecuniary help had been sought by him from man. No doubt it will be said that many persons believed that Mr. Müller was carrying on important philanthropic work and therefore helped him, and would have done so if he had not prayed. But let the scientific doubter undertake such a work without prayer and with no more appeal to the public than Mr. Müller made, and at the end of fifty years the world will doubtless be interested to know the results.

—Many and voluminous have been the news despatches issued during the past week from Washington, Madrid and elsewhere respecting the relations of Spain, Cuba and the United States. But after all the situation does not appear to be greatly modified, as compared with the condition of things a week ago. At present writing, war has not been declared, but it cannot be said that the prospect for peace has been greatly improved. Spain, it is understood, has declared an armistice in Cuba, and she appears to hope that mediation on the part of the European powers will open up for her a way out of the embarrassing situation on terms less galling to her pride than those proposed by President McKinley. United States Consul General Lee, and, generally speaking, the American population of Havana, left the island for Key West on Sunday. This looks as if war was anticipated by the Washington government. President McKinley's message on Cuban affairs, which was withheld from Congress last week, is to be presented on Monday, it is expected. The idea generally received appears to be that the President will recommend armed intervention in Cuba, if Spain does not accede to the terms previously presented. But it is well known that the President desires to avoid war if that can be with honor; and, in spite of all the war talk, there is behind Mr. McKinley a very large and influential element of the nation which shares his sentiment in this matter.

The Transfiguration.

One thought suggested by the Bible lesson of the present week is that the Christian disciple has a varied experience. At times his spirit is lifted up in exultation, and again he is cast down and saddened. This appears notably in the case of Peter. One day we hear Peter answering his Master's questions so understandingly as to show himself to be a proficient scholar in the school of Jesus, and winning a hearty benediction from his Lord. The next time we see Peter he is quailing under his Lord's rebuke, because he has minded the things of men and by his folly become a stumbling block in the way of his Master. Now, again, this impulsive and fallible, but still sincere and loyal, disciple is permitted to follow his Lord into a most wonderful and gracious experience. There is granted to him a glimpse of celestial glories in comparison with which all his dreams of Messianic splendors must have seemed poor and insignificant. So it is apt to be in Christian experience. John Bunyan's pilgrim meets with many up and downs on his journey. There are a Slough of Despond and a Hill of Difficulty, a Valley of Humiliation and a more terrible Valley of the Shadow of Death and many an enemy along the way; but there is also the Interpreter's House, the Delectable Mountains, much goodly fellowship, some well-won victories and now and then a messenger from the Celestial City to cheer the pilgrim's heart. It is well for us if each experience, of humiliation or exultation, be so used by us as to prepare us the better for that which is to follow.

This revelation of heavenly glory upon the Mount of Transfiguration has in it doubtless a purpose and a significance which it is beyond our power fully to grasp. For these three disciples who witnessed it, and for all men who receive their testimony, it was

a declaration from heaven of the divine sonship of Jesus. It is also a revelation of that true glory of manhood which is to be sought and attained by men, not through schemes of ambition and strifes with their fellowmen, but through fellowship with God. The grand criminal blunder of all the ages has been the ceaseless effort of men to possess that mere shadow of glory that comes from men, while the real glory that comes from God alone, is despised. That meeting on the Mount, in which the two outstanding representatives of the Old Testament dispensation appeared in glory and communed with the transfigured Son of Mau, represented a fellowship with God on behalf of a lost world. The face of Moses had reflected the divine glory because he had drawn near to God on behalf of Israel. The life of Elijah had been glorified because he had stood loyally and indomitably as the servant of the Lord in a faithless age and in the midst of a perverse nation. In some degree everyone who has entered into that holy fellowship has beheld and reflected the glory of that kingdom of which Jesus Christ is king. We have here also the intimation that our mortal bodies which seem so subject to material conditions are capable of transformation which shall make them fit instruments for the nobler spiritual aspirations and powers with which men are endowed. Even now the love of God shed abroad in the hearts of God's children radiates through their whole being and their faces sometimes glow with the reflection of the spiritual life within. But there is coming a day when this mortal shall put on immortality, when that which was sown in weakness and dishonor shall be raised in power and glory, and when God's children, struggling here amid the temptations and vanities of their earthly state, shall, at the appearance of their Lord, be changed into his likeness.

We need not wonder that Peter felt a desire to prolong and to perpetuate that beatific vision on the Mount. The disciples had not yet clearly apprehended the mission of their Lord to the world nor what was involved in the ministry to which they themselves had been called. And we, with nearly nineteen centuries of Christian history behind us, are still slow to recognize the fact that the disciples of Jesus are not in the world chiefly for the purpose of seeing visions and dreaming dreams. It is not for Christianity to make its abode in some holy mount far withdrawn from the need and the cry of a sinful world. The divine love cannot stay on any glorious mountain top of transfiguration, while from the plains beneath there ascends the perpetual cry of souls that lie bound under a satanic power from which they can find no deliverance. Now as of old the disciple is called to follow his Lord down from the mount and its ineffable glories to the plains of common life and their teeming multitudes whose great need is such help as only Christ and his ministers can bring.

But let us not seem to depreciate the value of the experience which came to the disciples on the Mount of Transfiguration. Doubtless it was to them a source of strength in the days that followed. As they plodded along the dusty ways of life, they remembered the vision of the Mount and their path grew brighter. When they saw their Master resisted, reviled and rejected by the Pharisaic leaders, they remembered what they had seen and heard in the Mount, and they followed their Lord with confidence. Many a Christian has had his Mount of Transfiguration. There are gracious experiences into which he has been led by his Lord—foretastes of glory—which he does well never to forget. The memory of a supreme hour when he held conscious fellowship with heaven keeps him from surrendering to the vanities of earth, and when the confident voice of a skeptical philosophy would cry down his faith he recalls his experiences.

"And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stands up and answers 'I have felt.'"

Questions.

Frequently noticing in articles, sermons and addresses the contemporaneous use of words, predestination and election, election and salvation, elect and saved, non-elect and unsaved, I ask (1) is not predestination a pre-requisite rather than an equivalent of election? (2) does the word elect mean the chosen to a state or to a service? (3) as a Peter 1:9 ("Not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance.") acquires the absence of God's "decree to save" (predestination) from being the cause of the unsaved remaining so; how can predestination be accounted the reason of salvation to those who receive it? Or to turn the question in the opposite direction, if predestination, efficient in man's salvation, is in decree independent of human will, how can we in the absence of that decree to save those who remain lost, say "God has done everything. He could to save the lost?"

JUVENIA.
Some of these questions cannot be answered satisfactorily in a paragraph. Perhaps it is too much to expect that an answer at any length would be very satisfactory. We insert them here not for the purpose of attempting an answer to them at present, but that they may meet the eyes of some of our brethren who are learned in theology and perhaps call forth the replies for which our correspondent 'Juvenia' waits. [Ed. M. & V.]

Through Lattice
York. Double

This little book presenting very interesting sketches is constructed much like "Beside the Bonnet." We do not know Scotch dialect, which known tongue, sketches by Macleod a real artist. His realistic, and though which has enabled stories to blend so close he shows a keen eye he shows a keen eye book contains much of the ordinary English intelligible than book those only who understand, no doubt, therefore, selves quite as much as villagers as with Dr.

Practical Primary
Fleming H. Rev

This volume has methods of primary by the author for the presented in book much new matter book is concerned—primary department acknowledged by a very great importance subject from a the spoken out of an extensive in his preface, directly practical. have discussed his an appendix is added helpful books and append contain much that will engaged in the primary

AMERICAN CH

The twelfth volume Series, published by of New York, contains religious bodies. The to the Disciples of C 162 pages, by B. E. Ty traced to the early y one of the results of a see and Kentucky. America a few years ago regarded as the founder Campbell was a native father, Thomas Campbell, America, was a Presbyterian, his grand Christian bodies ament teaching. The pathized. The vision maintained after separation from the Baptist view in reason were baptized and Baptist denomination. ever, that Alexander Mahoning Association was connected, having ing of Mr. Campbell, Association. Alexander Disciples have become Their growth in recent rapid. According to numbered upwards of gaining members at Wily and by the end they will number propagating their and are carrying on lands.

The History of interest, occupies 150 pa are popularly known "Wilburites" and " presented here by Pr Richard M. Thomas, of the friends in their development in America of worship, etc., with several divisions named.

The remainder of historical sketches of United Brethren in Christ Evangelical Association

Conference of C aries

The membership of missionaries, working Canadian Baptist Ontario brethren in portions of the Vizagapatam field of the Maritime Province and Ganjam District meet in the Vizagapatam "Down" and north "Upper Provinces" here, and Provinces belong to all however, are Maritime have their eastern bound

New Books.

"Through Lattice Windows." By W. J. Dawson: New York. Doubleday and McClure Co.

This little book presents a number of sketches, affording very interesting glimpses of English village life. It is constructed much on the plan of Ian Maclaren's books...

Practical Primary Plans; By Israel P. Black, Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price \$1.00.

This volume has for its basis a series of articles on methods of primary work in the Sunday School, written by the author for the "Sunday School Times."

AMERICAN CHURCH HISTORY.

The twelfth volume of the American Church History Series, published by the Christian Literature Company, of New York, contains four brief histories of as many religious bodies.

The History of the Society of Friends in America— which occupies 150 pages of this volume—is one of much interest. There are four divisions of the "Friends," who are popularly known as "Orthodox," "Hickites," "Wilburites" and "Primitives."

The remainder of the volume is occupied by short historical sketches of two other religious bodies. The United Brethren in Christ, by D. Berger, D. D., and The Evangelical Association, by Rev. S. P. Streng.

Conference of Canadian Baptist Missionaries at Cocanada.

The membership of this Conference consists of all the missionaries, working under the direction of the two Canadian Baptist Boards. The field of the Quebec Ontario brethren is in the Godavary District and in portions of the Vizagapatam and Kistna Districts.

Bay of Bengal. The most southern station of the northern mission is Bimilipatam. The most northern station of the southern mission is Anskapalle.

The annual meetings are held one year in the Lower Mission and the next in the Upper Mission. This year they were at Cocanada. Next year, God willing, they will be held at Vizianagram.

The only missionary, present, who was a charter member of the Conference, at its organization, twenty years ago, was Bro. R. Sanford of Vizianagram, and he was, very appropriately elected President, by acclamation.

Some of the annual reports were a spiritual feast. There is a growing conviction that the right kind of a report is the one that has an eye single to the glory of God. It is possible to make the reading of reports, a kind of examination, in which, if it appear that the missionary reporting have done good work, he is passed with honors.

The year under review, had been a good one all around. The number of baptisms was above the average. In the northern mission, if the last quarter of ninety-six be linked with ninety-seven, it was the best year in its history.

Self-support is a word that commands the attention of all and is being advocated with untiring zeal. One case on the Vuyuru field is most encouraging. Strong resolutions were passed condemning the opium traffic and the C. D. Acts, which legalize and assist the violation of the seventh commandment by British soldiers in India.

We had with us five missionaries, recently returned from furlough. They were Bro. J. Craig and wife, Bro. J. Davis and wife and Bro. W. V. Higgins. These three brethren were called upon to give some account of their experiences and impressions since their departure from India.

The Conference Sermon was preached, on Sunday

evening, by Bro. R. E. Gullison. The text was—"Thus saith the Lord, Be not afraid nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude; For the battle is not yours, but God's," 2 Chron. 20: 15.

Tidings from Afar.

OUR ANNUAL CONFERENCES.

Much prayer had been offered at the different Stations that we might have blessed seasons of refreshing at our Conferences. We were not disappointed in this matter. At Bobbili our hearts were filled with joy, and we truly saw the Lord in our midst.

The general Conference which followed shortly after at Cocanada was also full of blessing to us. Our brethren from Ontario and Quebec are yearning, as we are, for more life, more spiritual power that comes from the life that is "hid with Christ in God."

GOING ON FURLOUGH.

Our Bobbili missionaries are badly broken in health. Mr. Churchill has been on the field now during his second term, 11 years. He is a very hard working missionary and has trod many a weary mile in the proclamation of the "Good News" on the Bobbili field.

Brother and Sister Churchill's home coming should be welcomed by all who love the Lord and his work. Make them feel that you are glad to see them. Brethren, pray for them in your churches. Pastors, pray for them at your family altars. Parents, open your ears and hearts to receive their message, as they tell you of heathen destitution and woe.

Tekkali, Mar. 1st.

W. V. HIGGINS.

The Story Page.

The Lighthouse Boys.

BY MARY F. BUTTS.

You have, perhaps, seen a lighthouse, with its tall tower and its great lamp sending bright rays out upon the dark waters. Maybe you have lived in a lighthouse far out on the rocky, wave-washed point, or on a cliff overlooking miles of blue sea, or on an island where the breakers come roaring up to your door, and the spray is dashed by the wind against your window panes. Out in the ocean there is an immense ledge, half a mile long, called The Rock. On this rock in the sea stands a lighthouse tower, built of great blocks of granite. Close by the tower stands the stone house of the lighthouse keeper. In the stone house live the keeper's boys, with their baby sister. There is no place on The Rock for a garden. There are here and there bits of earth in the little hollows, but these spots are not large enough for one fat yellow pumpkin to get a living in. Five miles from The Rock lies The Island. Just the place to raise dinners for the lighthouse boys is this fat, comfortable little island. So it happened that one November afternoon Mr. Lane, the light-keeper, got ready to go over to The Island for supplies. As he started down the rocky way to the landing, Mrs. Lane called after him to be sure and remember the sugar and the condensed milk and the coffee.

"O papa," teased Bennie, as he tagged along at his father's heels, "won't you bring me one of Jim Tolman's kittens? They're big enough to eat fish by this time."

"I'll see," was the pleasant answer. "Don't bother now."

"And, father," shouted Rob, "bring us some popcorn; it's such fun to make corn-balls cold winter evenings."

The tide was high and the sea smooth when Mr. Lane put out in his dory for the cat-boat, which was moored a short distance from the shore. The boys waited and watched till the sail was hoisted, and the little boat went dancing over the water. Then they ran back to the lighthouse to help mother. Little Carrie, the two-year-old sister, had been fretful the night before, and mamma had slept but little. So the boys were playing nurse for awhile.

It was very pleasant in the lighthouse kitchen that afternoon. The cook stove was doing its best to bake something spicy and plummy; the tea-kettle sang its cheeriest song; a codfish "muddle" was gently simmering itself done. Baby Carrie sat in state on a bit of rag carpet, and her devoted servants, Rob and Ben, were building splendid lighthouses for her out of pebbles from the seashore. So cheery was it, indeed, that nobody noticed when the breeze came blowing up from the south and ruffled the smooth blue sea into a thousand curly, foamy waves. Mrs. Lane was dozing over her sewing when suddenly the kitchen door was blown open with a great fury and rush of wind. The baby cried, the boys pressed close to mamma with questions about father.

The wind grew wilder; the sea grew rougher. Mrs. Lane stood at the window a long time, watching for some sign of her husband's boat. At last she turned away, saying: "He won't come tonight. He knows better than to put out in such a gale. He couldn't possibly land while the waves run so high."

"And the light, mother?" said Rob.

"We must keep it," said the mother. "It is almost time to light it now."

Within an hour the night fell, and the rays from the great light began to stream over the gray, tossing sea.

The family ate their supper. Baby Carrie went off to By-low Land in her mother's arms. The boys teased to sit up till it was time to trim the lamp at mid-night. But the mother said: "No, no. Go to bed, and wake up bright in the morning, and help keep house till father comes."

They went upstairs obediently. As soon as they were in their own room, Rob said: "See here, Bennie, we must keep awake till the lamp has been trimmed. Mother was up with Carrie nearly all last night. What if she should go to sleep and not wake at the right time? Father says we must take care of mother when he is away, and, Bennie, we must."

"We'll take turns telling stories," said Bennie; "and you must pinch me good an' hard when I begin to get sleepy."

It was a difficult task that the boys had set themselves. They had been busy at work or play all day long, and it took sharp pinches and very exciting stories to keep the lids from drooping over the drowsy eyes.

Rob had an inventive turn, and he spun some lively yarns about smugglers and pirates and mutinies at sea. But, after all, the most interesting story was a true one. Mr. Lane was captain of a trading vessel for many years before he became a light-keeper. In the good ship "Esperanza," he sailed to Spain, France, England, Ireland, Italy, and even as far as Norway.

One day, when the sea was in a calm, blue, shimmering

light, the captain thought he would like a bath. So with a mighty splash he plunged into the cool, enticing sea. Some of the sailors stood idly watching him, when somebody's bright eyes spied a terrible danger. "A shark! a shark!" was the fearful cry. A boat was instantly manned. The captain swam for his life, and was saved almost from the jaws of the greedy monster.

This story Rob told with many embellishments, and the words, "A shark! a shark!" spoken in a loud whisper in Bennie's ear, caused the little fellow to open his eyes to the widest extent.

At last the situation became funny, and the boys laughed till they shook the bed. In the midst of the fun, they heard the clock strike the half hour after eleven. Then they got up and dressed themselves very quietly. No more laughing now. They were on duty.

Down stairs they went with their shoes in their hands, through the kitchen to the warm, cosy sitting-room. Not a sound did they hear. Could it be possible that the tired mother was asleep? "Look!" whispered Bennie, as they reached the open door.

Ah! how glad the boys were that they had kept awake! There sat Mrs. Lane sound asleep, her knitting in her lap. The young light-keepers did not disturb her till the long minute hand of the old clock had travelled to five minutes to twelve. Then they gave her two resounding kisses, that brought her speedily from dreamland. Very proud was the light-keeper's wife of her faithful, affectionate boys. All three hastened up the stairway that ran round and round up the tall tower. The lamp was trimmed, and they hastened back to the bright sitting-room, glad in the thought that the guiding star would shine out over the pathway of the ships, till the sun came up to take its place.

After a little midnight repast, that the boys ate with great zest, the family went to bed and slept sweetly till morning.

When the boys woke they heard a man's voice in the kitchen, underneath their room.

"Hurrah! father's got home," shouted Rob. Bennie ran to the window. The storm had cleared away, and there was the lighthouse boat rocking on the gentle waves. In a trice the boys were down stairs. As they ran into the kitchen, they heard the tall clock say, in sharp, clear tones, "Nine o'clock!" No wonder that the father had had time to sail over from the neighbor island. But what was that soft little ball rolled up on the hearth rug? Bennie made a dash for it, and soon discovered that his father had brought him the very darlings kitten that a boy ever called his own.

After Bennie and Rob had eaten the breakfast that had been saved for them, they helped bring up the cargo that their father had landed on the rocks. Very interesting business was this, as well as rather hard on boys' legs.

There would be no trouble now about breakfasts and dinners and suppers for many a day, though boys, and especially boys living on an island far out at sea, have a very good appetite indeed.

The boys were as good at bringing wood and water, making fires, and helping in all sorts of ways as they were in keeping awake till the lamp was trimmed. Many an hour, too, they had at their books, with father or mother for a teacher. When lessons were over, what pleasure it was to run from rock to rock, to play tag on the smooth sand when the tide was out, or to go, when the weather was not too rough, with father in the dory to see if any unwary lobster here and there had run into the cages set for them? Though the sea stretches for leagues and leagues around the solitary rock, and wild storms shut them in day after day, not many children in gay cities or on sunny green farms were happier than the lighthouse boys.—Christian Register.

Elsa, a Story of North Dakota.

BY E. H. KING.

It was in December that Mrs. Olson broke her leg, and sent for Elsa to come home. My children cried when she climbed into her father's wagon and lumbered off behind the slow-footed oxen. Neither she nor they thought then that those same oxen would furnish the occasion for an exhibition of bravery and good sense of which any one might be proud.

If Elsa had not had such a cheerful soul she would have cried too, for she knew there was not one comfortable thing about her father's house.

She knew there was only one living-room, and that it had only one window in it. She knew that the little, sod summer kitchen leaked like a sieve. She knew that to get down cellar for potatoes she would have to lift up a trap-door in the floor, and drop herself down like a spider, and that the getting out of this hole was not unlike the getting out of a good many other "holes," a good deal harder work than the getting in. She knew that she could throw a cat through the little sod stable where the oxen lived.

But no matter how uncomfortable things were, she always found something to be thankful for.

She used to tell me how glad she was that their one window looked south and their one door looked east; for in winter, when they had to have the door shut, the window was just right for all the sunshine. In the summer when the window must be shaded because of the heat, and the door must stand open for light, how nice that it was on the cool side of the house! She was so glad their cellar wasn't deep, for how could she get out of it if it were? And how much better to have it under their one warm room, even if she did have to move the table every time she dropped herself down into it; for as it was, nothing ever froze there. She was so glad that the floor of their sod kitchen sloped so that the water, which ran through the roof, would all run out away from their living-room. How bad it would be if it ran into the house instead of out!

But even her bright nature failed to find much cause for gratitude when she remembered the oxen in their ramshackle shed. She had the kindest heart in the world, and to see a helpless creature neglected gave her keenest misery. But she used to say that she was glad her father had oxen instead of horses; for horses needed so much more care and food and shelter. Oxen could live around the straw-stack half the winter.

So she went home that December day, sorry to leave her comfortable quarters and my loving children, but willing and glad to make life a little easier for her mother, and with never a thought except to do cheerfully whatever her hand should find to do.

In a few weeks a very strange thing happened. It rained. Now the "oldest inhabitant" had almost never known rain to fall in North Dakota in January. But there had been a great many mild days, and when at last the rain fell straight down, softly and quietly, without any wind, just as it used to do "back east," we all forgot that we were in the land and season of blizzards.

Elsa's father decided to go up to town with one of his neighbors. He thought he would be back by four o'clock, but, if he were not, his twelve-year-old son Olaf was to shovel out the stable so that the oxen could be shut in if it turned cold. Now Olaf and his father were as like as two peas. Each would work like a beaver at the thing he enjoyed doing, Olaf at wood-carving and his father at the violin, and forget all about the empty manger and broken floor hinges. If Elsa had been twenty instead of sixteen she would have perhaps taken account of her brother's nature, and followed Myles Standish's advice: "If you want anything well done, do it yourself." But she was only just beginning to learn the lessons of life; so after her father had gone she tidied up the house, put out all her pans and kettles and tubs to catch soft water, filled the stove with lignite coal, nursed and watered the little myrtle-tree, which her mother had brought with her from Norway, got their simple dinner of flak-brod and coffee, and then concluded to go to one of their neighbors, about two miles away, to borrow a certain pattern for crocheted lace. Her mother's knitting and crutches were by her side; Olaf was close by the window, carving a salad spoon with some skill and great delight. Everything was as right as could be, and she went out into the gentle rain, and followed the trail across the prairie with a quiet heart.

If there is one thing a Norwegian girl loves to do above all others, it is to crochet. A new pattern is more fascinating than books or dresses or beaus, and Elsa and her friend, Karin, were wont to go deep into the delightful mysteries of the art, and to evolve lace and insertion of cobwebby fineness and real beauty.

So they worked away together, forgetful of the lowering temperature and the waning afternoon. Suddenly a great wind struck the house. There was no longer the plashing touch of rain on the south windows. Instead there came out of the west what seemed to be a volley of grape-shot. In five minutes Elsa was on her way home, with the wind at her back pushing her along as though she was a toy balloon. Fortunately it was for us all that Elsa was large and strong. With her well-shod feet and uncorseted waist, her short skirts, and her shawl drawn tight over her head, she sped along before the wind, now and again crouching vicious blast go by. She told me afterward that all she thought of during that run (for it could not have been called a walk) was how thankful she was that the wind was not in her face.

Darkness had come before she reached her father's house, breathless and panting, her heart thumping as though it would jump right out of her mouth, and her back coated with ice. Had her father come? No. Had Olaf taken in the oxen? No, he forgot. Did he know where they were? Well, he saw them over on the west side of the straw-stack late in the afternoon when he went out for a piece of wood for his carving. I think a brave Elsa would have cried or scolded then, if there had been time. Doing neither, she said: "Olaf you go and get the lantern, quick; we've got to get those oxen

right off." And out it was nothing less ground brought them into the teeth of the lantern would be. In another minute the on the ground holding obliging post, while them and the sleek back into the house lantern. Then Elsa just leaving their strapped to Olaf's waist window, and they almost double, keeping moving with the great hands and knees, they was only a few rods from the poor animals stand blind, dazed, their heads in ice, and their shouted at them, but hear. Holding the lantern that they were breathing ice about their nostrils thing to be done. The nose of one of the oxen other; and there they was melted and the heads a little and breath she did was to unstrap push it under the edge ing it so its light would visible from the house the wind she struck found something to be They tied the strap Olaf began to pull, an encouraged as well as poor beast began slow The wind was at their at them, and they side of the house. Elsa went back for the second dragged beside its man a prairie storm can us and their knees shook and dropped down behind had hot coffee-ready hearts soon pumped fire they tackled the last they did the first.

Taking quilts from the icy bodies of the sponged out the eyes the great heads out of problem of where to Shelter they must have was plain that they were And how? The door great bodies through off; and at it they were Elsa's strong arms she found time to shrunken so much to easy. But even when the opening was still chopped away with the part of their work of last, and with much dered beasts were hon the opening. Never Elsa after she had ch beside her mother foot

But in telling me all of her own bravery, it happened to be at home the fervor with which her good daughter told you are brave and my chance, you read this may easily happen), should be made over were glad to do what Yes, Elsa, there lie you "do your duty you I always remember Anyas Leigh: "He thing without thinking spirit of God was in h

While Y

Growing girls and it is while they are figures for after life more every day, drop unevenly, so that one these defects, easily hard in ten years. erect, straight figure possessor, and are won An easy way to pr right. Just before you wall and see that you once; then, in that head up and your chest will take care of them A Southern school to walk always as if imaginary carriage j advice, for it kept things are of no value your attractiveness, to pay heed.—New York

The Young People

EDITORS, J. D. FREEMAN, G. R. WHITE. Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. G. R. White, Fairville, St. John.

B. Y. P. U. Prayer Meeting Topic—April 17.

Living well because saved by grace, 1 Peter 1:13-19. Peter rightly regards the salvation wrought out by Jesus Christ as the supreme exhibition of Infinite power and matchless grace. So wondrous is it in the unsearchable depths of its mysteries, that not only did the prophets, "that prophesied of the grace that should come," seek and search diligently concerning it, but even the angels, with all their exalted privileges and knowledge, "desire to look into" its hidden depths. "Wherefore," he argues, that we who are the objects of such a redemption—a redemption "not with corruptible things," "but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot"—should be "also holy in all manner of living." His injunction reveals a convincing logic and takes the form of a beautiful climax.

- 1. "Gird up the loins of your mind." Be strong-minded. Christianity appeals to the intellect, yea, more, it strengthens it. Hear Paul, "I know whom I have believed and am persuaded, etc." A weak-minded Christian is an anomaly. 2. "Be sober." Peter does not mean that we should wear a lugubrious countenance or cultivate a sanctimonious solemnity of manner, but that we should deport ourselves with Christlike dignity, befitting our "high calling" in Him. Frivolous conduct ill becomes the King's messengers, charged with the mightiest message of the ages. 3. "Hope to the end," or more correctly "set your hope perfectly." "Set your hope," and then don't interfere with it. You can't afford to take the chances of shipwreck involved in pulling up your "anchor to the soul" every day to see if its flukes are not getting rusty. 4. "As obedient children." This is the supreme consideration. We have been saved unto obedient service. (a) Because "he which hath called you is holy." Called into a holy fellowship, we must put away the former lusts and yield ourselves to the working of His spirit. (b) Because "it is written." This seals the whole matter. If we knew nothing of the methods of salvation, the "Be ye holy" would still reveal the will of the Infinite and set the standard of Christian living. Our pledge of "Loyalty to Christ in all things" brings home this supreme command with peculiar force to Baptist young people. J. B. MORGAN. Aylesford, N. S.

The Executive Committee at Sackville, N. B.

The Executive Committee of B. Y. P. U. of the Maritime Provinces met at Sackville, April the 6th, at 2.30 p. m. There were present: President Wall, Secretary Estabrook, C. W. Corey, G. A. Lawson, J. H. McDonald, G. R. White, B. Lusby, A. T. Weldon, Dr. Steele and Dr. Roberts, with others, who were invited to seats. Sackville is a good place for a crowd and to be entertained. Pastor Daley and his people received us most graciously, and entertained the strangers in a royal manner. The pastor and his people are in the midst of a far-reaching revival. The new pastor has been abundant in labor since the first of the year, holding meetings almost every night. About 75 persons have been baptized during the past three months. The Executive committee had important matters to consider, such as the visit of Dr. Chivers of Chicago, to the Maritime Provinces, during the coming summer, the outline programme for the Maritime B. Y. P. U. to meet at Amherst, in August. It will only be possible for Dr. Chivers to touch a few points outside the Convention at Amherst: St. Stephen, Fredericton, St. John, Moncton, Truro North Sydney, Halifax, Bridgetown and Yarmouth were named. The programme for the annual convention was placed in the hands of the President and Secretary as a committee. Some points in the constitution were considered and recommendations made many matters relative to the work were considered. The work of the Executive was important and vital to the young people's work as a whole. A large congregation met in the church in the evening. President Wall in his pleasing manner introduced the speakers of the evening. Dr. Steele discussed the "Educative features of the B. Y. P. U." Rev. G. R. White "The danger point in the history of our young people's work." Rev. C. W. Corey, "The dangers of organization." Rev. G. A. Lawson, "Our one purpose to save men." The speakers were in a happy mood and dealt with their subjects in a concise and pleasing manner. The interest on the part of the audience was unabated throughout. The Young People were present in large numbers. We believe that this new departure on the part of the Executive will be productive of lasting good. COM.

Halifax North Baptist B. Y. B. U.

Our B. Y. P. U. held its annual business meeting on March 28. Reports from officers and various committees were read, showing that in the different departments the work had been well carried on. The devotional meetings carried on for the most part by the members have been well attended and interesting. Our "Jubilee" services were both interesting and profitable. The membership committee report an increase of twenty-three active and three associate members. Two of our associate members have recently become active members. The following officers were elected for the year: Pres., Chas. R. Hobie; Vice-Pres., Alice Haverstock; Sec'y, May Kierstead; Cor.-Sec'y, Ella McCarthy; Treas., N. B. Smith. We have an interesting S. L. C. class, taught by our pastor, and we hope to make a good showing in the coming examination. We hope to make this year the best in our history, because filled with more consecrated service for our Master. ELLA M. MCCARTHY, Cor.-Sec'y.

Feathered Arrows—Whichever Way.

Whichever way the wind doth blow Some heart is glad to have it so. Then blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows—that wind is best. My little craft sails not alone. A thousand fleets from every zone Are out upon a thousand seas, And what for me were favoring breeze Might dash another, with the shock Of doom, upon some hidden rock, And so, I do not dare to pray For winds that waft me on my way, But leave it to a higher will To stay or speed me, trusting still That all is well and sure that he Who launched my bark will sail with me Through storm and calm and will not fail, Whatever breezes may prevail, To land me, every peril passed, Within his sheltering heaven at last. Then whatsoever wind doth blow Some heart is glad to have it so. And blow it east or blow it west, The wind that blows—that wind is best. —Woman's Record.

Our Juniors.

April Days.

Oh, April dear, once more you are here; All nature leaps to meet you: Sweet crocus brave, in purple silk, Comes forth in haste to greet you. Fair daffodil, expecting you, Retains her cap in yellow, The bluebird hurries from the South With welcome blithe and mellow. The gentle, nunlike violets Come out in glad procession, And armed with shining emerald spears The grasses take possession. And merrily the children go, Their hearts brimful of pleasure, To find in many a woodland nook The Mayflower's fragrant treasure. —Mary F. Butts.

Making Amends.

The two little boys had been "on a tear" nearly all day and their mother was so tired out that she found it necessary to lie down and apply a damp handkerchief to her forehead to ease the headache. A little later George stopped pummeling his small brother Harrison and going upstairs hovered about the room uneasily, casting furtive glances at his mother, and seeming alike anxious that something should be done and ignorant of the way to do it. In the meantime Harrison began struggling upstairs after George. With his appearance a solution of George's difficulty presented itself. Running up to Harrison, he exclaimed: Look here Harrison, don't you see mamma is ill? Ain't you goin' to 'pologize for me hittin' you?"

"One thing have I desired, that I will seek after; that I"—in my study; I, in my shop; I, in my parlor, kitchen, or nursery; I, in my studio; I, in my lecture-hall—"may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." In our "Father's house are many mansions." The room that we spend most of our lives in, each of us at our tasks or our work-tables, may be in our Father's house, too! and it is only we that can secure that it shall be.—Alexander McLaren, D. D.

Loyalty to Christ should stand first in Christian thought and life. Everything else should be adjusted and controlled by that. Test your relation to church, society, state, business, everything by that.

right off." And out they went into the tempest, for by now it was nothing less. A dozen steps over the slippery ground brought them around the corner of the house, into the teeth of the wind. Down went Olaf, and away the lantern would have rolled if Elsa had not caught it. In another minute the light was out, and they were both on the ground holding fast to each other and to an obliging post, while the wind roared and raged above them and the sleet lashed their bare faces. Getting back into the house as best they could, they relit the lantern. Then Elsa tied handkerchiefs over their faces, just leaving their eyes exposed. The lantern was strapped to Olaf's waist, a candle was set in the kitchen window, and they started out once more. Bending almost double, keeping the lantern between them and moving with the greatest care, sometimes crawling on hands and knees, they reached the straw-stack which was only a few rods from the house. There they found the poor animals standing right in the face of the wind, blind, dazed, their heads hanging, their bodies incased in ice, and their limbs bending under them. Elsa shouted at them, but their ice-covered ears failed to hear. Holding the lantern close to their heads she saw that they were breathing with difficulty because of the ice about their nostrils. To get that off was the first thing to be done. Putting her warm hands over the nose of one of the oxen she bade Olaf do the same to the other; and there they held them till the frosty covering was melted and the poor beasts began to lift up their heads a little and breathe more freely. The next thing she did was to unstrap the lantern from Olaf's waist and push it under the edge of a wagon-box lying near, leaving it so its light would be safe from the gale and yet be visible from the house. In putting the lantern out of the wind she struck a loose picket-stake, and at once found something to be thankful for.

They tied the strap to the horns of the weaker animal, Olaf began to pull, and Elsa to beat and prod with her providential picket-stake, while they both shouted and encouraged as well as the storm would let them, and the poor beast began slowly to move its ice-bound limbs. The wind was at their backs, the candle beamed bravely at them, and they soon had their charge on the sheltered side of the house. Before they rested a minute they went back for the second ox, which was coaxed and dragged beside its mate. Only one who has been out in a prairie storm can understand how their lungs ached and their knees shook when they went into the house and dropped down beside the table, where their mother had hot coffee ready for them. But their strong young hearts soon pumped fresh blood through their veins, and they tackled the last half of their difficulty as bravely as they did the first.

Taking quilts from the bed, they wrapped them about the icy bodies of the reared oxen. With hot water they sponged out the eyes and ears and noses. They turned the great heads out of the wind, and then considered the problem of where to house the creatures for the night. Shelter they must have: the stable was impossible. It was plain that they must get them into the sod kitchen. And how? The door was much too narrow to let their great bodies through. Well, then the door must come off; and at it they went with a will.

Elsa's strong arms plied ax and hammer and saw, and she found time to be thankful that the sods were shrunken so much that the work was comparatively easy. But even when the door and its casing were out, the opening was still too narrow, and the sods had to be chopped away with the ax. This was almost the hardest part of their work of tearing down, but it was done at last, and with much thumping and prodding the bewildered beasts were housed and the door braced up against the opening. Never was there a more tired girl than Elsa after she had changed her wet clothes and sat down beside her mother for their evening prayers.

But in telling me about it she seemed never to think of her own bravery, only of how glad she was that she happened to be at home; and she wondered a little at the fervor with which her quiet mother thanked God for her good daughter.

Brave, modest, cheerful Elsa! you don't know that you are brave and modest and cheerful; and if, perchance, you read this little sketch of yourself (which may easily happen), you will only wonder why any fuss should be made over just the doing one's duty; you were glad to do what you did.

Yes, Elsa, there lies the secret of your cheerfulness; you "do your duty with joy." And when I think of you I always remember what Kingsley says about his Anyas Leigh: "He spent his life just doing the right thing without thinking about it," because the right spirit of God was in him."—The Independent.

While You are Growing.

Growing girls and boys do not always appreciate that it is while they are growing that they are forming their figures for after life. Drooping the shoulders a little more every day, drooping the head as one walks, standing unevenly, so that one hip sinks more than the other—all these defects, easily corrected now, will be five times as hard in ten years. A graceful, easy carriage, and an erect, straight figure are a pleasure to behold and a possession, and are worth striving for.

An easy way to practice walking well is to start out right. Just before you leave the house, walk up to the wall and see that your toes, chest and nose touch it at once; then, in that attitude, walk away. Keep your head up and your chest out, and your shoulders and back will take care of themselves.

A Southern school teacher used to instruct her pupils to walk always as if trying to look over the top of an imaginary carriage just in front of them. It was good advice, for it kept the head raised. Don't think these things are of no value. They add to your health and your attractiveness, two things to which everybody should pay heed.—New York Times.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:

"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 APRIL.

For our Grand Ligne Mission, that brother and sister Grenier may be greatly encouraged by seeing souls saved.

Notice.

The Union meeting of the W. M. A. S. of St. John and Fairville will be held in Carleton on Tuesday, 19th, at 3.30 o'clock. Tea will be provided by the Carleton ladies and a public meeting at 8 p. m. All are cordially invited to attend.

An Easter Awakening.

Glad Easter bells were chiming as Mrs. Burton Trescott decorously followed her broad-shouldered husband down the aisle, and swept past him into their well-cushioned pew. She bowed her head a moment in silent prayer, but Mr. Trescott did not. He was a generous, kind and genial man, one of the "brothers-in-law" of the church, but not a Christian. In fact, he was somewhat inclined to use the microscope when he looked at those who were, and to congratulate himself that his attainments were quite equal to theirs. Every new pastor, in the prayerful silence of the old parsonage study, prepared a "special sermon" for this splendid man; so that in the course of years sufficient spiritual ammunition had been wasted upon him to have converted an entire heathen village. Wasted? I am not acquainted with the laws which govern spiritual dynamics, so you may limit that word according to your faith.

As soon as Mrs. Trescott raised her head, she critically surveyed the flowers. She had worked over them until nearly midnight, and knew just where the evergreen had been massed to hide the old singing-books which formed a portion of the pyramid. The work was evidently well done, and the potted plants were beautifully grouped on either side, and the few Easter lilies were just where they showed to best advantage.

Mrs. Trescott's next anxiety was concerning the choir, which, sensitive body that it was—with nerves for wires and "feelings" for keys,—had been "out of tune" for weeks. But the leader and the minister and the music committee had been acting as a "Court of Arbitration," and when in due time the reunited whole appeared, she smiled in glad relief. The opening anthem was an inspiration. "The Lord is risen, is risen indeed!" rang out the sweet, high soprano, and the full chorus repeated over and over the joyful news which thrills all Christendom. A couple of boys heavily freighted with "Sunday 'Eralds" paused to listen as they shifted their "business man's Bible" from one tired arm to the other; and two or three tramps, from the station near by, leaned against convenient railings in dejected silence, for, sepulchred in sins as they were, they recognized the spell of Easter music.

Thus far, all went well; but when, after the opening exercises, Mr. Westgate, the pastor, announced as his theme, Missions, and his text,—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel," Mrs. Trescott cast one look of dismay toward her husband, and sat in uneasy discontent through the sermon and its practical application.

"O dear!" she exclaimed, as soon as they turned away from the crowd into a more quiet street, "to think he should preach a missionary sermon Easter Sunday! a regular begging sermon. And there was Mrs. McAllister at our church for the first time."

"Come visiting, did she?" asked Mr. Trescott. "Why, no, Burton! You know she is that wealthy widow who has just come to the city. What must she have thought of such an Easter sermon? I didn't dare look toward her after the subscription papers started."

"But I did. She took one, and signed it, too." "Of course she had to. But she won't care to come again, I'm sure. That's just the way! We frighten people with our multitudinous collections."

"But what kind of a sermon were you expecting? I don't quite understand." Mr. Trescott asked the question in a preoccupied tone, and his wife felt almost tried that he was apparently unmoved by opinions.

"Why, you know what an Easter sermon ought to be,—such as dear Dr. Spencer used to give us. Something spiritual, and elevating, and poetic and heavenly,—to suit the music and the flowers."

Mr. Trescott made no reply, and the subject was not referred to again until they sat down to dinner. Then his wife suddenly exclaimed:

"Mrs. McAllister begged for a missionary contribution the first time she appears in our church! I can't get over it, Burton."

"I wouldn't feel so troubled if I were you. I guess she's able to take care of her money,—most people are. And perhaps she feels as Westgate does about the present moment being pivotal,—wasn't that what he said?"

"Yes, the 'great opportunity' is always just now

when he is on a begging tournament," she replied, with a vexed laugh.

Mr. Trescott did not give an answering smile, but sat twirling his fork in an absent-minded fashion. His wife suddenly realized that his repartees had been neither playful nor sarcastic, as usual.

"What is the matter, Burton? Are't you feeling well?" she inquired.

"Yes; but, Mattie, I wish you wouldn't talk so. I'm an old sinner I know, but I can't help noticing how touchy you are over what you call 'the benevolences.'"

"Why, Burton!" said his wife in arieved tone. "Yes, I've always noticed it. You don't mind saying, 'I must have some money' for this, that, and the other; but you say, 'I suppose I've got to have some money, when it comes to church work. You do, now, and you needn't deny it. Lots of Christians act just that way,—as if they were paying taxes to some dreaded and dreadful old tyrant. Now, today, I couldn't help admiring Westgate, when he said the risen Lord had left a big business in the hands of His followers. In my business I have to do lots of advertising. Takes a good deal of money, but I calculate it pays. So if this religion is a business, and all these Christians are in it, I can't understand what they have to growl about when the minister asks for money to advertise it. You literally 'want the earth'; and if you get it you've got to be in dead earnest. You've got to let the nations see advertising agents everywhere, till they believe you've got the best thing there is in the market. Westgate made me see this thing as I never saw it before; when he said, 'Whose hands are outstretched for your gifts this morning? Not mine, but the pierced hands of the risen Lord, I had a kind of vision. And I seemed to see what He could do for this wretched old earth if everybody would respond.'"

Mrs. Trescott looked at her husband with a strange, puzzled expression; but within her heart an almost lifeless hope was stirring.

He continued, speaking rapidly and earnestly. "I thought,—suppose it's all true, and this 'Christ-love,' as Westgate says, is really bound to win! What if those rusty old nations,—China, India, Japan and all the rest, are coming to the cross! What if the bullet-headed Turks and degenerate Africans are to have their churches and their Easter songs and flowers!—What if it is all actually true; true in a plumb-line, yard-wide sense; why Mattie! don't you see it's the only business in the universe that's going to succeed?"

There were tears in the strong man's eyes as he paused, and his voice was husky with feeling. Mrs. Trescott arose impulsively, and knelt beside him. "Burton," she whispered, "you never talked this way before. You couldn't if you didn't believe. Do tell me!"

Recalled to himself he met her beseeching look with some confusion.

"Well, Mattie, said he, laying his hand tenderly upon her head "wouldn't it be strange if what pastors, teachers and evangelists have failed to do, has been accomplished by your despised missionary sermon? No dear, don't speak yet. You see I hadn't got hold of the underlying idea before. I've been told that Jesus died for me, but the whole tremendous scheme burst upon me to-day. Death—life—immortality for the world! O, that is worthy the God-man! And then—I wanted to do my share—just my share, in bringing it all to pass. Yes, Mattie, since the morning sermon, I've just longed to rise from the dead and follow my Lord!"

The great unexpected joy was too much to grasp at once, and Mrs. Trescott knelt like the women of old, bewildered in the presence of her Lord!

"O, Burton!" she exclaimed, "while I counted the lilies, and criticised the minister, you saw the risen Christ and believed."

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

At the last meeting of the Foreign Mission Board, Miss Helena Blackader, at present a teacher in Wayland Seminary, Washington D. C., was appointed a member of the missionary staff for service in India. Miss Blackader will enter upon the work to which she has been appointed as soon as the Board shall be put in possession of the funds to enable them to meet the increased expense. Our sister is the daughter of Rev. I. A. Blackader of Pleasant Valley, Yarmouth Co., and the grand daughter of the late Rev. Geo. F. Miles of Amherst. She is a graduate of our own Acadia, and is in every respect qualified for the high service to which she has been appointed. It is very desirable that the sister enter upon her work as soon as possible. Will the churches and the friends of missions generally respond to the increased and increasing demands of the work? There are several other applications before the Executive Committee of the W. B. M. U. for consideration. There are those who want to go. The question now is how many are there who will help go? The Board is ready to encourage all who present themselves for this service, and are found to possess the needed qualifications. The harvest is plentiful, the rewards are abundant, and the blessing assured. The need of to-day at home is the conviction of a personal responsibility on the part of every disciple of Jesus Christ, to give the people who sit in darkness a chance to see the true light. For this conviction we ought to pray more earnestly, and we ought to try to bring it about as speedily as possible.

Word has just come to hand that Miss A. C. Gray who is at home on furlough will be unable to proceed to her work in India as soon as she expected. Her physician has expressed himself as decidedly opposed to her leaving this country in the present condition of her health. This is a great disappointment to our sister, and to us as a Board. We pray for our sister in this time of testing and ask all who love our Lord to join with us in so doing.

In an appeal to the Board from the Missionary Conference lately held in Bobbili, the brethren say: We would praise God for His blessings upon the Telugu work during the past year. It has rejoiced our weary hearts to see so many of the heathen turning unto God from idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven. It looks now as if our mission would experience an increasingly large ingathering the result of the faithful sowing in the years gone by. God has used the famine and the cholera, the plague and the wars and the earthquake, to awaken India from her slumbers. His Holy Spirit is now hovering over this land, we believe, and will open doors of faith before us everywhere. This is certainly a most critical hour in India's history. This is the time to 'go in and possess the land' for the Lord Jesus. We are deeply touched as we realize our present missionary opportunity, and we would that 25 consecrated young men as many young ladies were ready to step into this work with us and push forward gloriously this publication of the glad tidings in all these 4000 villages, where these 2,000,000 Telugus live, for whom Christ died, whom Christ loves, and who are fast slipping o'er the brink into a hell that is everlasting, and a woe that will never be assuaged while the eternal ages roll on. Surely this is our opportunity. The people are everywhere more thoughtful and attentive, as we preach Christ to them,—not so terribly indifferent, not so blasphemously bitter, not so blindly devoted to their heathen rites, as they were. As we see, our opportunity we wish we could each be multiplied a hundred fold, we long for re-enforcements from home and even more for re-enforcements from heaven. Do you wonder that we feel utterly helpless in face of this mighty task and that we are being more and more convinced that the supreme need of the hour as far as we are concerned is to look to God for the inducement from on high?

But this is not all, read still further so that you may get into your minds and on your hearts the great and pressing needs of the mission field. We want to urge upon you the need of sending further recruits this fall. We especially need families, but we can use to advantage any workers, male or female, single or married, that the Lord may send. Even with our present supply of buildings at the stations already opened we could accommodate several families and several single workers, that, in after the completion of the Tekkali buildings now under construction. Will you not make it a matter of very earnest and repeated prayer that the Lord may be pleased to send us two families at least this fall? Brethren, pray, pray, for us. The Lord help us to pray constantly for you, may He who is able to do, hear our prayers and yours and grant us this year in blessedfulness, better spiritual equipment, an abundant ingathering, and a noble re-enforcement from the home land.

Such in part is the appeal which has come to the Foreign Mission Board. We feel its force and to some extent, our responsibility. Certainly we would send the men and the women, but we must have the help and the co-operation of our brothers and the sisters in the churches and especially our pastors. May this year be in deed and in truth 'a year of the right hand of the Most High' in our Telugu Mission. Let us pray and work for it.

Keep Well

Easy to say, but how shall I do it? In the only common sense way—keep your head cool, your feet warm and your blood rich and pure by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then all your nerves, muscles, tissues and organs will be properly nourished. Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up the system, creates an appetite, tones the stomach and gives strength. It is the people's Favorite Medicine, has a larger sale and eff. its more cures than all others. Hood's Sarsaparilla absolutely and permanently cures when all others fail.

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The plates of "The Baptist Principle," were destroyed in the recent fire in Philadelphia, hence this "new Enlarged Edition," gives the author an opportunity to make some needed corrections, and for the incorporation of such emendations as he has deemed desirable. The author has also appended new matter to the extent of nearly one-half that of the earlier volume, which greatly enhances the value of the book.

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but ext from the Ayer's Ch cine can remedy nent aid affections soothes the dices ref "I had a Lient and for pronou remedies, by Chary Lect "A short est are effe elians nor e la despair of bought a bo Les than on G A Cher Medical ad Dept. J. C. A Special Offerin ary I L Sharpe's preacher, \$20 Baptist church David, \$40; M Mrs Henry Va Blackville, \$1 \$2; Mrs J L B Rev J C Morse \$5; John Wil per Lydia and Milton, Queen O M coll, \$7; Jones (direct) \$25; Ella and Mrs E S Swee Casperaux c Tekkali buildi \$1; Mrs C E I Two friends, Brooklyn Sun Friday School Before report 1st, \$1013.12. MR. G Edwin L. C Rev W. H. Rol \$5; Rev. J. C. \$5; B. Y. P. U \$50; Mrs A Before report \$182. Total genera port, \$1195.12. St. John, Ap The District C The District S., held its last 5th. Eight of county were pr Pastor Read at Cambridge to the church b Pastor Nobles. their new pasto tereating missi has a Sabbath S a Sabbath even prayer meeting, this work Bro. by several Chris and by a numbe Interesting rep Societies were tary, President The church as read by M. F. P. interesting discu At the eveni Societies were re

Bad for Bronchitis

but extremely good for the sufferer from that harassing disease is Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. No medicine can compare with this great remedy in the prompt and permanent aid it gives in all bronchial affections. It stops the cough, soothes the irritated throat, and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had a bronchial trouble of such a persistent and stubborn character that the doctor pronounced it incurable with ordinary remedies, but recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. One bottle cured me."

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Special Offerings to Foreign Missions January 1st to April 1st, 1898.

L. Sharpe's Bible class, support of Native preacher, \$22; Charles Skinner, \$5; North Baptist church Sunday School, support of David, \$40; Mrs Alfred A Davidson, \$2; Mrs Henry Van Lewin, \$1; A friend, Upper Blackville, \$1; Mrs Elizabeth Sutherland, \$2; Mrs J L Brown, \$1; John Nalder, \$10; Rev J C Morse, support of Rev L D Morse, \$5; John Wilbur, \$200; Hebron church, per Lydia and Alice Churchill, \$1; A sister, Milton, Queens Co, \$12.64; Onalow West, O M coll, \$7; Mrs A N Whitman, \$20; O Jones (direct), \$25; A friend, Hantsport, \$25; Ella and Charlotte Bleakney, \$28; Mrs E S Sweet, \$2; Pulpit-supply, \$15; Caspersex church, B Y P U, \$5.25; For Calkin building fund (Miss H H Wright, \$1; Mrs C E Miller and daughter, \$1.50; Two friends, \$2; Mrs Sherwood, \$1; Brooklyn Sunday School, \$20; Guysboro Sunday School, \$3) \$8.92. Total \$146.82. Before reported, \$576.30. Total to April 1st, \$723.12.

MR. GULLISON'S SUPPORT.

Edwin L Crosby, \$5; Rev T Todd, \$5; Rev W H Robinson, \$5; Mattie Phillips, \$5; Rev J C Morse, \$5; Enoch Stubbert, \$5; B Y P U, Tabernacle church, Halifax, \$50; Mrs A T Dykeman, \$5. Total \$85. Before reported, \$97. Total to April 1st, \$182.

Total general and for Mr Gullison's support, \$1195.12. J. W. MANNING, Sec'y-Treas-F. M. E. St. John, April 1st.

The District Committee of Kings Co., N. S. The District Committee of Kings Co., N. S., held its last meeting at Wolfville, April 5th. Eight of the eleven pastors in the county were present.

Pastor Read has recently baptized seven at Cambridge. Several have been added to the church by baptism in Kentville by Pastor Nobles. Wolfville is happy with their new pastor. This church has an interesting mission station in the town that has a Sabbath School of about 60 members, a Sabbath evening service and a weekly prayer meeting, both well sustained. In this work Bro. Noble Crandall is assisted by several Christian workers of the church and by a number of students.

Interesting reports of the work of W. A. Societies were presented by County Secretary, President and others. A paper on The Church as divinely constituted was read by M. R. Freeman, which elicited an interesting discussion.

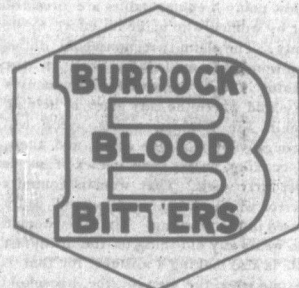
At the evening service the W. M. A. Societies were represented by Mrs. Bigney

and Mrs. H. S. Baker, who gave well written papers. Bro. H. H. Saunders spoke on Foreign Missions and D. H. Simpson on the Forward Movement.

The County B. Y. P. U. had arranged for a rally at the same place on the previous day, but several who were to take part in this service failed to put in an appearance. The programme of the evening was only partially carried out. Pastor Hatch gave valuable suggestions on How to interest our young people in culture work, and G. A. Lawson, pastor of the West End church, Halifax, spoke to them on What for the summer months—work, or a vacation? It was decided to hold the next District Meeting with the Lower Aylesford church in July. M. P. F., Sec'y.

A Grateful Testimony.

The mention of the departure of Rev. Edward Hickson, in the last MESSENGER AND VISITOR brings before me a picture of the past. In April 1872 a lad nearing manhood was impressed with a sense of his sinfulness and need of a Saviour. Rev. Edward Hickson was then pastor of the churches at St. George and 2nd Falls. At the latter place this young man lived. After struggling for a time in the darkness of sin he made his way to Pastor Hickson's home. Most cordially was he received and after learning the errand of the young man, Pastor Hickson opened to him the Scriptures, and lead him to a throne of grace in prayer. In that good man's home the burden left the young man's heart and he returned to his home with gladness of soul. Pastor Hickson preached that evening in the home church at 2nd Falls from the text: There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth, etc. On the 16th of June 1872 this young man was baptized at 2nd Falls by Rev. E. Hickson and received into the fellowship of the church. He afterwards entered the ministry and never felt more like doubling his diligence than today after reading the account of the removal of this spiritual father in the gospel of Christ. Edward Hickson was a noble man, a good counsellor, a true friend and a devoted servant of Christ. Our loss is his gain. W. J. STEWART, Canton, Ills., April and.



Mrs. Thos. McCann, Mooresville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with biliousness, headache, and lost appetite. I could not rest at night, and was very weak, but after using three bottles of B.B.B. my appetite has returned, and I am better than I have been for years. I would not be without Burdock Blood Bitters. It is such a safe and good remedy that I am giving it to my children."

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LOT No. 2, FLOWER SEEDS. Aster, Large Flowering; Everlastings, mixed; Pink, Double China; Pansy, new large mixed; Petunia, mixed; Sweet Pea, mixed; Garden Wild Flower; Zinnia, double mixed. The seeds are selected for Maritime Provinces climate—lists cannot be changed. Address: THE BAIRD COMPANY, LIMITED, Woodstock, N. B.

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The designs are new and original and not to be found in any other catalogue. If you are interested in building you will find it very useful.

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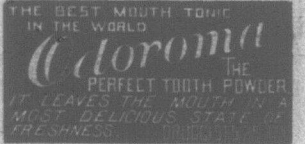
The remarkable increase of deaths from asthma, within the past fifteen years, is now attracting the earnest consideration and study of the highest medical authorities, who are making the most strenuous efforts to check its further development.

The following death rate of asthmatics has been prepared from the latest statistics, and reveals the startling fact that there are in North America today not less than 300,000 persons troubled with asthma in one or more of its forms. To this number are now added each year about 30,000 new cases. Nearly 15,000 die each year, leaving an annual increase of about 12,000 asthmatics.

The Liebig Company will send a free sample bottle of Liebig's Asthma Cure by mail to any reader of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR who has Asthma, Hay Asthma, or Hay Fever. If you are a sufferer, don't fail to take advantage of this free offer.

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easy and thoroughly. Best after dinner pills. 25 cents. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pill to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Unless the blood is absolutely pure the body will be in an unhealthy condition and sickness will be sure to arise.

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and SYRUP, which have been tested for the last 60 years, curing many cases of Dropsy, Liver Complaint, Humors and all Blood Diseases.

If you want proof write us for testimonials of those who have been cured by them in the provinces.

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Puttner's Emulsion produces pure, rich blood, and restores vigor and strength, and bloom to the cheek.

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DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

THE MOST PROMPT, Pleasant and Perfect Cure for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy, Pain in the Chest and all Throat, Bronchial and Lung Diseases.

The healing anti-consumptive virtues of the Norway Pine are combined in this medicine with Wild Cherry and other pectoral Herbs and Balsams to make a true specific for all forms of disease originating from colds.

Price - 25c. and 50c.

TWO YOUNG MEN,

JAMES L. RALSTON, Amherst, and MALCOLM A. McLEOD, Baddeck, C. B., completed the Commercial Course at Whiston and Frazee's College in ELEVEN WEEKS, securing highest grade certificates. Free Catalogue on application to B. E. WHISTON, Principal, 96 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

The Home

Taking Care of Clothes.

It is not so hard to care for one's clothes as it is to get them in the first instance. Yet, strangely enough, those who have the fewest garments take least pains to preserve their freshness.

Rich women, having French maids, their gowns and bonnets looked after with a jealous care that women who peed such service scarcely dream of. It is not wear that makes a drabbed mass of your best gown in two months. It is lack of care when it is off your back. If you fold it up or hang it, ten to one you do it badly.

Hang all your dress waists and skirts, but suspend them on "coat hangers," not on hooks or nails. The way shopkeepers care for ready-made garments is an excellent object-lesson. A large supply of coat-hangers can be bought for a dollar, or, if you are out of reach of the ready-made article, manufacture them. Half a barrel hoop, with a loop or string in the middle, makes a satisfactory substitute.

Hanging only serves for stiff or heavy fabrics, not when they are of thin goods. In that case garments are apt to become stringy. Light materials must be folded sleeves and bows stuffed out with tissue-paper, and all given plenty of room.

Skirt-bags are a luxury, even a necessity, for handsome garments. They are great square sacks of white cotton, longer than the skirts, and into which the skirt can be slipped without crushing. A sachet suspended in the center imparts to the skirt a fragrance which makes it as sweet and fresh as a flower.

Skirts should not only be brushed when taken off, but the silk lining ought to be well wiped with a dry cloth. This should be done at once, and the skirt then put away properly. It is tumbling about on chairs, waiting to be disposed of, that ruins many clothes. Gloves must be pulled in shape as soon as they are taken off, and not put away until they are dried.—The Household.

Helping One Another.

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

"It's too heavy for me," said Jimmy. "Well, you're big as I am, 'cause we're twins," said Nellie.

"I won't carry it!" said the little cousin with a pout. Mamma looked from her open window, and saw the trouble.

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

"We don't know," said the twins. "They all look hold of it together," said mamma, "and then they could fly with it."

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

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

A Newfoundland Hero.

Wednesday morning Ranchman Sam Dodge, who lives seventeen miles southwest of here, in the Oase country, went to Vinits on business, and shortly after he had gone, Beesie his five-year-old daughter, wandered away from home in an attempt to follow him. Mrs. Dodge discovered her absence about two hours after Sam's departure. She made a thorough search of the premises, and failing to find the child, notified the neighbors of her disappearance. They turned out in force and scoured the prairies all that day and all that night and all the next day, searching for the little wanderer. Late Thursday evening an Indian came upon her lying fast asleep, just south of Post Oak creek, in an old road known as the "Whiskey Trail." Across her body stood a New-

foundland dog, which had always been her companion about the ranch. The dog was torn and bleeding, and near his feet lay the dead bodies of two wolves. Although her cheeks were stained with tears and covered with dust, Beesie was unharmed. She and her protector were taken back to her home, a distance of twelve miles from where they were found, where the dog died of his wounds that night. He was given a decent burial, and yesterday Sam Dodge ordered a marble monument, which will be placed at the head of the faithful animal's grave.—Our Dumb Animals.

An Industrious Cat.

A lady in California has a cat and an olive orchard. She has taught the cat to pick up the olives that fall from the trees, and put them in a basket. The basket is put under a tree, and Biddad—that is the cat's name—is called. He sets to work at once, and acts as if he enjoyed picking up the nuts, which he does with his mouth. When the basket is full, he goes in and pulls his mistress' apron to let her know she must come and get the basket before the nuts are stolen. The second thing that Biddad has been taught to do is to churn. The churn is a small one, and the treadle light. At the side of the churn a small bell is hung. Biddad has learned when the butter is ready by the sound in the churn. When he thinks the butter is ready he stops churning and rings the bell. Biddad seems to enjoy the churning, so perhaps his natural industry is his enjoyment. We know boys who are happiest when working, so why not cats?—Guardian.

The Morning Toilet.

The finest compliment we ever heard paid to a woman was by her husband, and he said in speaking of her:

"We always think of her as a morning glory, because she looks so bright and cheery and pretty at the breakfast table."

How many breakfast tables are presided over by women who make no effort to be dainty. The claim that household duties keep woman from looking well in the morning is easily disproved, for in many a household where the lady gives a helping hand in the kitchen, a big apron will thoroughly protect her dress, and then, too, cooking, unless one makes it so, is never dirty work. That woman commits an error who looks uncared for and badly dressed in the morning. The other woman who wears any old thing to the breakfast table is also making a mistake, for that is the time when the men of the household ought to see a woman at her best and not specially rely on her appearance in the evening, when the soft and charitable light of the gas will hide many defects.—Household.

Brief and Decisive Opinions About Diamond Dyes.

Mrs. J. H. Coulter, Neepawa, Man., says: "I always have much pleasure in using Diamond Dyes; I think they are grand agents for making old things look like new."

Mrs. A. Raycraft, Leeds, P. Q., gives her experience in seven words: "I am delighted with your Diamond Dyes."

Mrs. Chas. Hutchings, Jones' Falls, Ont., writes:

"Have used several packages of your Diamond Dyes and find them better than any other make; they never fade or crack, and are entirely satisfactory."

Mrs. John Merritt, Sandy Cove, N. S., says:

"Have used Diamond Dyes for over seven years, and have found them great success."

Mrs. David Grant, Mountain Station, Ont., says: "Diamond Dyes far surpass all other dyes that I have tried."

KDC and K. D. G. Pills the Great Twin Remedies for Indigestion and Dyspepsia. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., and 157 State St., Boston, Mass.



COMMUNION WARE—Guaranteed Best Quality. Flagon, 10 inches high \$10. Plates, 10 inches diameter, \$4. Goblet, gold lined, \$4.50 each. Individual Goblet 50 cents each. We have sold these goods for over 25 years and they give perfect satisfaction. When ordering for use of churches deduct 25 per cent, cash discount. M. S. BROWN & CO. Wholesale and Retail Jewellers, HALIFAX, N. S.

"Whoever Hath, to Him Shall be Given" That is Scripture, and its truthfulness is verified by every-day experience. It is true of those having a thorough business training and those holding any other possessions. This is proved by the fact that our graduates hold almost every leading position in Saint John, and comprise a large percentage of our most capable business men. TWENTY (20) students already, March 29, in good situations this year. Catalogue of our Business Course, and of the Isaac Pitman shorthand, mailed to any address. THE ST. JOHN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE. S. KERR & SON.

MONT. McDONALD, BARRISTER, Etc., Princess St. St. John, N. B.

S. S. LIBRARIES. Published by The Am. Rep. Pub. Society, latest and best books, in series. It will pay Superintendents to send to me for descriptive circulars and prices. T. H. HALL, St. John.

When You Purchase a "Little Beauty Hammock Cot."



You'll wonder how you ever did without it. Notice its construction. You don't need to keep rocking, a single touch and it testers and swings, gently soothing baby to sleep or amusing it when awake. "Baby's Letter" giving description and prices sent free on application to the Patentee and Manufacturer.

Geo. B. Meadows, Toronto Wire & Iron Works, 128 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

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The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON.

Abridged from Peloubet's Notes.

Second Quarter.

A LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

Lesson IV, April 24.—Matt. 18: 21-35.

Read Chapter 18, Commat Verses 21, 22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Forgive, and ye shall be forgiven, Luke 6: 37.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE LAW OF FORGIVENESS FOR PERSONAL OFFENCES.—V. 21, 22, 27. THEN CAME PETER TO HIM. In the previous portions of this discourse Jesus had referred to offences which led others to sin, and had been teaching the disciples what to do when others trespassed against them. The duty seemed to lie on Peter's mind, as one difficult to perform, and differing from the prevailing opinions of the day. Hence Peter asked the question that follows, in order to gain more light. HOW OFT SHALL MY BROTHER SIN AGAINST ME, AND I FORGIVE HIM? He foresees that his brother would probably repeat his offense. And if forgiving him failed to cure him of his sin, how long should he continue to apply the same remedy that failed again and again, TILL SEVENTY TIMES? "Is seven times sufficient?" To do that seemed a great stretch of virtue, far beyond that of the Rabbis, who said, "Forgive a first offense, forgive a second, a third, punish the fourth."

22. I SAY NOT UNTO THEE, UNTIL SEVEN TIMES; BUT, UNTIL SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN.—"It is doubtful whether the original means 490 or 77 (seventy times seven, or seventy times and seven as in margin of R. V.). But in either case it is a symbolical expression for never-ending forgiveness." Love is not to be limited by the multiplication table.

II. THIS PRINCIPLE ENFORCED BY A PARABLE IN THREE SCENES.—V. 23-34. Scene First.—The King and His Officer.

23. THEREFORE. In order that thereby we may learn the duty of absolute, not limited, forgiveness. A CERTAIN KING, J. L., "a man, a king," "a man king," that is, "a human" king. WHICH WOULD TAKE ACCOUNT OF BETTER, AS R. V., "make a reckoning with" HIS SERVANTS, his officers, as governors, or nobles who were farmers of taxes.

24. ONE WAS BROUGHT UNTO HIM. Unwillingly; such a debtor could not come of his own accord. WHICH OWED HIM TEN THOUSAND TALENTS. A talent was a weight, not a coin. Hence a talent of gold would naturally be worth about sixteen times as much as a talent of silver. According to "The Illustrated Bible Treasury" (Nelson's), and the "Oxford Helps," a Hebrew silver talent was worth 3,000 shekels or 12,000 denarii (the pence of v. 28). The 10,000 talents would, therefore, be worth \$19,000,000 or \$20,000,000, a sum impossible to pay. A Greek talent would be about half as much.

25. AS HE HAD NOT TO PAY. Having wasted his money in luxurious living. HIS LORD COMMANDED HIM TO BE SOLD, etc. It is still common in Oriental countries to inflict all this upon a man of the highest station. In Palestine at the present day "the laws which control debtors and creditors are arbitrary in the extreme. Creditors show little or no mercy, and debtors are thrust into prison or stripped of all they possess."

26. WORSHIPED HIM. Did him reverence by prostrating himself in the attitude of worship.

27. LOOKED HIM (released him), AND FORGAVE HIM THE DEBT. There was no other way of deliverance.

Scene Second. 28. THE SAME SERVANT WENT OUT. From his king's presence. He could not commit the outrage which follows in the presence of his benefactor. He must first forget him. AND FOUND ONE OF HIS FELLOW SERVANTS. An inferior officer. OWED HIM A HUNDRED PENCE. "Shillings" as "frances" would give us a better idea of the sum than pence.

A hundred pence was worth \$16 or \$17, about one millionth part of the debt the unmerciful servant had owed the king. TOOK HIM BY THE THROAT. Or more literally, "went to choking him." The Roman law allowed a creditor to seize his debtor and drag him before the judge, and Roman writers repeatedly speak of a man's twisting the neck of his debtor till the blood flowed from "mouth and nostrils."

29. FELL DOWN AT HIS FEET. . . . WILL PAY THEE ALL. The very act and words which he himself had so lately uttered. And (this fellow-servant could pay in time, for it was only about three months' wages that he owed, while he himself could never have paid his debt. 30. AND HE WOULD NOT.

1. The man who is most sinful toward God is apt to be the hardest in dealing with those who sin against himself. 2. The sins which others commit against us are very small and few compared with those which we commit against God.

32. O THOU WICKED SERVANT, etc. His heart must have been very hard and cruel. The mercy of his king could not soften it. He had sought forgiveness from fear of loss, not because he was sorry for his wrong doing. The sufferings of others did not move him.

34. AND HIS LORD WAS WRATH. Angry, indignant, and justly so, at such misconduct. DELIVERED HIM TO THE TORTURERS. Not simply "jailers," but those who (among the ancient Romans) sought by legal tortures to find out whether the debtor had any concealed hoard. Archbishop Trench remarks that in the East, where there is a continual suspicion that those who may appear the poorest are actually in possession of secret hoards of wealth, the torture would be often applied, as it is now, to make the debtor reveal those hoards, or in order to wring the money from the compassion of his friends.

35. SO LIKEWISE SHALL MY HEAVENLY FATHER DO ALSO UNTO YOU, IF YE FROM YOUR HEARTS. Not merely in form and in words, but from sincere love, with true forgiveness.

One of the most gigantic schemes ever undertaken in the way of irrigation is about to be started in Egypt. It is proposed to dam the Nile at an expense of \$300,000, the work to extend over a period of thirty years. It is expected that this improvement will double the value of lands now irrigated and make productive vast areas now entirely useless. Egypt now produces seven to eight million bushels of wheat annually, and when this improvement is completed her production will be greatly enlarged.

TWO IN ONE FAMILY.

A Woman Saved from the Knife.

I, E. HARRINGTON, certify that I suffered from RHEUMATISM in both shoulders the greater part of last summer. In the autumn Mr. J. H. Barnstead induced me to try EGYPTIAN RHEUMATIC OIL, two applications of which completely cured me.

My wife had, for twelve years, been afflicted with a gathering in the neck, which used sometimes to swell up as large as a hen's egg and become very painful whenever she took cold. We consulted three or four doctors, who said an OPERATION would be necessary. We thought we would first try EGYPTIAN OIL, and are thankful to say that since using that the lump and pain have entirely disappeared. That was three months ago, and we consider that she is cured and recommend Egyptian Oil to all similarly afflicted. E. HARRINGTON. Halifax, March 5, 1898.

Make No Mistake.

DO NOT DESPAIR Until You Have Tried What SMITH'S...

Chamomile Pills Can Do for You!

If you have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back? Do you feel dull and sleepy? Does your mouth have a bad taste, especially in the morning? Is your appetite poor? Is there a feeling like a heavy load upon the stomach? Sometimes faint, all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach, which food does not satisfy? Are your eyes sunken? Do your hands and feet become cold and clammy? Is there a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly? Are the whites of your eyes tinged with yellow? Is your urine scanty and high colored? Does it deposit a sediment after standing? If you suffer from any of these symptoms use

Smith's Chamomile Pills FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FRANK SMITH, DRUGGIST, ST. STEPHEN, N.B. and CALAIS, Me. PRICE 25 CENTS. FIVE BOXES \$1.00.

If your local dealer does not sell these Pills Mr. Smith will send a box by mail on receipt of price.

FRED. De VINE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

NOTARY, PUBLIC, Etc. Office: Chubb's Building. Care: Prince Wm. and Princess Streets. SAINT JOHN, N. B.

STRENGTH CAME BACK.

The Anvil once more rings with the strokes of his hammer.

Mr. Theo. Fortens, the well known blacksmith of Goderich, Ont., tells how sickness and weakness gave way to health and strength. "For the past four years my



nerves have been very weak, my sleep fitful and disturbed by dreams, consequently I arose in the morning unrefreshed. I was frequently very dizzy and was much troubled with a mist that came before my eyes, my memory was often defective and I had fluttering of the heart, together with a sharp pain through it at times. In this condition I was easily worried and felt enervated and exhausted. Two months ago I began taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, since that time I have been gaining in health and strength daily. They have restored my nerves to a healthy condition, removed all dizziness and heart trouble, and now I sleep well and derive comfort and rest from it. That Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a good remedy for Nervousness, Weakness, Heart Trouble and similar complaints goes without saying." Price 50 cts. a box at all druggists or T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Dyspepsia.

Encouraging Results Follow Proper Feeding

There is a wide diversity of opinion about what constitutes a good cow but none about the beneficial effects resulting from the use of

Dick's Blood Purifier

as a tonic, appetizer, blood purifier and aid to thorough digestion for cows, sheep and horses when they are put on dry fodder in the Fall. It assists the organs of the stomach to extract all the nutriment from the food and puts them in good strong healthy condition for the spring time.

60 cents a package.



LEEMING, HILES & CO. Agents, Montreal. DICK & CO., Proprietors.

We Make a Line of Cheap BEDSTEADS WASHSTANDS TOILET STANDS, CRADLES, Etc.

Write for Catalogue and Price List. J. & J. D. HOWE, Furniture Manufacturers, Factory: East end of Union Street. ST. JOHN, N. B.

Sea Foam Floats A Pure White Soap

Made of the Finest Grade of Vegetable Oils. Best For Toilet and Bath. Saint Croix Soap Company, Saint Stephen, N. B.

Wolfville Real Estate Agency

Desirable Residences and Building Lots for sale in the town of Wolfville, N. S. Also a number of Farms in the vicinity. Properties secured for persons wishing to purchase or rent. Address: AVARD V. PINEO, Barrister, Real Estate Agent, &c., Wolfville, N. S.

\$200! \$200! Wanted to Purchase Until December 13, 1898, WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER WRAPPERS.

For the three lots representing most value, \$16 \$50 00 For the next 10 lots, \$5 50 00 For the next 20 lots, \$3 60 00 For the next 20 lots, \$1 20 00 For the next 20 lots, \$1 20 00

Each package must have been purchased this year, its contents used only in the family and none in making articles for sale. Names will not be published, but a list will be kept, open to all. My signature must be on each package. W. M. D. PEARMAN.

Advertisement for D. G. Whidden, Commission Merchant, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Includes text: Shippers of Country Produce, Find it to their advantage to Consign, Pork, Poultry, Butter, Eggs, etc., TO D. G. WHIDDEN, COMMISSION MERCHANT, HALIFAX, Nova Scotia. And Buyers of Oranges and it pays to drop him a card for prices.

Advertisement for DUNLAP, COOKE & CO. ALL ABOUT FURS. A LITTLE STAMPLET OF ISSUED BY DUNLAP, COOKE & CO. Manufacturing Furriers, AMHERST, N.S. TELL YOU HOW TO JUDGE GOOD FURS. WRITE THEM FOR PRICES. Victoria St - Amherst, N.S. Hastings St - Vancouver, B.C. Wholesale Manufacturing, 26 EMERY ST. MONTREAL.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS HAVE BURNED 28,000. DUNLAP, COOKE & CO. BELLS, BELL FOUNDRIES, WEST TROY, N.Y. BELLS FOR CHIMNEYS, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

From the Churches.

CANNO.—Three were baptized on April 3rd.

WREST YARMOUTH CHURCH.—On April 3rd, we baptized 6 more believers.

BOVLSON.—Rev. R. H. Bishop, having accepted a hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate of the Manchester church,

CHARLOTTETOWN.—Our special services have resulted in great refreshment to the church. Baptized twelve from our Sunday School on the 3rd inst.

SHAL HARBOR, N. B.—We wish to acknowledge with many thanks the sum of \$2 a gift from William H. Giffin, Isaac's Harb, toward our new church at this place.

WHITPORT, N. B.—We held special services the first three weeks in March. The Rev. L. J. Tingley was with us two weeks and preached vigorous and earnest sermons.

THE RANGE, N. B.—An extensive revival has been in progress for some weeks in the 1st and 2nd Grand Lake churches.

SHAL HARBOR, GUYSBORO CO., N. B.—The work of the Master is going on in this place and lost ones are being brought to the Saviour.

NEW HARBOR, GUYSBORO CO.—Since our last report the Lord has been showering blessings upon us in this part of his vineyard.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.—Pastor Levers writes of revival influences enjoyed in different sections of his field.

FALL BROOK, CAL.—Brother and sister Marple have been in Fall Brook about 2 weeks and a great blessing came with them.

way. Over 30 of our Sunday School and outside young people have made a start in the new life.

RIVERSIDE, N. B.—A few weeks ago the Albert and Riverside sections of Hopewell church met at the parsonage and enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

NEW GERMANY.—It is with regret we report that our beloved pastor, Rev. J. L. Read, has been forced through ill health to resign his pastorate here.

ROCKLAND, CARLTON CO., N. B.—This church has been without a settled pastor for about a year, but has had occasional preaching by different brethren.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

EASTER SUNDAY AT FAIRVILLE.—Easter Sunday was a delightful day with us at Fairville, the congregations were exceptionally large morning and evening.

DEAR SIRS.—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

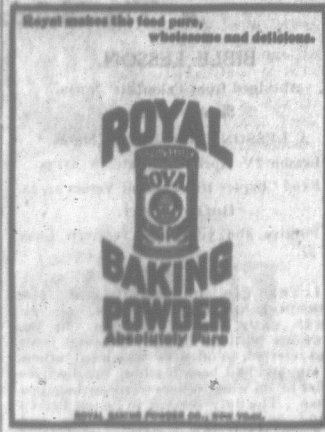
EQUITY SALE.

There will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, and Province of New Brunswick, on Thursday, May 14th next, at Twelve O'clock, noon.

MONT DONALD, THOMAS P. BROWN, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

Agents Wanted AT ONCE

For the "AUTHORIZED MEMORIAL VOLUME OF THE LIFE OF FRANCES E. WILLARD," prepared by Anna A. Gordon, Miss Willard's private Secretary.



N. B. Home Missions.—The Home Mission Board of the N. B. Convention held its regular monthly meeting at St. John April 5th.

Other missionary pastors report hopeful signs on their respective fields. Students and others are applying for fields.

Again we would call attention to the fact that our laborers on the mission fields expect us to pay to them the amounts due.

SPRING GOODS. Have all arrived, and the mild weather of March started spring trade in good style. Good qualities are in demand.

Old People's Troubles. Hard for the old folks to move about—constant backaches to bother them in the daytime—urinary weakness to disturb their rest at night.

THOMPSON River, Mar... Sable River East Jordan... KIRSTEN John Co.; b... 5th, Harry McNeill... CHURCH church, I... by Rev. A... M. D., of L... McMillan, ... CLYBURN Harbor, N... William H... to Lydia V... Gaysboro Co... CARR—H... bride, Orange Rev. Dr. C... Keirstead of Albert R. C... Jennie E. sec... Hall, Eq... MARSHALL suddenly of i... Trad Gordon Merison, M... ing ones in th... KUGLER—S., March 24... years, son of... speedily, but... light of life to... enabled to tru... LINTON—A... N. B., on 20th... suffering for... of Robert Lint... BROWN—A... on 20th inst... Brown, aged 7... and two daugh... JESS... RICHARDSON Breton Co., M... son, aged 23 ye... have gone before a brother to... trusting Christ... CANN—AT... E. I., March 3... sciatic and... patience and... aged 60 years... three daughters... loss. His son... Acadia for the... LOCKE—At... drop of the b... Enos and Jane... a kind, a symph... host of friends... child, an aged... sisters and th... loss. May God... McNEVIN—... after but a very... loved daughter... McNevin, of B... was a particular... She had sought... ago. She was... Bomshaw. Alth... comparatively... prepared to go... happily leaving... enforced absence... Browne, of Nor... officiated. Our... rest of their fam... pathy of the cl... MILLER—At... Jan. 18th, 1898... Miller, 1898...

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Wa... Children... Walter B... CA...

MARRIAGES.

THOMPSON-BELONG.—At East Sable River, March 30th, by Pastor N. B. Dunn, of Osborne, David Thompson, of East Sable River, to Mrs. Amelia-Belong, of East Jordan, Shelburne Co.

KHIRSTAD-McNEIL.—At Millford, St. John Co., by Rev. G. R. White, on April 5th, Harry J. Keirstead to Elizabeth McNeil.

CHURCHILL-McMILLAN.—At the Baptist church, Isaac's Harbor, N. S., March 30th, by Rev. A. J. Vincent, John L. Churchill, M. D., of Lockeport, N. S., to Lottie P. McMILLAN, of Isaac's Harbor.

CLYBURN-WARRINGTON.—At Isaac's Harbor, N. S., April 6th, by A. J. Vincent, William H. Clyburn, of Country Harbor, to Lydia Warrington, of New Harbor, Guysboro Co., N. S.

CARR-HALL.—At the residence of the bride, Orange Street, on the 9th inst., by Rev. Dr. Carey assisted by the Rev. Dr. Keirstead of Acadia University, N. S., Albert R. Carr of Woodstock, N. B., to Jennie E. second daughter of Thomas H. Hall, Esq., of this city.

MARTINE-HALL.—At the residence of the bride's father, St. John, on 9th inst., by Rev. E. M. Keirstead, D. D., assisted by Rev. G. M. W. Carey, D. D. Mr. John L. Marsters, M. A., of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, and Miss Katie H. Hall, Esq., eldest daughter of Thomas H. Hall, Esq.

DAVIDSON-McKINLAY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Deacon S. McKinlay, March 24th, by Pastor J. D. Spidell, Joseph Davidson to Rebecca McKinlay, all of Onslow, Colchester Co., N. B.

DEATHS.

MORISON.—At Margaree, Mar. 16th, suddenly of inflammation of the bowels, Trad Gordon beloved son of Mr. Hugh Morison. May the Lord sustain the suffering ones in their sad bereavement.

RUGGLES.—At Tremont, Kings Co., N. S., March 24th, Fred Ruggles, aged 16 years, son of Hall Ruggles. Death came suddenly, but the messenger brought the light of life to the dying one so that he was enabled to trust all with Jesus.

LINTON.—At Northfield, Sunbury Co., N. B., on 29th inst., after severe mental suffering for eight years, Martin J., wife of Robert Linton, aged 71 years.

BROWN.—At Red Bank, Chipman, N. B., on 20th inst., Isabella, wife of Andrew Brown, aged 71 years, leaving three sons and two daughters. She died trusting in Jesus.

RICHARDSON.—At South Bar, Cape Breton Co., March 30th, Thomas Richardson, aged 71 years. His father and mother have gone before, he leaves two sisters and a brother to mourn the loss. He died trusting Christ, and they who trust are safe.

CANN.—At Pleasant Valley, Lot 21, P. E. I., March 31st, after much suffering of sciatic and liver trouble, borne with patience and resignation, Samuel Cann, aged 60 years, leaving a sorrowing wife, three daughters and one son to mourn their loss. His son, S. J. Cann, is studying at Acadia for the ministry.

LOCKE.—At Lockeport, Feb. 26th, of dropsy of the heart, Harry, beloved son of Enos and Janie Locke, aged 33 years. Of a kind, a sympathetic disposition he had a host of friends. He leaves a wife and one child, an aged father and mother, two sisters and three brothers to mourn their loss. May God sustain them.

McNEVIN.—On Wednesday, March 9th, after but a very brief illness, Grace, beloved daughter of Bro. and Sister Nicholas McNevin, of Bonshaw, P. E. I. Grace was a particularly amiable young woman. She had sought and found the Lord years ago. She was one of the first fruits of Bonshaw. Although her departure was comparatively sudden, yet she was found prepared to go. She passed away very happily leaving on her beloved, in the enforced absence of the pastor, Pastor Browne, of North River, very efficiently officiated. Our brother and sister and the rest of their family have the deepest sympathy of the church and community.

MILLER.—At Bear River, Annapolis Co., Jan. 18th, 1898, Mrs. Thomas Miller aged

54 years. She leaves a kind Christian husband and son Vernon L. Miller to mourn their loss. It was hard to part with one so good, and she would have liked to live longer for those she left, but said it was all right as God made no mistakes. She was a devoted Christian mother and true wife and died in peace. The home is now without a mother and what is a home without a mother.

SIMMONS.—Saturday night, April and at his late home, Westmoreland, P. E. I., Dea. Wm. Simmons, in the 71st year of his age. He had been failing in health for over a year but we did not expect to lose him so soon. He was around the house within two days of his death. He was a man who will be sorely missed in the community, being always on excellent terms with his neighbors. He will also be sorely missed in the Tryon church, of which he had been a faithful member and deacon for many years. We cannot estimate his loss in the home, it is indeed great. He passed away a very happy man, knowing that he was going to his Saviour. His aged widow and children have our deepest sympathy.

HOLMES.—At Upper Perseus, Sunday, April 3rd, Delos Holmes, aged 50 years. Though in failing health for some time the passing away of our brother was very sudden. He had been away all winter, just reaching home the day before his death. He came home to die and dying with him was going home. The church at Perseus has met with a spiritual loss in the removal of our brother. Humble, believing, devoted and true, Bro. Holmes possessed in a large way all the elements that go to the making of a consistent Christian. The God of grace was with him in life and the God of grace will be with the sorrowful wife and the little child whom he has left behind.

DOW.—Ass Dow Esq., of the parish of parish of Canterbury, York Co., died at the residence of Alonzo Dow, near his old homestead, on Friday the 18th of March, and was buried in the old cemetery a short distance from his former residence. Brother Dow was a well known and popular man in both York and Carleton Counties, in particular. He was a very prominent man in the community. He amassed about \$50,000 worth of property, which he disposed of during his life to charitable and philanthropic objects, excepting a bare sufficiency to support and bury him. His funeral services were conducted on Lord's day the 20th, by Rev. J. C. Bleakney of Woodstock, who having chosen Rom. 10: 4, for his text, preached the old gospel and the sentiment of the deceased. Mr. Dow lived to a ripe old age, being 88 years old next May. The very large and attentive congregation which attended his burial demonstrated the respect in which he was held by the multitude of his acquaintance.

TINGLEY.—At Albert, N. B., March 26, Dea. Rufus Tingley, aged 61 years. Our brother was confined to his home about ten days when death came and relieved him of his sufferings. He waited patiently for the hour of sweet release, although by times his sufferings were intense. His father, known by many in the province as Father Green Tingley, still survives him, he also leaves a sorrowing widow, three children, one brother and sister. Our brother professed faith in Christ about forty years ago and united with the Hopewell Baptist church. About fifteen years ago he was elected to the deaconate, which office he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to the church. He was one of the most generous and cheerful contributors to the various branches of God's cause. He believed in the tithing system and practised it for years. The church, community and denomination have sustained a loss that is not easily replaced. Not only will the church miss him from a financial standpoint, but he was one of the faithful ones in the regular services of the church, always at his post when health and circumstances would permit. We meekly yield to God's unerring wisdom, but not without saddened hearts. His funeral was largely attended. The pastor was assisted in the services by Evangelist Davidson, Pastors Bishop Foster (Presbyterian), Comben (Methodist). A sermon was preached by the pastor from Ps. 17: 15.

Handsoms Brass and White Enamel BEDSTEADS WITH 1 1/2 Inch PILLARS 3 feet Wide \$9.75 3 ft. 6 in. Wide 10.00 4 ft. Wide 10.50 4 ft. 6 in. Wide 11.00

Manchester Robertson Allison

Radway's Pills Purely Vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

MILBURN'S COD LIVER OIL EMULSION Combined with Wild Cherry Bark and the Hypophosphites of Lime, Soda and Manganese. Render it the most effectual remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Scrofula, Rickets, or any wasting disease where a food as well as a medicine is required.

GODERY.—At Bangs Falls, Queens Co., N. S., Feb. 18th, Abram Godery, aged 42 years. He has left a widow and four small children who sadly miss him. BURN.—At Greenfield, Queens Co., N. S., April 1st, Deacon Stewart F. Hunt, aged 55 years. For some time his health had been impaired but death came more suddenly than was expected.

Radway's Ready Relief cures the worst pains in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with RHEUMATISM, GOUT, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, TOOTHACHE, RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, BRUISES, PAINS IN THE BACK, CHEST AND LIMBS.

Walter Baker & Co., Limited. Established 1790. Pure, High Grade Cocoas and Chocolates. On this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup.

Personal. In accordance with the recommendation of the Missionary Conference which met at Bobbili, the F. M. Board has appointed Rev. W. V. Higgins to Tekkali, the new field recently set off from the Chicacole field. His address is, Tekkali, Ganjam District, India.

IT WAS THE FIRST AND IS THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, stomach, bowels or other glands or organs, by one application. A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains.

News Summary.

The loss of life by floods at Shawneetown, Ind., is estimated at two hundred.

Damase Cyr, of Edmundston, Thursday, fell on a saw and split his arm from elbow to wrist.

George M. Poster, of Mauderville, Sunbury County, while shingling his barn fell and fractured his hips.

On Saturday, at Tsung-Li-Yamen, China agreed to England's demand for a lease of Wei-Hai-Wei, a despatch from Pekin says.

Messrs. Hale and Murchie's store at Victoria Mills, York County, was broken into on Saturday night and some goods stolen.

Protests have been entered against the members-elect for North Waterloo, North Ontario and South Ontario, making a total of 44 filled to date.

The Minister of Marine and Fisheries announces that the Government are considering the advisability of establishing a naval militia corps.

The Grand Trunk is inaugurating a new fast freight line to operate over the Grand Trunk Railway system in conjunction with the West Shore Railway.

Fire at Rockhill, S. C., Sunday morning, destroyed twelve business buildings, involving a loss of \$250,000.

C. P. R. steamship Tartar has arrived at Vancouver from Southampton. She is 4,500 tons and 376 feet long.

During a sitting of the Police Court at Owen Sound the floor gave way under the crowd and settled about two feet.

Fifty thousand dollars damage was done to the chapel and warden's residence by fire in Central prison, Toronto, on Monday.

Thomas White, shoemaker, was struck by a New England railroad train at West Medway, Mass., Saturday night and instantly killed.

At Dorchester, Tuesday evening, James Corcoran, son of John Corcoran, of the staff of officers of the penitentiary, had his leg badly broken in a row with another guard.

Thomas Delaney, Jr., of Harcourt, gave his right foot a serious and deep cut with an axe while engaged chopping poles on Tuesday morning.

Albert Whitney, arrested at Cornwall, Ont., for indecent assault, was sentenced to ten years in Kingston penitentiary.

The North German Lloyd steamer Kaiser Wilhelm Der Grosse has again lowered the record from Southampton.

John Donaldson, a young broker, who left New York in January, 1895, after having obtained more than \$20,000 worth of diamonds from various dealers.

A reconnaissance in force, with cavalry, artillery and two Egyptian battalions to the camp of Mahmedi Pasha, near Akbara, in the Sudan, brought the enemy out in force.

Captain Wm. W. Snowman, aged sixty-eight years, for seventeen years a captain on the steamboats running from Portland to Boston, was found dead in his stateroom on the steamer Bay State at Portland on Monday afternoon.

A fatal accident is reported from Stanhope, P. E. Island. Mr. and Mrs. Lanks went out to church, leaving their daughter Lavinia and an older brother in the house.

The Pall Mall Gazette says that at a church in Scotland where there was a popular call, two candidates of the names of Adam and Low offered to preach.

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Denominational Funds, N. S., from Mar. 10 to April 4.

Homeville S S, 50c; Bridgewater church \$4; Kempt church, Somerville, Upper Branch, \$4.40; Wallace River church, \$5; Lower Aylesford church, \$2; Mrs. R. P. Marshall, Weymouth, \$1; North Sydney church, \$30; Little Glace Bay, per District meeting, \$3.12; C. H. Harrington, Sydney church, \$6; do, S S, \$2; Wolfville church, \$4.48; Digby church, \$10; do, special, \$11.50; Barrington church, \$4; Woods Harbor, \$5.30; Forbes Pt., \$1.80; Pabstic church, \$1; Little Glace Bay church, \$3; Guysboro church, \$20; Seal Harbor church, \$3.50; Mrs J. C. McNeil, Marshall town, Digby Co., \$1; Palmouth S S, \$10.35; B Y P U, Falkland Ridge, Miss Newcombes salary, \$4; Lockport church, \$5.84; Clementsport church, \$8; Clements church, \$6; Band of Hope, Princeville, \$2; Temple church, S S, \$8; Mrs. Chas B Grant, Weymouth, \$2; Shelburne church, \$5.86; Joseph Shankle, Hubbard's Cove, \$2.16; Smith's Cove church, \$7.50; "A Little Boy," Smith's Cove, special, \$1.50; Kempt and Milford churches, \$12; J W Bars, Esq, Wolfville, \$50; Isaac's Harbor church, \$35.—\$400.51. \$3995.09. Total, \$4395.60. Wolfville, N. S. A. CONCON. April 4th. Treas. Den. Funds, N. S.

Lord Dufferin, formerly Governor-General of Canada and Viceroy of India, is celebrated not only as a diplomat, but has won many literary honors, coming by his talent naturally as the great-grandson of Richard Brinsley Sheridan.



Does it Pay to Paint?

There is nothing that adds to the selling value of the renting value of a house like good paint—there is nothing that makes home more home-like than good paint.

It pays to paint. The better the paint, the better it pays.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

pays in the beginning because it goes so far—pays in the end because it lasts so long, and looks so well, as long as it lasts. There is no paint like it for beauty and durability, for economy and satisfaction.

Ask the dealer for it. If you would like to learn many points about painting, we'll send you an illustrated book free.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO., PAINT & COLOR MAKERS, 100 Canal St., Cleveland, O. 17 Washington St., New York, N. Y. 51 St. Antoine St., Montreal.

People

of refined musical taste buy their Pianos and Organs from the W. H. JOHNSON COMPANY, Ltd., 157 Granville Street, Corner of Buckingham, Halifax.

Paine's Celery Compound Cures

Nervous, Weak, Sick and Broken-down Men and Women.

Has Saved Thousands from Agony, Suffering and the Grave

The Great Spring Medicine that Cures When all Others Fail.

Eminent Professional Men, People of Wealth, and the Ordinary People Declare Paine's Celery Compound Has No Equal.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—I take this opportunity to express my gratitude for the good that I and my friends have received from your valuable discovery, Paine's Celery Compound.

For years I have suffered from constant sick headache; at times I have been so bad that I have been unable to sleep two hours a night for weeks.

I have tried many medicines and doctored a great deal, but never received a hundredth part of the value from them that I have obtained from Paine's Celery Compound. After using three bottles I can sleep well, my headaches have ceased, and I feel healthier and fresher than I have done for years.

Being one of the earliest settlers in this place, I am known to all the surrounding country. I feel it a duty to let others know about the medicine that has done me so much good. I send this testimonial without any solicitation.

Yours with gratitude, MRS. E. WILCOX, Creemore, Ont.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

DEAR SIR:—It is with great pleasure that I testify to the value of your great medicine, Paine's Celery Compound. For nearly two years I suffered from indigestion, kidney and liver troubles. After trying several medicines that did not effect a cure I decided to try your Compound. Before using it I was so low in health that I could not eat or sleep. I could not lie in bed owing to pain in my back; it was only by resting on elbows and knees I was enabled to obtain a slight degree of ease. Before I had fully taken one bottle of your medicine I began to improve. I have now taken in all fourteen bottles with grand results. I am a farmer and am now working every day. Anyone may refer to me in regard to these statements, or to any of my neighbors around Sheffield, where I am well known. I am a living witness to the worth of Paine's Celery Compound.

Yours very truly, GEORGE J. SMYK, Sheffield, Ont.

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.,

GENTLEMEN:—No living mortal can imagine the terrible sufferings that I endured for four years, owing to liver trouble, headache and sore back. I may say that in addition to the dangerous ailments just mentioned, I was continually sick at my stomach, with a sour taste and mouth all furred and coated. I tried many patent medicines and was under the treatment of doctors, but received no benefit. I thank God for having heard of your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. I procured a supply and used it, and experienced a great change. No other remedy ever gave me such wonderful results in so short a time. I now find myself a new woman, and can sleep well and enjoy my food. No soul should despair when they can procure Paine's Celery Compound, the surest and best of all medicines. Yours truly,

Mrs. J. CURRIE, 260 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, Ont.

April Green rye for cows, but bad qualities as they manage good but flavor in clover, is avoided, is by gradual from a small effect of it of some favoring perience in to the cows. course, as it crop for cow a small way, der, and gra but especial fresh, and it bad results, the milk—an into itself ev tasted in the urgent need suddenly, we al difference unsuitable fo it will be in The only dan to cows turn spring would of the succu easily avoide in an hour or avoiding feed with rain. T der in the sp way to cut th yard or barn the cows to t should be sp moderate qu indigestion this.—[Cont

The Farm.

Green Rye for Cows.

Green rye is not one of the best fodders for cows, but it may be used so that its bad qualities may not be so conspicuous as they might be under less judicious management.

Extra Early Potatoes.

Some careful tests in starting potatoes in the greenhouse and planting them later in the open ground were made at the Kilmac experiment station with fairly satisfactory results.

Pruning.

In taking up a tree there is a loss of root and it must be reestablished. The nursery man cannot dig up a tree with all its roots and it would be of no value if he could.

A great many have the mistaken notion that a root feeds. It does nothing of the sort. The principal use of the root is to anchor the tree fast in the soil and to serve as a reservoir for the food which is gathered by the little hair-like growths from the branches of the roots from the soil surrounding them.

when some mice got among our pear-trees and ate all the roots off. They didn't die, but were almost the better for it.

With the advent of spring the sap goes to the extremities of the limbs and the growth begins there. In pruning look to the buds on the limbs and see how you wish the new tree to grow.

Cut all roots smooth. To cut them hold the tree in the left hand from the under side. Cutting from the top makes a wound which will hold water, and this will cause it to rot.

A good suggestion was made by R. A. Thomas at the annual meeting of the Harris creamery. He advised the sowing of peas and oats, mixed, for the purpose of producing an early fodder crop for milking cows.

An Important Industry.

In the minds of most people the manufacture of paints and colors is not thought of as much importance, and this branch of business is little understood by the public generally.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, paint was made in a very crude way and consisted mainly of grinding white lead and colors in oil—the mixing, or preparing for use, being done by the consumer.

Today it is different. This branch of business like all others has made rapid improvements. The best paint is now made ready for the brush. Paint for every purpose can be bought ready to put on.

This change has been brought about by the application of special machinery for the fine grinding and thorough mixing of the different pigments and ingredients. This, with skilled labor, produces paints better and cheaper than under the old method.

Much of the improvement and advancement in paint making is due to the Sherwin-Williams Company, who are without doubt the largest manufacturers of paint in the world.

The business was built up from small beginnings, and its great success is due largely to the fact that from the start the proprietors have never allowed more than one quality—the best they could make—to go out under their label.

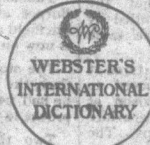


Don't work: let SURPRISE SOAP do the labor for you. It's the way to wash clothes (without boiling or scalding) gives the sweetest, cleanest clothes with the least work. Follow the directions on the wrapper.

Quality Rather Than Quantity.

The International is a wonderful compact storehouse of accurate information.

The International is Scientific and Practical.



It is the School-Teacher of the Republic.

Words are easily found. Pronunciation is easily ascertained. Meanings are easily learned. The growth of words is easily traced, and excellence of quality rather than superfluity of quantity characterizes its every department.

The International and its abridgements are in general use in the colleges and public and private schools. Should you not give the students access to the same Dictionary in the home that they use in the schoolroom?

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.

Home Work for Families. WE WANT the services of a number of families to do work for us knitting Seamless Bicycle Stockings, Woodmen's Socks, and Motormen's Mittens.

Vapo-Cresolene. Cures While You Sleep. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

A NEW PREMIUM THE LINCOLN MOUNTAIN PEN. Given for two new subscriptions. Taken back if not satisfactory.

E. BEDDY'S are the perfect MATCHES. Illustration of a matchbox with concentric circles.

The Thing

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has been a household companion in our family for years. I take it every Spring, beginning in April. It tones up my system, gives me an excellent appetite and I sleep like a top."

H. R. WILDEY, Philadelphia, Pa.

For Spring

Notices.

The next quarterly meeting of Pictou and Colchester counties will convene with the church at DeBert, April 25 and 26. First meeting Monday evening and three sessions on Tuesday. The Secretary for Home Missions is expected to be present and will speak on Tuesday evening in the interests of Home Missions.

O. N. CHIPMAN, Sec'y.

A Brussels paper declares that the Dreyfus trial will shortly be annulled by the French Court of Appeal on the same grounds as the Zola trial.

The Leinster regiment, now quartered at Halifax, has been ordered to proceed to Jamaica on May 5th. The garrison at Jamaica consists of part of the Berkshire regiment besides the colored troops. The Leisters number one thousand men so that the increase of military strength in Jamaica will be very great, probably two thousand men all told. This is done to make sure that no breach of the neutrality laws is committed from Jamaica in case of war between Spain and the United States.

The new steamer of the Dominion line, which will give Boston a fast fortnightly transatlantic service, was launched at Belfast, Ire., on Wednesday. She is a sister ship in many ways, to the Canada, of the same line. She is named the New England. The Canada is at present the largest and fastest Liverpool steamer touching at Boston, but the New England is about 1,600 tons heavier. The Canada's best time on record is 6 1/2 days. The New England is expected to better this record.

The officers composing the court martial which acquitted Count Esterhazy have decided to commence civil actions for libel against M. Emile Zola and M. Perrioux, editor of the Aurore. The officers have also expressed the wish that the minister for war, General Billott, would ask that M. Zola be expelled from the Legion of Honor.

The germs of consumption are everywhere.

There is no way but to fight them.

If there is a history of weak lungs in the family, this fight must be constant and vigorous.

You must strike the disease, or it will strike you.

At the very first sign of failing health take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites.

It gives the body power to resist the germs of consumption.

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

To Aid You in Your Study

of the Sabbath School Lessons you could use to advantage "Arnold's Notes on the Sabbath School Lessons for 1898," "Peloubet's Suggestive Illustrations on the Gospel of Matthew."

Each of these books is much to be desired. You may have them both for two new paid subscriptions and twenty cents.

Or, the first named for one new paid subscription and the second for one new paid subscription and twenty cents.

Get them!

News Summary.

Ex-Senator Henry W. Little, of Trenton, N. J., has given \$100,000 for the erection of a dormitory at Princeton University.

Rev. E. O. Taylor will lecture on Prohibition in Mechanics Hall, St. John, on Thursday evening of this week.

There were thirty-two failures in Canada the past week, against thirty-six in the corresponding week last year.

A despatch dated Hawarden, April 10th, says: Mr. Gladstone slept well last night, and is feeling quite comfortable today.

General Booth addressed a large meeting in Tremont Temple, Boston, on Friday evening. The Governor of Massachusetts was present.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Nova Scotia will celebrate its fiftieth anniversary at Yarmouth the second last week in April.

A laboring man named Curley was killed on the Mt. St. Vincent grounds at Rockingham on Wednesday from a fall of frozen bank which was being ex-carved.

The Shah of Persia, Muzaffar-Eh-Din, has finally determined he can safely leave Persia without any fear of being deposed during his absence. He will shortly make a tour of Egypt.

Thomas P. Burpee, second son of Charles Burpee, ex-M. P. for Sunbury, who left Sheffield a few weeks ago for the Klondike, is now on his way home, a wiser man.

The story told in British Columbia by Carr, the United States mail carrier, that he had news from Andree, the balloonist, proves to be a fake.

Two thousand visiting troops are expected in Ottawa on the Queen's Birthday, including the Queen's Own Rifles, 700 strong, from Toronto.

Duart Village, Ont., is excited over the mysterious disappearance of Alfred E. Beech, a young Englishman who has been in the employment of Mr. Angus Thompson for the past two years.

Queen Victoria is thoroughly enjoying the fine weather in the south of France. She is in good health, and charmed with her surroundings. Her Majesty drives out twice daily and has given a number of small official dinners.

The three months' strike in the York cotton mills at Saco, Me., which has proved one of the longest and most stubbornly fought in the history of New England, is at an end, the operatives having voted to return to work.

Thomas, eldest son of G. W. Briggs, of French Lake, Sunbury county, while chopping fire wood inflicted a severe gash in one of his feet, nearly separating it from the ankle.

R. P. Hart and James Byers, aged 25 and 19 respectively, were drowned in the St. Lawrence River at Brockville, Ont., on Tuesday, by the upsetting of their sail boat.

Ernest Higgins, of St. John, fourteen years of age and known as the champion boy skater of Canada, was fatally burned on Saturday last by the explosion of mythilated spirits with which he was filling a lamp preparatory to taking a vapor bath.

Miss Clara Barton, of the Red Cross Society, has arrived in Havana again. A number of Red Cross Society workers are still in Cuba under her authority and she has returned to them. While war would stop the relief work, the Red Cross workers would probably continue their labors.

Reid v. Bradley, an action over a piece of land used as a right of way and valued at about 25 cents, was settled at the Orangeville Assizes. The case has been running nearly four years, and the costs, it is safe to say, will not be less than the full value of the land.

The Nova Scotia insolvency law comes into force, July 1st. Under its provisions preferences to special creditors are made impossible. No confession of judgment to any one creditor can be made within sixty days of assignment, and all kinds of voluntary conveyances of any kind will be void if made in contemplation of insolvency. Any person in insolvent circumstances is required to make his assignment to an assignee in the county where he resides.

The N. B. government has decided to give the St. John Exhibition Association a grant of \$5,000 to assist them in the conduct of the fall exhibition. One thousand of the amount is to be appropriated as prizes for wheat and other grains, fruits and fish. It will be distributed as county prizes, the exhibitors from each county competing among themselves. There will also be sweepstake prizes for wheat. Of this \$1,000 \$500 will be devoted to prizes for fish. The government have also stipulated that prizes shall be arranged for poultry, natural history exhibit and certain educational features. A day is to be set apart as educational day.

HALIFAX, N. S., December 31st., 1897.
W. W. OGILVIE, Esq.

Dear Sir: It affords us much pleasure to state that during the past three years we have used over Twenty Thousand Barrels of your HUNGARIAN PATENT FLOUR. We find it to be the Strongest Flour we have ever used, and it will turn out more Bread to the Barrel than any other, while for color and general quality it cannot be surpassed. Its regularity has been such that we have never noticed any deviation in the above mentioned qualities.

Your very truly,
MOIR, SON & CO.

Samples of New Spring Dress Goods

Are now ready to be sent out. We will gladly forward them to any address on receipt of request. When writing for samples please state near the price wanted, and if you have decided on the color, also the color. We ask you to do this because our stock is so large and varied that it is almost impossible to send a sample of everything in stock.

We have Fancy Goods from 14c. a yard to \$1.65.
Black Goods from 21 1/2c. a yard to \$1.70.
Plain Colored Goods from 21 1/2c. a yard to \$1.50.

FRED A. DYKEMAN & CO.
97 King Street, St. John, N. B.

FARMERS

When they come to the City, don't have much time to waste—they want to get home again as soon as possible.

If they would make Fraser's Clothing Store their Headquarters they would save both time and money.

Send for one of the Regatta Shirts that we are now selling for 75 cts. Send it back if you don't want it. Worth \$1.25.

FRASER, FRASER & CO.
40 and 42 King Street,
St. John, N. B.

IT PAYS

to insure in the CONFEDERATION LIFE ASSOCIATION, because of its sound financial position, its moderate premium rates and its unexcelled profits to policy-holders—Policies unconditional—Guaranteed extended Insurance, paid up and cash surrender values—All claims paid immediately upon receipt of proof of death.

S. A. McLEOD, Agent at St. John.
G. W. PARKER, General Agent.

THE CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEER

Vol. XIV.

Military Expedition to the Yukon.

The force, which Lieut. Colonel By Stickeen river, will be constructed will be made to 1 tion's objective follow later with for the men will co trousers, heavy v trousers to keep lined with flann will take, in the with a large qu specially made so The expedition is cover on the 25th members of the The force will n fifteen will be from fifteen from the R ston; thirty from battery of Quebec, try from the schoo and Fredericton. order of nurses will force is to have its where the Lemon barracks will be er into several detach ernment is said to at a central positio of trouble. The p drawn.

The United States and Cuba.

tional affairs. On submitted to Congr which for some tim suspense. The me length the history influence of the wa States. The Presi to subdue the colon and the only hope of which can no longe pacification of Cuba Mr. McKinley conc tion, in behalf of which give us the r to act, the war in therefore, asked Co the President to tal final termination of ment of Spain and secure in the isla government, capabl its international ob tranquillity. And t asked that the Pres military and nava Both houses of Cong report resolutions in of the President. T and directing the affairs of Cuba to bri of peace, and authori the land and naval f with but little discu mous vote. The res were of a little mo declared the people of the government of S authority in Cuba an