

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LXII.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,
VOLUME LI.

Vol. XVI.

ST JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3 1900.

No. 1.

Italy. The financial position of Italy is said to be improving. The statement of her Finance Minister for the past year is the most encouraging that has been presented for a decade. That statement shows that the revenue for the year has exceeded the estimates by more than \$8,000,000, and though there has been an excess in expenditure over estimates of \$5,400,000, yet the balance shows a surplus of nearly \$3,000,000. This improved condition of the revenue is due not to increase in taxation but to an expanding trade, and it is hoped that the growing revenue will keep pace with the needs of government and enable Italy to maintain her place among the great Powers of Europe. The struggle in the past to maintain the military and naval armaments consistent with her position as a member of the Triple Alliance has involved a degree of taxation well nigh intolerable to the people. No people have suffered more keenly from the pressure of militarism than the Italians. And so long as it is considered essential that the nation shall hold a position among the great military powers of the world there seems but small hope for any important amelioration of the condition of the people.

The Klondike. The latest news we have seen from the Klondike is contained in the Toronto Globe's letter from its correspondent, 'Faith Fenton,' at Dawson City, bearing date of November 24. The question at that time most immediately interesting to the people of Dawson was the possibility of keeping the water system of the town in operation during the winter. Until last summer the water for the use of the town had to be carried or hauled from the river. This involved much labor, and in the spring the water became impure. Accordingly an effort was made, which proved quite successful, to supply the town with pure water by sinking wells a short distance from the town and bringing the water in through wooden pipes. Through the summer the service was very satisfactory, and efforts were being made to maintain it through the winter season. The means relied upon were to warm the well and the reservoir by means of steam pipes, protect the water pipes with sawdust, keeping a stream of water constantly running through them and cover the hydrants with small houses, kept warm by means of a stove in each. The opening of the first public school in Dawson is announced, and it is a matter of surprise that it is opened under the auspices of the Roman Catholic church. It is stated that the teaching will be non-sectarian. But the school house has been erected by R. C. church authorities on Church ground, and will be taught by one of the Church sisterhood. There are said to be about 50 children in Dawson of school age. Of course they are not all Roman Catholics, and a "non-sectarian school" under such conditions is not likely to satisfy the community for very long. Reference is made to the wrecking of two river steamers, the 'Stratton' and the 'Willie Irving,' by a breaking ice jam about 130 miles from Dawson. There was no loss of life, but the 'Stratton' with her cargo, including an inbound mail, was a total loss. The Globe correspondent notes as credible a report that a rich quartz ledge had been located some seven or nine miles up the Yukon. The business of mining appears to be settling into more regular methods. There is no mention of a scarcity of food, and the natural inference is that Dawson is well provisioned for the winter.

Winston Churchill's Escape. Lieut. Winston Churchill, a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who went to South Africa as a newspaper correspondent, and who, it will be remembered, was taken prisoner by the Boers at Estcourt in Natal and sent to Pretoria, has succeeded in making his escape from the Transvaal capital and is now heard from at the British camp, Chieveley. It is an interesting story that Mr.

Churchill tells of his escape from prison, how he managed to elude the watchful Boers and finally to reach Lourenzo Marques, concealed in a railway truck under a great pile of sacks. The Boers had searched among the sacks, but had not searched deep enough. On the afternoon of December 12, Mr. Churchill says, he was informed by the Transvaal Secretary of War that there was little chance of his release. The same night he escaped from his prison by climbing the walls when the sentries backs were turned for a moment. He walked through the streets of the town without disguise, meeting many burghers but was not challenged by the crowd. He then managed to get through the pickets of the town guard and struck the Delagoa Bay railroad. "I walked along it," he writes, "evading the watchers at the bridges and culverts, and waited for a train beyond the first station. The 11.30 goods train from Pretoria had arrived before I reached the place and was moving at full speed. I boarded it with great difficulty and hid under coal sacks. I jumped from the train before dawn and was sheltered during the day in a small wood in company with a huge vulture which displayed a lively interest in me. I walked on at dusk. There were no trains that night. The danger of meeting the guards of the line continued, but I was obliged to follow it, as I had no compass or map. I had to make wide detours to avoid bridges, stations and huts, and my progress was very slow. Chocolate is not a satisfying food. The outlook was gloomy, but I persevered with God's help. For five days my food supply was very precarious. I was lying up by daylight and walking by night. Meanwhile my escape had been discovered and my description telegraphed everywhere. All trains were searched and everyone was on the watch for me. Four times the wrong people were arrested. The sixth day I managed to board a train beyond Middleburg, from whence there was direct service to Delagoa." Arrived at Delagoa Bay, his fears of being retaken by the Boers were of course at an end. He appears, however, to have lost no time in getting to Durban and thence to Chieveley. Mr. Churchill describes the position of the Boers at Tugela River as one of extraordinary strength. The enemy have all the ranges marked, and many powerful guns dominate the various points of the river, while the drifts are commanded by converging musketry fire from the probably 12,000 Boers. There are sixteen miles of wild, broken country before reaching Ladysmith, which demands early relief. But the British troops, he says, have complete confidence in their commander, Sir Redvers Buller. A painful impression was caused by the announcement of the change of Commander-in-Chief. The soldiers are resolved to vindicate their trusted leader and are determined to succeed next time at all costs.

Nicholson's Nek. The story of how the men of the Gloucester regiment and the Irish Fusiliers fell into the hands of the Boers at Nicholson's Nek is told by a correspondent of the London Standard. It will be recalled that these regiments were sent out from Ladysmith by night to seize a position about six miles from the town, the object being to protect the British left flank during the assault of the Boer position, planned by General White for the next day. The force sent consisted of nine hundred men with a mountain battery. "In order to reach the Nek the men had to pass through a very difficult country. Their guides were trustworthy and knew every inch of the road. But the Boers were evidently acquainted with our plans, and were waiting on a kopje about two miles from Nicholson's. Moving as cautiously

and as noiselessly as the ground would allow, the doomed regiments were suddenly startled by a volley out of the darkness. The surprise was complete. Confusion seized the column. Terrified by the noise and the blackness of the night, the mules stampeded with the mountain battery. Dashing through the ranks with the guns trailing behind them, the maddened animals scattered the men in all directions, hurling some into the ditch and injuring others. The mules carrying the reserve of the small arms ammunition also caught fright, and, lashing out on all sides, ran amuck among the men. Before they could realize what had befallen, the two battalions were in a state of hopeless disorder, and their guns and reserve of ammunition were flying through the darkness across the veldt. Colonel Carlton and Major Adye did their utmost to rally the men, and succeeded so far that they were able to seize a small kopje on the left of the road. Here they were allowed to remain undisturbed during the night. The hours before dawn were spent in securing the position with intrenchments and breastworks of stone. When daylight came they found themselves upon a hill exposed to fire from three large kopjes on which the Boers had established themselves, and were waiting until they had finished their breakfast before making an attack. The trap was well laid, and, having once surrounded his prey, the Boer never hurries. He did not begin until the guns on our right flank at Lombard's Kop were heard. The fight was brief, but desperate. Our soldiers held out manfully until their ammunition was almost exhausted and surrendered only after forty-four had been killed and eighty-six wounded. The Boers took 870 prisoners.

The War. There has been no important engagement and comparatively little actual fighting, so far as the despatches inform us, in South Africa, during the past week. Ladysmith and Kimberley are holding out bravely, and a New Year's greeting sent by the Mayor of Kimberley to the Queen, would indicate a hopeful feeling there. Lord Methuen's position at Modder River appears to be practically unchanged. The force by which he is confronted is so great, and its position has been made so strong, as apparently to render any advance on his part impracticable until heavily reinforced. At the last accounts from Mafeking, the garrison was still holding out bravely, but the absence of recent news from that quarter creates anxiety. At Ladysmith the enemy's bombardment appears to be becoming more effective, and there is a good deal of typhoid among the troops. In spite of the fact that General White has reported sufficient supplies of food and ammunition to enable him to hold out for some time, it is generally felt that the relief of the place should be effected as soon as possible. All accounts agree as to the great strength of the Boers, as to numbers, artillery and position, between Colenso and Ladysmith. Despatches have indicated the intention of an immediate forward movement by General Buller, and, considering all the circumstances, it is natural that great anxiety should be felt as to the outcome. Accounts are somewhat conflicting as to the attitude of the Dutch colonists in Natal and Cape Colony. They appear to be more hostile in the Grigoland district than elsewhere, and there is no doubt but that their attitude considered generally constitutes one of the gravest features of the whole South African situation. The unfriendly attitude of the German people to Great Britain has been thrown into strong relief by the newspaper criticism called forth by the seizure in Delagoa Bay of a German steamer, having on board a number of officers and men evidently destined for the Transvaal to fight for the Boers, the criticism of the British policy in Germany as well as other parts of the continent, is bitterly unfriendly and predictions that the result of the war will be the loss to Great Britain of her South African possessions are freely indulged in. The most active operations during the week have been in Central Cape Colony where General Gatacre and General French's forces are at least keeping the Boers in check. General Gatacre's immediate object is said to be to gain control of the Indwe coal mines which are twenty-five miles east of Dordrecht.

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

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS:

From India's torrid, dusty plains,
From Bimil's enervating breath,
We fled toward the southern cross.
We flew far southward, night and day,
Beneath the burning sun we sped,
And e'en the stars of Ind seemed suns,
Which made the night burn as the day.
We hastened up a mountain blue,
Up, under over-arching boughs,
Up, over rocky waterfalls,
Up, 'neath the shade of mighty crags,
Up, up, along deep, dark ravines,
Until we stood among the clouds,
Where heavenly breezes kissed our cheeks,
Where crystal springs gushed from the hills,
Where slope and glen were sweet with blooms,
Delicious air renewed our youth,
And we thanked God for mountains cold.

Here, close to heaven as earth could be,
We welcomed to our highland lodge
A spirit form, with hands and feet,
To visit us in this rude world,
To sweeten our coarse, human love,
To open the windows of the sky
And bid us look beyond the stars.
As you sit on the grassy bank
Of your loved brook beneath the hill,
Its laughing water speaks to you
And makes your heart throb on its throne.
Each ripple, bright with mystery,
Has more to say than you can tell.
It seems to be like your own soul,
A liquid power, in league with heaven.
So we gazed on the seraph face
Of this new cherub from the skies
A fountain from eternal hills
Sprang up and purled within her breast.
Two eyes, two ears, one nose, one mouth,
Two hands, four fingers and a thumb!
Nothing forgot! Nothing deformed!
Each limb and feature showing forth
A loving Father's skill and grace;
Each look and motion far above
Our human comprehension dull,
As firmament above the sod.
We trembled at the mystery
And felt the power of worlds to come.
Father of spirits! At thy feet
We prostrate fall and worship thee!
O who so huge a fool as he
Will not believe a mystery?

When he who came to our dark world
To bring us sinners back to God,
Would teach his pupils lessons pure,
Above the price of rubies far,
He called to him a little child
And set him gently in their midst
So our Great Teacher in our midst
Has set this little one today.
We sit with her at Jesus' feet
To learn his meek and lowly heart,
And many a mystery of his grace
Which colleges could never teach
Without this living parable.
With her we nestle in his arms,
For we, too, are his children dear,
And seek his blessing on our heads;
A blessing deep as sky and sea
And lasting as eternal years.
More! Not alone from unseen worlds
Has she descended to our arms,
But with her choirs of angels came
And brought an ocean of God's love.
This love was sweetly shed abroad
With power through all our pulsing veins.
It knit her soul unto our own
And made us ministers of love
To watch o'er this pearl visitant
By night or day with bounding joy.

Transfiguration mount was grand,
Pain would the favored three remain
In tabernacles reared amid
The glories of the open heavens,
But Jesus brought them down to earth
To tread the common haunts of men,
That by his blood known through their toils,
A brood of sinners, multitudes
Which none can number, from all tribes
Might rise above that snowy mount
To sing his praise eternally,
Among the groves and fountains clear
Of those celestial hills, where Christ
With his scarred hand from sinful eyes
Shall wipe away all guilty tears.
Thus we with our new prize adored,
And guarded round with many prayers,
Forsook those seats in the soft clouds,
Those cool springs gushing from the hills,
Those breezes from the isles of health,
Those golden days of fellowship
With genial comrades on the mount;
And down through many a rocky gorge,
A down around deep wooded gullies,
Past foaming, rushing waterfalls,
Beneath the shade of mighty trees,
Descended to the scorching plains.
Along the rumbling iron rail
A night and day, a night and day,
And then another night, and ere
The sun rose up from Bengal Bay
We brought our precious bundle home;
Our home amongst the banyan trees,
Where parrots scream and pigeons coo,
And doves light on the rustling palms,
Her earthly home a little while,
The mission house beneath the hill
Of Bimil, city by the sea,
Less than the least of all God's saints
On us he has bestowed this grace,

To preach among the Telugus,
Here at the yawning mouth of hell,
The way of life through Jesus' death.

The boys and girls with faces brown,
Offspring of Christian Telugus,
All hurried to the house to see
The new born missionary child,
With cheeks so white and eyes so bright;
They clapped their own dark hands with glee,
In shiny rows their white teeth showed,
And their black eyes like meteors glowed.
The days were long, the heat was strong,
Poor welcome she received from the
Inclement clime to which she came.
The nights were little better than
The sultry days, and yet she grew.
She grew, and in the sight of her
Fond sister of six sunny Mays,
She was the wonder of the earth.
She was a wonder to us all,
A blossom in this wilderness;
Each common bush ablaze with truth,
And all the place was holy ground,
I wish you could have seen her smile,
To us there was no other smile
So deep and so like heaven on earth.
Forgive the fondness of our hearts
Though the hot zone smote on her sore,
The moment you bent o'er her cot,
Her face would light with such bright joy
As she would say, "O! Have you come?"
"I am more glad than tongue can tell."
The laughter rose—from unseen springs
Deep in her soul,—a soul too large
For frame of clay. Her eyes were founts
As deep as moon and stars are high.
And if you stayed and talked with her,
The joy burst forth in vocal glee
Like gurgling voice of waters sweet.
She tossed her chubby hands and feet
With all her little joyful might
To tell, in all the languages
She could command, her happiness.
My heart melts at the memory
Of those blest days, and cursed be
All siren songs would lure me back
From founts and gorges prepared for me,
Where I shall see that smile again!
What treasure we have stored in heaven!!

The sun rose red from the blue wave
And scattered a long bank of cloud
That graced the golden gates of day
Sprang from the shore to the deep sea
A hundred little fishing rafts,
With white sails spread that dipped the mere
Like wings of sporting butterflies
It was the Christian day of rest;
But heathen men bent to their toil
On land and sea, and knew not God.
The cocoa and palmyra palms
Shook their clean fronds o'er Bimil's roofs
Of brick-red tile and faded thatch.
The night before, high up the hill,
Around a shrine of pagan fame,
The temple priest had kindled rows
Of beacon fires to gods of stone.
Up the hill-side, a long stairway
Of gray cut stone was lively with
Ascending and descending tread
Of dark, bare feet, seeking for heaven,
On this paved road from earth to hell.
Under the hill, that Sabbath day,—
October first of ninety-nine,—
The little flock of God's elect,
Born of his Spirit, saved by grace,
Their robes washed in the Lamb's shed blood,
Assembled in the house of God
To hear his word and hymn his praise.
A little flock,—while round us surged,
In every street, the heathen drum
And savage roar of thousands, mad
Upon their idols and their lust!
O, God! The harvest is so great,
Aye yet the laborers so few!!
Lord of the harvest, send thy sons,
And bring thy daughters from afar!
Raise up from these hosts dead in sin
A mighty band alive to God,
Furnished with burnished sickles keen
Wrought in the fire and forge of heaven,
Each arm uplifted by thine arm,
Endued with power from on high
To reap with might their native fields
And bring thy golden harvest home!!

The sun has set behind the hill.
The day is done: an epoch closed:
A new age dawned upon our home:
The era of our child with Christ!
The mother bowed her o'er her babe
And kissed its half-unconscious cheek.
Three times, since to this shore she came,
Has death bereaved her of her love.
Her first born pride, a comely boy,
Departed to the unseen world
Ere he had blessed our earthly home
Through five hot, Indian suns of June.
Then, in the home-land, far away,
A brother,—loved and true as gold,
Passed through the icy waters dark
To be with Christ in Paradise.
Next, father, e'er revered and loved,
Whose face she hoped so soon to see,
Loosed from his pains, in patience borne,
Went to the loved ones gone before.

And is our Frances going too?
O, God! Thy will be done! We know
That even now thou canst revive
The sinking pulse and make it beat
For thee, through scores of years to come.
We did not think, dear Lord, that thou
Wouldst take her back to heaven so soon.
Can you not let her stay with us
And let us first pass o'er the flood,
And leave her here to smile for thee

And touch the dark and flinty hearts
Of lost souls on destruction's road,
And win them back to thy pierced feet?
Lo! Such has been our cherished hope!
We named her from that psalmist sweet,
Whose life was melody to thee;
Whose ministry of song shall ring
As it has rung in human ears,
Till earth dissolves in fervent heat.
O, victory! Her day of death
The happiest day in her glad life!
Dear Lord! We wash thy feet with tears!
We kiss thy feet! Thy will be done!
Thou hast been teaching us for years,
Thy will is best, thy will is sweet.
Thou dost nothing suddenly;
But thy great heart of love, that counts
The worthless hairs on our poor heads,
Has planned it from eternity.
Thy greatest wisdom, greatest love,
Are exercised on our behalf.
Yes! In all ages yet to come,
In us, the heavenly hosts shall see
In us, thy wisdom, might and love,
Than in aught else, in us, displayed.
We trust thee, Lord, more than ourselves.
Now let thy thoughts of love,—not ours
Be carried out! Thy plan for her
Is best for her and best for us!
Though tears in rivers flow, we know
One thing,—we want thy plan, not ours.

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, November 22, 1899.
(TO BE CONTINUED).

From Halifax.

1825 A. D. saw the beginning of a movement which turned the influence and labor of the Maritime Baptists into new channels—channels which have been growing deeper and wider since that day, and now seem destined to broaden and deepen till the present dispensation closes, and the final reckoning is made. A number of young men, gentlemen, scholars, Christians, had given themselves to the task of supplying old St. Paul's, Halifax, with an evangelical rector. Against them was opposed Bishop John Inglis, son of Charles Inglis, the first bishop of N. S., and the high and dry churchmen in office and out of office in the city. While these heroic young fellows deliberated and acted, they were cheered on by a number of godly young women, some married, some unmarried, who had turned their backs on the fashionable follies of the metropolis, and had given themselves wholly to works of faith and labors of love. Had it not been for these saintly sisters, it is not at all probable that the young men would have sustained sufficient courage to carry them through their herculean and daring task. But, cheered with their presence, their voice, their prayers, and their faith, they persevered, and the outcome taught them and others the lesson, that the Lord leads his servants in a way they know not.

While these members of the old church were in the thick of the struggle, a ship of war came up the harbor, and received a grand welcome from the city. Cannon boomed, church bells rang out merry peals, and there was a grand ovation. And why? John Inglis was on board the incoming ship. He had been ordained bishop of Nova Scotia by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and was brought across the ocean as it was thought a bishop of the State church ought to be carried to his diocese. That demonstration was enough to strike terror into the hearts of Crawley, the Johnstons, Nutting Pryor, and others. But they were not of the stuff to be intimidated by these grand performances. More and more resolved they became to sit under a minister who would preach the gospel of the grace of God, and not ritualism and mere moral platitudes.

This was in 1825. In 1828 they lead in founding Horton Academy. On the ninth of May, 1825, Rev. Edward Manning, of Cornwallis, wrote a letter to the Rev. Thomas McCulloch, of Pictou. These two grand men had been corresponding for years. Their souls were united in the Lord; their minds in evangelical truth. They had joined hands in a struggle for full civil liberty in these provinces—especially in Nova Scotia. Strange it is to relate that this ancient colony, which gave the fullest religious liberty in 1760 that was anywhere enjoyed in the British empire, had in the year 1825, a little of the old leaven of church and state still remaining in her legal code. No minister outside of the Episcopal establishment, could legally join a young man and a young woman together in the bonds of matrimony, by the use of a license from the provincial government. Windsor Academy and College practically kept their doors barred against all who could not say "credo" to the thirty-nine articles. In view of this especially, Dr. McCulloch, backed up by the Presbyterians, not of the established church of Scotland, had started an Academy in Pictou in 1817. Overtures were made to the Baptists to unite with the Presbyterians in this undertaking; and the offer having been well received by the Baptists, Mr. Manning was drawn into a most interesting correspondence with Dr. McCulloch. They became very familiar in this exchange of epistles. Family matters were sometimes referred to in their letters.

Writing on the 9th of May, 1825, Mr. Manning says: "My little family are not well. My only child, a daughter

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ter in her twentieth year, is now very ill, under the care of Dr. Harding. I hope she is a little better. It would be very desirable to have her spared to out-live her mother and me. But I hope we will be able to say, 'Thy will be done.' That this may be the case, dear friend, Mr. McCulloch, I hope you will pray. Both Mrs. Manning and myself are slender creatures as it respects health. Our course has not been the most smooth. But perhaps rocky and short pastures will do as well for sheep as those that are more fertile."

Dr. Harding, referred to by Mr. Manning, was a son of Father Harding at Wolfville. He had received his literary training under Dr. McCulloch at Pictou. Now he is an M. D., and I suppose located in Wolfville, and cantering around the country on horseback, ministering to the sick. Among his patients was Mary Manning. In another letter her father says she was suffering from an attack of liver complaint. The readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR might wish to know how young Harding succeeded in his attempts to rectify the disordered liver of Father Manning's only daughter. Well, I am glad to state that now, after the lapse of seventy-four years and six months, I am able to give a good report of this young doctor's success in restoring Mary to health, and in gladdening the hearts of her father and mother.

After getting through with the duties of the November meeting of the Board of Governors at Wolfville, it occurred to me to run up to Kentville, and make some inquiries about Dr. Harding's patient, away back over these more than three score years and ten. In a new cosy cottage on the outskirts of Kentville, overlooking the Cornwallis River, not a clear river, but very muddy, I found Dr. Harding's patient, now ninety-four years old. She was glad to see me. The visit was mutually pleasant. I referred to her illness in the long ago. She told me in effect, that her father's solicitude and parental affection made the case more serious than it actually was. Be this as it may, there is no sign of a rebellious liver now. Mrs. Carruthers, (for that is Mary's name now) has a face so well colored, so fresh, that many a damsel of sallow countenance might be glad to exchange with her the coloring of the cheeks. Well, Mary was spared to see both her father and mother through their last sickness. In turn she is now cared for by an unmarried son and daughter. For five years past, being confined to her bed by reason of a fall she received, she has been tenderly nursed by these children. This son now passed middle life, stands six feet four inches and three-quarters in height, just the height of his grandfather Manning. He is an able and amiable nurse, and is helped in his filial duties by his devoted sister.

What a vision this would have been for the aged father, could he have foreseen it, while in writing to Dr. McCulloch he was filled with so much parental solicitude. Perhaps he does see it! Mary is waiting, patiently waiting for the call of her Master, to go away and join her father and mother. R.R.P.O.T.E.R.

Missionaries on the way to Work.

We came on board this ship, Lancashire, Bibby Line, on the afternoon of October, 25th, but did not sail until early the following morning. And what a night of discomfort it was! To say that the air was cold and damp, would but faintly describe a Liverpool fog. Indeed that had been the state of the weather for several days, but it was felt less on shore than on the Mersey. Again taking in cargo continued all night on several parts of the ship and the noise did not invite repose. But the long night came to an end, the propeller began to revolve and we were on our way to Burma. About a day from Liverpool brought us into sunshine and it has been with us till the present. One night in the Bay of Biscay, there was a little motion not very pleasant to sensitive persons; but except that we have sailed a calm sea.

Our route is so well known that little can be said about it to interest the intelligent readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, and indeed, I fear my letters will not be greatly appreciated, except by family friends. We had a fine view of Gibraltar, the first time we had seen the great fortress by daylight. And still one sees little from a ship's deck, just a great hill three miles in length, by three-quarters of a mile wide, and in some parts twelve hundred feet high, connected with the mainland by a low, narrow isthmus. Its excavations must be examined, in order that its utility as a military stronghold may be appreciated. It has been in the hands of the British nearly two hundred years, and will no doubt continue so till the nations learn war no more. A short call at Marseilles for passengers who had come overland from London, and we were off again. We passed both the Straits of Bonafacio and Messina during the night, and so missed seeing these objects of interest. The latter is only one and a half miles in width, and there are whirlpools that may throw a vessel of considerable size off her course, and the most careful navigation is necessary. At Port Said we had to stop several hours to take in coal, and we had a chance to see this place now grown to be quite a city. The changes that have

taken place the past twenty years are quite remarkable. The donkeys, Yankee-doodle, Gen. Grant, Gladstone, and others have disappeared, and fine European carriages have taken their place at the landing stage to convey visitors through the city.

We had an opportunity to visit some missionary workers in that needy field. A Mr. Locke, a Canadian, with his wife and an English young lady, Miss Rogers, are working among sailors who visit that port, have a reading room, facilities for writing letters, etc., and lodgings for a limited number at a low rate. At a little distance from them, and in the Arab quarter, a young lady from California, Miss Watson, has a small school for Moslem girls. A more difficult field, or one requiring more heroism, not to say faith and love, can hardly be imagined. There, with no helper except a Syrian girl, a Christian of course, she labors on from day to day, endeavoring to teach about a dozen girls to love and serve Jesus. She has found access to a few homes, and had the privilege of praying to God in them. Her pupils sang, "What a friend we have in Jesus," "Come to Jesus," and other of our familiar hymns. But they go back at night to Moslem homes, where no doubt, effort is put forth to counteract the teaching of the day. Friends in America are collecting funds to procure a permanent home into which she can collect orphans and neglected children, and do more for them than is possible in a day school. These workers are supported by no society, but live on what is sent them or given them, in answer to prayer as they believe.

We passed through the canal mostly during the night and proceeded down the Red Sea, and so on and on from day to day over a smooth sea. The number of passengers is large for this ship, but all are pleasant and agreeable. On Sabbath morning the English service is read. The captain requested the missionaries to take this matter in charge, and Mr. Crawley was selected for the first Sabbath. He conducted the service with such grace and dignity that all were anxious he should continue, and he was induced to consent. It is, of course, a beautiful service when properly conducted, and that it has been on this voyage. At each service a collection is taken for some of the many charities in Liverpool for assisting needy mariners, and has averaged more than five dollars a Sabbath.

The days are largely spent in reading. A man can be known by the books he reads as well as by the company he keeps. Such books as Dr. Clarke's Outline of Theology, Dr. Boardman's Kingdom, Dr. Strong's Great Poets and Their Theology, McCarthy's Reminiscences, and others of that nature have been passed around. The cruise of the Cochalor and Captains Courageous have been greatly enjoyed.

But Columbo is not far ahead, and here I must stop for this time. H. M.

Columbo, Nov. 20th.

A Scripture Reading.

BY THOS. H. FRASER.

Were a layman to declare that not more than one minister out of every ten reads the Bible as it should be read, he would at once be put down as something worse than an infidel; yet even the occasional attendant at church service knows by tedious experience that the inefficient clerical reader has aided largely in making Holy Writ a dreary volume.

Why it is that with otherwise excellent readers, all the rules of elocution are ignored when the Book of books is opened, is beyond the realm of ordinary thought to determine. It is a source of deep regret as well, that the awful solemnity of the Reverend Mr. Brown, the even drone of Parson White, and the sonorous monotony of Exhorter Smith at all times and under all circumstances, make every chapter of the lofty poems of Isaiah, of the eloquent letters of Paul a summer soporific, instead of something to fix the attention and stir the human heart. "And it came to pass," and it does pass, over a listless congregation like the September lullaby of the bumble bee.

If the spirits of the impulsive Peter, the tender-hearted John, the eloquent Paul, and other inspired men of Bible-making times, are permitted to know how meaningless their words fall from the lips of the modern preacher, they must fear for the ultimate triumph of that admonition delivered by the Master who walked in sorrow by the shores of Galilee—"Go ye into all the world and preach (read) the gospel."

Would the voice of a modern Paul stir the heart of the Agrippa of our day? I think not, and I believe, moreover, that had Paul delivered his defense in the tone of voice in which we often hear it produced, he might have been incarcerated in an asylum instead of being granted an appeal to Caesar.

The writer recalls one occasion at least on which a portion of the Scriptures was read as it always should be read, with accurate enunciation and deepest meaning.

While sojourning in a city of the province of A'adia, he with two companions was invited to spend a Sabbath with a mutual friend in the country; the forenoon of that

day was spent at a rural church, for all the people of that land of high integrity, are regular church attendants, and the stranger within the gates dare not shirk the duty.

In the afternoon we gathered under an old elm upon the lawn, our host carrying the Bible beneath his arm; after we had all settled down, he told us that it was a custom of his on every Sunday afternoon to read out to himself, and anyone who cared to listen, a chapter or two from the Bible. "Today," said he, "I have selected the story of David and Goliath, but if you young men do not care to wait, you may stroll about and I will join you later on." Of course we signified our willingness to remain, but it was noticed that every prospective auditor settled down for a comfortable journey to the land of Nod. But what is this? something startling and strange indeed! the Bible being read in a worldly and irreverent tone, even though the accent is musical, and whispers of the Highlands and the heather; our interest is awakened at once, and in a moment, the vale of Elah is before us—the hosts of the Philistines upon the mountains on the one side, and that of Israel facing them upon the other, while sword and shield are flashing in the sunlight; we see the stripling David running with his gifts to his elder brothers, and received by them with chiding and disdain, we hear Eliab ask, "What have you done with those few sheep in the wilderness?" the irony and sarcasm upon the words few and wilderness, sending us off into a roar. Then we look for a stern rebuke for our levity, but no, the reader smiles in sympathy—says quietly, "Eliab was sarcastic, wasn't he," and bears us on with resistless sway. Now we feel that something momentous is about to happen, we see commotion in the ranks of the Philistines, and the stalwart form of Goliath appears and comes down into the vale below—spear in hand, and shouting defiance to the men of Saul; but it is not the voice of the Reverend Trombone's Goliath delivering his challenge as if he were falling into a doze, but sharp and disdainful, just such a challenge as a strong and arrogant man under like circumstances, would deliver in our day, and we do not wonder that fear and consternation fell upon the hosts of Israel.

We see the boyish David running to meet him and hear the sharp snap of the released string, and the impact of the stone against the massive head, and know that David is upon him; then the breeze coming in among the elms carries to us the shout of Israel, and the very ground trembles with their rush to battle. We know then that it is all over with the Philistines, but it is not so with us, urging our reader on, we follow to the gates of Ekron; and follow David—now a king—until he has fled from Jerusalem, and weeps over the loved but erring Absalom, impressed at every period of the journey by the power of circumstances in forming character, and as well that a David and a king, may be strong and brave in great, yet very weak in minor things. Then one of the young men called for another, and our reader turned to the defense before Agrippa and other passages in the life of Paul, and we released him only when the evening shadows reached far across the land.

Here was the case of a man who made no claim to culture, and who, in all probability could not define the word "elocution," yet he violated none of its rules, and we were constrained to ask, why the great difference between his rendering of the word, and that of so many who are trained for such a purpose. But we did not press the inquiry, fearing that we might assume that the trained reader finds the duty irksome, and that his heart is not in it. It was left an open question still; but I believe that one of my companions who was a Divinity student, prayed that night for the coming of the day wherein the Ecclesiastic shall learn to read.

According to Your Life be it Unto You.

"Ask and ye shall receive," is Christ's challenge to the sons of men. This is an open door into the Treasury of Heaven. It has stood ajar ever since man became bankrupt on account of sin; and it will remain so as long as there is a soul upon earth to ask.

But asking presupposes faith in Christ. " whatsoever ye ask in faith believing, that shall ye receive." By faith we attach ourselves to the answer of our prayers in such a way, as to become, in a manner, responsible for their appearance. Faith cannot be indifferent as to the answer.

But again faith presupposes something concerning the life that exercises it. "Now unto him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." This passage declares that God is able to exceed the greatest demand that our faith can make, but that his doing will be in proportion to the power that worketh in us. Now the power that worketh in us is the Holy Spirit, and he works as we give him opportunity. This implies that our answers will be in proportion to our consecration to Christ. This consecration then must keep pace with our faith, and our faith will determine our asking. Then it may be truly said, "According to your life be it unto you." Hence it follows that we cannot have a strong faith and a low type of consecration. We cannot by force of will increase our faith, but our consecration waits upon our will for every step it takes. Therefore when we pray, "Lord increase our faith," the answer demands of the will that it pay the cost in a proportionate consecration. J. W. BROWN.

Nictaux, N. S.

Messenger and Visitor

The Maritime Baptist Publishing Company, Ltd.

Publishers and Proprietors

TERMS } \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
\$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE

S. MCC. BLACK - - - - - EDITOR.
A. H. CHIPMAN - - - - - BUSINESS MANAGER.
85 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Printed by PATERSON & CO., 105 and 107 Germain St.

To all its and patrons the Messenger and Visitor wishes a very happy and prosperous New Year.

The New Year.

Since the last issue of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, the threshold of a new year has been crossed. Conformity to the calendar has required the change of three figures in the number which signifies the current year of our Lord. We have come now in our notation of time, to the last year of the nineteenth century, a few swiftly flying months and the century will be complete. There are indeed a number of excellent persons, including, it is said, the lady president of a college in the United States, who cherish the opinion that the nineteenth century ended at midnight, on the 31st of December, 1899, and that, accordingly, we are now living in the splendid dawn of the twentieth century. How this conclusion is reached, it is not easy for the ordinary mind to comprehend, for if 1899 years make nineteen centuries, then it would seem that 1899 cents must make nineteen dollars, and when one undertakes to pay bills on that principle, he soon discovers that it does not work. It is said that some of those who hold that the year 1900 belongs to the 20th century, base their conclusion on the premise, that the first year of the first century counted as 0 in the notation of time, and that the year 1 began at the end of the year 0. We have heard indeed of an orator from the Emerald Isle, who was accustomed to make a few remarks before he began to speak, but it is somewhat disconcerting to have such a method of procedure applied to the numbering of the years. However, as it is not probable that the course of events in this present year of grace will be greatly affected by holding it to belong to the twentieth century rather than the nineteenth, we may let that pass, and devote our attention to matters of more serious concern.

What will this new year bring forth? That, accurately and fully, no one will presume to tell. Within certain lines, indeed, diligent and astute students of the times may be able to forecast, with some degree of correctness, the general course of events, but there are constantly occurring combinations of forces, the outcome of which no one can surely predict, and the actual result frequently disappoints the shrewdest human prevision. That it will be an eventful year goes for the saying. All years are eventful. The divine purpose that runs through all the ages constantly unfolds itself, and each intelligent mortal, while acting his individual part upon the stage of life, forms also a part of that audience which watches with bated breath, as scene follows scene in that drama of which God himself is the author. For who that diligently considers the course of events in this world, can doubt that there is at work here a mind greater than man's, a power that, through all the tangle of human purpose, and all the tempest of human passion, works eternally, according to the counsels of a Supreme Intelligence and an Almighty Will, for order, and light, and truth.

Upon our own nation the year opens gloomily enough. In many a mansion and in many a cottage, British wives and mothers are grieving for their brave dead, slain on bloody battle fields. The war cloud hangs black and full of tempest over South Africa, and its lurid flashings are reflected to every part of the empire. Britain hears the revilings and cursings of her enemies on every side. Thousands of revengeful hands are outstretched against the nation's life. What the enemies of Great Britain may yet presume to do, one cannot

tell. Whether further trial and humiliation await her, God only knows. But our trust is in Him who has blessed the nation, and made her a bulwark of liberty among the peoples of the earth, that He will not cause her enemies to triumph over her, but will still bless her and build her up, and that He will continue to honor her by employing her strength for the promotion of freedom and righteous government in the world. In this hard experience through which the nation is being led, there may easily be great purposes which we do not yet understand. It may be that this lesson of humiliation was necessary to subdue national pride, to beget repentance for national sins, and to turn the hearts of the people in contrition to the one Supreme Source of all power and dominion. There is one incidental result of this war, which it is easy to see may be big with significance. It has already greatly strengthened and tightened the bonds which bind together the Motherland and her self-governing colonies. Henceforth it is evident that Canada and Australia are held to the heart of the Empire by something more than sentimental ties. The "Greater Britain" is no longer a mere dream of things to be, but is crystalizing into solid fact, under the influence of a war which threatens the integrity of the Empire and the cause of liberty throughout the world. This means for us Canadians, along with new duties, a wider outlook, a broader field of thought and action. It ought to mean less attention devoted to petty questions of race and party, and more to the great interests of the common weal, it ought to mean less room for the politician and the demagogue, and more for the statesman and the patriot. For this wide, new country of ours, with its wholesome life, its immense and undeveloped resources, its freedom for thought and action, its union by natural inheritance and by the strong life-throbs of united sympathy and interest with the most illustrious and powerful of nations, there is surely a noble future, if only we shall be docile to God's leading, and true to those eternal principles on which God rules the world.

The Birth of Jesus.

For the next eighteen months those who follow the International series of Sunday School lessons will be engaged in studying the Life of Christ. The men who penned those brief records of the life of Jesus, which we call the gospels, had little thought doubtless how earnestly they would be read and pondered, how diligently they would be studied by countless millions of eager minds through centuries to come. The fact that they have been so read and studied by all classes and conditions of persons, by childhood and by old age, by the unlearned peasant and by the profoundest scholar, is surely proof sufficient that it is no ordinary life of which they tell. How eagerly men have followed with the evangelists the footsteps of Jesus in his journeyings, how intently they have listened to his words, how profoundly they have considered his works, seeking if possible to comprehend the full significance of the life which he lived and the death which he died! The "Lives" of Christ which have been written by Christian scholars within the last half century are almost beyond counting, and still each year sees others added to the number. Some have done excellently in their endeavor to interpret the story of that life in the language of these times. But we may feel sure that none of these "Lives" has fully satisfied either the author or his readers, for how shall human tongue or pen ever adequately tell the story of that life?

One thing with which we must be impressed in this first lesson is that Christ made his home with the humble. The home of his childhood was not a prince's mansion but a peasant's cottage, his first cradle was a manger. There will hardly be any one among all who shall study this lesson who will be able to say, my coming into the world was under humbler circumstances than was my Lord's. In his birth, in all his life and ministry, Jesus was among the common people, one with them, sharing in their toil, wearing their humble garments, eating their plain food, sympathizing with them in all their ills. And who can measure what this fact, that Christ made his home with the poor, has meant to the world? The humblest among earth's toilers have been able to feel that their home was not too mean for the Christ to enter as a guest and that all the conditions of their lowly lives were not so poor but that their Lord was willing to share their lot. And how these humble Christian homes have been blessed and glorified by a sense of the presence of Jesus in them, and men and women have found

their poverty sweetened and ennobled by a consciousness of the transcendent value of their fellowship with Christ.

The passage suggests another thought in this connection. What are the conditions from which the best and noblest types of manhood and womanhood are produced. That the infant Christ had his home among the humble folk of Nazareth and not among the great or the learned or the rich, that the angels announced his advent not to priests or scribes or elders in Jerusalem, but to simple shepherds, keeping their flocks by night upon the plains, was doubtless not an accident. Shall we say that it was merely an exercise of the divine choice, without reference to the character of those upon whom these honors were conferred? Must we not rather believe that it was because these shepherds had hearts ready to receive such a revelation that their eyes were permitted to see the angelic vision, and their ears to hear the heavenly anthem? And that maiden of Nazareth, whom all generations call blessed,—was she not the one woman of her country and her time, the one woman of the world and of all time, to whom this supreme honor could come, that she should become the mother of Christ? This manhood developed in connection with the sheepfold, honored with visits of angels and revelations of God, was it inferior to the manhood of the court or of the camp, of the market-place or the schools? And when the angel sought a womanhood worthy of that supreme honor of motherhood, he sought and found it not in what the world would call the highest social circles of Judaism, but in a lowly home of the despised Galilean town of Nazareth. And if God's angel come today seeking some example of noblest womanhood, will it not be in those lowly homes which the Friend of the humble has hallowed with his presence that his quest shall be rewarded?

In his notes upon this passage, Dr. Alexander McLaren calls attention very significantly to the two points of view from which Christ's advent is seen as presented in Luke's narrative of the Nativity. First our attention is called to the world's point of view from which the infant Christ is seen housed in a stable cradled in a manger. What is there here for which anyone should care? Perhaps some kindly heart gives a thought of pity. But what does it matter,—only another peasant child added to the millions, only another little plant sprung up out of the dry ground for the proud to trample down. The world knows little and it cares less about such an event as that. But there is the other point of view. There are thoughts that are above men's thoughts and ways that are above men's ways, as the heavens are above the earth. What is the significance from heaven's point of view of this birth in the stable, this infant born of the lowly young mother and cradled in a manger? The answer to this is the glory of the Lord which the shepherds saw, the multitude of the heavenly host that filled the sky, and the anthem of glory to God and peace on earth which they sang, because this birth in Bethlehem meant the advent of one anointed of God to be the King and Saviour of the world. Which point of view is the true one? Does the evidence of the centuries enable us to decide that? Which point of view is ours? Is Christ to us King and Saviour, or is he only one for whom there is no room?

Editorial Notes

—News despatches from the United States for the past week or two have contained quite frequent references to projected Fenian excursions into Canada. One would feel more inclined to credit these reports if they were less loudly proclaimed. It is quite true that there are millions of people in the United States whose feelings toward Great Britain does not find expression in that blending of flags and national anthems and other declarations of international regard which have become so characteristic of Christian Endeavor Conventions and other religious assemblies of a more or less Anglo-American character. The influential Irish and German elements in the United States are no more friendly to Great Britain than they are on the other side of the Atlantic. No doubt but that the Boers in South Africa are receiving very substantial aid from these anti-British Americans. But the United States Government and the majority of its people are doubtless more friendly to Great Britain now than they have been in the past. There are good reasons both in that country and in this why Fenian raids into Canada are not likely to become popular for the present. But if some anti-British bluster of this sort would defer the Canadian gov-

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ernment from sending any more contingents to the the war, it would be an inexpensive method for the Anglophobes in the United States to help their Boer friends in South Africa.

—The name of Dwight L. Moody had become, throughout the English-speaking world, a household word to an extent scarcely equalled perhaps in the case of any other man who has lived in this century. Very naturally, therefore, his death has called forth many observations from the press of the country concerning the character and work of the great evangelist. Especially is this true of the religious press. What is said is generally of a highly appreciative character. The New York Outlook, in the course of an article of some length, says: "The story of the outward life of such a man as Mr. Moody can be condensed after a fashion into a paragraph . . . but the ramifications of its influence no pen can describe, no imagination can conceive. Its effects on theology have been its least effects; but they have been incalculable. For though Mr. Moody has done little directly to change the theological thought of his time, he has done a great deal to inspire its religious life; and those who believe that theology must always be the outgrowth of religion will believe that his theological influence is far greater and more wholesome, because more vital, than either he or his contemporaries have imagined. . . . His method cannot in our time be successfully imitated by another. But so long as the church holds to this ancient faith in a divine Helper and Saviour, and to its right to pronounce with authority, spiritual not ecclesiastical, the absolution and remission of sins, so long, though by new voices and in new methods it will surprise and perplex journalists, historians and philosophers by the power of the Glad Tidings of Christ, of which Dwight L. Moody was so illustrious a herald."

—Of Mr. Moody the Watchman of Boston says: "A great part of his influence as a religious leader came from the conviction which men came to have of his downright honesty and sincerity. Even scoffers did not believe that Moody was a hypocrite. The coin rang true. They might not be led to believe what Mr. Moody believed, but they did not doubt that he believed it, and he spoke with the authority that only comes from the speaker's own persuasion that his convictions accord with the fact. . . . He understood human nature; he knew the advantage of appealing to men bluntly and good-naturedly without beating about the bush; he appreciated the advantage of unconventional methods, and of speaking out his thought directly without being too careful to make its expression square with the notions people entertain as to the garb in which religious truth should come. He had the wisdom to know that he was not a scholar, and that there were many biblical and theological questions on which his opinion was worthless; but he had so studied the Bible and caught its ruling ideas and spirit that he was confident what the Bible taught as to the path of life. As much as any prominent man whom we can recall in Christian history, Dwight L. Moody represented in his purpose and teaching the product in human life of Biblical ideas." Having referred to Mr. Moody's great administrative abilities, as seen particularly in the establishing of the Northfield schools, the Watchman concludes: "And beyond his work as an evangelist and a founder of schools, there remains what he did at the Northfield Conferences. Under his leadership this obscure New England town became a Mecca of the spiritual life. The wisest and best of the English-speaking world came to Northfield at his summons, and from that place there radiated an inspiration and devotion that were felt to the ends of the earth. But as we follow his body to the grave upon the hill-top he loved so well, what we think of is not his great powers and genius, what we think of chiefly is his whole-hearted devotion to the service of Christ, which influenced all his thoughts and labors. We cannot emulate his gifts, but we can follow his faith."

The Old and the New Year.

I. As an earthquake rocks a corse In its coffin in the clay, So White Winter, that rough nurse, Rocks the death-cold year today; Solemn hours I wail aloud For your mother in her shroud. II. As the wild air stirs and sways The tree-sprung cradle of a child; So the breath of these rude days Rocks the year:—be calm and mild, Trembling hours,—she will arise With new love within her eyes. —SHELLY.

En Voyage.

The sun had set behind the western hills, and the stars had hung their lanterns in the sky when the ship slipped her moorings, and the St. John City sailed out of Halifax harbor, on the evening of Oct. 5th. We stood on the deck in the darkness and watched the last gleam fade from view, with the sadness of farewell still

weighing heavily on our hearts, but with a joy in our souls because we were following the path that our Master had trod.

Although we had no dangerous weather, the voyage was rough and cold throughout. We had a good share of sickness, especially the first half of the voyage. We were very glad when the Lizard Light penetrated the dense fog, and we knew we would soon reach London. We realized as never before the meaning of the "Lights along the shore." How immeasurably important it is to have them trimmed and burning brightly.

Our first duty after landing and finding a temporary home, was to repair to Cook's Agency, to find out when we could continue our journey. Here we were met by the news, that owing to the Transvaal war many ships had been taken from the Indian service, thereby reducing the possibility of passage. Our earliest chance of sailing on any line was a second-class passage on a British India steamer, to sail Nov. 17th. Although the accommodations were very inferior, and the class of people undesirable, we engaged passage rather than wait longer in London. As it was we were greatly disappointed, but tried to make ourselves as happy as possible under the circumstances. We were carried back to the olden days of struggle for liberty, as we visited the tower wherein Elizabeth was imprisoned, Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey were beheaded, the stone steps at the foot of which the little Princes were buried. What Canadian heart could fail to swell with patriotic pride as his eyes beheld the blanket upon which Wolfe expired on the Plains of Abraham. The Parliament buildings are interesting from an architectural and historical standpoint, we could almost feel the eloquence of Chatham, Burke, and Gladstone, as we lingered in the House of Commons. We were encouraged and uplifted as we listened to Archibald Brown, F. B. Meyer, Thomas Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, and other eminent preachers.

We had just started for a walk one morning, when we were surprised and overjoyed to meet the Churchills and Miss Williams. They stayed for a few days, then started overland en route for Marseilles, where they took steamer for Bombay. Again at the close of our stay in London, we were delighted to welcome Miss D'Prazer back from her western trip. She was in excellent health, and happy in her cordial reception and the many kind friends she had made in America.

The weather during our stay was very disagreeable. "Black fog" prevailed much of the time, and the chilliness seemed to penetrate one's very bones, especially as fires are much more of a luxury in London than at home. Altogether we were three very happy people, when at last the seventeenth of November dawned and we were once more able to embark. Our accommodations are very cramped, and it requires all our patriotism not to murmur at the war which has so reduced the ships and curtailed the comforts. Life on board ship at best is rather uncomfortable and very tiresome. However we have had very fine weather for the trip from London. The Mediterranean has been very blue as it has reflected the azure of Italian skies. We are looking forward to our journey's end with wistful eyes. Some of us are rejoicing that it is promised that when the old things have passed away "There shall be no more sea," while all of us have realized that "He holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand." As we have looked across the waste of waters, we have realized more than ever the wideness of God's mercy. We have had a consciousness, too, of the prayers of our friends in the homeland, and our lonely hearts have been cheered and comforted by the presence of the Master. We are all well. We wish all our friends and the friends of missions, a very merry Christmas, and a happy, blessed New Year.

Very sincerely yours, M. HELENA BLACKADAR.

Port Said, Dec. 1, 1899.

Rhetorical Exhibition at Acadia.

The usual Rhetorical Exhibition given by the Junior Class on the eve of the Christmas vacation took place on the 19th inst. The following is the

PROGRAMME. Processional Prayer Orations

- The Era of Machinery, William L. Baker, Fairville, N. B. The Dreyfus Case as a Moral Barometer, John N. Bars, Wolfville, N. S. Imperial Sentiment in Canada, Charles E. Atherton, Woodstock, N. B. The Progress of Peace Principles, Charles L. Durkee, Digby, N. S. American Imperialism, Edwin V. Buchanan, Sussex, N. B. Ambition, Marshall S. W. Richardson, West Jeddore, N. S. Troubles of the Poets, Ralph M. Jones, Wolfville, N. S. Labor Organizations in Canada, Colin A. McLeod, Springhill, N. S. Australian Federation, John W. Roland, Factory Dale, N. S. Fort Beauséjour, Henry V. Davis, St. Martins, N. B. Harmony Between the Thinker and His Style, Miles G. White, Sussex, N. B. Japan in the Last Decade, Edgar H. McCurdy, Clinton, Mass. Kingsley's Hypatia, George E. Heales, Port Williams, N. S. Music The Value of Technical Education, Andrew R. Cobb, Port Williams, N. S.

- The Hour for Action, Arthur V. Dimock, Wolfville, N. S. The Growth of the English Parliament, William H. Longley, Paradise, N. S. Kipling as an Author, E. O. Temple Piers, Wolfville, N. S. Characteristics of the Boer, Harry L. Bustin, Melvern Square, N. S. Bunyan as an Allegorist, Herbert H. Currie, Wolfville, N. S. The Function of the Drama, A. Alberta Pearson, Canning, N. S. The Standard of Canadian Manhood, Binney S. Freeman, Walton, N. S. Growth of the English Drama, Albert C. Horsman, Elgin, N. B. The Future Civilization of Africa, Burpee A. Coldwell, Gaspereaux, N. S. The Book of Job as a Literary Work, Arthur S. Lewis, Sackville, N. B. Horace and Juvenal as Satirists, Aaron Perry, Lake View, N. B. Ruskin's Idea of the Beautiful, Laura R. Logan, Amherst, N. S. Music Economic Results of the Liquor Traffic, Renford L. Martin, Gaspereaux, N. S. Wireless Telegraphy, Wallace I. Hutchinson, Wolfville, N. S. Aguinaldo,—Is he Patriot or Rebel? Millie K. Bentley, Upper St. Jacques, N. S. The Transvaal Question, George L. Blackadar, Kempt, N. S. Unity and Variety in Nature, Josephine O. Bos'wick, St. John, N. B. Thackeray's Place in Literature, Wylie Manning, St. John, N. B. Nature in English Poetry, Adele McLeod, Summerside, P. E. I. Monarchy and Republic, Fred R. Faulkner, Truro, N. S. Campbell as a Lyric Poet, Grace A. Perkins, Springfield, N. B. Development of the Alphabet, H. Judson Perry, Johnston, N. B. The Historian of the Future, Avard L. Bishop, Lawrencetown, N. S. Alfred the Great as the Ideal King, Robert J. Colpitts, Elgin, N. B. Music National Anthem.

Eight of the orations were delivered, the speakers being Mr. Atherton, Mr. Richardson, Mr. Roland, Miss Pearson, Mr. Coldwell, Mr. Aaron Perry, Miss Bostwick and Mr. Faulkner. Mr. M. G. White rendered a solo with good effect. Prof. Siebeltds gave a violin solo. The class has presented the College with a handsome desk to be used in the College office.

Letter From Rev. A. J. Vining

The campaign in the Maritime Provinces in behalf of our work in the great West is over, and I am now on my way to Ontario where I am to begin a tour of that grand old Province on the 22nd.

Permit me, Mr. Editor, through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to thank the many friends in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for the splendid reception and the timely assistance they gave me throughout the entire canvass. I shall not soon forget the warm welcome extended by the pastors and the sympathetic audiences, the scores of men and women who so cheerfully and splendidly responded to the appeals for help, and the many friends who have promised continued interest and support in the great work. Their "God bless you" is still ringing in my ears and will be an inspiration to me during many days to come. Btists of the Maritime Provinces, in behalf of the West, I thank you one and all for the numberless acts of kindness shown.

And now suffer a closing word. As your sympathies enlarge and you feel that Western Canada has a claim upon you let your offerings for the work which you have for years supported be not smaller but greater. Home Missions and Foreign Missions and last but not least your educational institutions at Wolfville need and deserve your most loyal support. Stand by old Acadia. Good-bye and God bless you Yours sincerely, A. J. VINING, December 20th.

P. S. If you have still an offering for the West please address me at Galt, Ont., till Jan 27th. After that date Winnipeg, Manitoba, will always find me. A. J. V.

Riches in the Transvaal.

The yield of these Kimberley diamond mines is said to average about fifty-five hundred carats a day. They furnish ninety-five per cent of the world's diamonds. Mr. Kunz, of Tiffany's, estimates that so far nine and a half tons, worth three hundred million dollars in the rough and double that when polished, have been taken out of the Kimberley "yellow" and "blue." On a nominal capital of less than twenty millions, the DeBeers company pays annual dividends of fifty per cent.

But the record of Kimberley should not obscure the fact that elsewhere in South Africa there are "infinite riches in a little room." For instance, the largest diamond known to exist was found at Jagersfontein, eighty miles away—a gem two and a half inches long, one and a quarter inches thick and two inches wide, weighing nine hundred and seventy-one carats, or nearly half a pound avoirdupois. And in many parts of South Africa gold is plentiful, notably in the Witwatersrand region of the Transvaal. When the present war began, the Transvaal was yielding annually about sixty million dollars' worth of gold—or more than one-fifth of the world's production, of which, by the way, the United States is credited with nearly sixty millions.

Conservative authorities have estimated that, carried down to a depth of four thousand feet, the Rand mines will yield in all more than three and a half billion dollars' worth of gold, of which almost a third will represent clear profit.

The old phrase of "a king's ransom" seems thin and meaningless when one realizes the enormous wealth destined to be controlled by the victor in the present struggle.—The Youth's Companion.

* * * The Story Page * * *

The Conversion of Arvilla.

BY MRS. O. W. SCOTT.

She sat upon the back doorstep of a small gray farmhouse that pleasant September day, looking out upon the vegetable garden, the cornfield beyond and the long range of wooded hills, already flecked with bright tints, beyond that.

Her girlish face was more than pretty, with its fine features and exquisite coloring, but the brown eyes, vacantly fixed upon the landscape, were disappointing in their lack of earnest purpose. Her hair was in a twisted snarl, her dress worn and soiled; and as she sat with knees elevated and arms clasped above them yawning boots, nearly destitute of buttons, were plainly visible.

"Arvilla, the baby's awake," called a voice within doors. With a pout and a frown and a muttered ejaculation the young woman arose and entered the kitchen just behind her.

"Now, Arvilla, do take up baby and wash and dress him. I can't keep him nice with all I have to do. Saturday's an awful busy day, and I do think you might try to help a little. Your own child, too!"

The middle-aged woman who spoke was Mrs. Morse, Arvilla's mother, and her voice carried a grieved, hopeless tone, the result of many conflicts.

"Well, mother, you needn't keep at me all the time about the baby. He's all right, I guess. What's the use fixing him up? There's nobody out here to see the difference."

Her mother's eyes held a volume of reproof as she turned to say: "O Arvilla, don't you see there's a right and a wrong to it? Babies had ought to be kept sweet and nice, and he's such a splendid boy! Then again, I wouldn't be surprised if Mr. Marshall should come out to see him. They say he's aged dreadfully since Fred went away."

The color flamed across Arvilla's face. "He shouldn't see Wilfred, anyway. He knew Fred was going to leave me, and I believe he put him up to it."

"Arvilla," said her mother, firmly, "Fred never would have left you if you'd given him a half-decent home to live in, and you know it. Why won't you turn over a new leaf? I know you ain't satisfied with yourself, and you might be such a smart woman."

"Can't you think of something new to say?" the girl retorted. "I've heard that ever since I can remember. You think everybody's perfect but me."

"O Arvilla!" but she was climbing the stairs now, and her mother could hear the clack, clack of her unbuttoned boots at every step.

Entering her untidy room, Arvilla found her rosy, dimpled boy, playing with the sunbeams that lay across his bed. She took him up, kissed him in a spasm of motherly fondness, and brushed the rings of damp hair from his broad white forehead. "We don't care if papa did go away, do we? Let him stay as long as he wants to," she cried, half fiercely. "He don't love his little, little boy. He's a wicked, wicked man, and we won't mind if he never comes back." Her trembling fingers belied her tongue, as she stripped off the child's soiled dress and replaced it with a clean, though sadly wrinkled one. Her thoughts ran backward in spite of herself, for she could not help remembering that it was the second anniversary of her marriage. No one else seemed to have thought of it, and she was glad it was so. But every eye turned before her eyes with hateful distinctness.

Fred Marshall's father was owner of the box factory on the river, the one bit of industry which gave employment to the superfluous energies of the rural neighborhood.

When Fred came home from school and became his father's bookkeeper, everyone was impressed with his intelligence and good sense. It was so strange that he fell in love with pretty, careless Villa Morse! But after a short courtship they were married, and his father gave them a cosy little cottage, which the two families furnished. But after a little, the girl-wife's wastefulness, and lack of house-wifely tastes became painfully apparent to the careful, methodical young man. She remembered on this anniversary afternoon how he had pleaded, then threatened, then forsook the little home. "I can't live this way, and I won't fight, so I am going," he had said. Then she had returned to her father's house, leaving the cottage as it was. The following January her beautiful boy came, but as the months passed on she grew more fretful, discontented and unhappy. Life was a chaos to her and a perpetual heart-ache to the poor mother, who prayed and wept and fretted over the mystery of her daughter's inefficiency.

That Saturday night Arvilla pitied herself into a deluge of tears and a headache, and went to bed late without one star of hope in her miserable sky.

Sunday was always a long day. Usually the young mother took her baby out under the maples, after the neighbors had gone to church, and read such story

papers as she could find, while he crept around upon the soft, warm grass.

The Sunday following her anniversary was no exception to this until the afternoon was well advanced. Then, as the baby slept, she sat at her chamber window looking out across the fields. Suddenly she saw a solitary figure, a man dressed in black, moving along the dusty highway. She knew at once that it must be the minister who had preached in the school-house two weeks before. Yes, and now she remembered having heard her mother say that there was to be a service at 4 o'clock that afternoon.

"I'm going to meeting!" Arvilla exclaimed, starting to her feet. The decision was made in the face of her previous lethargy and sullen despair.

Something seemed to urge her on as she rapidly combed and twisted her luxuriant hair. There were pretty dresses in Arvilla's closet, and her fingers trembled as she selected a blue lawn which Fred had often admired. "What a fool I am! I won't go—I'd be ashamed to!" she said to herself, even while she continued her task.

A glimpse in her small mirror startled her, the change was so great. She ran down stairs and opened the door of the sitting-room. "I'm going to meeting, mother; baby is asleep."

Not caring to be questioned, she did not wait for a response, but hurried away across the garden and through the orchard, taking her own old route to the school-house. She saw others walking sedately along the highway, but wanted none of their company. Her old friends had been slighted so long that none would have ventured to join her even had they crossed her path. Under such circumstances it was an easy matter for her to gain a corner of the room unchallenged, where she sat with hands tightly clasped and eyes cast down.

The minister, who sat in the teacher's desk, was strangely unprepossessing, angular, awkward, and unpolished; but when, in the hush which fell upon the people, he arose and Arvilla gave him one quick glance, she felt the earnestness of the man. She did not know that his visits among the scattered population had already aroused an interest such as had not been known there for years, nor could she understand the strange power which seemed to fill the plain old school-room.

"I say unto thee, Arise!" this was the minister's text. Now Arvilla had been importuned to be better and do better from early youth, but today the accusing voices and the pleading voices were within. For the first time in her life the poor girl saw herself exactly as she was, and loathed the sight. Did the minister tell in homely language of the Master's walk to the ruler's house, of the cold, white form of the little maid, of the doubts and fears of the household, of the touch of that wonderful Hand and its life-giving power? Then Arvilla thought, "If I were dead, really dead, perhaps that loving Christ might raise me, too, and give me one more chance." But what about that dead spiritual body which this plain man described? "Ye, too, are dead in trespasses and sins?" and then he made them see the Christ standing over such a helpless case, and once again they heard the words, "I say unto thee, Arise!"

Arvilla's heart was so full it would have been a relief to cry out, to groan, to sob.

Her whole being seemed to be awakening, as does a hand or a foot that has been "asleep," and she grasped the desk firmly, for fear those nearest her would be aware of her agitation.

To her great surprise, as she bowed her head in a vain effort to calm herself, Fred's face, grieved and white as she had last seen it, seemed to rise before her, and she realized the love that still dominated her heart.

"I was to blame! I was all to blame!" she whispered.

When the minister asked those who wished to yield to the Voice and arise from the dead to lift the hand, Arvilla's real struggle began. Her life had been such a failure! She saw all its pitiful deformity, but every instinct of her nature rebelled at the thought of admitting her need and her desire before others.

Could she bear to be talked about and looked at and watched? What if she could not, after all, "arise," because of the old habits which were like chains around her? How would it seem to struggle and pray? The path looked steep and rough and cold as it ran out into the future. With an effort she raised her head, and for the first time looked across the room. The young men sat in her line of vision with uplifted hands and sober, determined faces. Arvilla felt that a wide chasm lay between them and herself. The next instant her heart gave a wild leap. There, sitting beside her father, with head bowed low, was her mother, Baby Wilfred was alone!

Perhaps there had been times when this would not have greatly troubled her, but now she was conscious only of a mother's anxious love and the one purpose to reach him. Gliding quickly down the aisle, she gained

the door and hastened homeward. Wilfred was a strong, venturesome child, and had already rolled from the bed and crept to the head of the stairs twice. Had she closed the door of her room? Would she find him, when she opened the outer door, bruised and wailing upon the floor? Had he possibly climbed to the low window-sill and fallen out?

"O God!" she moaned, "if baby's all safe I will be a Christian, no matter how hard it is—I will, I will!" She lifted her hand as she ran through the grove, a mute witness of her purpose.

The sweet fern caught her dress, and she stumbled over tree roots; the pasture and the garden were never so wide before. How still the house was! Climbing the stairs with trembling limbs, she reached her open door. There upon the floor sat the baby, and beside him a small heap of feathers, picked one by one from a hole in a pillow, which had evidently fallen to the floor with him. The light down had settled upon his curly head, and his dimpled hands, damp and sticky, were covered.

He gave a glad cry as he saw his mother, and she sank down beside him, gathering into her arms baby, feathers, and all. Then followed an hour such as we still ignorant of our Father's creative power—can neither describe nor understand. Enough for us to know that when Arvilla arose from her knees the new life had begun.

The sunset glory, which now rested upon mountain and plain, was to her the glory of a new world. She clasped her baby close, and sat beside the west window crying, smiling, wondering. The burden was gone. It was a new Arvilla whose tender eyes were reflected in her mirror.

Her mother had returned, and was singing old "Balerna" as she moved quietly around the kitchen. How Arvilla had hated that tune! But now it sounded sweet as she descended the stairs. Mrs. Morse turned as she entered the room.

"We had a beautiful meeting. I wish't you'd been there, Arvilla."

"I was there, mother," the girl responded. Something in her tone arrested the attention of the older woman, and she looked searchingly into the flushed, tear-stained, but happy face before her, then advanced, and with an expression of solemn rapture, placed her hands upon her daughter's shoulders.

"You've took hold of His hand, Arvilla," she said; "I'm sure you've took hold of His hand."

As the weeks passed on, Arvilla felt a strong desire to support herself. Money had come regularly through her father's hands to pay her necessary expenses, but she told herself that this could not last forever. If the baby's grandfather wished to see that he was cared for, he might; but for herself it would be wise, she felt sure, to labor with her own hands.

But in all the town there was only the box factory to supply the desired work. "Go, if you want to," her mother said; "the baby is so good I can look after him." But could she bear to go back where Fred's father could see her every day? Could she bear to meet the suspicious glances and possible taunts of her old associates? Yes, the new and humble Arvilla could bear even such trials, and a month after her conversion she found herself in the old position. Awakened to a new sensitiveness by her spiritual uplift, she moved forward as if clad in invisible armor. The roughest girl in the crowd of busy workers watched the neat little figure and sweet, downcast face in puzzled silence.

"Somethin's made over Arvil' Morse; she ain't nothin' like she use to be," was her comment.

Mr. Marshall, however, had no confidence in this evident change. He saw in her only the destroyer of his son's peace and his son's home, and his eyes followed her—wary, keen eyes, under their grizzled brows—with cold disapproval.

But as day after day passed, and he noted her promptness, her careful attention to business, and quiet ways, he found himself admitting, with her slow-witted associate, that "somethin's made over Arvil' Morse."

Then there came a day when Arvilla's mother was to be away, and she brought the baby to the factory to sit beside her as she worked. He was a lovely boy, and soon captured every girl in the room. Having brought them to his feet, he expended his smiles and wiles upon the stern man who gazed at him with hungry eyes.

Arvilla hardly knew when he was at last captured and carried into the office, to be hugged and even kissed behind the closed door. She was greatly relieved when he was returned safely, but in silence, to his place at her side.

But she knew nothing of the softening mood of her employer. To her he was but of many whom she had wronged in her ignorance, but to whom she could make no reparation. As she walked carefully and softly in the new life her whole nature developed its higher grace. Selfishness gave place to an almost excessive care for

others, and humility supplanted stubborn pride. "Arvilla goes beyond me," said her mother, while grateful tears filled her eyes. "I've been trying hard to serve the Lord, but she just loves him and serving comes natural like."

Still there were times when Arvilla lay awake long hours after the old farm house was quiet, longing for the husband and home she had lost. She had not yet brought herself to ask any one where Fred was, and now more than a year of unbroken silence lay between them.

On Thanksgiving day the factory wheels were silent. Arvilla had a holiday, the morning hours of which she spent at the sewing machine, patiently learning to do the work she had so detested. With her mother's help a pair of pretty red worsted dresses were evolved for the baby, whose ability to take "first steps" was a matter of pride and delight to the grandparents. Some aunts and uncles came to dinner and afterward settled to comfortable visiting, their talk running backward to the days when they were "building their homes." Alas! that very morning Arvilla had read, "Every wise woman buildeth her house, but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands." Her heart went out toward the desolate cottage, and a great desire came over her to look into its rooms again. She had never cared to visit it before, but now, wrapping her baby warmly and packing him into his carriage, she was soon walking rapidly along the quiet country road, under a dull November sky, toward the forsaken home.

When she had reached it and applied her key to the back door she was surprised to find it unlocked. With a hand on either side of her face she peered through the window, and saw at the kitchen stove a man busily engaged in making a fire. Before she withdrew her startled gaze he turned, and husband and wife faced each other. The next moment she was drawn into the house. "Arvilla, can you ever, ever forgive me?" were the first words.

"You were right, and I was wrong" she responded, the confession leaping from her lips, as it had so many times in her thoughts.

"No, no, no! I was angry and discouraged, and then ashamed to come back. Father had written me now and then a word, and I had sent him money for you, but he was angry too, and he's rather hard, and he did not write me about—our boy—until a few weeks ago. Then I had to come as soon as I could get away. I was going to make a fire and then, when it grew dark, go and beg you to come home. Will you come Arvilla?"

"Did your father write that I was converted?" she asked, triumphantly. "I'm different now; indeed I am and I can make a home. Yes, I will come."

"We'll begin all over again, and in the right way," said Fred humbly; "and now can I see my boy and begin my Thanksgiving."—*New York Advocate.*

Germain St. Baptist Y. P. S. C. E.

Our meetings of the past month have been very helpful and interesting. At last roll call our active members numbered 156, associate 13, junior 30. Total 199. St. John, N. B. MAPLE L. GOLDINO, Sec'y.

Halifax, N. S.

At the annual meeting of the B. Y. P. U. of the North Church, Halifax, the following officers for the year were elected: Pres., Mr. Sydney Dumaresq; Vice-Pres., Mr. N. B. Smith; Sec'y., Miss May Kierstead; Treas., Mr. C. Hoben; Auditor, Mr. P. Soullis; Cor. Sec'y., Miss A. E. Smith. The various reports read showed good work done during the year. The Union raised \$65 towards the support of the county missionary. We trust this year to do more than we have ever done in the past, for we want the 1st page of the new century book to be a leaf in our history, and may it record a glorious victory.

A. E. S. Cor. Sec'y.

Our reporter has erred where many others do. The Twentieth Century will not commence until Jan. 1st, 1901. EDITOR.

Notwithstanding the fact that the full name and address of the editor, has stood at the head of this department for four months, the two reports here presented were addressed to last year's editor.

A worthy pastor who has scented "Higher Criticism" in the Sacred Literature lessons, now running in the Baptist Union, has written us that he had been looking for some one to open fire on the author of the lessons. In our opinion, those who see clearly these dangers are the ones to lift the voice of warning. The brother referred to is quite able to do this interestingly and helpfully. We stand for the integrity of the Scriptures as the word of God. Therein God has revealed all man needs to know of himself, of sin, of salvation, and of the principles by which the practical duties of life are to be regulated. He who listens shall hear God speaking to him authoritatively, as he reverently turns the pages of the Book.

But what an illused cry is "Higher Criticism!" There are Higher Critics, and Higher Critics. Howard Osgood, W. H. Green, and D. M. Welton are Higher Critics, as well as Briggs, Driver, and McGiffort. The former are no less learned and no less capable biblical scholars than the latter. These men stand most emphatically for the integrity of the Word.

The Young People

EDITOR, R. OSGOOD MORSE.

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

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Prayer that obtains.—Luke 11:5-13; 18:2-5.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, January 8.—Leviticus 23:1-21. Holy convocations. Compare Ex 23:14-17.

Tuesday, January 9.—Leviticus 23:22-44. One purpose of the feasts, (vs. 43). Compare Deut. 31:12, 13.

Wednesday, January 10.—Leviticus (24); 25:1-28. A Sabbath for the land unto the Lord. Compare Ex 23:10, 11.

Thursday, January 11.—Leviticus 25:29-55. Charitableness toward our kin. Compare Ex 22:25-27.

Friday, January 12.—Leviticus 26. Rewards of disobedience. Compare Deut 28:15-68.

Saturday, January 13.—Leviticus 27. Sacred to the Lord. Compare Rom. 12:1.

Prayer Meeting Topic—January 7.

Prayer that obtains.—Luke 11:5-13; 18:2-5.

There are prayers—and prayers. Some prayers rise no higher than the roof of the building in which they are uttered, and their thin, vapory substance vanishes in the surrounding atmosphere, leaving no light, bringing no blessing. There are other prayers that break through the strongest wall Satan can erect, that pierce the darkest clouds of anxiety and trouble, and that ascend in an unbroken volume direct to the throne of God. The Pharisee had the higher position in the temple but his prayer fell flat. The Publican was many steps below him, but his few earnest and sincere words reached the listening ear of Jehovah and struck a vibrating chord in the compassionate heart of God. Some prayers will most surely bring the desired answer. Other prayers cannot possibly bring a response from God. Notice some characteristics of the prayer that obtains:

1. Boldness. "Let us therefore draw near with boldness unto the throne of grace." Not the boldness of irreverence and of course familiarity, but the boldness that triumphs over difficulties; the boldness that will neither be daunted by hindrances which our own imagination enlarges, nor which surrounding circumstances may persistently suggest. It is a boldness that knows no fear because it is wrought by love. We have freedom of access because Jesus is our High Priest. We have freedom of speech because God is our loving Father. "Our Father."

2. Filial trust. "And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." What child would expect a stone from an earthly parent when in his hunger he asks for bread? No more should we believe that God would cruelly treat our petition to him. Many a person has said: "I will not ask God for this because I do not think he is concerned whether I have it or not." And yet that person may be fully conscious of a specific promise in God's Word that such a request will be heard and granted. How little thought we give to God's practical interest in the every day affairs of our lives. We should trust him because he is our Father.

3. Importunity. "Keep asking, keep seeking, keep knocking" is the thought emphasized by the tense of the verbs as Christ used them. If the selfish and sleepy neighbor, if the stern and hard-hearted judge will yield to continued and persistent pleading how much more will a loving and compassionate Father respond to a solicitous and importunate cry from his own child. Witness the result of persistent pleading in Abraham's intercession for Sodom (Gen. 18:23-33); Jacob wrestling at Peniel (Gen. 32:24-32); Nehemiah (1:4-11); Elijah (Jas 5:16-18).

4. But above all let us remember that every prayer should be offered in the spirit of the model prayer given in vs. 2-4. We are not under obligation to repeat these words each time we address God in prayer, but the spirit of this prayer we must observe and employ if we expect our petition to be granted. "Thy will be done." We do not always know what is best for us. God knows not only what we ought to have, but also what we ought to ask for. Our prayer then, should be not that he will give us simply what we want to have, but that he will give us what he desires we should want to have. If we do know what God desires we should have—and in many cases we may certainly know—nothing should prevent us from having our petition granted. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask him?"

O. N. CHIPMAN.

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

BY REV. A. COHOON, M. A.

In the beginning of our denominational life in these Provinces, the men that we sometimes call the "Fathers," while settled with certain churches as their

pastors, were at the same time home missionaries for they "went everywhere preaching the Word." After the organization of the Nova Scotia and New Brunswick Association, in 1800, it appears to have been the custom to appoint some of its ministers to visit churches in special need. In 1814, at the request of the Chester church, the Association appointed Brethren Joseph Crandall and Samuel Bancroft as missionaries to the inhabitants along the shore to the eastward of Chester, for three months, guaranteeing them five shillings per day. The next year the following vote was passed: "Voted that the Association is considered as a Missionary Society, and with them is left the whole management of the mission business." From this it will be seen that the Association, which then embraced both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, was our first Home Missionary organization. In 1818 the work was entrusted to a Committee or Board. The next year the Committee was enlarged by the addition of six brethren residing in New Brunswick. The joint committee continued to direct the work till 1821, when at the request of the brethren from New Brunswick, it was unanimously agreed to divide the Association. The churches reporting to the Association that year were, 17 in N. S. and 13 in N. B. Total membership 1827, of which 1291 were in N. S. Four missionaries had been employed aggregating 37 weeks labor.

The Nova Scotia Association, as a Missionary Society, continued to manage this work through its Board. In 1836 lengthy resolutions in favor of domestic missions were passed by the Association, more members were added to the Board and they were directed to hold quarterly meetings. At their first quarterly meeting, held on the third of August of that year, Elder T. S. Harding received an appointment for six months in the eastern section of the Province; Elder Edward Manning a mission of six months in the western districts, and Elder David Harris to the eastern shore from St. Margarets Bay to Canso. Elder James Munro was appointed a short mission to P. E. I. to be succeeded by I. E. Bill. They also passed a resolution recommending the churches to take a collection in their respective congregations about the first week in January to aid in building a meeting house in Charlottetown. From this record it is apparent that the Board of that day were able to secure the services of the best pastors for mission service for a part of the time.

In 1844 the Board was granted authority to send out licentiates in company with, and under the direction of, ordained ministers, as their missionaries.

In 1850 the Nova Scotia Association which, including some churches that had been organized in P. E. Island, had a membership of upwards of 10,000 decided to become three bands, so in 1851 the Western, Central and Eastern Associations were formed, each becoming a Home Missionary Society with its own Board and confining its work chiefly within its own limits. In 1853 the French Mission Board was appointed, so for a time we have four Home Mission Boards in Nova Scotia. This arrangement was soon felt to be unsatisfactory and unprofitable, for as early as 1855 a movement began for union in this work. This resulted in the formation of the Nova Scotia Baptist Home Missionary Society in 1857. It was expected that all the Associations would unite in the new Society, but unfortunately the Western refused to come in. This organization did good work in which they received some financial assistance from the Board of the Western Association.

Another attempt at union was made in 1871, this time with more success, for as a result the N. S. Home Mission Union was organized in 1872 in which all the Home Mission work in Nova Scotia was combined in 1873. The Prince Edward Island Association, which had its own Board since its organization in 1868, transferred its work to the Union in 1874.

In 1877 the Constitution of the Convention was changed, so as to make Home Missions one of the objects under its care, and in 1878 a Board was appointed to take charge of the work. The Nova Scotia Home Mission Union transferred its work to the new Board on the 23rd of June, 1879.

During the years that have intervened, the Board has pushed the work as vigorously as the funds at its disposal would permit, sometimes, in fact, incurring debts of \$2,000 or \$3,000. The policy has been to arrange the weak churches into convenient groups and keep these groups supplied with regular pastoral labor, leading them year by year as their ability increased to assume a larger part of their pastor's salary. Besides this the Board has always been on the alert to occupy new ground, either by opening up new stations and connecting them with existing groups or by taking possession of larger territory and organizing new circuits.

Among the results of this we may mention 35 churches organized in the Maritime Provinces. Three of these, viz., Fairville, Campbellton and West End, Halifax, have become self-supporting. There have been added to the churches by baptism 7753, and by letter 1876. The following churches and groups aided by the Board during the last twenty years are now self supporting and in some cases generous contributors to our denominational work: Dartmouth, Digby, Parrsboro, Sackville and Hammonds Plains, Shelburne group, Sydney, New Glasgow, Osborne, Brookfield and Upper Stewiacke, Kentville, Tryon, Lower Grandville and Tancook and the three named above. The Port Morien, or what was formerly known as the Cow Bay group, was built up to a self sustaining position and then as the circumstance seemed to demand expansion divided into two groups, both of which we hope to see self sustaining. The same remark applies to the Montague and Murray River group, as it was called, in P. E. Island. Several groups that during the years under review appear on the roll as receiving aid, are now by reason of different grouping self supporting.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.

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

A very happy New Year to all the members of our W. M. A. S. and Mission Bands. What messages of comfort, cheer, and inspiration shall the new year bring! The past one has been crowned with goodness and mercy. Many prayers have been answered, and great deliverances wrought. We should learn to trust God more fully, and believe his promises more implicitly. As we press forward into the future, may it be with stronger faith and greater courage, to the sorrowing may there come the Master's blessed words of peace and comfort, to the discouraged words of true cheer, for those walking in darkness a light, for the tempted and struggling the assurance of divine sympathy and help. We know that among all this world's workers, none are dearer to God than those who are engaged in striving to save the perishing, and bring the knowledge of Christ to those who have never heard of him. To all who are "workers together with him" in this great enterprise, he draws preciously near and speaks loving words of help and comfort.

Our whole life should be lifted to a higher spiritual plane on these Christmas tides. We should be holier all the new year, sweeter spirit, gentler speech, deeper peace, because Christ has been born anew in our hearts. Wherever the love of God goes, it purifies and cleanses. Its breath is the atmosphere of heaven, and the life that is opened to it is made more Christlike. Christmas means that all the coming year shall be a thank-offering for the "unspeakable gift," a love-serving, giving ourselves for the salvation of the world. If we have in any measure caught the spirit of the day just past, we shall receive a new baptism of this same love, and shall during the coming year, repeat the incarnation in our lives in the measure in which we have received the mind that was in Christ Jesus.

Two Mission Bands Recently Organized in Yarmouth C.

On Sept. 18th, Mrs. M. W. Brown organized a Mission Band at Pleasant Lake, Tusket church, with eleven members. Pres., Mrs. Brown; Sec'y., Miss Belle Jeffrey. This membership at the next meeting increased to sixteen.

On Oct. 20th, Mrs. P. R. Foster organized a Band at Pleasant Valley, Dearfield church, with a membership of sixteen. At its next meeting this Band increased to 22. Pres., Miss T. Dolman; Sec'y., Miss L. E. Killam. Under such efficient leaders we may expect great things for these Bands. Mrs. Foster is certainly doing a noble work for the Master. Wherever she is working there is always enkindled new interest and enthusiasm in foreign missions.

On Dec. 11th, a meeting was held at the Baptist church of New Minas, for the purpose of reorganizing a Woman's Baptist Missionary Aid Society. Meeting opened by singing. Reading of the Scriptures by the County Secretary, Mrs. Read, who acted as chairman of the meeting, prayer by the pastor of the church, then followed another hymn, after which Mrs. Read gave an interesting talk, showing the urgent need of having a working Society of the W. B. M. Union in New Minas. She then read its constitution and by-laws. On request for an expression from the sisters present, fourteen arose signifying their willingness to form an Aid Society. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Wallace, Pres.; Mrs. DeWolf, 1st Vice Pres.; Mrs. Ainsley, Bishop 2nd Vice Pres.; Miss Leora Fuller, Sec'y.; Mrs. Millett, Treas.; Mrs. Griffin, Auditor; Mrs. Trueman Bishop, Miss Nellie Roy, Mrs. Downey, Managing Committee. It was voted that the Society should meet the first Tuesday of each month. Meeting closed with prayer by the president. E. E. COLPITTS, Sec'y., Pro tem.

Wolfville, N. S., Dec. 26th, 1899.

We regret to hear that Mrs. Spurr, Provincial Secretary for P. E. I., has been ill for some time. This accounts for no ladies missionary meeting being held at the Quarterly meeting in Charlottetown. We trust our sister may soon be restored to health and enabled to engage in the work she loves so well.

Monies received by Mrs. Ada G. Fownes, Treasurer Mission Bands from Nov. 16th to Dec. 27th.

Lakeville, \$2.45 towards Mr. Morse's salary; 1st St. Margaret's Bay, \$2; Goldboro, \$22.25; Hampton Station, \$10, passage and outfit of missionaries; 2nd Chipman, \$10, to constitute Miss Neal Crandall a life member; Walton Sunday School, \$25, to constitute Miss E. A. Bancroft life member of W. B. M. U.; Dartmouth Sunday School, \$3.83 H.M., \$3.84 F.M.; Sheffield Sunday School, 50c. Mr. Borgdorf's salary; Dundas, \$3; Milton, \$5 towards Miss Archibald's salary; Hopewell Sunday School, \$5.70; East Point, \$4; Wittenburg Sunday School class 75c. towards Hospital Buildings; Sackville, \$16.77 to support of Bible woman; Port Hillford, \$25.40 towards Miss Newcomb's salary. St. Martins, N. B., Dec. 27th.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY

Someone has said—"Where the darkness is darkest, there is the loudest call to the church of Christ to dare and do, and to hoist the colors of the captain who never lost a fight." If this be true, really and truly true, what shall be said of those men and women, members of our churches, some of whom fill responsible positions in the work of their respective churches, and of the denomination, who talk and act as if the very opposite were the truth? The writer of these notes has for some time had the conviction, that a large number of our people have very dim and misty ideas about the work to which Jesus Christ has called his church and people.

If the loudest call is where the darkness is the deepest, then surely it is the bounden duty of all who have the light, to penetrate this deep darkness as soon as possible with its beneficent rays. It surely is not our first duty to multiply privileges to those more immediately about us, and let those who are afar off—starve for the bare necessities of life—spiritual, even when the motive for so doing is so high and so great, as the multiplication of agencies for reaching out the hand of help in the distant future. "Give to those at home in order that you may have more to give to those abroad" sounds well, but it is as untrue to history as it is untrue to the spirit and practice of the gospel itself; for strange as it may seem, it is really a fact, that "religion is a commodity of which the more you export, the more you have for exportation." And this is history as well as fact. The churches that have been most missionary in spirit, and aim, and endeavor, have been most prospered spiritually and materially. This statement needs no demonstration. It is a fact.

Pikington of Uganda, in Africa, not long before his death wrote: "Oh, let us be real. Emotion is no substitute for action. You love Africa do you? God so loved that he gave. God gave what? Superfluities? Leavings? That which cost him nothing? Surely no. He gave the best he had to redeem the world." What are we doing to save the multitudes who have been entrusted to us to be used for reaching the two millions of Telugus. Think of the number. Compare with our own population and what is being done for our uplifting, and note the contrast. So much for ourselves, and so little for them.

It is said that the widows of India are four times as many as the total population of London; and that the children of India should they walk four abreast and two feet apart, would make a procession 5000 miles long, and yet we are doing too much for these peoples. Think of it ye angels of the Most High, Christian people in these Provinces are saying something like this, and some of them even worse.

A prosperity almost unexampled in these recent years, has attended the work of the United Presbyterian church of Scotland and the Irish Presbyterian church in Manchuria. Within twelve months they have added to their churches over 5000 members, so that at last accounts the membership was 15,490, while there were nearly 9000 enrolled as inquirers. This Scottish church reports that during the past year 3472 were received to its own Foreign Missionary churches which was nearly double the increase of the church at home. And yet we are doing too much! Is it not dreadful to hear people talk after that fashion? Oh, for an open eye and open hearted Christianity! Let our prayers ascend.

In last week's MESSENGER AND VISITOR and in the issue of this week appears a notice signed by J. C. Archibald, calling attention to the report of the Missionary Conference in India. Do not pass by the notice, but give it your immediate attention. It will be worth your while.

The Gift of Persuasion.

It is interesting to notice the recurrence in Paul's letters of the words, "I beseech you." It was not enough for him to state and explain a truth and then leave it to work its way in the conviction of his readers; it was not enough for him to point out the way of duty and then leave it to their unaided decision to follow it. He bent his soul in a great effort of persuasion. To get them to act on his teaching was his supreme aim. The end of all teaching is action; so also of prayer. Even worship is only half-rendered until expression is given to love and faith in holy deeds. But Paul had no compulsory power. No one obeyed him unless he first had a mind to, very rarely did he command; he preferred appeal. As an apostle he had certain authority in the churches; he sometimes gave rules for their government. But he rarely relied on his authority as an apostle. Instead of that he appealed to them as brethren and urged them to highest service by appealing to loftiest motives—"I beseech you, brethren," was his familiar mode of speech. He was a master of the art of persuasion.

The need of moral pressure is felt by us all. Knowing our duty is only preparatory to the doing of it, we lack the strong purpose to do. In other words, we need urging and enticement in order to overcome the resistance from the flesh and the devil. There are some who say they do not believe in urging any one to become a Christian, or to join the church, or to undertake any duty or give money for any cause. They do not know human nature and its strength of resistance to all good things. Many a one has taken the right step through a simple appeal spoken at the right time. There are horses that need neither whip nor spur, and some people are like them, but they are very few. It may be a great pity because any are so sluggish, and unwilling in the service of God. Of course it is an infinite pity we are spiritually lethargic. But such is our condition. God's greatest victory is the overcoming of our unwillingness. Faith triumphed in Peter, when wearied and of contrary opinion to Christ, he roused himself and said, "Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net." Most of God's best servants are at first unwilling to assume the duties laid upon them. Moses resisted to the point of refusal. Paul was an exception in his readiness to obey, but he was so mightily stirred that flesh and blood had no chance to oppose. We all need the help that comes from the encouragement and exhortations of others. He is a powerful man who can lead us in the doing of good, and move us to the heavenly life. The Scriptures say "Exhort one another daily." The word is the same as Paul uses when he beseeched the brethren. Mutual persuasion, mutual provocation in the best sense, mutual encouragement, are essential to continued and energetic faithfulness. There was a prince of magnetic eye who was said to be able to get others to do whatever he wished if once he set his eye on them. It would be a rich endowment of power if God gave unto us ability to dispose others to do what duty and love suggest. Not only preachers, but parents, teachers and leaders in the churches, need to know the secret of successful appeal. Commonwealth.

Her Two Boys.

It was on a Michigan Central train the other day. A tall, fine looking young man and a handsomely dressed woman sat just in front of a plainly dressed, sweet faced lady of perhaps seventy years. Once in a while—pretty often—the man turned and made some remark to the elderly woman, whom he called mother, and whose eyes showed that she was proud and fond of her son. The young woman, his wife, seemed less cordial, but she, too, once in a while, turned and dropped a word or two into the conversation.

By and by, the porter announced that dinner was ready in the dining car, and the young man said, "Well, mother, Emma and I will go now and get a dinner. You know she needs something warm. You have brought your luncheon, and I'll send you a cup of tea."

After the couple had gone, "mother" sat looking out of the window, in deep thought, apparently, and perhaps not altogether happy. Finally she reached under the seat and brought out a little, worn, black basket and began fingering the ribbon with which it was tied. Just then the train stopped at a station, the door was flung open, and a cheery faced man stepped inside. He looked eagerly up and down the car, and his glance fell upon the old lady.

"Mother!" he cried.
"John, my John!" answered the lady, and the two were clasped in a loving embrace.

"Where are Frank and Emma?" he demanded, after a few seconds.

"They have gone into the dining car. Emma isn't strong, you know, and has to have a hot dinner."

This last remark she repeated in answer to a curious look in John's eyes.

"And you didn't want any dinner, I suppose?" His eyes fell upon the basket. He mustn't hurt his mother's feelings, and he checked himself.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" he said. "Aren't you surprised? I found I could meet you here instead of waiting until you reached Chicago. And say, mother, isn't that the same basket that Frank and I used to carry to school? Yes, I thought so."

By this time there was a smile on the mother's face.

"Well," said John, "I'm pretty hungry. Suppose we keep this for supper and you come with me and get a hot dinner."

They left, they met the other couple.

"Hello, John! Where did you come from?"

"How do you do, Emma? Mother and I are just going to dinner."

At Chicago, the people who had seen all this saw a handsome young man, with a little black basket on his arm, tenderly assisting a sweet faced old lady through the crowd to a carriage. As for the other couple, nobody had any eyes for them.—Chicago Tribune.

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Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks. It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing. At first it is a slight cough. At last it is a hemorrhage. At first it is easy to cure. At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough. There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect. For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Should we send you a book on this subject, free?

Our Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Cash for Forward Movement.

S R Giffin, \$5; O I Giffin, \$10; S O Giffin, \$10; M C Harris, \$3; Mrs S S Balcom, \$1; C F Sabean, \$5; I W Keilior, \$5; H T Rose, Esq., \$50; Oatley Bligh, \$5; Fred Robinson, \$2; Enoch Giffin, \$1; Susie Dunn, \$1; Obed C Giffin, \$5; Jas H Robinson, \$3; Wilber Cooney, \$1; M and H Oxner, \$5; Nelson Bezanson, \$1.50; Mrs Edwin Corbin, \$1; Mrs E Lovett, \$1; Mrs Chas A Smith, \$1; Rev A F Newcomb, \$5; R Harlow, \$5; Mrs Alex Murray, \$5; Kemp, Stewart, \$5; H V Mnsgrave, \$1; S G Baker, \$5; C L Martin, \$10; W M Read, \$10; W E Freeman, \$5; Miss Annie J Mohr, \$12.50; Capt A Burns, \$50; Wm Moses, \$1; A Rose, \$1; Geo Vickery, \$1; N H Moses, \$1; Mrs Maria Scoville, \$1; J E Allen, \$2.50; John A Cowan, \$5; R N Beckwith, \$6.25; Joshua Prescott, \$25; Thos Franklin, \$2.50; R N Wescott, \$2; Dr A J Mader, \$20; Amariah Tufts, \$1; Geo Meister, \$3; Jacob Spinney, \$1; D C Langille, \$1; A P Welton, \$6.25; Rev J Webb, \$5; Geo D Messenger, \$5; John Wilson, \$5; Mrs W H Hardwick, \$2.50; A Newcomb, \$1; Bernard Prime, \$2; S P Sabean, \$2.50; Wesley Outhouse, \$2; Saddle H Jones, \$2; H S Freeman, \$5; G A Ferguson, \$3.75; Robinson Warren, \$6.25; Robt McPhail, \$1.25; Daniel Fraser, \$2.50; Mrs Geo Scott, \$2.50; Wm Stretch, \$1.25; Prof F R Haley, \$50; Frank A Good, \$10; S N Jackson, \$6; Joshua Crosby, \$6; T J Borden, \$5; Chas Barrett, \$2; Mrs Ada H Turney, \$1.25; L S Tufts, \$5; J M Neily, \$2; W Wallace Neily, \$2; W R Smith, \$2; Lornzo Everett, \$1. It is evident we have to ask for an extension of time. Will every person who owes please note this fact and come quickly to the front. Will every pastor speak a kind word for the college next Sunday?
93 North St., Halifax. WM. E. HALL.

New Brunswick Home Mission Receipts.

Please correct the following in my last report of October 17, 1899, which reads 1st Springfield church, by Mrs S Bates, H M, \$2.50, Northwest, \$2.50, F M, \$1, which is a mistake, and should read 1st Springfield church per Grande Ligne, \$2.50,

Northwest, \$2.50, and 2nd Springfield church, by Mrs S Bates, F M, \$1.

3rd Canterbury church, H M, \$1.35; Mrs J Plummer, H M, \$2; 2nd Grand Lake church, H M, \$3; Duncan McIntyre, H M, \$1; Norton Sunday School, H M, \$2.65; M S Hall, H M, \$5; Young's Cove, for Church Edifice Fund, \$7.30; Mrs Isaac Fairweather, F M, \$1; Oak Bay Sunday School, F M, \$1.60; G W Titus, F M, \$10, Grande Ligne, \$10, H M, \$20, \$40; Norton church, H M, \$4.27; Oak Bay church, H M, \$2.40; 3rd Hillsboro church, \$3; Treasurer of the Maritime H M Committee, H M, \$301.37; T H Hall, H M, \$5; W E Nobles, H M, \$6; Collected by Rev F W Patterson, H M, \$3; 2nd Chipman church S S for Grande Ligne, \$2.15; Collected by Rev F W Patterson per Newfoundland Mission, \$7; Upper Newcastle church, F M, \$5; 1st Springfield church, H M, \$4; 2nd Springfield church, H M, \$4; Charles Seward, H M, \$5; Maple Grove church, H M, \$1.60; Rothesay church, H M, \$4.21; 2nd Grand Lake church, H M, \$6.72—\$462.62. Before reported, \$225.74. Total, \$688.36.
J. S. TRUS, Treas.
St. Martins, N. B., December 26

The Life of Trust.

What a vast portion of our lives is spent in anxious and useless forbodings concerning the future, either our own or that of our dear ones! Present joys, present blessings slip by and we miss half their sweet flavor, and all for want of faith in him who provides for the tiniest insect in the sunbeam. Oh, when shall we learn the sweet trust in God our little children teach us every day by their confiding faith in us? We who are so mutable, so faulty, so irritable, so unjust, and He, who is so watchful, so pitiful, so loving, so forgiving. Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustfully over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, cooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace and home?—Phillips Brooks.

B F Scarborough, a citizen of Slidal, La., was shot from ambush at night and mortally wounded. A second shot killed his little three-year-old daughter, who was sitting before a grate fire.

Notices.

The Upper Queensbury group of churches is now without a pastor, the Rev. A. A. Rutledge having resigned his pastorate and gone for the purpose of taking a Collegiate course. We deeply regret his departure from us. God has richly blessed his labors on the field. While here many souls were added to the churches and are now in good working order. A parsonage was built in Temperance Vale during the summer. We pray God to direct some faithful minister to come and visit us with a view to settlement. In behalf of the churches,
DAVID C. PARRENT, Church Clerk.
Up. Queensbury, York Co., N. B. Dec. 18.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned can supply, postage paid, copies of the Report of the Canadian Baptist Missions for the year 1899 at ten cents each, which may be remitted in stamps. This pamphlet usually contains about seventy pages and gives a brief history of the work of the year as carried on in each of the fifteen fields of the Canadian Baptists, followed by a summary of the Minutes of the Union conference to be held early in the New Year, to which valuable statistical tables are appended. Those wishing one or more copies will please make it known promptly as the list must be sent to India not later than January 8th.
I. C. ARCHIBALD.
15 Coburg Road, Halifax, Dec. 19th.

Having given up the Buctouche field, I am now open to an engagement as pastor. Any church wishing a supply may secure my services by addressing me at Dorchester, N. B. R. BARRY SMITH.
Dorchester, Dec. 1st.

The next District Meeting for Lunenburg County will convene with the Lunenburg church, January 8th and 9th. Let all the churches and W. M. A. Societies send their delegates and reports. Written reports from churches desired. Mrs. Archibald, returned missionary, will speak on Tuesday evening. A good programme for all the meetings being prepared.
R. P. CHURCHILL, Sec'y.

The Rev. A. C. Chute still has on hand some copies of Dr. Cramp's life, by Dr. T. A. Higgins, his son-in-law. What better present can friends make friends than this life of Dr. Cramp, a \$1.50 book which Mr. Chute will send to any one for sixty cents. Address Rev. A. C. Chute, M. A., B. D., Halifax, N. S.



How to be Healthy In Winter.

Winter is a trying time for most people—especially so for delicate ones. Colds, la grippe and pneumonia find them easy victims. Do you catch cold easily? It shows that your system is not in a condition to resist disease. You will be fortunate if you escape pneumonia.

Nature is always fighting against disease. The right kind of medicine is the kind that helps Nature by toning up the system and enabling it to resist disease. Such a tonic is only found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. By building up the blood and strengthening the nerves these pills reach the root of disease, restore health, and make people bright, active and strong.

Mrs. R. Doxsee, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "I believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life. When I began their use I was so weak that I was scarcely able to be out of my bed, and showed every symptom of going into a decline. I was pale, emaciated, suffered from headaches and nerve exhaustion. I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a couple of months, and they have completely restored me."

Sold by all dealers or postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville.

EMULSION

CONSUMPTION AND ALL LUNG DISEASES, SPITTING OF BLOOD, COUGH, LOSS OF APPETITE, DEBILITY, the benefit of this article are most manifest.

By the aid of The D. & L. Emulsion, I have gotten rid of a hacking cough which had troubled me for over a year, and have gained considerably in weight.

T. H. WINGHAM, C.E., Montreal.
50c. and \$1 per Bottle
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,
MONTREAL.

DIGESTION ASSIMILATION NUTRITION.

In catarrhal diseases which waste and sap the bodily vigor, the stomach gets out of order, food passes on undigested into the intestines, clogging up and constipating. Indigestion runs into dyspepsia, constipation and mal-nutrition. The patient loses strength and flesh. A chronic cough sets in. Rest is impossible.

PARK'S Perfect Emulsion

contains the necessary elements of animal organism, in the form of a pleasant liquid food, easily borne by delicate stomachs. It stimulates the secretions of the digestive organs, thereby aiding digestion in the natural method. It is easily assimilated and very nutritious. The Gaiulacol in it destroys microbe life common in consumption, bronchitis, asthma and chronic coughs. This combination is endorsed and prescribed by the leading physicians throughout the Dominion. It puts on flesh, makes rich blood.

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

FRUIT and HAY FARM

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

For particulars apply to
J. A. GATES & CO.,
Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, ON SATURDAY, the 10th day of February next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decree of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1899, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Michael Ryan is Plaintiff, and Lawrence McGrath, Christopher Kane and James McGrath are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the Mortgaged Premises described in said Decree of the Court are:

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of St. John, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the western side of the road leading from the City of St. John to Little River, so called, at a point distant from the lands owned by the Commissioners of the Poor for the City and County of St. John, eight hundred and one (801) feet; thence along the said road southerly two hundred and twelve feet to the line of land owned by the heirs of the late John C. G. (Garrett) hence south seventy-three degrees west by a lotter's line five hundred (500) feet to high water mark; thence along the back or shore of Courtney Bay to land owned by one Peter Dean, Junior, one hundred and ten (110) feet, more or less; thence north sixty-one degrees fifty minutes east five hundred and twenty (520) feet to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one and one-half acres, more or less, being the same lot of land and premises heretofore sold and conveyed by one Patrick Gallagher and Catherine, his wife, to the said Lawrence McGrath by deed dated the third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, title, dower, right of dower, property, claim and demand whatever, both at Law and in Equity, of them, the said Defendants, or any or either of them, of, in, to and out of the said lands and premises and every part thereof."

For terms of sale apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor.
Dated this Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1899.
HUGH H. McLEAN,
Referee.

WHISTON'S Commercial College

Re-opens after the holidays, January 2, 1900. New Classes will be formed in:

- Bookkeeping,
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- Spelling,
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- Commercial Law,
- Business Practice,
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Send for catalogue to
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95 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kedleston, telegraphs from Calcutta that there has been no increase of rain and that 2,451,000 natives suffering from famine are now receiving relief.

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

Bakers' Bad Backs.



We little know the toil and hardship that those who make the "Staff of Life" undergo. Long hours in superheated and poorly ventilated work-rooms is hard on the system,

gives the kidneys more work than they can properly do, throws poison into the system that should be carried off by these delicate filters. Then the back gets bad—

Not much use applying liniments and plasters. You must reach the Kidneys to cure the back. **DOAN'S Kidney Pills** cure all kinds of Bad Backs by restoring the Kidneys to healthy action.

Mr. Walter Buchanan, who has conducted a bakery in Sarnia, Ont., for the past 15 years, says:

"For a number of years previous to taking Doan's Kidney Pills I suffered a great deal from acute pains across the small of my back, pains in the back of my head, dizziness, weary feeling and general debility. From the first few doses of Doan's Kidney Pills I commenced to improve, and I have continued until I am to-day a well man. I have not got a pain or ache about me. My head is clear; the urinary difficulties all gone; my sleep is refreshing and my health is better now than for years."

GATES'
Invigorating Syrup.
 Well known throughout the country, is an excellent
TONIC, PHYSIC and APPETIZER.
Safe and Reliable
 and should be in every house. For Coughs, Colds and La Grippe a little night and morning will soon break them up.
 DYSPEPTICS will find great relief by taking a little after eating.
 For Irregularities of the Bowels nothing can be found to excel it, as it causes no griping or pain.
 For Asthma and Palpitation of the Heart one swallow gives instant relief.
 It is an invigorator of the whole system, has been well tested already, and will do all that we say of it.
 Put up in large bottles at 50 cents each and sold everywhere.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

If you are weak and run down, use

Puttner's Emulsion, which is FOOD rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.



Always get **PUTTNER'S** it is **THE BEST.**

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.
 Every family should have one ready for an emergency.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL
 Beware of imitations

The Home

A Christmas Pudding.

We are as a nation fond of novelty, and that is a reason why a change has been possible in that most conventional of desserts, the Christmas pudding. In our modern houses heated by steam and hot air a hot pudding even on Christmas Day is not nearly so attractive after a heavy dinner, such as Christmas Day calls for, as an iced pudding. An iced plum pudding has become very popular. It is a plum pudding in name, but is composed of different ingredients from that time honored "popish plum broth" which the "high shoe lords of Cromwell's making" abhorred. The majority of the plums in this iced pudding are candied fruit and nuts, and its chief ingredients whipped cream and custard. It is, moreover, entirely destitute of a suspicion of the riotous intemperance suggested by the ingredients of the old plum pudding and its clouds of smoking brandy. The most scrupulous person may partake of this new Christmas plum pudding without a tremor of conscience.

Seed and stem three ounces of nice Malaga raisins. Wash well and add three ounces of candied cherries cut in quarters, one ounce of candied citron cut in fine shreds, and two ounces of candied apricots cut in small pieces. Add two teaspoonfuls of orange extract, and stir the fruit in it. Let it stand while you prepare the foundation of the pudding. Put in a saucepan to boil one pint of rich, fresh milk. While it is heating beat the yolks of three eggs thoroughly with a coffee cup of sugar; add a pinch of salt. When the milk boils add it to the sugar and eggs, and add also two ounces of scraped chocolate and an ounce of sugar, which have been melted in half a cup of boiling milk. Finally add a pint of cream, heated to the boiling point. Freeze this preparation in an ordinary ice cream freezer, and when it is frozen stir in the fruit and orange extract. Beat the cream for two minutes, so as to mix the fruit in evenly; then cover it and let it stand from ten minutes to two hours. Serve it with a sauce of whipped cream sweetened and seasoned with vanilla. If you prefer, omit the chocolate and substitute for it half a cup of caramel syrup. This is stirred into the pudding before it is frozen at the same time the chocolate is.

To make the caramel syrup, melt and cook until it is dark brown two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and a tablespoonful of water. When this is ready add at once half a cup of boiling water. Melt the caramel into this. It will take two or three minutes. This iced pudding will not be quite so dark in color as the one made with chocolate, but it is delicious, and is given for those who do not like the flavor of chocolate. Serve both of these puddings in an ornamental mould with a wreath of dark holly leaves and bright berries around them. Serve the caramel pudding with a sauce flavored with orange extract instead of vanilla.—(N. Y. Tribune.)

Christmas Bedrooms.

Christmas is a season when guests are usually expected, and some sleeping rooms must be made ready for the company. The spare rooms of the house often look particularly inhospitable during the winter season, when no one in the country on ordinary occasions entertains much company. If there are no heater flues connected with the sleeping rooms of the house, the spare room is likely to be a chilly apartment. If it has no special stove or fireplace where a wood fire can be lighted, heat it with a small kerosene heating stove. An excellent one can be purchased as low as \$6. Make certain that the room is comfortably warm. This alone will make it seem cheerful. Put pretty bureau and washstand covers in their places, and arrange writing materials on a table with a bedside lamp. If a lamp for reading or writing is needed it can be brought. A few Christmas greens and berries add a pleasant note of color to a guest room at Christmas. A pretty hand

painted calendar of the New Year is a dainty and seasonable ornament for the Christmas guest room; so is a pair of soft bedside slippers, knit of dainty hued worsteds. If the windows of the guest room are swathed in cold looking muslins hang, if possible, an outer curtain of some heavier, richer material over them. This will give color and shut-out those uncomfortable daughts that so often lurk about the edges of windows in all houses that have not been properly weather stripped.—(N. Y. Tribune.)

No particle of celery need be wasted; the outer tougher stalks may be cut up and stewed until tender and served in cream sauce like asparagus. The snowy heart leaves alone should be used in salad. The blanched snowy tops may be used in decorating salads and cold meats. The green leaves should be stewed like spinach until tender, and served in a plain cream sauce or a little drawn butter, made with the water the celery was boiled in.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Many speak of the emulsion as troublesome to make; I find it very easy by the following method: A bar of common washing soap is dissolved in a quart of water and allowed to boil, then two quarts of kerosene are added to the boiling soap. This is churned, while hot, with a revolving egg beater; a force pump would be better, but I do not own one, and a beater answers very well. When the emulsion is properly made it will come up like butter, so thick that the beater will not work. A pint of the thick emulsion is diluted with eight quarts of water, making a liquid resembling skim milk in color but closely related to kerosene in odor.—Vick's Magazine.

The proper temperature for a dining room during dinner is said by an authority on the subject to be 60 degrees. The room should be thoroughly aired before the dinner, and the temperature of the room brought back to the limit given. This is the proper temperature for a dinner party. It may be considerably higher if only a few persons are dining together.

Insurance Tangle.

Remarkable Instance of the Uncertainty of Life and Death.

Robert Bond of Monnt Brydges, Ont., paid total Disability Claim by Insurance Company—Last Stages of Bright's Disease and no hope—Dodd's Kidney Pills Subsequently Cured Him.

MT. BRIDGES, ONT., JAN. 1.—One of the most remarkable complications that ever happened in connection with a claim for insurance in Canada was the Robert Bond claim in the Provincial Provident Institution of St. Thomas, Ont.

Robert Bond is a resident of this town. He took sick and was finally declared by the doctors to be in the last stages of Bright's Disease and a hopeless case. He was now totally incapacitated and claimed total disability from the Provincial Provident.

They looked up his claim, amounting to six hundred dollars, sent their physicians to examine the case, and on their recommendation paid the money.

Then it was that Mr. Bond quite innocently got ahead of the insurance company. He started to take Dodd's Kidney Pills. He remembered he was in the last stages of the most fatal disease known, previously considered incurable. Mr. Bond used in all twenty boxes before he was cured, but in the end he was cured, perfectly.

The insurance company could do nothing. Their own doctors had reported him incurable. Bond himself had lost all hope of recovery. They had simply reckoned without Dodd's Kidney Pills, the only remedy for Bright's Disease in existence.

Mr. Bond has never had any return of the old complaint. He has used no other medicine or remedy of any kind since, and considers that Dodd's Kidney Pills saved his life.

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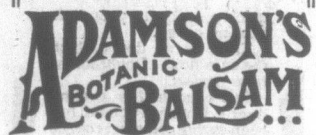
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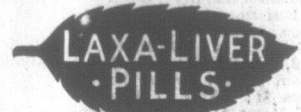
It heals the sore parts, tones up the irritated air passages and strengthens the bronchial tubes—thus stopping the sources of the cough.

AT ALL DRUGGISTS, 25c.



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Mrs. Alonso H. Thurber, Freeport, N.S., says: "I had a severe attack of Grippe and a bad cough, with great difficulty in breathing. After taking two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I was completely cured."



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

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S. KERR & SON,
 Oddfellows' Hall.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

First Quarter.

THE CHILD JESUS VISITS JERUSALEM.

Lesson II. January 14. Luke 2:41-52.
Read Matthew 2; Luke 2:21-38.
Commit Verses 49-52.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.— Luke 2:52.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE DANGERS OF CHILDHOOD.—Matt. 2:13-23. Soon after the visit of the wise men (see last lesson), probably early in February, B.C. 4, Herod sought to kill the babe Jesus (the one "born king of the Jews"), and in order to insure that his purpose be accomplished, slew all the male children in Bethlehem "from two years old and under." It is not probable that there was a large number. Jesus escaped by being secretly carried to Egypt in the night.

II. THE NAZARETH HOME.—Nazareth, where Jesus spent more than twenty-eight years of his life after his return from Egypt, is about fourteen miles from the Sea of Galilee, and sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem in a straight line, and twenty-one miles from Ptolemais, the seaport on the Mediterranean. It now contains four thousand to six thousand inhabitants.

III. A MARKED ERA IN THE CHILDHOOD OF JESUS. HIS FIRST JOURNEY TO JERUSALEM TO ATTEND A GREAT RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL.—Vs. 41-50. This incident is "a solitary flower out of the wonderful enclosed garden of thirty years."

41. HIS PARENTS WENT TO JERUSALEM EVERY YEAR. This shows that his parents were devout, God-fearing people. They were very strict in performing their religious duties, and using their religious privileges. THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER. The most important of the religious festivals of the Jews, the commemoration of their birth as a nation (Ex. 12, 13), which all male Israelites were commanded to attend each year (Ex. 23:14-17; Deut. 16:16).

42. AND WHEN HE WAS TWELVE YEARS OLD. "A child of 12 was at that time in the East as well developed physically and intellectually as a child of 15 in our Western modern world." This was the age when, as a kind of turning point from childhood, a Jewish boy became a "son of the law," the age of responsibility, when he was bound to keep the law, and to go up to the festivals with his father, AFTER THE CUSTOM OF THE FEAST, as it was the custom to go, or in the customary manner of traveling.

43. AND WHEN THEY HAD FULFILLED THE DAYS. The seven days of the Passover (Ex. 12:15; Deut. 16:2) "or the customary two days, for many pilgrims left after the principal sacrifices were over." THE CHILD JESUS. The word means "boy." Up to this point a diminutive term has been used. TARRIED BEHIND IN JERUSALEM. It is not at all probable that he remained behind on purpose, but he was so intensely interested in the teaching of the rabbis that he did not know when the caravan started on its homeward journey. AND JOSEPH AND HIS MOTHER KNEW NOT OF IT. This shows what perfect confidence they had in the boy. They willingly left him with the other boys of his age during the day, and took it for granted that he had joined the caravan with the rest.

44. BUT THEY, SUPPOSING HIM TO HAVE BEEN IN THE COMPANY. "The company that shared the journey." AND THEY SOUGHT HIM. "It was probably when the caravan halted for the night that he was first missed."

45. THEY TURNED BACK AGAIN. A single act. SEEKING HIM. A continued act lasting all the way to the city.

46. AFTER THREE DAYS THEY FOUND HIM. Reckoned from the departure of the caravan from Jerusalem: one for the journey out, one for the return, and one for the search in the city. THEY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE. Not in the temple proper, but in one of the porches or chambers of the temple area, and belonging to the temple. SITTING IN THE MIDST OF THE DOCTORS, or teachers, as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel. "There were teachers on each side, possibly in a semicircle." The older students sat on a low bench; the younger on the ground, literally "at the feet" of their instructor. BOTH HEARING THEM. Note that "hearing" is placed first. He came as a learner. AND ASKING THEM QUESTIONS, in his desire to learn more. All this was done naturally and modestly.

47. WERE ASTONISHED AT HIS UNDERSTANDING. His knowledge of the Scriptures, his insight into their true meaning, his penetration into the very spirit of the

truth. His ANSWERS to their questions displayed these same qualities.

48. THEY WERE AMAZED. It is often very difficult for older persons to realize the development of those, growing up in their homes, till some stranger reveals the fact to them. AND HIS MOTHER SAID UNTO HIM. "Privately"; she could not rebuke after such a scene. "THEY FATHER AND I. This form of speech was required by usage. It may, however, imply that Mary had never told her Son of the remarkable circumstances of his birth."

49. HOW IS IT THAT YE SOUGHT ME? You would naturally find me in my father's house. Why did you not come directly here? Or you might be sure that I was doing my duty. Why did you not trust me? WIST. Knew. I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS, or as R. V., "in my father's house." The noun for "house" or "business" is not given in the Greek.

50. AND THEY UNDERSTOOD NOT. Did not fully comprehend. There was a depth of meaning they could not fathom. The realization of what he was came gradually to them.

The Child about His Father's Business.

(1) The child should early consecrate himself to God, to live thenceforward as his child. (2) He will learn about his Father's business in his Father's house, and in the earnest study of his Father's Word. To study the Word is part of his business. (3) His Father's business for him is to live at home, at school, everywhere, a pure, unselfish life. (4) Every earthly duty, obedience to parents, daily work, recreations, are portions of his Father's business. (5) He can do much directly for his Father in leading other children to Jesus, in helping the poor, the neglected, the sick, by inviting others to the house of his Father.

IV. THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF JESUS AT NAZARETH.—Vs. 51, 52. Compare v. 40.

51. CAME TO NAZARETH, where he remained for eighteen years, "hidden years" of growth and preparation, till the time came, at 30 years of age, to enter upon his great mission. AND WAS SUBJECT UNTO THEM. The participle and finite verb denote "habitual," "continuous" subjection. To his mother as well as to Joseph. He was obedient, helpful, reverent, ready to do all he could for them, subject to the rules of the home. HIS MOTHER KEPT ALL THESE SAYINGS IN HER HEART. It was doubtless from the treasures of her memory that Luke obtained his knowledge of what he has written of Jesus' childhood. KEPT. "Only here and Acts 15:29. The preposition, 'through' indicates 'close, faithful, persistent' keeping, through all the circumstances which might have weakened the impression of the events. Compare Gen. 37:11."

52. INCREASED. Rather, "advanced." The word is derived from pioneers "cutting down" trees in the path of an advancing army. IN WISDOM AND STATURE He grew like any other child. He developed perfectly his whole nature, body and spirit. IN FAVOR WITH GOD AND MAN. He "grew" in favor as he grew older. He was such a young man as God had meant all men to be. The word "favor" here is the same as is translated "grace" in John 1:14, "full of grace and truth." Jesus possessed "the beauty of holiness." He had not only goodness, but goodness in attractive, gracious, lovely forms. Heavenly goodness is attractive to all except bad men, whom it reproves, and whose life it interferes with.

More Worlds to Conquer.

It has been well said that "where bread grows on trees, we find the weak race." This suggests why it is that the Bible speaks so highly of him "that overcometh." It is only by being an overcomer that we can grow into worth. Man "becomes something," says Burroughs "only by overcoming something." The athlete loses interest in a feat that has become easy. Alexander signed for more worlds to conquer; he was too big a man to enjoy going out of business. No man likes to feel himself shrivel; this is why many rich men keep on toiling and making money. They object to shriveling, and therefore keep on in the struggle of overcoming. There can be no moral Alexanders among us. In the religious and moral life there are always more worlds to conquer. Before us always lies the joy of the privilege of growing through overcoming.—Sunday School Times.

Representatives of 35,000 miners in the bituminous coal district of Pennsylvania met at various points to consider the feasi-

bility of a strike for a general increase of 30 per cent. in wages. The operators informed the men that they regard their demands as preposterous. If the miners are in earnest the strike will be declared before Jan. 1.

A simple fruit pudding for Christmas which contains no brandy or wine is as follows: Chop fine one cup of beef marrow or suet, and one cup of raisins, seeded and washed. Add a cup of curran's and a little shredded citron to this mixture. Also one cup of molasses and one cup of milk. Into another sift three cups of flour and a teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of cloves and half a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Gradually stir the dry ingredients into the other mixture. Steam this pudding four hours in a pail tightly covered set in boiling water, as you would Boston brown bread. Serve with a foaming lemon sauce.

Does Baby Thrive?

If your baby is delicate and sickly and its food does not nourish it, put fifteen or twenty drops of Scott's Emulsion in its bottle three or four times a day and you will see a marked change.

We have had abundant proof that they will thrive on this emulsion when other food fails to nourish them.

It is the same with larger children that are delicate. Scott's Emulsion seems to be the element lacking in their food. Do not fail to try it if your children do not thrive. It is as useful for them in summer as in winter.

Ask your doctor if this is not true. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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

Dollars For Doctors.

But Mrs. Douglas derived little benefit till she used B.B.B.

Proof after proof we have been furnishing how B.B.B. makes bad blood pure blood and cures cases that even the doctors failed to benefit.

Here's the case of Mrs. John Douglas, Fuller, Ont., an account of which she gives.

"I have used B.B.B. for impure blood, pimples on the face and sick headache. I tried a great many remedies and spent dollars for doctors' medicine but derived little benefit. I then started using B.B.B. and only took four bottles when my skin became clean and free from all eruptions. My other troubles disappeared also and I am now in perfect health."

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From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

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

MAUGERVILLE, SUNBURY CO.—Monday evening last the members of this church and friends gathered at the parsonage and left a donation amounting to about \$40.

ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, N. S.—At the close of our special Christmas service on the evening of the 24th, the congregation was requested to remain, when Mr. J. H. Bancroft, on behalf of the congregations at Annapolis, Roundhill and Granville Ferry, presented the pastor with a splendid dark Canadian con skin overcoat.

WEST YARMOUTH.—We are enjoying our new home in the recently completed parsonage close by the church. Former pastors will know how much we enjoy the convenience of the present situation.

LITTLE RIVER, CUMBERLAND CO., N. S.—Had the pleasure yesterday of burying in the likeness of their Lord's death and resurrection four joyous believers in Christ.

TRUKALI, INDIA.—Eight were baptized at this station last week. Seven of them were Savaras. Four of the Savaras were baptized at sunset in a little pond amid the Savara hills.

CANSO, N. S.—Three members have recently been added by letter. Temperance Day was observed with good results. The church has been talking for some time of building a vestry.

NEW GERMANY, N. S.—As a result of some special meetings held at Farmington last Saturday at Conference three more were received for church membership after baptism. On Sabbath morning Mrs. Stephen Thompkins, Ella Mooreman and Mable Langille were buried with Christ in baptism.

CLEMENTSVILLE, N. S.—The Holy Spirit is still moving upon the hearts of the people. Strong men and tender youth alike are manifesting an interest in their soul's salvation.

baptized, making 29 in all added to the church since we began special meetings. One of the principal features of the work was the reconciliation of two parties who were at variance, caused by the purchase of an organ.

NICTAUX FALLS, N. S.—Permit me through these columns to make grateful mention of the magnificent gift of a superior fur coat, which I have of late received from the congregations of my field.

ST. GEORGE, N. B.—A Christmas tree and Sunday School concert on the evening of the 25th were all that could be desired. The superintendent, Bro. H. V. Dewar, presided. The exercises were all good and the presents gratefully received.

BRUNSWICK, ME.—The work at the Cumberland Street Baptist church of Brunswick, Maine, is very progressive. On Sunday, 24th, the pastor, F. S. Todd, delivered a very thoughtful Christmas sermon from Hagai 2:7.

NEW CUMBERLAND, N. S.—I have just returned from a week's campaign with Pastor Blakeney in this section of his church. The Holy Spirit opened the hearts of the people. A number turned to the Lord and there are many seeking.

HILLSDALE-HAMMOND, N. B.—Our fifth years' work here for the Master, opens under most favorable circumstances. Our B. Y. P. U. rally Christmas night was a grand success.

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

its capacity, and after a long, carefully prepared and well rendered programme had been carried out, the pastor was the happy recipient of a donation amounting to \$63.77, these with the many kind and encouraging words that accompany them are wonderful incentives to service.

COLUMBIA, B. C.—A correspondent of the Daily Colonist, of Victoria, B. C., writing of the rapid strides which the mining town of Columbia, situated in what is called the Boundary Country, is making in building and the establishment of industries, says: "By far the most ambitious project, however, is one which emanated from Rev. R. W. Trotter.

WESTPORT, N. S.—On Nov. 1st I closed my pastorate with the Westport church. I enjoyed my stay with this church very much, although unlike my work in other pastorates on account of compactness, just one preaching place, no outside work, and plenty of time for study, so I got better acquainted with my library.

British-Boer War.

This book will contain a complete History of South Africa from the earliest times, including the occupation of Cape Colony by the Boers, their great "treks," the occupation by other natives, and finally the British; the founding of the Transvaal Republic, the Life of Oom Paul, General Joubert, The Conferences, 1881-1884, will be fully set forth, the war's past and present, and the causes that led up to them.

return void but shall prosper. The Westport Baptists have a splendid church property, good audience room and vestry with class rooms, and the ladies have a large room over the class rooms, and it is all paid for except \$300, and if God's providence favors them it will soon be paid off.

Personal. Rev. J. A. Gordon, of Montreal, was in St. John a day or two last week. Mr. Gordon's many friends here were glad to see him looking so well after his recent illness, and to hear him speak very encouragingly of his work in Montreal.

Canadian Contingent. The portraits of the officers of the Canadian contingent will appear in the book "War in South Africa" being brought out by Earle Publishing Co. of St. John, N. B.

CANCER And Tumors cured to stay cured, at home; no knife, plaster or pain. For Canadian testimonials & 75-page book—free, write Dept. 12, Mason Medicines Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto Ontario.

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CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. EXCURSION RATES. Christmas and New Year's Holidays. ONE WAY FIRST-CLASS FARE FOR THE ROUND TRIP between all Stations on the Atlantic Division and from Atlantic Division Stations to points in Canada, Port Arthur and east. GENERAL PUBLIC.—Tickets on sale Dec. 21st to Jan. 1st, inclusive, good to return till Jan. 4th, 1900.

MARRIAGES.

DONKIN-SLACK.—At Springhill, Dec. 21st, by Rev. J. W. Bancroft, James M. Donkin and Maggie B. Slack.

ACKERMAN-HARRINGTON.—At the residence of the bride's father, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. A. T. Dyleman, William N. Ackerman, of Fairville, N. B., to Annie Harrington, of Kingsville, St. John Co., N. B.

MERSON-FLEMMING.—At Stanburne, Dec. 23rd, by Rev. H. B. Smith, M. A., Davis A. Merson, of Halifax, to Miss Idella Fleming of Stanburne, Lunenburg Co.

FINLEY-EVANS.—On Dec. 6th, at the residence of the bride's mother, Chester, N. S., Chas. H. Finley to Miss Mirella Evans.

PARKER-WARNER.—At the parsonage, Dec. 20th, by pastor J. W. Brown, Rupert G. Parker and Etta M. Warner, all of Cleveland, Annapolis Co. N. S.

YORKE-WHELOCK.—At the home of the bride's parents, Torbrook, Dec. 25th, by pastor J. W. Brown, Robert O. Yorke and Lizzie Wheelock, all of Torbrook, Annapolis Co., N. S.

MCNUTT-FLETCHER.—At the residence of David Fletcher, Esq., DeBert, N. S., Dec. 25th, by pastor O. N. Chipman, Thomas T. McNutt, of Kentville, and Flora M. Fletcher of DeBert.

CROSBY-WOOD.—At Tusket, Dec. 15th, by Rev. M. W. Brown, Capt. John B. Crosby and Francis C. Wood, both of Tusket, Yarmouth Co., N. S.

LEE-SHERWOOD.—At Centreville, N. B., on Dec. 27th, by Rev. Joseph A. Cahill, assisted by Rev. J. E. Flewelling, Mr. LeRoy Lee to Miss Lena Sherwood.

RILEY-DAVISON.—At the Baptist parsonage, Windsor, N. S., Dec. 21st, by pastor A. A. Shaw, Fred Riley and Orissa Davison, both of Hantsport.

EGERS-CADY.—At Northfield, Sunbury Co., on 25th ult., by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Robert M. Eggers to Esther J., youngest daughter of Wm. Cady, Esq., of Northfield.

DEATHS.

YIBBIS.—At Parrsboro, N. S. Dec. 17th, Ella Grace, infant daughter of Joseph and Sarah Yibbis, aged 5 months.

CRANDALL.—At Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 21st, William Cecil Crandall, age 23 years, son of Henry V. and Maggie L. Crandall.

GOODWIN.—At Granville, on the 21st, Roscoe Valentine, the only child of Bro. and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Goodwin. He was a bright little fellow of eighteen months, and the pet of the home. The sympathy of the whole church is with our Bro. and Sister in their sorrow.

JOHNSON.—At Port Lorne, Dec. 14th, Mary Ann, widow of the late Peter Johnson, aged 67 years. This sister united with the church under the ministry of Rev. J. M. Parker many years ago. The Saviour whom she then confessed was her friend and support through life and in death. She leaves one daughter and family, besides many other relatives and friends.

NODDIN.—Mrs. Michael Noddin, of St. John, N. B., passed peacefully to the spirit world on Dec. 5th, in the 65th year of her age. She was born at Thornetown, Queens Co., N. B., and was baptized in 1859 by Rev. W. Troop. Her life was adorned by the Christian virtues, and the severe suffering of her last illness was endured with resignation and strong faith in God. A husband and six children are left to mourn their loss.

WEATHERSPOON.—At Granville Ferry, N. S., Dec. 13th, after a lingering illness, Wm. Mills Weatherspoon, Esq., aged 77. His life has been that of a Christian business man of uprightness and integrity than which no greater eulogy can be written. He has long been a member and supporter of the Baptist church, and will be much missed by the church and community. He leaves to mourn his loss one son, William, and one daughter, Laliah, the wife of D. Frank Woodbury, of Halifax.

MORTON.—On Christmas day, at Brookfield, N. S., Ralph, aged 15, son of Albert and Belle Morton, was drowned in the lake where he with his companions were skating. His grandparents, Deacon A. J. Leadbetter and wife, are well known to many readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. The love for the deceased as well as the sympathy for the bereaved was shown by the large attendance at the funeral conducted by the writer assisted by Rev. Mr. Blackadar of Kempt, who only sixteen weeks before laid to rest their eldest son Raymond. As both were earnest Christians our hearts are comforted by the thought of a blessed reunion some sweet day by and by.

WITHERS.—At Granville Centre, on the 17th ult., Harriet, wife of Bro. Walter Withers, age 77 years. For many months our sister has not been able to attend sanctuary services, where she always loved to be. Age and disease were working their work in her frail body until the end came with joyful deliverance. Always cheerful and trustful she will be greatly missed. She leaves a sweet and healthy influence behind, and still lives in the lives of other. She leaves a sorrowing husband and several children, with many friends to mourn their loss, but what is loss to them is gain to her.

SEVERANCE.—On Dec. 22nd, Brother W. D. Severance died of a paralytic stroke, in the 87th year of his age. We mourn with those who mourn, and tender our sympathy to the widow and sons and daughters left to mourn their loss. Bro. Severance was baptized in 1866 by the Rev. Hugh Ross, and taken in the fellowship of the Grand Mira church. Removing to Fourchie he still stood firm to Baptist principles, and in 1888 was received into the fellowship of the Fourchie Baptist church. He lived as he died, having on the whole armor of God, therefore we rejoice to know that the loss to our church as well as the Christian influence in our community, is all gains to our deceased brother, who though dead yet speaketh.

SANFORD.—Mrs. Mary Simford, beloved wife of Frederick Sanford, entered into rest Tuesday, Dec. 19th, aged 32. She was the only living daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clark Hsley, also of Weston. Mrs. Sanford was a great sufferer during her last illness which was of long duration. She underwent a severe operation at the Victoria General Hospital last spring for cancer. The relief obtained was only temporary. The terrible disease soon made itself manifest again in its most painful and fatal manner. During all this suffering Mrs. Sanford was graciously sustained by a strong, unwavering faith in God. Throughout her short life she had passed through several severe attacks of illness. She was made strong by the things she suffered. When the end was near she could calmly commit her husband and children whom she loved dearly, to the care of the Heavenly Father. She longed to "depart and be with Christ which is far better." She talked calmly of her funeral and asked her pastor to speak from the words, There shall be no more pain. Rev. 21: 4; Mrs. Sanford in early life was led to trust in Jesus, and was baptized at the age of 14, by Rev. James Blakeney. This profession she adorned by a singularly consistent walk and conversation. Eleven years ago she was married to Mr. Sanford. To them have been born five children. To husband and children she has been all that a true wife and mother could be. To them and a large circle of friends she leaves a precious memory. May God sustain and comfort them.

MACFARLANE.—Suddenly on Dec. 14th, 1899, at his residence, Sydney Street, St. John, Foster MacFarlane, M. D., aged 65 years. Dr. MacFarlane was born at Stubbolm, Kings Co., N. B., his father being Matthew MacFarlane who came from Ireland to this Province when a boy. The MacFarlanes are of an old Scottish family and are able to trace their genealogy back through many generations. Dr. MacFarlane had followed his profession in St. John and its vicinity for many years. His practice was extensive and the circle of his acquaintance very large. Few citizens

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of St. John had more friends and probably none had fewer enemies. A faithful and skillful physician, he felt a keen interest in his profession, endeavoring to keep himself abreast of the advancing medical science of his time. Dr. MacFarlane was a humble and sincere Christian, kindly of heart and courteous in speech, a man who strove to be faithful in all the relations of his life, and his sudden taking away is a sad bereavement not only to his own family, but to the church (Germain St.) of which he was a highly valued member, and to a very large circle of warm personal friends. Dr. MacFarlane was a constant and liberal supporter of the Baptist cause, and though the rigorous demands of his profession left him little time to devote to denominational work, he was always interested in the undertakings of the body, especially in the cause of education. Dr. MacFarlane was twice married. His first wife, who died in 1896, was Miss Elizabeth A. Babbitt; his second wife, who survives him was Miss Vanhorne, of St. Martins. Dr. MacFarlane leaves five children, two married daughters, Mrs. W. F. Barbour, of Fredericton, and Mrs. W. S. Rainnie, of St. John, two unmarried daughters, and Mr. W. G. MacFarlane, M. A., who for the past year or two has been pursuing post-graduate studies at Harvard and Columbia Universities, and is now engaged in journalistic work in St. John. The bereaved family in their sorrow have the sincere sympathy of many friends.

of Capt. Prince Kenney, and in 1863 to Wealthy, daughter of Wm. Hall. He was a Christian man and a member of Baptist churches nearly half a century. In young manhood he sat under the preaching of Father Harris Harding, but it was in 1856 that he confessed with his mouth what he believed in his heart, and on April 30th of that year, was immersed by the Rev. A. Martell, and united with the South Yarmouth Baptist church at Central Cheboque, transferring his membership to the church at Arcadia in 1870. Neither in the battle against the troubles and trials of his long life, nor against disease in his body, did he ever lose his trust in God. One of his last talks was on salvation by grace. Of a strongly independent spirit, he lived out his own ways and ideas of life, but always sought to keep a heart void of offence toward God and man. Full of brotherly kindness and charity, of broad sympathies, of honest principles in his dealings, he made many friends and won the confidence of those with whom he had business transactions. Of him it truthfully can be said, that a good man has passed to his fathers and to his God. Funeral services were held at his son, Nehemiah's, at Chegoggin, on Wednesday, Dec. 20th, conducted by the Rev. J. R. Wilson, assisted by the Revs. E. Crowell and P. R. Foster.

Important to Agents.

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

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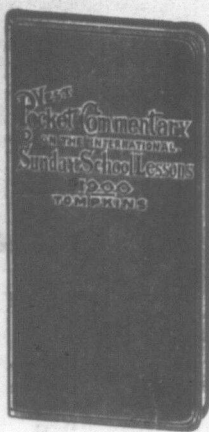
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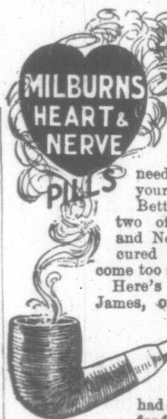
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Have you been smoking a good deal lately and feel an occasional twinge of pain round your heart. Are you short of breath, nerves unbinged, sensation of pins and needles going through your arms and fingers?

has to say about them: "I have had serious heart trouble for four years, caused by excessive use of tobacco. At times my heart would beat very rapidly and then seemed to stop beating only to commence again with unnatural rapidity."

News Summary

The killing of a negro at Dunbar, in Pennsylvania, last week, by a mob of two hundred infuriated men is another reminder that the lynching evil is not wholly confined to the south.

It is stated that Monday was the first Christmas day in the history of Summerside on which the harbor was open and the boat able to make her regular trips.

Governor Candler of Georgia has signed the bill prohibiting the sleeping car companies operating in the state from furnishing berths to negro passengers except in coaches used especially for the accommodation of negroes.

Cardinal Vaughan has issued a pastoral which is noteworthy for its strong pro-British sentiment. The cardinal enjoins "public and united supplications for our army and the speedy success of the British arms."

At a meeting of the board of directors of the National Board and Paper Co., held at New York on Wednesday, it was decided that the price of pastboard would advance two dollars and fifty cents per ton.

W. W. Simpson, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, has arrived at Seattle from Tibet. In August last the mission at Paongan was completely demolished by armed natives headed by Buddhist priests.

Mrs. Harriet Allsop, alias Briggs, and Mrs. Albert Porter, who were burned late Sunday night at Lowell, Mass., died on Monday. Mrs. Allsop deliberately set herself on fire while under the influence of liquor, and Mrs. Porter's clothing caught fire by the tipping over of a lamp.

As the result of a runaway accident Monday afternoon, James Burnett, a prominent Montreal broker, lost his life. Mr. Burnett took a party of friends out for a sleigh drive, and the horse ran away, throwing out the occupants of the sleigh.

The Boston and Albany stockholders have voted in favor of the lease of the road to the New York Central, the vote standing: Yes, 186,652; no, 15,971. The lease provides for the payment of \$5,500,000 to the Boston and Albany stockholders in addition to the 8 per cent. annual dividend guaranteed.

McMillan's Almanac for 1900, published by J. and A. McMillan of St. John, contains the astronomical and tide tables adapted to New Brunswick, information as to light-houses along the coast, a full list of Dominion Provincial representatives and officials, the officers of all counties in New Brunswick, together with such information respecting religious denominations, the medical and legal professions, societies etc., which make it a valuable book of reference.

The trade returns of the Dominion for five months ending November 30th last compared with the same period last year show that the country is still enjoying an era of prosperity and that this is in reality Canada's growing time. Compared with 1898 there is an increase in the aggregate trade of the country for the past five months of over \$17,000,000.

A disastrous earthquake occurred at San Jacinto, Cal., Monday morning. Nearly every two-story building was wrecked. The main shock was preceded by a loud, roaring sound and awakened many just in time to escape from the doomed buildings.

Letters from British officers and soldiers fighting in the Transvaal and lengthy descriptions from war correspondents that filter into print through the mails, teem with thrilling and pathetic incidents. Writing to his mother, a young officer of the Manchester's, wounded in one of the first engagements, relates that while he lay on the hillside expecting to die through the night which had already fallen, bleeding from a bad wound in the thigh and shivering with cold, there stumbled over him a "Tommy" of his company, named Rogers.



EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House To cure the common ailments that may occur in every family as long as life has woes. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT has been used and indorsed since 1810, to relieve or cure every form of Pain and Inflammation: is Safe, Soothing, Sure. Otherwise it could not have existed for almost a Century.

Corticelli Sewing Silk is all silk; it is full size letter A; it is smooth, strong and free from knots or flaws. These are reasons why ladies who want stitching to last as long as the fabric, prefer it to all other sewing silks. Knowing ones like it better than linen or cotton because it lasts longer and goes further—and does not fade.

FREE COMBINATION OFFER NO MONEY WANTED FROM YOUR OWN POCKET In order to introduce our Assorted Steel Pens we are giving away Watches and Chains, Rings, Bracelets, Autoharps, Jack Knives, Fountain Pens, Air Rifles, Cameras, Chairs, Clocks, Plates, Medals, and numerous other beautiful premiums.

Shadows Here. Let a man get but one glimpse of the King in his beauty, and then the forms and shapes of things here are but the types of an invisible loveliness, types which he is content should be ak and fade. Let but a man feel the truth that goodness is greatness, and there is no other greatness, and then the degrading reverence with which the titled of this world bow before wealth, and the ostentation with which the rich of this world profess their familiarity with title, all the pride of life, what is it to him? The love of the inward, everlasting, real, the love that is of the Father, annihilates the love of the world.

A terrible disaster took place Friday afternoon at Amalfi, on the Gulf of Salerno. About two o'clock an enormous rock, upon which stood the Cappaccini Hotel, slid bodily into the sea, carrying with it the hotel, the old Cappuccini monastery below, the Hotel Santa Caterina and several villas. Many people were buried in the debris, which crushed four vessels to the bottom of the sea, destroying their crews.

In the Septent... the Bos... the gyp... on birds... No one... bush to... clusions... He y... First... hairy ca... attacks... Second... from a... partly f... examina... value of... partly fr... evinced... caterpill... Third... young b... parents... animal f... caterpill... Fourth... worked... young fr... ing suffi... young, t... plentiful... Fifth... pillars ar... their ma... many yo... presence... the eviden... presence... by birds... food can... About fort... places, fe... while mar... young. V... are led by... and taught... Sixth... caterpillars... to limit the... by birds... Seventh... sidered as... increase of... are covere... outbreaks... the bud... share in th... breakes... Eighth... among the... mers and f... destroy su... also in othe... our most u... ed, even if... of fruit to... England F... Persever... can, of cou... antagonize... schemes... life which... contingenc... said a lady... her quart... blackberries... "Yes, ma's... live." As... very brief... question see... view of the... "if I live"... fulfillment o... others we m... ments. Yet... and are mo... rules. The... along the li... As long as t... and to hold... letting go... had "held o... all the years... managed to... tune out of

The Farm.

Birds and Caterpillars.

In the Massachusetts crop report for September H. H. Forbush, ornithologist of the Board of Agriculture and director of the gypsy moth work, has a long article on birds as destroyers of hairy caterpillars. No one is more competent than Mr. Forbush to treat of this subject, and his conclusions must be accepted as authoritative. He says:

First—The widely accepted belief that hairy caterpillars have immunity from the attacks of birds is erroneous.

Second—This error has arisen partly from a lack of painstaking observation, partly from the inadequacy of stomach examinations alone to determine the full value of many birds in this respect, and partly from the well known partiality evinced by many birds for smooth skinned caterpillars.

Third—During most of the time when young birds receive their food from the parents they require a great quantity of animal food, which consists mainly of caterpillars and other soft bodied insects.

Fourth—The parent birds, being overworked at that season in defending their young from many enemies, and in providing sufficient food both for themselves and young, take such caterpillars as are most plentiful and readily obtained.

Fifth—The most destructive hairy caterpillars are gregarious, and many reach their maximum of destructiveness when many young birds are in the nests. The presence of these caterpillars is marked by the evidence of their destructiveness. Their presence is readily detected at a distance by birds, which visit places where such food can be readily obtained in quantities. About forty species are known to visit such places, feeding largely on the caterpillars, while many of them take them to their young. When the young are fledged they are led by the old birds to such localities and taught to feed themselves.

Sixth—An abundance of smooth skinned caterpillars, which many birds prefer, tends to limit the destruction of hairy caterpillars by birds.

Seventh—Birds as a class must be considered as a potent factor in regulating the increase of those moths whose caterpillars are covered with hairs or spines. Many outbreaks of such species are "nipped in the bud" by birds, and they have a large share in the repression of the greater outbreaks.

Eighth—As certain hairy caterpillars are among the worst pests known to the farmers and fruit growers, those birds which destroy such caterpillars, and which are also in other ways to be considered among our most useful species, should be protected, even if some of them take small wages of fruit to pay for their services.—(New-England Farmer.

* * *

Holding On.

Perseverance is what tells. Conditions can, of course, be conceived which may antagonize and disappoint the best laid schemes. There is scarcely anything in life which is not more or less subject to contingency. "Be sure and bring it back," said a lady to a huckster who borrowed her quart measure to measure off some blackberries to a customer next door. "Yes, ma'am," was the reply, I will if I live." As the obligation only covered a very brief space of time the individual in question seemed to take rather an extreme view of the uncertain tenure of life. Yet "if I live" is always a condition in the fulfilment of our purposes, and there are others we must reckon in with our arrangements. Yet these are taken for granted, and are more in line of exceptions than rules. The holding on principle extends along the line of individual possibilities. As long as there is anything to hold on to, and to hold on with, "there is no use in letting go." An old manufacturer who had "held on" to his special line during all the years of a long business life and had managed to accumulate a good solid fortune out of it shook his head in very

positive depreciation of the course pursued by his successors. The business was not paying very well at the time, and the new firm concluded to enter upon a different course. "Better stick to the old way," said the veteran. "I've seen the trade go down lots of times while I was in it. But it always came up again sooner or later." Years after, and when the original proprietor had vanished from sight, the head of the succeeding firm admitted the soundness of the old man's advice. "We would," said he, "have been a great deal better off if we had kept at the original business."

"I believe in sheep," said a certain farmer, "and I'll stick to them if they go so low down that their wool takes fire." There is no line in life which is not subject to periodic depressions. In the very nature of things it must be so. If there was any special department which maintained an even, uninterrupted line of prosperity it would break the balance of trade. In fact, such a state of things is inconceivable. Like the Roman Empire, it would fall by its own weight. It would attract to itself and excess of support and weaken the factors of other lines, and so disturb the general equilibrium. The case is absolutely unassailable. There is a natural relation between demand and supply. As civilization advances social wants become more complex. New branches of business organize in proportion to development and increase of population. If the business men of a century ago would appear on the stage to-day they would find a vast amount and many kinds of operation utterly beyond their experience and knowledge. But those that did exist and those that do exist all grew out of reasonable and natural demand, and are governed by certain well defined economic laws. In business operations one man's chances are as good as another's. It is not all up; neither it is all down. An old farmer used to say that while in the course of his life he had seen many seasons when this crop failed or that yet he had never seen a season when some one crop was not a success. There is where the wisdom of "holding on" comes in. The very time we let go may be just the time we will miss it.

Inquiring once for a certain person in a small town, a man of varied pursuit and much general activity, the answer was, "Well, if you will just stand still where you are sooner or later he will come around to you." It is somewhat so with our successes. If we stay where we are and keep at what we have reason to think we have a right to do, sooner or later we will find that "holding on" tells. If we go dodging around the corners looking for a better chance and in the hopes of striking luck we may miss it. The other chance you take may be no better than the one you have left. In fact, it is not likely to be as good. Every time a man makes a man, makes a new start on a new line he loses the advantages he had begun to gain on the old one. There is some truth in the maxim, "All things come to him who waits." Those grand opportunities of which we hear once in a while are not epidemic. There are not enough of them to go around. A friend of ours once, on a windy day, had the good fortune to have a five-dollar bill almost blown into his hand. But he would have had to wait a good while before fortune repeated that freak in his experience. "Perseverance is the grace that tells." Dogged determination to conquer difficulties will win every man's way sooner or later into such measure of success as should satisfy reasonable ambition, and the best of its reward is in its reflex influence upon individual life and character.—(Isaac L. Kip, No. 1,713 Mifflin St., Philadelphia, Penn.

* * *


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Yarmouth County Quarterly Meeting.

The above organization met in regular session with the Ohio church. First meeting Dec. 11th, 7.30 p. m., when Pastor M. W. Brown preached an impressive and very helpful sermon. Dec. 12th, 10 a. m. meeting called to order with president, Rev. J. H. Saunders, in the chair. Devotional service led by Pastor Brown. The following churches reported through delegates: Yarmouth 1st, Temple, Milton, Arcadia, Tusket and Argyle, Hebron, Bay View, Lake George, North Temple, Ohio and 3rd Yarmouth. Baptisms reported from Arcadia, Hebron, Bay View, Milton, Yarmouth 1st and Yarmouth 3rd. 2 p. m. Devotional service led by Pastor Brown. Yarmouth County W. M. A. S. has the hour, Sister Foster presiding. Reports from Societies and Bands were quite encouraging. An M. B. organized at Pleasant Valley since last quarterly. Addresses were given by Sister E. P. Miller, subject, "Wanted for the Work,"; Sister M. W. Brown, "Facts concerning mission work in India,"; Sister E. Quick, "Responsibility of not giving," Bro. E. A. Allaby preached an impressive sermon from 1 Cor. 9: 21. The session was much enjoyed by all present. 7 p. m. Devotional service led by Rev. J. D. Skinner. Sermon by Pastor P. R. Foster from 1 John 3: 2, a very helpful and interesting discourse. Pastor W. F. Parker led a very interesting after-meeting in which one young woman asked an interest in the prayers of God's people. A vote of thanks was extended to the people for their hospitality and the choir for its excellent music. The next session to be held at Arcadia in March. Collection \$3.30.

E. P. MILLER, Sec'y. Pro tem.

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Thanks

Allow me to express my sincere thanks to the good people of Bonney River and Second Falls for the gift of two very fine black sleigh robes and a kindly letter enclosing a sum of money, this letter was signed Osgood Craig, and was written on behalf of the donors. Also allow me to thank the people of St. George for many valuable presents during the Christmas tide and last but not least a purse containing a gift in cash from Mascarine, where I am able to give a Sabbath sermon but once a month, and a week evening service on Thursdays.

A. H. LAVERS.

DEAR EDITOR.—Kindly allow me space in your valuable paper to express my thanks to the choir and congregation of the 1st St. George Baptist church for their Christmas gift of a well filled purse. Wishing you and your readers a happy New Year

HETTY R. LAVERS, Organist.
St. George, Dec. 29th.

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TAKE NOTICE.

During the year the space devoted to advertising MINARD'S LINIMENT will contain expressions of no uncertain sound from people who speak from personal experience as to the merits of this best of Household Remedies.

News Summary

Charles H. Cole, formerly of the Globe Bank of Boston, has been arrested at Los Angeles, Cal., on a charge of embezzling \$900,000.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Duke of Connaught as commander-in-chief of the British forces in Ireland.

Prof. Elliot Cones, of Washington, the world-famed ornithologist and scientist, is dead. He was born in Portsmouth, N. H., in 1842.

Mr. James E. Masters, for many years a resident of St. John and a prominent member of the Leinster Street church died suddenly at Canning, N. S., on Thursday morning of last week.

A representative of the Associated Press has learned that there were three German officers and twenty men, attired in khaki and intending to serve the Boers on board the Bundesrath, which explains her capture.

Advices from Noumea, New Caledonia, say that five whites have been attacked by plague. One of them has since died. Fifteen Kanakas and Chinese have died from the plague and twelve are under treatment.

Oscar Wilde, who has for some time been living in Paris, may have to fight a duel. He became involved in an altercation in a restaurant Sunday evening with M. Richet, the explorer, and as a result cards were exchanged.

The colored people of Manmouth county, N. J., are formally protesting that Sheriff Davis should place the names of the people of their race in the grand and petit jury panels. They declare they pay their taxes and should have full rights.

A Lourenzo Marques despatch of Dec. 29 says: The German Bundesrath, belonging to the German East African line, has been captured as a prize and taken to Durban. The Bundesrath sailed from Hamburg November 8 for Tanga, East Africa.

Earle Publishing & Mercantile Co., Ltd. of St. John, N. B., will shortly have ready a subscription edition of the "Life of Rev. Dwight L. Moody" fully illustrated and will immediately furnish full information including prices and terms to all agents applying.

Mrs. Alfred Morrison of Mount Vernon, N. Y., who was on Thursday night shot by her husband, who claims to have mistaken her for a burglar, died from her injuries to-day. She made an ante-mortem statement exonerating her husband from all blame.

A Ladysmith despatch of Dec. 24 says: General White has had a slight attack of fever, but he is now convalescent. The Boer shell fire has been very damaging recently. On Friday one shell killed six men and wounded nine. The same missile killed fourteen horses. Another shell just missed the Fifth Lancers' lines, slightly wounding six officers. Several shells have fallen close to General White's house, compelling the removal of headquarters to another point.

"A great event is impending" are the concluding words of a despatch dated Dec. 27th, in which Winston Churchill describes the respective positions of the Boers and the British at and near the Tulega river in Natal. The expectation is growing that General Buller will shortly make a second attempt to cross the river. He has been reinforced by 8000 men and eighteen guns since the failure of his first attempt, but as the Atlantian with two batteries left Cape Town yesterday for Durban, it may be assumed that no move will be made until these additional twelve guns have reached the front. By then General Buller's strength will be sufficient to enable him to employ two divisions for the attack, while holding the camp with a whole brigade.



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