



How She After Storm.

BY THEODORE L. CUTLER, D. D.

After several days of storm, the sun breaks out brightly this morning, giving the grass in my yard the vivid hue of emerald. I am reminded of those "last words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel" in which he speaks of "the tender grass springing out of the earth through clear shining skies."

Here is a type of our richest spiritual experiences. It applies to our earliest experiences at the time of conversion. Over every impatient soul hangs the dark cloud of God's righteous displeasure; and, in the midst of his holy triumph, the soul is brought to a point of view where it sees the Father in Christ, and the Son in the Father, and the Holy Spirit in both.

The appearance of everything altered. I felt great satisfaction and relief. I felt that I was in the presence of God. The Father in Christ, and the Son in the Father, and the Holy Spirit in both.

Who is true to the beginning of the Christian life is often equally true in the subsequent experience. Rain and sunshine both play their part in developing character. I ought to be a great comforter to such as are weary of their Bible, and one who has found with the children of God, Abraham, who led his way to Mount Moriah under a storm cloud of sorrow when he was to offer Isaac; but the clear shining sun when God approved his faith and his sacrifice.

While hoing these weeds in the orchard I could not help thinking about the weeds that grow up in our hearts. They are evil thoughts and desires that soon grow into habits. How innocent they seem at first, but they are the seeds of our fallen nature, and they will of themselves grow up.

Nothing in the world except weeds grows so rank as evil habits. An indulgence that looks tiny like that tiny green shoot from a thistle seed will soon become a hedge of thorns. The soil of our moral nature, corrupted by depravity is full of germs that are ready to spring up and choke away every growth of the good seed.

This principle has manifold applications. Sometimes a cloud of unjust calumny gathers over a good man's name; lies darken the air, and it pours falsehood forty days and forty nights. But when the shower of slander has spent itself the truth creeps out slowly but surely from behind the clouds of defamation, and the slanderer's character shines with more lustre than ever.

All ye children of God who are under the discipline of poverty, or the down-pour of disappointments, or the blizzards of adversity, think it not strange as though some strange thing has happened unto you. Millions have had the same experiences before you. No storm ever yet drowned a true believer, or washed away the faith of his hope. The trial of your faith will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

and fog, I ascended Mount Washington by the old bridle-path over the slippery boulders. A heavy, disappointed company were when we reached the "Tiptop" cabin. But presently a mighty wind swept away the banes of mist, the body of the blue heaven stood out in its clearness, and before us was revealed the magnificent landscape stretching away to the Atlantic coast. That scene was a sermon to my soul. It taught me that Faith's stairway is over steep and slippery rocks, often through blinding storms; but God never loses his hold on us, and we reduce to nothing but a mere "up" and "down" into the "clear shining air."

"There was never a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour—as the proverb goes— Is the hour before the dawning. So it's better to hope, tho' the clouds run low, And to keep the eye still lifted: For the clear blue sky will soon peep through, When the thunder cloud is rifted."

About Weeds.

We are hoing in the orchard to-day. A few weeds have started since we cultivated it. They will not average one to a square yard. They are very small. They look very innocent. Some of them are quite pretty. But as they all grow, they will be a nuisance. You see, weeds are a nuisance because they are a nuisance. They are a nuisance because they are a nuisance.

And then we have to go to the Bible. We remind the weed that he is not even named in the first and second chapters of Genesis. The earliest mention of him is in Gen. 3:18. When God cursed the ground after Adam sinned he said to him: "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee. Weeds spring up outside of Eden as one of the consequences of the fall. They belong not to the garden of Eden, but to the world of sin.

Why need I try to make myself miserable because that poor little ghost in my head is so rebellious? Why need I be so afraid of the devil? Why need I be so afraid of the devil? Why need I be so afraid of the devil?

"The lives of the earlier saints" exclaimed the girl, her words ringing out so defiantly. "I am not afraid of the devil. I am not afraid of the devil. I am not afraid of the devil."

It will not do for the lazy and self-indulgent to say: "I have a natural aptitude for this thing. God made me love it and desire it. It is one of his good creatures, and it does me no harm." This is what the drunkard says when he begins to take a little wine to help in digestion, or to enable him to get through the day. A day is like the weed in the shadow of a young fruit-tree. It is the germ of a possible growth that may blight the hopes of the soil for time and for eternity.

Will it do any good? Life is too short and the interests dependent upon it are too momentous for us to waste an hour on an energy upon things that are useless. If there are in pleasurable indulgences the tendency to positive evil, we can not afford these weeds orchard row. We need all the soil within for the germination and culture of truth and purity and love. John says: "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." The world is not all vice and

crime. But it is, in its whole native growth, ungodly. All our devotion to its interests and its customs—interfere with that full consecration of the soul to God in which only it can live. Let us unprofit every thought, feeling, or habit that does not tend to promote growth in grace. Thus only will we be as wise as the orchardist who will not spare any weed that may possibly injure the growth of his tree. —Nashville Advocate.

A Heart Lesson.

BY MAUDE RITTSHOUSE.

Lula Page had rushed in, "out of the wet," shaking the bright drops from her curls and laughing lightly heartily. "Did you ever see such a sudden, imperishable shower? Came pouring down from a clear blue sky, and drove me right out of the cherry-tree. Oh!"—with a sudden change of voice, "I beg your pardon. I hadn't seen you, Mrs. Simpkins; so dark, you know, coming in from outside. And I ran down into a willow-chair not far from the window, and I was just about to talk with the widow Simpkins."

"What a dreadful girl was climbing cherry-trees," the widow Simpkins was thinking severely, but she replied to Mrs. Page, to take up the dropped conversational thread. "Well, that's just how the matter stands. Mrs. Page. The doctors can't seem to see into the case at all. She's just a little rack of bones, a lynx' there and there out. She don't eat more'n a bird, can't sleep, can't even turn in her bed on her best days."

"Poor little thing! Poor little thing!" Mrs. Page interrupted sympathetically before the widow went on. "They've been here in Eaglewood three months, and in all the time that child hasn't been off her bed. She's nearly died of loneliness. They don't know anybody to speak of here; can't get out to get acquainted. The mother's always with the sick girl, the grandmother doin' the work and the father a close-toil-in' mechanic."

"How old is the little girl?" "She's nearly five, but she's such a little, wasted thing, her big, innocent blue eyes, she don't look a day over ten." "Thirteen! Just Lula's age. Think of living such a life. Lula—what up into a room for three months, suffering all the time, and with nothing to amuse you or to make you feel better?"

"Well, now you know it isn't so bad," Mrs. Simpkins said hastily. "I go there twice a week in the afternoons and Miss Brooks come, and we take turns about reading a good book my father left me—a history of the lives of the earlier saints. She's such a patient little saint herself, I thought the book was kind of fine."

And here a burst of sunshine flooded the room, as though to hunt out this patient little saint and crown her with glory. Lula caught up the book she had dropped—a cherished copy of "Little Women"—and hastened on to her basket in the cherry-tree, where, high up on an improvised seat, she spent many a fitting hour, to bring like some sort of a big bright bird among the gleaming cherries.

"If ever I lived a happy, wide-awake, far-seeing girl that girl was Lula Page," she said to herself, but she said aloud, "but so sweet and loving and jolly that you don't mind her pranks at all. And now this happy 'tom-boy' was setting herself against her cherry chair-back, preparing to another dip into that sweet cherry-tree. She was so busy, perhaps, and then bang! went the leaves together, and a petulant "Oh, dear!" escaped the rosy lips.

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ing to see that sick girl—just got her address from Mrs. Simpkins—so see if I can't give her some different doses from the sort she's been getting."

Mrs. Page looked at the rosy-cheeked girl approvingly. "Well, I am very glad, Lula," she thought, "about that child, and morning, and have wished and wished that you would go to visit her, but I know you hate such things."

"Yes, that's what I wrestled about," said Lula with an odd little laugh, and then she hurried off. "Lula, here's some one to see Maig," called Grandmother Burton's gentle voice up the stairway to the sick-room, and in a moment Lula, feeling rather shaky and queer about her heart, was tip-toeing in.

The white little figure on the bed half-turned, an unconscious sigh passed over her lips, and she opened her eyes. "Mrs. Brooks or the widow Simpkins, but the freshest, sweetest, rosiest girl, with a smile on her face and a fragrant flowery scent all about her."

Maig gave a little glad cry, and opened her lips to speak, but she closed them only two or three happy tears rolled down the wasted cheeks from the big blue eyes.

"I'm afraid I'll throw you into a fever, I'm such a noisy thing," Lula said solicitously; but I couldn't bear to think of you lying here so long. Consider whole acres of country, and so I came and brought some of the country with me. See, here's a sprig of lemon verbena—girls nearly all love that—and here's a bit of bark with a clump of fern growing to it, and here are some flowers and—have you read 'Little Women'?"

"What a morning that was! Such jolly stories as Lula told of fishing parties and book-dolls, and of how the new calf 'we' for 'big Bill Brown, who had teased it, and butted him right into the high back fence. And Lula enjoyed her second reading of 'Little Women' almost more than the first, it was so pleasant to see the eager interest of the little invalid. Twelve o'clock came before they could believe it, and when Lula had gone, Maig lay there feeling that it must all have been a happy dream, with only the cold dew falling on her forehead."

"But mamma," she said brightly, "it has made me feel like wanting to get well. I didn't care before, but now if the new doctor can help me, I shall feel like trying myself."

And she did try, and the new doctor tried, and Lula went again and again, and between times she wrote odd little letters, and the other girls wrote them; and Father Burton said it was the queerest post-office he ever saw, where stories and flowers and notes and milk-wed pods, and once even a pet hamster, were sent through Maig herself, and she was able to write, holding a flat book against her knees; and how happy that made her bevy of anxious correspondents.

But the happiest time of all came when the good doctor proclaimed his little patient actually out of danger and on the sure road if slow road to recovery. The girl had a good jubilee in the now sunny sick-room, and many times Lula recalled her first visit and the memorable words that impelled her to make it.

"Oh, I'm so glad, so glad I came," she said as she kissed Maig good-bye that night. "So'm I, you darling! I believe the good Lord sent you."

"I know it," Lula answered solemnly. "You've brought me peace; but the Lord sent me first. Some day when you visit me, I'll show you ever tried this! Are you not in danger of snapping off little pieces of the sword and mistaking them for the whole weapon; of taking the mere flings of the steel, and complaining that the sword is without strength or edge? Take it as a whole; abide by it in its entirety; strike with the whole force of it. It is possible to do this, not in the letter, but in the spirit; and when a man wields the whole weapon he never strikes but to kill the foe; he never puts out his hand but in omnipotent and complete defence."

Krishna on the other. Amid the profoundest silence, he explained that it was not the water of the sacred river that could wash away sin, but the blood of atonement; and then he administered the sacred rite of baptism, breaking down the wall of separation between the Englishman and the Hindu, and making these brothers in Christ Jesus. All hearts were impressed. The governor wept. And that evening, December 28, for the first time, the Lord's Supper was celebrated in Bangalore.

Krishna was the first of a long line. When he was baptized he was about thirty-six years old; and he lived for more than twenty years a faithful and honored disciple of the Lord. He became an ardent student, and wrote and compiled tracts that were eagerly read by his countrymen. He also wrote a number of hymns. One of us often sings on communion occasions was translated by Dr. Marshall. He died with cholera in 1822, universally lamented.

O Thou, my soul, forget no more The Friend who all thy sorrows bore; Let every idol be forgot; But, O my soul, forget him not. Renounce thy works and ways, with grief, And fly to this divine relief; Nor him forget, who left his throne, And for thy life gave up his own.

Eternal truth and mercy shine In him, and he himself is thine; And canst thou then, with sin beset, Such charms, such matchless charms, forget? Oh, no; till life itself depart, His name shall cheer and warm my heart; And I'll sing this, from earth till I die, And in the courts of the skies.

There is none like it for ease of carriage. There are weapons that are very difficult to carry; but the sword of the Lord is not one of them. There are weapons of war very intricately constructed and very difficult of management, very cumbersome and altogether oppressive; but the sword of the Lord is simple and easy to handle. Consider how little a book the Bible is, and regard that circumstance as one of the finest proofs of its prescriptive inspiration and adaptation to the wants of man. Given the Encyclopaedia Britannica as a work of inspiration for the guidance of men—and who could handle it? Who could read it? Who could get through it mile on mile of lettered stationery? Who could have comprehended its genius and its scope? Instead of the word of God being the largest book in the library, it is in a mere respect the smallest. "The kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed," and the kingdom of heaven is like to leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal. The word of the Lord is short as to extent, it is compassable as to magnitude; yet who can exhaust it? It is like some of our own monographs, pronouncedly by the infantile tongue, inaccessibly by the most stupendous intellect. Take one word of the kind which is signified, the word love.

A little child can say the word love; but there is an angel in heaven that has touched the shore of that sea? You can't see the shore of the Lord in one hand, you can carry it in your smallest pocket, you can read it through from end to end, and keep the memory and all the intellectual and spiritual faculties in concentrated attention while you pass through the exercises. Have you ever tried this? Are you not in danger of snapping off little pieces of the sword and mistaking them for the whole weapon; of taking the mere flings of the steel, and complaining that the sword is without strength or edge? Take it as a whole; abide by it in its entirety; strike with the whole force of it. It is possible to do this, not in the letter, but in the spirit; and when a man wields the whole weapon he never strikes but to kill the foe; he never puts out his hand but in omnipotent and complete defence.

Most of our readers are doubtless familiar with Krishna's hymn. It is the hymn beginning: "O Thou, my soul, forget no more. The friend who all thy sorrows bore." But many of them may not know the author as the first Hindu convert to Christianity.

A writer in a Baptist missionary paper thus relates the story of its origin: Dr. Carey had spent six years in India, and had seen no result from his labors. He had prayed, and studied, and waited with a heavy heart, but not with a dejected heart. At length the Master granted a first token of his favor and blessing. Krishna, while engaged in his work as a carpenter, fell and broke his arm. Mr. Thomas Carey's companion and fellow laborer in the mission was called to set the broken limb; and after his work as a surgeon was done, he most fervently preached the gospel to the assembled crowd. The unfortunate carpenter was healed, and the inspired and joyful words were daily verified: "Set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." By their treatment of the Bible men may know for themselves, and by their lives for others, that the words are daily verified: "Set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

Not less is the Bible, in the judgment of the believing, the test and touchstone of human character. Of it, as Mr. Ellis, who is the inspirer and its subject, the words are daily verified: "Set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

When it is so me? Does it speak to me for conviction and for admonition, and for guidance? Can I go to it as my oracle, and find it ever, what it calls itself, a lively, that is, living oracle, vocal to me in life's difficulties, persuasive amid life's temptations, consolatory in life's sorrows? He only is fit to fight for the Bible who has first yielded in and with admittance, and for whose profession of Christianity had created, and the two women faltered, and wished to postpone their baptism. Gokul did the same; and Krishna was left to encounter the odium and withstand the storm alone. He was banished in the Ganges. The house, when they saw what a wild storm and great crowds of Hindus and Mohammedans were present to witness the rite. Dr. Carey walked down into the water with his eldest son as one side of him and

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Lesson VIII. Nov. 23, Josh. 24: 13-23. THE COVENANT RENEWED. GOLDEN TEXT. "The Lord our God will be with us, and his love will be upon us."—Josh. 24: 24.

I. THE APOSTASY.—The great war of conquest being ended, Joshua laid aside his sword, and retired to a well-earned retreat at Timnath-herah, near Shechem, in his own tribe of Ephraim (19: 50) exercising heretofore only a moral power, which was readily acknowledged. But his retirement was the beginning of a national decline.

III. CHOOSE YE THIS DAY WHOM YE WILL SERVE.—This was the central point of Joshua's appeal. He was anxious to have them take a decided, irreversible stand on God's side. Joshua pressed the people to decide at once. So still the Gospel demands that we decide at once.

IV. THE COVENANT RENEWED.—Nay, but ye will serve the Lord. The people assert that Joshua used not picture the jagged of forsaking God, for their mind was made up; they were fully determined to cleave to the true God.

22. Ye are witnesses against yourselves: your public promise to obey will be a witness that you know your duty, and accepted the conditions of blessings for obedience, and punishment for disobedience. This witness will warn you if you are tempted to go astray, and will justify God's dealings with you, if forsaking God, you suffer the bitter punishment.

23. Now therefore put away... the strange gods which are among you. The words import that there really were among the people, even in Joshua's days, those who were idolaters in secret. Teraphim and other images, which if not worshipped, yet preserved among them, in such way as to be likely to lead them into idolatry.

24. And the people said unto Joshua: for the things which thou hast said, we will do. The triple repetition of the promise adds to the solemnity of the occasion and the binding force of the engagement.

like Jacob's pillar at Beth-el, or the twelve pillars at Sinai, or the memorial stones at Gilead. And set it up there under an oak, rather, "the oak," or "grove of oaks," viz., that mentioned in Gen. 12: 6. The "plain of Moreh" in that passage should be the "oak of Moreh." That was by the sanctuary: either the spot made sacred by this oak and altar of Abraham, or by Jacob's altar, perhaps still remaining; or the spot where the ark had stood. They were all probably on one spot.

27. This stone shall be a witness unto us: it will ever remain as a token of their covenant. For it hath heard. A striking figure of speech. The words were spoken in its presence, and were so joined to this transaction that every sight of the pillar would remind them of their obligations and promises. How awfully solemn must have been the assemblage and the occasion!

OUR MEMORIAL.—The Lord's Supper is the memorial of our covenant with God, and ever reminds us of the promises we have made to God, as well as his covenant of love toward us. The church where we have witnessed to Christ, the Bible we have been accustomed to read, the holy associations of religion, are all witnesses to our covenant promises.

A College Professor on Ingersoll.—A number of students attending a college at Albany, N. Y., went to hear Ingersoll's lecture, and were so captivated by the talk of the "great infidel" that they propounded the following question to their professor: "Dear Professor—Are not Ingersoll's arguments unanswerable? What are you going to do about it?"

"Several Students"—The professor's reply was sarcastic and to the point. We give here his description of an unanswerable infidel which will repay perusal. In the course of a long article in reply to the question of the students, the professor said:

"But you say there are so many infidels. Boys, you are mistaken. An infidel is an abnormal growth. Nature feels funny once in a while and creates a freak—the living skeleton, the fat woman, the two-headed girl. So there is about one infidel to a million sane men. It is a freak, and he says, 'Men say to hear Robert Ingersoll's religion as they do to see Simons wind up his watch with his toes. Not that a watch is any better for being wound up with his toes, but it isn't every elouch that can do it. A genuine infidel is a moral monstrosity worth nothing.'"

"Yes, boys, his arguments are unanswerable, and I think the seasons will come along, and the churches will continue to boom, and all nature will most exasperatingly and calmly perform her functions, if Robert is not contented with the fact that his first steamer crossed the Atlantic a great philosopher was delivering a most conclusive argument to prove that by no possibility could a steam vessel cross the ocean. And he proved it too. And no man could answer it either, and that proving steamer came screeching, signaling and surging right into the harbor."

"Boys, you will God's children go right on praying and preaching and dying and going to heaven in spite of argument. They can't help it. They were made so, I suppose."

hate to improve it. A few kind words might be like baln to the soul, just as in a suffering body.

Feeling the truth of her aunt's words, Mrs. Davis started to retire to her own room, saying, "I'll do what I can." In his strength, she said, "reminded Aunt Ruth. With confession of her fault and prayer for wisdom, Mrs. Davis resolved to visit Mrs. Stevens, who was just recovering from a long and painful illness. So Mrs. Stevens began at once: "I'm so glad you've come over this afternoon, for I've been thinking about you, especially during the past hour, as I have been enjoying over again some of the beautiful poems in the book you lent me. I cannot tell the author how much your words have helped me, but I can thank you for lending me the book, and for coming to see me too. The day you came first I was feeling rather discouraged at the slow progress of my recovery. Mrs. Holmes had just sent me a very timely little book, with the name that I need not be afraid to eat it, for it was very simple. It looked tempting, and I appreciated Mrs. Holmes' kindness in sending it, but as soon as I tasted it I found it was sweeter than my stomach would bear. But your kind words, and the comfort, and I have enjoyed them over and over again. They were like healing baln to my soul."

"Almost Aunt Ruth's exact words I should have said," she said, "that I have been anything to anybody?" "He says, you know, 'I am such,' and I was sick and he visited me," replied Mrs. Stephens. "Aunt Ruth," said Mrs. Davis, a few minutes later, "I made a great mistake in thinking there was no place in the world for me to work. I have dishonored my Master by not improving the opportunities He has given me, and by His grace I mean to do better. I want to thank you for helping me to this conclusion."—Lizzie C. Williams in Christian Secretary.

We ought not to be too anxious to encourage interest in innovation, in the case of doubtful improvements. For a quarter of a century Dr. Sage's Castor Balm has been before the public and passed through the severest test and is pronounced the most reliable remedy for that disagreeable malady. Thousands of testimonials of its virtues, 50 cents per bottle, by druggists.

"Last night," said a Christian soldier to his captain, "in my barracks before going to bed, I knelt down in prayer, when suddenly my comrades raised a loud laugh, and began to throw books and clothes at me." "Well," replied the captain, "suppose you defer your prayers till after you retire, and then say, 'I am such,' and the captain said, "You took my advice, I suppose. How did it answer?" "Sir," replied the soldier, "I did take your advice for two or three evenings; but I began to think it looked like denying my Saviour, so I knelt down and prayed as at first." "What followed?" "Why, sir, not one of them laughs now. The whole fifteen now kneel down too, and I pray with them."—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

Fallin' of the hair is the result of inaction of the glands and roots of the hair, or a morbid state of the scalp, which may be cured by Hall's Hair Renewer.

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WM. S. ROBBINS, No. 11 Main Street, ST. JOHN, N. B., General Agent for New Brunswick. ST. JOHN, N. B., July 27th, 1888. To the President and Directors of the Mutual Relief Society of Nova Scotia. Gentlemen.—Your Treasurer, T. B. Croby, has this day handed me the cheque of the Society for two thousand dollars, being the full amount of the certificate issued by my late husband, Daniel J. Gillies. For the immediate payment of my claim on proof of death being filed, I am grateful, as, because of business reverses, other property of my late husband is required to settle his estate. The manner in which your Society treats the bereaved ought to commend itself to others. Respectfully yours, MRS. D. J. GILLIES.

HERBERT W. MOORE

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Messenger and Visitor.

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All communications respecting advertising should be addressed to E. A. FOWLER, publisher, 11 John, N. B. Rate per line, one insertion, 10 cents; each subsequent insertion, 5 cents.

All other communications and all subscription notices to be sent to REV. C. COOPER, St. John, N. B.

Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1888.

IMPORTANT NOTICES.

The Executive Committee of the Directors of the M. B. Publishing Company make the following announcements, in which all the friends of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR must be interested:

"MESSENGER AND VISITOR" FREE.

The MESSENGER AND VISITOR will be sent free to the end of the year to all whose names are forwarded to the office. It is hoped that many need only to acquaint themselves with the M. & V. to become subscribers. This offer will give all who desire it the opportunity. Will not our ministers and agents send in lists of names at once?

"MESSENGER AND VISITOR" TO JANUARY, 1890, FOR \$1.50.

To all new subscribers, the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will be sent from the time their names are received until January, 1890, for \$1.50 in advance. Will not all friends of the M. & V. help us get a large increase of subscribers upon this offer?

IMPROVEMENT.

Arrangements have been made, to come into operation the first week in January, by which it is expected the appearance of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will be improved.

ADDITIONAL.

Encouraged by the kindly appreciation of past efforts, no pains will be spared to improve the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, and make it more acceptable to its readers and better adapted to do the work for which it exists. It is hoped that in the lines of foreign correspondence and news from the home field especially, there will be greater fulness.

AN EVENING AT MARINERS' TEMPLE.

Our readers have already become interested in the work of Bro. Avery at Mariners' Temple, New York. While in New York, we spent an evening with him and Mrs. Avery in visiting a few of the houses of the Temple, which were surrounded the temple on either side, and attending a gospel temperance meeting. It is seldom that we have been more cheered by sights and scenes.

The Temple is admirably situated and adapted to its work. It has an audience room capable of seating about one thousand people, and has a corresponding vestry, with a number of smaller rooms. It has been upholstered and carpeted throughout. The poor and the outcast, for whose sake it is kept open, but feel that those who work here are not satisfied with providing a place that will just do. They see that respect is shown to what they may become, it is not what they are. The place thus taken to provide for them a place of worship as good and comfortable as the average in the city, must help to win their regard and arouse their self-respect. This is the counter of the place in contrast with the wretchedness of their own surroundings must often lead the poor and the forsaken into this harbor of refuge. Its situation on Chatham square is also in its favor. While it cuts it off from hope of drawing largely upon the so-called more respectable class, it is surrounded by lodging houses, some of them the lowest in the city, where hundreds and thousands of men, young and old, but chiefly young, are packed like herrings in a barrel. All along the Bowery, Park Row, Oliver street, etc. are signs of wretched lodgings from 10 cts. a night, and now 5 cts. upward to 25 cts. a night. All around, also, are the haunts of vice, with their tawdry, the liquor saloons. Here is the place to do the most Christian work, here is the place to test the power of the gospel, and to exhibit its glorious triumphs.

In the caution of Bro. Avery and his co-workers to make a record of some of the lodging houses just before their services. For the sake of a better understanding of the situation, we accompanied Bro. and Sister Avery on their round on Monday evening, Oct. 29. The lodging houses have each one large sitting room, where the lodgers must spend their time when not asleep or out at work or elsewhere. In this evening this is crowded, and there they sit in a cloud of smoke, with the floor slippy with tobacco spittle, while the air is heavy with the fumes of liquor and foul with profanity and obscenity. In the

cheapest and worst of them they all bunk down together upon the floors of the sleeping rooms. Fearing that they might resent our presence as an intrusion, we took our share of the papers with which Bro. Avery is always furnished. At the entrance of each lodging house is the office, from which the watchful eye of the clerk keeps a sharp look-out upon those who enter and depart. There can be seen nearly all ages, although the most are young. There are also almost all nationalities, all degrees of sobriety, of raggedness, of soil and grime and of vice. Bro. Avery goes around among the "lads" in a hearty, cheery way, with a good word or a repartee for each, as the occasion seems to demand, while he urges them to come over to the meeting. It is evident they have become acquainted with him, and while they may chaff him a little, they are respectful. Often he gets the greeting of "Brother Avery." Mrs. A. goes from one to another in her quiet and winning way, and speaks gently and earnestly. A little incident the other day shows the regard in which these men hold her. There was a row and she was a little alarmed, but these great rough fellows came around her and told her to have no fear, as they would all see that no harm came to her.

In addition to Mr. and Mrs. Avery, there are other helpers who go from house to house. This work is also telling. After we had visited a few of the best of the lodging houses, as Bro. A. said, we went into the Temple, where they were singing. The people kept dropping in until nearly two hundred were there. Bro. A. talked to them in a scrappy, lively way, and called upon the "stranger" to speak to them. He was afraid he would not be able to hold their attention; but he never had a more respectful hearing. Then came the time for testimonies and the pledge signing. The incidents of the meeting give a good idea of the work. These testify that six months ago they were the wretched victims of the drink habit, living in the lodging houses around. They were induced to come to the Temple. The truth took hold upon them, and they had found a Saviour, not only from the penalty of sin, but also from the power of drink, and that by His grace they had been kept right when the temptations were the greatest. One of them, at the close of the meeting, told us he was now working in a foundry where the lager was standing by the pallid; but he had been kept. Another told us of the happy day he had had. Opportunity had been given him to reach out a helping hand to four since morning. He also said that several months ago he had been as far down as a man could get. His whole system had become so corrupt with drink that he had to have a serious operation performed. He was so weak he could not work. He had only a few tatters to cover him. In this condition salvation had come to him. He had been kept from drink. When he was tempted, he looked to the Saviour. It was only now that he had become able to work; but the Lord had no let him want. He was now living in one of the lowest houses, but he was sustained there.

In response to the call for volunteers to sign the pledge, ten came forward. One of them spoke a few words. He said he might have been one of the wealthy men of New York; but drink had robbed him of all his money—it had robbed him of all his friends. He had signed the pledge once and broken it. He was ashamed to confess it, and to come there to ask help; but he wished to be saved from the damnation of drunkenness, and implored aid. We found he had been one of the most promising lawyers of the city. Another of the signers had a pair drawn face. He had been sent three times to an infirmary's asylum, but had broken out each time. Friend after friend had deserted him, until at last even his mother had cast him off. In desperation he had come to try again.

We suppose this was but a specimen evening. Can the reader wonder that our sympathies were deeply stirred? We did not wonder that Mrs. Avery told us at the close of the meeting, with a glowing face, that she felt it to be a glorious work. This, of course, is but one department of the work. The Sabbath services have grown from an attendance of thirty or forty to several hundreds. Conversions are frequent. Work is also attempted among the Chinese. There is an evening class, upon which we looked in. The young Chinese seemed to think a great deal of a hand shake, showing that they are easily reached by kindness. One of the Christian Chinese connected with the Temple, and married to an American girl, had gone on a visit to China just at the time of the new law, and now is not allowed to return.

Our visit to the Temple emphasized several truths and facts. It gives one a vivid confidence in the power of the gospel, to find its trophies here where Satan has his altar. The change the gospel brings is marvellous. The keeping power of the Saviour is sufficient for every case. There is hope for the drunkard, if he but seek a new heart from Christ, and depend upon him. There is little or no hope otherwise. We should have a greater confidence in the power of Christ and the gospel, and undertake more work among the most degraded. In the hearts of the most degraded there are yearnings to be men and women again. It is despair which keeps many down. Encouragement and help are their great need. If they can be made to feel there is a real salvation for them in the gospel, they will seek it. Work like that at the Temple presents a great series

of object lessons, showing to all that none need despair. May the Lord bless the work and the workers.

THE COST OF TEMPERANCE WORK.

It is well known that temperance is expensive; but it is also true that thorough, effective work for temperance costs much. A considerable amount of talk may be made without costing dearly, but when it comes to taking a stand and voting straight upon the principle very likely some trouble arises. For the liquor interest does not content itself with bringing out candidates who are known as liquor men. It rather prefers men who have some standing with the temperance portion of the community, provided it be understood that the candidate will, if elected, give his influence in favor of the traffic. Thus the true temperance voter is sometimes forced to give his support to a known temperance man at the expense of personal wishes and friendships. Thus trouble comes; alienations take place, and breaches are made which are hard to heal. This is often more trying to one's faith in the cause than a gift of money would be. But there is only one way to meet it manfully, namely, to vote on principle and let results take care of themselves. If we suffer in consequence we only pay a little of the great cost of this tremendous evil of intemperance. A conscientious Christian cannot afford to vote in favor of the liquor interest even if he must make enemies by doing right. Let him stand with Christ for righteousness and truth. Only thus can the victory be won, and only thus can the ultimate reward of our Lord's "Well done" be secured.

THE WEEK.

The great Presidential election in the United States is over, and the Republicans are victorious, having carried twenty-one states, with vote in the electoral college of 237, against seventeen states, with 164 electoral votes, carried by the Democrats. The electoral votes may differ a little, however, as those from some states may not be solid; for instance, in New York it is claimed the vote will be 34 Republicans to 2 Democrats, the former having traded off the votes to secure the support of the Labor party. The Democrats were more fortunate in State elections than the Presidential contest. In New York, though they lost the state, and thereby lost the election for President, they carried their candidate for governor. This is said partly to be due to the liquor interest combining, as is their wont when there is danger to their trade—both Republicans and Democrats—against the Republican candidate for governor, as he advocated high license. President Cleveland will continue in office till next March, when his term expires. The President-elect, Harrison, is said to be a temperance man and a Christian—an elder of the Presbyterian church. The great issue of the campaign was the tariff question; but after all it may not have decided the election, as there still remains bitter feeling between North and South, which influenced many, and local causes as well had large pivotal state, New York. The exact figures of the popular vote cannot be given this week; indications are that the majority is small. Of the six other parties that ran candidates for President, there is little news yet. Voice claims that the Prohibition vote is double the last election. Betsy Lockwood, the woman candidate, came out smallest of all. The make up of President Harrison's cabinet is now the chief matter of speculation in the States.

In the Times-Parnell case several witnesses testified that the land league had been organized over land belonging to persons who offended the league for the purpose of damaging their crops. Police testimony showed that prior to the founding league branches in districts they were comparatively free from crime, and after the league meetings there was much turbulence, culminating in outrages. It is stated that Sir Charles Russell, counsel for the Parallels, will call a witness to swear that he forged the Times' letters, and will show by enlarged photographs on a magic lantern, that in the tracing beneath the signature the pen was repeatedly stopped in the course of writing.

The usual London Lord Mayor's inauguration and banquet to Cabinet ministers took place last week. There were the usual long speeches, but they revealed nothing new. The crowds gathered at the procession had their interest diverted by the new-boys telling of another Whitechapel murder. These murders have awakened a world wide interest, and all efforts on the part of the London police have proved futile. They have all been committed in one part of London, a part filled with poverty, filth and vice. The victims of whom there have been eight, have all been poor, degraded women; another peculiarity of the crime has been the way the murderer has horribly mutilated the corpses. At the time the fourth woman was found there was written on the wall near the body, the words: "Fifteen before I surrender." Gen. Warren, head of the London police, has come in for a good deal of criticism, even in parliament the expecting of his resigning has been spoken of.

The ministers lately excluded from the P. C. Baptist church and some others, with

adherents, have formed a new denomination, calling it the Reformed Baptist Church of Canada. The polity is what is known as congregational. The creed is Arminian and also "open communion." The basis of faith provides "as its prominent feature entire sanctification as a definite work instantaneously wrought; the church covenant prohibits the use, sale and manufacture of tobacco as well as intoxicating liquors; Baptism by immersion, except that members of churches otherwise baptized may be received by vote of the church; the ministry and all offices of the church open equally to men and women."

It is understood that at a meeting of the Cabinet council, it was decided to invite the Australian colonies and New Zealand to send delegates to Canada for the purpose of conferring upon the best means of promoting trade between Canada and Australasia. At present one-half of the total trade of Australasia is with Great Britain. A train carrying the Oscar recently met with an accident. He was not injured, for which public thanksgiving was made. The minister of railways was dismissed. It is now claimed that the author of the Murchison letter that entrapped Minister West is a native of Moncton, N. B., named Semner, who now practices law in Pomona, California.

Obituary.

MRS. J. L. READ.

Mrs. Read, wife of Rev. J. L. Read, of Aylesford, N. B., was called to her eternal rest on the 2nd inst., aged 49. She was the daughter of D. Whitman and Margaret Morton. Thirty years ago, in her home at Wilnot, she found Christ as her personal Saviour. She was baptized by the late Rev. W. G. Parker, and united with the church in that place. About a year after this she became the wife of him who now mourns his great loss, and moved to Upper Aylesford, where she has since lived, esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. For some years past her parents have been members of Bro. Read's household. Mrs. Read was their only child. Two sons, age living in Boston and the other at home, mourn the loss of one of the best of mothers. Eight or ten months ago symptoms of cancer appeared. Dr. Balcom, the family physician, expressed a hope for professional aid. Drs. Fitch, of Wolfville, and Parker, of Halifax, were consulted. Their united opinion was that the malady was incurable, and would at an early day terminate fatally.

This intelligence was received by Mrs. Read with a cheerfulness that astonished everybody. At the urgent request of her family and friends she visited Boston; but specialists there confirmed the opinions of the Nova Scotia physicians. When all hope was dashed to the ground, her loving parents, devoted husband and sons were plunged into overwhelming grief. Her friends having learned this sad intelligence, met her unable to restrain their tears; but in all these scenes she was calm and cheerful; took her place in the Mission Aid Society, in the choir and the Sabbath school, where she had labored for twenty-nine years, as if no notice had been given her that her days were almost numbered. Up to a few weeks before her departure, her voice was heard in the house of God with its accustomed sweetness and strength.

During the last six weeks of her life, the disease made rapid and irresistible progress; but her stout, buoyant heart raised her gradually above the physical pain, and the pain of early separation from her husband, parents, sons and friends. To God's will that brave daughter, wife, mother, friend, bowed in cheerful submission, till her eyes were closed in death.

No one lives who will say that Elizabeth A. Morton Read did not fill well her place in every station in life for the twenty-nine years she spent in Aylesford as the beloved wife of a beloved pastor. On the face of the large congregation gathered at the funeral, from a radius of ten miles, was an unmistakable expression of grief and bereavement, and it was with difficulty that the people controlled their emotions, while attempting to express their esteem for the departed, and their sorrow on account of the great loss they had sustained.

Our ministers pass away; much is said of the work they have done, and of the love and esteem in which they were held; but too little has been said of their noble, self-sacrificing wives. They have much to do with the success of their husbands. At twenty years of age this now sainted sister took upon herself the duties and responsibilities of a pastor's wife. From mountain top to mountain top and all over the valley she knew the people in their homes, and they knew her in her homes. All these years she studied their interests, and prayed and labored for their welfare. To her God gave a clear, discerning mind. She read character as easily as books. The study of the people was not, however, with her a pastime; it was that she, wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove, might work side by side with her husband for the good of every member of the flock. Natural sociability, sanctified by divine grace, joined to a clear judgment, made her a power in the work of the Lord that all felt and none could resist. Well may all feel bereaved. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; for they rest from their labors and their works do follow them." The work of the late Mrs. Read is not done in Aylesford. It will go on. In her family and in the church her light has

gone out, but like the sun in northern latitudes, her light will shine although she has disappeared.

The funeral took place on the 6th inst. The church was crowded in every part. At the house Rev. E. M. Saunders read Pa. 23, and Rev. 7: 9-17; Rev. S. B. Kempton offered prayer. At the church, after singing hymn 951, Pa. 103: 8-23, was read by Rev. John Gee (Methodist); prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Howe, of Lower Aylesford; and the 985th hymn was read by Rev. Barnabur Musgrove, (Ref. Episcopal). The sermon was preached by Rev. E. M. Saunders, from Phil. 3: 10. Before the sermon, the last part of 1 Cor. 15, was read by the preacher. After the sermon Rev. S. B. Kempton gave an address, prayer was offered by Rev. John Bove, of Melville Square; the 984th hymn was sung. After the benediction, nearly the entire congregation passed by the pulpit to take a last look at the happy face, so often, but to be seen no more in time.

The Sabbath School walked from the house to the church, and from the church to the grave ahead of the coffin. As they reached the grave, they parted their ranks, and as the coffin passed between them, they sang "Shall we gather at the river." A new parcel of ground had been purchased for a cemetery. All over this field, bought as a home for the dead, was spread a green carpet of winter grain. It will live through the frosts of the coming months and reappear in the verdant spring. Here is an emblem of the resurrection life latent in the sainted dead, who shall gather around that lone grave in which, in silent solitude, the precious dust of one so much beloved has begun its waiting, long or short, for the resurrection morning. For twenty-nine years the members of that much bereaved community have gathered around their loved pastor and his dear wife; now they will gather round her, one by one, in that consecrated spot of which she is at present the sole occupant. With her, too, they will gather around that Saviour, whom she now sees and addresses.

Brother and Sister Morton, brother Read and his sons have the heartfelt sympathy of a host of friends all over these Provinces.

ARTHUR W. MASTERS.

In last week's issue we omitted to notice the death of Deacon Arthur W. Masters, of this city, who peacefully departed this life on the 23rd ultimo, in the 71st year of his age. Deacon Masters was born at Cornwallis, N. S., and in early life removed with his parents to St. John, where he received his education, chiefly at the old Grammar School, after which he entered upon mercantile life, and carried on business at Amherst and St. John. As a young man he gave his heart to the Lord, and for over forty years was a most active and zealous member of the Baptist church. He was one of the organizers of the March Bridge church, now the Leinster Street church; was always prominently identified with the many enterprises which have been carried forward by this church; and as a trustee and deacon won "a good degree" for wise counsel and persistent effort. For 26 years he was the superintendent of the Sunday school, which, by his indefatigable energy, was kept in a high state of efficiency, and from which many additions were made to the membership of the church every year. He was one of the founders of the Sunday School Union of Saint John, in which most of the Sunday schools of the Protestant bodies were represented, and which was instrumental in awakening and perpetuating a deep interest in this important adjunct of church work. His services in connection with the several boards of deacons were highly appreciated, and the Foreign Missionary Board at its last meeting gave expression thereto by a hearty and unanimous resolution, setting forth the great loss they and the denomination have sustained in his removal by death. In the prayer and conference meetings of the church his place was seldom vacant, and he was always ready to speak or pray, as his feelings or the occasion demanded. Among the sick and the poor he was a constant visitor, and ministered to their wants with a liberal hand. His loss will be severely felt in many departments of benevolent work, but his memory will be long cherished by those with whom, and for whom he so long and faithfully labored. To his family and church we extend our cordial sympathy in the bereavement they have sustained.

The Religious Influence in the St. Marston Seminary.

In case that all the friends of the institution, as well as those who have the brightest of their households here, are not fully acquainted with the nature and character of the religious part of the work, we deem it well to state a few facts concerning it; so that all may know that this is indeed a Christian school, and one of the first order.

In the first place there is the regular chapel service at the beginning of every day's work. This service cannot do otherwise than give the student of good and bright motives an impetus in every day's work. Secondly, on Tuesday evenings we have a general social and prayer service. This part of the work is in charge of a committee of ministerial students, and it is refreshing after a long day's study to inhale the atmosphere of Christian love

and friendship in prayer-meeting, and lift the soul to God in praise, thanksgiving and prayer.

Once a month on Tuesday evening our Missionary Society meets (mention of which has already been made), and its members make it an interesting meeting. Who knows but that the influence and spirit of these meetings may cause some of the students who go out from these halls, to dedicate their lives and talents to Foreign Mission work?

Thirdly, on Sabbath mornings the male and the female students have a short prayer service; these meetings are held separately, and they are seasons of power and refreshing.

On Sabbath mornings at 11 a. m., we attend the regular service at the church in a body, and there under the ministry of Rev. W. F. Parker, the student is brought under the direct influence of the gospel which flows from the lips of our heaven helped brother.

On Sabbath afternoons Prof. Simpson conducts a short but interesting service in the chapel. He is giving a series of discourses on the Lord's Prayer. They give evidence of deep thought, and set forth the wonderful words of our Lord in a clear and forcible manner. Surely with all this the students have as many (if not more) religious privileges than they would have at home.

Then under these circumstances none should be backward about sending their sons and daughters here to be trained in the fear of God, as well as intellectually; and thus be prepared for life's conflicts, and to fill their places honorably and well in the world.

A Fellow Student's Tribute to the Memory of Charles L. Eaton.

The readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR have already received the sad intelligence of Bro. Eaton's death. Nevertheless his many friends would be gratified to hear a word or two from a fellow student.

It was at half-past eight o'clock on Friday morning, the 13th ult., that the stunning blow came upon us all. Typhoid fever had been doing its work for four weeks, but we had hoped for the best; and our brother's unexpected death was a severe shock to the students on the hill. Unbounded sympathy for the sorrowing wife and her children has been manifested by all the students and professors, and many others. On the Saturday following his death the members of the institution, with others, followed his body to the Newton Cemetery, and on the next Tuesday the remains were removed to Halifax for burial in the cemetery near his father's home.

The indomitable perseverance of our brother, sublimed into a burning zeal for his Saviour, has not failed to impress itself upon all who knew him best. Within a few weeks of graduation at Acadia, in the spring of '81, he received one of the most stunning, crushing blows possible for a student to receive,—such a breaking down of health that his physician said he could never carry on protracted study any more. I remember how the news came upon me like a thunder bolt; how it lingered with me for weeks and months, coming up each day with some new form of disaster and some new face of grief. But his ambition was not slain, his hope was not crushed. With the first gleam of returning health the old unquenchable purpose began to flame anew. His hope of yet giving himself to the work of the ministry seemed preeminent. But pre-symptoms or not it would not keep down. Few of his best friends understood him. On account of his precarious physical condition none dared advise the further prosecution of his studies. He opened his heart only to the most intimate. But bodily weaknesses flooded over their hopes more than it dampened his. I believe there was in his heart a constant burning before his Master's eye to live entirely for him, and this desire adapted itself to circumstances and took on a practical form in the spirit of his home, church and business life.

It was not easy to extinguish a fire that would not go out. So the fall of '87 found him at Newton Centre sitting in the glass room of Colby Hall or in his study, bent earnestly over his books. The first year was a year of struggle, but after a happy summer at Fells, N. S., in which the trial of his strength was passed with hopeful issue, and he had endeared himself to the hearts of the people, he returned to his studies in September, with a brighter eye and a brighter heart. But his course only lasted one week, and after a few more weeks of illness he departed to be with Christ. His honesty and sincerity, his earnestness and depth of spirit, were felt and admired by both students and professors.

His hope was realized, his purpose was accomplished. His life was a work of Christ that still bears witness. Doubtless he had faults, but I do not remember them as I think of him and grieve for him now. His ministry for Jesus shall not die as long as his memory lives. I shall not soon forget the rich lessons I have learned from his life.

Many good things have been said about him; but I have never heard him say any of them himself. He felt deeply that he was a sinner. His life was clothed with humility. His last illness was borne with a surprising meekness and submission. The nature and formation of his

strong hope may be learned from the scripture which he chose for the text of his last sermon—

The committee of the Halifax district of the Central Association, paid a visit to the church at Hammond's Plains on Thursday, November 1st.

In the morning, Pastor Manning preached from Ps. 137: 6, subject, "The Christian's attachment to the church."

After the afternoon, after some time spent in devotional exercises, Bro. W. F. Parker read a paper on Home Mission work.

What the lay element in our churches might do for Home Missions. It was an excellent paper and its suggestions were both practical and practicable.

The work of the denomination as embraced in the Convention Plan was also considered and after some discussion as to methods, the church voted to have quarterly collections and collectors were appointed to secure pledges and gather the same each quarter.

In the evening Pastor Glavin preached from John 13: 1, subject "God's love for His people."

It was a stimulating sermon and well received. At its close a collection was taken for the convention fund amounting to \$6.40.

There is a willingness to do on the part of this people; but what is needed just now is an active, vigorous pastor.

A committee was appointed to co-operate with the churches of Sackville and Fall River with this end in view.

A good man will get a good support if he deal fairly with the different churches, and will find ample scope for the employment of his best energies.

At the present time Bro. B. U. Hatfield is supplying the pulpit of the church at the Plains once a fortnight.

There is one candidate received for baptism with more to follow. Who is the forthcoming pastor? Let him come.

—A number of on-plant teachers at Wolfville are spending this year at Berlin engaging in earnest and delightful study.

Miss Graves, whose work as principal of Acadia Seminary was so successful, and Miss Blanche Bishop, B. A., are continuing their studies of the German language and literature.

Miss Harding, teacher of painting in Acadia Seminary, is availing herself of the splendid advantages offered by the great centre of art and science.

Miss Butrick, teacher of instrumental music in Acadia Seminary, has obtained admission to the Hoob School, which has the best professors in Berlin.

vented by unfavorable weather from being present.

The officers elected were—President, Miss Edie A. Nowlan; Vice-President, Mrs. George B. Sabean; Miss Minnie Sabean; Secretary, Miss Lennie Telford; Treasurer, Mrs. George Nowlan; Auditor, Miss Lily Mullin; Committee, Miss Minnie Sabean; Miss Beattie Mullin; Miss Lennie Telford; Miss Avis Sabean.

An encouraging feature in this society is, the majority of the members are young women, so the lessons learned are likely to make a fixed impression and bear fruit in coming days.

We must instruct the young in the needs, and claims of the Lord's work, if we are to have a generation of intelligent givers.

A. L. Fournier, Sec'y for Digby. Barton, Nov. 4th.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

CHURCH MISSION, St. John, N. B.—Friends will be glad to know that the Lord has visited us with some merry drops.

Our meetings are very interesting; and a good interest is manifested. Three new born souls were baptized on the 4th inst; others are coming.

WOLFVILLE.—The church has resolved to abolish pew rents and to collect its funds by yearly subscriptions to be paid in weekly instalments.

It is thought this method will secure a larger amount of money and be more satisfactory than the present method.

A strong committee with Dr. Barnes as chairman has been appointed to carry out the plan.

There are several young men engaged in theological study, with a view to the ministry: Howard Bars, B. A., son of Deacon J. W. Bars, and Austen K. DeBlois, M. A., son of the late Dr. DeBlois, are at Newton; Walter V. Higgins, B. A., son of Prof. D. F. Higgins, Ph. D., at Rochester; William E. Bogg, B. A., son of Rev. W. B. Bogg, is at Toronto Baptist College.

CHARLES H. DAY, B. A., son of Rev. Dr. Day, and George W. Whitman, B. A., have the approval of the church in engaging in theological study; they are at Newton. One of Acadia's students (perhaps there) has a license from the church.

LYNNBURG.—We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of \$5 from Burton Jost, of Guyborough. In the acknowledgment of last week's issue Shubael Dimmock's offering should have read \$5 instead of \$500.

We are still praying for help, and we believe that our Father's "mercy strings of the universe" will not turn a deaf ear to our petition.

At our last conference we received three members, who joined us by letter. J. W. Brown.

Nov. 9.

OSWEGO, N.S.—On Thursday evening, 8th inst., a goodly number of the church and friends gathered for the purpose of extending to Rev. M. W. Brown, the newly settled pastor, and his family christian greeting and reception, and to establish that bond of sympathy which must ever characterize the union of the pastor and the people.

Successful in the great work which alone they exist; and judging from the pleasant exchanges of thought, the singing of spiritual songs, and the spirit pervading the gathering, it was not in vain. After partaking of the refreshments which it is ever the delight of the good sisters to provide on such occasions, order was called, and the object of the gathering made known to the pastor, to which he responded by expressions of thankfulness and gratitude; and we were dismissed by prayer "Blest be the tie that binds," and praying by the pastor for the good of all.

York County Home Mission field, with the view to engaging here with the churches, I arrived on Sept. 29th, and have preached in all the churches on this field, and have met with good reception.

I have engaged with the following churches for one year: Upper Queensbury, Springfield, Temperance Vale and St. Barony. On Oct. 25, my family and furniture arrived here.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 31, quite a number of the friends made us an introductory call, leaving us a large number of useful articles, which were thankfully received.

I like this field of labor. The people appear to be very friendly. As soon as we get settled I purpose, with the help of the Lord, to begin special labor.

Brethren, pray that the Lord may make me a blessing to this field. Jas. A. Posters. Nov. 5.

Marriages.

GEORGE HANNAH.—At the parsonage, Paro, Oct. 31st, by Rev. L. W. Porter, B. A., Kenna Grouse to Elizabeth Hanna, both of River Hebert, N. B.

SLACK—COTTAIN.—At Great Village, Oct. 30th, by Rev. T. B. Layton, Mr. Henry H. Slack, of Folly Lake, to Miss Mary E. Cottain, of Great Village.

MILLS—ANDERSON.—At the residence of the officiating minister, Woodstock, on the 7th inst. by the Rev. Thos. Todd, Mr. Louis E. Mills, and Miss Emma Anderson, both of Benton.

HALL—GODDARD.—At the home of the bride, on Wednesday, the 7th inst., by Rev. Sydney Walton, B. A., Mr. John O. Hall to Miss Terence, eldest daughter of George Goddard, Esq. of all South Branch, Kings co., N. B.

CAIRNS—BALCOM.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, 117 Elliott Row, St. John, Oct. 31st, by Rev. H. G. Mellick, Mr. William E. Cairns, of Musquash, to Miss Mary E. Balcom, of the same place.

RICE—SPURR.—At Clements West, Nov. 8th, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Capt. Fenwick Rice, of Bear River, to Harriet J. Spurr, eldest daughter of Capt. Wm. Spurr.

SANFORD—HENSHAW.—At Waldic, Clements, Nov. 5th, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Charles W. Sanford, of Bear River, to Laura, daughter of John Henshaw, Esq.

MCNEELY—WHEATON.—At the Baptist church Salisbury, on the 7th inst., by the Rev. James Crisp, James E. McCreedy, of the I. C. R., Sussex, to Miss Lily Wheaton, daughter of John A. Wheaton, of Salisbury.

Deaths.

TIMBLEY.—At Amherst, Nov. 4, Cassie, beloved wife of John Tingy, aged 45, leaving a large family to miss more and more the ministrations of a mother. Sister Tingy has been a member of the Amherst church from her youth.

COOK.—Near Salem, Amherst, Nov. 1, Mrs. Silas Cook (widow), aged 73, for many years connected with the Amherst church.

NEWCOMB.—At Paro, Nov. 2nd, John Newcomb, keeper of the Paroboro light. Our brother was a genial, kindly man, greatly beloved by a large circle of friends, and highly respected by all who knew him.

MARTIN.—At Two Harbours Miss, Oct. 11, 1888, James F. eldest son of Mary D. and Harry Martin. He died of a pneumonia, leaving a promising youth in the 20th year of his age.

ARCHIBALD.—At Brookfield, Col. Co., on Friday, Nov. 2nd, the infant daughter of Alexander and Nellie Archibald.

THOMPSON.—Died at Hammond's Plains, on the 28th August, Wesley Thompson, youngest son of James Thompson, Esq., in the 24th year of his age.

RILEY.—At St. John, N. B., on the 4th inst., of congestion of the lungs, Blanche Banks, only daughter of Nathan and Agnes Riley, aged two years and nine months.

DAVISON.—At Isaac's Harbor, Oct. 13, Margaret, widow of the late John Davison.

FLOYD.—At Fairfield, Oct. 20th, 1888, Deacon Nathaniel Floyd, aged 75 years. He died in peace with all mankind and changed these fleeting joys below for pleasures more refined.

ARCHIBALD.—A South Branch, Upper Stewiack, Oct. 22, Daniel C. Archibald, Esq., aged 80 years. In the departure of our brother, we as a little church, as well as the whole community, have sustained a great loss.

SANFORD.—At her residence, Somerset, Kings co., N. S., Oct. 17th, in the fortieth year of her age, Mrs. Prior Sanford, after a long and interesting illness. She was buried at Cambridge on the 19th, when a large number of sympathizing friends came together. The service was conducted by the pastor, the Rev. D. Price. Our sister was always a cheerful Christian.

SMITH.—At her residence, Somerset, Kings co., N. S., Oct. 17th, in the fortieth year of her age, Mrs. Prior Sanford, after a long and interesting illness. She was buried at Cambridge on the 19th, when a large number of sympathizing friends came together.

MAHAR.—Oct. 26th, at her residence at Black Rock, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Mahar, relict of Andrew Mahar. Our sister was taken sick on Sunday, Oct. 14, while her children were at the morning service.

MURRAY.—At Hillsboro, Albert County, N. B., on the 7th inst., of consumption, George William Murray, aged 21 years, leaving a wife, father, and mother and other relatives and friends, to mourn his loss.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—I wish to acknowledge the receipt of the large idol of Garstman, brought from Barona for the College museum by the Rev. H. E. Morrow. It came to hand safely by schooner from Boston. A. R. COLDWELL, Curator of Museum.

The First Offer.

Not long since, as a clergyman was visiting one of his parishioners, who was a man of business, the following conversation substantially occurred: "It is true," said the merchant, "I am not satisfied with my present condition; I am not of a settled mind in religion, as you express it. Still I am not utterly hopeless; I may yet enter the vineyard, even, at the eleventh hour."

"Ah! your allusion is to the Saviour's parable of the loitering laborers, who wrought one hour at the end of the day. But you overlooked the fact that these men accepted the first offer."

"Is that so?" "Certainly," they said to the Lord of the vineyard, "no man hath hired us." They welcomed the first offer immediately. "True I had not thought of that before. But, then, the thief on the cross, even while dying, was saved."

"Yes, but it is likely that even he had never rejected the offer of salvation, as preached by Christ and his apostles! Like Barabbas, he had been a robber by profession. In the resorts to which he had been accustomed, the gospel had never been preached. Is there not some reason to believe that he, too, accepted the first offer?"

"Why, you seem desirous to quench my last spark of hope." "Why should I not? Such hope is an illusion. You have realty no promise of acceptance at some future time. Now is the accepted time! 'Begin now!' 'How shall I begin?' 'Just as the poor leper did when he met Jesus by the way and committed his body to the Great Physician, in order to be healed. So commit your soul to him as a present Saviour. Then serve him from love. The next, even the most common duty of life that you have to perform, do it as a service to him. Will you accept the first offer? Your eyes are open to the peril. Beware of delay—beware!' 'You are right; may God help me. I fear I have been living in a kind of dreamy delusion on this subject.'—Times of Refreshing.

New Books.—Pelonieta's Notes, 1889, \$1.25; Golden Texts for 1889, \$2 per hundred; Commentaries on Epistles to the Corinthians, by E. P. Gould, D. D., \$1.75; Pulpit Commentary on Hosea, Joel, \$1.00; \$2.25; Theophrastus, Timothy, Tins Peterson, 1 vol., \$2.25; Hebrews, James 1 vol., \$2.25; Galatians, Ephesians, 1 vol., \$2.25; Studies on Mark's Gospel, by Rev. C. S. Robinson, D. D., 50 cts. The Cassanovs Library and Scientific Circle Books \$5 per set. Student's Handbook of Topical Texts, 60 cts. Baptist Book Room, Halifax.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites. For children and pulmonary troubles. Dr. W. S. Hoy, Point Pleasant, W. Va., says: "I have made a thorough test with Scott's Emulsion in Pulmonary Troubles and General Debility, and have been astonished at the good results; for children with Rickets or Marasmus it is unequalled." Put up in 50 and 100 cent bottles.

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UNION Baptist Seminary, ST. MARTIN'S, N. B. Will be opened on SEPTEMBER 27. Arrangements will be made for an excursion to St. Martin's on that occasion. Enquiries respecting Accommodations, Terms and Classes can be made to J. A. GORDON, General Supt. On to E. F. SIMPSON, Principal.



Common Sense

As the treatment of slight ailments would save a vast amount of sickness and misery. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, will assist Digestion; taken at night, will relieve Constipation; taken at any time, will correct irregularities of the Stomach and Bowels, Headache, the Liver, and cure Sick...

Cathartic for myself and family. - J. T. Hess, Lethbridge, Pa. Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years, and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. - Thomas F. Adams, Chicago, Ill.

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MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON. The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify, 1. That the name of firm under which partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitt...

City and County of Saint John to wit: It is remembered that on this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at the City of Saint John, in the County of Saint John, Province of New Brunswick, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the said City and County of Saint John, personally came and appeared Ward C. Pitt...

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Geo. A. Hetherington, M.D. OFFICE: 129 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

Motherhood. A blossom blows against her bosom's drifted snow. A new-bud of velvet whiteness can blow. From out Heaven's heights to teach her how to go;

To mark the way thro' depths of sweetest pain, To where God's flowers untold their leaves that have no stain.

A little prayer and song of psalm beside, A little chanting at the cradle, When Heaven's gates were open wide;

A little rift of music sang below - A little note of music breathed on low, 'Twas God could bear what human heart could know;

She knew He could - her woman's longings told her so!

She standeth now within His holy light - About her head on halo of the light; 'Twas break beyond the shade of earthly night;

Within her heart the knowledge of all good - The dust of golden hills where her feet have stood - And, as her forehead pure, the crown of womanhood!

Within her hands lay life's most precious things; Upon her lips Love's prayerful song still sings, And in her heart the love of peace hath folded its white wings!

She hath made all - the gifts that can be given - Life, love and motherhood, and God and rest and Heaven.

Selected Serial. THE CHESTER GIRLS. BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE. CHAPTER XIII. - Continued.

"Sometimes," said Nina, when they were alone, "I have a strange look on my face, and then it seems to me that I must have seen you somewhere, before I met you here."

"Nina," he said "I am in great trouble. I do not know that you can help me; but I am strangely impressed to tell you about myself. Do you think you can keep my secret, if it is necessary?"

"Yes, I can," replied Nina, earnestly, "and if I can help you in any way I shall be glad to do it."

"Perhaps it is useless," he replied, thoughtfully. Then, after a moment's silent thought, he said:

"I have told you something about my past life, Nina. That I was a drunkard. And of all wretched, despicable beings on earth, a helpless, hopeless drunkard is the most degraded. He feels his degradation, but is helpless to better his condition; and, unless God interposes for his safety, he is lost. But sometimes, as in my own case, God's very interposition is a terrible blow. Desperate cases require severe remedies, and - oh, Nina, child, you will not hate me when I tell you that I did not reform until I had first been the means of blighting my home, breaking my wife's heart, and causing the death of the fairest little blossom that ever blessed a home with its sweet presence? Do you know your Aunt Mary's story, Nina?"

"Yes," she faltered, "and it is a sad one."

"Then you know my story," he resumed, "I think you must have seen some resemblance to me in Dyke's face."

"Oh, you do not mean to tell me you are Dyke's father - Aunt Mary's husband?" she cried, quickly.

"Hush!" he said, cautioning her, "or he will hear you. And I do not want him to know yet."

"You are, indeed," she said assuredly. "And you will go home with us, and Aunt Mary will be so proud of you."

"I am not so sure of that," he said, with a wistful smile. "I have done nothing in my life to merit her esteem. But much, oh so much to destroy it. I would not have told you this; but some one inspired me with a hope that if she knew where I am, she might send me one word of remembrance."

"I will tell her," exclaimed Nina. "And I know that she will send for you."

"No, child, do not misunderstand me," he said, firmly. "I could not go to her now, if she should send for me. It may be that I can never go to her. There is something you do not understand, which may be the means of separating us forever; but I could know that she does not utterly despise me, I could, at least, endure my exile. Because you have learned to love me, and because you have seen in me something a little better than she thought me capable of ever becoming, I have decided to let you plead my cause with her. But remember to tell her that I do not do this with a hope of returning to her again. Tell her that I said it could never be until the shadow - she will understand - is lifted from my name, which will be in God's own time - for I am not guilty."

"If only grandpapa knew, I know he could help you. He is so fond of you," began Nina. But he interrupted her with: "No, he must not suspect my identity. I should be very sorry to have it happen. You are sure you can keep my secret, Nina?"

"Yes, sir, if you desire it."

"There is one thing I wish to explain," he added. "I told you that my name is Gordon, and you might address me as Dr. Gordon. The name is my own, and, as such, I have a right to use. My full name is Joseph Gordon Randall. Colonel Chester had good reasons for disliking me, on account of my treatment of his sister, and I do not care that he, or you, should recognize me until I had made a better record for myself than that by which I was known."

"Surely you may tell him now," said Nina, in a pleading tone.

"I might, only that something has happened since; or rather, I have learned something, which prevents my doing so. No, Nina, I cannot reveal myself to him; and I suppose the brave way - perhaps the better way - would have been to have gone away in silence. I had fully intended doing so until I heard your aunt's letter; but something in it bids me hope that she will be glad to hear from me, and to know that I am trying to build a new mansion out of the wreck of the old."

"I will tell her all I know about you, and I know only too well," said Nina. And her busy brain began to plan how she would tell Aunt Mary of his kindness, his tenderness, his loving care for her, and his love for Grd. How she would make Aunt Mary respect him before she told her who he was.

Nina went into her own little room, tied a large apron about her slender waist, lit the oil lamp, and began the preparation of their noon meal.

"Dear Florrie, be mused, between snatches of happy song. 'How much comfort we shall be to each other hereafter! Aunt Mary is right. Florrie deserves a great deal of credit for taking upon herself those unpleasant tasks so cheerfully. It must be a great trial for her to attend to all household matters, and superintend the cooking in the hot kitchen; and yet, Aunt Mary writes, that she does not complain. As for me, I delight in those things; and there is no selfishness about me in it!'"

On leaving Nina, Dr. Gordon went for a walk; and, returning before dinner was ready, went into Colonel Chester's room.

"You must excuse me, Dr. Gordon," began Colonel Chester, when he was seated. "By interrupting Nina and taking the letter from her, I was fearful that my sister was about to reveal a secret. Poor Mary!" he added, mediatively. She has had a most unhappy life."

Dr. Gordon did not reply, and Colonel Chester continued to look at him.

"Nina has told you about the money stolen from me on Christmas night?"

"Yes," she said, that she saw the man who robbed you near live oak tree in the evening. Did you make an attempt to have him arrested?"

"Yes, but after I had talked the matter over with my sister, I withdrew my charge. I will tell you, though I do not want Nina to know; my sister knew the man, and for her sake I decided not to punish him."

"Is that right; is it just?" asked Dr. Gordon, with deep feeling. "You may have condemned an innocent man, and by your silence you place it beyond his power to prove his innocence. Why do you not arrest him, and let him tell his story?"

"Because I am certain of his guilt. I am somewhat acquainted with the history of the man I suspect. A man who would have condemned a child in order to satisfy his thirst for strong drink, would not hesitate to steal from another, if an opportunity were offered."

Dr. Gordon's sensitive face flushed hotly.

"To arrest him would only make his guilt a public matter, whereas it is now known only to my sister and myself."

"But if he is guilty, he deserves it."

"It is not for his sake I hesitate, but for the sake of others. Innocent ones would be obliged to bear the burden of his sin."

"On the other hand, if he is not guilty you are doing him a great injustice, a great wrong," said Dr. Gordon.

"But I tell you he is guilty. I am satisfied of it," replied Colonel Chester, with something of his old stubborn assurance in his tones. "I have no doubt whatever of his guilt, and I much prefer to suffer the loss - though I assure you it is no small one - at present - to making the affair public."

Dr. Gordon sighed, and Nina, coming in at that moment with the server, upon which Grandpapa Chester's food was laid in tempting array, with a bouquet of scarlet and yellow autumn blossoms, interrupted the conversation.

"The breakfast brought them to me," she said. "See this small one, like a pale pink star, and these larger, more gorgeous blossoms. They are so beautiful - only one must admire them at a distance. They will not allow themselves to be touched. It is like a magic spell, and I told me that he would advise me to handle them with a fork; which I did when I arranged them."

"They are very pretty," said Colonel Chester, "and seem doubly so in this desolate wilderness; but they are also very treacherous, and you must be exceedingly careful not to have your fingers full of thistles."

"I shall guard against that," and Nina laughed merrily, placing the tip of her nose as close to the flowers as prudence would admit. "Nothing but beauty, and that is guarded by thistles," she said, with disappointment. "They have no fragrance."

"Like many a beautiful flower, which, lacking more desirable qualities of beauty in heart and mind, soon loses its attraction for us," said Dr. Gordon.

"They are not so treacherous as you think," said Nina. "The rugged old mountain all along with ruggedness, but like the mountains, are appreciated most when viewed at a respectful distance," said Nina, laughing. "I believe they breathe out thistles; for, see, I have one in my thumb, and I have been so careful not to touch them."

"I think I shall be able to go home soon, shall I not, doctor?" Colonel Chester asked, after eating heartily of the food Nina had brought him.

Dr. Gordon smiled.

"Yes; very soon, if your appetite comes back good. I think I have never seen any one get faster than you have."

"I was to be at home; but I don't see how I can ever reconcile myself to Aunt Dinah's cooking again, after this," said Colonel Chester, raising a spoonful of delicious "apple-flour" to his lips.

"As you are at home, you can persuade her to admit me to the kitchen each day, long enough to prepare some of these dainties with which to 'tickle your palate,'" replied Nina. "I don't believe that Aunt Dinah could learn to make 'angel's food.'"

"It is that what you have been feeding us?" asked Dr. Gordon, as he ate.

"I am surprised that Colonel Chester releases it, just coming back, as he is, from the border-land; and that a great, strong man, like myself, can thrive on such ethereal mixtures, is astonishing; and I do think, there's no mistake about it. I have gained several pounds since you put me on this celestial diet."

"Oh, but I have given you plenty of meat and potatoes, besides," returned Nina.

Later in the evening, when the tea things had been put away, and the room set in order for the night, and while the evening being chilly, and the wind whistling around the fire in Colonel Chester's room, Nina asked:

"Grandpapa, at Christmas time, had you begun to be sorry that you had taken my Bible from me?"

"No, indeed. I felt, at that time, as if I would like to have you forget that you had ever read that Bible story. I had become so interested with the ideas of those who deny the divinity of Christ, that I was grieved to think it had taken such a hold upon your imagination. I thought, at that time, that it was imagination more than real heart-worship; that your early education was wholly at fault. I soon learned my mistake, and 'discovered' that I had a graver task on my hands than I anticipated; but not knowing of God, and the power of his love in the human heart, I attributed your firmness to stubbornness. I now ask your forgiveness for all I made you suffer, Nina."

"So sprang to his feet, in her bright, impulsive way, and dropped her forgiveness in warm kisses upon his face."

"But I cannot understand it all," she said, emphatically.

"Understand what, dear?"

"Why, you remember, you gave me 'Ben Hur' for my Christmas?"

"Yes, I heard you express a wish for 'Ben Hur'?"

"And yet, you took away my Bible, and said 'Grandpapa,' she added, 'do you know what the story of 'Ben Hur' is?'"

"No, I had no time to read as it is; but I had sufficient confidence in you to believe that you would not desire to read anything except good books. Aside from this, an acquaintance of mine remarked to me, that it was just the kind of a book he would like his daughter to read."

"And you did not question Nina. You did not know?" questioned Nina. "Don't you remember that, after you had given it to me, I got special permission from you to read it?"

"Yes, I thought it was probably a novel of a high order, and that your rebellion against him was at its height, he made use of me to accomplish his work, and advance his cause."

CHAPTER XIV. WHAT FLORENCE FOUND. A young girl, with a large apron tied about her waist, stood at the window of the Chester household, and her blue eyes were heavy with unshed tears.

"I don't see how I have ever lived all these years without Nina," she mused, throwing open the window, to let in the balmy fragrance of the sweet spring air. "I lifted her yellow hair, and tossed it back from her tired, flushed face. There was something so gentle and soothing in its touch, that the steele still for a moment, and let it play with her hair."

"Dear Nina, sweet sister," her thoughts were busy, "you came to us, like a shy, sweet, woodland flower, that you are! How you have lifted my thoughts and desires from self and indolence into a higher, purer atmosphere. I am better for having known you."

A mother had rested her wing on a branch of the China tree near the window where Florence stood, and eyed her with curious inquisitiveness for a moment; then tipping his head on one side, sent forth a flood of melody from his clear, sweet throat, which thrilled her lonely heart, as songs of birds have never done before.

"Oh, Father, who has made the world so rich in beauty and fragrance, and song, help me to become more worthy of thy bountiful gifts," she whispered, looking past the "Southern nightingale," in his coat of sober gray, to where the pink and blue curtains hung, like protecting angel pinions over all the earth.

There was a stir in the yard outside; the sound of heavy foot falls in the hall, and a moment later, the dark face of Aunt Dinah was thrust in at the door.

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"Bless de Lawd, Bessie, an' 'eck back at 'em, 'em! Seem like den 'diction 'gin ter son of mine, dey don't hold back fo' nobody nor suffin! But dar's a break in de cloud now, honey, an' I reckon as how dar'll be a spell o' pleasant weather."

"I am so glad to see you back again," said Florence, faintly, replied Aunt Dinah, complacently, fixing the dust from her shoes with her handkerchief. "Dat good-fo'-nuffin nigger, Lize, starve yo' fo' de f'ol, I reckon. Now yo' 'in' fix yo' mouf fo' somethin' good fo' dinah's sweet potatoes. Well, dere an' dere, an' dere, an' dere, yo' 'in' lik' Aunt Dinah's gal to 'em 'ere when yo' 'in' gwine ter eat."

She waddled out of the parlor in self-important haste, and Florence resumed her dusting.

"I do hope, as Aunt Dinah says, there's to be a spell of pleasant weather, as God will, through a sign of affliction," she soliloquized, moving the duster more briskly, as her spirits became more buoyant with the comforting assurance of Aunt Dinah's return, and the lifting of unaccounted cares from her own shoulders.

Her despondency seemed to have vanished as if by magic; and she echoed the songster's melody with notes as joyous as his own.

"Aunt Mary is so much better, that she will soon be able to come down to the parlor; and Nina writes that grandpapa will be able to come home in a few days. What a glad reunion it will be! I should like to see the kind gentlemen Nina writes so much about. I wish he would come with them. The most wonderful piece of news of all is grandpapa's conversion. Nina writes that he has been baptized. It does not seem possible to me; and yet, when I remember 'that all things are possible with God,' I ought not to be surprised at this."

(To be continued.)

NEW YORK TO THE FRONT. - Mrs. Wm. Wines, of New York city, writes: I used MINARD'S LEMBERT for malarial fever and chronic rheumatism and was cured. Send me 3 doz. bottles by express at once, as I suffer from these troubles.

People who don't want to keep rheumatism, neuralgia, erysipelas, lumbago, toothache, caries, hemorrhoids, cold, influenza of the lungs or bowels, colic, or cramps, should keep MINARD'S LEMBERT constantly in the house, and use it freely internally and externally.

Reaction Against Rationalism. The following extract from the preface to the volume called The Voice from the Cross is a most beautiful and eloquent living German preacher, is of peculiar interest, illustrating the modern reaction against rationalism in Germany; and these meditations on our Lord's sufferings have therefore a special value, in showing what the ordinary teaching in the Evangelical pulpits in Germany is at the present day. The goal is preached with full force, with power, in all simplicity and faithfulness, and the cross is the standard round which the soldiers of Christ are rallying. Evangelical Christians in this country cannot fail to rejoice at this, for (in the popular mind, at least) German theology has long been another name for rationalism and infidelity. But the influence of Strauss has been deep for many years in Germany, and the last drive into the coffin of the Tubingen theology.

The life of Dr. August Tholuck affords an interesting illustration of this change. When appointed professor of theology in the University of Halle in 1826, a protest was entered by all professors (including such men as G. Hegel) and the whole of the students except five (the only cases who believed in the divinity of Christ), the sole ground of their opposition being Tholuck's Evangelical belief. The government refused the prayer of the petition, but Perthes writes of the young professor: "His adversaries are bold and cunning. A baptism of fire was aimed at him. He is proved; but in 1870 what do we find? Evangelical belief in the ascendancy, and all Halle en fête for three days to do honor to Professor Tholuck, whose Christian teaching largely wrought this revolution in the religious thought of the country. On the occasion of this jubilee the anti-scientific power of rationalism and honors upon him. Count Priesner Hoffmann brought him the salutations of the Ecclesiastical Council; the Emperor William conferred on him the Order of the Red Eagle. When, in 1878, the noble and sainted teacher was taken away, all Protestant Germany realized that a prince had fallen in Israel. Two at least of the contributors to this volume - Professor Luthardt and Dr. Kogel - came to Halle to mingle their tears with other mourners round the grave of August Tholuck. It was Dr. Kogel who, with wondrous eloquence and inspiring eloquence, said a wreath of gratitude on the coffin in the name of the students."

This reaction against rationalism was not entirely owing to Tholuck's influence, but he was one of the greatest teachers that God ever raised up in a time of spiritual darkness, and did a work the results of which we see to-day in the Protestant pulpits of Germany. "I have had but one pastor," said he; and this is Christ, and Christ alone. And every one out of Christ I look upon as a fortress which I must bring down to the level of the earth. It is not a matter of life and death, but a matter of the personal influence of Tholuck, ascribe their first spiritual impulse to him. From the sermons themselves it will seem that their authors have also become possessed of his unique passion for winning souls to Christ.

The combination of ingredients, found in Ayer's Pills, renders them so and so and so, such as a cathartic. For this reason they are the best medicine for people of constive habit, as they restore the natural action of the bowels without debilitating.

"Ethel - Oh, papadid you see the new parlor lamp Aunt Julia sent me? It's the latest thing out. Papa - it will be Sunday night, anyway."

"Important Passenger - What's the boat stopped for? Pilot - Too much fog. I. P. - But I can see the sky overhead. What's the matter with the biter busts we ain't goin' that way."

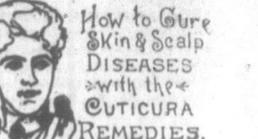
"Sorrowful child to pastor - Mr. B., mother seat me to tell you that father is dead. Pastor - Is he? Did you call a doctor? Child - No sir; he just died of himself. - Boston Journal.

"Mrs. Wiggins - Don't fret, John, you've lost nearly everything you had in this world, I know, but remember you've still got a little left. (twib another heart-felt groan) - Yes, that's just what I was thinking. - G. M. McALLAN'S.

"Misses - Bridget, with you would go out this afternoon. I am not feeling very well. Bridget - Faith, but that's a queer rayson! I'm well enough meself, ain't I? - Life.

"You will find the service one of great hardship," said the examining officer to the recruit who wanted to enlist in the Arctic expedition, "of more suffering than you could expect." "That's all right," replied the recruit; "that's the kind of service I've been trained to." "But your duties will increase a little by little, until you will be doing two or three men's work." "That's just what I've been doing," was the confident reply. "But you will only get one man's pay, and it ain't very large, at that." "All right; that's my present salary." "And you have no idea how cold it will be; cold all the time - fearfully, awfully, freezing-cold." "That's right in my line, all of it," said the recruit, with strange enthusiasm. "I've been assistant pastor in a fashionable church in Chicago for two years." He was promptly enrolled and offered command of the Arctic expedition. - Burdette.

She broke the engagement because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given place to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two young lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly situated, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.



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