

# Messenger and Visitor.

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WALLACE GRAHAM has been appointed to the judgeship made vacant by the death of Judge James. He will honor the position as much as the position honors him. Dr. Castle has removed to Rochester, N. Y. His health is slowly improving. Prof. J. E. Wells has been appointed editor of the *Canadian Baptist*. He has had much to do with the excellence of the paper in the past. We expect it will be made still more able in the future. We welcome our old friend to the fraternity of Baptist editors.

ALL our readers will be grieved to hear that Bro. J. F. Kempton is lying in St. John, very ill, with small hope of recovery. Let prayers go up to God for him and for his family. He has been one of our most pious and devoted pastors—a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost.

COLPORTAGE WORK IN EASTERN N. S. ASSOCIATION.—We hope all interested will heed Bro. Layton's appeal in another column. Scarcely any work will do more to help on the Lord's work than this. We should have a colporteur in each of our Associations. We are glad the N. S. Eastern is taking the lead; we hope the others will follow.

SADLY TRUE.—Ex-President Anderson, of Rochester University, says that the children of the very rich are as dangerous to society as those of the very poor and of criminals. They are brought up to the idea that labor is ignoble and that amusement is the chief end of life. The man or woman who lives to kill time is in great danger of ruin through dissipation and sensuality. We have only to observe the lives of those who have been born to great wealth to see how many of this class become moral wrecks. Worse than the children of the vicious classes, their example has a more full power over others. In our solitude for those who are in moral degradation, let us not forget those who have plenty of physical comforts. Their case is the most difficult to reach; but they have an equal claim upon our prayers and efforts.

DISILLUSION.—It is not pleasant to be compelled to aid in sweeping away the halo which has been spread around the memory of the dead. Sometimes, however, this is demanded in the interest of truth and righteousness. There has been scarcely a newspaper, the world over, which has not had laudations of Father Damien, the missionary to the lepers of Molokai. His life has been spoken of as almost unexampled in its self-sacrifice and heroism. It now appears that all this laudation has been bestowed upon a very unworthy man. The *Herald and Preceptor* wrote to Dr. Hyde, principal of the theological school in Honolulu, for the facts about the life of Damien. The testimony of Dr. Hyde must be taken as undoubtedly true. This is his reply to the letter of inquiry:

HONOLULU, August 2, 1889.

Rev. H. B. GAGE:  
Dear Brother.—In answer to your inquiries about Father Damien, I can only reply that we who knew the man are surprised at the extravagant newspaper laudations, as if he were a most saintly philanthropist. The simple truth is, he was a coarse, dirty man, headstrong and bigoted. He was not sent to Molokai, but went there (at first) without orders; did not stay at the leper settlements, but circled freely over the island (less than half the island is devoted to the lepers), and came often to Honolulu. He had no hand in the reforms and improvements inaugurated, which were the work of our Board of Health, as occasion required and means were provided. He was not a pure man, and the leprosy of which he died should be attributed to his vices and carelessness. Other people have done much for the lepers—our own ministers, the government physicians, etc.—but never with the Catholic idea of meriting eternal life. Yours,  
C. M. HYDE.

Висноу СОВЕТУХУ preached a sermon on Church Union, at the session of the Anglican Synod in Montreal. He is reported to have said:

In working to this end (the organic union of all the churches) patience, knowledge, grace, wisdom and charity were required. Those who denied that the Romish church had sufficient grace of God to enable many of her ministers and members to live lives of holiness were wilfully blind to the facts. The four large bodies of Nonconformists had not so forfeited the grace of God that they had not been instrumental in winning souls to Christ and spreading the knowledge of His name on our earth.

As a member of one of the four great bodies spoken of, we are glad to be told by so high an authority that, presumably though not being churchmen, we have not sinned beyond the power of God's grace to make us useful. The breadth and reach of the Bishop's charity are remarkable. How insensible we must be to such condescending hopefulness, if we

do not, at once, abandon our sinful schism, and fall into the arms of the church which is so great in claim and pretension! Again the Bishop declares, as an essential to this union that "the different members of all congregations must come to form part of the body of Christ." This implies, of course, that at present they do not form part of that body, of which, it is to be presumed, the members of the Bishop's church have a monopoly. This union, then, must be consummated through all other bodies, becoming part and parcel of the Episcopal church, or as the Bishop would say, of the church. In this way his desire would be accomplished, and "the Church of England would be the centre of unity both to Romanism and the other forms of Protestantism." Doubtless the Bishop means well. It may be he is unaware of, or perhaps he is indifferent to, the fact that some of his utterances appear to the four great bodies of Nonconformists as offensive as they are absurd. We can only hope that the evangelical element in the Episcopal church may gain the ascendancy, and that the figment of apostolic succession which underlies all such arrogant assumptions, as we have quoted from the report of the Bishop's address, may be relegated to the Romish church, where they belong.

INCONSISTENT.—The *Globe* says: Strenuous advocates of a free school system under state control, the Baptists have, nevertheless, at a great deal of expense to themselves, undertaken a work which is somewhat at variance with the ideas underlying the state system, and the experiment is an interesting one.

It is our opinion that the Baptist attitude to common schools is perfectly consistent with their strenuous efforts to establish higher schools of their own. They are the most strenuous supporters of common schools supported by government. So far as schools are for all, and afford advantages equally within the reach of all, we believe they should be supported by the public purse which is supplied by all. In order that there may be no barriers to the attendance of the children of any of the people, they must not be made the medium of any special or peculiar religious instruction.

As the sphere of the state is over what pertains to men as citizens, the providing of religious influence or instruction is outside her proper function. How then is instruction to be provided for those who wish the higher training which all cannot seek or all attain? For this to be supplied from the public funds will be to require all to supply the means to afford advantage of which only a few can avail themselves. This is a manifest sacrifice of justice. Why should any be required to aid in the support of institutions from which they reap no advantage? There seems to be good and sufficient reasons why all schools above the common schools shall be supported by voluntary offerings. And just here, the desire had by Christian bodies to couple with the higher education of the young—that education which has to be sought away from the safeguards of the home, in most instances—religious influences and safeguards which will supply the loss of those of the home, and which is impossible, from the very nature of state institutions, in the secular academies, colleges and universities,—this desire, we repeat, has prompted our people and the members of other denominations to erect buildings and sustain higher institutions of learning in which these conditions can be met. In this way the state, if it choose, can be relieved of the difficulty it is in; because of the objection to expend the revenue from the many for the sake of the few. It is for these reasons that we hold the Baptist position of earnest support to the common school system and an equally earnest support of higher institutions of their own, to be perfectly consistent. Have they not the right to believe their attitude to these two species of educational facilities pre-eminently consistent?

Seven writers—clergymen, college professors and public men, some of them specialists of acknowledged standing—have associated themselves to discuss special questions of social interest and import, and to prepare papers to be afterwards given to the public from time to time in the pages of *The Century*. The writers include the Rev. Professor Shields of Princeton, Bishop Potter of New York, the Rev. Dr. T. T. Munger of New Haven, the Hon. Seth Low of Brooklyn, and Professor Ely of the John Hopkins University. For each paper the author will be responsible, but he will have had the benefit of the criticism of the other members of the group before giving it final form. The opening paper will be printed in the November *Century*.

## Flowers of Song.

"Flowers, bring flowers."

A neat and graceful casket is before us, containing a cherished form lately radiant with youth and health, but now quietly sleeping in death. On the casket is a wreath of flowers, not elaborate, but simple and unobtrusive and in harmony with the occasion and circumstances. Flowers, if chosen with taste, are a fitting adornment of the coffin and the grave: they are an impressive emblem of the frailty of our mortal frames and of the shortness of life; especially are they becoming and impressive when they signify the removal of the young and fair and innocent. That they tend to soothe and to cheer is proved by the general use of them on occasions of bereavement and sadness, for sadness there will be, even when reason and revelation conspire to assure us that, as regards those removed, there is no cause for anxiety, but every ground for consolation and even joy. Then bring flowers, chaste and delicate, and let them exhale their choicest perfumes around the casket and the tomb.

But these flowers of Nature are perishable and short lived; some of them fade even before the beloved remains, which they temporarily adorn, are borne from our sight; they cannot be preserved to a period sufficiently remote to answer the demands of affection, of chastened grief, of believing joy. Another anthology of more enduring character is desired, and happily it is attainable and within easy reach. There are flowers of beauty and un fading attractiveness scattered throughout the literature of the ages, and especially of these later times, in which Christianity has exerted its influence to hallow and spiritualize our memories and our hopes. The young, the pure, the good are thus immortalized by thoughts and sentiments engraved on the living stone or tablet of bronze, or entrusted to the still more faithful custody of the written or printed page. A few of these may be here singled out from the number for reflection and meditation.

The first which we shall consider originated, as far as literature testifies, with the Greek poet Menander, who flourished in the fourth century before our era. In its source it was not; therefore, Christian; but it has been adopted by Christian writers and appropriated as the utterance of Revelation itself. The sentiment is that those who are dear to heaven die young: "Εαν κoi θεοι φιλουσι αποθανεκει νεοι." About two centuries afterwards the Roman poet, Plautus, repeated the thought in language so similar that it may be regarded as merely a translation, and need not, therefore, be reproduced. The sentiment, sometimes with modifications, is often met with in our English classics. It is thus expressed and expanded by Byron:

"Whom the God's love, die young," was said of yore,  
And many deaths do they escape by this:  
The death of friends, and that which  
"slays" us on more;  
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that  
Except mere breath; and since the  
silent shore  
Awaits at last e'en those who longest miss  
The old archer's darts, perhaps the early  
grave  
Which men weep over may be meant to  
save.

This is very just and very beautiful, and is quite as religious as we might expect from one who, like poor, sceptical, unhappy Byron, scarcely acknowledged a hope beyond the grave.

The sentiment is thus conveyed by Moore in one of his "Sacred Songs":

Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb  
In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,  
Ere sin threw a blight o'er the spirit's  
young bloom;  
Or earth had profaned what was born  
for the skies.  
Death chilled the fair fountain ere sorrow  
had stained it,  
'Twas frozen in all the pure light of its  
course;  
And but sleeps till the sunshine of Heaven  
hath unchained it  
To water that Eden where first was its  
source.

If any words here used by the Irish melodist are held to be not strictly orthodox, we must remember that Moore was not taught in an orthodox school.

In the lines of Moir, the admired "Delta" of *Blackwood's Magazine*, we find the same thought very tenderly expressed.

I look around and see  
The evil ways of men;  
And O beloved child,  
I'm more than reconciled  
To thy departure then.

To the graceful writer, Carolina Bowles, afterwards known as Mrs. Southey, we are indebted for the following remarkable lines:

O change! O wondrous change!  
Burst are the prison bars;  
This moment here, so low,  
So agonized; and now  
Beyond the skies!  
O change! Stupendous change!  
There lies the soulless clod;  
The sun eternal breaks,  
The new immortal wakes,  
Wakes with his God.

Examples of the sentiment, which we have thus traced from an antiquity so remote, might be vastly multiplied, but want of space forbids. A kindred doctrine, or the same is taught in the New Testament. When weeping friends were standing around the lifeless form of the youthful daughter of Jairus, the gracious Saviour allayed their grief by the remarkable, the consoling words, "The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth." In more general terms the same divine teacher assures us that, "Of such" as such as the ruler of the Synagogue's daughter—the true, the innocent, the pure in heart—"is the Kingdom of Heaven."

One of the blessings promised in the gospel is rest, another is peace. The testimony of the Catacombs, the burial-place of so many of the early Christians, is, as was natural, that these blessings were much in the thoughts of the harassed and cruelly persecuted infant church. Hence we read such inscriptions as the following on the numerous tombs which crowd the streets of that city of the dead:

Laurentius entered upon eternal life in his twentieth year. He sleeps in peace. A. D. 329.

Here reposes in the sleep of peace the sweet and innocent Severinus, whose spirit is received into the light of the Lord, A. D. 393.

Protina went to rest—a maid of only twelve years, an handmaid of God and of Christ, A. D. 401.

Here rests Mala in the sleep of peace, received into the presence of God, A. D. 452.

These flowers of the tomb are as fresh and fair as they were seventeen centuries ago, when they were placed by loving, believing hands on the bosoms of the peaceful sleepers. It is to be remarked that the word employed is "sleepeth," not "reposes"; "he sleeps" not "may he sleep" in peace—the church at that early date not having attained to those false and dangerous views which marked her decadence at a period not much subsequent. Nor is there any trace of a purgatory in any of the inscriptions of the Catacombs. The happy sleepers are "received" into the presence of God.

Some of the quotations above given are from the works of writers who derived their views from the completed New Testament records, as penned from an advanced and mature Christian enlightenment, and who were in full sympathy with the doctrines taught and the beliefs and hopes inculcated. Through the "gates ajar" we may then discern the beloved forms and well-known features of our friends who have passed into the skies, as they are engaged in the high services of the upper sanctuary, or as they bend over the volumes written in "the grand dialect the prophets spake," in which are recorded the mysteries of God—a Providence which is continually removing from earth the fairest, the best and, as it seems to an imperfect vision, the most useful, the most needed of its inhabitants; but in that "better world beyond" they read more clearly and interpret more correctly the doings and the purposes of the Most High. "Here we see through a glass darkly, but there face to face."

Through the same gates ajar, opened to our wondering, admiring, assisted vision, we may, perchance, also discern some with whom we have been conversant in this lower world, as they are being dispatched on missions of mercy and good-will to man—to counsel, to instruct, and to aid in our conflicts with evil and "the powers of darkness," for "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?"

It is a beautiful belief,  
That ever round our head  
Are ministering on angel wings,  
The spirits of the dead.

In this mortal life there is much to add and depress. Everything, therefore, that elevates above despondency and sorrow, should be welcomed. Such is the view which the Christian moralist and poet, Longfellow, takes of the event that removes from our companionship by an inevitable decree the nearest of our kindred, the dearest of our friends: There is no death; what seems so is transition;  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but the suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call death.

The same cheerfulness pervades the language of a leading American magazine, written anonymously:

Away! away! I would not shun  
The welcome summons of the grave;  
If faith be kept and warfare done,  
Not sweeter freedom to the slave,  
Than death to me.

Only one other flower shall be added to these promiscuously "gathered for the tomb"—it is found in the writings of that excellent, devoted Christian woman, Mrs. Barbold, and was penned by her when in the exercise of faith and hope she was daily expecting to hear the welcome message—"Come up higher." The lines were considered so beautiful by one of England's foremost religious poets that he declared that he would rather have been the author of them than of anything he had ever written:

Life! we've been long together,  
Thro' pleasant and thro' cloudy weather;  
'Tis hard to part when friends are near,  
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;  
Then steal away, give little warning,  
Choose thine own time, [Come  
Say not good-night, but in some happier  
Bid me good morning!

Wolfville, N. S., Sept. 1. C. D. R.

## W. B. M. U.

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

The Sunday afternoon session of the Association at Springfield, N. B., was occupied by the Women's Missionary meeting, and was presided over by the corresponding secretary of the W. B. M. U. Addresses were given by Mrs. March and Mrs. Martell, showing the extent, need, and encouragement of our work, after which it was decided to re-organize the Aid Society that existed some years previous. The following officers were appointed: President, Mrs. Cornwall; vice-president, Miss Agnita Nobles; treasurer, Mrs. Abram Hatfield; secretary, Mrs. Perkins. Enthusiastic addresses were then made by Revs. G. O. Gates and G. W. Springer, setting forth the necessity of a deeper consecration, and personal interest—thus enabling us to faithfully carry out the Saviour's commission to teach all nations. The congregation was large, many being obliged to stand, and we were impressed with the presence of the Master. After the meeting was closed, many expressions were heard, indicating the interest in the work of Missions, and there is a growing desire that similar meetings shall be held in many of our churches. We recognize the fact that there are sisters whose circumstances render it impossible for them to attend an Association or Convention—they seldom get beyond their own church doors—and then not as often as they wish. Yet in their hearts is a burning desire to reach out a hand to rescue a lost one at home or abroad. If some of our good earnest workers could visit these places where such sisters are found, and place the work simply before them, both in private and in public, these meetings would certainly prove a great blessing, and these good desires which are born of God would develop into real and active work, bringing forth fruit, some thirty, some fifty, and some an hundred fold. Try it, young sisters, you have not the burdens cumbering you that your older sisters have. It is not necessary to spend five or ten years in a mere surface life in order to have "a good time," and then in the more matured years to have their memory acting as a continual sting. Remember, nothing is more noble than youth consecrated to the service of God. May the open way for this course be impressed upon the hearts of many of our dear young sisters, and they have the joy there is in doing work for Christ.

But also, how few these instances are in comparison with the great host of sisters who have lost sight of the fact that it was to women that was entrusted the first news of the resurrection. The angel said, "Go quickly and tell his disciples," and thus the gospel was to be spread all over the earth. We Christians of the nineteenth century have the same glad message to tell, and upon us is resting a greater responsibility. Are there any who read these lines, who hitherto have been asleep, or have regarded this work with a light significance? Think dear sisters of your position in this Christian land—made so by the preaching of the gospel. "Forasmuch as ye know that ye were not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold. . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as a lamb without blemish or spot." "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall find so doing."

A letter from Miss Gray, this week, reports all well, Mrs. Sanford better, though they dread the next hot season for her.

The treasurer of the W. B. M. U., to whom all monies from Societies are to be sent, is Mrs. MARY SMITH, Amherst, not Mrs. Henry Smith.

## Heroic Women.

While great praise has been bestowed on certain heroic missionaries and explorers who have braved the dangers of Africa, little has been said concerning the women who have endured equal hardships amid the same hostile tribe and inhospitable climates. Mrs. Livingstone laid down her life while accompanying her husband on his second great tour in Africa. Mrs. Hoare made her home for several years on an island in Lake Tanganyika. Mrs. Holub was with her husband when he was attacked by the natives and robbed of everything, and endured with him the hunger and fatigue, of which they well nigh perished. Mrs. Pringle travelled in a canoe several hundred miles up the Zambesi and Shire rivers to Lake Nyassa. Lady Baker was travelling companion to her husband when he discovered Albert Nyanza. And now we are told that three ladies will accompany Mr. Arnot and his wife as missionaries to Garengeze, and to accomplish the journey they will have to be carried in hammocks for hundreds of miles. Women who accompanied Bishop Taylor have shown a degree of courage in venturing into the perils of Africa which promise well for their heroic enterprise. The *New York Sun*, which furnished most of these facts, says: "White women have certainly had their full share of the hardships and sufferings of pioneer work in Africa."—Selected.

## "We Are Laborers Together with God."

Friends of God! Be up and doing  
In the light!  
Plant the seed of love and duty  
With your might.  
God of heaven aid and bless them  
Ere in the right!  
Give reward for earnest toil,  
Give them victory after spoil;  
Give them hope to pierce the veil,  
Give them faith that cannot fail.  
Give a love that changes not,  
Give a zeal with knowledge fraught,  
Father, Son and Spirit bless them  
In the right.  
Friends of God! The world is waiting  
For the seed.  
Lo! within each dreary desert  
Great's the need!  
God of promise! aid and bless them  
While they sow!  
Give rich harvest for the toil,  
Bless the seed and bless the soil;  
Pour the sunshine on the ground,  
Everywhere may showers abound;  
Call the laborer, give the field,  
Count the sheaves and own the yield;  
Father, Son and Spirit bless them  
In the work!  
— Mrs. S. D. Condit.

## Literary Notes.

Mrs. Nellie Blessing Eyster, of California, a lady well known as an able lecturer on temperance and kindred topics, has written an interesting story of old colonial days, founded on historical facts, under the title of "A Colonial Boy," which D. Lothrop Company will publish this month.

*Littell's Living Age*.—The numbers of *The Living Age* for the weeks ending September 21st and 28th, have the following contents: Matthew Arnold, by Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, *New Review*; A Glimpse into a Jesuit Novitiate, *Blackwood's Magazine*; Only a Joke, *Longman's Magazine*; Roger Bacon, *Fortnightly Review*; The Minister of Kindness, *Murray's Magazine*; Emerson in Concord, *Saturday Review*; The Cottage at Home, *Murray's Magazine*; The White Comyn, an Old Tragedy, *Spectator*; The Duke of Coburg's Memoirs, *Quarterly Review*; Naomi, *Murray's Magazine*; The Works of Henrik Ibsen, *Nineteenth Century*; Apocryph of Samuel Rogers, *Temple Bar*; The French Revolutionary Calendar, *National Review*; The Art of Conversation, *Nineteenth Century*; French and English, *Blackwood's Magazine*; together with poetry and miscellany. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; and by \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4.00 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both post-paid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

In a recent number of the *Forum* there was a very interesting article by the Queen of Roumania, on "Pagan Life in Roumania." Among other things she describes the baptism of an infant as practiced there. She says, "The Pope now takes it up with his thumbs under the arms, while with his other fingers he closes the eyes, nostrils, ears, and mouth, and then dips it thrice under the water in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

An Historical Sketch of the Jeddore Baptist Church.

(Head at the Nova Scotia Central Association, and published by request.)

Jeddore Harbor, one of the many magnificent and commodious harbors that distinguish the southern shore of this province, has its location in Halifax County, about thirty miles east of the city of Halifax. Here there are today, two vigorous and thriving Baptist churches, located one on each side of the harbor. Each church numbers about a hundred members, and each possesses an attractive and commodious meeting-house, beautifully and centrally situated. There is also a third, although a smaller house of worship, on the east side, near the head of the harbor. This sketch, however, is concerned almost exclusively with the western side of the harbor, as there the work of evangelization and organization began.

The year 1819, saw the earliest attempt at church organization along this shore. In that year, just seventy years ago, Rev. David Nutter, a Baptist minister, who came from the United States, visited this harbor, and spent several weeks in evangelistic labors. During his stay, a few brethren and sisters, to the number of twelve in all, were drawn together, and the first Baptist church in Jeddore was organized. Almost immediately after this, Mr. Nutter returned to his own land, where he subsequently died in the State of Maine. The infant church thus bereft of pastoral care, sadly languished and almost died. Year after year, it was left uncared for, and it was not until 1834, fifteen years after the date of organization, that the ordinances were again administered. And when, after the lapse of such a period, an effort was made to reconstitute the church, only four of the twelve constituent members could be collected. However, with these four, not inaptly designated "the four corner posts," the work of rebuilding was undertaken, by Rev. David Harris. This brother remained only six weeks, but through his ministry ten or twelve persons were baptized and received into fellowship, and the promise of life and growth was renewed.

The first regular or settled pastor of the church was Rev. James Skerry, who continued in the exercise of the pastoral function for three or four years. But alas! it is said of this man that he afterward lost his credentials, and ultimately associated himself with the Mormons. The second pastor was David B. Pines, who took charge of the church in 1845, and continued for two years. This good man was abundant in labors, and preached not only on the shores of this harbor, but at Musquodoboit as well, and also at Porter's Lake.

In the year 1848, brief visits were made to the church by Rev. B. Taylor, Mr. Chute (Jr.), and Rev. C. Randall. The next year the church received two visits from William Collier (Jr.). In 1851, Rev. J. Miller came and baptized two persons. In 1852, Mr. J. Thomas, who had been licensed to preach by the colored church in Preston, began a series of visits to this church, which he continued for three years, and in 1854, twenty-five persons were added to the church by baptism.

The year 1856, marks a distinct era in the history of this church. Certain "rope of bitterness" had sprung up, to the sorrow of many. Disaffection and dissatisfaction became so general that it was necessary to dissolve the existing church and form a new one. Accordingly the church was dissolved, as the record states, and a new church at once formed with twelve members. But this anomalous dissolution failed to dissolve the difficulties. "Things were worse than ever." Under these circumstances Rev. J. Stevens was invited to visit the church. He came, and under his ministry order and good feeling was restored, and several were baptized.

In 1858, a blessing came to the church through the visit of Rev. K. Porter, missionary for Halifax Co. In the same year, during a visit of Bro. J. I. Higgins, four persons were received for baptism. In the spring of the following year, C. H. Corey, licentiate, spent six weeks in the field, during which time sixteen others were added to the church. In Dec., 1859, S. Bell, licentiate, entered upon a mission here. His salary was fifty pounds a year. After a nine months' stay he withdrew from the field in order to pursue a further course of study. He had spent more than forty persons received into church-fellowship. His leaving the community was deeply regretted.

Throughout the next four years the church was left unsheltered, and again such ill-feeling was generated. In August, 1864, Rev. O. Barker arrived. He remained nearly four months, and through him the church was once more revived.

We now come upon what may well be regarded as the most prosperous period of all in the history of this church. From 1866 to 1878, Rev. James Meadows was pastor, and under his direction the church was edified, and "walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, was multiplied." In the early part of Mr. Meadows' pastorate, a rigorous course of discipline was adopted, and the list of members was considerably reduced. But this policy was not without good effects. Mr. Meadows continued pastor of the church until his death, which occurred on the 23rd of May, 1880. The records of the church for this period are very incomplete; but the following brief entry is very suggestive: "Bro. James Meadows was pastor of this church for fourteen years, and labored with success. The cause was built up, and many souls brought to the knowledge of the truth by his instrumentality. The church mourned deeply on account of his removal. He was highly esteemed by all who had the pleasure of conversing with him.

In the beginning of 1881, the church passed the following important and commendable resolutions: 1. "Resolved, That no one be allowed to occupy the pulpit who does not come fully recommended and approved; 2. "Resolved, That no member of the church shall collect money for any object in connection with the church without the consent of the church."

Were these resolutions more generally adopted by our churches, there can be little doubt that serious difficulties would thereby be avoided, and church work would become more unified and efficient.

This church came next under the pastorate of Mr. H. E. S. Maider, Mr. Maider was engaged for one year, commencing May 1st, 1881, at three hundred dollars a year. He remained not one year only, but nearly four years, and severed his connection with the church in January 1885. Just previous to Mr. Maider's entrance upon the work, that is in February 1881, Rev. D. McLeod came to Jeddore on a visit, and encouraged by the interest manifested he remained about nine weeks, and had the privilege of baptizing thirty-two converts. At the same time four others were restored to fellowship. Among the converts were some who had been taught in the Episcopal, and in the Methodist faith. It may be superfluous to remark that Mr. McLeod is still remembered on this field with the most kindly feelings. Mr. Maider's pastoral efforts were productive of good results. In the months of March and May, 1883, Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., was called upon to baptize on different occasions, and twenty-seven persons in all, were thus added to the church.

The year 1885 is marked by several important features. In January, as already intimated, Mr. Maider resigned. On the 20th of February the brethren on the eastern side of the harbor organized a separate church. The proposal to establish a second church on the western side, a good deal of attention, and finally fifty-six brethren and sisters withdrew from the West side, and constituted what is now known as the East Jeddore church. In March, the church, in the spirit of missions, resolved to give Rev. K. Barker, part of the time of the pastor. In June, the church voted unanimously to engage Bro. A. Whitman for three months. Later on it was agreed to extend the engagement for another term of three months. Another and very important feature in this year was the dedication of the new and commodious house of worship in which the congregation now assembles. This house had been in process of erection for some time and the brethren had shown a commendable zeal in its construction. The 9th of August witnessed the dedication service. Dr. Saunders was invited to preach the dedication sermon. Invitations to attend were also extended to Revs. J. F. Kempton, E. T. Miller and E. J. Grant. The cost of this house was about \$2,000.

The next year called to do pastoral work on this field was Addison F. Browne, then a licentiate of the North church in Halifax. Bro. Browne remained one year, and labored incessantly, preaching on both sides of the harbor; at Kent's Island, Owl's Head, Clam Harbor, and occasional points by the side. A praise-worthy effort was made during the year to reduce the amount still unpaid for the church property.

It is to be deplored that during the whole of last winter, as on so many former occasions, the church was destitute of pastoral labor. The men, many of whom follow the sea during the summer, were at home in large numbers, and had ample time for regular attendance upon public services, but there was no preacher. It is to be devoutly hoped that when Mr. Timor returns to his studies, some one may be obtained to take up his abode among this people, and carry forward the work of the church. The hindrances, has been brought into such a promising condition.

If the history of this church illustrates or emphasizes any one truth or principle more than another, it surely expresses the hopefulness of the church that in the past. Nearly every man who labored on this field, even for a short time, rejoiced in the fruit of his labors; but on the other hand, whenever the church was left without an under-shepherd, grievous wolves entering in, spared not the flock. Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God. But "how shall they hear without a preacher?" Halifax, June 19th.

A Sweet Surprise. It is related that Dr. Adoniram Judson, while laboring as a missionary to the heathen, felt a strong desire to do something for the salvation of the children of Abraham according to the flesh. But it seemed that his desire was not to be gratified. During a long course of years, even to the closing fortnight of his life, in his last sickness, Dr. Judson felt that all his efforts in behalf of the Jews had been a failure. He was departing from the world saddened with that thought. Then, at last came a gleam of light which thrilled his heart with grateful joy. Mrs. Judson was sitting by his side while he was in a state of great languor, with a copy of the Watchman and Reflector in her hand. She read to her husband one of Dr. Hagne's letters from Constantinople. The letter contained some items of information which filled him with wonder. At a meeting of missionaries in Constantinople, Mr. Schaeffer stated that a little book had been published in Germany giving an account of Dr. Judson's life and labors; that it had fallen into the hands of some Jews, and had been the means of their conversion; that a Jew had translated it for a community of Jews on the borders of the Euxine, and that a message had arrived in Constantinople asking that a teacher might be sent to show them the way of life. When Dr. Judson heard this his eyes were filled with tears, a look of almost unearthly solemnity came over him, and clinging fast to his wife's hand, as if to assure himself of being really in the world, he said, "Love, this frightens me, I do not know what to make of it. Do you make of what?" said Mrs. Judson. "Why, what you have just been reading. I never was so deeply interested in any object. I never prayed so sincerely and earnestly for anything; but it came, a some time—no matter how distant the day—somehow, in some shape, probably the last I should have expected it. What a testimony was that! It lingered on the lips of the dying Judson; it was embalmed with grateful tears, and is worthy to be translated as a legacy to the coming generation. The desire of the righteous shall not be frustrated. Pray and wait, and the answer to all true prayer will come. In Judson's case the news of the answer came before he died, but it was answered long before. So we may know the results of prayers and toils even while we sojourn here; but if not, what sweet surprises await us in our great beyond!—Northwestern Christian Advocate.

A Knot in the Skein.

By Mrs. Nora Marble.

They made a pretty picture, did grandmother and little Dot. Grandmother sat in her low rocking-chair, with her glasses pushed back above her forehead, and before her stood Dot holding outstretched a brilliant skein of wool upon her chubby little hands. "Hurry up, grandma," said Dot, with a slight frown, "you're so slow." Grandmother took no heed, apparently, but went on with the utmost precision. Slowly the yarn reeled over the chubby thumbs, slowly went on the winding about grandma's ball.

Dot stood first upon one foot, then the other, like a barn-yard owl, and gave at intervals a tremendous sigh as evidence of her weariness. "You're zasperatin' me at last broke out; 'really and truly, grandma, you're old zasperatin' hisself!" "What!" cried the startled old lady, who had been intent upon her winding or perhaps lost in a reverie of other days; "what is that you are saying, Dot?"

"I said you was a zasperatin' old poke," replied Dot firmly. "I'm most tired to death, and there you go winding 'st as if you was asleep." "Well, I never," gasped the old lady. I pretended to be intent upon the work before me, yet could scarce refrain from laughing aloud.

"Tired, eh?" queried grandma with a twinkle in her eye; "well, you will soon be through, and you can lay down and rest." "No, I'm going out to jump rope," incautiously said Dot, "with Willie and Rose. They're jumping now, don't you hear 'em, grandma?"

"Ah, you are going to rest your weary limbs by jumping rope," replied grandma. "Well, so that you won't be entirely used up, suppose you sit on this chair," pulling one up beside Dot.

Dot sulkily complied, but as she did so, dropped her hands in feigned weariness. "See," cried grandma, "you are letting strands of wool slip over your fingers. Hold up your hands, dear, and we will soon be through," and on went the old lady, placidly and slowly winding as if in a dream.

"Dot for a space looked the picture of youthful resignation, but soon her impatience returned. "You're enough to zasperate the patience of Job," and again I saw her slyly look over her shoulder at her grandmother, as she moved restlessly upon the chair. Grandma looked at her reprovingly, but hastened somewhat her movements. There was a pause presently in the winding. The old lady brought her spectacles down from her forehead, and peered at the skein of wool. "There's a snarl," she said, "dear, dear, how did that come?"

"It's an awful hard knot," cheerfully said Miss Dot, after grandma had made several attempts to disentangle the snarl. "I don't see how you can get it right, grandma, and we'll wind the ball 'nother time."

"Oh, no, Dot, we'll get it all right now," replied grandma with a jerk. Snap went the strand. Several minutes were consumed in straightening the skein, and grandma carefully knotted the broken threads together before resuming her winding.

The sounds of laughing and jumping outside the window came borne in upon the stillness of the room. Another petulant remark from the child, and grandma said, "I'm so nervous, I can't hold still," she next exclaimed, impatiently tugging at the wool. "Dear, dear, another knot," cried grandma, peering over her spectacles at Dot. "Why, at this rate we will never get through!"

But at last it was done, and away scampered Dot, every vestige of ill-humor banished from her pretty face. Grandma's glance met mine. "The wool is for her own stockings," quietly said she, as if in answer to some thing she read in my eyes, "and I intend those knots shall teach her a lesson which mere words would fail to accomplish. Youthful experiences, if rightly impressed, may serve to guard the future from sterner ones."

"Ah, you are a voracious expression," I knew, played about her firmly closed lips, but she gave no utterance to them as with ball in hand she sat gazing upon pictures of the past—pictures whose lights and shadows were reflected in her own dim eyes, in the fitting smile upon her brow or lip.

Well, if grandma had been slow in winding the ball, it was more than she was in lessening it again. How fast her needles flew! Early in the morning, late at night went on the knitting. Dot's eyes watched the progress of the stockings, and her admiration was unbounded over their hue.

"Red stockings, and a red hood, and red mitties! My, it's pears Sunday won't ever come!" "Crimson," corrected grandma; "I don't recollect the color was named when she drew the bright stockings upon her chubby legs and over them again a pair of shining new shoes."

"We ought to be proud of these stockings," said grandma, on Saturday night, as she rounded the toe with a bit of white wool, "because you helped me to wind the wool, you know, Dot." "Yes," assented the little one, with a proud air, "wasn't I good, grandma?" "And you are so tired, too," went on grandma, ignoring her question. "And so nervous," responded Dot. "Yes, you called me a 'zasperatin' old poke," gravely answered grandma, "and snapped the thread on purpose to make me give over the winding."

Dot opened wide her eyes. "How did you know that?" she queried. "Now don't say a 'little bird' told you, grandma, 'cause I'm tired to death from that story." "Never mind how I knew, Dot. The fact remains that there were knots in my fair ball of wool, and knots, you know, can never be straightened out, never! Do look at me as I speak, and tell me if you ever make knots in your grandma's wool?" she asked, soberly. "None but what I had to pay for," replied the old lady, suppressing a smile. "Knots are troublesome things, Dot, so you may find out before you are many days older." Off to Sunday-school hid Dot the next

The Land of the Inquisition.

The arms of the Escurial bear the motto: Post Pala Reaurgo, with the sun emerging from behind clouds. That motto is prophetic. Nothing more wonderful has saluted the eyes of the watchers who wait for the morning than the recent work of the Gospel in this Land of the Inquisition, where the ashes of 10,000 martyrs may be found, who were burned alive for their faith's sake. Three hundred years of ecclesiastical despotism, upheld by the awful appliances of torture, had desolated the Spanish church. But for twenty years past this country has seen the arena of very remarkable triumphs. Already, when Pastor Fliedner, of Madrid, addressed the Evangelical Alliance in Copenhagen, in 1884, there were more than 12,000 evangelical disciples, representing nearly one hundred congregations, courageously holding their ground against papal opposition, in various parts of Spain; and over 8,000 children were in Christian schools, with high schools at Madrid, St. Sebastian, and Puerto Santa Maria; and Sunday-schools everywhere, and evangelical hospitals at Madrid and Barcelona.

Those who apologize for Romanism and question whether it be even worth while to send missionaries to papal lands, should visit such countries as Mexico and Spain. As in Brazil and Italy, it is St. Peter's that is practically worshipped, so in Spain it is the virgin; in fact, the great day of the Passion Season is not the Good Friday of the Lord's death, but the Friday previous, sacred to the Virgin of Sorrows. Her breast is pierced with seven wounds, and beneath are the words: "Is there a sorrow like to my sorrow?" and above, "I am the Mediatrice of the human race!"

The great means by which God is illumining this death-shade of idolatry and superstition is His Holy Word. But that he may find his way into Spain without resistance. A colporteur sold in the market-place of Montalbor a large copy of the Word of God. A priest, just leaving the adjoining church, snatched it from the buyer and flung it to the ground, exclaiming, "The books of those heretics shall not come into our village!" He led on an assault in which the colporteur, pelted with stones, was glad to escape with life. Five weeks afterward, he passed that same hamlet at evening, when he thought he would not have returned. But the first man who met him asked if he were not the Bible-man. Truth compelled him to say, "I am," though not without fear. What was his surprise, however, to find that, instead of stoning him, the people were all clamoring for his books! And when he had sent back the colporteur with his Bibles, he brought about this wonderful change. A grocer, picking up the Bible which the priest had thrown to the ground, had torn out the leaves and used them as wrapping-paper for his soap, and candles, and cheese. The Spaniards unwrapped their wares, and were amazed to read the words printed in large type upon them; and so the precious truths taught in narrative and parable found their way into their hearts, and they went to the shop-keeper to get more, and when the stock was exhausted they went back to the colporteur with his Bibles. His re-appearance was the signal for the immediate sale of all his books; and then they begged him to stay and teach them the truth which the Book contained. Pastor Fliedner well says, "It reminds us of the words on Luther's monument at Worms: 'The Gospel which our Lord put into mouths of His apostles, that is His sword, with which as with thunder and lightning, he strikes in the world.' With that weapon alone, the Almighty has been driving before Him the armies of the aliens and bending down the strongholds of the devil."

Pastor Fliedner, on his way to prison, where he had the privilege of being cast for Christ's sake, looked over the tracts he had with him and rejoiced to find them suitable to distribute among prisoners. But he was compelled to leave them outside his cell. His handcuffs were so loosely holding his wrists that he managed to slip his hands through and passed them to the sergeant. Thereupon the jailer put a fetter around his wrist and passed him into a cell with five others, but kept his books for his boy, for the sake of the pictures. Pastor Fliedner cared less for being shut in a cell than for having his tracts shut out. Suddenly he was called out and searched by the jailer, who coolly appropriated his last handful of Bibles. The money he had about him, and even the pocket-knife which was his little boy's gift. Indignant at such robbery, Pastor Fliedner said, "What do they here call people who take what is not their own?" "You call me a thief, do you?" said the brutal jailer, and violently boxed his ear. Then fixing a weight of three hundred and fifty pounds to his fetter, he shoved him back into the dungeon, and flung his traps after him, saying, "I will have nothing that belongs to you."

In May, 1884, three young disciples were thrown into prison for not worshipping "the host," as it was borne past. But, like Paul and Silas, they prayed and sang praises unto God, even in jail, and a by-passer in the street sent them five francs for their sweet singing. After ten days of their sentence expired, the judge demanded the fine of fifty francs. They had no money and he remanded them to prison for another ten days. Two days later he set them free; for the priest had complained that his parishioners' sweet singing and evening prayers before the prison, and the hymns they sang; and that the interest and sympathy they were exciting would only make more Protestants! And so they were set free.

This brief narrative of facts may serve to show us how the living God is moving with his mission band. Even in the land of the Holy Office, the blood of martyrs, that seed of the church, is now springing up from soil black with the ashes of the "heretics." The first instance in which the blood of the heretic was shed, might as well have presented to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

How's Your Liver. The old lady who replied, when asked how her liver was, "God bless me, I never heard that there was such a thing in the house," was noted for her amiability. Prometheus, when chained to a rock, might as well have presented to be happy, as the man who is chained to a diseased liver. For poor Prometheus, there was no escape, but by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the disagreeable feelings, irritable temper, constipation, indigestion, dizziness and sick headache, which are caused by a diseased liver, promptly disappear.

Why not carry that same spirit of submission into little things? "For instance?" "For instance, in the case of worry this morning." "What, say, 'I will be done,' when John forgets to post a letter, putting me in a most annoying predicament?" "Why not? It was a trial that cost you a day's serenity. You were unkind to John, he reacted in 'bearishness' to you; just when the 'little rift' in the sky, as before, no one can tell. You think a kiss will make it up, but every such scene injures the delicate bond we call love."

"And would you have me say 'I will be done,' when Bridget burns the bread or little Jack plays truant?" "I would, indeed." "Why, it seems almost wicked." "Does it seem wicked to use the rain to wash our common household vessels? the lightning to carry an unimportant message—concerning the retelling of a few words of prayer, 'we will say'?" "Why, no; of course not. But that is different."

"Not as different as you suppose. Our Father gives Himself in every form for our use. If we should use Him in our daily life to procure patience, long suffering, endurance of little trials, would not that be legitimate?" The conversation between Mrs. Loomis and Mrs. Osgood had been concerning an experience which Mrs. Loomis had been relating to her friend. She had, years before lost a beloved child, had submitted heartily to God as to a father, and had found unexpressed peace and uplifting. That wondrous heaviness of feeling she had lost, and never expected to regain.

As the talk went on, Mrs. Osgood said, "Why not make our lives a perpetual surrender in the thousand little ways in which our wills are crossed, a perpetual yielding to God? There is no doubt we should then perpetually receive of His blessing."

"But," said Mrs. Loomis, "there are so many things that are wrong, unjust, unfair. Ought we to submit to the wrong?" "We ought to let God work in us toward adjusting and healing the wrong. By submission we allow Him to come into our hearts, and work thence outwardly; but by anger and opposition we lid badness in, the evil (the Evil One), and adjustment even becomes more and more remote and impossible. Our weapons are not carnal, the Apostle says. In reality the weapons we use are carnal; and only some great trial that threatens to crush us if we do not submit, brings us to the use of the spiritual weapons that we might use every day, nay, every minute of our lives."—M. F. Butts, in S. S. Times.

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Sabbath School. BIBLE LESSONS. STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Fourth Quarter. Lesson II. October 12. 2 Sam. 6: 1-12. THE ARK BROUGHT TO ZION. GOLDEN TEXT. "The Lord loveth the gates of Zion more than all the dwellings of Jacob."

EXPLANATORY. I. THE ARK AT KIRJATH-JEARIM.—THE ARK. This was the chest of acacia wood, 2½ cubits (3 feet 9 inches) in length, and 1½ cubits (1 foot 3 inches) in height as well as width, plated within and without with gold. It was encircled with a band of solid gold, wrought into figures of leaves and flowers, and had at each corner a ring of solid gold. Through these rings passed bars of acacia wood, overlaid with gold, with which to carry the ark; and these bars were never taken out. The lid of the ark was of solid gold, and was called the mercy-seat. Upon it were two golden figures of winged cherubim, with their wings stretched out over the ark and their faces turned toward one another.

ITS RELIGIOUS MEANING.—The ark was the symbol of the divine presence. The living God, with all his greatness and glory, his goodness and power, was abiding with his people, their God, their strength, their Defender, their King. How THE ARK CAME TO BE AT KIRJATH-JEARIM. About 70 years before the time of our lesson, Eli's sons had carried the ark into a battle against the Philistines. It was captured by them, and after a peculiar experience for seven months it was ultimately received by the men of Kirjath-jearim (1 Sam. 6), where it remained till the time of our lesson.

REASONS FOR BRINGING THE ARK TO JERUSALEM. (1) To bind the nation together in the bonds of unity the political capital must be also the religious metropolis, the centre of the spiritual life of the nation. (2) From this centre, where the religious ritual could be shown in all its splendor, there would radiate a religious power over all the land.

1. Again (not as before, for his coronation or for war), David gathered together all the chosen men of Israel. Perhaps, as some think, it was either at the feast of the Passover or of Tabernacles. David designed that the return should be a grand religious pageant. Thirty thousand. But there were 339,000 at his coronation. The 30,000 were probably the more prominent men, representatives of the different tribes; perhaps the "captains of thousands and hundreds and every leader" mentioned in 1 Chron. 13:1.

2. And David arose, and went . . . from Beale of Judah. The assembling at Beale is omitted, and the account begins with the great procession as it started on its way with the ark. Beale is an ancient name for Kirjath-jearim. That death between the cherubim; i. e., the abiding manifestation of whose presence was from God. Between the cherubim (the symbolic figures) on the mercy-seat over the ark.

3. And the ark of God was upon a new cart. Probably from a remembrance of the way it was brought from the Philistines to Kirjath-jearim (1 Sam. 6: 7); but that was by the Philistines, who could have no knowledge of the law. But for David and the Levites the procedure was in violation of an express statute (see Num. 4: 16; 7: 9. So we often do right things in a wrong way; seek to right our wrongs by doing other wrongs; reprove others in a wrong spirit; build churches, but not with pure devotion to the interests of the Gospel, etc.)

4. And David and all the house of Israel played. The Hebrew verb means "to dance to music, vocal and instrumental" (see Judg. 16: 25, note, and Jer. 30: 19; 1 Chron. 13: 8). On all manner of instruments made of fir wood. The expression is a strange one. Probably we should adopt the reading of the parallel passage in 1 Chron., "with all their might and with singing."

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phic, at the beginning of the Christian church (Acts 5: 1-11). Note that all the people were in a measure to blame, for the whole proceeding was contrary to their law. The 30,000 homelike delegates returned to their homes "sadder but wiser men." But throughout the length and breadth of the land there was repentance for their neglect, renewed study of God's law, and deeper reverence for the institutions of religion.

8. And David was displeased: vexed, tired, disturbed at the breaking up of his plans on perhaps the greatest day of all his life, and the disappointment of his hopes about the ark. It is easy to conceive how very great the disappointment must have been; and it was all the worse because he was conscious that he was partly to blame. Perhaps David was so very sure that what he was doing would be acceptable to God, that he failed to ask divine guidance, and, therefore, needed that this first sign of self-will should be sharply rebuked.

9. And David was afraid of the Lord. His was a holy fear, such as is "the beginning of wisdom," chastening, enabling, and sanctifying the character.

10. Carried it aside into the house of Obed-edom. A Levite belonging to the family of Kohath (1 Chron. 26: 1, 4-8, with Num. 16: 1) who was appointed to have charge of the tabernacle and ark (Num. 4: 41).

11. The ark . . . continued in the house of Obed-edom . . . three months. Long enough for the people to learn the law of God, and to take to heart the lessons the judgment on Uzzah was intended to teach them; long enough also to show its effects in the house of Obed-edom. And the Lord blessed Obed-edom, and all his household. This would show to all Israel that the ark itself brought blessing, not death.

THE ARK OF GOD IN THE HOUSE. True religion in the home cherished and kept alive by family religious services, is always a great blessing for this life and for that which is to come. (1) It binds the family together in unity of spirit. (2) It cultivates a loving, happy, unselfish spirit, which brings joy to the home. (3) It sanctifies and makes pure all home labors and joys, transfiguring them with the spirit of heaven. (4) It destroys all those bad passions and actions which mar the happiness of home. (5) It brings God's blessing upon all we do. And no matter how well we do our part, we cannot prosper without God's favor in that part of our lives which is beyond our control. (6) Religion brings outward and temporal prosperity. It cherishes those qualities which lead to worldly prosperity, and is opposed to those which destroy it. (7) Facts show that religion in the home or the community is a blessing.

IV. THE ARK BROUGHT TO MOUNT ZION, IN JERUSALEM. And it was told King David. The fact that God blessed the place where the ark was, impressed David with the truth that while it was dangerous to disobey God, yet it was the greatest blessing possible to have near him the ark of God and His manifold presence. So David sent and brought up the ark of God . . . into the city of David with gladness. A fuller description of this festival procession is given in 1 Chron. chaps. 15 and 16. It was the greatest day of David's life.

V. SONGS AND MUSIC OF THE TRUMPETS AND PSALTERS. The song especially written for this occasion is found in 1 Chron. 16: 7-36. The same words in the Psalms, the Hebrew hymnal, are given in Ps. 105: 1-15; Ps. 90; Ps. 106: 47, 48. But several other psalms belong to the same occasion: the fifteenth as the procession started; the one hundred and thirty-second, after leaving the house of Obed-edom; the sixty-eighth, at intervals on the way; and the twenty-fourth, in alternate solos and chorus as the ark entered Jerusalem.

The Gates of Heaven. This was the picture in front of "Old Daddy Pullback's" cabin in the "Kaintuck" quarter of Hineckley alley the other afternoon: Two colored men sitting on a wash-bench, silent and sorrowful; an old dog sleeping in the sun at their feet; and a colored woman calling to a boy who was on the way to the school in Washington, yet girt right down from daddy. Doan you know dat Daddy Pullback am jist on de pint of dyin' and gwine up to hebben?"

Here was the picture in front: The poor, old white-headed man lying on his dying bed, his wasted away, his thoughts departed. Near him sat his faithful old wife, rocking to and fro, and moaning and groaning. Farther away was a colored man and woman, solemn-faced and sad-hearted, and shaking their heads as they cast glances toward the bed. For a long time the old man lay quiet and speechless, but at length he signed to be propped up. A sun as warm as mid-summer poured into the room. He took notice of it and a change came to his face as his eyes rested upon his wife.

"I've bin gwine back in my mind!" he whispered, "but I've cast out my thin hand for her to clasp." "For ober fo'ty y'ars we's trabbled 'long the same path. We sarved the same master as slaves 'way back in the ole Virginny in de dim past. We sang de same songs—we prayed de same prayers—we had hold of han's when we listed in de Gospel ranks an' sot our faces to'rds de golden gates of hebben. Ole woman, I've gwine to part wid you! Yes, I've gwine ter leave yer all alone!"

"Oh! Daddy, Daddy!" she wailed. "Doan 'take on so, chile! I ha de Lawd's doin's, not mine. To'rrow sun may be as bright an' warm, but de old man won't be heah. All de arternoon I've had gwine of a shady path leadin' down to de shor' of a big, broad river. I've seen people gwine down dar to 'ber, an' in a little time I'll be wid 'em."

She put her wrinkled face on the pillow beside his and sobbed, and he placed his hand on her head and said:—"It's de Lawd, chile—the bressed Lawd! chile. I've tried to be good to yer. You has been good to me. We an nuffin but ole cull'd folks, po' in every thing, but tryin' to do right by every-body. When dey tole me I'd got to die I wasn't sartin if de Lawd wanted a po' old black man like me up dar in his golden hebben 'mong de angels, but he'll take me—yes, chile. He will. We an nuffin! I heard de barge jinglin', de rattle ob wings, a cloud sorter lifted up and I got a c'lar view riter frow de peary gates. I saw ole slaves and naybars dar,

an' dey was just as white as anybody, an' a hundred han's beckoned me to come right up dar 'mong 'em."

"Oh, daddy! I'll be all alone—all alone!" she wailed. "Lush, chile! I've gwine to be lookin' down on yer! I've gwine to put my han' on yer head an' kiss yer when yer heart am big wid sorrow, an' when night shets down, and you pray to de Lawd, I'll be kneelin' 'long side of ye. You's ole an' gray. It won't be long befo' we'll get de summons. I'll be riter befo' de peary gates to take ye in my arms."

"But I can't—I will hold you down heah wid me!" "Chile! I've sorry for ye, but I've drawing nigh dat shady path! Hark! I kin 'ar de footstep of de mighty barge ob speerits marchin' down to de broad river! Dey will dig a grave an' lay my ole bones dar, an' in a week all de world but you will forgit me. But doan' grieve, chile. De Lawd isn't gwine to shut de gates on me 'cause I'm ole an' po' an' black. I kin see dem shinin' 'way up dar—see our boys at de gate—ha'r de sweetest music dat angels can play! Light de lamp, chile, 'cause de night has come!"

"Oh! he's gwine—he's gwine!" she wailed, as her tears fell upon his face. "Chile! I kin see dem shinin' 'way up dar! I kin see men an' women an' chile'n marchin' long! Furder down am de sunlight. It shines on de great river! Ober de river am—de gates—de—"

"Of hebben!" "On earth, old and poor and low,—be yond the gates, an angel with the rest.—San Francisco News Letter.

An Old Argument. In that beauty part of Germany which borders on the Rhine, there is a noble castle which lifts its grey old towers above the ancient forests, where dwelt a nobleman who had a good and devoted son, his comfort and his pride.

Once, when the son was away from home, a Frenchman called, and, in course of conversation, spoke in such unbecoming terms of the great Father in heaven as to chill the old man's blood. "Are you not afraid of offending God," said the baron, "by speaking in this way?"

The foreigner answered with cool indifference, that he knew nothing about God, for he had never seen him. No notice was taken of this observation at the time; but the next morning the baron pointed out to the visitor a beautiful picture which hung on the wall, and said, "My son drew that!"

"He must be a clever youth," replied the Frenchman, blandly. "Later in the day, as the two gentlemen were walking in the garden, the baron showed his guest many rare plants and flowers, and on being asked who had the management of the garden the father said with proud satisfaction, "My son and he knows every plant almost, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall."

"Indeed!" observed the other. "I shall soon have a very exalted opinion of him." The baron then took his visitor to the village and showed him a neat building which his son had fitted up for a school, where the children of the poor were daily instructed free of expense.

"What a happy man you must be," said the Frenchman, to have such a son!" "What do you know of my son?" asked the baron, with a grave face. "Why, I have never seen him. I am sure he must be both clever and good, or he would not have done all you have shown me."

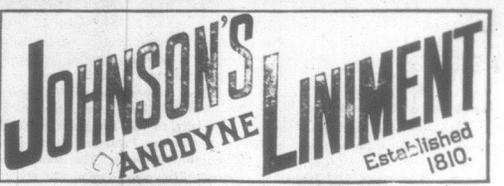
"But you have never seen him!" returned the baron. "No; but I already know him very well, because I can form a just estimate of him from his works."

"I am not surprised," said the baron, in a quiet tone; "and now oblige me by coming to this window and tell me what you see." "Why I see the sun shedding its glory over one of the greatest countries in the world, and I behold a mighty river at my feet, and a vast range of woods and pastures, and orchards, and vineyards, and cattle and sheep feeding in rich fields."

"Do you say anything to be admired in all this?" asked the baron. "Do you imagine I am lacking in perception and appreciation?" retorted the Frenchman. "Well, then, if you are able to judge of my son's good character by seeing his various works, how does it happen you can form no estimate of God's goodness by witnessing such proofs of his handiwork?"—Ex.

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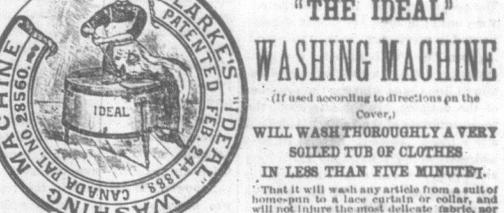
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Messenger and Visitor

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1889.

THE SOUTHERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION OF NEW BRUNSWICK.

This association opened at Hatfield's Point, Belleisle, on Saturday, Sept. 21, at 10 a. m. The devotional meeting at the opening was led by Rev. S. Welton, and was an interesting one. The following are the officers elected:

Pastor G. O. Gates, Moderator. Bro. G. J. C. White, Clerk. J. H. Kierstead, Asst. clerk. J. A. S. Kierstead, Treasurer.

During the services of Saturday, quite a number of visiting brethren were invited to seats. Brethren W. J. Corey, J. Coombs, C. B. Lewis, M. F. King, E. C. Covey, G. Springer, Jenkins and Prof. Wortman were welcomed, besides quite a number of laymen.

In the afternoon, the letters from the churches were considered. From these, it was found that there had been 194 baptisms and a net gain of 189 had been obtained.

Verbal reports were heard from delegates of some of the churches of the work on their fields during the year. The association had the joy of welcoming into its fellowship two new churches—that at Bartlett's Mills, Charlotte Co., on Bro. Todd's field, and that at Belleisle Creek, organized by Bro. Hayward.

In the evening, the attendance was very materially increased by the arrival of the delegates from St. John and along the river, on the steamer Belleisle. There was room for the usual pleasant about the love of our people for water. During the late afternoon, the rain began to pour down, and when the evening meeting began it was rushing down in torrents. Nevertheless, there was a good congregation to listen to Bro. Pine's vigorous and earnest sermon. At its close, there was a discussion, all too short for the importance of the topic, on the subject of utilizing the talents of laymen in aggressive work. Reference was made to the work accomplished in St. John through the missions started by working committees under the direction of Father Robinson. The present city mission was also spoken of, as an illustration of what may be done largely through the concerted efforts of laymen. Special mention was made of the Sabbath-school at Sheriff street, which had grown to over one hundred, and needed a hall. A collection was taken on its behalf.

The Sabbath was a high day in Zion. The people crowded in at all the services until the large house was densely packed in every part, even the standing room being all occupied. The great audiences listened with breathless attention to Bro. Gates, who was the preacher of the morning. In the afternoon, the representatives of the Ladies' Aids held a two hours' meeting. Several earnest addresses were given and the Aid Society at Springfield was reconstituted. After the preaching service in the evening there was a social meeting. It was a season of great solemnity and power. We have heard of some who were impressed with their need of salvation.

The morning of Monday was occupied with the Associational sermon and the Circular Letter. As both are to be published in our columns, we shall now only say that they were clear and strong. In the afternoon, the first subject for consideration was the great one of education. The first speaker was Prof. Wortman. He was reminded, as he looked around that he was becoming a middle aged man. As he saw the young men, passing on the direct work, he was often sorry that he was not in the front of the battle with them. Still he was in the same work. He referred to the work at Acadia, to the blessing which had fallen upon the students, to the power of the Christian students over their unconverted fellows, to the mutual sympathy which existed between Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, each in the institutions of the other province. He paid a high tribute to Dr. Sawyer and his associate professors.

Bro. W. F. Parker felt that the Seminary at St. Martins had come to stay, notwithstanding all its difficulties. It was a necessity, in order that our Baptist students may be kept under Christian influence, and not be left to go and schools where there was no religious and elevating influence. The attendance was good. The new teachers are making a good impression. The lady preceptress was winning her way. Thus far, the male students outnumbered the lady attendants. We had called Dr. Hopper to take charge. The burdens were such that, unless we all come up to his help he would be crushed. He referred to hoped for changes in the constitution of the society, so that the association would be asked to share in the control and responsibility. In conclusion, he asked for aid as pastor of the church where the Seminary is located.

Bro. J. Coombs, pleaded for theological education at Acadia. Bro. J. A. Ford, declared that he owed to Acadia all that he was. He referred, especially, to the strong and earnest influence of the President upon him and the other students. The transforming power of the college upon the students was remarkable. The second subject discussed was Denominational Literature. The report was read by Bro. J. E. Masters, and was spoken to by brethren Masters, W. E. McIntyre, Herritt, Springer, Kierstead, and Goodspeed. The words of Bro. McIntyre were especially strong and earnest. We are sure the influence of the meeting was good and will be helpful to the paper and the Book Room.

The missionary meeting in the evening was greeted with a full house. The report on Home Missions was the first presented by Bro. Parker, and was a very vigorous and faithful one. As so many addresses on missions have been reported in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, we will only say that the addresses which followed by brethren Martell, Springer and Welton were listened to with great attention, as were also the report on Foreign Missions and the address by Bro. Gates.

A resolution by Bro. Martell was adopted, to the effect that the standing committees on each of the subjects which are regularly to come before our Association, are each to become responsible for the speakers in the discussion of them at our Associational gatherings. This is an excellent arrangement; it is to be hoped that the chairmen of the various committees will provide a most excellent programme for our next Association.

The sessions of Tuesday, which, it was feared, would be of less interest because nearing the close of the Association, were among the most animated of them all. The local committees to attend to Home Mission and Convention Fund interests were appointed. There seemed to be a determination that these should not be a dead letter, as they were last year. Each committee is to report through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, and also to the Association next year. A committee was also appointed to arrange for quarterly meetings, with the understanding that these should be made to harmonize with the local committees' work.

Then came the report of a new committee, that on Systematic Benevolence and Work, which is to be a standing one hereafter. The discussion of the report, which recommended a weekly offering of not less than a tenth, was one of great earnestness and instructiveness. It was participated in by Brethren Martell, Springer, Hickson, Parker, Pineo and others. One point made was that our ministers themselves should adopt this rule, so as to be in a position to urge it upon their people. We are glad so many now stand on this high vantage ground. It was also felt that more must be done than preach upon the duty of giving this amount in this way. Methods must be devised by which our people should be enabled and incited to give weekly.

The report on Temperance embodied a recommendation to prohibitionists to organize, so as to present a counterbalancing political force to that of the rum power. The interest in the report was lively, and it was carried without dissent. The sessions of the afternoon and evening were devoted to the most important subject of Sabbath-schools. The house was filled to the full in the evening. There were papers and addresses in addition to the report. The discussion on the report brought out a variety of opinions on the question of Lesson Help. There was general consent that no helps should be brought into the school. The prevailing feeling was in favor of helps used as helps to study the Bible; not as a substitute for such study. There was strong insistence also that teachers should teach the Bible itself to the scholars as well as teach about it. It is much to be regretted that the practice of committing Scripture to memory has been so generally abandoned. There was a paper by Bro. Sterns on "How to hold the grown-up scholars in our Sunday-schools." The paper insisted that well-furnished teachers alone could do this. It was urged in the discussion that the lessons must be so taught that there would be the power of the truth and the power of love conjoined to hold the scholars; that the impression must be given by Sunday-school workers that the Bible is not a book for children merely, and that to this end the older people must come and study the book of God. Bro. G. J. C. White read a paper on "The Conversion of the Children the Teachers' great Aim."

Bro. Parker gave an address on "How to prepare the Lesson," and Bro. Gates gave a Normal Class exercise, at the evening session. At the close, a social service was held, in which there appeared to be much tenderness. Two arose to express their desire for salvation. The Association closed, at a late hour, to meet with the Oak Bay church a year hence.

We have never attended an Association where there appeared to be a deeper interest in the devotional meeting, or where the people were more eager to

hear. To all appearances, the church at Springfield has been blessed by the Associational gathering, and we hope to hear of ingathering before many days. The delegates also carry away with them the most pleasant and grateful memories of thoughtful kindness and lavish hospitality. Not a few will continue to pray for Bro. Cornwall and his people that they may have a great spiritual refreshing.

THE WEEK.

Balfour has about the same as withdrawn his Catholic University scheme. Doubtless he had two objects in view in proposing it. One was to secure the Pope's aid to suppress the League, the other was to divide the Liberal party. The proposal has brought into his own party more division than into that of the opposition, and the Irish people refuse to be coerced by the Pope in what pertains to politics. It can scarcely do otherwise than injure the government. The proposal has irritated the Protestants, quite generally, now its withdrawal will irritate the Catholics who have reckoned upon it. It may be possible that something will still be done, in the line of an Irish Catholic University; but it will be a weak and barren affair. The government must feel humiliated, having but just had to withdraw their titles bill.

The French elections have resulted in a victory for the Republicans. The Boulangerists have lost, although Boulanger has had a large majority of the votes in Paris. His election, however, is disallowed by the court. The second vote made necessary by the French law that each candidate shall have a majority of all votes cast, is expected to increase the Republican majority. It is said the Emperor of Russia, now that the government of France appears to be pretty stable, is about to make an offensive and defensive alliance with her. This is supposed to explain the more warlike tone of the address of the Emperor of Germany, at a recent review.

There are indications that the Dominion government, as well as that of the United States, is prepared to enter into negotiations for closer trade relations between the two countries, if not for a reciprocity treaty. The sentiment of the people of the Dominion, outside of the monopolists, seems to be running in that direction. Still, how this most desirable end can be attained and a revenue be collected which will meet the demands of necessary expenditure for interest on debt and other expenses is a mystery. There could not be a higher tariff on imports from the mother country, as this would exclude them and defeat its own purpose, (if the duties were taken off from American products) leaving out of the question the character of action which would withdraw our trade from England and turn it over to another power. We are no politician; but we are convinced that the fairest way to raise a revenue is by direct taxation, allowing all trade to be free.

The Protestant section of the Council of Education in Quebec have asked a hearing before the Privy Council of Canada against the arrangement made in the Jesuits' Act with respect to the grants for the education of Protestants. The cause will be heard on the 15th October.

The general elections in Brazil have been successful, thus ensuring the complete execution of the policy of freeing the slaves. This policy was inaugurated during the Emperor Dom Pedro's absence, with the approval and assistance of his daughter, and the Emperor has since his return given it his support, and in the elections just held was classed as a Liberal. Such Emperors as Dom Pedro are of more assistance to the cause of progress than many Presidents elected by party machines and powerless to carry out their own policies.

Colportage Work in the N. S. Baptist Association District.

A committee was appointed at this Association last year, to confer with the officers of the Baptist Book and Tract Society, in reference to this very important work. The officers of that society replied, making a proposition—agreeing to carry on work amounting to one man's work for one year—providing the Association give the tangible guarantee of \$250 towards defraying the expenses. At the recent meeting of the Association at New Glasgow, it was unanimously resolved to request the churches to contribute a sum not less than five cents per member, and that a collection be taken on the third Sabbath of October for this purpose, and forwarded to Geo. P. McDonald, Secretary - Treasurer, Baptist Book Room, Halifax.

I am requested to press this matter upon the attention of pastors, and other officers of our churches, hoping that they will cheerfully respond to this call, and far exceed the small amount mentioned, and thus enable those in charge of this department of the Lord's work, to place a man in the district immediately. T. B. LATROU, Sec. of Association. Great Village, Sept. 28.

As we go to press we have received information that Bro. Steele is quite ill. May the Lord spare useful lives.

Annuity Fund.

Some persons ask why only about 70 of the 160 ministers eligible for membership in the Annuity Fund have connected themselves with it. The following letter shows what difficulties are in the way of some of our devoted men. The brother paid five dollars, and a letter from the treasurer notifying him that there were due \$15 to pay to January 1, 1890, brought the following letter in reply:

"I got your note about the Annuity Fund. During the course of last year I concluded I would be unable to fulfill the conditions of membership. I don't like to explain further, but let you frankly tell you that I am a man of a family without any real estate, with very little personal property, with no money, with no invested funds of any kind. I pay rent for my house, keep a horse, which costs \$100.00 a year. For the last two years my income has been \$300.00 a year. For these years I am now in debt \$100.00. . . I have no prospect at present but to earn my living by secular labor. Now after writing this, all of which is true, I am inclined to throw it into the fire, but you have shown so much interest and brotherly kindness that an explanation is due. . ."

Anyone who will give \$15.00 to make this brother a member to January 1st, 1890, shall have his name in confidence and then it will be seen that the brother is worthy.

In a short time I will ask the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to publish the names of the ministers who are members. It will then be seen who are not. I trust the churches will see that their pastors are put upon this fund. E. M. SAUNDERS, Treasurer.

Eastern Association of N. S.

We are indebted to the Eastern Chronicle for the balance of the report of this Association:

The Saturday morning session was occupied by the preaching of the "Associational Sermon" and reading of the "Circular Letter" to the churches. The preacher, Rev. J. A. Bancroft, chose for his text the words, "The church which is in Jerusalem," Acts 11: 22. The discourse was a masterly, comprehensive and clear description of a New Testament Christian church; its origin, constitution, character, officers, qualification for membership, mission. The writer of the "Circular Letter," Rev. J. E. Goucher, chose for his theme "The necessity for more direct and earnest effort for the conversion of the children." It was a strong, and tenderly earnest plea for personal work by the church in behalf of the children. They had been neglected in the effort to reach the older ones. He argued that early youth was a critical period in life, that the gospel in its simplicity was adapted to those of tender years, that children could not only understand the plan of salvation, but would more readily accept it than those of mature years. The children were the hope of the church in the future; and those who espoused the cause of Christ in early life would be its strongest supporters in after life.

By unanimous and hearty vote of the Association, request was made that both sermon and letter be published in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, of St. John, the Maritime Baptist paper.

The afternoon session of Saturday was occupied with hearing and discussing committees' reports on Devotional Literature and Sunday-schools. One clause in the former report, viz, the recommendation that the Canadian Voice, published in Halifax, be considered as Baptist Denominational Literature, and recommended by the Association to Baptists as such on the line of temperance elicited a lively discussion, participated in by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, resident pastor; C. C. Burgess, of Pugwash, and others. The report was finally adopted without dissent. On motion the report on Sabbath-schools was spoken to by Revs. J. E. Goucher, M. W. Brown, I. H. Porter and others. Some of the most excellent features of the report were the recommendation to thorough preparation by teachers, recognition of the children outside the Sabbath-school, and greater attention to the principles and doctrines of Christianity.

The Saturday evening session was devoted to the subject of "Higher Education." Able addresses were delivered to a large audience by Prof. E. Caldwell, Rev. A. Cohoon, and Rev. J. H. Bancroft. The great advantage of an academic and collegiate arts course such as may be obtained at Wolfville to professional men and women could not be over-estimated. The institutions there consisted of a thoroughly equipped Collegiate Academy, Ladies' Seminary, and Arts University, with excellent boarding-house accommodation; an institution for scenery and health unsurpassed in the Maritime Provinces; and above all a spiritually healthful atmosphere pervaded the institutions.

On Sabbath nearly all the pulpits of the town were occupied by the Baptist clergy, and at three meetings of the Y. M. C. A. the visiting strangers addressed the audience.

On Monday morning the subject of Colportage was considered; and also grouping of the churches for more advantageous work.

The committee on arrangements presented their final report, which included appointment of committees on

Missions, Education, Temperance, Sunday-schools, Obituaries, and Systematic Giving; also reported on place of meeting for Association next year—Sydney was chosen. Association to meet on the second Friday in September. Rev. A. T. Dykeman was appointed to preach the Associational Sermon, Rev. John Clark, of Antigonish, to write the Associational Letter. The Report of Obituaries was presented by the chairman, I. W. Porter, B. A., which showed that two clergymen and a number of influential members of the Association had died during the past year. The work of the Association being largely disposed of, many of the delegates in attendance went on a pleasure trip by steamer Egerton to Pictou, taking in the works at Trenton.

Chicago Letter.

Your correspondent spent his summer vacation in Canada; principally in Toronto and among the Muskoka lakes. Toronto has wonderfully changed in the past ten years. In that time it has added nearly a hundred thousand to its population, and at present is one of the most beautiful and enterprising cities on the continent. It is pre-eminently "the city of churches," and a city that remembers "the Sabbath day to keep it holy." No Sunday street cars; no Sunday newspapers; no Sunday theatres, and no Sunday saloons.

The writer occupied the pulpit of the Bloor St. Baptist church for three Sabbath, and although many of the members were away for vacation, the congregations were large. Rev. Elmore Harris has done a grand work in this church and his people only consent to his retirement from its pastorate because of the importance of the new enterprise he goes out to lead. We had the privilege also, of preaching one Sabbath for the Beverly St. church, where our old friend and fellow laborer, Rev. Ira Smith, is pastor. This is a young church, full of enthusiasm, and devoted to their pastor, to whose salary they have just added four hundred dollars. We also visited the Queen St. church, Dr. Murdoch, pastor, have improved the church building very much. Stained glass windows and a handsome pipe organ make it one of the most pleasant places of worship in dear old St. Kitts. A second church has been organized here, with a membership of about forty. A student from Rochester was supplying them at the time of our visit.

Ontario has been blessed with an unusually heavy harvest. As we rode in the C. P. R. cars from St. Thomas to Toronto, passing by Woodstock, we were continually reminded of the south of England, and the couplet kept running through our mind: "How has kind heaven adorned this happy land, And scattered blessings as with a wasteful hand."

The all absorbing topic in Chicago, just now, is the question, which of the two cities, New York or Chicago, shall have the World's Exposition in 1892. This city is now the second in size in the Union, having a population of about two millions. It has splendid hotel accommodations, and abundance of land upon which to place the necessary buildings for the great show. It has secured pledges, from its business men, amounting to \$5,000,000, and is confident that the show will be here.

The great trial of the men charged with the murder of Dr. Cronin has been in progress for over three weeks, and so far nothing has been accomplished; not even a jury secured. It is quite plain that the present jury system is a failure, and that some change in its working must soon be introduced, unless justice be regularly defeated, and trial by jury becomes a mere farce.

The Daily News, an independent paper, is leading a crusade against the Sunday saloons. Mayor Cregier, who promised great reforms when asking for the votes of the people, has simply failed to keep any of his promises, and as a consequence the saloons and gambling houses have it all their own way. The opposition to Sunday closing says that it is not possible to close them in large cities. The News makes answer that Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Kansas City, and Minneapolis, are enforcing Sunday saloon closing laws; and that the testimony of the authorities in these cities is that Sunday laws are as easily enforced as any other criminal or prohibitory measures. It admits that where the law is most rigidly enforced, Sunday drinking is not entirely stopped; but it adds, neither is murder nor theft absolutely prevented by the most stringent execution of the laws against these evils.

The ministers are taking an active part in the crusade; almost every one of them preached on the subject last Sabbath. Dr. Lorimer, who has just returned from an extended trip through Europe, said: "When I get home, I find this city has grown so big that some of its people think its evils cannot be controlled. They are not fighting in London to see whether the curtain shall be drawn over the door of the saloon on Sunday. They have closed the door. I suppose if a man in London wants a

drink of liquor on Sunday, there are ways for him to get it. But certainly the way is not through the open door of the public saloon. No saloons and no theatres. The quiet of a London Sabbath astonishes a Chicago man."

The liquor men have organized themselves into what they call "The Personal Rights League." They have published a list of their principles. Among other things they say: "Every man has a right to get drunk on Sunday if he wants to," and that to close the saloons on Sunday is to interfere with personal liberty. To which Dr. Henson, pastor of the First Baptist church, replies, "I grant it. That's what the law is for, to restrain liberty. That's why we fine wife-beaters and those cruel to animals. The purpose of the law is to interfere with just such wretches as abuse their power. The law interposes to protect the right to enjoy one day of rest in seven."

Some propose a compromise, namely, to close the saloons for a part of the day—say in the forenoon, or during the hours of church services. A number of the leading Catholics favor this. O, this evil of strong drink! What a Goliath it is, defying the armies of the living God. Summer vacation is over. Church news is meagre. Dr. Lorimer and Bro. B. F. Jacobs, of Sunday-school fame, on their return from Europe, had a grand public reception in the Immanuel church. Rev. D. M. McLaurin of Minneapolis, has been making an extended tour of the Holy Land, and conveying his impressions of what he saw to the readers of the Standard in a series of articles under the nom de plume of "Don Mac." He has just returned and is at work again in his church. The Englewood church, Rev. Myron W. Hayes pastor, has just laid the corner stone of a new church edifice, to cost when completed, \$60,000. The Fourth Bap. church has broken ground in Ashland ave., for a new church house. The Centennial church has also begun the erection of a new house of worship. Rev. Dr. Clotworthy of Evanston, closed a successful pastorate of six years last May and went to Adrian, Mich., and Rev. H. A. Delano, from Norfolk, Conn., succeeds him, and is already in his new field. The Seminary at Morgan Park has opened with a full complement of students, and the prospects of a prosperous year's work. Dr. Galusha Anderson, President of Denison University, has been elected to the chair of Homiletics, which has been vacant since the retirement of Dr. Sage. We shall all hail the return of Dr. Anderson to Chicago with delight. He is a grand man, and one of our oldest and most successful educators. WESTERN.

—This is the brilliant passage composed by him, which gained for the Democratic senator, S. S. Cox, just deceased, the nickname of "Sunset":

What a stormful sunset was that last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west with a white horizon full of a golden inter-ascending haze, which colored the foliage and brightened every object in its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer, until the golden haze was transformed into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling agitates all round and over the city. The inter-ascending haze, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obedience to its majesty. Some even snuffed before its force. The straw-berry beds and grass plots 'turned up their whiter' to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain-came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The south and east received the copious showers, and the west all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky. Presently a cloud appeared in the aure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fancies and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his "Excursion":

"The appearance instantaneously disclosed Was of a mighty city, boldly say A wilderness of buildings, sinking far And self withdrawn into a wondrous depth, Far sinking into splendor without end!"

But the city vanished only to give place to another, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imagine a Paradise in the distant and purified air. The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the West. The "great eye in heaven," however, went not down with a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased, when the solemn church bells pealed, the laughter of children out and joyous after the storm is heard with the carol birds, while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illumination around the Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows. Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel that it is good to have a home—good to be on the earth where such revelations of Beauty and Power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble sketch of a sunset which comes so rarely that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

Bro. Dimock Archibald, now living in Boston, is located near the business part of the city at 112 Hudson street. Our Provincialists who go there on business can rest rooms from him at much less than hotel prices. Will the friends please remember this. 42

The Bible Man talking to no one else in the world. "What a beautiful long ago too—our privilege." Theo. Beaumont, the annotations Revelation! Prayer-Book and the front of somewhat peculiar year is year, some retained in mess, fatherly this for Timothy pluck for charact for thorough (month), horat almost different sive case is n astrophe (Hadarah, his old-fashioned see whether M stand! Long "I noticed at four strokes ( on the dial watchmaker to king who coul was placed be cause, your m means no such "four strokes commanded the IV. to IIII. watches have day to this. ing to our not being perhaps Book of mine of every four XIII, and s used. The w of too rapid of us took his O dear me musing of th let me out to brook. Go, b men, need a Another ev post on the master before him, scanning its here are ori former owner pilgrim of "Christian, I He understood many now-e elaborate w tactic line down, and science then trine, or pri scored. I h known saint, long to? Pr have been lo more than h he may hav Puffians of he was not of extra in bap tional pre had a grip of Here is a rates faith lightly und him, Thom thou ha I that have "leaved." The leaver hand. Aga another pag brother very marked wit "For what it was sending fish (snuff fish, the fish!" "Ah, he said that the la Jesus is our "Twenty-six underscored helpeth our what—" "The diag this Book w Robert Elau to begin wit Oh, how a thustiat. piece—R the birdie, with it, and day; dim obey: "Th tly mouth leave in the him from the Underscored O Holy on passage w ancient sal man? A King in the Aliv I guess I sweetly, r notes, war "Food to w Here my h Of excess t Though it is On a dying He is meai Shall I sav Doing on h Sure I am, I am rich; Jesus gives Food and Bird and makes AND VISIT

The Bird of the Air.

Man talking to himself—at least I see no one else in the room:

What a beautiful book! Printed so long ago too—date 1649, Carols Res, cum privilegio, with brief expositions of Theo. Bess upon the hard places, and the annotations of Fr. Janus upon the Revelation! Perfect! bound in calf; the Prayer-Book and Psalms in large type in the front of the Book. The spelling somewhat peculiar: Litany is Letany, year is year, soap is sopp; the final e is retained in many words, e. g., wickedness, fatherless; purity is purifie, Timothy for Timothy, rejoice for winds, chrest for chariot, country, entrance, throw (through), strained, month (month), horseback, are specimens of the slight difference of spelling. The possessive case is not so shown by the apostrophe (')—e. g., kings business; Hadarah, his uncles daughter; and the old-fashioned possessive his 's, 'to see whether Mordecai his matters would stand.' Long a like an f, of course.

I noticed an ingenious account of how four strokes (III) for IV, always appear on the dial of watches and clocks. A watchmaker told somebody that a certain king who could not read asked why IV was placed between III and V. 'Because, your majesty, it means four.' 'It means no such thing,' said the monarch; 'four strokes are four,' and thereupon commanded the watchmaker to alter the IV to III. And so all clocks and watches have been marked from that day to this. A pretty story, and bringing to our notice a little matter never before perhaps observed. But this old Book of mine contains IIII, at the head of every fourth chapter, and XIV, in XIII, and so on wherever IV is in use. The watchmaker was in the habit of too rapid induction, or like so many of us took his stories at his face.

O dear me! I have I to report all the musings of this old Dry-as-dust? Please let me out to have a little bathe in the brook. Go, birdie, for birds as well as men, need a refresher.

Another evening, birdie assumes her post on the picture-frame of Willifre, the master with the same old Book before him, spectacles on nose, carefully scanning its pages. Breaks out: 'Hello, here are original annotations by the former owner of this ancient Book. The pilgrim of two centuries ago is a Christian, I know, by the texts he marks. He underscores with his pen, just as do so many now-a-days, only not in the same elaborate way; not with the same fantastic lines at all sorts of angles up, down, and across the page. Bible-marking evidently was not reduced to a science then; but here and there a doctrine, or principle, or promise is underscored. I hold fellowship with this unknown saint. What church did he belong to? Probably a churchman. There have been lots of good ones there; here, more than we are willing to think. Or he may have been one of the stern Puritans of Cromwell's day. Certainly he was not a Baptist; for not one touch of extra ink is put about the various baptismal passages. But the dear fellow had a grip of divine things for all that. Here is a good indication of how he lights faith—John 20: 29 (every line lightly underscored)—'Jesu faith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.'

The leaves fly fast under the Master's hand. Again he says: 'Ah, here is another passage which brings my dead brother very near to me. Romans 8: 3, marked with a bracket at the sides: 'For what the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son, in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned in the flesh.'

'Ah, he saw what so many cannot see, that the law cannot save us, but that Jesus is our righteousness.

Twenty-sixth verse, overlooked and underscored: 'Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities, for we know not what.'

'The diagnosis is good. The owner of this Book was a Christian; none of your Robert Esmerens, who had no religion to begin with.'

Oh, how tiresome to follow this old enthusiast! He is going to quote another piece:—Romans 10: 9: 'Listen to this birdie, and fly over to Williams with it, and whistle it to 'em night and day; din it into their ears until they obey: 'That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in the heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved.' Underscored and over-scored every word. O Holy One, score on their hearts the passage which took such hold of this ancient saint. After all, was he a woman? Always more women than men in the Kingdom.

I guess I'll sing a little. (Birdie, very sweetly, rising sometimes to ecstatic notes, warbles forth:

'Food to which the world's a stranger Have my hungry soul enjoys; Of excess there is no danger: Though it fills it never cloy. On a dying Christ I feed, He is meat and drink indeed. Shall I envy, then, the miser, Doting on his golden store? Sure, an, or should be, wiser; I am rich; 'tis he is poor: Jesus gives me, in his word, Food and medicine, shield and sword.'

Bird shakes herself, preens her wings, and makes straight for the Messenger and Visitor.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

FALL RIVER, Halifax Co.—Bro. Hatfield reports a growing interest with prospects of ingathering at this place. ST. PETER'S BAY.—I am much encouraged by the interest in my congregation and marked attention to the Word spoken. I have baptized eight since I came on the field, six before Bro. Fletcher left, two since. Two more are waiting at St. Peter's to be received at next conference. F. A. KINLOCK.

LESTER ST., St. John.—Rev. E. M. C. Botterell, pastor of Lester street Baptist church has been granted leave of absence by his church until the 31st December next. The church, on the 16th instant unanimously presented Mr. Botterell with a letter expressive of their confidence and esteem in his faithful and efficient work in the Master's vineyard. Mr. Botterell has been earnestly solicited to labor among the young men in the State of Missouri, and when the request came to grant leave of absence that he might fully enter into that work, the church felt that they could hardly withhold their consent. Mr. Botterell has endeavored himself very much to the Lester street church and congregation, and his work among them has been very successful. Many young people have been brought into the church to whom will soon be entrusted the future of the church, therefore his departure is sincerely regretted and his return will be anxiously looked forward to. Com.

DARTMOUTH.—I have returned to my work, and have a good prospect of being granted, for the coming months and years, all my old strength. This seems a fitting time to mention something that is beyond full expression, namely, my great gratitude to this people for their kindness to me during the months that I have just passed. It has touched me deeply and must always remain a strength and inspiration. Each one of my numerous wants was not only met, but anticipated. There were so many strong arms upon which to lean, so many hearts to comfort with sympathy and cheer with hope, that the days were never really dark. Rather, the severity of the test of faith was lost in the preciousness of these experiences granted me by the Heavenly Father. Here, too, I cannot refrain from mentioning the kindness of my friends, Bro. Austin K. de Blois, who unselfishly gave up his summer's rest, and without financial compensation, did my work that I might rest. There are some whose manliness makes them friends on whom we can lean hard, and whose faithfulness ever leads them to instinctively make just the effort that will help us most. These are much to us in life. CHAR. W. WILLIAMS.

NICTAUX.—The ladies of Nictaux and vicinity held a tea meeting on the 19th and 20th Sept. Although the weather was stormy on the first day, and the ladies were put to a large amount of trouble, the result is cause of congratulation. The grounds were magnificently arranged, the tables were beautifully and sumptuously spread and the visitors vied with each other in friendly appreciation of efforts made for their comfort and entertainment. The remodelled meeting house, not yet completed, was thrown open to the inspection of visitors, and elicited universal commendation and praise. The genial architect, J. N. Miller, Esq., and his workmen were present, and they must have had a high degree of satisfaction at the words of approbation that fell from the lips of the numerous visitors. The work is being rapidly pushed, and it is expected that the house will be formally re-opened about the first of November. The treaty has been signed for some time by the church and gives every satisfaction. The church is working harmoniously and prosperously in every part. The Sabbath-schools are full and interesting. The prayer meetings are sustained on Sunday and in the week. The outlook is hopeful.

W. R. BRADSHAW.

ANAPOLIS ROYAL.—I wish through the Messenger and Visitor to gratefully acknowledge the kind gift of \$45 from the friends at Granville Ferry, knowing, as I do, that it came from warm hearts, and to thank all my dear friends for their gifts for their many words and acts of kindness and help to me. I wish also to take this opportunity to thank the friends of Round Hill for their kindness to my mother and myself during this summer. How to be kind is a lesson which the friends in this section of the country seem to have learned by heart. In Annapolis town the Lord has blessed us wonderfully in the reviving and reorganizing of the church. The weekly offering system introduced only six months ago has changed our financial condition from a state of uncertainty and dissatisfaction to one of prosperity and strength. This most gratifying and encouraging result, I cannot refrain from saying, is due largely to the energetic and unselfish efforts of our Bro. McVicar, in working up the scheme. Our congregations are constantly increasing. The prayer-meetings are a source of great blessing, for ever and always in these gatherings the Master is present in the power of His Holy Spirit, and every waiting soul is fed and quickened. Backsliders are quietly and penitently seeking and finding the sweetness of a Father's forgiving love, and sinners are troubled. Next Lord's day we expect some from the ranks of the Sunday-school to follow Jesus in baptism. Last evening, Sept. 20, we had a missionary meeting in town. Bro. Higgins came down from Wolfville to speak to us and to say good-bye to his many friends here before leaving for distant India. His stirring words were full of power, and were followed by the prayers and money of this church. May God bless him. A collection of about ten dollars was taken for foreign missions. After the meeting a Woman's Missionary Aid Society, of about thirty members, was organized in connection with this church, with Miss Sophia Jackson, our missionary-elect, as president. There is not in all the Annapolis Valley a better field than this, either for convenience and beauty of situation, for opportunities for work and success, for the assistance and sympathy of earnest Christians, or for cheerfulness and promptness in the financial support of a pastor. The Lord be with the people to lead and bless. CHAS. A. EATON.

HAMPTON.—We have much cause for rejoicing here for the Lord is with us, the spirit of the Master is felt in all our meetings. Last Sabbath morning a sister who has recently experienced a change of heart was led down into the liquid grave—"praying dear Jesus wash me and make me whiter than snow." She received the Reformed Baptists, the ship into the Hampton church. We are praying and working for others. Pray for us that the Lord may bring them in. Sept. 23. JOSHUA WEBB.

UNION BAPTIST MINISTERIAL CONFERENCE OF ST. JOHN.—Bro. Ford reports larger audiences and greater interest in the social services. He expects to baptize two next Sabbath. Financially, the church is getting on well. Bro. Parsons reported increasing congregations. Two were received by letter last Sabbath. Notwithstanding the loss of those who united with the Reformed Baptists, the church is some larger than formerly. There are some enquirers. There is nothing special at German street. The attendance is excellent. At the other churches, and at the mission stations, the work is going on quietly, with nothing expected will be purchased by the people for next session is "Plans for the winter's work."

CLEMENTS VALLE, N. S.—This is a beautiful place, and the community is almost Baptist. The church membership numbers upwards of 300, and there are six preaching places at present. There is a movement on foot to build a new meeting-house, or repair the present one at Clement's Corner, for which object \$500 are in the funds, through the earnest endeavors of the people. There is also a movement to build a house in the Virginia and Princetown sections of the field; which will make one preaching station, less a field of four. The majority of the people are determined to "rise up and build." A parsonage is also required at Clement's Corner, for which about \$500 in stock is held in the old parsonage, at the Clements church; which building it is expected will be purchased by the Clement's Port, etc. churches. The church will build a parsonage as soon as the right man of God comes to lead off in the work. I have spent over three months with the people, and now leave for St. Martins very reluctantly. During the time of my stay, the church's attention has especially been given to the church, God has blessed us more than we are worthy of; and the church is more generally united to do their work. Much yet remains to be done, before the church will be in a position to do the work of God as it should be done. The people are kind and liberal in their support, and especially liberal in the Corner section of the church, where so much work is to be done. The right man can be sure of a liberal support, and a hearty co-operation, if he will work on New Testament principles, of the part of the church. May the Lord send one of His servants this way to labor in the prayer of His child and people. J. H. KING.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.—I have recently spent a few days on the Campbellton field. It is now nearly four years since I had the pleasure of organizing a Baptist church in Campbellton of 20 members. My heart has been greatly cheered during this second visit, by the progress the little church has since made. The membership is now more than 100. In Campbellton they have succeeded in erecting a handsome place of worship at a cost of \$2,500. This sum has been raised by the self-denying efforts of this brave little band, with little help from outside sources. The small debt of \$300 remaining on the building seems to be an eye-sore, and an effort is now being made to raise this sum, so that the church may enjoy the satisfaction of worshipping in a comfortable and well located sanctuary free of debt. When this debt is removed it is proposed to build a small Baptist meeting house up the river and then to commence the erection of a parsonage in town. Bro. W. C. Vincent, now of Canby, N. S., the first pastor of the church, did good faithful work and is held in high esteem. The labors of Bro. C. W. Corey, who spent his last summer's vacation here, are favorably spoken of. The several important preaching engagements, at an early date, an efficient pastor. The coming year will find a most important and pleasant field of labor. The town is increasing in population, is delightfully situated and the people are proverbial for their benevolence. There are several important preaching stations in the county where the people are eager to hear Baptist preaching and where the fields were white unto the harvest. Last Lord's day I had the pleasure of baptizing one into the fellowship of the church, of preaching three times and of enjoying a delightful communion season with the church in the evening. There are several more desiring baptism and others are seeking the Lord. Dea. James Miller, late of Newcastle, is proving a valuable accession to this church. The two original deacons, Price and Dickie, are working hard to promote the best interests of the church. Bro. J. E. Price, the popular district superintendent and effort for the welfare of the cause. He is superintendent of the Sabbath-school, which is in an efficient state. Dea. Dickie occasionally goes into the country on preaching excursions, and has already a goodly number of seals to his ministry, who will be stars in his crown. May God greatly bless and prosper this young church. ISA. WALLACE, Sept. 23.

PERSONAL.—Bro. W. J. Stewart has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Brussels street Baptist church, during the absence of Bro. Mellick.

NOTICES.—The Queens County quarterly meeting will meet with the Upper Cumberland Bay church the first Saturday in October, at 2 p. m. Brethren, please make an effort to be there this time in rain or shine. M. P. KING.

The next session of the Albert Co. quarterly meeting will be held, D. V., with the Caledonia Baptist church, on the second Tuesday of October, 1889, to open with religious conference at two o'clock p. m. Quarterly sermon by J. W. Brown, of New York, his attorney, A. H. L. of Elgin. Interesting papers and essays on very important subjects are expected. Will the churches rally and send up their delegates from all parts of the country. A good time is expected. T. W. CARPENTER.

Special religious services will be conducted, D. V., in the Baptist church, at Port Maitland, on Tuesday evening, the 8th October. All the churches of the County are requested to send their pastors and at least one delegate. At those meetings the propriety of organizing a system of religious services for all the churches in the County will be considered. A. W. BARR, Pastor.

The next session of the Annapolis Ministerial Conference will be held at Stony Beach (Granville) Baptist church, Tuesday, Oct. 8; first session 2 o'clock, preaching at 7 o'clock. All the pastors and delegates of the County will be present if possible; as we hope to lay broad plans for Christian work. Don't fail to be present to hear the interesting papers that will come before the Conference, and to take part in the discussions. Come, in Christ's name, and we will have the Master's blessing. By order of the Conference, J. L. READ, Clerk.

The Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Counties quarterly meeting will commence with the Wakefield Baptist church, on the 2nd Friday (11th) October, at 7 p. m. THOS. TOWN, Sec'y-Treas.

On Thursday, the 10th day of October, at 1 o'clock, p. m., in the Baillie Baptist church, Charlotte Co., N. B., a council, consisting of sister churches within the Southern Association will convene to consider the propriety of setting apart to the work of the gospel ministry, Bro. C. Wright, at present laboring with us. Hope and trust that all interested may be present, as a past meeting of the 12th ult. proved unsuccessful, owing to many being absent from their homes and the hurriedness of the work. E. MANN, Clerk.

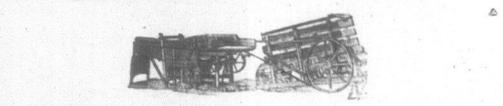
Five Harvest Excursions.—The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R., will sell, on Tuesdays, August 6th and 20th, September 10th and 24, and October 8th, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rate to points in the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of trains, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your ticket agent, or address P. S. Evans, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Ladies, make the Experiment.—Men and women who refuse to try new ideas or new articles, virtually combine to make the world stand still, and check the advancement of those things which conduce to happiness, comfort and the getting of more into an ordinary life. Sweeping improvements—such as the telegraph, steam, electricity—push themselves in at all odds; and, although it may not be suspected, a household article is doing the very same, by its judicious, convincing, argumentative advertising. We refer to Pearline—the very name is becoming a household word, which means cleanliness with ease and comfort. We would suggest to those of our readers who do not use Pearline to make an experiment with it. Surely such rapid growth as it is enjoying must be due to merit, and yet it is old enough to have been buried out of sight long since did it not continue to please and satisfy those who use it. It claims much by way of reducing drudgery and saving of wear and tear, and if it fulfills its promise, the more it claims the better; and the sooner you know all about it, the sooner you will share in the benefits afforded by a purely scientific household article.

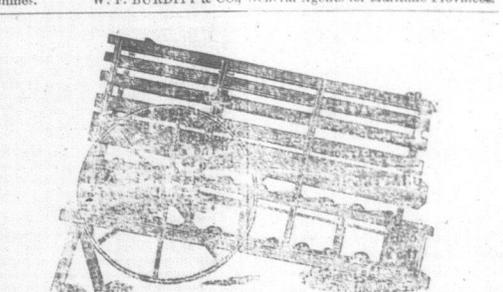
LADIES.—New York Domestic Paper Patterns are more dressy, better fitting, and more easily put together than any other. Send 5 cents in stamps and I will mail to you a catalogue (16 pages) of Summer, 1889, styles—W. H. Bell, 23 King Street, St. John, N. B.

CONSUMPTION CURED.—An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by Dr. J. C. Miller, of Lowell, Mass., a simple method of curing Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested his remedial curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. He writes: "I will send free of charge to all who desire it, a full receipt, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y. 43-17 eow

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A TOUCH OF THE OLD CHARM CLINGS TO HER STILL.

In the morning of youth we loved, and we parted in sorrow—my first love and I; And now when we meet, unconstrained, and light hearted, With a friendly "good-day" we pass by; Yet I turn and look back despite of my will— There's a touch of the old charm that clings to her still!

Selected Serial.

HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Linguedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

CHAPTER II.

CONTINUING THE STORY.

The lights were out in the Huguenot temple; the consistory had dispersed, and old Basil, the sexton, stood waiting to lock the door, as the pastor and a solitary companion came out. The face of the minister was irradiated with saintly joy, but the cheek of the young man was flushed, and his slouched hat was drawn far over his brow. Godfrey Chevalier passed a moment beside the white-haired sexton.

"Congratulate Armand," he said gently. "Like Peter, he denied his Master in an hour of sore temptation, but like the great apostle, he, too, has bitterly repented, and been, he hopes, forgiven. The Church has restored him to membership."

"Is it indeed so?" asked the old man, glancing at the averted face. "Then God be praised, my young brother, and may He give you grace to stand steadfast henceforward."

"Pray for me," muttered Armand, clasping the proffered hand, but not lifting his head.

"We have need to pray for each other, if the edicts are to grow much stricter," was the answer. "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

The minister uncovered his head, and lifted a calm, fearless glance to the encircling hills.

"The King's sixth King reformer," he repeated triumphantly. "Courage, Basil, His strength is made perfect in weakness." Be of good comfort, my poor Armand; to whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much. Watch and pray, lest you come into temptation."

He replaced his hat, and with a slight gesture of farewell, turned away. The two men stood listening to his footsteps until they died away down the mountain road. Then Basil turned to lock the door, sighing.

"I have a shuddered trunk the bolt just quieted; it is not for myself I most fear, M. le Pasteur." He glanced up for sympathy to the penitent, but Armand had gone.

There was a light in the window of the pastor's cottage, as he opened the ivy-covered gate, and a woman's dark-robed figure stood waiting in the shadow of the porch. Monique (Chevalier's cheek had lost something of its bloom, and her hair was touched by care, since the summer day so long ago, when she had given a careless stranger shelter in her porch, but there was still the tender light in the dark eyes, and the steadfast sweetness about the grave lips, which had made poor Madame Bertrand's broken heart instinctively flow out to her in trust, and had made Godfrey Chevalier, from the hour when he had first seen her, know her to be more to him than the light of his eyes—more than ought but the love of Christ and the hope of heaven. She had been a wealthy gentleman's daughter, and he only a young licentiate, then; but there had been no faltering in the hand she placed in his, and no hesitation in the feet which had quitted for him the green and pleasant paths to climb the rough and stony slopes of a Huguenot pastor's lot. He loved her with a deep, silent passion, which had become wrought with every fibre of his nature, but there was little outward token in the grave kiss he set upon her brow.

"You are later than usual tonight; I could not help feeling anxious," she faltered, as they went in together to the cosy, sitting-room, where a child was asleep on the cushions of the settle.

"Four little maid, I promised her a story, but the vigil has been too long," said the father tenderly, as he touched the golden curls of the little sleeper; and then told the story of Armand, as he knung up his hat and cloak. His wife was setting out a slight refection for him upon the table. He noticed that her hand trembled, and that she did not answer. No musician could be more sensitive to a discord than the grave, scholarly man to any change in the voice or face he loved best.

"What is it, Monique?" he asked, glancing up quickly. She turned pale, and leaned against the table.

"There has been another edict, Godfrey. Our pastors are forbidden to receive backsliders under heavy penalties."

"How have you heard?"

"Henri La Roche has just returned from Paris. He stopped to leave a packet of letters for you, and finding his father here, tarried awhile. They would have waited until you came, but it grew so late."

"Has our young sœur succeeded in obtaining his commission?"

"He has good hopes of receiving it at last. His uncle Renau has the matter in hand, and will send him word next week."

There was a slight pause while he broke the seal of the packet she handed him.

"His majesty is slow in rewarding the services of so loyal a subject, but monsieur is not of the king's religion. What are the penalties attached to the new edict, Monique?"

She gave a fearful glance over her shoulder, and drew a step nearer to his chair.

"Hard labor at the galleys—for life," she whispered.

Godfrey Chevalier started. He had never expected this. Instead of answering her, he rose and walked to the window, and stood for several minutes looking out on the moonlit hills. Then he came back slowly to the table.

"The King of kings has commanded, 'Restore such an one to the spirit of meekness. Whom should we obey, Monique?'"

She could not answer. Her lip trembled.

"Would you have had me act otherwise to night, if I had known?"

A moment more of hesitation, and then her dark, tear-filled eyes met his.

"It was your duty to take him back, Godfrey. I cannot wish you had acted differently."

He stretched his hand to her across the table. "Thank you," he said quietly, but the look and the firm, close clasp enriched her more than many words.

"We will hope the edict will not be rigidly enforced. Were there aught else, Monique?"

"The singing of psalms has been forbidden in workshops and private dwellings—anywhere beyond the limits of the temple. Oh, Godfrey I heard you chanting a verse as you came up the hill."

"I will do it again, Monique. We will make melody in our hearts henceforth. Is that all?"

"The prohibitions against emigration are renewed, and the penalties increased. Our schoolmasters are forbidden to teach anything but reading, writing, and arithmetic, and our burials must take place after nightfall, or before daybreak. Our young sœur is on fire with indignation."

"Nevertheless we must submit ourselves blameless to every ordinance that does not contravene a higher law. The Lord's cause does not languish, Monique. Here is a letter from Charenton. M. Armand has at last yielded to the entreaties of his friends, and is to have a conference with the Bishop of Condomne. Eloquent as he is, M. Bossuet will find he has no mean antagonist in the champion of the wilderness church. There will be bold words spoken for the truth. God grant the faith of more than one wavering heart may be established."

"And that our noble kinsman himself suffer no loss for his championship," added the pastor's wife.

She rose as she spoke in answer to a sleepy murmur from the settle. Little Agnes was awake—a grave, fragile-looking child, with eyes in which lay mirrored the fear that had rested on her mother's heart; and delicate features which looked almost ethereal under the nimbus of golden hair. Monique Chevalier lifted her from the cushions, and led her to her father for his good-night kiss. The pastor gave it tenderly, and looked after them with a moistened glance as they left the room. She was such a gentle flower—this, his youngest and darling—living only in the smiles of those she loved, and trembling at any ray of wrath or look of disfavor.

He replaced his hat, and with a slight gesture of farewell, turned away. The two men stood listening to his footsteps until they died away down the mountain road. Then Basil turned to lock the door, sighing.

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son's shoulder. The boy looked up with a quick smile, which spoke volumes for the friendship between them, and Eglatine, with a cry of delight, started from her crick and threw her arms about her uncle's neck.

"Softly, then, small whirlwind," he cried, laughing, but he drew her tenderly to him as he spoke, and taking a seat on the settle, beckoned Rene to a place beside them.

"I have had a letter to-night which concerns both you and Eglatine," he said. "Hold up your head, little maid, and tell me how you are?"

"Twelve this mid-summer, uncle Godfrey."

"Full young to be sent out to meet the world, the flesh, and the devil, but your grandfather will have his way. What were you speaking of, my son, when I came in?"

"We had been speaking first, my father, of the new edict, which M. Henri brought us word of to-night, and then I began to tell you the story of sweet Philippa Lanz, and were supposing that those old days were to come back again, and we should have to hold the faith as hardly as our forefathers did. And Eglatine was sure she would be as steadfast as the noble martyr herself."

"And you were trying to convince her that it would be no easy task? Right, Rene, if you looked at it from the standpoint of our frail human hearts, but only half right, unless you pointed her, too, to the strength that is made perfect in weakness. Light the candle, my son. I have a paper to read to you to-night."

"Read the letter again."

"There was no sound but the crackling of the embers upon the hearth, as the lad, who had all at once grown very pale, obeyed. He did not look up when he had finished, as he had done the first time, and his father laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to build it, lest haply, after he hath laid the foundations, he is not able to finish? Rene, I pray God to give you the desire of your heart, but it is well to ask yourself in the beginning, is there aught dearer to you in the world than Christ, my Lord?"

The youth struggled with himself for a moment more, but it was evidently only to control his emotion. Then he looked up, his face still pale, but his eyes glowing.

"Is my grandfather going to take me away?" asked the child, recalling the words he had spoken when he first came in.

"M. Laval stopped at La Rochelle on his way to Paris, and met an aunt of your mother's, his wife's elder sister, Madame Cartel, who had been her young kinswoman come to her for a year or two, little one, that you may have proper masters for music and the languages, and be cured of what your grandfather is pleased to call rustic voice and manners."

"But you will not make me go? You will not send me away from you?" cried Eglatine, starting from her covert in his arms to look anxiously into his face.

"I will help you to do as you wish, and if Madame Cartel is a member of the Reformed Church, and promises not to neglect that education which I hold most important. But she says, what is very true, that you cannot in these wild hills obtain the advantages which belong to our mother's daughter, and it is also true that your grandfather adds, that you should see something of the world before deciding irrevocably upon the home Rene has to offer you."

Eglatine glanced up with fearful eyes at the old man's right and left. "I will never love anybody better than Rene, if I see the world," she said, warmly. Her uncle smiled, and a strange, soft light transfigured his son's face.

"I will have to leave you soon, Eglatine, to go to Montauban," said the boy, gently.

"If you love each other, a few years' separation will make little difference," added Godfrey Chevalier. "The shadows thicken about our Reformed Church, and I know not how long my home may be a safe harbor. Monique, I will be a comfort to me, little one, to think of you as protected by powerful friends, until Rene has a home of his own to offer you. You speak of Montauban, my son. You have yet to hear what M. Laval says to you. Take the letter and read. You must decide for yourself!"

The boy took the packet quietly, and going to the table, sat down and began to read. The pastor and his little foster daughter watched with different emotions the face now clearly illuminated by the candle. Plain, dark, strongly marked, it was already shadowed with thought before the boy had opened the letter. M. Laval had indeed inherited the strength if not the beauty of his mother's face, and the grave, firm lips bespoke a nature that, like hers, would be patient to wait, as well as bold to keep. He returned the letter to his father with a grave smile.

"M. Laval writes me, little one, that the study of medicine to go into his counting-house. What will you say to him, my father?"

"I shall say nothing to him Rene. The offer is to you, and you must make the choice."

The boy had risen and come back to the hearth, and now stood thoughtfully gazing down into the coals at his feet. He was tall for his age, and his sunburnt cheek and well-developed chest and limbs told of much exercise in the open air.

"I have heard you say, my father, that you held the profession of medicine next in usefulness to that of the sacred ministry."

"I hold so still, Rene, next in usefulness and next in danger. You see M. Laval tells us what our young sœur Philippa Lanz, and were supposing that those old days were to come back again, and we should have to hold the faith as hardly as our forefathers did. And Eglatine was sure she would be as steadfast as the noble martyr herself."

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"Is my grandfather going to take me away?" asked the child, recalling the words he had spoken when he first came in.

"I want my aunt Monique. Let me go to my aunt Monique!" she exclaimed in a passion of grief, and breaking from the pastor's arms, fled precipitately from the room.

"Let her go," the pastor will know how to comfort her," said Godfrey Chevalier. "My son, did you mark no double meaning in what M. Laval said of the dowry he would bestow upon his granddaughter, and the interest he would give you in the business if you would show yourself agreeable to his wishes?"

"It is plain that he likes not the prospect of a hard and perilous life for Eglatine," answered Rene. "I infer we would have little to hope from him in the way of worldly advantage, if I displease him now. But you know I have never looked to money, father."

"That were little, if that were all, though a share of this world's goods would help these over many a rough place in these troublous times. Look again, Rene. Remember that M. Laval loves his granddaughter better than ought else the world; that he holds the secret of her parentage; and that his attachment to our church is only nominal. Remember, that though he has never ventured to claim her openly, it is in his power to do so at any moment, and that you may find it of her birth to-day to press suit with the man you have angered and crossed. M. Laval will not lightly break the promise made to the dead, but he warns you plainly to be careful how you decide."

"You surely do not think he would dare to give my father the right of her birth to the Catholic relatives?"

"Read the letter again."

"There was no sound but the crackling of the embers upon the hearth, as the lad, who had all at once grown very pale, obeyed. He did not look up when he had finished, as he had done the first time, and his father laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first, and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to build it, lest haply, after he hath laid the foundations, he is not able to finish? Rene, I pray God to give you the desire of your heart, but it is well to ask yourself in the beginning, is there aught dearer to you in the world than Christ, my Lord?"

The youth struggled with himself for a moment more, but it was evidently only to control his emotion. Then he looked up, his face still pale, but his eyes glowing.

"Is my grandfather going to take me away?" asked the child, recalling the words he had spoken when he first came in.

"M. Laval stopped at La Rochelle on his way to Paris, and met an aunt of your mother's, his wife's elder sister, Madame Cartel, who had been her young kinswoman come to her for a year or two, little one, that you may have proper masters for music and the languages, and be cured of what your grandfather is pleased to call rustic voice and manners."

"But you will not make me go? You will not send me away from you?" cried Eglatine, starting from her covert in his arms to look anxiously into his face.

"I will help you to do as you wish, and if Madame Cartel is a member of the Reformed Church, and promises not to neglect that education which I hold most important. But she says, what is very true, that you cannot in these wild hills obtain the advantages which belong to our mother's daughter, and it is also true that your grandfather adds, that you should see something of the world before deciding irrevocably upon the home Rene has to offer you."

Eglatine glanced up with fearful eyes at the old man's right and left. "I will never love anybody better than Rene, if I see the world," she said, warmly. Her uncle smiled, and a strange, soft light transfigured his son's face.

"I will have to leave you soon, Eglatine, to go to Montauban," said the boy, gently.

"If you love each other, a few years' separation will make little difference," added Godfrey Chevalier. "The shadows thicken about our Reformed Church, and I know not how long my home may be a safe harbor. Monique, I will be a comfort to me, little one, to think of you as protected by powerful friends, until Rene has a home of his own to offer you. You speak of Montauban, my son. You have yet to hear what M. Laval says to you. Take the letter and read. You must decide for yourself!"

The boy took the packet quietly, and going to the table, sat down and began to read. The pastor and his little foster daughter watched with different emotions the face now clearly illuminated by the candle. Plain, dark, strongly marked, it was already shadowed with thought before the boy had opened the letter. M. Laval had indeed inherited the strength if not the beauty of his mother's face, and the grave, firm lips bespoke a nature that, like hers, would be patient to wait, as well as bold to keep. He returned the letter to his father with a grave smile.

"M. Laval writes me, little one, that the study of medicine to go into his counting-house. What will you say to him, my father?"

"I shall say nothing to him Rene. The offer is to you, and you must make the choice."

The boy had risen and come back to the hearth, and now stood thoughtfully gazing down into the coals at his feet. He was tall for his age, and his sunburnt cheek and well-developed chest and limbs told of much exercise in the open air.

"I have heard you say, my father, that you held the profession of medicine next in usefulness to that of the sacred ministry."

"I hold so still, Rene, next in usefulness and next in danger. You see M. Laval tells us what our young sœur Philippa Lanz, and were supposing that those old days were to come back again, and we should have to hold the faith as hardly as our forefathers did. And Eglatine was sure she would be as steadfast as the noble martyr herself."

"And you were trying to convince her that it would be no easy task? Right, Rene, if you looked at it from the standpoint of our frail human hearts, but only half right, unless you pointed her, too, to the strength that is made perfect in weakness. Light the candle, my son. I have a paper to read to you to-night."

"Read the letter again."

"There was no sound but the crackling of the embers upon the hearth, as the lad, who had all at once grown very pale, obeyed. He did not look up when he had finished, as he had done the first time, and his father laid his hand upon his shoulder.

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Taking the Children.

A little boy had been deeply interested in reading Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," the characters in that wonderful book being all living men and women to him. One day, while his grandma was busy with her needlework, he took his slate and pencil and seated himself by her side; and, thinking of what he had been reading, he said:

"Grandma, which of all the people in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' do you like the best?"

"I like Christian," was the reply, giving the little boy her reasons. "Which do you like the best?"

Slowly but thoughtfully the little fellow replied, "I like Christiana."

"And why, my boy?" inquired the old lady.

"Because she took the children with her, grandma!"—The Freeman.

A well-known clergyman was busily searching in the Minister Library, at York, the other day, when two young officers of the garrison lounged in.

"Well, old man, what have you got to show us?" "Sir," replied the clergyman, "to gentlemen we show the library; to others the door."

"You can't add different things together," said a teacher. "If you add a sheep and a cow together it does not make two sheep or two cows." A little boy, who was the son of a milkman, held up his hand and said, "That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of milk and a quart of water it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it done."

"Will you be mine, darling?" he asked, after a year's courting. "No, it can never be," was her reply. "Then why have you let me hope so long?" he said, as he went toward the door. "Because I intend never to belong to any man. You can be mine if you like." He saw the difference and stopped. Years afterwards he saw the difference still more clearly.

Nothing Like It! Every day swells the volume of proof that as a specific for all Blood diseases, nothing equals Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Remember this it is an old established remedy with a record! It has been weighed in the balance and found fulfilling every claim! It has been tested many years in thousands of cases with flattering success! For Throat and Lung troubles, Catarrh, Kidney disease, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache and all disorders resulting from impoverished blood, there is nothing like Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—world-renowned and ever growing in favor.

"You are resolved upon that, Rene?" "As any other." "Who loves her more than I?" "Who loves her more than I?" "Who loves her more than I?" "Who loves her more than I?"

"Then I have not been disappointed in you, my son; and the Huguenot folded his boy in a close embrace. "Be of good cheer, Rene. It is written: 'Deus in seipso vincit omnia et nihil potest superari.' He shall give thee the desire of thine heart."

Late that night, as the pastor sat writing at his study table, he became suddenly conscious of two burning eyes watching him. He thought to turn away, but he had forgotten to draw the curtain. He rose at once, and went to the window. The moon was already on the wane, but there was still sufficient light to make objects discernible. There was no one without. After watching several minutes, he went to his room, thinking he had been the victim of some strange hallucination, when a stealthy shadow creeping out from under the garden wall, fitted across the road, and disappeared in the opposite wood.

The slouched hat, and short, ragged cloak were those of Armand, the penitent.

(To be continued.)

Facts Are the Fingers of God. And where are the facts of history and of the present pointing, to give special direction to Christian activity? Heretofore Christians have thought of little outside the limits of their immediate locality. The whole outside world has been to them a blank, or at least of so little interest as only to take from their purse the coppers. But see! By the blazing light of heaven God is moving on the Dark Continent, and He is carrying with Him the wealth, the intelligence, and the ambition of even the wicked. What means the clamor of nations for portions of Africa? It is God making every nation of Europe point Christians to that dark continent. What means the Congo Free State on which one man has spent ten millions of dollars, and on which others are pouring in their treasures without stint? These are the fingers of God pointing us to our duty. What means this scramble for trading-posts, and gathering of treasures by these hundreds of thousands of ambitious men from all nations, to all portions of this vast continent? They are the fingers of God bidding Christians also to go in and take possession. What mean these ten sugar mills on the St. Paul's River, and scores of others erecting in other parts, and these 600,000 pounds a year of coffee coming into the single port of Monrovia; and these caravans, miles in length, each man with fifty pounds of ivory, furs, beeswax, gums, spices, nuts, dye stuffs, minerals, medicinal plants, and precious stones? They are the fingers of God pointing Christians to their work in gathering treasures for their home in heaven. Who are these Moffats, and Spekes, and Camerons, and Livingstones, and Stanleys, and a host of other daring men, struggling through the jungles to bring to light what has been hidden for ages? They are the fingers of God bidding us traverse the dark regions, "hold forth the Word of light!" Hark! I hear a wail—a wail of distress! It is Ethio, a stretching forth her hands for help. Christians, see them pointing to us from every where what has been long-neglected country. These poor people are crying loudly, Come over and help us! Ah, these, too, are the fingers of God pointing us to our work—Christian of Works.

BRISTOL'S PILLS

THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY FOR ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE LIVER & KIDNEYS

NESTLE'S FOOD

IS ESPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR INFANTS IN HOT WEATHER.

CHOLERA INFANTUM.

Zieman's Oxydopoda of the Practice of Medicine, Vol. VII, says: "In CASES OF CHOLERA INFANTUM NESTLE'S MILK FOOD IS THE BEST REMEDY. Because of the gastro-intestinal disorders to which infants are so subject are provided for by providing only the nourishing properties of cow's milk in a digestible form. Cow's milk produces a cholera morbus of infants and cholera, which the immature gastric juice is utterly unable to dispose of."

COMET STOVE

THE BEST IN THE WORLD

BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY.

SALESMEN WANTED



MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

NO MAN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE INTERESTS OF HIS SKIN UNLESS HE BEHOLD THE CUTICURA REMEDIES AS HELD BY THE THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS WHOSE LIVES HAVE BEEN MADE HAPPY BY THE CURE OF AGONIZING, HUMILIATING, FOLLICULAR, AND PIMPLE DISEASES OF THE SKIN, SCALP AND BLOOD, WITH LOSS OF HAIR.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scurf, it Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c.; SOAP, 50c.; RESOLVENT, 75c. Prepared by the FOSTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases.

I WOULD RATHER.

BY LETTIE S. BIGLOW.

I would rather a single pansy hold
In my living hand, with a friend's kind thought
Greeting me out from the purple and gold.

THE FARM.

The prudent farmer will resort to almost any shift to keep his cattle in condition and the flow of milk good, rather than pasture the mowing fields.

THE HOME.

"Spoiling Children."
The worst injury any parent can inflict on society is to pet and spoil their children in such a way that when they grow up in the world they regret that they did not die in infancy.

THE FARM.

Prof. Tracy became satisfied that there is quite a difference in milkers, as to their inducing the cows to "give down." To test the matter, he puts five cows in the hands of a poor, slow milker, and weighed the product for two weeks; then he put the same cows in the hands of a good milker; and gained two hundred and twenty-four and one-half pounds of milk by the change, during the next two weeks.

TEMPERANCE.

A Dangerous Marry.
The young lady who marries a man for the sake of reforming him, or with the expectation of reclaiming him from such dangerous habits as drinking, or other forms of dissipation, incurs a risk of personal danger, the wreck of happiness, and the almost inevitable failure of her efforts.

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An Open Door.

It was the morning of a busy week-day. The windows—and the doors too—of a city church were open, and above the noise of wagons and carriages and the hum of trade, the notes of the organ rolled out, and for a moment a single clear voice filled the air.

An Open Door.

How peaceful and quiet the church was; she could go in and pray. She could look into her life, into her soul, hold account with God. She pulled the checkering. The carriage stopped; the footman opened the door. She hesitated. How many receptions she had to go to-day; and there were her spring gowns to design. "Drive on, William," she said.

An Open Door.

A hard featured merchant also heard the words of the hymn as he hurried by. He had a disagreeable work before him that morning; a sharp financial game, which would bring him in a vast sum. It was sharp even to the point of downright cheating; it would ruin his partners; and in the main he had heretofore been a man of ordinary business honesty.

CATARRH AND GOLD IN HEAD HOW CURED

NASAL BALM NASAL BALM. CURES GOLD IN THE HEAD CATARRH

5 TRIPS PER WEEK FROM ST. JOHN, N. B., ANNAPOLIS, AND DIGBY, N. S.

International S. S. Co. TO BOSTON.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. CO., LIMITED. SUMMER SAILINGS.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '89. Summer Arrangement '89.

HARVIE'S PAPER FILE. The Best and Cheapest File for NEWS PAPERS, ACCOUNTS, &c.

SHARPS BALSAM. For Croup, Whooping Coughs & COLDS.

YARMOUTH WOOLLEN MILL. TWEEDS, HOMESPUNS, FLANNELS, YARNS, &c.

THEY'VE GOT BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Business Department, Short-Hand & Type-Writing Dept., or Telegraphy Department.

DR. DANIELS' Veterinary Colic Cure. Has never been known to fail in a single instance.

Fruit and Produce House. T. B. HANINGTON. Receiver and Wholesale Dealer in Fruits, Produce & Farm Products.

KENDALL'S SPRAIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it cures in the office and does not blister.

KENDALL'S SPRAIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it cures in the office and does not blister.

MENEELY & COMPANY. WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS. Grand Sale of DOORS and SASHES.

A. CHRISTIE W. W. Co., 28 WATERLOO ST., ST. JOHN, N. B.

SHARPS Cough & Croup Balsam. For Coughs and Croup, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, Diphtheria, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, etc.

Rigid Housekeeping.
Yes, said Mrs. Benson, sinking into a chair, and fanning herself with slow movements of the palm-leaf as if too tired for even that small exertion. Yes, I never neglect my duties on account of the weather. I sweep this room every Friday, winter and summer, and I do it thoroughly, too, take all the furniture out, dust behind the pictures, wipe the windows. When I've finished, the room is clean!

Management of Cream.
The management of the cream is the most particular of all the special points in butter-making, both as regards the quantity and the quality of the butter. Sweet cream makes less butter, and that of a less pleasant flavor than soured cream. But if the souring is carried too far the flavor of the butter is deteriorated, as the acidulous elements, which in excess, produce that condition which is known as rancidity. It is to the very moderate quantity of these acids in the butter that the pleasant nutty flavor and peculiar agreeable odor of good butter are due.

Where's There's Drink There's Danger.
Write it on the liquor store, Write it on the gin-shop sign, Write, ay, write this truthful line, "Where there's drink, there's danger."

DANIEL & BOYD. Wholesale Importers of British, Foreign, and American STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS AND MILLINERY.

At A. P. SHAND & CO.'S. YOU CAN PURCHASE THE FINEST SHOES FOR THE LOWEST PRICES.

SHARPS Cough & Croup Balsam. For Coughs and Croup, Shortness of Breath, Asthma, Diphtheria, Hoarseness, Difficulty of Breathing, etc.



**BUSINESS WRITING.**

LESSONS BY MAIL.

You can learn to write well and fast from the beginning. Indeed if you like you can follow a speaker quite easily. Perhaps you would find that a help in school as well as in business.

How can I teach by mail? Well—it is not how much you write but how. Many men write every day for years yet do not become good writers.

Ordinarily three months is enough. The charge is \$4, payable at beginning. Two lessons are sent each week.

S. G. SNELL,  
Windsor, N. S.  
ESTABLISHED 1860.

**WILLIAM LAW & CO.,**  
Auctioneers, Commission Merchants,  
AND  
WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Managers for Nova Scotia of the  
**Boston Marine Insurance Company**  
Capital **\$1,000,000.**

AGENTS FOR  
**The Phoenix and The Glasgow and London Fire Insurance Companies.**  
**The Nova Scotia Sugar Refinery, and Revere Copper Co.**

**BOSTON MARINE BUILDING,**  
Yarmouth, N. S.



Ask your Grocer for them.  
**ACADIA COLLEGE.**

The next Collegiate year will open on  
**THURSDAY, Sept. 26th.**  
Matriculation Examinations will be held on  
**WEDNESDAY, Sept. 25th.**  
Applications for information may be made to the Secretary of the Faculty.  
**A. W. SAYWER,**  
President.  
Wolville, N. S. Aug. 17, 1900.

**ACADIA SEMINARY,**  
Wolville, N. S.

The Fall Session of this School for Young Ladies will begin on **WEDNESDAY, Sept. 4**  
Miss Mary E. Graves, who has been absent in Germany for the past two years, will resume her former place as Principal of the school. She will be assisted by a full corps of competent instructors in all the departments.  
Letters of inquiry may be addressed to  
**EVERETT W. HAWYEL,**  
Wolville, July 5, 1900.

**HORTON ACADEMY,**  
Wolville, N. S.

The next year's work in Horton Academy will begin Sept. 4th, 1900. Students intending to enter should make application at once, and if possible, be on hand at the re-opening of the school. The excellent report of the school should commend it to those having sons or daughters desiring to be prepared for college, or for business purposes. Boys are admitted at twelve years of age and upwards. Board and teaching \$2.00 per week. Wolville is easy of access by the steamers of the Bay of Fundy and Beaulieu Lines; also by the various lines of railway. For particulars relating to Courses of Study, Terms, etc., apply to the Principal, and send for Catalogue.

**UNION BAPTIST SEMINARY,**

Opens September 12th, at St. Martins, N. S., a beautiful and beautiful seaside resort. Instruction given in English, Mathematics, Science, Classics, Modern Languages, Art, Music, Vocal and Instrumental Education, etc., by a full staff of competent instructors. A preliminary course of three years for young ladies and a Collegiate course of three years for young men. Admittance on equal terms with other institutions. For full particulars apply to  
**J. E. HOPPER,** Principal.

**News Summary.**

**DOMINION.**

—The granite business at St. George is flourishing, all the works being run to their full capacity.

—A. L. Light has submitted a scheme for a protection wall around the cliff at Quebec at a cost of \$100,000.

—The farmers of North River, N. S., are organizing a butter and cheese factory on the co-operation principle.

—Moncton is making an experiment with asphalt sidewalks, which, if satisfactory, will be adopted altogether.

—The drought at Magdalen Islands has been so great that farmers have had to give the cattle their milk to drink.

—Fifty years ago the site of Westville, N. S., was sold for a cow; today it is the business home of thousands of miners and their families.

—The last two cargoes of the steamer Forest City, from Annapolis to Boston, were valued at nearly \$13,000, principally of apples, horses and eggs.

—John McGilivray, of Ohio, Antigonish Co., has discovered a rich 20 inch lead of gold at Folly Mountain, N. S., near the I. C. R. track.

—Mr. A. R. D. Mitchell, of Pugwash, has taken over two and a half tons of honey from his bees this season. He has now between sixty and seventy colonies.

—The Springhill Water Company has been organized. Ten acres of land have been purchased from C. Schurman, and contracts are to be let at once for the necessary work and pipe laying.

—The profits of the New Glasgow Steel and Forge Company last year amounted to \$51,566, out of which an eight per cent. dividend was paid to both preferential and common stock holders.

—A prominent lumber operator of Fredericton states that fully \$200,000 worth of logs will be got to the St. John market this fall in consequence of the recent rise of water in the main St. John river.

—The British Pacific squadron at Victoria, B. C., will, it is said, test the Canadian anthracite coal on war vessels with a view of adopting it in preference to Welsh coal if the experiments prove satisfactory.

—The New Albion mine gives evidence of being a bonanza to its owners. In the first week of the current month \$7,000 worth of gold was taken out of this mine, which is situated in the Montague district.

—Mining operations were commenced on a southern spur of the North mountain, about four miles north-west of Bridgetown, by Colonel Hilly of Camden, N. J. He has obtained leases of land, in which to mine for iron.

—A valuable and large manganese iron ore deposit situated about seven miles out of Bathurst and owned by station master Payne and others of Bathurst, Chatham and Newcastle, was sold to American capitalists for fair figures.

—In 1878 flour and grain to the value of \$13,736,000 was imported into Canada for home consumption, while last year the value so imported was only \$2,206,000, consisting chiefly of flour for British Columbia, and corn and cornmeal for the Eastern provinces.

—At Woodstock, a vote of property owners was taken on the question of erecting a stand pipe or small reservoir for the water works, involving an outlay of probably within \$10,000. The vote stood 67 for, with an assessed value of \$298,500, and 31 against, with an estimated property of \$221,000. Tenders have been received for construction.—*Gleaner.*

—Mr. J. H. Eldridge, pilot of the steamer City of St. John, has invented a new fog alarm for steamers, lighthouses, etc. Hon. L. E. Baker has purchased a third interest in the invention, and it has been patented in Canada and will be in the United States and Europe. By this invention a deduction of sound is obtained and the whistle can be heard fully one-third farther than by old systems.—*Yarmouth Times.*

—A maize plant 16 feet high, grown on the farm of A. G. McBean, Lunenburg, was exhibited in Montreal. There is a whole field of it of equal height. On the 1st of July it was two feet high, and when cut a few days ago 16 feet high, showing an average growth of two inches a day. This corn is grown for ensilage and the field yielded 40 to 45 tons per acre. Another field of corn in the neighborhood measures 18 feet in height.

—Messrs. Rhodes, Curry & Co. have a contract for the erection of the immense building at Fort Lawrence dock, to contain the engine, boiler and machinery for the hydraulic lifts for the ship railway. It is to have a concrete foundation of five to ten feet in height, and the superstructure will be brick with stone trimmings. The ground size is 96x56 feet. The contract price about \$20,000. The cement for the foundation alone will cost \$6,000.

—Is a Canadian institution to revolutionize the old methods of life insurance? The experience of the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association will be watched with keen interest by all life insurance managers, and if the small deposit it requires be found sufficient, as we think it will, to hold the members together, then there is no doubt but the system, with its main features, is being adopted very generally by all the companies.

—On the 7th ult., a large whale came in at high tide inside the reef at Kennedy's shore, Waterford, P. E. I. As the tide was falling, he was discovered by Mr. Thomas Butler, of Waterford, who got into a boat and rowed out towards the monster. His whalship became frightened and made for sea, but grounded on the reef, where he was captured. He was towed ashore at the following high tide, and the next day, hundreds of people visited the curiosity. The creature was 42 feet in length, and Mr. Butler, who cut him up on Monday, says that he yielded 500 gallons of oil.—*Summerisle Journal.*

—It cost \$2.00 to cure Michel, Lebbeter of Antigonish, of terrible Dyspepsia. He took King's Dyspepsia Cure, and now says, "Dyspepsia has no excuse for suffering when they can get this medicine." \$1.00 box, druggists and dealers.

—One day last week the revenue taken by the customs of Charlottetown amounted to nearly \$9,000 on full importations of dry goods. This duty represents a value of about \$30,000.

—M. Eiffel, the builder of the great tower in Paris, is to visit Quebec after the close of the Paris Exposition to consult the long-talked-of bridge over the St. Lawrence, at a cost of \$6,000,000.

—The coal business at Parrsboro, N. S., is booming. The company have received a number of large orders from the United States, which is owing, no doubt, to the superior coal they have been shipping of late.

—Mr. W. W. Stewart, of West River, Lot 47, shot three young bears with one shot recently. The bears were coming around the end of a windfall, and Stewart getting them in range fired, killing two of them on the spot. The third was found a few yards away under a bush, dead.—*Yarmouth Times.*

—While the St. Andrews weir-owners have been wrestling with horse mackerel, the fishermen of West Quoddy Bay have been fighting bigger game. A few days ago a large whale was captured in one of the weirs. He proved himself to be a tough customer and great sport was had in the capture. He measured 22 feet, 6 inches in length, and about 6 feet across.—*Beacon.*

**BRITISH AND FOREIGN.**

—The actual consumption of sugar by the people of the United Kingdom in 1899 was 1,083,000 tons. The consumption in 1888 was 100,000 tons more than in 1883.

—Fifteen hundred and fifty-eight million letters, or forty-one per head of population, were delivered in the United Kingdom during the year which ended the 31st of last March. Besides that there were 800,000,000 postal cards, newspapers and parcels. The telegraph service showed a deficit of \$240,000.

—At the Paris Millers' Congress, Prof. Grandjean presented a statistical report of the wheat crop of the world, putting the yield of the great wheat growing countries as follows:

United States	485,100,000 bushels.
France	276,925,000 "
India	264,823,000 "
Russia	228,500,000 "
Canada	ranked thirteenth with a showing of 36,300,000 bushels.

—An exchange calls attention to the magnitude of the trade of London docks, as shown by the recent London lists, which were:

79,000 sea-going vessels entered and cleared from the port, an average of 216 for every day in the year; these vessels having a tonnage of 20,609,000 tons and carrying cargoes of the value of 326 millions sterling. The great bulk of the cocoa, coffee, tea, wool and materials entering into the manufacture of chemical products are imported through London, while the bulk of the raw wool of the country is practically wholly centered there as well as the continental trade.
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**UNITED STATES.**

—The Chicago *Farmer's Review* estimates the corn crop of 1899 in the United States at 2,268,283,083 bushels, against 1,987,790,000 in 1888.

—The present estimated population of the United States is 64,000,000. The annual growth by natural increase and immigration is placed at about a million. The estimated foreign population is not far below 14,000,000.

—A company with \$300,000 capital has been formed on the Pacific Coast to transport lumber, after the manner of the Jiggins raft, from British Columbia to San Francisco. The estimated saving in freight is 66 per cent.

—The Boston and Maine railroad reports its gross earnings for the last fiscal year to be \$13,525,522, and its operating expenses \$8,861,771. The total income from operation and from various sources was \$5,899,231. The net income was \$1,017,758. There was a dividend of 8 per cent. on common stock, and there is a surplus of \$919,179.

—The starch factories in Houlton and that section of the country are running to their fullest capacity. The factories at Northern Annotook are running, but the weather is too warm for hauling large quantities of potatoes. T. H. Phair's seven factories are all in operation and at his Marysville factory over 40,000 bushels were taken in during the first week.

—New York and Chicago are engaged in a keen rivalry to see which one of them shall have the great World's Fair of 1892. Chicago offers to raise a fund of \$25,000,000 to carry the affair on and New York is quite as ready with the cash. John H. Starin wrote to Mayor Grant, of New York, a few days ago and guaranteed \$500,000 as his personal subscription.

—We learn from the *Gold Hunter* of the 21st inst., that the Molegla Gold Mining Company's property has yielded the amount of 1,220 ounces of the precious metal within the four months included between May 25th and September 25th of the current year. The value may be placed at \$24,000. The tonnage of ore crushed was 562, which yielded somewhat over two ounces of gold to the ton.

—In the territory between Dobbs Ferry and Tarrytown, on the Hudson River, a distance of only six miles, there reside at the present time 63 millionaires, and it is doubtful if any such cluster of rich persons can be found in a similar small suburban territory, in any other part of the world. Among the number are men who are in charge of some of the largest railroads, telegraph companies, banks and trust companies of the nation. The 63 persons are upon careful computation, estimated to be worth more than \$500,000,000 in the aggregate.

—Worms don't take kindly to *Peter's Liniment*. Children or others troubled with worms should try this remedy, easily administered, safe and effective. Ask your druggist for it or any dealer.

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**Marriages.**

McLEOD-BURK.—At Port Medway, Sept. 24, by Rev. A. W. Bars, Nelson F. McLeod, of Liverpool, to Mrs. Mary C. Burk, of Port Medway.

CUSHING-KEMPTON.—At Northfield, Sept. 23, by Elder J. E. Blakney, Robbie B. Cushing, of Caledonia, to Addie L. Kempton, of Northfield.

JOHNSTON-McNILL.—At the residence of the bride, Alberton, Sept. 23, by Rev. R. B. Kinley, James Johnstone, Esq., to Mrs. Maggie McNeill, all of Alberton.

McMILLAN-GRANT.—At Upper North Sydney, Sept. 23, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, John McMillan, to Eliza Grant, youngest daughter of Peter Grant, Esq.

WILSON-CROWELL.—In Halifax, Sept. 21, by Rev. W. H. Cline, Freland Clair Wilson, steward of S. S. Beta, to Jessie Maria Crowell, both of Barrington, N. S.

CLOSE-SMITH.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Fredericton, Sept. 25, by Rev. F. D. Crawley, Edwin Close, of Macataque, to Alberta Shepherd, of Keswick.

BANKS-SPINNEY.—At the residence of the bride's father, Greenwood, Kings Co., N. S., Sept. 18, by the Rev. E. H. Love, Avery E. Banks, of Harmony, to Bertha M. Spinney, of Greenwood.

LOCKWOOD-LOCKE.—In the Baptist church, Lockeport, Sept. 10, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Terence C. Lockwood, M. D., to Bessie, youngest daughter of Jonathan Locke, both of Lockeport, N. S.

GATES-CHADSEY.—In the Baptist church, Lockeport, Sept. 26, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Winlaw W. Gates, of Halifax, to Susie, youngest daughter of the late Joshua Chadsey, of Lockeport, N. S.

COLPITTS-GRAVES.—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. A. Palmier, B. B. Colpitts, of Forest Glen, N. B., to Ida M., only daughter of A. Douglas Graves, Esq., of Robertson Settlement, N. B.

**Deaths.**

HILLSON.—At Amherst, N. S., Aug. 2, Mrs. Marjory Hillson, widow of John Hillson, aged 77 years.

RINGER.—At Northfield, of diphtheria, Grace Bell, daughter of Dea. Samuel F. and Harriet N. Ringer, aged 13 years.

MILLER.—At Falmouth Village, Sept. 19, Roy S. infant son of Sherman and Adelia Miller. "A little of earth, but all of heaven."

GODFREY.—At Amherst, N. S., Sept. 23, after a brief illness, Minnie, wife of Fred Godfrey, and daughter of the late Edward Black, aged 22 years.

CARTER.—At Truro, August 5, after an illness of many years, Eleanor, widow of the late Robert Carter, of Brookfield, in the 68th year of her age. Through all the years of suffering the faith of our sister never wavered. Her anchor was within the veil, and the poor weather-beaten bark was kept steady to the last. She rests from toil and suffering in the glorified home.

BENTLY.—Suddenly, at Upper Stewiacke, on Sept. 22, Mary Jane D. Bently, aged 16 years and 6 months, only daughter of William and Selina Bently. About three years ago, she, with others, professed faith in Christ and was baptized by Rev. Arthur Chute. Her exemplary Christian deportment and kindly disposition were the respect and affection of her acquaintances. She was seemingly the centre of attraction in the domestic circle, and was greatly beloved by her young companions. For her death had no sting. She fell asleep in the calm assurance that she would be soon with Jesus. The pastor sought in the surrounding country before a large audience gathered in the church, by a sermon from Mat. 14: 25. Our venerable brother in the ministry, Rev. Obad. Chute and the Rev. Mr. Grant, Presbyterian, were present; the latter took part in the exercises.

ROHAN.—At Digby Joggins, Sept. 25, Ernest Augustus, eldest son of Rev. W. H. Rohan, aged 7 years. While teaching in Port La Tour, Shelburne Co., in March last, he was prostrated by a very severe attack of pleurisy. From this he partially recovered, but the disease was in his system and eventually resulted in blood poisoning. His friends hoped that his constitution was running, but the hardy, would hold out until he had thrown off the poison; but the drain from the abscesses was too great, and he at length succumbed. Dr. Smith, of Barrington, and Dr. Frits, of Digby, were unremitting in their attentions, and did all in their power to make him comfortable and to restore health, and all their services were gratuitous. May the Lord reward them for their kindness. Many kind friends both in Barrington and Digby gave substantial expression of their sympathy, for which his parents are very grateful. He was buried in the Baptist cemetery at Digby. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. J. Blakeney, who was assisted by Rev. R. McArthur. Ernest professed faith in Christ, was baptized by his father, and was united with the Barrington Baptist church in 1894. He died trusting in Christ, and we hope he is now enjoying the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

RUMSEY.—At his residence at Truro, N. S., Sept. 15, Arthur W. Rumsey was called to the better land at the age of 40 years. Bro. Rumsey was a man of great promise. During the few years of his sojourn at Truro, he had commanded the universal respect of the community, for his agreeable demeanor and steadfast character. He experienced saving faith in Christ on Christmas eve last, and at once united with the church at Miramichi. He immediately enlisted in Christian work, of which he never grew weary. The pastor, the church and the community recognized him as a man of unusual consecration and power. But the purposes of the Master called him to higher service. The circumstances of his departure were startling and painful. While preparing to attend the afternoon services of the church, on Sept. 1st, Bro. Rumsey was kicked by his horse. He recovered sufficiently from the shock to regain his home. He immediately became the object of loving care and solicitude. His family, neighbors and physicians did what they could to keep him with them; but in vain. After suffering for two weeks, he quietly, peacefully entered into rest. Bro. Rumsey was an affectionate husband and father, but never mentioned at the Truro, N. S. Providence that had laid him low. His utterances in view of leaving his loved ones

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were sad but trustful. In view of the fact that they were hopeful, confident, triumphant. His name will ever be fragrant with the memories of his life and death. A widow and six children, a widowed mother, and numerous other relatives mourn, but not without hope. A sermon on 2 Cor. 5: 8, was preached on a large concourse of sorrowing relatives, neighbors and friends, by the pastor.

**TREADWELL.**—Death, the silent messenger and officer of God, visited Maudgenville, N. B., on Sept. 19, and removed our honored and esteemed Bro. Deacon George Allen Treadwell, at the age of 75 years, six months, and 16 days. Bro. Treadwell was one of the oldest members of the church in this place. He was baptized and received into the fellowship of the church on Sabbath, Sept. 4, 1842, by the late Rev. John Magee, the first pastor of this body of believers. His sickness was caused by cancer in the stomach. He suffered intensely, despite the efforts of wife and children to make him comfortable. Bro. Treadwell was a direct descendant of the Loyalists—his grandfather was a commissary in the British army. He spent his life-long existence in Maudgenville, a period extending over three quarters of a century—"in all the advance which the place has since made, the deceased was always a conspicuous figure, in the elevation of its physical and moral condition." The removal of Bro. Treadwell creates a vacancy in the church which will not be easily filled. He was a faithful officer of the church—true man to his denomination—he was thoroughly indoctrinated, he had a firm grasp of New Testament truth; and consequently had a keen sense of what his duty was—he was the faithful friend of his pastor—a very liberal supporter of the cause. The *Fredericton Gleaner* gives the following description of the funeral:—"The procession was over half a mile in length and contained nearly one hundred carriages, which included people from the surrounding country for many miles on both sides of the river, as well as a large representation from the city." Besides the procession of carriages the people of Ormoco and vicinity had the steamer *Novely* chartered for the occasion and, as the cortege was proceeding along the road, the *Novely* was steaming up river with flags flying half-mast high, and loaded with friends of the deceased, who took this mode of conveyance to join the funeral at the Methodist church at Robinson, Lower St. John's.

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