

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER

VOLUME LVII.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

{ THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR

VOLUME XLVI.

Vol. X., No. 16.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1894.

Printed by G. W. DAY, North Side King St.

THERE has been some talk that Dr. Lorimer, of the Tremont Temple church, Boston, was likely to leave his present charge to accept the pastorate of the Washington Avenue church, of Brooklyn, N. Y. It is stated however on the authority of Dr. Lorimer himself that it is his intention to remain in Boston and build the new Tremont Temple.

For a long time—we do not know just how long—it has been the custom to hold the closing exercises of Acadia on THURSDAY. This year University day will be on WEDNESDAY, June 6th. We are not informed as to the reason for the change, but presume it is made for convenience sake. Those who expect to attend the anniversary exercises at Wolfville will do well to bear in mind the fact of the change mentioned and that all the exercises will occur this year one day earlier in the week than the past.

The Globe says it seems to be generally understood that the C. P. R. will begin at an early date the erection in St. John of a large modern hotel. A number of sites which are said to be under consideration are mentioned. One is the present Dufferin Hotel property, another the old Barnes hotel site on Prince William street. The late Governor Boyd's property on Queen Square, and a site on Chipman Hill are also spoken of. These are all good locations. It is said that the hotel which it is proposed to build will cost about half a million dollars.

BRO. WILLIAMS has our thanks—and those of our readers, also, we are sure—for his most interesting letter, so finely descriptive of Carolinian mountain scenery. Br. Williams, we presume, has carried out his intention of going to Colorado. A private note from Colorado Springs informs us that he was to preach in that city on Sunday last. If our brother was made almost a poet by his experience in the Alleghenies, we may be certain that he will reach still greater heights when he comes to climb the Rockies, for the Colorado plains are far away above the summits of the Carolinian mountains. We hope our correspondent will take a trip through the Royal Gorge of the Grand Canyon, and set his graphic pen to tell our readers all about it. But whether from the plain or from the mountain summit, we shall be glad to hear from him, and we know that he will find many interesting things to write about in Colorado.

SOME alarm has very naturally been caused by the occurrence of a case of smallpox in Sussex. Dr. Byrne who recently graduated at a medical college in New York and who had been in attendance upon smallpox patients in a hospital there came to his home in Sussex last week. He complained of being unwell on his arrival, and after a day or two his illness was pronounced to be smallpox. It would appear that the necessary precautions are being taken to prevent the spread of the disease by quarantining the house in which the case is and also isolating persons who had visited Dr. Byrne before the nature of his illness became known. Dr. Byrne had spent a day or two in St. John on his way to Sussex, and had visited his friends in this city. The house where he stayed here has also been quarantined, though it is believed that the disease at that time had not reached a contagious stage. If the fact should prove to be otherwise, there are quite a number of persons who have been exposed to contagion by this case and who will, under the circumstances, feel a good deal of anxiety for the next week or two. We do not know just what precautions against spreading the disease it is considered necessary that a physician attending smallpox patients should exercise, but it seems to us that common prudence should have dictated a more cautious course than that pursued by Dr. Byrne.

THE thoughts and carelessness of some workmen engaged in repairing a school building at Point St. Charles, Que., resulted in an accident which might easily have caused the death or very serious injury of a large number of children. In connection with the building of a new wing to the school building, a portion of the old wall was being removed and the workmen had placed the stones and debris thus removed upon the floor of the attic over one of the class rooms, until the weight became so great that the timbers were unable to sustain the strain, and after some premonitory groanings and creakings the whole mass came crashing down through the ceiling into

the school room. A few minutes earlier the room had been occupied by a large number of children, and had the accident occurred at that time the results would have been terrible to contemplate. Providentially this class had been dismissed and its place taken by a class of older pupils. And these, warned of danger by the sound of the groaning and breaking timbers, were better able to save themselves when the crash came. As it was, only two young girls received comparatively slight injuries. Great excitement prevailed among the people of the place as the rumor of the catastrophe got abroad, many parents fearing the gravest apprehension for the safety of their own children until the extent of the accident became definitely known.

MUCH interest has been aroused by the announcement that M. de Morgan, the French Director of Excavations in Egypt, has found, in the vicinity of certain brick pyramids near Cairo, artistic relics of great beauty, which had belonged to Egyptian rulers of the twelfth dynasty, who are believed to have reigned about 4,000 years ago.

"Among the gold finds are a crouching lion, cyphers of gold, a necklace of lion heads, bivalve shells of gold. A breast ornament bearing the cartouche of Amenemhat III. shows that king raising his battle-axe to smite an Asiatic negro, while he tramples a negro under foot. There are bronze and silver mirrors heightened with gold, jewels with amethysts, carnelians, lapis lazuli and Egyptian emeralds, vases of carnelian, obsidian and alabaster. The collection of some of these jewels will be marvellous."

—The abatements will mean a yearly loss of £1,430,000, reducing the net gain on the extra penny in the pound on the income tax to £350,000. In order to meet the remaining £1,000,000 deficit, Sir William proposes to add 6d. per barrel to the duty on spirits and 6d. per barrel to the duty on beer. In the course of the debate that followed Mr. Clancy, an Irish Nationalist member, contended that an increase of duty on spirits was the very last expedient that should be resorted to for increasing the revenue. Whisky, he said, was the national beverage of Ireland, and an increase of duty on spirits would be keenly felt. There is, no doubt, enough truth in Mr. Clancy's remark as to whisky being the national beverage of Ireland to explain a good deal of the trouble with which the country is afflicted. But Sir Wm. Harcourt did not admit that the Irish are the champion whisky drinkers of the United Kingdom, and she said that the Scotch take the lead in this respect with a yearly expenditure of 19 shillings per capita for whisky, the English follow with an expenditure of 16 shillings per capita and the Irish bring up the rear with a yearly per capita expenditure for the national beverage of 18 shillings.

PASSING EVENTS.

THE Brazilian rebellion or civil war like a long-continued storm, has at last spent its strength and sabbeth itself to rest, and the normal condition of things—if Brazil can be said to have any such condition—will be resumed. If the recent despatches are to be credited—and it is always wise to introduce such a saving clause in reporting war news from Brazil—Admiral Mello, the leader of the insurgent forces, has finally given over hostilities and abandoned the lost cause. It is stated that it was his intention to surrender to the authorities of Uruguay and that he offered to do so on condition that they would not turn him over to the Brazilian government. But this the Uruguayans were not able to do, and Admiral Mello put to sea again in his ship, the Republica, after having landed Gen. Sagado, an insurgent officer, with 400 wounded and otherwise disabled men who gave themselves up to the Uruguayan authorities. It is further reported that after Mello sailed away from the Uruguayan coast he returned to the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul and attempted to land with his men, but the government troops drove him back, and he re-embarked and sailed away, his destination being unknown. Some of the United States newspapers, which support the present administration, are congratulating the country on the judicious part which the United States government has played in connection with the Brazilian war and comparing the results with those achieved under the Harrison-Blaine regime in connection with the Chilean war to the disadvantage of the former administration. The Harrison government, deceived by its minister, Eggn, was led to support the dictator Balmaceda who was overthrown, with the result that the prestige and influence of the United States in Chile were destroyed for a generation. This and the bullying policy pursued in connection with the street war in Valparaiso, in which some United States sailors were injured, have not had the effect of causing the Chileans to regard with intense love and respect the people of the great Northern Republic. In the Brazilian war, it is claimed—and probably with justice—the conduct of the Cleveland administration has been such as to produce quite the opposite effect, the course pursued having been dignified and just, such as to confirm democratic government in Brazil, and to win the respect and regard of its people.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

ON Monday of last week in the Imperial House of Commons, Sir William Harcourt delivered his budget speech. He estimated the total expenditure at £36,458,000 and the revenue at £30,956,000—involving a deficit of about £4,500,000. This deficit, Sir William said, would not be met by borrowing or abandoning the fixed reductions of the national debt. The government proposed to change the system of death duties by an increase in revenue of £3,500,000 or £4,000,000 yearly which would be secured eventually. A complex scheme is proposed for the reorganization of the death duties by consolidating the existing four classes—the probate account, estate, legacy and succession duties—in one which is to be called the estate duty. This imposes a graduated taxation beginning with one per cent. on sums from £100 to £500, and ascending to eight per cent. on amounts of over £1,000,000. A graduated scale is also applied in the income tax. The extra one penny in the pound by which it is proposed to increase the income tax will yield about £1,780,000. It is, however, intended to raise the limit of exemption from £120 to £150, and also to relieve incomes between £400 and £500 by an abatement of £100. These abatements will mean a yearly loss of £1,430,000, reducing the net gain on the extra penny in the pound on the income tax to £350,000. In order to meet the remaining £1,000,000 deficit, Sir William proposes to add 6d. per barrel to the duty on spirits and 6d. per barrel to the duty on beer. In the course of the debate that followed Mr. Clancy, an Irish Nationalist member, contended that an increase of duty on spirits was the very last expedient that should be resorted to for increasing the revenue. Whisky, he said, was the national beverage of Ireland, and an increase of duty on spirits would be keenly felt. There is, no doubt, enough truth in Mr. Clancy's remark as to whisky being the national beverage of Ireland to explain a good deal of the trouble with which the country is afflicted. But Sir Wm. Harcourt did not admit that the Irish are the champion whisky drinkers of the United Kingdom, and she said that the Scotch take the lead in this respect with a yearly expenditure of 19 shillings per capita for whisky, the English follow with an expenditure of 16 shillings per capita and the Irish bring up the rear with a yearly per capita expenditure for the national beverage of 18 shillings.

THE question of Women's Suffrage came before the New Brunswick legislature on Tuesday last on a motion of Dr. Stockton, of St. John, "That it is advisable to confer upon women the right to vote for members of this House." The resolution was seconded by Mr. Killam of Westmorland, and both these gentlemen presented the arguments in support of their resolution in speeches of considerable length. The broad and indefinite character of the resolution, it was explained, was in order that an expression of opinion might be obtained on the motion of Dr. Stockton, and that the friends of the cause might be enabled to do so on condition that they would not turn him over to the Brazilian government. But this the Uruguayans were not able to do, and Admiral Mello put to sea again in his ship, the Republica, after having landed Gen. Sagado, an insurgent officer, with 400 wounded and otherwise disabled men who gave themselves up to the Uruguayan authorities. It is further reported that after Mello sailed away from the Uruguayan coast he returned to the Brazilian province of Rio Grande do Sul and attempted to land with his men, but the government troops drove him back, and he re-embarked and sailed away, his destination being unknown. Some of the United States newspapers, which support the present administration, are congratulating the country on the judicious part which the United States government has played in connection with the Brazilian war and comparing the results with those achieved under the Harrison-Blaine regime in connection with the Chilean war to the disadvantage of the former administration. The Harrison government, deceived by its minister, Eggn, was led to support the dictator Balmaceda who was overthrown, with the result that the prestige and influence of the United States in Chile were destroyed for a generation. This and the bullying policy pursued in connection with the street war in Valparaiso, in which some United States sailors were injured, have not had the effect of causing the Chileans to regard with intense love and respect the people of the great Northern Republic. In the Brazilian war, it is claimed—and probably with justice—the conduct of the Cleveland administration has been such as to produce quite the opposite effect, the course pursued having been dignified and just, such as to confirm democratic government in Brazil, and to win the respect and regard of its people.

The following are the graduates of Whitson's Commercial College, Halifax, during March: Capt. S. D. Hermon, Lunenburg; J. J. F. Murphy, Halifax; William M. Bates, Batston, C. B.; Edwin M. Dewis, Shubenacadie; Otto E. Borden, Canada; Farquhar D. Carter, Boston, U. S.; Mina C. Palm, Halifax; Dunn, McLeod, Farris, Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Hill, 21. Nays—Emmerson, Stockton, Phinney, Smith (St. John), Alward, Pitts, Harrison, Howe, Russell, Kiliam, Perley, Bairl, Wells, O'Brien (Charlottetown), 14.

ON the death of David Dudley Field,

which occurred in New York City April 13th, the United States has lost its most eminent lawyer and a man whose fame as a jurist had become world-wide. Mr. Field was a man whose remarkable intellectual powers were fully matched and supported by great physical robustness, and though some two months previous to his death he had entered his ninetieth year, he had retained in a remarkable degree the physical vigor of his earlier years, and the news of his death was therefore received as a surprise. He had just returned from a four months visit to Europe and landed in New York apparently in excellent health and spirits, but was there seized with a chill which induced congestion, and death in less than four days resulted. The Field family has become celebrated on account of the remarkable intellectual force and achievements of four brothers, of whom David Dudley Field was the eldest and perhaps the ablest of all. The other brothers alluded to were Cyrus W., who won world-wide fame as the man by whose indomitable force and enterprise the difficulties in the way of transoceanic telegraphy were conquered, and whose death occurred a few months ago; Stephen J., justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Henry M., editor of the New York *Evening Post*, widely known also as a writer of books of travel. These two are still living. Their father was the Rev. David Dudley Field, a noted Congregationalist minister of Connecticut, and their mother Subunit (Dickinson) Field, both of good old New England stock. The mind of David Dudley Field, the lawyer, was of that forceful, masterful, enterprising and independent order that makes it impossible to follow him along traditional lines. Having chosen the law as his profession, conscious of his exceptional powers and confident in his ability, he sought to erect as his monument and to leave as his bequest to succeeding generations an improved judiciary system. His efforts were primarily concerned with the judiciary of New York State, and in 1848, as a result of his efforts for reform, he was appointed one of three commissioners to prepare codes of procedure. Mr. Field's work along this line is marked by vast industry, legal learning and power of generalization, and though some of his work has not as yet met with the endorsement he anticipated, much of it has been accepted by many of the States and territories, and the great value of his labors are fully acknowledged and appreciated both in America and in England. But it is in the broad field of international law that Mr. Field has made his greatest reputation. To quote the *Springfield Republican*:

"In 1836 he brought before the British association for the promotion of social sciences, at its meeting in Manchester, a proposition for a general revision and re-form of the law of nations. He procured the appointment of a committee of distinguished jurists to prepare and report the outline of an international code, but every other member practically backed out and Mr. Field undertook the whole work himself. In 1838 he submitted to the social science congress his 'Outlines of an international code,' which attracted the attention of jurists throughout the world and has been translated into French, Italian and Chinese. In consequence of this work, an association was formed for the re-form and codification of international law, and the subject of arbitration for war in the settlement of international disputes. Probably his labors and his achievements in this direction are more entirely appreciated abroad than at home. An English chancellor has said that the reform of law owes more to David Dudley Field than to any other man living."

It is well known that Mr. Field for many years has been an able advocate of the plan of settling international disputes by peaceful arbitration. The fact that his only daughter—now a widow—was the wife of Sir Anthony Musgrave, at one time governor of Queensland, and that some of his grandsons are officers in the British army would naturally intensify his desire to promote this reform.

The following are the graduates of Whitson's Commercial College, Halifax, during March: Capt. S. D. Hermon, Lunenburg; J. J. F. Murphy, Halifax; William M. Bates, Batston, C. B.; Edwin M. Dewis, Shubenacadie; Otto E. Borden, Canada; Farquhar D. Carter, Boston, U. S.; Mina C. Palm, Halifax; Dunn, McLeod, Farris, Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

DESPATCHES from Athens, dated

Sunday, the 22nd inst., tell of severe earthquakes in Greece causing much destruction of life and property. Telegraphic communication had been interrupted, rendering it impossible to get information from some of the towns which it is supposed must have been affected by the shocks. Much uncertainty therefore prevails as to the loss of life, but enough is known to show that it is large. At Prakas the walls of a church fell while the people were at Vespers, burying the worshippers beneath the ruins. Thirty persons were taken out dead and scarcely a person escaped uninjured. At Malamaina sixty persons are reported killed, and at Martino 39. In the vicinity of Athens the account says the fatalities were less numerous, but the damage to property was immense. The shocks began about half past seven Friday evening and continued with more or less frequency until Sunday noon. All Saturday night movements of the earth were felt in Athens and the people of the city were in a state of great alarm. Thousands of people spent the whole night upon the streets, dreading that should they enter their houses the shock might bring the building down upon them. Further news regarding the earthquake will be awaited with anxiety, since the extent of the disaster cannot be ascertained, and a latest account there seems to be no certainty that the disturbance was at an end, for while the despatch from which our information is gathered was being sent a shock occurred which, for the time, caused consternation in the telegraph office. Prompt measures are being taken by King George and his government for the relief of the sufferers.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:

"Lord what will Thou have me to do?"
Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. Baker, 31 Princess Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR APRIL.

"Thanksgiving for the answer to our prayer in Dec. 1883, 1 Pet. 4: 12. And let us ask that the word begun at Timapitam may extend to every one of our stations. Mat. 3: 10; Eph. 3: 20."

Seeking Light.

A pathetic story that comes from China gives an illustration of how medical missions prepare the way for the advance of Christianity. A military graduate was successfully treated for a cataract at the Mission Hospital at Hankow. As he returned to his home, 48 other blind men gathered about him and begged him to lead them to the wonderful foreign doctor. So this strange procession of blind men, each holding on to the other's rope, walked for 250 miles to Hankow, and nearly all were cured. One who could not be cured, received, while in the hospital, the better gift of spiritual healing.—E.

The first Tibetan convert has recently been baptized, and the hundred missionary is a Moravian brother.

Conversion of a Diver.

While searching among the remains of a wreck on the shore near Sidney, a diver was led to a saving faith in the God of the seas. He found a small piece of paper fast in the shell of an oyster, and it proved to be a leaf from God's Word, bearing the message of Little Jesus. He said: "I can hold out against God no longer, since He pursues me even here."

A Year's Work at Ambon.

The work of evangelizing the New Hebrides continues to extend. Little more than a year ago Dr. Lamb, graduate of Edinburgh University, landed on the Island of An-brini among a crowd of naked savages. As a result of his work, and the temporary assistance of two brothers, named Murray, from Aberdeen, (Scotland), seven villages have been brought into the Christian influence. The natives are rapidly erected at others in course of conversion, and half the island charged. The change wrought is largely perceived in the religious, moral, and social condition of the people. Ambon is beautiful for situation, a paradise of coconut palms and the gem of the group of islands to which it belongs. Here it is being fringed with gospel glory and illuminated by a light that is brighter than the sun.—*Miss. Review*.

The following beautiful poem is found in the *Missionary Herald* for April:

Church of the Crucified.

Church of the Crucified, art thou reigning?
Where thy Lord had not a place for His head?

Hast thou soft comforts thy temples entwining?

Where His brows thrashed 'neath a chaplet blood-red?

Up from the dust though it gleams golden round thee—
Tis but the Judas-bribe proffered anew—

Clasp the pierced hand that from bonds age and thee;

Let the pierced heart teach thee love that is true.

Church of the Risen One, art thou reigning?

While He, thy Lord, is exalted on high?

Hast thou thy birthright of glory neglected?

Turned to earth-glamour faith's seraphim eye?

Up to the height of thy heavenly calling;
See thou thy place with the King on His throne;

Queenly in grace to break bands that are galling,

Make earth's whole burden of sorrow thy own.

Church of the Crucified, earth needs thy passing—

Love agonizing the wayward to win,
Pure self-oblation in Christliest fashion,
Soul-sweat and travail to save men from sin.

Church of the Risen One, love that withholds not!

Naught that it has God would give to thee now;

Rise in the might that thy weakness enfoldeth;

Bid the whole earth to the Crucified bow!

—H. Wright Hay.

The appeal found on the third page of this issue, in reference to a day of special prayer for the Telinga Mission, deserves the prayerful consideration of all our people. If the first Sabbath in May is observed as our beloved missionaries request, untold blessings will surely be the result, both to our work in India and in Canada, a veritable Pentecost might be enjoyed. Surely every pastor will preach at least one missionary sermon on that day. And at home and in the prayer meeting let our mission be borne to heaven on the wings of faith and prayer. It is a bugle blast from the advanced guard in the thick of the fight. "To your knees O church of the Living God." Brethren, let us heed it. —J. W. Masson, Sec-Treas. F. M. B.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

(A paper presented by Mrs. Isabella Dewey at the Missionary Institute held at Freehold, N. J., Feb. 22, 1894.)

What is the relation between the two—what the dependence of the one on the other? How may we, as ministers' wives, help in securing the success of the enthusiastic work among the people? As helpers, her thought and care and helpful touch are to be felt all through the church, in developing its life and stimulating its activities. This is her relation to the church.

By this we do not mean that she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, say more than that her husband is to be a major deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often a misapprehension of her relation to the minister's wife. First, in her relation to her husband; second, in her relation to the church; third, in her relation to foreign missions.

First: What is the relation of the Minister's wife to the minister? On the right determination of this, we believe, hangs all the rest.

She is his wife, yes, but what can we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. To some it means "Daughter of Zion," and we wonder with the pathetic picture of the child-wife sitting by the hearth at her husband's feet in world-wide silence, realizing that his thoughts are far beyond her comprehension, content if she can sit there, and hold his pens. It is a pitiful picture, and perhaps too often real, but none of us would for a moment count "Little Bosom" our ideal for a minister's wife.

Step up higher and look around again on this level. Of many a wife can it be said here:

"And I know in her dominion
She's a virtuous queen."

Yes, a queen, with in stately boughs from husband and children, and all within the home so lovingly and wisely ruled, we say, "Can any one see for more than this?" Roskin, in "Queen's Garden," exclaims: "Oh—your queens—queens!—is there no place added? How far are they called to a true queenly life? Not in their pride, nor in their over-solicitude, but in the sphere." And again the writer must be enduringly, incaptively good; "a stinctively, infallibly wise,"—wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side! Our old canon word is wondrously expressive, *helpmeet*. Not simply a companion, nor yet even simply a helper, but a *helpmeet*—measured to fit the need.

Each station in life has its own measured need, but in not one of them all should the true helpmeet be more closely identified with her husband, in thought in feeling, and in purpose, than the pastor's wife. His care for the soul, his open concern for the salvation of his flock, the pastor's wife should carry this daily burden with him. This does not mean that she should study the sermon with him, or always make calls with him, any more than that he should make the children's clothes and bake the bread. Thus literally, always side by side—but with a deepheart-to-heart sympathy in their life-work, they should be as one in thought and plan, although the details of execution be different.

There are ministers' wives who stand conspicuous among women. We apply homage to them, because of the noble way they have stood by their husbands and supported him in his work, making it not an easy task for him to follow the *in*-example. But does some one say, "I cannot be a Mrs. Jackson, or a Mrs. Sergeant, or a Mrs. Gordon. I am not genial, and there is no use in my trying to be an ideal minister's wife." Wait a moment. Very likely your husband is not a Jackson, or a Sergeant, or a Gordon. Most likely he is a good, earnest Christian man, called of God to a humbler sphere of life, and your work is to stand beside him, helping him to carry his burdens, and to make his work in that sphere a success.

The heavers have their Venus, their Jupiter, their Silvia, their Arcturus and their Altair; and in the same way the stars were a blank when would be the beauty, the brilliancy of the star-spangled sky? We glory in the achievements of our foremost women, but if the will of God is to be made known to the world, it needs more than these first-rate qualities. The darkness of the world must be spanned with the smaller lights, smaller, but not dimmer, each one in its place as bright and clear and true as the sun itself.

My sisters, it is ours to emulate, not the noted housekeepers, not the leaders of fashionableness, society, not even those who were famous with their pens, but rather those who have been foremost by their husband's sides, as true helpmates in winning the world back to Christ. When we have apprehended this, our true relation to our husbands—that we are not simply wives, but *ministers' wives*, with all of responsibility as well as privilege that belongs to the station—then only are we prepared to consider our second point.—

The minister's wife in her relation to the church.

When a Baptist minister is ordained, a council considers his qualifications, and among these prominently, his call of God to become a minister. If ministers' wives were to be subjected to the same ordeal, there is many a one who would tell of the irresistible power that led her to take up certain lines of work against inclination, and with inward groaning. Why is it my duty to do this, man asked me? The answer was, "To let the power go on until the lesson was learned. Turn, and not till then, perhaps, she saw that she had been obeying God's call to fit herself for the spiritual duties of the minister's wife, truly called of God." Others, however, may not be able to trace a clearly defined line of providential leading, but still the leading has brought them to the station, and this must be accepted as the evidence of God's call, and His command to the duties of the place.

What are these duties? In common with others the pastor's wife has the duties which belong to all Christians—wives, but this broader sphere brings added responsibility. Sometimes we hear one say that she has been called only by the pastor—that they have no right to make greater demands on the pastor's wife than on any other woman in the church. This may be true—the church may have no right to demand any more of her; but there is another

standpoint from which to look at the question. Can the wife afford to let her husband slip beyond her, and carry his burdens and responsibilities alone? Can she willingly let him do it? We believe she is not simply to count one as a member in the church. She should be one *plus*. Her relation to the pastor determines the meaning of the gospel. As helper, her thought and care and helpful touch are to be felt all through the church, in developing its life and stimulating its activities. This is her relation to the church.

By this we do not mean that she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, say more than that her husband is to be a major deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often a misapprehension of her relation to the church.

She is his wife, yes, but what can we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. To some it means "Daughter of Zion," and we wonder with the pathetic picture of the child-wife sitting by the hearth at her husband's feet in world-wide silence, realizing that his thoughts are far beyond her comprehension, content if she can sit there, and hold his pens. It is a pitiful picture, and perhaps too often real, but none of us would for a moment count "Little Bosom" our ideal for a minister's wife.

Step up higher and look around again on this level. Of many a wife can it be said here:

"And I know in her dominion
She's a virtuous queen."

Yes, a queen, with in stately boughs from husband and children, and all within the home so lovingly and wisely ruled, we say, "Can any one see for more than this?" Roskin, in "Queen's Garden," exclaims: "Oh—your queens—queens!—is there no place added? How far are they called to a true queenly life? Not in their pride, nor in their over-solicitude, but in the sphere." And again the writer must be enduringly, incaptively good; "a stinctively, infallibly wise,"—wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side! Our old canon word is wondrously expressive, *helpmeet*. Not simply a companion, nor yet even simply a helper, but a *helpmeet*—measured to fit the need.

Each station in life has its own measured need, but in not one of them all should the true helpmeet be more closely identified with her husband, in thought in feeling, and in purpose, than the pastor's wife. His care for the soul, his open concern for the salvation of his flock, the pastor's wife should carry this daily burden with him. This does not mean that she should study the sermon with him, or always make calls with him, any more than that he should make the children's clothes and bake the bread.

We apply homage to them, because of the noble way they have stood by their husbands and supported him in his work, making it not an easy task for him to follow the *in*-example. But does some one say, "I cannot be a Mrs. Jackson, or a Mrs. Sergeant, or a Mrs. Gordon. I am not genial, and there is no use in my trying to be an ideal minister's wife." Wait a moment. Very likely your husband is not a Jackson, or a Sergeant, or a Gordon. Most likely he is a good, earnest Christian man, called of God to a humbler sphere of life, and your work is to stand beside him, helping him to carry his burdens, and to make his work in that sphere a success.

The heavers have their Venus, their Jupiter, their Silvia, their Arcturus and their Altair; and in the same way the stars were a blank when would be the beauty, the brilliancy of the star-spangled sky? We glory in the achievements of our foremost women, but if the will of God is to be made known to the world, it needs more than these first-rate qualities. The darkness of the world must be spanned with the smaller lights, smaller, but not dimmer, each one in its place as bright and clear and true as the sun itself.

My sisters, it is ours to emulate, not the noted housekeepers, not the leaders of fashionableness, society, not even those who were famous with their pens, but rather those who have been foremost by their husband's sides, as true helpmates in winning the world back to Christ. When we have apprehended this, our true relation to our husbands—that we are not simply wives, but *ministers' wives*, with all of responsibility as well as privilege that belongs to the station—then only are we prepared to consider our second point.—

The minister's wife in her relation to the church.

When a Baptist minister is ordained, a council considers his qualifications, and among these prominently, his call of God to become a minister. If ministers' wives were to be subjected to the same ordeal, there is many a one who would tell of the irresistible power that led her to take up certain lines of work against inclination, and with inward groaning. Why is it my duty to do this, man asked me? The answer was,

"To let the power go on until the lesson was learned. Turn, and not till then, perhaps, she saw that she had been obeying God's call to fit herself for the spiritual duties of the minister's wife, truly called of God." Others, however, may not be able to trace a clearly defined line of providential leading, but still the leading has brought them to the station, and this must be accepted as the evidence of God's call, and His command to the duties of the place.

What are these duties? In common with others the pastor's wife has the duties which belong to all Christians—wives, but this broader sphere brings added responsibility. Sometimes we hear one say that she has been called only by the pastor—that they have no right to make greater demands on the pastor's wife than on any other woman in the church. This may be true—the church may have no right to demand any more of her; but there is another

Magazine The Helping Hand, The King's Messengers, the beautiful and complete Hand Book and the various other books and leaflets published by our missionary societies, some of all of which may be used as circumstances permit.

Of all devised plans for study we know of none other so complete as Mrs. Waizerberg's "Trip Round the World." We wish that in every church the women, as well as the girls, might be gathered together to read the thousands who have already started. This trip is a set of lessons, prepared for the Father Lights, but so delightful to be restricted to them alone. They will surely extend a welcome to all who will join in them in their tour. It costs but a dollar for an entire circle to take the round trip, and a guide leaf comes to each member for each stopping place. The very first of these, at Japan, is failure of the wife, but still she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, say more than that her husband is to be a major deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often a misapprehension of her relation to the church.

By this we do not mean that she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, say more than that her husband is to be a major deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often a misapprehension of her relation to the church.

She is his wife, yes, but what can we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. To some it means "Daughter of Zion," and we wonder with the pathetic picture of the child-wife sitting by the hearth at her husband's feet in world-wide silence, realizing that his thoughts are far beyond her comprehension, content if she can sit there, and hold his pens. It is a pitiful picture, and perhaps too often real, but none of us would for a moment count "Little Bosom" our ideal for a minister's wife.

Step up higher and look around again on this level. Of many a wife can it be said here:

"And I know in her dominion
She's a virtuous queen."

Yes, a queen, with in stately boughs from husband and children, and all within the home so lovingly and wisely ruled, we say, "Can any one see for more than this?" Roskin, in "Queen's Garden," exclaims: "Oh—your queens—queens!—is there no place added? How far are they called to a true queenly life? Not in their pride, nor in their over-solicitude, but in the sphere." And again the writer must be enduringly, incaptively good; "a stinctively, infallibly wise,"—wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side! Our old canon word is wondrously expressive, *helpmeet*. Not simply a companion, nor yet even simply a helper, but a *helpmeet*—measured to fit the need.

Each station in life has its own measured need, but in not one of them all should the true helpmeet be more closely identified with her husband, in thought in feeling, and in purpose, than the pastor's wife. His care for the soul, his open concern for the salvation of his flock, the pastor's wife should carry this daily burden with him. This does not mean that she should study the sermon with him, or always make calls with him, any more than that he should make the children's clothes and bake the bread.

We apply homage to them, because of the noble way they have stood by their husbands and supported him in his work, making it not an easy task for him to follow the *in*-example. But does some one say, "I cannot be a Mrs. Jackson, or a Mrs. Sergeant, or a Mrs. Gordon. I am not genial, and there is no use in my trying to be an ideal minister's wife." Wait a moment. Very likely your husband is not a Jackson, or a Sergeant, or a Gordon. Most likely he is a good, earnest Christian man, called of God to a humbler sphere of life, and your work is to stand beside him, helping him to carry his burdens, and to make his work in that sphere a success.

The heavers have their Venus, their Jupiter, their Silvia, their Arcturus and their Altair; and in the same way the stars were a blank when would be the beauty, the brilliancy of the star-spangled sky? We glory in the achievements of our foremost women, but if the will of God is to be made known to the world, it needs more than these first-rate qualities. The darkness of the world must be spanned with the smaller lights, smaller, but not dimmer, each one in its place as bright and clear and true as the sun itself.

My sisters, it is ours to emulate, not the noted housekeepers, not the leaders of fashionableness, society, not even those who were famous with their pens, but rather those who have been foremost by their husband's sides, as true helpmates in winning the world back to Christ. When we have apprehended this, our true relation to our husbands—that we are not simply wives, but *ministers' wives*, with all of responsibility as well as privilege that belongs to the station—then only are we prepared to consider our second point.—

The minister's wife in her relation to the church.

When a Baptist minister is ordained, a council considers his qualifications, and among these prominently, his call of God to become a minister. If ministers' wives were to be subjected to the same ordeal, there is many a one who would tell of the irresistible power that led her to take up certain lines of work against inclination, and with inward groaning. Why is it my duty to do this, man asked me? The answer was,

"To let the power go on until the lesson was learned. Turn, and not till then, perhaps, she saw that she had been obeying God's call to fit herself for the spiritual duties of the minister's wife, truly called of God." Others, however, may not be able to trace a clearly defined line of providential leading, but still the leading has brought them to the station, and this must be accepted as the evidence of God's call, and His command to the duties of the place.

What are these duties? In common with others the pastor's wife has the duties which belong to all Christians—wives, but this broader sphere brings added responsibility. Sometimes we hear one say that she has been called only by the pastor—that they have no right to make greater demands on the pastor's wife than on any other woman in the church. This may be true—the church may have no right to demand any more of her; but there is another

Magazine The Helping Hand, The King's Messengers, the beautiful and complete Hand Book and the various other books and leaflets published by our missionary societies, some of all of which may be used as circumstances permit.

Of all devised plans for study we know of none other so complete as Mrs. Waizerberg's "Trip Round the World." We wish that in every church the women, as well as the girls, might be gathered together to read the thousands who have already started. This trip is a set of lessons, prepared for the Father Lights, but so delightful to be restricted to them alone. They will surely extend a welcome to all who will join in them in their tour. It costs but a dollar for an entire circle to take the round trip, and a guide leaf comes to each member for each stopping place. The very first of these, at Japan, is failure of the wife, but still she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, say more than that her husband is to be a major deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often a misapprehension of her relation to the church.

She is his wife, yes, but what can we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. To some it means "Daughter of Zion," and we wonder with the pathetic picture of the child-wife sitting by the hearth at her husband's feet in world-wide silence, realizing that his thoughts are far beyond her comprehension, content if she can sit there, and hold his pens. It is a pitiful picture, and perhaps too often real, but none of us would for a moment count "Little Bosom" our ideal for a minister's wife.

Step up higher and look around again on this level. Of many a wife can it be said here:

"And I know in her dominion
She's a virtuous queen."

Yes, a queen, with in stately boughs from husband and children, and all within the home so lovingly and wisely ruled, we say, "Can any one see for more than this?" Roskin, in "Queen's Garden," exclaims: "Oh—your queens—queens!—is there no place added? How far are they called to a true queenly life? Not in their pride, nor in their over-solicitude, but in the sphere." And again the writer must be enduringly, incaptively good; "a stinctively, infallibly wise,"—wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side! Our old canon word is wondrously expressive, *helpmeet*. Not simply a companion, nor yet even simply a helper, but a *helpmeet*—measured to fit the need.

Each station in life has its own measured need, but in not one of them all should the true helpmeet be more closely identified with her husband, in thought in feeling, and in purpose, than the pastor's wife. His care for the soul, his open concern for the salvation of his flock, the pastor's wife should carry this daily burden with him. This does not mean that she should study the sermon with him, or always make calls with him, any more than that he should make the children's clothes and bake the bread.

We apply homage to them, because of the noble way they have stood by their husbands and supported him in his work, making it not an easy task for him to follow the *in*-example. But does some one say, "I cannot be a Mrs. Jackson, or a Mrs. Sergeant, or a Mrs. Gordon. I am not genial, and there is no use in my trying to be an ideal minister's wife." Wait a moment. Very likely your husband is not a Jackson, or a Sergeant, or a Gordon. Most likely he is a good, earnest Christian man, called of God to a humbler sphere of life, and your work is to stand beside him, helping him to carry his burdens, and to make his work in that sphere a success.

The heavers have their Venus, their Jupiter, their Silvia, their Arcturus and their Altair; and in the same way the stars were a blank when would be the beauty, the brilliancy of the star-spangled sky? We glory in the achievements of our foremost women, but if the will of God is to be made known to the world, it needs more than these first-rate qualities. The darkness of the world must be spanned with the smaller lights, smaller, but not dimmer, each one in its place as bright and clear and true as the sun itself.

My sisters, it is ours to emulate, not the noted housekeepers, not the leaders of fashionableness, society, not even those who were famous with their pens, but rather those who have been foremost by their husband's sides, as true helpmates in winning the world back to Christ. When we have apprehended this, our true relation to our husbands—that we are not simply wives, but *ministers' wives*, with all of responsibility as well as privilege that belongs to the station—then only are we prepared to consider our second point.—

The minister's wife in her relation to the church.

When a Baptist minister is ordained, a council considers his qualifications, and among these prominently, his call of God to become a minister. If ministers' wives were to be subjected to the same ordeal, there is many a one who would tell of the irresistible power that led her to take up certain lines of work against inclination, and with inward groaning. Why is it my duty to do this, man asked me? The answer was,

"To let the power go on until the lesson was learned. Turn, and not till then, perhaps, she saw that she had been obeying God's call to fit herself for the spiritual duties of the minister's wife, truly called of God." Others, however, may not be able to trace a clearly defined line of providential leading, but still the leading has brought them to the station, and this must be accepted as the evidence of God's call, and His command to the duties of the place.

What are these duties? In common with others the pastor's wife has the duties which belong to all Christians—wives, but this broader sphere brings added responsibility. Sometimes we hear one say that she has been called only by the pastor—that they have no right to make greater demands on the pastor's wife than on any other woman in the church. This may be true—the church may have no right to demand any more of her; but there is another

Magazine The Helping Hand, The King's Messengers, the beautiful and complete Hand Book and the various other books and leaflets published by our missionary societies, some of all of which may be used as circumstances permit.

Of all devised plans for study we know of none other so complete as Mrs. Waizerberg's "Trip Round the World." We wish that in every church the women, as well as the girls, might be gathered together to read the thousands who have already started. This trip is a set of lessons, prepared for the Father Lights, but so delightful to be restricted to them alone. They will surely extend a welcome to all who will join in them in their tour. It costs but a dollar for an entire circle to take the round trip, and a guide leaf comes to each member for each stopping place. The very first of these, at Japan, is failure of the wife, but still she is to be the president of every woman's society in the church, say more than that her husband is to be a major deacon, and president of the trustees, and chairman of every committee. This is often a misapprehension of her relation to the church.

She is his wife, yes, but what can we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. To some it means "Daughter of Zion," and we wonder with the pathetic picture of the child-wife sitting by the hearth at her husband's feet in world-wide silence, realizing that his thoughts are far beyond her comprehension, content if she can sit there, and hold his pens. It is a pitiful picture, and perhaps too often real, but none of us would for a moment count "Little Bosom" our ideal for a minister's wife.

Step up higher and look around again on this level. Of many a wife can it be said here:

"And I know in her dominion
She's a virtuous queen."

Yes, a queen, with in stately boughs from husband and children, and all within the home so lovingly and wisely ruled, we say, "Can any one see for more than this?" Roskin, in "Queen's Garden," exclaims: "Oh—your queens—queens!—is there no place added? How far are they called to a true queenly life? Not in their pride, nor in their over-solicitude, but in the sphere." And again the writer must be enduringly, incaptively good; "a stinctively, infallibly wise,"—wise, not that she may set herself above her husband, but that she may never fall from his side! Our old canon word is wondrously expressive, *helpmeet*. Not simply a companion, nor yet even simply a helper, but a *helpmeet*—measured to fit the need.

Each station in life has its own measured need, but in not one of them all should the true helpmeet be more closely identified with her husband, in thought in feeling, and in purpose, than the pastor's wife. His care for the soul, his open concern for the salvation of his flock, the pastor's wife should carry this daily burden with him. This does not mean that she should study the sermon with him, or always make calls with him, any more than that he should make the children's clothes and bake the bread.

We apply homage to them, because of the noble way they have stood by their husbands and supported him in his work, making it not an easy task for him to follow the *in*-example. But does some one say, "I cannot be a Mrs. Jackson, or a Mrs. Sergeant, or a Mrs. Gordon. I am not genial, and there is no use in my trying to be an ideal minister's wife." Wait a moment. Very likely your husband is not a Jackson, or a Sergeant, or a Gordon. Most likely he is a good, earnest Christian man, called of God to a humbler sphere of life, and your work is to stand beside him, helping him to carry his burdens, and to make his work in that sphere a success.

The heavers have their Venus, their Jupiter, their Silvia, their Arcturus and their Altair; and in the same way the stars were a blank when would be the beauty, the brilliancy of the star-spangled sky? We glory in the achievements of our foremost women, but if the will of God is to be made known to the world, it needs more than these first-rate qualities. The darkness of the world must be spanned with the smaller lights, smaller, but not dimmer, each one in its place as bright and clear and true as the sun itself.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.

with miners, etc., contributed for denominational work, i. e., Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Acadia University, Ministerial Education, Ministerial Aid Fund, Grand Lodge of Masons, etc., and contributions from churches or individuals, etc., in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island should amount to the sum of \$10,000. This sum, N. B., and all monies for the same work from Nova Scotia should be sent to Rev. A. Cohoon, Wolfville, N. S., who will deposit the same in the denominational work can be had on application to the above, or to the Baptist Book Rooms, Halifax.

MIDDLETON, N. S.—I baptized eighteen into the Nicata church Sunday, April 15, and received one on experience. C. E. FINCH.

ST. STEPHEN.—Two men received the ordinance of baptism last Sabbath evening, viz: Miss Jennie Grant and Lizzie Rigby. W. C. G.

MILTOWN, MAINE.—It was my happy privilege last Sabbath in the presence of a large audience to baptize three happy believers in Christ, and we meet six that same day in church fellowship. F. S. TODD.

GRACE BAY.—For two weeks we have been holding special meetings at this place. The Lord is moving His people; backsliders are returning to their Father's house, and a number have professed faith in the Lord and are awaiting baptism. We are looking to the Lord for a larger blessing. J. A. MARPLE.

HANTS CO.—We wish to acknowledge the following gifts received during the last year, for our church building fund: Aix Board collection at Santaport, \$450; L. D. Parker, 50c.; Joseph Masters, 50c.; Rev. P. A. McEwan, 5c.; Chester friends, 50c.; Mrs. Joseph Milette, \$6; Edwin Bancroft, \$1; Lewis Smith, \$1; Mrs. Wm. Putnam, 55; Dr. E. M. Pazzani, \$2; John Nader, \$1; Walker & Hanson, Truro, glass for windows complete; Capt. D. Falkner, \$1; C. F. Ellis, \$1; E. Elmer, 50c.; Mrs. Robinson, \$1; a friend, 50c.; two friends, \$5; Mrs. Spear, 25c.; Mr. and Mrs. George Parker, 50c.; and many others who have extended their hands, also to our neighboring friends for their valuable help at last summer's tea-meeting. We want more funds this spring to continue building. Brethren pray for us, and if the Lord wants you to help answer those prayers—don't back out. All offerings may be sent to the under-signed or to David Webber, Treasurer, and they will be duly acknowledged and placed to credit of the church.

F. E. ROOR.

BRISTOL, N. B.—Good news from Bristol! On leaving Doaktown I came to the aid of Rev. A. H. Hayward. He had already begun special meetings at Bristol, one of his preaching stations. Our services are held in the public Hall, are largely attended and accompanied by God's saving power. Last Lord's day Bro. Hayward preached to us here and a larger number will probably be baptized next Sabbath as many are seeking the Lord. Bristol is a bright little town, near by the St. John River, and one of the stations of the C. P. R. As yet the Baptists have no church organization, but they are now considering the necessity of such an organization. We have had several services at Florenceville, and there already the Lord is graciously revealing His power to save. The hills all around are white unto the harvest. Bro. Hayward resides at Florenceville, has a large and important sphere, is abundant in labor and is held in high esteem by his people, and deservedly. I. WALLACE.

SPRINGFIELD, P. E. I.—In his field was pastored Bro. Fred Parker, J. B. Chapman gave us charge till I came about last Christmas. Bro. Chapman has since removed to Yarmouth Co., N. S., and carries with him the best wishes of many kind friends on this field. Since coming here I have been much encouraged in the work. The Lord is blessing His Word. We have been holding special meetings for the last few weeks. Five candidates who were received at our last conference meeting were baptized the 2nd inst. Brother Carter, of Tyne Valley, kindly came to our help; he administered the ordinance of baptism to the new members. Five of them, then, we all sat down at the Lord's table, and enjoyed much of His presence. This was the first service held in the Knutson building since it has been repaired. The house looks very nice and reflects much credit on the workmen—Bro. Gamble, who was the architect, and Mr. English, who did the painting. Our sisters should not be forgotten, as they have manifested a deep interest in the cause. They have placed two large lamps on the pulpit, furnished blinds, carpets, etc. The new building at Springfield is about ready for occupation and we hope to open it soon. This house also presents a good appearance and is credit to the work which an interest in this department of the work. May God continue to pour out His spirit upon us, and may the church be quickened to further trust, humbleness of heart and reliance upon the Lord. C. A. REED, Lic.

NOTICES.

WILLIAMS, VILLAGE OF.—A supply this week. There are no conversions to report we can praise the Lord. His goodness is great. We have not heard the Word preached on this section of the field since last summer, but we gathered together twice a week for social service all winter, and a deep sense of spiritual life prevails in the hearts of the people. Our Sabbath school has also been kept open in this section throughout the whole winter. At the close of our social meeting on Saturday, 14th inst., a license to preach the gospel was voted to one of our young men, Bro. T. L. Hargrove, Jr. Brethren, we desire your prayers. T.

NEW SALEM, N. B.—Seven more happy believers were baptized into the New Salem Baptist church on Sunday evening, April 15. The names of those baptized were: Fred Parker, Mrs. Parker, Jessie Parker, Lucy Moreau, John Weaver and Annie P. Mercereau, second daughter of Bro. E. Mercereau. Another candidate was received on the following evening, making twelve in all added to the church by baptism as the result of three weeks labor. A great many others we believe are converted. In fact the whole community has been moved by the power of God. I now close the meetings here for the present on account of bad roads, and will (D.V.) hold special meetings in the Ludlow Baptist church for the time being. Brethren, we pray for us. April 17. JAS. A. PORTER.

GRAND VIEW, P. E. I.—This is a branch of the Uigg church and bids fair to outrun its mother. It is located in a family home convenience. Some forty families are here, a few having a house of their own, others of the subsistence ravages of wrong and sin. It recently stands quite rebuilding and the work which is wanted is almost completed. The Lord is working with them; others are awaiting baptism. C. W. CORRY.

BENTON is a very thriving village on the C. P. R. about sixteen miles below the town of Woodstock. In summer it is a bee hive of industry. Milling establishments and a large tannery give employment to a large number of persons. There are four places of worship in the village—Baptist, Methodist, Church of England and Roman Catholic. The Baptist church edifice is a credit to the people's hearts and pockets. It was dedicated last fall. Its architectural appointments are superior. The bell on the tower sends out its musical tones calling the people together to engage in devotional service. Only a short time ago the membership of the Baptist church here was small. The times of refreshing came from the presence of the Lord. Now a church numbering over a hundred

members; a splendid Sabbath-school with about a hundred in attendance; an efficient superintendent, and staff of faithful teachers; a magnificent choir and splendid organ all contributed to the welfare of the church. Brethren J. W. S. Young and A. F. Baker, of Woodstock, have rendered valuable services here, and their labors have been abundantly blessed. 28 have recently joined the church. I had the privilege of extending the hand of fellowship to fourteen new members last Sabbath. A Woman's Missionary Aid Society has been formed here some time ago and is doing grand work. I never saw a more noble band of young people in any church. Quite recently a very excellent quarterly meeting was held in this place, of which the secretary will do me the favor to furnish the account. By unanimous vote of the members and congregation I take the pastoral oversight half of the time. My address is Woodstock. Thos. Topp.

NO. 1, HANTS CO.—We wish to acknowledge the following gifts received during the last year, for our church building fund: Aix Board collection at Santaport, \$450; L. D. Parker, 50c.; Joseph Masters, 50c.; Rev. P. A. McEwan, 5c.; Chester friends, 50c.; Mrs. Joseph Milette, \$6; Edwin Bancroft, \$1; Lewis Smith, \$1; Mrs. Wm. Putnam, 55; Dr. E. M. Pazzani, \$2; John Nader, \$1; Walker & Hanson, Truro, glass for windows complete; Capt. D. Falkner, \$1; C. F. Ellis, \$1; E. Elmer, 50c.; Mrs. Robinson, \$1; a friend, 50c.; two friends, \$5; Mrs. Spear, 25c.; Mr. and Mrs. George Parker, 50c.; and many others who have extended their hands, also to our neighboring friends for their valuable help at last summer's tea-meeting. We want more funds this spring to continue building. Brethren pray for us, and if the Lord wants you to help answer those prayers—don't back out. All offerings may be sent to the under-signed or to David Webber, Treasurer, and they will be duly acknowledged and placed to credit of the church.

DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS FROM NOVA SCOTIA.

We are now almost to the close of the third quarter of the Convention year. So far the receipts have been in excess of last year, but there is need of the help of all we can give, and, please, as we hope, the marked amount at \$15,000 from Nova Scotia, besides what the W. M. A. Societies may raise. Some of our churches are doing well, others are not coming up as we hoped. A few churches are taking monthly offerings for this work—quite a number having their regular quarterly offerings and some seem to have no regular plans. We find that those that have their regular monthly collections do the best. Acquaintance with the work deepens the conviction that it is not lack of ability or disposition to give that makes the offering so small, but lack of system in gathering those offerings. Where the officers of the church lead the way and call upon the church for their offerings at stated periods, there are always some who will respond, and the number of these will constantly increase as the months and quarters come round.

SPECIAL MENTION.

We know that many of the offerings made for this work represent real sacrifice, and in one sense self denial. But after all these are the ones who know the meaning of the Master's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Many of these sacrifices are known only to Him who sees in secret. A few come to our notice.

At the opening of the new church at Middleton a few weeks ago, a lady gave me her wedding ring with the request that I should sell it and devote the proceeds to the Lord's work.

A few days ago I received \$20 from one of our ministers of which he says:

"This sum represents the greater part of the annual premium on our insurance policy. In view of the pressing needs of home and foreign missions, I have decided after prayerful deliberation to give up the policy and to pass over the greater part of the annual premium to the work of missions. The reason is that I cannot carry the policy, and to do so of great expense.

The policy for which I have given for me, and because I feel that His work is calling loudly for self-denial and sacrifice on the part of all His followers. Wife and I have prayed about it and looked at the question from many sides, and we now willingly lay it on the altar of the missions and pray that God's blessing may accompany the gift."

A. CONCOR. TREAS. FOR N. S. WOLFWILLE, APRIL 17.

HOME MISSION BOARD MEETING.

The regular meeting of the Home Mission Board was held on the 9th inst.

REPORTS.

were received from General Missionary Marple, and from Missionary Pastors Wetmore, of Margaree; Carpenter, of Sable River; Carter, of Tyne Valley; P. E. I.; Snelgrove, of Rockland; N. B.; Vincent, of Cape Tormentine; Langille, of East Dalhousie, and final report of Pastor Ingram, of Tabernacle, St. John.

APPLICATIONS.

1. From the West End church, Halifax, for aid to assist them in supporting a student. DENIAL.

2. From a number of students for work during the approaching vacation. COR. SECY. WAS INSTRUCTED TO SEE WHAT COULD BE DONE TO SUPPLY THESE YOUNG MEN WITH WORK.

STUDENT LABOR.

Any church desiring student labor, either to take charge of the church or as an assistant to the pastor, will please let me hear from them at once.

THE THIRD QUARTER ENDS.

With this month. The Board has been able to pay amounts due missionaries, but the \$2,700 owing on notes has not been reduced. Quite an amount will be due before the end of the month of the quarter.

As only \$486.34 were received from the Treas. for N. B. and P. E. I. for the two quarters ending Jan. 31, '94, we are hoping for a larger sum from him for the third quarter.

A. COHON, COR. SECY. H. M. B.

PERSONAL.

Mr. E. A. Read, who was graduated at Acadia with the class of '92 and has since been pursuing theological studies in Chicago, has received from Chicago University an appointment to a fellowship in systematic theology, and at the completion of his work next year will receive the degree of Ph. D. He will be licensed to preach by the Board of Examiners, who was on his way from Rev. A. Freeman, who was on his way from Maugerville, where he had been laboring for a few weeks, to P. E. Island, having been called home by the very sad intelligence of his wife's death. This event was quite unexpected, and the circumstances are therefore peculiarly trying to our brother. Many will unite with us in sympathy for him and his family in their time of sorrow.

The home of our esteemed brother, Rev. F. H. Beals, of Hebron, N. S., has been visited by death, and his beloved mother removed to the spirit world. We extend to our brother and to others collected here our deepest sympathy.

Following note announcing the death of Mrs. Beals was perhaps not intended for publication, but we trust that we violate no confidence in giving it here. It will be of interest, no doubt to many: "My mother died at the parsonage, Hebron, on Friday, April 13th, aged 76 years and eight months. She spent the afternoon of the previous Tuesday in visiting friends, going to rest at night as well as usual. On entering her room on Wednesday morning, we found that she had been stricken with paralysis, being in an unconscious condition, in which she continued till her death. She had passed her last night away, ticket and made other preparations to visit her old home in Annapolis County, intending to make the journey on Thursday, the 12th inst. She had made preparations years ago for the other journey, and her desire to go home was fulfilled in God's way. It was our privilege to have her spend the last year of her life in our home, where she bore constant testimony to the truth as it is in Jesus by her cheerfulness, patience and faith. The mortal remains were conveyed on Saturday to the old home at Ingleside, where scores of friends had the privilege of looking at

the peaceful face. On Monday afternoon we laid her body by the side of my father's in the cemetery at South Williamson. We little thought that her 'good-night' of Tuesday evening would be her last word to us—but, although we greatly desired that it might be otherwise, it was doubtless better that the "good-morning" should be spoken, when the shadows of earth are forever fled.

ST. JOHN CHURCHES.

The scribe of the Ministerial Conference having been requested to prepare a short note of the doings and condition of the churches, he would remark that earnest work is being done and not without success. The evangelistic work, in which the pastors united and the churches were supposed to unite, did good. Fairville was, especially, blessed, and Pastor Martell now enters upon the seventh year of his pastorate reporting that the church was never in better condition. From Main street every encouraging report comes in. Pastor Deacon is uniting, as he labors, show special meetings continued for five weeks with little outside assistance, a recently organized Bible class with an attendance of a hundred, church so crowded that those who are not early are not able to find seats, and additions up to date fifty-nine. The Tabernacle is without a pastor, Bro. Ingram having gone to Ludlow, Maine. At Brussels street large congregations attend, and they report that Pastor Carey has lost none of the oratorical ability which made him so popular in St. John during his former long pastorate. At P. E. I. Pastor Baker is gradually recovering from his illness and able to preach and work with his usual vigor. It looked for a while as if he must stop and rest. A few have been recently baptized. The Carleton church has felt the pressure of the hard times. Many of the men have been without work and seven or eight Baptist families either have gone or are going away. Congregations however are usually good, and the Sunday school large. At the Ministers' meeting on Monday, Bro. John Hughes gave a tentative, "not dogmatic" theory of the resurrection of the body. It will be more fully discussed at the next meeting.

DR. DEBLOIS'S RESIGNATION.

ST. MARTINS, BERMUDEZ.

The resignation of our principal, Dr. deBlos, has been noted with much regret by all members of the school. Every one who has been in any way connected with the Seminary and has an interest in its welfare, must certainly feel, that to our esteemed principal, we owe a debt of gratitude for his untiring and successful efforts in bringing our school gradually and safely through the many difficulties which have beset it on every side. Among the students there is general regret. Those who do not expect to return next year have become so wedded to the pleasant associations and so in love with the Seminary, that they, wherever their lot may be cast, will always be highly interested in its future welfare. And both our love and respect for Dr. deBlos have been so increased as the months have gone by, that we fear the day when his hand is removed from the helm of affairs. Among those who expect to return there is a feeling of deep sorrow at the thought of the absence of him whose presence has been so dear to us.

Half the attractiveness and charm of our school will seem to have passed away, when he, who has become such a patient factor in all our pleasant and happy associations, has gone. Not only in St. Martins, but throughout the Provinces, wherever the Seminary is known, Dr. deBlos's name has become inseparably connected with the prosperity of the Seminary. Never before in the history of the institution has there been such a large attendance and everything in so flourishing a condition. All these things speak well for Dr. deBlos's ability to hold his position a task so fraught with various and conflicting circumstances. Thus the people here represented, see and recognize that through his earnest zeal and purpose our institution is prosperous and worthy of confidence and support. We earnestly hope that Dr. deBlos may be induced to withdraw his resignation and remain a while longer to guide with steady hand our young and growing institution.

ACADIA.

Acadia University should have a branch of her Alumni Association in each of the three Maritime Provinces. I write to ask as an old New Brunswicker, why it is that the graduates of Acadia in New Brunswick have never attempted to form a Branch Association of its Alumni within the limits of that Province?

Why is it that St. John, for instance, has not followed the worthy example of Halifax in this respect?

With Brethren Gates, Kempton Black, Martell, Dr. Hopper, Hicks, n. of St. John; Baker, of Woodstock; Eastbrook, of Andover; Warren, of Sackville; Dr. deBlos, C. W. Williams, in the St. Martins ministry, and such men as Prof. Creed of Fredericton, W. G. MacFarlane, J. A. Sharpe and J. March of the other professions, New Brunswick is in position to maintain a flourishing branch of the Associated Alumni. What about Prince Edward Island, with Pastors George Charlton, Bent of Sackville, Higgs of North River, Bishop and Spur with others among the graduates. Could you not, my Brethren, support a branch of this noble institution on this island—the gem of Canada?

If Massachusetts, with graduates and students scattered throughout the length and breadth of the commonwealth, can support a branch successfully, why can't New Brunswick not do the same? Prince Edward Island also, Sons of Acadia in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island shall we not hear from you on this matter?

B. H. THOMAS.

Athol, Mass.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Painful Spectacles.

the women who try to wash without Pearline. It's hard to look at, but it's harder yet to do it. Washing with Detergents is easier on the work, backs, eyes and skin fabrics. It does away with the Rub, Rub, Rub. There is nothing as convenient—nothing as effective. Washing with Soap is safe; millions know it, and can tell millions who want to know.

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE. Pearline is never peddled, if you get it, send it back.

JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Beware

You an imitation, be home & send it back.

278 JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

Surprise Soap

4 oz. & 25 cents
each size.

Surprise Soap
is made from
natural ingredients
and is a soap
that is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

Surprise Soap
is a soap that
is good for
the skin.

THE RED FORESTER.

One fine day in October three children were merrily at play on the outskirts of one of the grand old forests that are found on the Baltic shore. The pretty red and yellow leaves under their feet afforded them immense delight as they massed them into a pile, upon which the three-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, had a kind thought for the other, the smaller and lighter-headed boy of eight, did not rest until he, too, had found a good stout stick, with which he sided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

Suddenly the air about them was darkened, and over their heads a great bird came flying low with flapping wings and dismal croak. Down it came on the pile of leaves beside the little one. Its eyes were keen and piercing. He must go at once. Putting on his old jacket and looking his last on all he loved, the little fellow made his way into the wildest and most unquieted part of the wood. He was a good walker and strong enough for his age, but his condition of mind for the last three days had brought on a feverish state; for he had neither eaten nor slept save to dream of horrors.

Hans had not walked far in the cold damp place before his limbs began to fail him. A few hours found him in a strange, lifeless condition, with only one idea left him to go deeper and deeper into the black unknown woods.

And here the boy took possession of his reason and began to mutter as he walked: "Oh, my father, my life for yours; spare my father!"

Hours went by and still he walked on, not knowing how he moved. The darkness came on early, and the boy began to fail in his weakness.

All at once he found himself in a clear space, in the middle of which a great fire was burning. Had he indeed found the Red Forester? Yes, it must be so. A man in a red gown and a golden crown was feeding the fire with a golden censer.

He would be burnt alive. That would be his fate. But what did it matter? He could not suffer more than he had done. He made an attempt to attract the red man's notice, but could not. His strength was gone, and, tottering nearer the dread being with the cry, "My father, save my father!" Hans fell down beside the fire unconscious.

Fisher Muller and his wife, although simple folks, were superior to the people with whom their lot was cast. In his youth the fisher had hoped to attain to some better station; but the military service of his country held him the best years of his life, and he returned from service to find the only means of procuring a livelihood was to follow the fatal calling, and so he continued to be a fisherman.

Fran Müller was gentle and thoughtful, and, as the little home was well tended and snug, they were content and only longed for something better for their children.

The mother met the children at the door, and, taking Elsa and Hans, asked the reason of her cry. The boy eagerly told the story of the great bird that would have eaten Elsa's eyes, but that Hans gave him a whack in time.

"Mother," said Hans, "Otto says the Red Forester will punish me. Old Walther will hit me."

"What did Walther tell you about the Red Forester?" said the mother.

"Have you not heard of the old red man?" asked Otto.

"What about him?" said Fran Müller, as she clasped Elsa close in her arms and pressed her lips to her rosy cheeks.

"He has a castle in the wildest and darkest part of the forest, but no one ever returns that seeks it; and if one kill his favorite bird, the raven, sorrow will come—bitter sorrow."

As the boy told his story darkness had come on and the wind began to rock round the house.

The mother sat quiet with her baby asleep on her knee. "Mother," said Hans, troubled at her silence, "you don't speak; do you believe old Walther's story?"

"No, Hans," said the mother: "but you should have tried to frighten away the bird before killing it."

Poor Hans. He felt sad and heavy-hearted. His mother's face wore a troubled look, he was sure. And this was true; for the entire force of fisherman were out at sea, and old Walther had called to tell of his heavy storm was brewing; many shooting stars had been seen on the night before, showing clearly from which direction to expect the wind. Did he not recall the woe the last October storm had brought to three families?

Indeed, she remembered it only too vividly. The wind as it blew stronger sounded more and more dreadful to her. If, as last year, they were driven as far out, it would be days before all could return; until then what terrible anxiety! The sight of a great pair of boots in the corner made her shudder, for she knew they were the fisherman's. Weighted down by these heavy rubber things which are buckled so securely about the legs and loins, there is a terrible chance for him to drown himself in the water. And thus it is that none of the fishers learn to swim, preferring the drowning agonies to be over as soon as possible.

Fran Müller rose at length and put the little one to bed, not dreaming that Hans was watching every look.

Old Walther's forecast was indeed true, and before morning the sea was terrific to look upon. The rain fell in sheets, and the beautiful leaves of yesterday lay sodden and colorless when the children looked in dismay from the windows. Could things change so quickly?

The next day the storm grew still more furious. The mother's heart became as lead. Her husband had gone from his home young and strong. Was he never to return? She would not, could not bear it.

The second night of the storm she was startled by a cry of pain from Hans, and running to his bedside she found him sitting up white with terror. "Mother, the raven wants my father's life or mine. It came to me in my sleep."

"My child, pray for your father's

life; he needs all our prayers," she answered, full of her sad forebodings.

The boy was in despair; did his mother really think he had brought trouble on his home? Would the Red Forester demand an equivalent?

The little fellow spent the next day in a dazed condition. His mother was upon which the three-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, had a kind thought for the other, the smaller and lighter-headed boy of eight, did not rest until he, too, had found a good stout stick, with which he sided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

Suddenly the air about them was darkened, and over their heads a great bird came flying low with flapping wings and dismal croak. Down it came on the pile of leaves beside the little one. Its eyes were keen and piercing. He must go at once. Putting on his old jacket and looking his last on all he loved, the little fellow made his way into the wildest and most unquieted part of the wood. He was a good walker and strong enough for his age, but his condition of mind for the last three days had brought on a feverish state; for he had neither eaten nor slept save to dream of horrors.

Hans had not walked far in the cold damp place before his limbs began to fail him. A few hours found him in a strange, lifeless condition, with only one idea left him to go deeper and deeper into the black unknown woods.

And here the boy took possession of his reason and began to mutter as he walked: "Oh, my father, my life for yours; spare my father!"

He would be burnt alive. That would be his fate. But what did it matter? He could not suffer more than he had done. He made an attempt to attract the red man's notice, but could not. His strength was gone, and, tottering nearer the dread being with the cry, "My father, save my father!" Hans fell down beside the fire unconscious.

Fisher Muller and his wife, although simple folks, were superior to the people with whom their lot was cast. In his youth the fisher had hoped to attain to some better station; but the military service of his country held him the best years of his life, and he returned from service to find the only means of procuring a livelihood was to follow the fatal calling, and so he continued to be a fisherman.

Fran Müller was gentle and thoughtful, and, as the little home was well tended and snug, they were content and only longed for something better for their children.

The mother met the children at the door, and, taking Elsa and Hans, asked the reason of her cry. The boy eagerly told the story of the great bird that would have eaten Elsa's eyes, but that Hans gave him a whack in time.

"Mother," said Hans, "Otto says the Red Forester will punish me. Old Walther will hit me."

"What did Walther tell you about the Red Forester?" said the mother.

"Have you not heard of the old red man?" asked Otto.

"What about him?" said Fran Müller, as she clasped Elsa close in her arms and pressed her lips to her rosy cheeks.

"He has a castle in the wildest and darkest part of the forest, but no one ever returns that seeks it; and if one kill his favorite bird, the raven, sorrow will come—bitter sorrow."

As the boy told his story darkness had come on and the wind began to rock round the house.

The mother sat quiet with her baby asleep on her knee. "Mother," said Hans, troubled at her silence, "you don't speak; do you believe old Walther's story?"

"No, Hans," said the mother: "but you should have tried to frighten away the bird before killing it."

Poor Hans. He felt sad and heavy-hearted. His mother's face wore a troubled look, he was sure. And this was true; for the entire force of fisherman were out at sea, and old Walther had called to tell of his heavy storm was brewing; many shooting stars had been seen on the night before, showing clearly from which direction to expect the wind. Did he not recall the woe the last October storm had brought to three families?

Indeed, she remembered it only too vividly. The wind as it blew stronger sounded more and more dreadful to her. If, as last year, they were driven as far out, it would be days before all could return; until then what terrible anxiety!

The sight of a great pair of boots in the corner made her shudder, for she knew they were the fisherman's. Weighted down by these heavy rubber things which are buckled so securely about the legs and loins, there is a terrible chance for him to drown himself in the water. And thus it is that none of the fishers learn to swim, preferring the drowning agonies to be over as soon as possible.

Fran Müller rose at length and put the little one to bed, not dreaming that Hans was watching every look.

Old Walther's forecast was indeed true, and before morning the sea was terrific to look upon. The rain fell in sheets, and the beautiful leaves of yesterday lay sodden and colorless when the children looked in dismay from the windows. Could things change so quickly?

The next day the storm grew still more furious. The mother's heart became as lead. Her husband had gone from his home young and strong. Was he never to return? She would not, could not bear it.

The second night of the storm she was startled by a cry of pain from Hans, and running to his bedside she found him sitting up white with terror. "Mother, the raven wants my father's life or mine. It came to me in my sleep."

"My child, pray for your father's

life; he needs all our prayers," she answered, full of her sad forebodings.

The boy was in despair; did his mother really think he had brought trouble on his home? Would the Red Forester demand an equivalent?

The little fellow spent the next day in a dazed condition. His mother was upon which the three-year-old Elsa was seated in great contentment making the bright things fly in all directions with the stick in her hand.

The eldest child, a boy of ten, had a kind thought for the other, the smaller and lighter-headed boy of eight, did not rest until he, too, had found a good stout stick, with which he sided his sister in scattering the fluttering leaves to the four winds.

In a few moments the boy was in his father's arms, the doctor himself telling his story; and then Fisher Muller related how they had been blown far out the first night of the storm and had taken refuge on the Island of Rugen, where a benevolent Danish lady of title has built a refuge for sailors who find there warmth and food awaiting all who are driven on that shore; and many there are who bless the good woman for their rescue from the tempest.

The good language and clear intellect of the boy, his honest bearing and the neatness of the simple home won the doctor's heart. "Give Hans to me," he said. The father and mother did not speak.

"Forgive me, that is not right, you must all come to me; I have long needed someone honest and true to take an interest in my comfort and home. Hans can still be with you: we will share him together." So after a time all was arranged.

The doctor never repented his interest in the Muller family to the end of his life, for they remained his devoted and trusty servants. Hans studied the profession of his beloved friend and teacher, becoming his right hand truly. Today his name stands first among the eminent and benevolent men of his time.—*The Independent.*

A Terrible Charge.

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death shall not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded court room, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

"Will the prisoner answer?"

"There is nothing that will make him show the sign of confession."

"Will he maintain the cold, indifferent attitude that he has shown through the long trial, even to the place of execution?"

"All of you know in your hearts that there is no sin of mine that is greater than an unconfessed murder, but God Almighty's truth. The High Tribunal of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year; sends the husband and father to prison or to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blights every community it touches."

"You legalized the saloons that made me a drunkard and a murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no defense, I will not admit that I was guilty of the murder of my wife."

"Your honor, I am done; I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the laws of the State. You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by solemnly asking God to open my blind eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic!"—*Talbot Morgan, in Domestic Journal.*

"I stand here before this bar, convicted of the wilful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a lecher, a drunkard and a wretch; that I returned from one of my long debauches and fired

The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

WHAT THE SCHOOL BELL SAYS.

It is wonderful what unlike things the school bell says to the boys when it rings! For instance, the laggard, who drags along On his way to school, hears this sort of song:

Oh—suz—ham!
Why did I come?
Study til four—
Books are a bore!
Oh how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! there's the brook,
Here's line and hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up—eh?
Oh—hum—ho!
Suppose I must go
Stroll till four.
Books are a bore!

Then the boy who loves to be faithful and true, Who does what his parents think best he should, Comes bravely along with satchel and books. The breeze in his whistle, the sun in his look; And these are the thoughts that well up like a song As he hears the old bell with its faithful ding dong:

Cling, clang, clang—
I am so glad I could sing!
Heaven is blue,—
Duty to do;
Birds in the air,
Everything so fair.
Even a boy
Finds study a joy;
What the milk done
I'm ready for.
I'm ready to play
For the tasks of the day.
Cling, clang, clang—
I'm so glad I could sing!

These are the songs which the two birds hear, When the school bell was ringing, word for word, Which you think was the true song? Which you hear as you're trudging along? Don't be a laggard!—far better, I say, To work when you work, and play when you play!

Journal of Education.

THE HOME.

Attend to Reading.

Reading is a great means of education, and whether it be a blessing or a curse depends on what we read. By reading we may commune with the mightiest and wisest minds, and if we will improve our moments, we may by reading equip ourselves for great usefulness in this world. Great men have usually been great readers. Lincoln, James A. Garfield used to read and study lying flat upon the floor before the fire. Hugh Miller stored his mind with knowledge in the same way, while his associates were spending their time in idle talk. Schielman, when a boy, standing in line at the post-office and waiting for his letters, gazed the fragments of time by studying Greek from a pocket grammar. Fifteen minutes saved four times a day gives us 30 hours in the month, the working time of about 60 days of six hours each in a year, or about five years' study in thirty years' time; and five years well used yield more fruit than a whole life squandered.

Persons of a studious mind, by giving attention to reading, gain many of the advantages of a "liberal education," and benefit in learning just what they need to know, and omitting other things which may not be so directly to their purpose, they may often equip themselves more thoroughly for their work by such reading than they would by passing through an ordinary educational course.

Success in business depends not upon the large volume done, but upon the small margin of profit secured and retained; so success in life may depend upon our ability to save the moments, the precious "margin" that is left after we have done the things which are necessary in order to discharge the duties of our daily bread. The studies, thoughtful boy or girl, who gives attention to reading, and who reads something that means something instead of filling the mind with the everlasting wish-wash of cheap novels and romances, will be found at last to be equipped with facts, knowledge and wisdom, and fitted for positions in life which none but a well-read person can ever hope acceptably to fill.—The Christian.

A Mother's Crusade.

The inevitable lot of woman is to suffer for and with him to whom her life is united, either as wife, mother or daughter, whatever the title of consanguinity may be. If we must share the consequences, have we no place in the conflict? Daily we are pained by disgrace and ruin where least expected.

Dishonesty seems an epidemic in every grade of society. A topic for an integer of the generation to consider, rest with mothers and have influence and responsibility is greater than we comprehend in this matter. Let our "rights" be to teach our children, from their cradles, lessons of honesty, pure and simple. The little foxes spoil the vines, and we must be careful of trifling things. If our boy tells us that the conductor failed to take his fare on the street car, we must not smile and say, "You are so much in them." We will show him that he has availed himself of a convenience and benefit upon which there is a fixed price, without paying for it. Next time he will offer the money before leaving the car, and will not forget the lesson in the future. This (only one of the many) illustration shows us what we must teach in the strict of rightness in making things. It is our "right" to make a new dictionary, calling things by their

names hereafter. Its vocabulary will not be polished and elegant; but, nevertheless, truth will distinguish it. An "embezzler" will be a thief, and to "be short in accounts" will be written there "dishonest."

We will not teach them that "honesty is the best policy," but rather that dishonesty is utter ruin to the success and happiness of this life, and, in the "life to come, eternal condemnation." We will show them that lives without foundation of self-denial and economy become, unaware, those of reckless expenditure and extravagance; that habits formed in youth, if not in the direction of right, become relentless tyrants. We may be watchful and strict in our rules for the guidance of our bright boys, but our best safeguard is this platform of honor instilled from the heart, and once firmly fixed, an after-thought will suffice for most Christian manhood will be comparatively a labor of love, easy to accomplish. In this "mother's crusade" to win back the golden rose of uprightness and honor, let there be no lack of confidence.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

Cleaning the Udder Before Milking.

Where labor is employed in milking, one of the greatest troubles occurs in having the milk drawn without contaminating the contents of the pail. In winter especially, hair and filth will get into the pail unless the cows are properly cleaned just before milking. There are different standards of cleanliness and some men who think themselves fitty neat on the standard of others are not. For years the writer has employed men to milk, and this matter of having the milk in the pail spotless white when the operation was done has been a cause of constant worry. Every milker will give a reason for the presence of the filth in the milk, but this does not remedy the matter. Some men brush off the udder with the hand, but many hands are brushed against the side of the udder to stick them or perhaps to fall on to the milk. Others brush the udder with a stick, but this is hardly better than the hand, and usually the operation is imperfectly done. Some persons wipe off the bag with a wet cloth, but this method is to be condemned, as wetting the udder or teats, at least with many cows, causes a dryness which is un-purified and often makes the teats become chapped. The udder ought never to be wet in winter, unless it is unclean, or medical treatment makes it necessary; then it ought to be wiped thoroughly dry after treatment.

After using various devices to promote a condition of cleanliness about the udder that would guarantee clean milk, I have recently adopted the following scheme to give results far superior to anything heretofore tried by me. The cow is supposed to be clean all over as the result of a respectable brushing off. Before milking, however, the milkers take a hair brush having an imitation bristle of considerable stiffness, and give the udder a good brushing off. The brush is thin, and the under udder can be brushed off easily, even up close between leg and bag. I pay ten cents a piece for these brushes and they last a long time. They are not sold as cattle brushes, but druggists keep them as their cheapest hair brush. Never before was I able to see the milk come in the dairy as clean as it came during the past year. This is largely due to the fact that the milker can keep the udder cleaner with his brush than by any other method. I do not believe a person can keep the milk in the pail clean if the arm or shoulder should be allowed to rub constantly against the cow's body and necessarily brush off hairs. Under such circumstances no amount of udder cleanliness will guarantee clean milk. The past summer a lady from Florida visiting the dairy and barn chance to see the milker using this brush. The idea met with her emphasis and approval, and she said that all she believed in was the brushing of the udder. She had tried various ways of cleaning, but had up to this time found nothing better than a cloth.—New England Homestead.

Taxes Some Farmers Forget.

It is a chronic habit of some farmers, and some dairy men are in the lists, to be forever complaining about the taxes they pay, and yet they pay a larger tax to some of their defective practices than to the State, the taxes paid to a leaky stable floor, manure piled under the eaves of the barn; cows in the winter eating high priced hay and grain, and giving no returns for their food; pigs weighing less in the spring than the previous fall; calves at a year old worth less than at ninety days of age; cows giving 3,000 pounds of milk a year when they should give 6,000; fed on purchased grain when the bulk of the grain should be grown on the farm; butter made so poor and white the grocer would refuse to exchange comestible for it, pound for pound, and so on through a list of equally bad practices that will increase the amount or quantity of milk a cow would give, or wash the butter milk out of butter, much less substitute the foods a cow should have, for the dear, expensive hay and grain that she does not need.

Feeble to Itself.

So eminently successful has Hood's Samparilla been that many leading citizens from all over the United States furnish testimonials of cures which seem almost miraculous. Hood's Samparilla is not an accident, but the ripe fruit of industry and study. It possesses merit "peculiar to itself." Hood's Pills cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

"You niggers," says Uncle Mose, "dat vinks you is gwine to get up dem golden stairs widout climbin' hand, is mighty muhl mistaken. I des want to tell you right now dat de yellervanner is stopped minnin' ebene since de days ob ole Elijah."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

There are Samparillas and Samparillas, but if you are not careful in your purchases, the disease you wish to cure will only be intensified. Be sure you get Ayer's Samparilla and no other. It is compounded from the Honduras root and other highly concentrated alteratives.

At the Brandon Experimental Farm, the test treatment was very significant. Four plots, each one-eighth of an acre, were treated: the land itself was clean, a great thing in such experiments. One plot was sown with smutty

seed untouched in any way; the seed on the next was treated with one pound bluestone dissolved in a pail of hot water, and mixed with ten bushels of seed; the next was steeped in salt brine strong enough to float an egg for a few minutes, and the last was treated with the Jansen's method, with water at 125 degrees. Handtubs were taken here and there all over the plots till about 300 ears were got from each, and from these 200 of each sort were carefully examined. Of the untreated sort six and a half per cent. of the ears were found smutty. Of the bluestoned and salted not one head was affected; by the hot water treatment one per cent. was lost. This is a very clear proof of the value of preventive treatment. The crop from the untreated seed looked badly snutteted, and was fully ten cents a bushel worse than the one where, besides this risk of the land it grew on tainting the next grain crop should be considered.—*Farmer's Advocate.*

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A WELL-KNOWN BRAINTON COUNTY LADY.

Suffered for Two Years With Sick Headache, Dizziness and Dyspepsia—How She Found Relief—What Well-Known Chemists Say.

From the Brantford Expositor.

Mrs. S. W. Avery lives on Pleasant Ridge, about four miles out of the city of Brantford, that borders her namesake post-office and where all her trading is done. Mr. and Mrs. Avery have always lived in that neighborhood, and he is the owner of two splendid farms, the one where he lives consisting of 100 acres and the other lying near Brantford comprising 100 acres. They are highly respected residents of the community in which they reside, and every person for miles around know them. Having heard that Mrs. Avery had been cured of chronic dyspepsia and indigestion, by the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills, a reporter called there recently and asked if she was willing to make public some facts concerning the same. Mrs. Avery stated that she had benefited by the use of Pink Pills, and was perfectly willing to give her experience for the benefit of those who might be similarly suffering. "For the past two years," said Mrs. Avery, "I had been greatly troubled with a very sick headache, dizziness and a cough, which I believe were the symptoms of dyspepsia and indigestion, and I could find nothing to relieve me, although I tried several different medicines. I could not even find anything which would relieve my cough, which at times would be very severe. Early in the fall I read in *Examiner* of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as the symptoms mentioned were somewhat similar to mine, I was thus induced to try them. I procure a supply from Messrs. McGregor & Merrill, druggists of Brantford. Before I had used two boxes of the Pink Pills I felt so much better and relieved from my distressing symptoms that I thought it would be best to continue taking them through the winter, and I accordingly got another supply and used them with the result that I have been totally relieved. I have not once since had the severe headaches which formerly made my life miserable and my cough has entirely disappeared, I strongly recommend Pink Pills to any one who suffers similar to what I have. They are as good as any syrup." Well, sir, the first half bottle helped me. I kept on taking it. The medicine kept on curing. Now I am all right; can eat, sleep, work and enjoy life. Guess I saved myself a large doctor's bill; and I know others that has suffered. I took less than three bottles, and my case was very bad."

Such words come from the heart. Such a writing does good to other sufferers.

GRODENS' SYRUP CURE.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 28th, 1894.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT.

As much

FOR INTERNAL & EXTERNAL USE.

ED. 1810.

Originated by an Old Family Physician.

Think of it. In 1810, for internal & external use, Mrs. Avery still had a cure.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Asthma, Cholera-Morbus, Diarrhoea, Lameness, Sprains, Tumidities, Colds, Catarrh, &c., will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy entire recovery.

Every Mother

Anodyne Liniment in Typhus, Fevers, Throats, Tonitritis, Colic, &c., will be found a valuable remedy for all complaints like magic.

Price, 30cts. post-paid: \$1.00, per dozen.

S. E. WHISTON,

95 Barrington St., Halifax, N. S.

EVENING CLASSES

Will re-open Monday, October 2nd,

Hours 7.30 to 9.30.

Hundreds owe their success in life to the training received at these classes. We are now better equipped than ever before.

Specimens of penmanship and drawings containing full information mailed to any address. KERR & PRINGLE, Odd Fellows Hall.

Proprietors.

The best test of any school is the testimony it receives from those who live in its vicinity, and are in a position to judge of its merits. Our local patronage is greater than ever before.

We hold out no false inducements.

The badge of our institution is the broad and thoroughness of its course of instruction, and especially of its graduation.

For terms, etc., call at the College, or send for circulars.

KERR & PRINGLE, St. John, N. B.

Something New, Fresh, Inviting!

ALPRIZE STORY.

"BEAUTIFUL JOE."

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

By MISS MARSHALL SAUNDERS.

Price 75 Cents, Strictly Net.

Handsome Illustrated.

This story took one of three prizes offered by the American Humane Education Society for the best stories illustrating kindness and courage in animals, children, Southerners, and Western States and Territories.

The Committee of award says: "BEAUTIFUL JOE" is a charming story. An admirable story and ought to have an immediate sale and become a standard book for all youths.

It is warmly endorsed by Geo. T. Angell, President of the American Humane Society, and editor of "Our Dumb Animals."

It is in every respect equal to "Moby Dick," and has an even more dramatic interest.

"Beautiful Joe" is sure to make a profound impression.

See that your boy has a copy.

Baptist Church Articles and Devotional Books mailed, per hundred, \$1.00.

Golden Text Books for 1894, per hundred, \$2.50.

Baptist Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

GEO. A. McDONALD,

PEDIGREE FERTILIZER CO. LTD.,

WINDSOR, N. S.

MANUFACTURERS OF

High Grade Fertilizers:

"EUREKA" Brand Superphosphate and Potash Manure, Ground Bone, Ground Plaster.

"EUREKA" Plant Food for Flowers, Cattle and Poultry Food.

Special Fertilizers Compounded to Order.

Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 1894.

3 Agents wanted in Localities where these goods are not represented.

March 14th, 18

SUMMARY NEWS.

Dominion.

Hon. Peter Mitchell has been very ill in Montreal, but is recovering.

A roofer named Bourg'n fell from a building on Notre Dame street, Montreal west, Thursday evening, and was killed.

The farmers at Aylesford and vicinity are going to start a cheese and butter factory at Aylesford station. They will erect a building and put in the machinery at once.

At the election in Charlottetown Thursday the Scott Act was readopted by a majority of 100; for the act, 714; against the act, 712. The act was defeated in 1891 by a majority of 15.

The Moncton Presbyterian church has refused to accept donation of \$151.19 raised by the men at a public entertainment, because there was dancing on the programme. The dancers were the Laman brothers, of this city.

It is understood that Wm. Wheeler, formerly a partner in the dry goods firm of the Pender Hall Works Co., is organizing a new company, who will soon put in operation a factory for the manufacture of wire nails. The capacity of the new works, it is said, will be 50,000 kggs per year.

The story telegraphed from Brandon, Mont., a week or two ago, saying that a man named Dutten had confessed to being the murderer at Brampton, Ont., of the aged Williams couple, and for which crime Walter McWhirrel is to be hanged on June 1, turns out to have been fake.

Gaspereauans were spellbound in the harbor yesterday and last night that the fishermen had difficulty in landing their catches. In Mr. Elijah Toole's wharf, The Gold Hunter, on Carleton floats, over six boat loads of fish were taken in yesterday afternoon's tide—*Friday's Telegraph*.

Chas. Fawcett, of Sackville, will begin the erection of foundry, machine shops, etc., in a few days. The new buildings will be on the site occupied by the buildings destroyed by fire last winter, but they will be much larger. Men and teams have been busy getting the necessary materials on the ground.

The Bridgewater Monitor celebrated its 21st birthday last week by issuing a special edition price one cent, containing the portraits of prominent men in the county, of public buildings, &c. It is a very handsome double sheet, and the Monitor is to be congratulated upon its enterprise.

Our genial friend, Mr. John Harris, of Wolfville, who is as well and favorably known in his connection with the American House, Wolfville, has purchased the Dr. Brown property at that place. Mr. and Mrs. Harris have conducted the American House for fourteen years and are now retiring from the cares of a hotel—*Western Chronicle*.

Messrs. E. Churchill & Sons, of Hantsport, have received sad news from their barquentine Brazil, now at Rio. A letter was received on the 14th inst. from Capt. Robert Lawrence stating that he had lost both officers and most of his crew by yellow fever. Mr. John Andrews, the first officer was a Hantsport man. He leaves a widow, son and daughter.

There is a steady demand for houses in Suisse, and has been for some time. At least a dozen new building, if erected this spring, would find tenants and would pay good interest on the money invested. If some of our more enterprising men would realize that this want is keeping the town back, we are sure the evil would soon be remedied.—*Providence Journal*.

The water in the river at Indian-town rose rapidly all day yesterday, and at dark last night was within a few feet of the top of the wharf. The tug Hunter left on Saturday for Fredericton with ten scows in tow. The steamer Springfield left Saturday for Palmer's wharf. Reports received last night state that the river is free from ice to the capital. The other steamers will leave today or tomorrow.—*Monday's Sun*.

Dr. Lemarache, professor in Laval University, has entered an action for \$100 against Rev. Canon Bruchésel of the archbishop's palace, and the suit will be a peculiar one. Professor Lemarache was physician to the reverend gentleman's sister-in-law, who, being very ill, announced that she had been suddenly cured through the intercession of a favorite saint. The doctor claims that it was he who cured the lady in question, and declares that the canon is endeavoring to hurt his practice.

United States.

Three young children at Williamsport, Pa., pulled some wild parsnips from the ground and ate them. One died in convulsions and the other cannot recover.

The South Carolina dispensary law has been declared unconstitutional by two Supreme Court judges concerning and one dissenting from the opinion.

On Tuesday morning in Voluntown, Conn., Miss Wilson was found dead. About four o'clock a pet cat was on her chest. The doctors believe death was caused by strangulation from the cat sucking her breath.

Superintendent Stump, of the immigration bureau, has issued an important circular of instructions to commissioners of immigration collectors of customs and immigration inspectors, which, in effect, extends all of the prohibitive and inspection features of the present regulations regarding transoceanic immigrations to persons arriving in the United States by water from Canada, Newfoundland and Mexico.

The will of David Dudley Field was probated in New York on Wednesday. Most of the estate is left to Mr. Field's daughter, Lady Musgrave, and her children. To the town of Stockbridge, Mass., he gives \$5,000, so that the town graveyard may be kept in order and chimed in the belfry erected be rung each day. He gives \$6,000 to

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Unwritten Law

In the Best Society



Dinners, House Parties, Afternoon Receptions and Five o'Clocks, the necessary, nay, the indispensable adjunct to the correct repast is

Chocolat-Menier?
Only Vanilla Chocolate of highest grade, is manufactured by MENIER—Beneficial even for the most delicate.

Can be taken just before retiring.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR
CHOCOLAT MENIER
ANNUAL SALES EXCEED 60 MILLION POUNDS

SEND ONE DOLLAR and get 15¢
which is granted to cover any case of desperate
Treatment free. JOHN H. MCALPIN, Lowell, Mass.

his native town, Haddam, Conn., so that Fild Park may be kept in order. In a codicil he directs that a tract of land in New York be sold and about \$117,062 be given to the widow of his son Dudley. The estate is supposed to be worth about \$500,000.

British and Foreign.—The Brazilian government makes official announcement that the rebellion is ended.

The shore end of the third cable of the Commercial Cable Co. has been successfully landed at Waterville, Ireland.

Sir Charles Russell has accepted the position of Lord Justice of Appeal in place of Lord Bowen, who died in April.

War! on scripula and every form of impure blood is boldly declared by Hood's *parasitica*, the great conqueror of all blood diseases.

No good blood is made by the dyspeptic. K.D.C. makes good blood by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Ask your druggist for it.

The French government has decided to suspend the stipend of the Archbishop of Lyons in consequence of his opposition to the law relating to accounts of church warden.

Mr. Morton's bill to abolish the power of the House of Lords to veto legislation passed by the House of Commons and its first reading in the House of Commons Tuesdays.

Queen Victoria arrived at Coburg Germany, on Friday and received in state by the Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and their son and daughter-in-law. All of the imperial and royal guests have arrived to attend the wedding of the Duke of Hesse and Princess Victoria of Saxe-Coburg.

The result of the civic elections in St. John last Tuesday was the election of Mr. George Robertson as mayor and the whole of the Tax Reduction Association ticket with two exceptions. The balance of power will therefore be with the T. R. A. men, and the Association will be in a position to carry out its principles by promoting economy in connection with civic affairs. The election was held under the new system in accordance with which each elector has the privilege of voting not only for the gentleman nominated to represent his own ward, but for all the others. There is one alderman for each of the thirteen wards, and two who are aldermen at large. The personnel of the new council is as follows:

George Robertson, Mayor.
Patrick McCarthy, Alderman-at-large.
C. B. Lockhart, Guys Ward.
J. B. M. Baxter, Brooks.
George H. Waring, Sidney.
S. G. Blizard, Duke.
Dr. J. W. Daniel, Queens.
James Kennedy, Kings.
J. H. McRobbie, Prince.
Wm. Shaw, Wellington.
James Seaton, Victoria.
Thomas Millidge Dufferin.
Dr. Wm. Christie, Lansdowne.
John McMulkin, Lorne.
John McGoldrick, Stanley.

MARRIAGES.

GILLITT WETHERSFON.—At Granville Ferry, March 31, by Rev. H. Achiles, Lemo Gillitt, to Mrs. Ellen WetherSFON, all of Granville, Annapolis Co., N. S.

KEANS-ANTHONY.—At the Baptist parsonage, Milton, April 17, by Rev. H. A. Griffin, Wm. Keans, to Hattie Anthony, both of Milton, N. S.

DEATHS.

CLEMENTS.—At Melvern Square, April 5th, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Harding Clements.

GASTON.—At Wilmot, N. S., April 12, of pneumonia, Louisa, beloved wife of George Gaston, aged 42 years. She leaves a husband to mourn.

MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

LECAIN.—At Kentville, N. S., December 29th, 1883, Gladys, daughter of Bro. and Sister A. LeCain, aged five years and six months. Little Gladys was a remarkable child of her years, and filled a large place in the hearts of her parents, and it was among the hardest experiences of life for them to give her up to earth, fill her little mind, and left at the call of the Master for a higher sphere than this, leaving with those who loved her so tenderly a legacy of precious memory which the changes of time will never efface. Those sweet little hymns she used to sing, such as "Precious Jewels" and "Jesus loves me," will have to those afflicted parents a meaning now that they never had before; and whenever they hear them sung their hearts will be lifted heavenward whilst their precious jewel has gone to be ever with that Jesus who loved so tenderly and said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not" for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

JORDEN.—At Gaspereaux Mountain, on the 15th inst., Thomas Jorden, in his 81st year. His dear brother leaves a wife and several children to mourn their loss. May the Lord comfort the family.

HIMMER.—At Sand Beach, Yar., N. S., April 8, after a short illness, Captain John Hibbert, aged 58 years, leaving a wife, one son and one daughter. He died trusting in Jesus.

FODD.—At the residence of her son at Economy Point, Prince Edward, on a paralytic stroke, Sister Abigail Foote, wife of the late Jeremiah Foote, of Grafton, N. S. This sister was up to the time of her death a member of the Baptist church, Billtown, N. S.

(Montreal papers please copy.)

COLDWELL.—At his residence at Gaspereaux, on the 17th inst., Ebenezer Coldwell, in the 79th year of his age, leaving a wife and six daughters and two sons to mourn their loss. One son is prof. secy. A. Coldwell of Acadia University. May the bereaved find consolation in Christ.

MCBURNE.—At Five Islands, of paralysis of the heart, Bro. John W. McBurne, in the 77th year of his age. This brother was a member of the Little church here for nearly fifty years. During the early part of his life he was a valuable member, but his usefulness was much hindered by deafness during the latter part of his life.

CUTHOUSE.—At Tiverton, Digby Co., N. S., March 28, Mrs. Maria Cuthouse, widow of the late Deacon James Cuthouse, aged 84 years. Sister Cuthouse was baptized and received into the fellowship of the Tiverton church under the ministry of the Rev. W. L. Parker about eighteen years ago. She leaves a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

STRONACH.—At Margarettville, N. S., April 13, of consumption, Isaac M. Stronach, aged 39 years. The church and community have sustained a great loss in our brother's death. He was a consistent member of the Baptist church and was elected to the office of deacon—but, on account of illness, could not act in that capacity. He leaves two little boys to mourn the loss of a kind father.

WEISS.—At Mac's Bay, Charlottetown, Mar. 28th, John Weiss, aged 28 years. Bro. Weiss was converted about fourteen years ago under the labors of the Rev. W. J. Stewart, and remained a staunch Baptist until his death. Though suffering severe pain for months through the infirmities of the flesh yet his faith in Christ was strong, and he died trusting in Jesus. Bro. Weiss leaves an aged mother, a brother and sister, a wife and two small children to mourn their loss.

BUSHON.—Sarah Read, beloved wife of Doctor Holland Bushon of Little River, Cumberland Co., went to her longed-for happy home April 17th, aged 70 years. Sister Bushon was brought up a Methodist, sprinkled at eight or nine years of age; but as she grew in years, and carefully read the New Testament, she there found she "must be borne again." With her whole heart she sought the Lord, and obtained pardon and peace through the Blood and Righteousness of Jesus. Fifty-six years ago this dear sister was baptized by the late Rev. J. E. Barnaby, the first New Testament baptism administered in Greenville, Cumberland Co. During her long life it can truly be said she honored Jesus, whom she dearly loved, and it was her delight to entertain any of Christ's servants. She was deeply interested in Zion church, and when Zion presented a stamp to convert she rejoiced; but when Zion languished her soul was troubled, and she poured out her heart's desire before God for deliverance. She was often a ministering messenger to the sick and dying. In the absence of her husband, she kept family worship, moving on. She has left an aged husband, three sons and two daughters, all members of the Baptist church except one, sixteen grand and five great-grandchildren to cherish in loving remembrance till ill comes.

STAPLES.—Rachel Archibald, widow of the late Ephraim Staples, passed very gently and easily to her home in glory Feb. 27, aged 82. This dear sister and true mother in Israel was brought up in the bosom of the Presbyterian church. But possessing a very intelligent and inquiring mind, when she came to the years of understanding she carefully studied the words of our Lord Jesus, and in them learned the promises of the new birth and believers' baptism. Then she gave her light and a new creation, and on May 9th, 1854, at the age of 36 she followed her Saviour in the blessed ordinance of believers' baptism and was immersed by the late Samuel Thompson and united with the Debert River Baptist church. She loved her church, and her mind was stored with interesting facts concerning its history, and also of the history of the great Baptist body generally. Sister Staples was also well versed in the political and religious history of her native county and province. It was exceedingly interesting and profitable to hear her speak and afterward to her and listen to the graphic description of the many interesting incidents connected with her life and the lives of the early settlers of Colchester, especially of Truro and the eastern part of the county. She has left behind her one son and three daughters and several grandchildren to cherish her memory in loving hearts till called to join her in the church triumphant. Write "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

—We guarantee quality and price second to none.

A large stock constantly on hand to select from.

Repairing promptly attended to at moderate rates.

Our trial will convince you of the truth of this statement.

Factory and Show Rooms:

Main Street, - - Woodstock, N. B.

P. O. Box 120.

Apr. 10th, 1884.

15 ly

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—

—