

Messenger and Visitor.

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We are pleased to be able to offer to our subscribers advantageous clubbing rates for HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE with the MESSENGER and VISITOR. The MAGAZINE is too well-known to require description. The YOUNG PEOPLE is a finely illustrated weekly—one of the best of its class. The regular yearly subscription to the MAGAZINE is \$4.00, to the YOUNG PEOPLE \$2.00. To new subscribers to the MESSENGER and VISITOR we will send the paper from date and the MAGAZINE for \$4.50 in advance, or the paper and the YOUNG PEOPLE for \$3.00 in advance. To those renewing their subscriptions we will send the MESSENGER and VISITOR and the MAGAZINE for \$4.75, or the paper and the YOUNG PEOPLE for \$3.25. Those who have already paid their subscriptions to the MESSENGER and VISITOR for 1892 can have the MAGAZINE by sending us \$3.25, and the YOUNG PEOPLE by sending us \$1.75, additional.

A CHRISTIAN in Japan is "one in a thousand" of the population, as there are 40,000,000 of people in the country and only 40,000 Christians. May "the little one become a thousand."—Baptists in Denmark are reported to be enjoying much prosperity; about two hundred have been received into the churches the present year.—The Karen Theological Seminary, which has been removed from Rangoon to the pleasant suburbs of Insein, graduated eighteen preachers September 30th.—The United States has about doubled its rum trade with Africa during the past year. Last year 555,749 gallons were sent; this year, ending June 30, 1891, 1,025,226 gallons. It is estimated that foreign liquor kills 50,000 of the nations of Africa annually.—The Watchman notes the fact that the December magazines are all "Christmas" numbers, and says: "The facts of the birth and boyhood of Jesus are set forth with art and pen and pencil in narrative and poem and picture. Some aspects of the religion of Christ greet the world in all our literature this month."

—ARE we to have a Year Book for 1891?

—REV. O. P. GIFFORD preached his farewell discourse as pastor of the Baptist church in Brookline, on Sunday, November 29. He will enter upon his work as pastor of the Emmanuel church at Chicago shortly.

—SAYS the Congregationalist: "The Keeley cure may not prove to be the thing that is to banish drunkenness from the earth, but facts are facts and even such a lapse as that of the late Col. John F. Mines does not weaken the evidence furnished by hundreds whose lives have been revolutionized by the remedy and who thus far stay cured. A recent credible testimony affirms that only seven out of a thousand men discharged from the Keeley Institute have gone back to their cups."

—DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, in an address before the recent convention in Boston, said:

"The men of the world will tell you that the ministers are almost as crazy as the women are. And this is perfectly true. And why? By the great felicity of our calling we are admitted into a wider confidence than other men enjoy. We see people in every grade of social life. And those who are suffering most will tell us, on their knees, of griefs, of stabs in the heart, which they would tell to no one else. Nine times out of ten the horror of the story is that part which describes drunkenness."

—The following story may be set down under the heading, "Curious, if True." A good brother in an English rural chapel had to announce anniversary sermons. Among the notices was one to the effect that on the next Sunday the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., would preach. Whether the illegibility of the notice or the illiteracy of the reader were most to blame, the result was peculiar for the congregation was invited to come the next Sunday and hear that great preacher, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. The story found its way into the London Freeman, then crossed the Atlantic and has recently found its way back to England in a revised form. The Americanized edition of the story is as follows: "It fell to the lot of a deacon in a rustic parish to announce the coming of the celebrated London divine. 'On Sunday next,' he said, 'carefully scanning the written announcement with which he had been provided, the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes' Ma will occupy the pulpit in this church, and,' he added, looking cheerfully and hopefully round the congregation, 'we have no doubt the old lady will give us a telling discourse.'"

—SPEAKING of certain tenement houses, in Boston, where poor women toil for 15 hours a day to eke out a wretched existence by making shirts at 50 cents a dozen, a Boston paper says: "Clothing made in filthy rooms where are cases of diphtheria, typhoid fever, &c., is not nice if it is cheap," and adds: "These nasty, pestilence-breeding holes called tenement houses are owned by Back Bay, and pay to their infamous owners from 18 per cent. to 40 per cent. upon the investment." A mass meeting was recently held by the Anti-Tenement-house League to protest against the "sweating system."

—PROFESSOR BLACKIE, of Edinburgh, a famous educator, has lately written an article on "Popular Errors in Education." He condemns the process of cramming instead of drawing out the mind, thinks the position assigned to music is far too low; maintains that Bible history should be taught in the schools and that French and German should be taught rather than Latin and Greek. The last statement is made emphatic by the fact that he was professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. "The main thing to do," he says, "is to bring the organs of the creature, the eye and the ear and the hand into living touch with their natural surroundings; in other words, natural history, drawing and music, and recitation ought to form the foundation of all education according to nature and the divine constitution of the universe."

—A PARTY of seven missionaries sailed from Boston for India, Nov. 28. Among the number were Rev. John McLaurin—the late corresponding secretary of the Ontario and Quebec Board—and his wife. Mr. McLaurin returns to India under the auspices of the Missionary Union; but, it is understood, will devote himself to the preparation of religious literature for the Telugu people, and so will serve all the missions among that people. A few days earlier a party of four missionaries sailed from Vancouver for China. Among them was Mr. Cosum, who has been for the past year field secretary of the students' volunteer missionary movement, and has become widely known in connection with that work. These make about forty missionaries who have gone this year to the foreign fields of the Missionary Union. Some of them of course are missionaries who have been on furlough returning to their work. What the number of new recruits is, we are not informed.

—THE N. Y. Examiner is very severe upon a portion of the daily press which professes to be much alarmed lest the Presbyterians should suffer by the trial of Dr. Briggs. This alarm, the Examiner believes, is mere pretence and is assumed because the papers referred to think the trial would be of advantage to Christian truth. These journals, it claims, are trying to destroy Christianity. It further cites their treatment of the question of revision of the Westminster Confession. While they thought there was no prospect of revision they sneered at the Calvinism of the creed, but since it seems probable that revision will be made they have changed their tone and profess to be very anxious that the creed remain Calvinistic. What they want, according to the Examiner, is that the creeds and state of the denominations should be most assailable by enemies of the truth. No doubt there is a portion of the press ready to do anything against the best interests of religion, but we are glad to believe that the number of Canadian journals of this kind is small.

—"Moon will have to be forgiven, but he who forgives the most can expect the greatest blessing." Bishop Hurst uses these words in reference to a church quarrel in the United States. But such quarrels are unfortunately not confined to the States. If the principle is good there will be found, we fear, some of our churches where it should be applied. "He who forgives most can expect the greatest blessing." "This is not exactly the way that men of the world look at it; nor is the truth of it fully appreciated by Christians. The reason is that the world has not attained to the standard of Christ, nor has the church either. There are some great truths taught by Christ, which, after the lapse of nineteen centuries, are still far above the level of human practice and even human appreciation. Christ's doctrine of forgiveness is one of these." Yet obedience to Christ in this has exceeded great reward. Dear brother, if you have the opportunity of forgiving much embrace it and get the great blessing your soul needs. Forgive your brother for his small offence as you have been forgiven your sins, neither small nor few. Even Bacon says that in taking revenge

a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior; for it is a prince's part to pardon. Dear wounded brother, pardon the very imperfect Christian who has offended you, and so make a prince of yourself.

—THE Clarendon street church, Boston, has a "Missionary Training School," of which Dr. A. J. Gordon is president, Mrs. Gordon, secretary, and Rev. F. L. Chappell, resident instructor. The school is designed for young men and women "who are called of God to enter Christian service, but who may, for various reasons, find it impracticable to take the more extended course of college and seminary instruction. The number of students in attendance is about forty. The instruction is said to be mainly biblical and practical, and is combined with Christian and missionary work in the city. No doubt this school will have good results. It is, quite probable, too, that it will have results of a different character. A short cut to the ministry is doubtless a blessing in some cases. The trouble is that when the short cut is opened some will take it whose duty it was to take the longer and more toilsome way, and others will take it simply because the way is made shorter and easier to the ministry than to anything else which affords the hope of a respectable means of support. Such men are not wanted in the ministry. It is, perhaps, a fair question whether the multiplication of facilities according to the short cut method is not likely to bring in more of this class than of those who will do valuable service.

PASSING EVENTS.

PROBABLY NO ONE SERIOUSLY EXPECTED that Dom Pedro II. would ever return to reign in Brazil, but whatever hopes or expectations in that direction the late emperor or his friends may have entertained have been effectually settled by that stern arbiter that negatives so many human expectations. Last week the serious illness of Dom Pedro was noted, this week it is announced that he is dead. Dom Pedro was a descendant, in the male line, of the house of Braganza, the female line of which is ruling over Portugal. It was in 1807 that the house of Braganza sought refuge in Brazil to escape from the power of Napoleon, who had proclaimed war against Portugal. In 1821 the royal family returned to Portugal, and Dom Pedro, son of King John VI., was declared regent of Brazil, which had meantime been raised to the rank of a kingdom. The following year Brazil was proclaimed an independent empire and Dom Pedro was crowned emperor. Trouble between the emperor and his deputies led, in 1831, to the abdication of Dom Pedro in favor of his son, then in his sixth year, who accordingly became Emperor Dom Pedro II. He has been generally regarded as a wise and liberal ruler, but republican sentiments grew and prevailed in Brazil, and Dom Pedro had to give way before them. A bloodless revolution led to Brazil being declared a republic in 1889. The emperor was quietly dismissed and sent to Europe. Until his death his residence was in France or Italy.

ADVICES FROM CHINA FOR SOME TIME past have indicated a disturbed condition of affairs in that country, but just what are the origin and the nature of the trouble or how seriously the internal peace of the empire is threatened, it is not possible to determine. If recent despatches are to be credited the trouble is rapidly growing more serious. There is active rebellion in the northern province of Manchuria, and a powerful rebel army is threatening Peking. Some French and Belgian R. C. missions have suffered, missionaries have been forced to leave their stations, Christians have been killed and priests and nuns treated with shameful cruelty. It is easy to see that in so vast a country as China, without railroads, telegraph or a daily press, trustworthy accounts of the real state of affairs is not to be expected, and only those who make it their constant business to know all social and political movements, open or secret, in all parts of the empire, can be in a position to give more than a conjecture as to the real situation. On the one hand, the opinion is expressed that the disturbance is of a local character, is caused by a hatred of foreigners—especially the French—and that it means, principally, a demand for their expulsion. On the other hand it is believed that the insurrection in the north is but part of a widely organized rebellion, having for its main purpose the overthrow of the existing dynasty. If either of these views is correct, there cannot be too much danger to foreign residents in China, and especially to missionaries. It is certain that

the affairs of China are just now attracting much attention in European capitals, and France, in view of the present aspect of things and the failure of China to protect foreign interest within her dominions, is urging the powers to take combined and immediate action. Against this it is to be placed the fact that French interference has been particularly offensive to the Chinese, and possible jealousy on the part of France in reference to the reported agreement between China and England to resist the encroachments of Russia in Pamir. The Chinese officials at the European courts and at Washington are understood to speak optimistically in reference to the situation in China, declaring that the disturbance is local and that the government is well able to deal with it. But little weight, however, is attached to these representations, as in any case they would probably be the same. It is somewhat reassuring to learn that the corresponding secretaries of the foreign missions of the various denominations in Boston all testify that, so far as their departments are concerned, no trouble has been experienced by their missionaries in China. Whatever trouble has befallen missionaries has been among the Belgian, French and Roman Catholic missions. The R. C. and Belgian missions have experienced some hostility, while the American missions have not the slightest trouble to report. The latter in some provinces have been obliged to put posters upon their houses to distinguish them from the other missions, which have protected them in every case against disturbance.

THE PARENT EXPERIENCE OF MR. CYRUS W. FIELD recalls the story of "the man of Uz." His family, in his own generation at least, has been remarkable for enterprise, ability, and culture. His brothers have attained to eminence in law, jurisprudence, literature and the Christian ministry. Mr. Field himself achieved world-wide fame in connection with that grand enterprise—the laying of the first Atlantic cable, of which he was the projector, and which, in spite of all difficulties, and evil prophecies, he carried to completion. He attained to great wealth, and though, some years ago, he lost the larger part of it, he yet retained from business, possessed of a considerable fortune. But of late misfortunes have come thick and fast. His son—Edward M. Field, who, with a brother-in-law and others, continued to carry on the business from which Cyrus W. Field some years ago retired, entered into a series of transactions which ruined the firm. In a vain attempt to carry them through, he betrayed trust, and having by deception obtained permission of his father to use such securities of his as were needed to relieve their embarrassment, threw away every dollar of his father's remaining fortune in an insane attempt to save the firm. He is said to be really insane and now an inmate of an asylum. Mrs. Cyrus W. Field, who was in delicate health, has died since learning of her son's ruin and disgrace. A daughter of Mr. Field, and wife of a member of the firm, is also said to be at the point of death. Mr. Field, at last accounts, was himself utterly prostrate and not expected to survive. He is reported as saying to an old friend who called to see him in his affliction, "I am as poor as the day I came into the world." The man of Uz said something like that too, if we remember rightly. Yet Job, upon the ash heap, stripped, smitten and scorned, but preserving his integrity and his trust in God, is a far grander figure than he was as the rich man and the prince. If a good man is cast down it is in order that he may be exalted.

THE STATEMENT THAT THE ONLY GOOD INDIAN IS A DEAD INDIAN is one which has had wide currency and a somewhat less wide acceptance. Secretary Proctor, of the U. S. War Department, believes himself justified in reporting that a live Indian makes a good soldier for the United States service. With certain matters connected with the last Indian war, rather fresh in our memories, it does not seem so very clear that the transformation of the Indian into such a man as is sent to fight the Indian when, goaded by hunger and injustice, he takes the warpath, is altogether to the red man's advantage. However this may be, the secretary in his annual report of the War Department, "dwells proudly," we are told, "on the fact that the attempt to make soldiers out of the untutored savage is a grand success. He insists that the redskin in blue feels the civilizing influence of his uniform and at the same time is peculiarly efficient on the warpath against his un reclaimed brother." "The Secretary," says the New York Herald, "is to be congratulated on the result of his experiment. Private

advice state that the reclaimed brother is so happy over 'joining the army' that he celebrates the event every pay day with firewater and paints the far Western posts his own hue so long as the money lasts. This is not referred to in the Secretary's report."

SO FAR THE OUTLOOK IN BRAZIL UNDER PRESIDENT PRIXOTTO appears to be pacific. Nearly all the provinces have announced their acceptance of the new situation. Peixotto's manifesto was moderate in tone and in harmony with constitutional methods, annulling Fonseca's decree dissolving congress, which is summoned to meet again Dec. 18. It is not unlikely that when congress meets proceedings will be taken against de Fonseca and his adherents. The constitution will probably be so amended as to afford greater security against the assumption of dictatorial powers by the president in future. The papal nuncio at Rio Janeiro has been dismissed, and the Vatican has been informed that, while Brazil is willing to maintain relations with it, she will not tolerate ecclesiastical interference in politics.

The Late B. L. Chubbuck.

IT IS impossible not to be surprised that the fine physique of Evangelist Chubbuck has so quietly faded away, dying in Boston, Nov. 25, at the age of 42. But a few weeks ago, and he was in our midst, with most of his wonted power, proclaiming God's message of reconciliation to fallen men. He had, to our eyes, hardly fallen from that superb appearance which had been at once the admiration and envy of poor ordinary mortals. The pillars of life seemed so firm that one could not think of their being permanently shaken. And yet, even then, an insidious foe was undermining his constitution. His spoke of pain, but it seemed absurd that any serious issue could follow. He preached with his usual ability, only we observed that he had pruned away some expressions which used to mar his public efforts. He was more reverent and tender. Grace was doing its work. The Master was burning in the pictures on the pottery. He and I talked over this feature of his later preaching, and he avowed, naively, that he had, of set purpose, corrected that extravagance of manner, which he once thought necessary for an evangelist. "The Holy Spirit does not need that sort of thing." So he was quieter, more sympathetic; his manner was chastened. Still he was none the less the ambassador. His message was solemn, yet searching; he talked as one who should give account, and yet who yearned for men. He had attained to a good degree of the spirit claimed for this office by the apostle—2 Cor. 5: 14-20.

Our brother, during his ministry, has been an instrument, in the Divine hand, to "turn many to righteousness." His labors were incessantly carried on, and as he put his whole person into them, body and soul, they were more exhausting than he probably knew. His strength was great and he drew largely and constantly upon it. He was simply tireless—all the time, night and day, month after month, singing, praying, preaching "about his Master's business." But souls were won. He was after them, and he got them in multitudes. There are many in these provinces who will always be glad that they heard Evangelist Chubbuck. His voice startled them out of their guilty slumbers; he pointed them to the Lamb of God; he led them into His kingdom. Our gratitude should ascend in songs of praise to Him who gives good gifts to His church, that such men are from time to time sent among us. D. A. S. Amherst, Dec. 1891.

The Treasury for Pastor and People closes the year with an excellent number. Of the many noteworthy articles it contains, one by Professor Watts, of Belfast, Ireland, on Dr. Briggs's Theology, stands forth with great prominence, and completely demolishes the theology outlined in the famous "Inaugural." There are Leading Thoughts of seven excellent sermons by capital preachers. Dr. Cuyler's pen-picture of Dr. Olin will elicit merited praise. Bishop Foss has a stirring paper on The City: A Glory and a Menace. Other articles are on Ministerial Culture and Efficiency, What Theological Students Should Study, Have We a Right to Protect the Sabbath by Law? Beautiful Old Age, The Plain of Ederloom, Spiritual Power and S. S. Lessons, by Dr. Moment. Editorials are on Appreciate the People, Utilize all the Forces, Lady Enthusiasts in Church Work, Patient Continuance in Well Doing, The Present Unrest. Yearly, \$2.50. Clergymen, \$2. Single copies, 25 cents. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:
"Be not weary in well-doing."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER:
"For Chiacole and the workers."

Items of Interest

FROM AID SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Another of our valued members has heard the "Welcome home, my child." From the monthly meeting of prayer she has gone to the daily meeting of praise. At the meeting here she had looked forward to the time when God's ancient promise to His Son with regard to the heathen should be fulfilled. Now from Mount Zion where she stands with "the Lamb which has been slain," she sees that promise fulfilled, and surely as she realizes it after all the toil of earth, her voice rises in a louder note of praise in the "new song." Mrs. Freeman was seldom with us in our larger gatherings, but her work was none the less real, and a rich blessing followed. We are gathering buses, one by one; sisters, let us see to it that our young people are so trained and educated that they will be able at once to fill up the vacant places.

As a result (so we think) of our Mission Band in Sydney, C. B., a W. M. A. Society has been organized there, and at the first meeting, held on Nov. 6th, fifteen members were present, and a good meeting was the result.

At the last meeting of the Aid Society of Portauquie and Upper Economy, some of the sisters had a drive of eight miles to be at the meeting. ("Let those who read make a note on't.")

The secretary of the Mission Band at Sandy Cove, Digby Co., writes that they have taken 22 shares in the buildings at Palomedia. She adds, "Some of our girls have formed ourselves into a circle to help the Mission Band. We call ourselves 'Little Helpers.'"

A long letter from our secretary in Kings Cove is before me. Oh for a dozen workers like her!

Some one said the other day, "When I see a worker like Frances E. Willard I always feel inclined to pray, 'Lord keep her always here.'" The prayer savors of selfishness perhaps, but it recurs to the mind when one thinks of Mrs. J. F. Kempton. She writes that she found the Aid Society and Mission Band at Kentville in a discouraged state of mind. Quite a number were present at the meeting. At Mrs. K.'s suggestion some of the Mission Band members united with the Aid Society, and the Sunday-school was to be organized into a Band. A committee was appointed to visit every sister in the church. The Sunday-school superintendent promised that the Sunday-school would take one \$10 share in "the buildings." At Cambridge, also, there were discouragements. A Society of Christian Endeavor has lately been formed, and they gave Mrs. Kempton an opportunity to lay before them the claims of our Telugu field. As she showed on the map the occupied and unoccupied stations, hearts were touched; one share at least was promised for the building, and we hope for still better things.

Woodville, where Mrs. Kempton was organizing a knitting circle twenty years ago, was visited. The president had passed away last autumn, and almost all the dear sisters whose fingers spun and knit for the Master a score of years ago, have entered into rest. But their works do follow them. A daughter-in-law of the old lady who was the first president has taken up the work. They gave Mrs. Kempton \$10 for one share in the Palomedia buildings. On Sunday Mrs. Kempton addressed the Sunday-school, giving them a map exercise, after which a Mission Band was organized, with Miss Ada Ryan president.

A large meeting was held with the sisters in Canard; and a committee appointed to visit every sister in the church.

On Sunday, 15th, Port Williams was visited and a Mission Band organized. Miss Grace Wood, president.

THE WAY IT IS WITH YOUR SISTER. What would you do if you woke some morn, And how would the morning seem, If you found that your faith in the Son of God Was only a midnight dream? What if you knew in your innermost soul That there was no God on high, That the city above was only a myth, The thought of a poet's brain? That there was no Christ for the heart's deep want? No cure for its hunger and pain? If all of the light and all of the love, All that is good and true, Should go out of your life like a wind-blown lamp? What would you do?

A. E. JOHNSTON,
Prov. Sec'y, N. S.

NOTICE.—The regular quarterly missionary prayer meeting of the W. M. A. Societies of St. John will be held in the German street Baptist Vestry, Thursday, Dec. 10, at 3 p. m.

The Fountain of Life and the River.

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLEAREN, D. D.

"God loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3: 16.

I suppose many of you, like me, kneared these words at your mother's knees, and have been familiar with them all your lives. Perhaps familiarity has dimmed their wonderfulness. The child that knows them knows more than that, and the man knows more than that, who has heard of heaven, with all its angels, have expected. They are inexhaustible, and one shrinks from taking them as a text. And yet, though that my poor paraphrase can only weaken them, they contain so fully and completely the message which it is my desire to press upon your acceptance that I venture to do it. If I might fall back upon a metaphor, we have here the fountain and the river; the love of God; the stream, the gift of Christ; the act of drinking, "whosoever believeth"; and the life giving effects of the draught.

These great words begin in the heart of God; they end with a quickened world, and the links between the beginning and the ending are, on the Divine side, Christ, and on the human, faith.

I ask you, then, to look, first, at the fountain-head, the universal love of God.

"God . . . loved the world." In these words there is a wonderful apocalypse of the Divine nature that has been or shall be made. One knows not who or what is the more stupendous, that God loves, or that He loves the world.

"God loves." Where, outside of Christianity, does any body dare to say that as a certainty? Men have hoped it; men have feared that it could not be; men have dimly dreamed and strongly doubted; men have had gods cruel, gods lustful, gods capricious, gods good-natured, gods indifferent or apathetic, but a loving God is the discovery of Christianity. Neither the gross deities of heathenism, nor the shadowy God of Theism, nor the unknown somewhat which, perhaps, makes for righteousness, of our modern agnostics, presents anything like this—"God loved."

Do not let us be afraid of attributing the likeness of human emotions to the Divine Being, nor be frightened from accepting the whole blessed consolation and enlightenment which lies in this wonderful thought by any anxious warnings lest we degrade the Divine nature by supposing it to be altogether like ourselves. The spectrum has taught us that the metals in the sun are absolutely identical with the metals in this earth. Christianity teaches us that since man is Deiform, made in the Divine image, we have the right to argue the other way, and say that God and man are sufficiently alike to make it perfectly reverent and safe for us to believe "that there is in God that which answers to love in us; separated, purified, indeed from limitations, removed from the possibility of chill and change, but yet alive with all the sweetness, with all the capacity for affording rest to another heart which we find in human love at its best.

We speak of that great Divine nature as being infinite, and that is as a word; as being eternal, and that is as a tremendous and sometimes a chilling thought; as being infinitely righteous; as wielding almighty power. But all these things that men call Divine attributes are but the fringe of His character, the halo round the orb, of which the central blaze is love. The only way by which a poor, finite, sinful heart can venture to grasp the awful thoughts that lie in these great words Infinite, Eternity, Omnipotence, Omnipresence, Purity, is to regard them as characteristics of love, and say, "Yes! God's love is infinite, is eternal, is omnipotent, is omniscient, is all righteous and pure."

But then, on the other side, we have not only the revelation of the heart of God, but we have the wonderful world which declares the universality of the sweep of that love. "God loved the world."

Now, I want you to observe particularly that this designation of the object upon which the Divine love rested and eternally to be interpreted according to the usage of this Gospel, and that usage distinctly gives to the expression "the world" not only the meaning of the total of humanity, but also the further meaning of humanity separated by its own evil from God. And so we get, not only the statement of the universality of the love of God, but also this great truth, that no sin nor unworthiness nor unfaithfulness nor rebellion, nothing which degrades humanity even to its lowest depths, and seems all but to extinguish the spark within it that is capable of being fanned into a flame, has the least power to deflect, turn back, or alter the love of God. That love falls upon "the world," the mass of men who have wrenched themselves away from Him, but cannot wrench Him away from themselves. They may not prevent His love from pouring itself over them, even as the bright waters of the ocean will break over some grim rock, black in the sunshine. No, brethren, all the outcasts, criminals, barbarians, degraded people that the world consents to regard as irredeemably bad and hopeless, are all grasped in His love. And you, and I, and every soul of man, have a place there; and my sins and your sins do not prevent His love from circling about us, and longing after us, and wanting to bless us and bring us back to Himself. "God loves the world," the whole mass of sinful men. Do you believe that? Do you believe it yourself?

We lose in the depth of our love in proportion as it gains in breadth, and the sentiment, when it comes to be spread over a race, is very different from what we find in the whole, we lose sight of the individuals. But there are no classes or masses with God, and when the Bible tells us that He loves the world, that does not mean a divided sentiment that grasps the whole and is almost oblivious of the individuals, as it would be with us. But He loves the world because He loves each unit that composes it. Just as in the heavens each star is set in its place, and all are included in the great arch that sweeps above them, and yet each is separate.

The glorious sky, embracing all, like life the Maker's love, Wherewith, encompassed, great and small, In peace and joy we move, He loves all because He loves each. He

loves the world because He loves me, and thus, and every single soul.

"If, then, now, secondly, the stream; the gift which proves the love.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son." Mark that collocation of words. In the next verse, where the same subject is dealt with in a different expression is employed. There we read, "God sent His Son." But in my text, where the matter in hand is the love of God, "sent" is far too cold a word, and gave is used as congruous with loved. It means, that the Divine love manifests itself even as the human does, by an infinite delight in bestowing. The very property and life of love, as we know it, even in its tainted and selfish forms as it prevails amongst us, is to give, and the life of the Divine love is the same. He loves, and therefore He gives. His love is a longing to bestow Himself, and the proof and sign that He loves is that "He gave His only begotten Son."

I need not remind you, I suppose, of the allusion, obvious in the language of my text, that wonderful story in Genesis of the sacrifice of Isaac. You remember how, when the patriarch's trial was over, the approbation was spoken from heaven in these words, "Now I know that thou fearest God, because thou hast not withheld thine only son from Me." And we can reverently turn to Him and say, "Now know we that Thou lovest us, because Thou hast not withheld Thine only Son from us."

Ah, brethren, there is more in that word "gave" than a bestowment there is a surrender in it, and there is a surrender to death. "He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for the death for us all; how shall He not, with Him also, freely give us all things?" I venture to believe that we may be warranted even in the thought that something not altogether dissimilar to the surrender of his only son to death which wrung the heart of the ancient patriarch is conceivable within that infinite Divine nature that spared not His Son, but gave Him up for us all.

Is not that the one proof of God's love? Creation, indeed, is the consequence, and therefore the sign of a Divine love; and we shall never understand why it was that God made worlds at all unless we have pierced to the depths of His grand realm that saw, in Him that made great lights, for His mercy endureth for ever.

But what Nature is the outcome of the Divine love; its witness is all uncertain and broken. The harp was once tuned by a Divine hand, but rude fingers have been ever since, and it is now like sweet bells jangled, harsh and out of tune. And there is no place where a poor soul can be sure of the love of God except here, in sight of Calvary, on the Cross of which it recognizes the Son of God dying for the sins of the world. I feel as much as any pessimist says, that in the wrong of them all, the burden and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world." I know, as clearly as any man does, and I do not think I feel it less than most men do, how

Nature, red in tooth and claw, Whate'er she shows, she shows against the creed that God is love. But I believe in Jesus Christ and His Cross as the governing fact; and in the light of it were folly and treason to doubt that all discords are capable of resolution into harmony; and that when the end comes we shall know what, to-day, by the light of it, we are heartened to believe, and that "God in Heaven, all right with the world." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son."

III. Notice (and here I slightly alter the order of my text) the purpose of the gift that proves the love.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" in order that there might be escape from perishing and the possession of eternal life. Now here the one purpose of the gift—which is also the one longing of the love—is stated negatively and positively—"should not perish, but should have eternal life."

Now there are a great many people who would like to put the whole middle part of my text into a parenthesis, and bring together directly the first clause and the last, and say, "God so loved the world, and nobody shall perish." And this text does not make such short work of it as that. It recognizes—and I wish to press upon you the recognition—that in order that the Divine love may reach its longing there must be a process; and that that process looked at from the Divine side, lies here, that God send His Son if the world is not to perish; and looked at from the human side, it lies here, that men must believe in the Son that is sent if they are to have eternal life.

Then, a danger which only the mission of Jesus Christ averts, that men may perish. That is a danger which is as universal as the love of which I have been speaking, for it is "the world" that is in danger of perishing. That is a danger which is as individual as the special case of the love of which I have been speaking, for "the world" that "perishes" is made up of single souls that do. In that category you have a place, and I, and all our brethren. Whoever comes under the great class of the objects of Divine love, belongs also to the class of those who are in risk of destruction. O! dear friends, it does not become me to fling about the thunderbolts of God, or to threaten and lighten as He has the right to do; but I do believe that much of the preaching of this generation is too often a warning of the danger which men have got too falsely tender-hearted and sentimental to talk about the necessary issue of alienation from God. Be you sure of this, that in whatever form it may be realized—and that is of secondary importance—the world, and especially you, that have heard the Gospel all your days, and are hearing it, however imperfectly, again to-night, stands in peril of destruction. "To perish," whether it mean to be reduced into non-being, or whether it mean, as I believe it means, to be so separated from God that one's life is as that conscious existence continuing, everything that made life beautiful and blessed and desirable is gone—"perish" is the necessary end of the man that wrenches himself away from God. You may continue to be, you may go through the world with it as though you had an indurated conscience, as some of you are doing, but destruction, in the awful meaning of the word, is the fate of the man who has turned away from God manifest in Jesus Christ. And I should be a traitor to my own convictions and a

crust friend to you, my dear friends, if I did not warn you, and pray to God that the warning may get to some of you that need it, that you are upon an inclined plane, and the inclined plane will stop you, and you will not; and where will you be then? There is only one Hand that can put the brake on. There is only one way by which God's love can stop a man from going down the slippery slope. "God so loved the world that He sent His Son that the world should not perish." It is going to run without Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ, and Jesus Christ alone, comes in to arrest the necessary tendency downwards, and to substitute for it the motion upwards towards the light and the life.

But arresting is not all. "Should have eternal life." And what lies in that? Surely something a great deal more than the unending continuance of being. I do not know how you feel, but to me many a time the prospect of living for ever and ever, and on and on, seems to be infinitely awful. And it is not that. Surely something a great deal more than that, meant the fullness of purity, of peace, of energy, of love and wisdom and joy all flooding into our soul with the possession of Jesus Christ. Life eternal lies in union with God, and the only link that binds men with God as to secure for them the possessions of life eternal, with its inconceivable blessedness, is "Christ that died, yes! rather that is risen again; who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us."

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Under the Catalpa.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUTLER.

In The Evangelist for October 22nd, I narrated the incident of a blunt and fervent minister who was assigned to a very irregular parish in England, and he told the people that "they might set themselves in array against the Gospel as they chose, but before this time twelve hundred souls will be converted here; I have asked this of the Lord, and He has given it to me." I learned this incident of Mr. Spurgeon, who cited it to show how God often rewards the fidelity of earnest men of faith who undertake difficult duties in reliance upon Him. An excellent Presbyterian brother in Montana refers to this incident, and writes to me: "I have often debated the question in my mind as to how far we have a right to assume that we can depend upon and guarantee results." Mr. Spurgeon was right in commending the confident faith of that bold and blunt minister; and the Montana brother is right also in doubting the wisdom of predicting blessings which God, as sovereign, may not see fit to bestow. There is an error to be avoided on both sides. We ought not to distrust God when we are doing our duty in His service; and we have no right to "guarantee results" that are beyond our control. Many an evangelist has brought their truly says—his predicted revivals that never came. An eminent evangelist once commenced a series of meetings in this neighborhood, and said to me, "I am as sure of a blessing on my labors as I am that the sun will rise to-morrow." But the revivals which he so confidently proved to be as barren as the east wind. After a long pastoral experience and frequent labors in revivals, I confess that there is much that is utterly mysterious in regard to them. Our God is a sovereign. He bestows spiritual blessings when He pleases, how He pleases, and where He pleases. He often seems to withhold His converting power at the very time when, according to our fallible calculations, we ought to expect it. Never in my whole life have I arranged any peculiar measures to produce a revival which have been successful; and some such attempts ended in disappointment. On the other hand, several copious showers of heavenly blessings have descended when I was not expecting them. The first revival that ever gladdened my youthful ministry began at a time of deep discouragement in my little church; it began, too, in the single act of a goodly woman. The most remarkable work of grace that I have ever enjoyed was in the Lafayette Avenue Church, and that commenced during the "Week of Prayer" in 1855. No extraordinary efforts had been made, no outside help had been sought, and no peculiar expectations of any special work of grace were discernible.

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is the joy of a few hours, but a noble tree may be the joy of a lifetime. Nothing in God's Word describes the grandeur and solidity of a godly character like the figure of the tree planted in the house of the Lord, that flourisheth in His courts, bearing fruit in old age, and still full of sap and green.—Evanglist.

A Lesson of Assurance.

The Scriptural metaphors of the rising sun and of the morning, as illustrative of the right way in life, are suggestive of certain as to the results of pursuing that way. There is absolute certainty as to the rising of the sun and the coming of the morning. There will be no failure in relation to these events. We may fully rely upon their occurrence as secured by Divine appointment. Nothing can prevent the one or the other. When the sun sets, it is sure to rise again; when it is night, the morning is sure to come. Never has there been a failure in these respects, and never will there be, so long as the order of things continues which God has established at the creation, when God said, "Let there be light in the firmament of the heaven, to divide the day from the night." As has been, so it will continue to be, that night will give place to day, and for every evening there will be a morning. In accordance to a Divine command, the sun must arise. He will not disobey, for he "rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race."

So those who "follow on to know the Lord" shall know Him. He has no "said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye my face in vain." Not less certain of success is seeking God may we be, than that the sun will rise, and that the morning will dawn, when the darkest shadows of night cover the earth. "Thus saith the Lord; if ye can break My covenant of the day and My covenant of the night, and that there should be day and night in their season; then may also My covenant be broken with David My servant; for he 'rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.'"

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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

FOURTH QUARTER.

(Continued from Peloubet's Notes.)

Lesson XIII. Dec. 20. John 21: 1-14. THE RISEN CHRIST AND HIS DISCIPLES.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—Col. 3: 1.

EXPLANATORY.

THE DISCIPLES GO TO GALILEE. 1. "After these things..." The appearances described in the previous chapter. "Jesus showed Himself again to the disciples at the sea of Tiberias." A name for the sea of Galilee. The very morning of the resurrection two messages were sent to the apostles by the women that they were to go into Galilee, and Jesus would appear to them there (Matt. 28: 7, 10).

2. "There were together Simon Peter, etc. Seven are named here, and were waiting for the appointed time, in the vicinity of their old homes by the sea. The place of meeting was a mountain in Galilee (Matt. 28: 16), where the rest of the eleven met them."

JESUS REVEALS HIMSELF TO THEM IN THEIR DAILY WORK. 3. "Simon Peter saith unto them, I go a fishing." Peter naturally speaks first. The rest fall in with his plan. (1) They were waiting for the time appointed to meet Jesus, and must do something; and it was not yet time for them to preach about Jesus. (2) They probably needed to do something for their own support. Idleness and needless dependence on others are not Christian virtues. So Paul worked at tent-making. (3) They may have had some impulses to revive old memories. (4) The best way of waiting for further manifestations and clearer visions of Jesus is in the faithful performance of present duties. "Into a ship." A fishing boat. "And that night they caught nothing." Although night was the best time for fishing (Luke 5: 5).

4. "When the morning was now come." At daybreak (see Rev. Ver.). "Jesus stood on the shore; but the disciples knew not that it was Jesus." In the gray twilight, they saw a stranger on the shore; that they did not recognize Him may have been due in part to the dimness of the early light, but more probably to the fact, illustrated by other post-resurrection appearances, that He was recognized only as He chose to reveal Himself (chap. 20: 14; Luke 24: 16). Another reason was that they were not expecting Him, for He had appointed the meeting on a mountain (Matt. 28: 16).

5. "Children." A familiar Oriental address. "Have ye any meat?" i. e., any fish. The word rendered meat is literally what is eaten therewith, i. e., with bread, and here is equivalent to fish, which in Galilee was a common accompaniment of bread in the peasant's meal. "Cast the net on the right side of the ship (boat), and ye shall find." As they evidently saw nothing strange in the direction to cast the net on the right side of the ship, it is probable that they attributed it to the stranger seeing a shoal there. Shoals can often be discerned from the higher level of a bank or cliff, by the color of the water, while the fisherman may be close to the fish without noticing them. "They were not able to draw it." Up into the boat. "For the multitude of fishes." There were 153 large ones (ver. 11). The number was so unexpectedly great that they took pains to count them.

6. "That disciple whom Jesus loved." This John modestly but lovingly speaks of himself, never once mentioning his own name in his gospel. "Saith unto Peter, it is the Lord." His loving heart first recognized his beloved Lord. Doubtless he remembered how Jesus had done a like wonder for them three years before (Luke 5: 1-11). "Now when Simon Peter heard that it was the Lord, he girt his fisher's coat unto him." The fisher's coat appears to have been a sort of loose garment, like the workmen's blouse of today. He did this with instinctive reverence for the presence of his Master. "For he was naked." That is, stripped of all but his light undergarment. "And he cast himself into the sea." In his impetuous desire to meet and welcome his Teacher and Lord, he could not wait for the boat and his comrades, but sprang ashore. He would fain prove that he did love Him in spite of his fall a few days before, and perhaps desired the assurance that he was accepted and trusted and loved as before. It is characteristic of the two men that John the thoughtful was the first to recognize Christ, and Peter the impulsive, the first to go to Him.

8. "The other disciples." Staying to attend to the fishes which the Lord's word had brought to them. "A little ship." A small boat belonging to the larger vessel. "Two hundred and thirty to three hundred." Drugging the net. Being unable to raise it into the boat with so many fishes in it, they drew it to the shore. A SOCIAL MEAL WITH JESUS. 9. "As soon as they were come to land, they saw a fire of coals there." Probably of charcoal, which is much used in Bible lands at the present day. "And fish laid thereon, and bread." A simple meal, provided by Jesus for His morning meal, to which the apostles were invited as guests. Whether the provision was miraculous or not, is not declared; but the first impression would be that it was miraculous in the same sense as Jesus' sudden appearances and disappearances during these 40 days.

10. "Bring of the fish which ye have caught." The fruit of their own labors was to be joined to that which the Lord had provided on the shore. Thus in all their future labors Christ will give them that on which they have bestowed no labor, and yet to this will be added the fruits of their own toil, and yet even this will be the outcome of Christ's power rather than that of their own endeavors.

11. "Simon Peter went up." On board the boat to help. "Yet was not the net broken." So the Gospel net can hold all who will come. Not one believer will be lost. 12. "Come and dine." Rather, Come, breakfast; that is, take breakfast, or, break your fast; for the verb denotes

partaking of the morning meal. "And none of the disciples durst ask Him, Who art Thou?" It is not said that it was the Lord. They desire the assurance from His own word; and yet they were certain that it was the Lord, and they did not dare to show any doubt by asking Him who He was. 13. "Jesus... taketh bread and bleth them." It is not said that Jesus ate with them; but it seems probable that He did, since He ate boiled fish and honey-comb with the two disciples at Emmaus (Luke 24: 42, 43). This invitation to eat with Jesus may have been meant to complete His object-lesson to them, the fishers of men. They were taught that if they gave themselves up to the work of the Gospel, they should find in that work all they needed for the necessities of the body, and should eat with Him in His kingdom above.

14. "This is now the third time that Jesus showed Himself." To the disciples as a body. This does not take into account His appearances to individuals. THE QUESTIONING OF PETER AS TO WHETHER HE TRULY LOVED HIS SAVIOUR, WHOM SO LATELY HE DENIED, FOLLOWS IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DINNER. (1) To show Peter that Jesus knew his failures, and heartily forgave him. (2) To guard him against his natural self-confidence, lest he should again fall. (3) To publicly restate him among the disciples, and show to his brethren that he was fully restored. (4) To restore peace and hope within Peter's own soul. (5) To impress upon him that only in God and earnest love to Jesus could he do his appointed work. (6) To set clearly before him the great work he was to do.

Self-Respect. The honorable man is the one who has self-respect. Self-respect and self-conceit are not the same. Self-respect is a good opinion of one's self based on solid grounds; while self-conceit is a high opinion of one's self based on nothing. Self-respect is brave; it has no fear, since it is incapable of descending to meanness, and need not be afraid of being found out. Self-respect needs no written contract; it holds the tacit agreement more sacred than the spoken words; and the spoken word more sacred than the written word. A lie in the face is worse than a soted lie. The expression of the face should be a revelation of the intent of the heart.

An acted lie is more cowardly than a spoken lie. Cowardice is a recognition of one's meanness. Shame is always cowardly. The sly man has none of the boldness of the open one, who does everything with emphatic assertion. To prevent cowardice we must be habitually right. If you are wrong, cowardly is the most appropriate thing for you. Cowardice at once bespeaks your inferiority. One who carries about the impression that something is greater than himself is not much of a man. A coward hides himself behind silence, saying: "Behold, I have not lied, since I have not spoken."

Self-respect will accept of no advantage which will give another pain. It will accept of no advantage which will humiliate another. By being many one earns a right to self-respect, which is of more account than being happy. No one can respect himself who has no respect for the rights and feelings of others, since self-respect begins in respect for others. Only he who has self-respect can find happiness in respecting and promoting the welfare of others. Meanness loves a rat-hole, and can easily crawl into one. Self-respect walks in the open daylight. One gets no higher than his lowest meanness. Meanness is never generous. Meanness is a forging vice, picking up little advantages where an account of their unimportance, they are left exposed. Meanness is a vice which has no friends and does not even have its own respect. Honor shows itself in heroic conduct, and is naturally chivalrous. One cannot imagine self-respect doing an unchivalrous act. Conceit is a kind of illicit love; for love is naturally kind and self-importance goes hand in hand, but self-respect allies itself to perfect love. Self-respect hath regard unto the genuine kindness which looks beyond words to the feelings. He who does not respect the feelings of those under him is not little for his position. Little things when it has injured the feelings of others that it has established its own importance. Self-respect cares not for its own importance, but only to be kind and true.—American Truth.

Life's Sacredness. The New York Herald tells a pathetic story of a French sculptor which illustrates the sacredness with which life's ideal is cherished and guarded. He was a genius, and was at work on his masterpiece. But he was a poor man, and lived in a small garret, which was studio, workshop, and bedroom to him. He had almost finished the statue in clay, when one night, there came suddenly a severe frost over the city. The sculptor lay in his bed, with his statue before him, in the centre of the fireless room. As the chill air came down upon him, he knew that, in the intense cold, there was danger that the water in the interstices of the clay would freeze, and destroy his precious work. So the old man arose from his bed, and took the clothes that had covered him in his sleep, and reverently wrapped them about his statue to save it, then lay down by the side of the cold, uncovered. In the morning, when his friends came in, they found the old sculptor dead, but the image was preserved unharmed. We knew of two poor men who took of their overcoats in the dead of winter to put around two other poor men. One put himself into the grave, and the other put himself into rheumatism, by doing so. Don't cry over the poor sculptor, and keep a lot of old clothes in your waste closets that might cover some shivering fellow and bones.

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Trust in the Lord.

I had a friend once who was a member of one of your societies, a thorough-going Wesleyan. I did not agree with him in every particular, but I very much agree with his class-leader. My friend was a dear, good, earnest soul, and he got rather dull one night, and thought that he had fallen from grace; so he got up early one morning and went to his class-leader, who put his head out of the window and said, "What do you want, Joseph?" He said, "Please, sir, I have fallen from grace." "Well," said the class-leader, "if you have fallen from grace, trust in the Lord." "I have done so ever since," my friend told me. Well, I think that that is the best way to live—trusting in the Lord. No man has fallen from grace that is trusting in Him. And if you think that you have, that is the way to trust in the Lord again. "But I am afraid that I have been a hypocrite," says one. Very well; take it for granted that you have been; "Oh, but I am afraid that I have been deceived." Take it for granted that you have been deceived; if you like, and now begin again. It is not so troubling about such things. They are gone, begin now by trusting in the Lord, and if you do so, "if you seek Him He will be found of thee."

I sometimes, to illustrate this, tell a story of a dog and myself, and how the dog beat me all to pieces by trusting me. I had a garden and I had a neighbor who did not keep his fence in good repair, but he kept a dog, and his dog used to come into my garden and do some gardening, but I did not approve of his style. So walking along one evening I saw the dog very busy, and I recommended him to go home, and I also threw my stick at him, and what do you think he did? He picked up the stick and wagged his tail and came and brought it to me. I stood and looked at him, and the tears were in my eyes, and I told him that he was a good dog and that he might come there as often as he liked. Why, he had beaten me altogether by trusting me. And if you can trust God, poor soul, though heighwate the thunderbolts at you, bring them to Him. Tell Him that you know you deserve it if your soul be sent to hell. The justice of God you must recognize in that, and He will look upon you with the ineffable tenderness of His great loving heart.—Spurgeon.

The Skeptic Refuted. In that beautiful part of Germany which is on the Rhine, there is a noble castle which, as you travel on the western bank of the river, you may see lifting its ancient towers on the opposite side, above the grove of trees about as old as itself. About forty years ago there lived at that castle a noble gentleman whom we shall call Baron—. The baron had only one son, who was not only a comfort to his father, but a blessing to all who lived on his father's farm. It happened on a certain occasion that this young man, being from home, there came a French gentleman to see the baron. As soon as this gentleman came into the castle he began to talk of his heavenly Father in terms that chilled the old man's blood; on which the old man reproved him by saying, "Are you not afraid of offending God who reigns above by speaking in such a manner?" The Frenchman said he knew nothing about God, for he never saw Him. The baron did not notice at this time what the gentleman said, but the next morning took him about the castle and grounds, and took occasion first to show him the picture which hung on the wall. The gentleman admired the picture very much, and said, "Who ever drew this picture knows how to use his pencil."

"My son drew this picture," said the baron. "Then your son is a very clever man," he replied. The baron then went with his visitor into the garden, and showed him many beautiful flowers and trees. "Who has the ordering of this garden?" asked the gentleman. "Why, my son," said the baron; "he knows every plant from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall." "Indeed," said the gentleman, "I shall think very highly of him soon."

The baron then took him into the village and showed him a small cottage where his son had established a school, and where he caused all young children who had lost their parents to be received and nourished at his own expense. The children in the house looked so innocent and happy that the gentleman was very much pleased, and when he returned to the castle, he said to the baron, "What a happy man you are to have so good a son." "How do you know I have so good a son?" "Because I have seen his works; he must be good and clever if he has done all you have shown me." "But you have never seen him." "No, but I know him very well, because I judge him by his works." "True," replied the baron, "and in this way I judge of the character of our heavenly Father, who know from His work that He is a being of infinite wisdom and power and goodness."

The man felt the force of the reproof, and was careful not to offend the good baron further by his skeptical remarks.—Christian Herald.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia. "How is your son getting along at school, Uncle Abe?" "Mighty fine, sah, save it, then lay down for me. Yes, just order see how he makes fun of us two old ignorant nigger folks when he comes home. It makes me mighty proud, sah."

—Is your dyspepsia chronic? Is it severe? Is it a mild form? Try K. D. C. It is guaranteed to cure any form or money refunded. —Wm. McKelvie, machinist, New Glasgow, says:—"I paid Dr. O. S. Sweet, of Boston, \$100 for six months treatment for dyspepsia, besides cost of medicine. No cure. I then tried Dr. Cox Carpenter, and the late Dr. O'Connor, all of Boston; was told I was past recovery; was introduced to try K. D. C., have used four boxes; and have been well now nearly three years, and have no return. I would advise dyspeptics to try it."

A large, eight-year-old Bengal tiger recently escaped from the Weidner Menagerie at Düsseldorf. The police and firemen were ordered out to capture the rover. About two o'clock in the morning the beast was spotted in a garden along the roadside, where he had killed a dog and devoured a pig. The hunting party approached the garden, armed with rifles, pistols, pikes, etc. We continue in the words of the Berlin correspondent of the London Daily News: "Some of the men," says he, "went into the garden, and some out off the quarry in the rear, while two of them crept stealthily about the yard with raised guns. At the first shot in the garden the animal took a flying leap over the wall into the yard. One of the men here fired and struck the beast in the head, making him roar loudly. It then turned round and sprang over the railing, several bullets being sent after him. On the other side of the railing the animal, now nearly mad with pain, unfortunately fell on to a policeman, and struck his teeth and claws into his thigh. At this moment another man, ten paces off, fired, and struck the tiger in the back. This shot seemed to paralyze the beast, and it soon fell dead to the ground."

—One of the odd sights reported by travelers in California is a railroad on tree tops. In Sonoma County, between Clipped Mills and Stuart Point, where the road crosses a deep ravine, the trees are sawed off on a level with the surrounding hills, and the timbers and ties laid on the stumps. In the centre of the ravine two huge redwood trees, standing side by side, form a substantial support. The gaps have a depth of about seventy-five feet above the bed of the creek. This novel roadbed is said to be perfectly secure, but nevertheless a passenger must feel a sense of relief when once the ravine is safely passed.

—Miss Louise M. Fuller defines Christianity as the day light of common-sense, which must prevail even in business relations. Moreover, "the worship of God goes into everything a man does, if he does it well."

OUT OF THE DEPTHS. of distress and despair many a poor sufferer has been lifted by the use of HACKMORE, the great specific for Coughs and Colds. All Druggists sell it. G. A. Moore, Chemist, Propr., St. John, N. B. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

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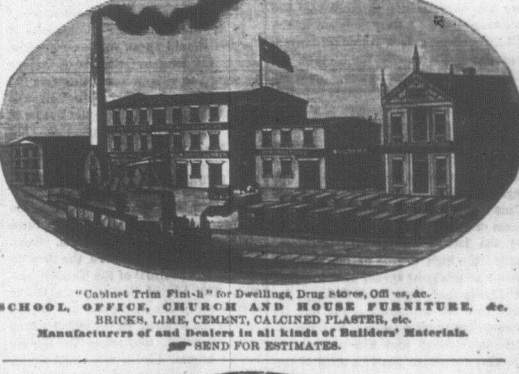
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WELL SUITED. WITHIN the last few months I have purchased, providentially, at BERT'S GROCERY STORE in this city, packages of Woodill's German Baking-Powder, and have subjected same to chemical analysis. The samples were found to consist of PURE, WOODILL'S MATERIAL, PROPERLY PROPORTIONED. This Baking Powder is WELL SUITED FOR FAMILY USE, and has been employed, when required, in my own household for many years. GEORGE LAWSON, FR. D., LL. D., Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland.

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Messenger and Visitor

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 9, 1891.

LEGALIZED LOTTERIES OF QUEBEC.

Much is written in the United States press about the world wide lottery which has its legal standing in Louisiana.

This lottery law, as is well known, emanated from the rulers of the Roman Catholic church in the province of Quebec.

The life and death of Christ afford the supreme illustration of conformity to God's law of self-sacrifice.

initial state of organization; about where the other bodies were fifty years ago.

As Quebec is now throwing out her moral pollution all over Canada, protected by her own law, is it not time for the other provinces to rise up and emphatically declare their abhorrence of this legalized gambling.

It is time that the Protestants of Canada should speak in tones of thunder to the Roman Catholics of Quebec in regard to this matter of throwing the stigma of the church over this gigantic system of gambling.

VICTORY THROUGH SACRIFICE.

The idea and the doctrine of sacrifice are prominent throughout the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

But the Christian law of sacrifice is not the law of death but the law of life. Its pain is the pain of warfare for liberty from the power of sin and for dominion with the sons of God.

— Mrs. Cephas Bennett, who died in September last in Rangoon, Burma, had spent sixty-one years in missionary labors with only four visits to America.

is a fellowship of suffering and self-denial. But it is here in this present life a fellowship infinitely richer in joy and peace than any which the world can give.

THE WAR IN WALES.

The fight for disestablishment goes bravely on in Wales, and cannot fail to elicit a good deal of interest and sympathy on this side of the Atlantic.

There is no intention of attacking the church as a religious institution, but simply to sever its connection with the state.

The Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, in the course of some remarks, said: "They intended to bring about the severance of a union between church and state, which they held to be irreligious, unjust, impolitic and utterly opposed to the highest interest of religion and humanity."

The grand speech of the meeting appears to have been that of Mr. Lloyd George, M. P., who criticised in detail several of the speeches which had been delivered at the church congress.

Can you picture Peter coming down to attend the church congress in a special train with a man in buttons dancing about him, carrying a jewelled crozier and marching in a brilliant procession to attend the conference?

In concluding his speech Mr. George said: "The doom of the establishment is sealed. In the words of the old Gaelic saying, 'His hour is pursuing it.' That hour cast its shadow on the church proceedings at the diocesan council in Liverpool, when the good old bishop warned the clergy that it was nigh. One day, not distant, that hour will overtake the establishment in the great council chambers of the nation; and then this ghastly spectre of priestly tyranny which has so long haunted our hillsides will have been numbered forever among the cruel oppressions of the past."

— Mrs. Cephas Bennett, who died in September last in Rangoon, Burma, had spent sixty-one years in missionary labors with only four visits to America.

Is Scriptural for Women to Take a Public Part in the Social Exercises of the Church?

We have to recognize the fact that there are many Christian men and women who do not believe that women have any right to have anything to do with taking conspicuous part in public worship of any kind.

Both of these parties base their views upon separate passages of Scripture. One party bases its views upon 1 Cor. 14: 34, 35, where it says that silence becomes a woman best in the services of the church, in fact, it is a shame for her to speak at all; and upon 1 Tim. 2: 11, 12, where the woman is commended to "learn in silence in all subjection," and where she is not suffered to "teach nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence."

Thus the Scripture is made to support both views. But can it be possible that Scripture is so self-contradictory? Can it be possible that the same apostle who is credited with such wonderful keenness of mind, and such unexcelled argumentative powers, in the same epistle could contradict himself in this glaring manner?

It is evident, from 1 Cor. 11: 5, that Paul recognizes the privilege of women to take part in the public exercises of the church. He does not command them to desist, but merely gives instructions in regard to their personal appearance.

Pulpit or Desk.

Amongst the modern changes (some prefer to call them improvements) introduced into our public religious service is the platform, furnished with a narrow reading desk or brass lectern, in place of the old pulpit.

I cannot account for this innovation on grounds of usefulness or convenience. It may perhaps be the natural outcome of the unprecedented prominence now given to rhetoric as a study in the scholastic preparation of young men for the Christian ministry.

Were our preachers expected to stand on the same level with the feet of their audience then their auditors' direct line of vision would naturally strike the face and bust of the preacher; but, as the height of the ordinary platform stands above the main floor between two and three feet, their line of vision necessarily strikes somewhere between the waist and the knees.

should these peculiarities be obtruded right on the plane of my vision?

A speaker standing on the main floor-level of a church of ordinary size, to say nothing of our larger city churches, could not have a fair command of his audience. This I grant at once.

The Gospel not being such a dramatic performance but a simple message from God's word to men, "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God," all we want of the messenger is to deliver it honestly and earnestly, without any unnecessary obtrusions of his animal physique on our notice.

If a man speaks to me in earnestness and brotherly kindness, I expect (he and I standing or sitting on the same level), that his head and face, his breast, shoulders and arms will fill my field of vision, and I certainly do not expect my attention to be distracted by the shape and condition of his pants and shoes.

I might, by reference to Paul's epistles, show that the less of "the flesh"—the animal—which asserts itself in our religious services the more profitable they are likely to be.

Baptist Temperance Committee.

The Baptists last year were among the foremost to petition for prohibition. The recent Convention at Moncton was in accord with the idea of furnishing the best of proof to the Royal Commission that Canada, as far as Baptists are concerned, is ready for prohibitory enactment.

It is generally understood now-a-days that temperance resolutions are allowed to be passed; the least said or opposed the better. Recently our Presbyterian friends have tried strong temperance resolutions at every assembly, and at first they were opposed vigorously, and very lively discussions resulted, and some plain truths were spoken and much good done.

Now, the country is far enough advanced to look prohibition squarely in the face. What should our Convention do? The temperance committee represents the Convention, or rather the 400 Baptist churches of these Maritime Provinces, with their 42,000 communicants and quarter of million of members and adherents.

gather and furnish the commission with facts—in part as follows:

(a) The number of our churches that now use the pure fruit of the vine at communion service and discard the "wine" of commerce.

(b) The number of our churches that discipline their members for making or using intoxicating liquors. It may be only "cider" or "commercial wine" or "stable beer" that the members make or use, but we should let parliament know who of us practice what we have asked them to make into law for everybody.

(c) The proportion of our members who would actively sustain prohibitory legislation.

(d) The proportion of our clergymen and deacons who are total abstainers and active temperance advocates.

This information could be secured by sending a brief letter with the questions (ready to be detached and returned) to each pastor and clerk of the 400 churches. Those churches not forwarding replies on such a live and pressing question of the day, might almost be set down against us, as they would be either lukewarm or quietly indulging; and in this day of fierce battling such churches are not worth much for prohibition.

This letter, you see, is not intended to be exhaustive, but practical, in the hope that others, and especially our committee, will gather facts that can be relied on.

J. PARSONS, Halifax, Dec. 3. P. S.—If the temperance committees and workers of other denominations would furnish similar facts we could shortly know where the professing Christians stand; and the facts concerning the non-Christian part of the population could be gathered. The denomination or individual church that will not help at this time by furnishing such facts as above stated, cannot count for much in the struggle to get and enforce prohibition.

The Young People's Society Movement.

I have read with a degree of interest much that has appeared in our own paper and elsewhere, in regard to the Young People's Society Movement. That the movement is gaining ground I think is evident, and Bureks just now seems to be the watchword. But, after all, are we sure that we have found it, and that the organization of the young people of our churches into a separate society is the best thing that can be done?

Organize, organize, is the battle cry that many of our good brethren are shouting quite lustily just now. But why turn all our attention to the young in our churches? If it is a good thing to have an organization for the young, would it not be well to have an organization for the older members of our churches also?

Rather, would it not be better to organize the whole church, the old and young together? Whatever difference there may be as to age, all are one in Christ Jesus, brethren and sisters together.

Each heart beats in sympathy with the other. All are under the same sacred vow and engaged in the same great work. Which comes from the presence of the young in their midst, and I do not think that many of our young people feel that they do not need the experience of the older members in planning work and fulfilling the mission of the great head of the church.

That the entire church membership should be a unit in effort, prayer and giving, in seeking the advancement of the interests of the church, has ever been considered of the very first importance, but it has seemed to me that much of the agitation that is going on at the present time may, in the long run, tend rather to division than to union.

Lately I have received several letters from home friends asking if I would send them our lovely southern moss for Christmas decorations. Certainly, and if you have a nook of space to allow me in the paper I will say to one and all who wish the moss for Xmas, that I will send it freely to all who send postage, as there is plenty of it here, easy to get, and I have the time to oblige you. Send postage at the rate of 16c. a lb., or if you wish a large 4lb. roll of moss, send 64c. in stamps and I will mail you that amount. Four pounds is the limit of weight allowed a mail package. Do not plant the moss, which is properly an air plant, but hang or drape it anywhere, keep it moist, and it will continue to grow. Mrs. F. A. WARNER, St. Nicholas, Florida.

Christmas Gifts

We are in need of Christmas gifts for the Church Edifice deacons and others are asking time is coming a time to make gifts.

For several years Sunday-school teachers instead of making presents to one another money that would be expended to Home occurred to our number of our and scholars that instead of making presents to make an offering to the Edifice Fund. I talk up this matter so do then good cause.

Let others who mas presents from A. C. G. Hebron, N. S., Forestry

At the last meeting of the Board the Finance Convention was postponed over nine months for the salaries general work upon three thousand outfit of missions. We have received convention less than last year, showing that now very largely quarterly averages about and beside this, forward additional of new buildings. It is that the contribution individuals must and promptly for of the Board, in meet our engaged work with that advance demands.

Tabernacle

I am sending churches in New Brunswick, to be taken, if possible, but, if not, church, early in erection of the church in Halifax our people have basement below. We have members were not able find not comfortable Strangers who own, as a rule, of worship, and our own. The repairs are waste of money when our new basement and room is a need. Brethren, I please our appeal into give us a collection, and so put and do better for our own sake proud to worship ten years have prove that. We more for "Christians" We will acknowledge such in the future. Some friends needs have already. We believe other.

249 Creighton P. S.—As the hand, where I pastor I send in each case the

A Visit to Right in the city of Nova Scotia established business spacious; holds depot of Baptist lined with four shelves lie the noblest men walked God's dead. Thought Book Room, the enthusiastic man within the reach best thoughts of denominations.

The chief attraction both old and young the right as you are commentaries illustrations to arrows, and see show how the The saintly Ma the front, and new six volume hundred and second the good in his suggestions oftentimes weight bids fair to be in

Christmas Gifts for Church Edifice Fund.

We are in need of money for the Church Edifice department of our work. Three churches have been promised aid, and others are asking for it.

For several years past a number of Sunday-school teachers and scholars, instead of making the usual Christmas presents to one another, have given the money that would have been thus expended to Home Mission work.

Let others when planning their Christmas presents remember this fund.

A. COOPER, Cor. Sec. H. M. B. Hebron, N. S., Dec. 1.

Foreign Missions.

At the last meeting of the Foreign Mission Board the treasurer reported that since convention there had been expended over nine thousand dollars, of which about six thousand dollars were for the salaries of missionaries and general work upon the field, and nearly three thousand dollars for travel and outfit of missionaries sent to the field.

W. J. STEWART, Secy.

Tabernacle Church, Halifax.

I am sending out an appeal to our churches in Nova Scotia, and to some in New Brunswick, asking for a collection, to be taken, if possible, this month (December); but, if more convenient for the church, early in January, towards the erection of the Tabernacle Baptist church in Halifax.

W. E. HALL.

349 Creighton Street, Halifax.

A Visit to Our Book Room.

Right in the heart of the old capital city of Nova Scotia, on one of the old established business streets, stands our spacious, handsome and well-stocked depot of Baptist literature.

Acaedia Seminary.

At the first recital of the year in Acaedia Seminary, the following program was given by the members of the Plerian Society.

- Reading—The Pied Piper of Hamelin, Alice A. Bishop. Piano Duett—Symphony in G, Misses Griffin and Chute. Chorus—Love my Love in the Morning Reading—Tid-Bits, Florence M. Shand. Piano Solo—Humoresque, Edith A. Keirstead.

commentary of seven volumes, is led by that accurate exegete and incomparable American preacher, Dr. John A. Broadus. On the same staff stands that sturdy champion of the old Gospel, Dr. Alvah Hovey.

A two-volume edition of Dr. Smith's Bible Dictionary, invaluable to preachers and teachers of the Word, appears in a new dress.

In adjacent cases are to be seen a most excellent stock of Bibles, among which Bagster's are foremost.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

WYMOUTH.—Rev. John Rowe writes: My services with the Weymouth and New Market churches will close about the middle of January.

MONCTON.—The Moncton correspondent of the Sun despatches: Rev. W. B. Hinson preached his sixth anniversary sermon in the First Baptist church, on Sunday morning.

ST. JOHN.—The Union Baptist Ministers' Conference met Monday morning at the Baptist Foreign Mission rooms, 85 Germain St.

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Fellows' Dyspepsia Bitters are highly recommended for Biliousness, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

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NOTES on the International Lessons for 1891 sent on the last order on receipt of price, 12c.

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T. H. HALL

SAINT JOHN, N. S.

Young People's Department.

ST. MARTIN'S, N. S.—We have lately organized a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. We have thirty-five active members and twenty-nine associate members.

Religious Intelligence.

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Young People's Societies, was read by Rev. C. H. Martell, and discussed by several of the pastors.

JACKSONVILLE, N. B.—Our church and people in this place have been greatly shocked by the sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. Lockhart, wife of our much esteemed brother, A. F. Lockhart.

LOWER AVLESPORD.—The Lord is moving in great power in the North Kingston section of this church.

JACKSONTOWN, N. B.—We are in the midst of a wonderful work of grace in this place. It is an old-fashioned revival. It is the first grand awakening for a number of years.

GREAT VILLAGE AND DE BERT.—The weekly reports, bearing good news, coming from our pastors and churches

NOTICES.

The next session of the Queens Co., N. B., quarterly meeting will be held with the Upper Gagetown church, commencing on Friday, January 8, 1892, at 7 p. m.

The next session of the York and Sunbury Co.'s quarterly meeting will be held with the 2nd Sheffield Baptist church, at Little River, on the second Friday in December, viz: the 11th.

NOTICE OF CHURCH ORGANIZATION.

Notice is hereby given that it is the intention of the Baptists of Bonshaw, P. E. I., to organize themselves into a church, on the 15th day of December next.

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BUY THE CHATHAM FAN MILL. Which will Clean, Grade and Separate all kinds of grain in the most perfect manner.

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We want to present all our young customers with a Xmas Gift. All who buy a Boy's Suit, Overcoat or Reefer from us during December will receive free of charge a SLED.

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At the recent exhibition Miller Bros. (Granville St., Halifax) occupied a large space (nearly the whole of the main and gallery) and their show presented a fine appearance.

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The Youth's Companion. Cyrus W. Field and Andrew Carnegie. 500,000 Subscribers. Notable articles have been written expressly for the coming volume by Cyrus W. Field and Andrew Carnegie. The Story of the Atlantic Cable. Mr. Field was the projector of the first Atlantic Cable, and his personal narrative of the enormous difficulties encountered before the enterprise succeeded has the thrilling interest of a romance.

HAVE FAITH IN THE BOY.

Have faith in the boy, not believing That he is the worst of his kind, In league with the army of Satan, And only too well inclined. But daily to guide and control him, Your wisdom and patience employ, And daily, despite disappointment And sorrow, have faith in the boy. Have faith to believe that some moment In life's strangely checked career, Convicted, subdued and repentant, The prodigal son will appear; The gold in his nature rejecting, The dark and debasing alloy, Illuming your spirit with gladness, Because you had faith in the boy. Though now he is wayward and stubborn, And keeps himself sadly aloof From those who are anxious and fearful, And ready with words of reproof; Have faith that the prayers of a mother His wandering feet will arrest, And turn him away from his follies To weep out his tears on her breast. The brook that goes dashing and dancing We may not divert from his course, Until the wild, turbulent spirit Has somewhat expended its force; The brook is the life of the river, And if we the future might scan, We'll find that a boisterous boyhood Gave vigor and life to the man. Ah! many a boy has been driven Away from home by the thought That no one believed in his goodness, Or dreamed of the battles he fought; So if you would help him to conquer The foes that are prone to annoy, Encourage him often with kindness, And show you have faith in the boy. Have faith in his good resolutions, Believe that at last he'll prevail, Though now he's forgetful and heedless, Though day after day he may fall, Your doubts and suspicious misgivings, His hope and his courage destroy, So, if you'll secure a brave manhood, It will well have faith in the boy.

Selected Serial.

THE SQUIRE OF SANDAL-SIDE.

BY MRS. ANELIA E. BARR.

CHAPTER IV.

THIS IS THE WORLD AWAY. Julius Sandal had precisely those superficial excellences which the world is ready to accept at their apparent value; and he had been in so many schools, and imbibed such a variety of opinions, that he had a mental suit for all occasions. "He knows about everything," said Sandal to the clergyman, at the close of an evening spent together—an evening in which Julius had been particularly interesting. "Don't you think so, sir?" The rector looked up at the starry sky, and around the mountain-girded valley, and answered slowly: "He has a great many ideas, Squire, but they are second-hand, and do not fit his intellect." "Charlotte had much the same opinion of the paragon, only she expressed it in a different way. "He believes in everything, and he might as well believe in nothing. Confucius and Christ are about the same to him, and he thinks judgment how much he admires you." There was a tone in Sophia's carefully modulated voice which made Charlotte turn, and look at her sister. She was sitting at her embroidery-frame, and apparently counting the stitches in the richest she was copying; but Charlotte noticed that she was counting at random. In a moment the veil fell from her eyes; she understood that Sophia was in love with Julius, and fearful of her own influence over him. She had been about to leave the room; she returned to the window, and stood at it a few moments considering the assertion. "I should be very sorry if that were the case, Sophia." "Why?" "Because I do not admire Julius in any way. I never could admire him; I don't want to be in debt to him for ever. I don't want to be sentimental affection." "You should let me understand that, Charlotte, if it be so." "He must be very dull if he does not understand." "When father and you went fishing yesterday he went with you." "Why did you not come also? We begged you to do so." "Because I hate to be hot and untidy, and to get my hands soiled and my face flushed. That was your contention when you returned home; but, all the same, he said you looked like a water nymph or a wood-nymph." "I think very little of him for such talk. There is nothing 'nymph' about me. I should hate myself if there were. I am going to write, and ask Harry to get a turtleneck for a few weeks. I want to talk sensibly to some one. I am tired of being on the heights or in the depths all the time; and for poetry, I wish I might never hear words that rhyme again. I've got to feel that way about it, that, if I open a book, and see the lines begin with capitals, my first impulse is to tear it to pieces. There, now, you have my opinions, Sophia." "Sophia laughed softly. "Where are you going? I see you have your bonnet on." "I am going to Upphill. Grandfather Latrig had a fall yesterday, and that's about all that is his age. Father is quite put out about it." "He is going with you?" "He was, but two of the shepherds from Holler Scree have just come for him. There is something wrong with the flock."

"Julius?" "He does not know I'm going; and if he did, I should tell him plainly he was not wanted at either Upphill or on the way to it. Duce thinks little of him, and grandfather Latrig makes his face like a stone wall when Julius talks his finest." "They don't understand Julius. How can they? Steve is their model, and Steve is not the least like Julius." "I should think not." "What do you mean?" "Never mind. Good by." She shut the door with more emphasis than she was aware of, and went to her mother for some cordials and dainties to take with her. As she passed through the hall the Squire called her, and she followed his voice into the small parlor, which was emphatically "master's room." "I have had very bad news about the Holler Scree flock, Charlotte, and I must away there and see what can be done. Tell Barf Latrig it is the sheep, and he will understand; he was always one to put the dumb creatures first. The kindest thing that is in your own heart say it to the dear old man for me; will you, Charlotte?" "You can trust to me, father." "Yes, I know I can; for that, and more too. And there is more. I feel about Stephen. Happen I was less than kind to him the other day. But I gave you good reasons, Charlotte; and I have such confidence in you. But I told you these things in love making between me and Steve." "Steve was doing his best at it. Depend upon it, he meant love-making; and I must say I thought you made out to understand him very well. Maybe I was mistaken. Every woman is a new book, and a book by herself; and it isn't likely I can understand them all." "Stephen is sure to speak to me about your being so queer with him. Had I not better tell the truth?" "I have a high opinion of that way. Truth may be blamed, but it can't be ashamed. However, if he was not making love to you at the shearing, won't you find it a bit difficult to speak your mind? Eh? What?" "He will understand." "Ay, I thought so." "Father, we have never had any secrets, you and me. If I am not to encourage Stephen Latrig, do you want me to marry Julius Sandal?" "Well, I never! Such a question! What for?" "Because, at the very first, I want to tell you that could not do. I am quite ready to give up my will to you, and my pleasure to your pleasure. That is my duty; but to marry Cousin Julius is a different thing?" "Don't get too far forward, Charlotte. Julius has not said a word to me about marrying you." "But he is doing his best at it. Depend upon it, he means marrying; and I must say I thought you made out to understand him very well. Maybe I was mistaken. Every man is a new book, and a book by himself; and it is not likely I can understand them all." "Now you are picking up my own words, and throwing them back at me. That isn't right. I don't know whatever to say for myself. Eh? What?" "Say 'dear Charlotte,' and 'good-by,' Charlotte, and take an easy mind with you to Holler Scree, father. As far as I am concerned, I will never grieve you, and never deceive you; no, not in the least little thing." So she left him. Her face was bright with smiles, and her words had even a ring of mirth in them; but below all this was a stab of pain, and a darkness of spirit that no sunshine could brighten. Since Julius had come into their home, home had never been the same. There was a stranger at the table and in all its sweet places, and she was sure that he had been always a stranger. Something was said or done that put them further apart every day. She could not understand how any Sandal could be so absolutely out of her love and sympathy. Who has not experienced these things? Of home, of home, of home, voices, characters fundamentally different, yet bound to them by natural ties which the soul refuses to recognize. The sombreness of her thoughts affected her surroundings very much as rain affects the atmosphere. The hills looked melancholy; she was aware of every stone on the road. Also this morning she had begun to grow old, and she felt that she had a past—a past that could never return. Hitherto her life had been to-day and to-morrow, and to-morrow always in the sunshine. Hitherto the thought of Stephen had been blent with something that was to happen. Now, she knew she must always be remembering the days that for them would come no more. She found herself reviewing even her former visits to Upphill. In them also change had begun. And it is over the young, sorrow triumphs most cruelly. They are so easily wounded, so inapt to rest, so harassed by scruples, so astounded at troubles they cannot comprehend, that their very sensitiveness prepares them for suffering. Very bitter tears are shed before we are twenty years old. At forty we have learned to accept the inevitable, and to feel many things possible which we once declared would break our hearts in two. There was an air of great depression also at Upphill. Duce was full of apprehension. She said to Charlotte, "Will you men as old as father fall, stumbling at their own grave; and can't think what I'll do without father?" "You have Steve." "Ay, but you see, Alice, that cross is older than the Church of England. It was given to the first Latrig of Upphill by the first abbot of Furness. Before the days of Wycliffe and Latimer, every one of them, babe and hoary-headed, died with it in their hands. There are things that go deeper down than creeds, Alice; and the cross with the Saviour on it is one of them. I would like to feel it myself, even when I was past seeing it. I would like to take the step between here and there with it in my hands." In the cool of the afternoon, Julius and the girls went to Upphill. He had a solemn curiosity about death; and both personally and theoretically the transition filled him with vague, momen-

tant ideas, relating to all sides of his conscious being. In every life where he had mourned, and in every spiritual ceremonial that attended it were subjects of interest to him. So he was much touched when he entered the deep, cool porch, and saw the little table at the threshold, covered with a white linen cloth, and holding a plate of evergreen and a handful of salt. And when Sophia and Charlotte each sootered a little salt upon the ground, and broke off a small spray of boxwood, he knew instinctively that they were silently expressing their faith in the preservation of the body, and in the life everlasting; and he initiated them in the simple rite. Duce met them with a grave and tender pleasure. "Come, and see the empty soulcase," she said, softly; "there is nothing to fear you." And she led them into the chamber where they lay. The great bed was white as a drift of snow. On the dark oak walls there were branches of laurel and snowberry. The floor was fragrant under the feet, with bits of rosemary, and bruised ears of lavender, and leaves of thyme. The casements were wide open to admit the fresh mountain breeze; and at one of them Steve rested in the carved chair that had been his grandfather's and was now his own. The young men did not know each other; but this was neither the time nor the place for social civilities, and they only slightly bowed as they entered. Indeed, it seemed wrong to trouble the peaceful silence with mere words of courtesy; but Charlotte gave her hand to Stephen, and with it that candid, loving gaze which has, from the eyes of the beloved, the miraculous power of turning the water of life into wine. And Charlotte perceived this, and she went home happy in the happiness she had given. Four days later, Barf Latrig was buried. In the glory of the August afternoon, the ladies of Seat-Sandal stood with Julius in the shadow of the park gates, and watched the long procession winding slowly down the fell. At first it was accompanied by fugal, varying gusts of solemn melody; but as it drew nearer, the affecting tones of the funeral hymn became more distinct, more sustained. There were at least three hundred voices thrilling the still, warm air with its pathetic music; and, as they approached the church gates, it blended itself with the heavy tread of those who followed the dead, like a wonderful, triumphant march. After the funeral was over the Squire went back to Upphill to eat the arrem-mal, and to hear the will of his old friend read. It was nearly dark when he returned, and he was very glad to find a wife alone. "I have had a hard few hours, Alice," he said, wearily, "and am more bothered about Barf's will than I can tell you." "I suppose Steve got all." "Pretty nearly. Barf's married daughters had their portions long ago; but he left each of them three hundred pounds as a good-will token. There were a thousand pounds and her right in Upphill as long as she lived. All else was for Steve, except—and this bothers me—a box of papers left in Duce's charge. They are to be given to me at her decease; and I have had, during her lifetime, or my lifetime, the chance of main ten between those that come after us. I don't like it, and I can't think what it means. Eh? What?" "He left you nothing?" "He left me his staff. He knew better than to leave me a fortune. But I am bothered about that box of papers. What can they refer to? Eh? What?" "I can make a guess, William. When your brother Tom left home and went to India, he took money enough with him, but I'm afraid he got it queerly. At any rate, your father had some big sums to raise for Yale, during his college days; and though there was some underhand talk, maybe you never heard it—for no one round Sandal-side would pass on a word likely to trouble the old Squire or offend Mistress Charlotte. Now, perhaps it was at that time Barf Latrig's ideas came into his mind. I remember that father was a bit mean with me the last year I was at Oxford. He would have reasons he did not tell me of. One should never judge a father. He is often forced to cut the loaf unevenly for the good of every one." But this new idea troubled Sandal. He was a man of superstitious honor with regard to money matters. If there were really any obligation of that kind between the two houses, he hardly felt grateful to Latrig for being silent about it. And still more the transfer of these papers vexed him. Duce might know what he might never know; Steve might have it in his power to trouble Harry when he was at rest with his fore-elders. The subject haunted and worried him; and as worries are never completely worries till they have been individually vexed him, he became the person who embodied in his own uncertainty and wounded amour propre. For if Mrs. Sandal's suspicion were true, or even if it were not true, she was not likely to be the only one in Sandal-side who would construe Latrig's singular disposition of his papers in the same way. Certainly Squire William did not feel as if the dead man had "done well to Sandal."

Stephen was equally annoyed. His grandfather had belonged to a dead century, and retained until the last his almost feudal idea of the bond between his family and the Sandals. But the present Squire had stepped outside the shadows of the past, and Stephen was fully abreast of his own times. He understood very well that, whatever these papers related to, they would be a constraint upon Sandal-side; and he had been then lying between Charlotte and himself, a barrier unknown, and insurmountable because unknown. From Duce he could obtain neither information nor assistance. "Mother," he asked, "do you know what those papers are about?" "Ratherly." "When can you tell me?" "There must be a deal of sorrow before I can tell you." "Do you want to tell me?" "If I should dare to wait it one minute, I should ask God's pardon the next. When I unlock that box, Steve, there is like to be trouble in Sandal. I think your grandfather would rather the sky rusted away."

"Does the Squire know anything about them?" "Not he." "If he asks will you tell him?" "Not yet. I hope never." "I wish they were in the fire." "Perhaps some day you may put them there. You will have the right when I am gone." Then Steve silently kissed her, and went into the garden; and Duce watched him through the window, and whispered to herself, "It is a bit hard, but it might be harder; and right always gets the overhand at the end." (To be continued.) What the Wind Blew at Benny. A THANKSGIVING STORY. BY CHARLES N. MINNETT. Benny Barnes stood by the window tying knots in a piece of wrapping twine until his sister Bessie went out on an errand. Then he walked quickly up to where his mother was sewing. "Don't you suppose I could be a boot-black?" he asked. "Why, what made you think of that?" said his mother. "Because I heard some young folks talking about helping others as they came out of the young people's meeting in the vestry up on the corner last night. Some of them seemed discouraged like. But Angie Rice said, so nice and pleasant, 'We can all do some good before Thanksgiving.' The wind seemed to blow the words right at me. I must earn Bessie some new things by Thanksgiving. She's so good not to say anything about a better dress and shoes." "Well, my boy," said the mother, "I'm sorry I can't get them for her. And though it is good for you to think so much about this matter, I cannot decide the question at once. Take this sewing home now, and I'll give you an answer to-morrow." Bright and early the next day she found time to whisper to Benny. "I have concluded to let you try your plan if you will get Tom Conlin to keep by you for a day or two." And away the boy bounded to find the bright, honest Irish lad who had once lived beside him in a tenement house. "I did not take Benny long to do his work neatly and quickly. His cherry face and polite manners won him many customers. But one afternoon he came home hurriedly. "Mother," he said, "I hardly know what is the best way to do. A boy snatched away my best brush to-day. I took from our money to buy a new one, I cannot get Bessie's things for Thanksgiving. And I can't do anything with Harry Jones who took the brush." "Why do you think so, Benny?" "Because he has been saying that I felt too big to associate with common folks. That was because I wouldn't swear or say the mean things that he does." "Well, I think that Tom can help us again," said Mrs. Barnes, cheerfully. "He seems to know all the boys in this part of the town." "He does, indeed," answered Benny slowly. "But he don't like Harry Jones. He blamed me some for not answering back when he called me names. I'll ask him in, though." "When Tom came he said abruptly: 'I know what that fellow in Harry Jones has been after doing. I mean to 'bottle with that same lad.' Mrs. Barnes quietly said: 'I want you to go to Harry as kindly as you can. Tell him just how hard Benny has been working, and that it is almost Thanksgiving. Let him know that we do not feel toward him in this hard way that he thinks we do. I am sure that then he will be willing to do right and give up the brush.' Tom did not look as though he had perfect faith in such a plan. But he said: 'I'll try, mem, the best that I've got.' Early the next morning there was a timid rap at Mrs. Barnes' door. "Good morning," the woman said to the ragged boy who stood there. "You must be Harry Jones. Come in, you're young?" "No, ma'am, I can't stop for that. Here's Benny's brush. I'm very sorry that I took it." "Thank you, Harry." The boy said timidly: "I'd just like to take a peep at little Bessie that Benny's been working for." "I used to have a little sister," whispered Harry as he looked in at the window to which Mrs. Barnes led him. "She looked some like her. But she is dead now. And so is mother. Father went away, I'm a bad boy. And nobody seems to care." "But I care, and so does your heavenly Father," said Mrs. Barnes. "Mother told me about him. He helped her die happy. She said I must be thankful to him. I'll Him that helped your Benny not to answer back rough Saturday at 6.10 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a.m." "I'll be Yarmouth—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a.m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a.m. Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby daily with Steamer City of Monticello from and to St. John, N. B. At Yarmouth, with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 128 Hollis street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and on board Steamer City of Monticello. J. B. BENTLEY, Gen. Supt. Yarmouth, N. B.

MUCH BETTER, Thank You! THIS IS THE UNIVERSAL TESTIMONY of those who have suffered from CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, OR ANY FORM OF WASTING DISEASES, after they have tried SCOTT'S EMULSION Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES -Of Lime and Soda.- IT IS ALMOST AS PALATABLE AS MILK. IT IS A WONDERFUL FLESH PRODUCER. It is used and endorsed by Physicians. Avoid all imitations or substitutions. Sold by all Druggists at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Baltimore.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co. Winter Arrangement. TWO TRIPS A WEEK -FOR- BOSTON, COMMENCING NOVEMBER 2nd, the Steamers of this Company will leave SAINT JOHN -FOR- Eastport, Portland and Boston -EVERY- MONDAY & THURSDAY Mornings at 7.30 Standard. Returuing will leave Boston same days at 8.30 a. m., and Portland at 5 p. m., for Eastport and St. John. Connections at Eastport with Steamer for St. Andrews, Calais and St. John. Freight received daily up to 5 p. m. Through first and second class Tickets can be purchased and Baggage checked through from all booking stations of all railways, and on board steamer "City of Monticello" between St. John, Digby and Annapolis. Also freight billed through at extremely low rates. C. E. LAECHLER, Agent St. John, N. B. J. B. COYLE, Manager Portland.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY. '91. Winter Arrangement. '92. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, the 19th day of OCTOBER, 1891, the Trains will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: Treaties with Montreal, St. John, and Halifax. Day Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.05 Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10.20 Express for St. John, 12.15 Express for St. John, 12.30 Fast Express for Quebec and Montreal, 16.25 A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.30 o'clock, and Halifax at 12.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.30 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Montreal. The train leaving St. John for Quebec and Montreal on Saturday at 10.55 o'clock will run to destination, and return at Montreal at 12.30 o'clock Sunday evening. Trains will arrive at Saint John, Express from St. John, 8.30 Express from Quebec, 12.15 (except Monday) Express from Point du Chene, 12.15 Express from St. John, 12.30 Day Express from Halifax, 12.30 Fast Express from Halifax, 12.30 A parlor car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.30 o'clock, and Halifax at 12.30 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal leave St. John at 12.30 o'clock, and take sleeping car at Montreal. All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time. D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent, Railway Office, Moncton, N. B. 5th Oct. 1891.

WESTERN COUNTRIES RAILWAY. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 27th JULY, 1891, Trains will run as follows: LEAVE Yarmouth—Express daily at 8.30 a. m., arrive at Annapolis 11 noon. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.00 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 7.45 p. m. Passenger, Tuesday, Thursday and 8.45 p. m., arrive at Annapolis 4.45 p. m. LEAVE Annapolis—Express daily at 12.20 p. m., arrive at Yarmouth at 5.00 p. m. Passenger and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Saturday at 6.10 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m. LEAVE Yarmouth—Passenger and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8.30 a. m., arrive at Yarmouth 11.15 a. m. Connections—At Annapolis with trains of Windsor & Annapolis Railway. At Digby daily with Steamer City of Monticello from and to St. John, N. B. At Yarmouth, with steamers Yarmouth and Boston for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evening; and from Barrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 128 Hollis street, Halifax, and the principal stations on the Windsor and Annapolis Railway, and on board Steamer City of Monticello. J. B. BENTLEY, Gen. Supt. Yarmouth, N. B.

CHARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE ROLLERS. NOTICE AUTOGRAPH LABEL THE GENUINE CHARTSHORN'S. Insist upon having the CHARTSHORN'S Factory, Toronto, Ont. At A. P. SHAND & CO.'S, YOU CAN PURCHASE THE FINEST SHOES FOR THE LOWEST PRICES. WINDSOR, N. B.

THE "SWEETEST SPOT."

The sweetest spot in the house to me is the spot which holds my treasure...

THE HOME.

There are few ways in which many otherwise sensible people show so little judgment as in romping and general play with little children.

THE FARM.

A Thought for Thanksgiving.

Farmers' wives sigh frequently, feeling that their lives are hid, and no opportunities for doing good open to them.

Very little children should be allowed to sleep as much as possible, and other children should lead as quiet, even, monotonous lives as possible.

It is folly to expect milk free from odor, and wholesome, if the milking be done in foul atmosphere.

Successful treatment of a two-acre vineyard, with a small orchard, is recorded by Farm, Stock and Home.

—The plan of marking for lifetime the variety, date, etc., of trees or vines planted, by merely writing on paper and placing this inside a small round bottle of clear glass, their corking, sealing, and either setting in the soil or wiring to the tree or stake, is to be recommended.

That remark about land covered with straw accumulating more fertility than can be accounted for by the mere decay of the straw, I can back up.

—Mrs. Jane Vanickie, Alberton, Ont., was cured of liver complaint after years of suffering by using five bottles of B. B. B. She recommends it.

—"Tell me not of your doubts and discouragements," says Goethe, "I have plenty of my own. But talk to me of your hope and faith."

—Nothing can be more agreeable to the eye of the traveler than a well-kept farm framed in winter with the table and the decorations for an elaborate dinner are carried out to make the shape more pronounced.

Let us see how a table is set for a fashionable dinner-party. On the table is first placed a thick flannel cloth—the thicker the better, as it prevents noise of the dishes as they are placed on it.

Over this is spread a snowy-white damask tablecloth, bearing the family crest or coat of arms, or sometimes over this is placed still another, of elaborate embroidery and lace, lined with pink or yellow satin, as taste dictates, or what-

ever color is to predominate at the dinner. The plates are first placed upon the table. As these are to remain after...

Nuts for Nutrition.

When Dio Lewis had a boarding-school and the girls teased for nuts at dinner, he promised they should have all they wanted.

Wire netting is not alone of value added to poultry yards, as it is reported its successful use as support for edible and flowering peas and nasturtium and taller climbers.

—A pig is no more naturally inclined to disease than any other animal. It is the manner of keeping and feeding it that incites it to the numerous disorders to which it is subject.

—We know of a dairyman who, when about to buy a cow, rides through the country gathering samples of milk from the cows offered for sale.

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ARSON'S PILLS Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No other like them in the world.

The public generally regard agriculture as a subsidiary business, needing little talent for its conduct.

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A Mother's Prayers. A Christian mother placed a New Testament into the hands of her boy...

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For all forms of pain this Liniment is unequalled, as well as for all Swellings, Lameness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Mumps, Headache, Stiff Joints, &c.

For Man and Beast. EMOLLIENT AND COUNTER IRRITANT AT ALL DEALERS PRICE 25 CENTS.

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A. CHRISTIE Wood Working Co., 101 & 105 CITY ROAD, SAINT JOHN.

EPPS'S COCOA. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will save us many heavy doctor's bills."

Chaloner's Stove Varnish. This article is not equalled by any other for improving the appearance of stove pipes, chimneys, and iron work.

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