

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
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THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME XXXVII.

VOL. I.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1885.

NO. 9.

—Will our subscribers please send in their advanced subscriptions at once, by registered letter or by P. O. order. We want a large number of new subscribers. The people know what the paper is, and its friends can now canvass intelligently. Let there be a general effort made to get our paper into all the families in each community.

—One of our most experienced pastors, occupying at present probably the most responsible position in the denomination, writes as follows:—
"I shall do what I can to induce our people to take the Messenger and Visitor; for I know that the Baptist families without our own paper are only half-Baptist."

This week we received a donation from a brother in a certain suburb for Foreign Missions. He said he was the only one in his church that took the paper. He is the only one in that church who has given anything to outside objects, this church last year reporting nothing to the Convention Fund. If the denominational paper is generally taken in a church, there is usually an intelligent interest awakened in our work as a body and a generous response given. Where it is not taken, there is little of either. It pays to take a little trouble to get the paper into Baptist families.

—Is the age of miracles past? Such strange coincidences occur. Hundreds of intelligent and independent representatives of the people meet in Parliament. They discuss measure after measure proposed by the government. When the time comes to cast their votes, the same men as invariably vote yes, and the same nay, as though they were all dummies, worked by the touch of a common spring. In every case, also, each man in the one solid phalanx sees it so clearly that every one in the solid phalanx of intelligence opposite must be as blind as beetles not to see it also. Marvellous!

—Many individuals have sent in special donations for Foreign Missions, and for this we are thankful. Let our churches as churches now take up the work of gathering as large a contribution as possible to the Convention Fund. Do not delay, brethren. Let pastors and people vie with each other, in this grand work of furnishing means to carry on the Lord's work. We want to end this year with full treasures, and thus be prepared to enter upon the enlarging work of the next with confidence. Who will come up to the help of the Lord with the Lord's money, for the sake of the lost, and of him who came to seek and save them?

—Mr. Ashe, the son of an Episcopal clergyman, while studying for the ministry in that church, had his mind aroused on the question of baptism, its subjects, its mode, and its efficacy, through reading an American periodical. He began to study the Bible, and was convinced that the doctrine of baptismal regeneration and of infant baptism was opposed to its teaching, and that immersion only was baptism. A few Sabbaths since he was baptized by Rev. Hugh Stowell Brown, of Liverpool. He has already come to this country, and intends to make Manitoba his home and the sphere of his labors.

—The following table shows the growth of Presbyterian body in the North-West during 12 years:

	1871	1884
Congregations and Mission Stations	9	273
Ministers and Missionaries	4	62
Families	108	6,000
Contributions for religious purposes	\$2,100	\$80,000

During the summer of 1884, 15 new fields and 71 stations were opened up.

Our Presbyterian brethren are alive to the vast importance of getting a strong hold on this great country, at the beginning. Let their example stimulate us.

—Rev. Brook Lambert, Vicar of Greenwich, has preached in the Baptist Church, Westburne Park, London, and it is yet to be seen whether he will be prosecuted for such a violation of Episcopal traditions, if not of Episcopal law.

—Dr. Buckley, of the Christian Advocate, in response to the question "if it is in harmony with the teachings and doctrines of the Methodist Episcopal Church to say that it is possible that a child may be so trained from its infancy as to make the second birth by the Holy Spirit unnecessary as to its salvation?" replies emphatically: "It is not. No standard authority in the Methodist Episcopal Church ever taught any such doctrine." It was not taught by John Wesley after his eyes were opened to the folly of sacramentarian religion, and cannot be found in Watson or in any sermon of any of the early Methodist fathers. We are glad to hear this emphatic disclaimer of this doctrine from this representative man among our Methodist brethren. We feared the necessity to explain how infant can serve the same purpose as adult baptism, might drive them to this false doctrine which is so dangerous.

—A distinguished English ecclesiastic said, not long ago, "that if St. Peter had lived in our days he would have edited a newspaper." We don't know about that. Did not Peter draw his sword and smite off a man's ear? The temptations in such a position are very great.

—It seems as if our efforts to get the Messenger and Visitor to its readers in good time are fast to be unsuccessful. We have just learned from a friend, who has kindly made enquiries, that all the papers for Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis, and King's counties, N. S., have been sent to Halifax by the Intercolonial, instead of by the steamer to Digby and Annapolis, on Wednesday, as they should have been. We have all the packages in the St. John office in time to catch the Tuesday evening train to Halifax, and the Wednesday morning steamer across the bay. It is annoying to us, and must be much more so to our subscribers, to have such blunders occur. We hope this will be the last of them. Will friends please write us if papers are still late.

—We insert this week the account of the anniversary of Dr. Bill's 80th birthday, as also part of the obituary notice of the death of Mr. Thomas Cramp as contained in the Montreal Herald. This is due to our venerable brother, and to him who is honored in being a worthy son of a father, whose name and memory are so revered.

Indebtedness of Human Knowledge to Missionary Endeavor.

BY REV. W. S. MCKENZIE.

No. 2.

It is not easy to comprise in a brief article, nor yet to estimate, the extent and value of the service which has been rendered by missionary endeavor to this one department of Geography. Scholars, whose studies and attainments in this branch of learning are eminent, gratefully and gracefully confess their obligations for the aid derived from the missionaries scattered through the world. Says one: "Going everywhere they bring back knowledge of distant regions. The most intrepid explorers, they are at the same time the most faithful narrators." And another writes: "They have rendered more real service to the science of geography, to the accurate knowledge of our globe, than all the geographical societies in the world." Of that distinguished missionary, Dr. H. Lobdell, it has been remarked that "he was at once geographer, antiquarian, philologist, and naturalist." Dr. Lobdell's activity was ceaseless, and truly wonderful. He was always making investigations, and recording some fresh discovery. He traced the route of Xenophon and his ten thousand. He studied and solved many difficult problems suggested by Layard's discoveries. He constantly questioned all classes of people whom he met of every topic of Biblical geography and Oriental customs. With one large book on his study desk, and several small ones stowed in his pockets, he was perpetually col-

lecting and collecting materials for different and widely separated departments of learning. Prof. Taylor, in his commentary on the Anabasis, after a warm tribute of praise to missions for their services in classical and sacred geography, in history and in antiquities, goes on to say of Dr. Lobdell, that "he added to his peculiar personal qualifications, a quick eye, an almost intuitive sagacity, a curiosity never staid, an activity that never tired, and a marvelous power of concentration, that enabled him to carry on many labors at the same time."

But this Dr. Lobdell is only one among many missionaries, who have been equally laborious as original investigators, and equally munificent as contributors to the stores of knowledge. The late Dr. Francis Mason may be named as another very industrious and successful inquirer after new materials for important branches of study. He collected and arranged a large amount of facts relating to the natural sciences. A year ago the scientific investigations, and the results verified by Dr. Mason, were presented to the world in two huge octavo volumes, comprising 1347 pages, the contents of which exhibit industry and acquisition simply amazing. These volumes were edited by Mr. W. Theobald, Deputy Superintendent of the geological survey of India, and published by order of the Chief Commissioner of British Burma. These books I have seen for the first time since beginning this article. The first volume, of 500 pages, treats of the Geology, the Mineralogy, and the Zoology of Burma. In the science of Zoology Dr. Mason classifies his collection of facts under fifteen main divisions, the bare enumeration of which would indicate the wide extent and multifarious character of his studies. The second volume, of 787 pages, is occupied with Botany. And here, again, the range of the author's investigation, and the sharp scrutiny exhibited in his analysis, excite the surprise of scholars. But it was not to aid in the extension of scientific knowledge that Dr. Mason gathered and classified these copious materials. His immediate and sole object was to supply the wants, experienced by a translator of the Bible. It is not work done "in the luxury of literary leisure." Further investigations may supply deficiencies, and correct errors in this work of Dr. Mason. But it cannot again be said, as it was said of Farther India by Murray in his Encyclopaedia, that "There are no materials on which we can attempt a botanical or geological delineation of this territory. The Zoology of these immense and luxuriant regions is scarcely known." Dr. Mason's contributions have made such a confession of ignorance no longer necessary, while their value is a sufficient reply to "those machines for eating and drinking, digging and working, hoarding and spending, who are ever asking, 'What's the use of it?'"

It was the researches and discoveries made in the prosecution of missionary endeavor that gave birth to, or at least suggested, the science of Physical Geography. It was found that Geography, as formerly defined and studied, was not so broad and inclusive as it should be, that it ought to enlarge its meaning and scope, that it should survey the platform on which all human interests play their part, and make all knowledge tributary to itself. Accordingly it now embraces geology, mineralogy, meteorology, botany, zoology, in short whatever pertains to land, or sea, or air. Physical Geography did not become a distinct science till 1848, and to none does it owe more than to missionaries. An author of wide repute says: "Hundreds of educated men among the missionaries have given accounts of observations in many lands, describing countries, climates, nations, and races; their physical, mental, and moral characteristics, their social conditions and habits, their religion,

education, and government, their industries and modes of subsistence, involving a large contribution to our geographical knowledge." And Carl Ritter, called "The Prince of Geographers," once said that he could not have produced the *Erde Kunde*, his *Magnus Opus*, without the aid derived from the materials collected and transmitted by missionaries. At a meeting of the "American Oriental Society," in 1867, several of the members referred in flattering terms to the valuable contributions to knowledge made by missionaries; and one of the gentlemen, a Professor in Yale College, remarked: "These men, aside from their sacrifices and successes as distinguished philanthropists, deserve most honorable estimation for their literary and scientific labors." And another learned member present is reported as saying: "Gentlemen, there would hardly be occasion for our society at all, if it were not for the scientific and literary contributions we are receiving from missionaries."

In the volumes, entitled "Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge," there are frequent references to missionaries, and generous credit is given them for their services in Geography, in Ethnology, in Philology, in History, and in other departments of knowledge. In a paper read before the American Institute, in 1874, by a gentleman connected with the "Oriental Topographical Corps," this statement was made: "Probably no source of knowledge in this department has been so vast, varied and prolific as the investigations and contributions of missionaries. They have patiently collected and truthfully transmitted much exact and valuable geographical knowledge, all without money and without price, though it would have cost millions to secure it any other way." The late Professor Agassiz once remarked in a public address, "Few are aware how much we owe to missionaries, both for their intelligent observation of facts and of their collecting specimens. We must look to them not a little for aid in all our efforts to advance future science." I could cite many similar tributes from the pens and tongues of men whose commendations of scientific and literary works and workers carry the greatest weight. But I must pass over much that I am strongly inclined to produce, and hasten forward to other matters of perhaps still greater importance.

A Delightful Reunion.

A reunion of the First St. Martins Baptist church and congregation took place in the vestry on the 19th inst., to celebrate the eightieth birthday of their beloved pastor, Rev. I. E. Bill, D. D.

On motion, W. Vaughan, Esq., occupied the chair. After a few appropriate remarks by the chairman, an opening hymn was sung by the choir, and prayer offered by the pastor.

Resolutions of congratulation read by the chairman, from "Sea Shore" lodge, I. O. G. Templars, and "Bay View" Juvenile Templars.

The chairman then called upon Miss Ida May, daughter of David Vaughan, Esq., who was among the first converts baptized by the pastor after coming to St. Martins. She responded by reading in a style of beautiful simplicity and touching pathos, the following expressive poem, which met a responsive sentiment in all hearts. The substance of this charming poem was selected from the "Watchman" of Boston, but so changed as to make it peculiarly appropriate for the occasion:

With joy we meet to greet you,
Dear pastor, kind and true,
And every heart and every lip
Speaks gratitude to you.

We thank the Great Almighty
For sparing you so long,
To tell the matchless story
Of the redemption song.

We can give our heart's desire
As flowers to sun and field,
To show our love and sympathy
More choice than purest gold.

As from the fiery furnace
The gold comes forth refined:
So all the drops of kindness
You gladly leave behind.

For years we've walked together
In pleasant sunny ways,
Together knelt before the throne,
Together sang God's praise.

We've had your words of counsel,
Your daily thought and prayer,
Your smiles in times of gladness,
Your tears in dark despair.

We've listened to your message,
By heavenly love inspired,
Come this way to the fold, my child,
Come this way to the fold.

Beneath the shadow of this cross
Bethesda's pool its power doth hold;
Here bathe thy soul, and cleanse thy sin,
This way will lead thee to the fold.

And many a burdened sinner
With garments scarlet-dyed,
And many a mortal struggling
With doubt and fear and pride,

Have heard the invitation,
So new, and yet so old,
And trusting in the promise
Are safe within the fold.

There are no years in Heaven,
There is no growing old,
Not one faltering footstep there
Along those streets of gold.

And love that buds down here below
Will bloom up there some day,
Where chilling frosts of selfishness
Can never cause decay.

But while the years roll o'er us—
How many none can tell—
We'll stand by God and stand by you
And stand by right as well.

And when in scenes of glory
We sing the new, new song,
'Twill be the same dear story,
That we have loved so long.

The pastor in reply sketched in a few brief words his birth in his Billtown home, his youthful life, his conversion to God, in the nineteenth year of his age, his call to the ministry and his ordination as associate pastor with the late Reverend T. H. Chipman of the Nictaux Baptist church.

Some of the most impressive scenes of his ministry passed in review, and the marked providence which some ten years ago, contrary to all his previous arrangements, had given him the pastorate of this church and congregation.

Two blessed revivals which had brought many converts into the church had signaled his ten years pastorate, and when he contrasted the state of the church and congregation now, with what it was when he took charge, he felt like thanking God and taking courage.

He expressed deepest gratitude to the people for co-operative sympathy and liberal support in all measures which had resulted in the consolidation and progress of the Redeemer's Kingdom in St. Martins, and so much beyond his most sanguine expectations.

The pastor was followed by affectionate addresses from deacon John M. Bradshaw, and Brethren James Mosher and M. Kelly, which deeply moved all hearts.

The services were diversified by singing by the choir. Time was given for social interchange of thought and expression. Most hearty congratulations were given in person to the pastor with earnest wishes for many renewals of birth-days and for continued success in his great work. For the generous free-will offerings and for all these expressions of love to the pastor he returned his sincere gratitude, and assured those assembled that he longer he lived in St. Martins the more interest he felt in the place and in the people, and should it be the will of God for him to finish his earthly course and ministry in St. Martins, that he could do so with joy, feeling assured that the path to Heaven from this favoured spot was quite as short and as pleasant as from any other portion of the vineyard of God.

After the singing by the choir of the hymn
"Shall we meet beyond the river?"
the people separated saying as they parted, is not this a most delightful meeting?

(Signed) ONE PRESENT.
St. Martins N. B., Feb. 20th 1885.

"Frozen respectability is filling many churches in the East." Christian-People. Yes, and in the West, too. May the Lord deliver us from a church that prides itself in its respectability.—Cent. Ep.

Amen.

Bible Questions.

Would some of our numerous readers answer the following questions:

- (1) Where is the nation of Israel spoken of as God's Son? (2) Of what was the Veil in the Temple a type, as explained by an inspired apostle? (3) Where was Rachel buried, and where is reference subsequently made to her sepulchre? (4) Where was Moses buried? (5) To what cause did Christ attribute the denial by the Sadducees of the doctrine of the Resurrection? (6) What travelers received the caution from a friend before they set out on a journey, "See that ye fall not out by the way?" (7) What external sign of reverence was formerly used on entering the house or presence of God? (8) What punishment was inflicted on a king for attempting to lay hold on a prophet of God? (9) How did Jacob show his faith in the hour of death? (10) How many people came with Jacob in Egypt, and how many left Egypt two hundred years after? (11) Did God thus fulfill any promise to Jacob? (12) Which is the earliest Scriptural song? By answering the above you will oblige,
A. S. BLACK.
Narrows, Q. C., Feb. 25th, '85.

The Late Mr. Thomas Cramp.

It is a long time in the history of Montreal since any local event or calamity has happened that awakened so much surprise and profound regret and sympathy as the announcement yesterday morning of the entirely unexpected death of the late Mr. Thomas Cramp, every one who has known the man whose prominence as a citizen has been long admitted had nothing upon their lips to say of the deceased but to praise his merits and extol his general gifts.

That he had rare talents of intellect, of oratory, and persuasive eloquence in public acknowledgment. His great service in behalf of the city and port, as well as all our public benevolent institutions, were recognized in the most complimentary terms. There was probably no commercial man in the great city who had only received a practical business education like deceased who was his peer in having such a well-stored mind from extensive reading of the highest literature of every description. His rich fund of information was like a fountain that never ceased to flow, and it always came with such gentleness and facility of expression that captivated the listener, and made the most abstruse subject clear and simple.

The late Mr. Cramp descended from a very old and respected family that had settled at an early period in the county of Kent, not far from the British metropolis. His grandfather, as well as his father, the late Rev. John Mockett Cramp, D. D., was a Baptist minister, the former, as in early days in England, giving his ministerial services for nearly three quarters of a century to his congregation without pecuniary compensation. The late Mr. Thomas Cramp was born in the island of Thanet, Kent, in 1827, and after receiving an English education fitting him for business pursuits, he came out here in 1844 with his father, who had received the appointment of President of the Baptist College on Guy street. Full of youth and hope, he entered the office of Messrs. John Leeming & Co., and subsequently other houses, as clerk. After some years he obtained a situation in the old tea importing house of John Torrance. He remained there until the death of the latter, when he joined as a partner in the firm of David Torrance & Son, which he never quitted until his death.

Deceased was connected, as director, with the greater number of the public enterprises established here, for the last quarter of a century, besides being elected president of such bodies as the local Board of Trade, Corn Exchange, and Harbor Commission. One of his greatest achievements has been the successful founding of a fleet of magnificent steamships which are not surpassed in any part of the world, with a tonnage of nearly 40,000 tons, and accomplished in a few years.

Probably no citizen in any station had such a placid and kindly disposition as deceased. Even in the heat of debate he never wounded the feelings of the most sensitive of his opponents, and it is a proverb that he never made an enemy. In his long career in commerce his credit and integrity were unimpaired and unimpeachable. He was universally respected and esteemed for every good quality that adorns an honorable, upright and honest man. Deceased leaves a widow and two charming children—boy and girl—to whom he was indeed an affectionate husband and loving father. Four sisters survive, three being married in Canada and one single. He also leaves a brother, Mr. G. B. Cramp, a well known practicing barrister here. The deceased identified himself both by his purse and public advocacy with all our benevolent institutions, and will be sadly missed in the sphere of doing good in an unpretentious way. The inscrutable hand of death has been severe in Montreal of late, many of its most estimable and benevolent citizens have fallen before the scythe of him, but the memories of none will remain longer engraven on the hearts of friends than those of noble Thomas Cramp.—Montreal Herald.

For Humanity.

More than half a century since, the following lines were found in the Royal College of surgeons, London, beside a skeleton remarkable for its symmetry of form. They were subsequently published in the London Morning Chronicle, and a vain effort made to ascertain the author, even to the offering of a reward of fifty guineas.

A SWEET SILVER BELL.

A New Sermon by Pastor C. H. Spurgeon

"My God will hear me."—Micah 7:18. What a charming sentence! but in what a queer place we find it! Just as they find gold in the dark mine, and as we see stars in the black night, so do we find these rich words in the midst of floods of grief and woe.

ing God, "O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee. Thou art my God forever and ever; Thou shalt be my guide unto death." If so, it supposes your election of this God beyond every other; and I put it to you—is this election made? and made once for all?

were but liars. Those who sought unto the false gods did but dote upon falsehoods; they were deceivers and deceived. But my God will hear me. As surely as he is God He will answer prayer.

er of my acquaintance, a minister of the Gospel, going to preach from the text that God will hear prayer, called upon one of his poor people, who said when the visit was over that she had greatly enjoyed his call. He thought to himself, "I have scarcely said a word, and yet she says that I have done her good."

under a sense of sin? Do you seek forgiveness? He will hear you. Are you burdened because you cannot live without sin? Would you be free from all evil? He will hear you. Are you persecuted for righteousness' sake? Are the men of your household turned to be your foes? He will hear you, and cause you to rejoice in being counted worthy to suffer for Jesus' sake.

"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommending "Hop Bitters" to me, "I used two bottles!"



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MARCH 4 BIBLE FROM PELOUSI... I have suffered... I gave my vote... I loved the influence only by conclusion has drawn that he court.

Messenger and Visitor,

Published for the Proprietor, in Advance. Payment within three months from Jan. 1st will be accepted as in advance.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 4, 1886.

HAND PICKED.

"They are all hand picked," said a western pastor of some converts added to his church. By this insignificant expression he meant to say that each one had been led to Christ by personal, individual effort.

Yes, this is the true idea. To grapple soul with soul as Christians seek to save the lost, is most in keeping with the urgency of the case. When a ship's crew are perishing in the surf, each man on the shore is required to do his best, as an individual. It is not enough, then, to have given money to pay men to man the life boat. If he can reach a drowning man himself, he must go to his help, or be recant to a sacred obligation. Now, men lost in sin are on all sides. They are in terrible danger, a danger which is increasing, every hour. They are within our reach. Can we be guiltless if we do no more than perhaps assist to pay a minister to warn and help them? It is not thus men do it, in politics and other things that interest them. It is true men are engaged to advocate the subject, whatever it may be, but each man chooses his own way, and does his best by individual effort. Now why could not this be done in what pertains to the Kingdom of Heaven?

This is what our Lord did. He preached, but he also spoke personally to the woman of Samaria, to Nicodemus and to sinners. We believe it is best that we be brought to Christ by this personal work. Dr. Taylor remarked of the 3000 souls received into his church during his ministry: "I have handed every one." Our own experience has been, we presume, that of most sinners. The large majority of those with whose religious experiences we are acquainted, were awakened, or led to decision, by the direct conversation of some christian friend.

We believe this individual work for and with the unsaved, is the great need of our time.

THE UNSAVED NEED IT. They cannot reject it as done for pay. They cannot evade the force of these personal appeals by applying them to others. The earnest solicitude of the christian who is pleading with them to seek salvation cannot fail to impress them. As with the force of electricity, when soul is thus put in contact with soul, the warmth and yearning of the one is brought with full power upon the other, and will arouse it from its lethargy if any human means can. We can recall how it was in our own experience. We could and did listen to sermons all the year round, and were impressed by very few. But no christian friend ever spoke to us personally about our soul's welfare, when we were not profoundly moved. The very fact that thoughtless people shrink from this direct religious conversation, usually indicates that it has great power over them.

How many there are too, who have difficulties which can only be met by personal converse with an experienced christian. We have found numbers of such cases who have long been kept from decision for Christ, because of troubles which reticence kept them from making known. How many are longing to have help, and yet are afraid to seek it? But worst of all, how many there are who do not attend religious services. What is to become of them? Have we no further responsibility than to throw open our church doors which we are sure they will never enter, if we do no more? Our Lord did more than throw open the door of heaven. He came down to seek and save the lost. Will he be content if we also do not seek those poor blinded, lost souls, and strive to draw them to him by the magnetism of our personal solicitude and persuasion?

One great reason why preaching is not more effective is that the impressions made are not fostered.

There is a hallowed influence around the unsaved church-goer for two or three hours on Sunday, and he is left to the world, the flesh, and the devil, the rest of the week. The feelings aroused one Sabbath are swept away long before the next. But if all christians were engaged in this personal work, these would not be left at the mercy of worldly influences; religion would be kept before the minds of the careless; and impressions would not be lost because not cared for. The unsaved need this help now especially. The devil is pressing them as never before, all the week long. Shall we leave them to his power? Shall we not, as his means to hold men to sin and unconcern are multiplied, redouble our diligence in persistent, personal, hand to hand work with souls?

CHRISTIANS NEED THIS WORK. While nothing awakens the concern of the soul addressed like personal religious conversation, this direct work is equally fitted to stir the soul of the labourer. A man must be sluggish indeed, who can address a man about interests which are eternal and infinite, and feel that it is possible for power to be given his words to lead a soul to everlasting life, and not be moved. How earnest becomes the prayer for the one for whom we have thus manifested solicitude! How we wonder at our old carelessness about the lost!

How many christian lives are almost less than a living death! In most cases it is because they are not active for others, and so are kept down to the death and drought of their own self-seeking. What they need is christian work. If christians could get into the habit of personal work, it would afford a limitless sphere which would quicken all that was Christlike in the soul and lead up to heights of shining christian attainment which would make all skepticism hide its sneering face.

THE CHURCH NEEDS THIS KIND OF WORK.

Is not lack of this personal labor with the unsaved one chief reason why our work as churches is not attended with greater success? Are not our people depending too much upon preaching? Is not this why churches seem to lose all power when pastorless? If all were engaged in this direct individual work, how great might be the result! Then churches might be left pastorless for a season and not suffer so much. But we fear even the few who assist in public meetings for prayer and such religious services, do not all engage in this individual labour with the unsaved. Christian parents leave this personal conversation with their children, almost altogether to S. S. teachers and pastors. We fear there is danger of this sense of individual responsibility dying out.

We long for the time when our churches will be delivered from a spasmodic life, when ingathering will be continuous. We believe this constant work of soul with and for soul will bring about this day, and that nothing else will. We want to be free from bickering and strife. If all our people were about the Master's business, they would be on ground high above this devil's work. We desire the church to have her full moral power. This can never be until her members are free from the reproach of absorption in worldliness, while they believe men all around them are in such danger of eternal loss as well might stir the heart of a demon to pitiful activity. We can be saved from an inconsistency, well nigh boundless, and one fitted to make men doubt the reality both of what we profess, the truth we hold, only by giving ourselves up to this personal labor for Christ and souls, as we have opportunity.

Dr. Pierson, in a recent article, gives some STARTLING FIGURES. If each converted man should make it a habit to bring one soul to Christ per year, it would only take 10 years to save the whole world. If there were but one godly man on earth to-day, and it became the rule with him and all saved after him to bring one soul to Christ each year, it would take only 31 years to have all the tribes of the earth at the Savior's feet.

Brethren, sisters, what shall we say to these things? We are not to be here long. Shall we longer allow precious souls to press on to perdition

within reach of our hand and not stretch it out to help them? Yes, it is trying to begin, but see what great things are at stake. Shall we let this year pass and not try and be the means of saving one soul? The Savior is ready with his help. For the sake of our own spiritual life, for the sake of our dear Redeemer let us not shrink longer from this personal, hand to hand work with souls.

IS THIS TRUE!

A good brother has taken us to task for publishing what Spurgeon says of his temptation from wandering thoughts, and what McCheyne confesses of the deep corruption of his own heart. He thinks this will not help people up, but down. He supposes, also, that the experiences of these men of God, as published in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, of Feb. 11th, must have been when they were very young christians.

Our brother is wrong, we are sure, in both these statements. Any one who reads the journals of such christian giants as Jonathan Edwards, Andrew Fuller and Murray McCheyne, will find, that as years advanced, and they became more mature in christian growth, their descriptions of the evil of their own hearts became more dark. In this they were but sharing in the experience of the apostle Paul. When he was a young christian, he said, "I am unworthy to be called an apostle"; in middle life, he had gained such a view of his own heart, that he said, "I am the least of all saints"; but it was when he was an old man, with all the light of heaven in his soul, which had been gathered during a long life, that he declared, "I am the chief of sinners." The greater light from God revealed the greater darkness in themselves. They kept very distinct what they were in Christ, through the substitution of his righteousness in place of their sin, and what they were in themselves, with the remnants of the old nature still clinging to them.

Neither do we think it will help any one down, for christians to confess the corruption which still exists in their hearts. Where diseases are imaginary, a man may become well by thinking himself so. But the disease of the soul by reason of sin is no fancy, but a terrible reality; and in this case, merely to think ourselves whole; will leave us at its mercy. For some reasons we could wish that we might leap up at a bound to where sin would trouble us no more. But we find no such second instantaneous experience as that declared by our higher life friends, referred to in the N. Testament. There the christian life is represented as a warfare, a gradual struggle upward. It is enough for us to know that this is the divine and appointed way to attain to the heights our Master desires us to reach, to feel that this must be best. But we can see wisdom in his rule. This struggle, like all others, strengthens our moral powers, and makes us abhor our enemy sin all the more. It gives us an opportunity to test our love to our Master, and is attended with other benefits to the nature. We expect to be stronger in spiritual force from this long struggle, just as the body grows stronger through the laborious years. For us to be relieved from this spiritual conflict through the intervention of divine and miraculous power, would seem to us to condemn men to spiritual impotence. What we need is a purity that has been conquered through the help of Christ, and a freedom from temptation through development of strength which masters it without effort, rather than these as gifts, without our effort.

Now in all this, we do not wish it to be understood that we are unaware of the fact that the most of us make progress which is all too slow, while many do not seem to advance at all. Neither are we blind to the danger that some are in, from a reaction to the opposite extreme from the higher life. We fear some do not distinguish between real sin in the nature and a consciousness of that sin, and so, because it is a mark of higher christian attainment to see the evil in the heart, take a little self righteous pride in being real sinners, supposing they are thus made superior to those who profess more than themselves. Let us yearn and struggle after likeness to Christ. In order to attain to it, let us seek to know

how unlike to him we are, as the first condition to growth up toward himself. Let us not wish to escape the conflict, which is to make our spiritual powers strong, neither let us be discouraged at the thought that it is before us. We can have help from our Master. When his blessed purposes are accomplished, and we are tried as gold in the fire, we shall be taken up to where the fulness of strength and grace makes all service a joy.

COMPENSATION.

The resolutions in favor of compensating brewers and malsters for the loss sustained, should prohibition carry in the Dominion, are significant. Liquor dealers are evidently convinced that their business is doomed, and they wish to recoup themselves out of the public chest, before they make their parting bow. They evidently see that public sentiment is making such rapid strides prohibitionward, that if they are to get any favor they must strike at once. If they ever get Parliament committed to compensation, provided prohibition carries, they will have a strong aid in defeating any such measure; for there are many who desire to see the liquor traffic stopped who, rather than help pay the dealers for their loss, would vote against prohibition.

The question of compensating the liquor dealers is a difficult one. It seems just that those who have profited by the business should make good the loss to those who carry it on. The question arises whether the dealer himself might not recoup himself out of his own surplus gains, as he seems the only one benefited by his traffic. It may be said, however, that the government has gained in revenue, and therefore should pay these men out of the revenue, from custom duties on their manufactures. But this is a broad question. The government has had to pay the bills of this traffic in keeping up insane asylums, penitentiaries, etc., etc. It has also sustained a loss through the traffic in the smaller income from the many it has kept and made poor. Besides all this the people have paid what has been added to the revenue through distilleries etc. The distillers got their profits all the same, and it seems unfair for the people to have to pay again into the distillers' pockets what their traffic has led them to pay into the treasury of the Dominion. Then if we had been cursed and smitten by the traffic, as so many tax-payers have been—if we had lost sons and been made poor and wretched by it—we should feel that no more burning wrong could be done us than compel us to help pay these men for the loss of what they had gained at the expense of our property and happiness. Were it not that we have legalized this wretched traffic so long, the case would be perfectly clear. Let them bear their own loss. This they can abundantly do out of the rolling wealth they have made out of hard working tax-payers. Neither are we prepared to say that any compensation should be given them in any case.

UNION OF THE BAPTISTS OF THE DOMINION.

As the outcome of correspondence from the Baptist Union of Canada, laid before our last Convention, resolutions were there adopted expressing willingness to "consider the advisability of forming a general society, composed of delegates from the churches throughout the Dominion, to be entitled the Baptist Union of the Dominion of Canada."

It was suggested that the objects under the control of this society be, "General Home Missions in Manitoba, the North-West, British Columbia, and among the French in the Province of Quebec, Theological Education, the distribution of Religious Literature in the interests of the Denomination, and such other subjects as may be deemed desirable."

The following brethren were appointed a committee to confer with similar committees from the Baptists of the other Provinces, and report at our next Convention, viz. Rev. Dr. Sawyer, John Marsh, Rev. A. C. Gibson, Dr. Reid, Rev. Dr. Saunders, Rev. Dr. Day, Hon. A. F. Randolph, Rev. D. A. Steele, Rev. Dr. Hopper, Rev. Dr. Walton, Rev. G. O. Gates, Hon. Dr. Parker, E. D. King. This committee is a very able and representative one, and all must feel that

the matter is safe in their hands. While we have very strong opinions on the question of this union, and desire to see it accomplished if practicable, we are inclined to leave it altogether to these brethren to whom the Convention has given it. If they think it wise to open the discussion of it in the paper, we will welcome their communications. If not, it might be well to await their report.

A Few Words for the Sisters.

In taking a retrospect of the past year with reference to our work as W. M. A. Societies, we have great reason for thanksgiving and praise. For some years past it has been the desire of many sisters to see the three Provinces united in a general society. This has been accomplished during the past year in forming the W. B. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces. Another cause for gratitude, is the fact that in answer to earnest prayer the Master has put it into the hearts of two young sisters to go forth bearing precious seed for Him in foreign lands.

A short time ago we were deploring having no missionary supported directly by us, and were considerably discouraged at the prospect. How much better 'God has been to us than all our fears.' Letters have been received from our sisters at different points on their voyage, all speaking of a prosperous journey and bright anticipations of future usefulness. In the last received, Miss Wright says "But now as I feel I am nearing the land I desire to spend my life in, a great burden weighs me down. I cannot describe it to you; but there seems to be a cloud overshadowing, so to express it. Still onward in His name I would press, looking to the prize, even that of winning souls for my Master. The work is His, and I am confident it will succeed." These dear sisters are our representatives among the heathen; but they cannot do our work. This remains for each one of us at home, not only to give our money for their support; but our daily earnest prayer, that the Holy Spirit may accompany them, and assist in acquiring that most difficult language. Think how many weary months of toil before they can utter one sentence in the Telugu language, of the gracious message they have gone so far to carry—oh, let us pray that God may open the hearts of our ignorant, benighted sisters, to hear their words and accept the Christ they offer.

We also may greatly encourage them by our words. It would cost each of us but little time and effort to write them once in three months, and yet what a source of strength and encouragement it would prove to those homesick, tongue-tied ones, to know from our own words that we thought of and prayed for them. Another cause for thankfulness is the continued health of our missionaries. God has in his wisdom seen fit to call home in the midst of his work, one of our brethren in connection with the Upper Canada Board, Fallen at his post. We will read no more his cheering words in the Link, yet the blessed memory remains—"their work would follow them." While we weep with those that weep—is it not meet that we should thank God that He has dealt so graciously with us and not only spared the lives of our missionaries; but as far as we know given them uninterrupted health—Mrs. Archibald writes in a recent letter written in text: As I sit here talking to and teaching these dark faced people is a strange language, miles away from any white people, I almost wondered, if once I lived in Canada. Had my breakfast a few minutes after six this morning and before I got the tent rigged up for the day, about 30 women called to see me. They were on their way to their days work, which is digging grass, for you know it is not out here but taken up by the root. We left Bobbili a week ago, came out the high road about 15 miles, and are visiting all the villages in different directions. Do not know when we will get back. We propose spending the cool season in touring. No missionary was ever here before, and the people flock around in crowds. On Sabbath from morning until after dark it was almost constant preaching, and we did not have to leave the tent to do it either. I get very weary talking before

the day is over. The Bobbili field is new and contains more people than there are in all Nova Scotia. In many cases the missionaries and their helpers make their visits, pass on, and "are seen no more until the next year." A Home Missionary would despair with such a work before him; but here with very few travelling conveniences, and every thing to be communicated in a foreign language, we feel our need in a peculiar way, see how very little we amount to, and look to Him who never loses sight of the tiniest seed, for His blessing. And one of these days it will come upon the Bobbili field rich and abundant. For this, my sisters, are you praying? Are your hearts burdened with prayer following us and constantly going up to the Father on our behalf that this touring season may be a success in every sense of the word. Two were baptized in Bobbili the day before we left, and we feel the work is growing in every direction. Dear sister in view of such an extensive field and such devoted self-sacrificing missionaries what is our duty? We who are rejoicing in the glorious light of the gospel. Can we think calmly and unmoved upon the multitude of our perishing sisters who are tossing upon the tempestuous sea of life amid the darkness, without a single ray of light to guide their way. Should we not hasten to send this light of life to those who sit "in the shadow of death."

May the God before whom we shall all appear enable us to perceive and know what things He would have us to do, and give us grace faithfully to perform them. Halifax, Feb. 25th. S. J. M.

Dakota Correspondence.

How true it is that "time changes and we change!" How unexpected often are the changes we witness and experience! A few years ago when the writer had the pleasure of meeting with you in Ontario, and visiting with you several of the Associations there, in connection with our Father's business, little expectation had he of being the Dakota correspondent of the paper you have the honor of now editing. But we shall not indulge in any regrets for now occupying these relative positions. For several years the Visitor has been very heartily welcomed to our home in the North-West, giving us extensive information of our numerous and energetic brethren in the eastern Provinces of the Dominion, and of the progress of the cause among them; and an occasional letter from "Bozalis" has, through its columns, given some light on the state of the cause in the land of the setting sun.

Your predecessor in the editorial chair, Dr. J. E. Hopper, by several years' paper acquaintance, holds a large place in our esteem, both for his work and his worth; and yet we often felt as though we would be nearer to him had we the privilege of looking squarely into his eyes and shaking hands with him, as we have done with the present Editor. We have in the past years, since our acquaintance, had a deep interest in the best success of our weekly Visitor, and none the less now that it is happily in wedlock do we fervently wish it high continued Goodspeed in its light and noble work. Some months ago, the Visitor had some imperfect notes of the good work in North Dakota—made more imperfect by some mishap to one of the communications between the pen and the press, and perhaps for that, and other reasons, a few more notes might be in place now. During the last year a good deal of material and spiritual success has attended the efforts in the good work, by the American Home Mission Board, through its missionaries, north or parallel to the striking and energetic General Missionary, Bro. G. W. Huxley, reports during that time, eight new churches organized, six houses of worship built, two hundred and seventeen converts baptized into the fellowship of the churches, and two hundred and thirty three added by letter and experience. The mission work has been in operation here less than four years, and there are now reported in all, seventeen houses of worship, thirty-two churches organized, with an aggregate membership of seven hundred and sixty-three, holding property valued at \$60,000. But there is yet much ground to be occupied, as the whole field embraces a space of 75,000 square miles.

About the mid or rather about the harvest, one of the Rochester Seminary made a tour into some friends, and gave heed to the preach." In our four churches mission stations seasons in every glorious result, greatly revived, led to decision, to Jesus, and the momentous work I do to be saved with this movement seventy were added. Severe domestic away, when he commenced in the meantime the work on at different points having passed through of affliction in the beloved and very he has come back well begun work we shall have columns of God's word of love in the Grant takes charge at a six-month M. & M. R. R. City, but will ex as opportunity evangelistic work ing pastors and In Grafton since was observed, a effort by the ministerian and Methodist with the writer some degree val, and the souls to the S however, in compromising effort with troubled the shelves, leaving the settled conviction such so-called union promotive of real highest degree. They invariably the declaring of God, and often union.

You have doubt ed of the crushing happened two or the family of on brethren here, R the brutal murder young boy, his years old. Whi away holding me town, and the re at school in Gran man, who had months' acquaint whole family's brutally commit the dead of night were fast asleep. nal had six days not having been neighbours for a few days after he was captured. He confessed his awaiting his indignation through try, and the ab execution of the with crime, make ful whether he have an undistur ity prevalent here makes human life continued, will n very desirable o The apparent m seemed to be to session, for a litt or three hundred ally alleged in his venge, made bl by strong drink. Spall, emigrated years ago from doubtless were of the readers and Visitors. O afflicted brother or four years in missionary work ing an extensive deserv, as well paths and pray everywhere, in his bereavement.

NOTICE TO have appointed M bold and Mr. D, solicit advertisement SENDER AND V offer exactly the be secured by a WEEKS & P

The Little Grave.
 "It's only a little grave," they said,
 "Only just a child that's dead!"
 And so they carelessly turned away
 From the mound the spade had made
 that day.
 Ah! they did not know how deep a shade
 That little grave in one house had
 made.
 True, the coffin was narrow and small,
 One yard would have served for an
 ample pall;
 And one man, in his arms, could have
 borne away
 The rosewood and its freight of clay.
 But what darling hopes were hid
 Beneath that little coffin lid.
 A weeping mother stood that day
 With folded hands by that form of
 clay,
 And painful, burning tears were hid
 Beneath the drooping lash and aching
 eye;
 And her lip, and cheek, and brow
 Were almost as white as her baby's
 now.
 And then some things were put away,
 The crimson frock, and wrappings
 soft,
 The little sock, and the half-worn shoe,
 The cap with its plume and tassels
 blue;
 And an empty crib stands with covers
 spread,
 As white as the face of the sinless
 dead.
 'Tis a little grave; but oh! what care!
 What world-wide hopes are buried
 there!
 And ye, perhaps, in coming years,
 May see, like her, through blinding
 tears,
 How much of light, how much of joy,
 Is buried up with an only boy!

Selected Serial.

SHILOH:
WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Tell me, if you can," I said humbly, "why it was that I fell so completely and helplessly into Mala's hands just now, when I was so fully persuaded that I had escaped from her for a time, and was hopefully entering upon a new and better era of life?"

"The cause was complex," returned Bona. "In your temporary exaltation of mind you fancied yourself so secure that you forgot to watch and pray, lest you enter into temptation. Mrs. Prescott's harsh, though not altogether unjust remark, jarred rudely upon your awakened sensibilities. You were physically exhausted and, as Mrs. Divine told you, body and mind set and react upon each other. Finally, if you want the whole truth, you are still thinking of, and striving for, present rather than eternal peace, earthly distraction more than heavenly consolation."

"Oh, Bona!" I murmured, reproachfully.
 "It is true," she answered steadily. "I will not say anything about the curiosity, or the sad unrest which helped to induce you to go to the Warrens; perhaps human motives can never be quite pure. Your chief mistake was that you thought to earn present peace by doing Christ's work much as a man means to earn his daily bread by carting sand or laying bricks; whereas, he who would do our Lord faithful service, must set himself thereto as a sculptor does to Art; thinking of daily bread, pleasure, fame, only as things which may come to him through his work, but are never to be confounded with its object. Art is dearer to him than they all; and his work in her service is less a labour than a love, less a means to an end than a self-forgetting worship!"

"Was not my work at the Warrens well done, then? I faltered.
 "Very well, in the main. But that was because the Spirit of God worked with you. To him, therefore, be all the praise!"
 Her words confounded me. I felt keenly their force and directness. Yet, as I considered them carefully, pacing absently to and fro, I discerned in them quite as much cause for hope as discouragement. For he who knows the exact nature of his disease, has only to set about seeking the remedy. And in this case, there was no mistaking it. "O Christ!" I murmured, "enter Thou into my secret thoughts, and lead them, as only Thou canst, up their Mount of Transfiguration!"

When I recovered consciousness of time and place, I found that I had been standing—nobody knows how long—staring vacantly into my

fireplace; which is filled, according to the quaint old fashion of the place with the feathery green of asparagus. Have I never described my room? I beg its pardon!—it deserved better things of me.

It is a large square, low-studded chamber, with a huge beam running athwart the ceiling—calculated to inspire implicit confidence in the building's strength. It has whitewashed walls on three sides, and on the other, a dark wainscot of oak, in the midst of which is the queer high-mantel, and the fireplace. Its furniture is a study in chronology. A high post bedstead gratifies no aesthetic need, but with its snowy linen, homespun blankets, and quilted and stuffed counterpane (a miracle of patience and industry), answers every demand of weariness, and deserves respect, therefore, for fulfilling the chief end of its being—which is more than we humans do, as a rule! There is, a stiff company of antique straight-backed, mahogany chairs, black, with age, and shabby glee with upholstery of threadbare hair-cloth, and rows of tarnished brass nails—picturesque objects to look at, and with a certain dignity of immemorial descent about them; but a plebeian Boston rocker, brand-new, furnishes more artistic curves for use. There is a quaint, dingy, wizen, stilted table, that irresistibly reminds me of a mummy. There is a very light-coloured, modern dressing-table that, not less unavoidably, suggests a mushroom. Over the latter, an ancient looking-glass is suspended from the wall, at an acute angle, having, for its upper panel, a curious composition in colour; in the Chinese School of Art, whose intent I have failed to discover. There is a cumbersome structure, mounted on slender, carved legs, which my hostess calls a "chest of drawers;" whereof the design must have been handed down from the days when "there were giants in the earth," the top drawer being quite out of my reach, even though I supplement my height with a chair. There is no carpet; but the unpainted floor is white with manifold scrubbing; and after some acquaintance with it, I am growing sceptical whether carpets are, in summer time, the luxuries we are wont to think. Mrs. Prescott, the grim embodiment of uncompromising neatness, avers that they are only hiding places for dirt, at any time.

"The dust," she says, "sinks into 'em, and sinks under 'em, to be raised and settled over again, at every sweeping, till both the carpet and floor are nothing but nastiness. No carpet shall ever again be nailed down, in any house of mine; I won't have anything that can't be shaken and aired, and the floor cleaned under it, every day, no matter what the fashion is."

By way of outlook, my room has two small windows in time-browned, worm-eaten frames. The panes of glass are so small and so imperfect, setting the objects seen through them at sizes and shapes, that it plain they must have experienced the restraint, directly or by hereditary transmission, of the old, oppressive tax on glass; which made that commodity a subject of strict economy. All the windows of this ancient structure, by the way, except on the front, have a curious irregularity of position, seen from the outside; being subject to no external rule, but only obedient to the hidden law of interior fitness and convenience—an arrangement which has manifest advantages. How many rooms, in modern dwellings, would be unspeakably more enjoyable if a certain window could be shoved a yard to the right or left; but the ineradicable necessity of putting it on a line with some other window, externally, was neither to be set aside nor overcome, in the builder's conventionally moulded mind, and so there is no spot in all their length and breadth pleasantly adapted to piano or sofa, or bedstead. This old manse is hampered by no such arbitrary rule; consequently, the windows are precisely where they should be for the highest internal beauty and comfort; and its exterior has, withal, an expansive, unconventional, hearty, and habitable expression, which is a better thing than regularity of form. When will our domestic architects learn that beauty, is far less likely to be found in uniformity than in its opposite—symmetry and balance, which are more essential being easily attainable without it! And why must the lives we live, as

well as the houses we build be chiefly directed to the attainment of certain external effects; to gain which, much interior beauty, fitness, and rightness, must be sacrificed or compromised? But my windows are giving us a deeper view into things social and spiritual than we had counted upon—let us go back to their material outlook.

One is thickly shaded by the constant pear-tree afore-mentioned, and looks to the south, taking in its way the riotous garden, the farther crest of Chestnut Hill, the white church, the grey school-house, a farm-house painted red, and a dark border line of forest. The other commands a wide view over a varied tract of country; the nearest feature being a vividly green meadow, dotted with great, garbled leafy apple trees, through which a brook goes singing and shining, and playing "peep-oh!" with me from among tall grasses, pointed leaves of calamus and iris, and all the lawless and ygragant growth that huddle together on its border. This view would be one of still life, indeed, only that afar over the meadows, there is an opening where a brown band of road is seen, upon which, at irregular intervals, a primitive waggon, attached to a sleepy horse, guided by a sleeper driver, or a slow-moving cart and oxen, or a stout countryman, with a stick driving a pig or a flock of sheep before him, appear suddenly from behind a screen of verdure, glide slowly across the intervening space, and vanish behind a similar screen, like figures in a dream. And these ever-recurring glimpses of human life—too remote to be intrusive, yet near enough to remind me of the innumerable and secret ties by which at every moment of our lives we are bound to a common humanity—save the scene from that sad loneliness of expression which is the inevitable peculiarity of views made up of natural objects only. Yet it seems mournfully enough typical, too, of the evanescence of human life, compared with the works of Nature—hills and dales, rocks and streams—things which change so slowly that they seem to us unalterable and everlasting, while man's appearance among them is scarcely more enduring or memorable than those gliding, panoramic figures in the distance!

CHAPTER VII.
EXPLORATIONS—REAL, MORAL, AND PAROCIAL.

Sitting by my western window, after I had written you my last letter, a fever of exploration seized me. That point in the north-western landscape, where the ground dipped into a dell or a ravine, caught my gaze and my imagination. What sort of a place was it likely to be? Cool, and shady, doubtless, for I could see great balls and cones of foliage, held aloft by sunken tree-trunks. Beautified with the ripple and gleam of water, surely, for the brook plainly knew the way thither, and took it in its own delightful, meandering fashion. I put on my hat and followed it. Leo, whom I encountered on the way, accepted an invitation to follow me, without the ceremony of putting on the hat!

Having reached the meadow's limit, my thinking guide dandered under a fence, which I was forced to climb. Then, dropping on a soft bank of moss, I found myself in one of the loveliest, dreamiest, shadow-haunted nooks conceivable. The brook flowed suddenly, with a low and liquid note, into a deep, dark, clear basin, bordered on one side by a moss-enamelled rock, and on the other by a steep, ferny bank, embossed with black tree roots, all overarched by thickly interlacing boughs of tall trees, through which the sunshine trickled scantily, in shining, golden drops. What a place for a troop of naiads to bathe! I half expected to see the lovely "Egle herself rise from the basin's clear depths, like Venus of old from the sea. Instead thereof, Leo plunged in, and paddled about with a face of serene enjoyment.

From this point the brook's banks continually gained in altitude, taking the form of a rough, rocky, wooded cliff on one side, and on the other of a steep, but smooth and green hillside, shaded here and there by huge, wide-spreading trees, among which I noticed an enormous tulip-tree, a very Anak of its race. Between these curiously diverse banks the brook ran, crept, sparkled and sung—tun-

bled too, once and again—but altogether as if it enjoyed it, for a shout of laughter accompanied its fall, and then it wadded giggling and gurgling to itself, with occasional spurts of irresistible merriment, as if the joke were much too good to be quickly let go and forgotten. I crossed it many times in my progress down the glen, attracted by a gay breast-knot of flowers on the hill's green robe, a tiny fern-forest on the brook's border, a mossy, leaf-strewn ledge, all the more fascinating because well-nigh inaccessible, or a wild vine flinging an ideal grace over the gully, gray outline of some rugged rock, without impairing any really valuable quality, as a sunny and loving spirit may do over the hardest, homeliest duties of common life. By and by the hill began to slope off gradually, the cliff terminated in a sharp promontory of rock, and a shrouded rail fence marked the extreme limit of the glen. Under this fence the brook shrank into the dismal shadow of a dense forest—its song hushed, its gambols all over,—and flowed silently through a dead level of damp, black mould, sootily coated with a pale and fungous vegetation, and strewn with dead leaves and dry twigs, seeming at first half sulky, and altogether scared, by the sudden and complete change of its manner of life. Bona, Mala, and I leaned on the fence and looked after it.

"See! it is a type of your life," exclaimed Mala, less bitterly than her wont. "Just so, that went singing through flowers and sunshine, unsuspecting of change; just so, without volition or responsibility of its own, it was suddenly thrust out into an atmosphere of impenetrable gloom, and set to flow through earth dank with tears, fruitful only in disease and depressing imaginations, and strewn with the dry, rustling debris of dead hopes. Ah! look at the poor little stream and weep—you have caused! In its dumb, shadowed, monotonous flow all your future life is mirrored."

Boya (tenderly). Nay, where there is shadow there is also shelter; the roof that shuts out the sun may shut out the storm as well. And notice how calm, and broad, and sweet-browed the brook becomes after a while; with here and there a speck of blue sky reflected in its depths, like a thought of peace. There are a few low, sweet flowers on its banks, too, needing its refreshment, and growing brighter and more fragrant for it; and beyond the wood, no doubt, it flows out into sunshine again.

I. If I were sure that that Bona, the thought of that Future sunshine would help me so powerfully through the shadow of this Present!

Bona. Have you forgotten the "glory that shall be revealed?"
 Mala. But it looks so far off when it is only the heavenly sunshine!

Bona. Only! After a brief weariness only long rest! After swiftly vanishing years of strife, only ever-flowing peace! After short pressure of sorrow, only eternal weight of joy! After hard faces of enemies and changed ones of friends, only the tender, winning, satisfying face of Christ! After the rough usage of the world, only the everlasting arms! After a lifetime of desire, only an eternity of love! Can any—dare any—sinful mortal ask for more?

—"I'm sair fashed wi' a singing in my head, John," said one man to another. "Do ye ken the reason o' that?" asked the other. "No." "Weel, it's because it's empty," said John. "Aye, mon, that's queer," said the first one. "Are ye ne'er fashed wi' a ringing in your eiu head, John?" "No, never," answered John. "And do ye no ken the reason o' that? It's because it's crackit."

THE TRIAL OF MR. TONGUE.—Mr. Tongue was charged with being unruly, evil, full of deadly poison, and in proof of the charge the law-book was produced and a passage cited from James 3: 8. The defendant replied that it were not for Mr. Hart, who lived a little way below him, he should be as innocent as Mr. Nose or the Messrs. Eyes, and in support of his position he cited a passage from the same law-book, Matt. 15: 18. The court decided that the defence was a sound one, and that nothing really good could be expected from Mr. Tongue until a radical change should take place in his neighbor Heart.

INDIGESTION AND CONSTIPATION
ARE CURED BY
AYER'S PILLS.

Dyspepsia.
 Is one of the most dangerous of the diseases caused by these complaints. Affecting as it does the centre of life—the stomach—it quickly deranges and impairs the whole system, physical and mental. Its symptoms are manifold, and many of them so serious that they are generally neglected and treated on special localities.

The Only Cure.
 For the various forms of dyspeptic disease, it is a medicine that will remove its primary cause, by restoring the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bowels to a healthy condition. Any other treatment is an expense as an effort would be to make a weak habit finally simply giving it over, when it had a broken machinery.

Ayer's Pills.
 Are the best medicine to accomplish the necessary work of purifying, stimulating and restoring. They are more thorough in their purgative effect than any other, and are so gentle in their action, as to give a powerful influence for good upon the other vital organs as well as the bowels, and stomach.

Banish Disease.
 For Biliousness, Jaundice, and other evil consequences of impure blood, there is no remedy so prompt and thorough as Ayer's Pills. They are able, by their efficacy in regulating the digestive functions, to drive out the cause of disease in the most efficient stages of existence.

He Who Lives Learns, and Who Learns Lives.
 "I am using Ayer's Pills in my practice, and find them excellent."—Dr. J. W. Brown, Worcester, W. Va.
 "One of the best remedies for bilious derangements that I ever used."—Dr. Wm. Prescott, Concord, N. H.
 "Active, purgative, and effectual, but not griping or drastic."—Prof. J. M. Locke, Cincinnati, O.
 "A mild and thorough purgative that cannot be excelled."—J. O. Thompson, Mount Cross, Va.

The Best Cathartic Medicine in the World.
Ayer's Pills.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., [Analytical Chemists] LOWELL, MASS. Sold by all Druggists.

BUY ONLY THE GENUINE BELL ORGAN!
A MODEL OF BEAUTY AND SWEET IN TONE.
OUR Designs are all NEW, and we employ only the best skilled labor. Before buying an Organ, send for our Catalogue and get our Prices.
W. BELL & CO., GUELPH, ONTARIO, and LONDON, ENGLAND.
W. H. JOHNSON, Agent
121 and 123 HOLLIS STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

CHILD'S CATARRH
Treatment For

ST. JOHN BUILDING SOCIETY,
ODD FELLOWS HALL.
Incorporated 1861.

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Money loaned on Freehold and Leasehold Securities, Mortgages, City and Water Debentures purchased. Money received on deposit at five per cent. per annum. Interest paid or compounded half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from one to five years, interest five per cent. per annum payable half-yearly.

Debentures issued with Coupons, from five to ten years, interest five per cent. per annum, payable half-yearly.

FOR RENTS, CAPITAL, AND FOUR YEARS' Stock dividends on each payable half-yearly. Dividends paid on Capital Stock for half-year ending Dec. 31, 1891, was four per cent. on four-year Stock three per cent.

THOS. HARRIS, Secretary-Treasurer.



WHY SUFFER?

When such valuable remedies are within your reach.

LIFE OF MAN BITTERS?
 Will cure most all diseases of the Lungs, Liver and Kidneys, including Catarrh of the Bladder, Dropsy, and is certainly the best blood medicine known.

HYGIEENIC SYRUP
ACADIAN LINIMENT

Cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Catarrh, Worms, acts as a gentle Purgative, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.

ACADIAN LINIMENT
 Cures Rheumatism and Bone Pains, Rheumatism, Gouty, Cuts and Wounds of all kinds, as well as for other ailments on man and beast.

NERVE OINTMENT
VEGETABLE PLASTER

Is truly a household necessity, and is used externally and internally for all cases of Rheumatism, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Catarrh of the Throat, and a hundred ailments flesh is heir to.

VEGETABLE PLASTER
 Cures Sore Throat, Cracked Hands and Lame Back; being put up in tin boxes it is clean, cheaper than those ready spread, besides being so much better.

CERTAIN CHECK
EYE RELIEF

Cures Cholera, Diarrhoea, and all like complaints in children and adults.

EYE RELIEF
 Cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Catarrh. Don't forget to try it for the latter this winter.

MASON & HAMLIN

Advertisement for Mason & Hamlin pianos, mentioning their quality and availability.

WANTED: LAMEN AND ORTHOPEDIC
 Advertisement for a medical professional.

Various small advertisements on the right margin, including:

- Yer's** (likely Ayer's Pills)
- Dr. J. C. Ayer**
- THOR**
- DAVIS & J.**
- AMM**
- Rubber B...**
- ESTEY, A...**
- MAP FO...**
- Chapel**
- FOR S...**
- 10 Stops! Warr...**
- New Chap...**
- IF YOU**
- PORTI...**
- Price to suit**
- A. MACDO...**
- Work all guaran...**

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

Wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a cough remedy.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THOMAS L. HAY.

Hides and Calf Skins. SHEEP SKINS AND WOOL.

LOTUS OF THE NILE.

It is one of the most powerful and permanent perfumes prepared.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO.

AMERICAN Rubber Boots and Shoes.

General attention is directed to our stock of American Rubber Boots and Shoes.

ESTEY, ALLWOOD & CO.

Dealers in Rubber and Leather Belting, Mill Supplies and Rubber Goods of all kinds.

UNDERTAKING.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC—J. A. W. prepared to furnish at the shortest possible notice all kinds of work in this line.

MAP FOR SALE.

A MAP of Palestine and other parts of Syria, constructed from the best authorities.

Chapel Organ FOR SALE!

10 Stops! Warranted Six Years!

IF YOU WANT A NICE PORTRAIT.

Price to suit the Times.

A. MACDONALD'S.

No. 9, Germain Street.

Temperance.

An Hour in a Bar-Room.

This is the subject of one of Irenus Letters in the New York Observer. The venerable editor was compelled to go into a tavern at a railway station, while waiting for a train.

And such a mill is run in every village, near every railway station, in the midst of Christian churches, and school-houses.

Man's worst enemy is a man. He puts into his mouth a pistol to blow his brains out, that were a short and simple mode of doing the naughty business.

Business Morality.

Religion bids men be honest, not because honesty is the best policy merely; but truthful, not because lying is unmanly only; be temperate.

morality? Surely not that God allows and winks at some recognized code of signals by which, if one man can over-reach another, it is all fair-play.

Something Wrong in England.

"I don't want to!" snapped Tweet. "Why, my child! my child!" exclaimed Mother Bird in alarm.

"What does it mean?" thought Mother Bird. "Such a thing was never before heard of among birds.

When Father Bird came she slipped from the nest, and after a while, when they were alone, she told him all about how Tweet had acted, and what she had said.

—Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his blood, his atonement, his intercession, what glorious themes!

ANTI-PROHIBITION LOGIC.—The whiskey sellers declare that prohibition does not prohibit, and that prohibition actually increases the sale and consumption of liquor.

It is a reminder of the story (often told) of the man who was sued for breaking a kettle which he had borrowed. His defence was, I. That the kettle was cracked when he got it.

reader, about the Bird family who lived in the big apple-tree near her home?—The Old Brewery.

A Puffed Monkey.

The St. Louis gives an account of a lively monkey's perplexity over his own image. A number of the little creatures were at the fair grounds, where they amused every one by their antics and mischief.

FIFTY MILES FOR A TESTAMENT.

Mr. J. S. Pierson, the Marine Agent of the New York Bible Society, found one stormy April noon a stalwart young German, dripping with wet, waiting at his office door.

WELL SCREENED.

Delivered free of cartage to any part of the City of Portland for

\$5.80 CASH!

per Chald.; \$6.25 if booked.

Other well known and very successful books for High Schools: Welcome Gospels, W. S. Tilden, High School, Choir, Emerson and Tilden, and Laurel Wreath, W. O. Perkins.

Music Books for Schools

Best Music-Glossing. The newest book for High Seminars, 82 Part-songs of the highest character, both in words and music, exercises and songs.

Other well known and very successful books for High Schools: Welcome Gospels, W. S. Tilden, High School, Choir, Emerson and Tilden, and Laurel Wreath, W. O. Perkins.

Children's Songs and How to Sing them. The newest book for Common Schools. By W. L. Tomlins. In two editions. The School Edition has vocal parts only, and costs 75 cts. or 85 per doz.

Other very popular School Song-books are: Emerson's Song Books, and Perkins' Golden Jubilee and Whippoorwill, each 50 cts., or 55 per doz.

Books for Little Singers. A most charming book for Primary Schools and Kindergartens, with pictures, sweet poetry, and a sweet music! E. J. Emerson & Gertrude Swaney are sole agents.

Any book mailed for the retail price.

OLIVER BITSON & CO., BOSTON.

A PRIZE. Send five cents for postage and a name free, a costly box of goods which will help you to meet poverty, and if you are anything else in this world, all of either sex succeed from time to time. The broad road to success opens before the winner absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address: BITSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

The Mason & Hamill Upright Pianos are pronounced to be like the organs of the same company, the best of their kind. The refinement and purity of tone attained in them are especially commended.—Boston Journal.

It is spring. A resurrection of nature's latent forces is taking place. Let the world around you, renew your complexion, invigorate your powers, cleanse the channels of life.

John's Newfoundland, Nov. 16th, 1883. TO PETER BIRD.

Having used the SUEDS EMULSION as prepared by you, I have found it very efficacious in the treatment of children, especially of whom a baby and unfeebled constitution.

It has produced admirable results in the healthy following the Acute Fevers. Its power to reconstitute, its agreeable taste, and the readiness with which children take it must render it an important addition to our Pharmacopoeial remedies.

By the use of Hamilton's Quinine Wine and Iron, and Tonic Biscuits Pills, the child's strength and health were restored.

It is a constitutional disease, and must be treated through the blood to be removed from the system.

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WALTHAM WATCHES.

The subscriber being the only authorized Agent of the WALTHAM WATCH CO. in this city, can sell ALL GRADES AND STYLES at the lowest possible prices.

CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY.

Special Announcement.

NEW GOODS.

JAMES S. MAY,

Merchant Tailor.

Wholesale and Retail.

90 PAIRS OF LADIES' KID SLIPPERS.

Formerly sold at \$2.00.

WATERBURY & RISING,

34 King and 212 Union Street.

ISAAC ERB'S Photograph Rooms,

13 CHARLOTTE STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

PANELS.....\$5.00 per dozen. CARNETS.....4.00 " " CARDS.....\$1.00 & 2.00 " " " "

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That Old, Reliable K. Miller of Pills.

Whether Intestinal or Bilious, Purgative Pills should have a place in every household.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. Limited.

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Any Person can Play Without a Teacher.

\$1.00 NEW MUSIC.

Always in Stock.

Brussels Carpets, Tapestry Carpets, All Wool 3 ply Carpets.

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In great Variety, at Lowest Prices.

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