

# Messenger and Visitor.

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JOSEPH COOK has begun the fifteenth course of his Boston lectures. The attendance at the opening was large and influential. Whatever some second and third rate men may scoffingly say of Mr. Cook's efforts, it is doubtful if there be another man in America who could have held a position so difficult, so long and so triumphantly. He gave a fine analysis of the American Board position on the second probation idea, and then presented a masterly critique on Bellamy's theory of Nationalism.—The *Telegraph* accepts our apology (!) of last week. It is "thankful for small mercies." We shall be happy to make any number of similar apologies, when occasion calls. We would remind our contemporaries, however, that the *Messenger and Visitor* never allows any one to attack anybody in its columns from behind the coward's cover of an assumed name. Now we are willing to quit quips and shake hands.

The American Baptist Publication Society is in trouble. Its management put three of the leading negro ministers of the South on the list of contributors to the *Baptist Teacher*. The white Baptists of the South raised an outcry, and their names were stricken off. Now the Southern Baptists are offended because they were ever put on the list, and some Northern Baptists are offended because they were cut off. Dr. Cuyler, at the age of 70, has resigned the pastorate of Lafayette Ave. Presbyterian church, which he has served for 30 years. It is to be hoped that strength may long be continued him to send forth through his pen, his messages which have been so helpful to the hearts and lives of thousands.

It is said that neither the Queen nor Salisbury sent any congratulations to Gladstone on his eightieth birthday; but that Gladstone sent messages of inquiry and sympathy to both, when sick or in trouble. This shows how much greater he is than either his queen or his premier.

Beecher's church does not seem to be prospering. When he died it was said to number over 4,000. Its membership is now given at 1,903. His own fear is that it would prove like a rope of sand being proved to have been a real one.

In 1786, Christians were but 1 to 4 compared with heathens and Mohammedans, in 1886 they were nearly 1 to 1. In 1786, Protestants were 1 to 26, in 1886 they were 1 to 10.

There is a wonderful revival at Aintab, Turkey. Over 500 have been added to the mission churches.

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—If any subscribers whose subscriptions expired Jan. 1, 1890, have been prevented from remitting during the thirty days from that date, we will still accept the reduced rate of \$1.50, and agents may accept the same.

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ON!!!—The following is from the *Presbyterian Witness*:

In our notice of Mr. Arnot's *Gazette*, and his work in Africa, we have not mentioned that the missionary is a Baptist. The fact is not in any way obscured in his narratives; and his Baptist views do not mar the largeness of his charity, the fervor of his zeal, or the strength of his faith.

After the delightful inauguration of the last sentence, it is to be hoped our brother of the *Witness* was all aglow with the happy consciousness of his own superior charity for at least one week.

SIGNIFICANT.—"Perhaps the most important utterance at the Plymouth Church Council last week, says the *New York Independent*, was Dr. Donald's declaration of independence. He said he and Phillips Brooks had come, as Episcopal clergymen, openly to recognise the pastors of this Congregational Church as fully equipped clergymen, competent to preach the Gospel and administer the sacraments." The fact that these two Episcopalian are so prominent will give their act greater force, while it will render it improbable that any official action will be taken. But how the blood of high churchmen must run cold.

SAD NEWS.—Just after we had gone to press last week, we received the following from Bro. A. G. Upham, writing on behalf of the Managing Committee of Grande Ligne Mission:

"I regret very much to inform you that the main building of the Grande Ligne Mission, boys' department, was completely destroyed, and that the left wing, teachers' and girls' department, was considerably damaged by fire on the 31st ult. I think we are fairly covered by insurance on the buildings and partly on the furniture, but the loss on bedding, library and various things that gather about school will be considerable, so that we shall have to make an appeal to our friends for help in order to put ourselves on our feet again. We were just about giving out contracts for the necessary changes in the buildings, but this will completely change our programme. We shall need wisdom as well as sympathy and help."

Montreal, Feb. 1.

It is matter for thanksgiving that the loss is as well covered as it is. Still it is heavy enough to head all the friends of the Mission to lend a helping hand.

A DEAR BROTHER writes about material progress, and then adds, "I am greatly troubled for the cause of God here. No souls are being saved. Do pray for us?" Yes, that is right. Do not allow the fact that all bills are paid and the finances of the church are flourishing to lessen the longing for the salvation of souls. Unless the saving power of God is displayed, all else is a comparative failure. We are receiving similar letters from others every week. Will not every reader who sees these lines offer up at least one petition on behalf of the cause of Christ in places where pastors' souls are burdened.

OUR WORK NOT DONE.—Dr. Shedd's theology is the latest Presbyterian standard work. On pages 576-77 is the following:

God has promised the blessing of the Holy Spirit to those who are born of His people. The infant of a believer by this promise is born into the church, as the infant of a citizen is born into the state. Children born within the pale of the visible church, and dedicated to God in baptism, are under the inspection and government of the church."—*Editor for Worship*, ix. They are church members by reason of their birth from believing parents; and it has been said that the question that confronts them at the period of discretion is not, Will you join the visible church, but will you go out of it... A baptized infant, on reaching years of discretion, may to human view appear not to have been regenerated, as a baptized convert may. The fact of unregeneracy, however, must be proved before it can be acted upon. A citizen of the church must be presumed to be such, until the contrary appears by his renunciation of citizenship and self-extrication. Until he takes this course, he must be regarded as a citizen. So a baptized child, if adult years, may renounce his baptism and church membership, become an infidel, and join the synagogue of Satan; but until he does this he must be regarded as a member of the church of Christ.

Evidently Baptists have not yet completed their mission. When baptized children of believing parents are to be held regenerate, by virtue of their birth and baptism, until they prove themselves unregenerate, the teaching that salvation for adults is by personal faith alone, needs to be most pronounced.

UNGRATEFUL.—How many there are who are disposed to do as little for the Saviour as possible and be saved, instead of doing as much for Him as possible because saved. They divide up the commands of Christ and the demands of His cause into essential and non-essential, and as long as they can persuade themselves that what is necessary to their own salvation is attended to, they seem to care very little about the latter, which they suppose merely expresses the Saviour's wish or a need of His cause, and can be neglected with impunity. They think they can neglect attendance at prayer-meeting, family worship, secret prayer, giving to the Lord with any degree of liberality, every kind of personal Christian service, etc., and still be saved by an exercise of personal trust on the Saviour, and they neglect all these privileges or a large part of them, accordingly. If any one who reads these lines is of the class referred to, let us entreat you to beware. You are on dangerous ground as the man who is testing the question of how near he can approach a plague-stricken district and not be stricken down. True Christianity is not self-love, but that love of God and man which prompts sacrifice of self to please Christ and help men. Genuine faith produces other fruits than regard for one's own eternal self-interest.

No man need hope for salvation whose life is not controlled by the will of Christ. To the true believer, there will be little difference between the so-called essential and non-essential commands of Christ; for they all equally express the divine wish, and this is what claims his obedience, not what is merely for his own self-interest.

The Treasury for Pastor and People continues to supply clergymen and others with both timely and indispensable information on a great variety of subjects. In addition to the usual number of sermons and articles, there is the second of the series of articles on Living Issues by College Presidents on "How can Jesuitism be Successfully Met?" by Principal MacVicar, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, an article which should secure the earnest attention of every American citizen. Yearly, \$2.50; clergymen, \$2. Single copies, 25 cents. E. B. Treat, Publisher, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

The work on the Congo is progressing. A second church is about to be formed near Lukunga, and new fields are opening up.

## Temperance in Halifax.

The "cause" is advancing in this quaint old city, but not so rapidly as in many of our towns and villages, and so we may be falling behind while really making noteworthy progress—"noteworthy" by comparison with our state and standing in the bygone years. Yet, with our "standing," as, for many years, temperance appeared at a standstill. There were always, since in the forties, temperance societies with badges, regalia and medals for their members—divisions, lodges, juvenile and church societies. These all did noble work, and no doubt laid the foundations deep and broad on which the superstructure is rising today. But liquor ruled in high places and in low dens. The big merchants grew rich by exporting fish and importing rum and molasses; the small dealers grew rich by selling the rum to soldiers and harlots. As soon as wealth came these latter, or their children, hastened to leave the disreputable part of their business by moving into larger quarters and entering into wholesaling, or getting out of the traffic entirely. Then the common sort sold rum, while the aristocrats were those whose fathers or mothers sold rum. Then Halifax was the centre to which all Nova Scotians gravitated; the merchants sat in their offices, and traders from all parts—coast and interior—made their half-yearly visits.

Twenty odd years ago "Confederation" came and gave us competition from St. John, Montreal and elsewhere. To this many were opposed; some said the glory of Halifax had departed never to return, and such glory built up by the liquor traffic, we trust, has forever departed. When about twenty-five years ago, the late Avard Longley proposed and helped enact the Local Option law, by which each person before applying to the authorities for a license must be recommended by two-thirds of the ratepayers of the polling district in which the license is sought, the city of Halifax was especially exempted. The city council could grant as many licenses as they wished; and they generally wished to grant all that were requested. Then three hundred licenses were the usual number, and the general public and the churches took that dose every year, and most of them made no wry faces. Now, a great communion has recently been raised because 118 applied for license; strenuous exertions were made by men and women, and some fifteen applications were rejected. The city council had several meetings on the subject, and the drinking public and religious public crowded the audience chamber. The appearance and manners of the two classes contrasted very strongly there, and brought blushes of shame to the cheeks of aldermen who posed as advocates of the liquor interest. As one laughingly remarked, "We appear to be had and a timely warning given in case of danger."

About a day after leaving Gibraltar we noticed something on the south coast of Spain, which seemed like a bank of fog rolling over the top of a line of hills. It looked so magnificent that we continued watching it for some time with the glasses. Presently someone informed us that it was nothing less than the snow-capped summits of the Sierra Nevada.

A few days later we were entering the harbor of Naples. I can hardly describe my feelings as my eyes fell for the first time upon Vesuvius. While the men were dropping anchor, and I was preparing to go on deck, I happened to look out of the port-hole, when I was surprised to notice that we were right under the shadow of the "smoking mountain." I was pleased and yet awed by the sight as I saw the volume of smoke quietly rolling up from the crater of the famous volcano. It was difficult to realize that we were within sight of Vesuvius and Pompeii; and so near to Rome—once mistress of the world and now, the centre of papal power. If Naples was peculiar it was peculiarly disgusting. We were simply shocked at the sight of poverty and filth. Having some purchases to make we decided to take a walk through the town. All the time we were ashore we were tormented by persistent guides and cabmen, who insisted that we should engage them. The streets and the people seemed to be filthy, and a great number of the "maimed, the halt, and the blind" walked the streets or stood at the corners asking alms.

All day long the steamer was crowded with Italian peddlars. Their prices were enormous, but one could easily beat them down to about one-fifth of what they asked. It was no little fun to see how willingly the price would fall when the greedy and fickle pedlar saw that the probability of selling his goods was getting small.

During the afternoon, while we were in the harbor of Naples, to our disappointment it began to rain. But before sunset we chid ourselves that we had murmured, for as a consequence of the rain we were treated to one of the most magnificent sights that we ever beheld. While it had been raining with us, it had been snowing on the top of Vesuvius. Ere long the snow had spread itself, like a white garment, around the peak and far down the sides of the mountain. The sight was beautiful beyond all description. Presently the rain stopped and the setting sun appeared through a rift in the cloud and threw its golden light upon Vesuvius and the city at its base. Just then a beautiful rainbow appeared, one end of which rested upon the crater of the volcano. This was the last impression that we had of Naples and Vesuvius. In the morning our hearts had been pained by the sight of sin and mis-

er. But in the evening God painted for us a picture indescribably grand and glorious. The lesson was this, viz., He who could so marvelously transform Nature and clothe it with such grandeur, could also change vile man and give him a glory like unto His own. The renovation and regeneration of Naples is not in the philosophy of the ancients, nor in the concealed dogmatism of the Pope, but in the power of God as made known in the gospel. Oh men of Naples! look to yonder sky and mountain. Behold them changed in a moment, by the finger of God, from black darkness into amazing glory. Can't thou not learn the truth? "Ye must be born again."

After leaving Naples our next stop-

ing place was Port Said, at the entrance of the Suez canal. The town is a wretched, little place, owing its existence merely to its connection with the canal. The filth and degradation here are even more heartbreaking than at Naples. But considerable interest attached to Port Said as being the first really eastern port to which we had come. The skins of animals used for holding water and carried upon the backs of men or mules, the water pitchers carried upon the shoulders of the women—who go about with faces covered in black cloth—the money-changers, and the beggars asking alms, were all seen at Port Said; and reminded us of Eastern customs and Bible scenes.

While here our steamer took in a stock of coal. A gang of Arabs brought several barges of coal alongside our boat, and were soon busy unloading them. They carry the coal in baskets upon their shoulders and dump it into a slide leading to the coal pit. As these half naked, coal-black Arabs hurried hither and thither with their baskets, they looked like a colony of ants. The noise of their jabbering must have been heard for a mile or more. They seemed to us to be constantly quarreling; and we learned afterward that we were correct in our conjecture. Being paid by the basket, they are incessantly trying to cheat each other—every one endeavoring, by fair or foul means, to get the largest number of baskets emptied. Consequently they are nearly always fighting. But with all their quarreling they work well, for a thousand tons of coal are emptied in a few hours. No place is too poor for a rum shop and theatre. Even Port Said could boast (?) of these; and, much to our disgust, we found that a number of our passengers patronized them. This illustrated the fact that extremes meet. The lowest and highest grades of society may, after all, be not far apart.

Going through the Suez canal was rather uninteresting, there being little else than sand to be seen on either side. In the canal we met an English man-of-war ship carrying home a regiment of soldiers after a term of foreign service. We thought what a happy day it would be in England when these soldiers returned. How many parents, sisters, wives and children would rejoice in the return of the absent ones. Then we thought of the return of missionaries. How they must look forward with joy to the time when the Master shall bid them: "Come part and rest awhile!" How anxiously the loved ones at home will await their return, Suez was passed in the night, no stop being made at this point. Passing through the canal and Red Sea, we were reminded that we were not far from places made memorable by events in the history of the Israelites. We had hoped to get a glimpse of Mount Sinai, but failed to do so.

Aden was our next stopping place, but little of importance was seen there. Last Thursday morning when we waked up, we found our men casting anchor in the harbor of Colombo. Our first glimpse of Ceylon was quite pleasing. Colombo seemed to be a beautiful place, and we were rather disappointed that we did not go ashore. Most of the passengers spent a part of the day in driving about the town. The place was like a garden. They went through groves after grove of palm, date and cinnamon trees. Vegetation everywhere was luxuriant. Magnificent bouquets of wild flowers were brought on board. The flowers have an exceedingly rich and delicate hue, and their perfume is no less pleasing. Toward evening, as a gentle breeze came up, a delicious odor from the land was blown over to us. The quiet evening air seemed to be saturated with the fragrance, and we were reminded of the poet's words: "Spicy breezes blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle." After a day's acquaintance with the natives we were also impressed with the truth of the remainder of the verse, viz.: "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile."

W. V. Higgins.

## Mission Notes.

During the last year eight of the scholars at the mission school at Maulmein, and two of the day pupils, have been baptized.

Two Karen missionaries tell of sixty-seven conversions and baptisms within a few weeks. They think a great gathering is at hand.

The Chin converts are developing well in the direction of self-support. The Dacoits are troublesome and have killed some of the police.

The work in Sweden continues with unabated interest. The church at Styngas has received 33 by baptism, that at Helsingland 49. The following is a sample of work, given by Pastor Nilson:

"During my wanderings I have seen much hungering after the word of God, large congregations, and in after meetings heard many souls telling of the wonders God had wrought in their hearts. In two places I have seen revivals by which many were brought to believe in Christ, and were filled with joy and peace. At one of these places nearly thirty were baptized and received into the church; at the other place at least ten. At one place I was accosted by a man from Ekshard, imploring me to go with him, as there were twenty baptized persons there. I asked him, 'What kind of people are you?' Are you Helgenists?' 'No,' he said. 'Are you Free Baptists?' 'I do not know what we are,' he said. 'But we believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and are buried with Him in baptism. You come and tell us what we are, and assist us to be organized in a Scriptural church.' I have had word also to come to distant parts of the province, on the spurs of the Norwegian mountains, never visited by Baptist preachers; but I do not yet see my way clear to go there."

The Hindus of Madras are become very active in their efforts to oppose the successful work of the missionaries. They have taken up street preaching after the manner of the missionaries, and have more preachers on the streets of the city than the Christians have. The Hindu Tract Society is scattering among the people a large number of tracts, containing the old arguments against Christianity which have been answered and abandoned in Christian countries long ago.—From *Baptist Missionary Magazine*.

W. B. M. U.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY.  
"For a new mission family to go to the Foreign field at once."—Matt. 9: 38; John 14: 3.

The regular quarterly missionary prayer meeting, under the auspices of the W. B. M. U., was held with Brussels St. Baptist Church Aid Society on Wednesday, Jan. 29th. Mrs. Alwood led the meeting. We had with us representatives from Leinster St., Germain St., North End and Fairville Baptist churches. Above all we felt the presence of the Holy Spirit, and as we talked and prayed for our beloved missionaries our hearts were filled with greater desires for the prosperity of the cause of missions. These meetings are a source of great blessing, and it is to be hoped they will grow even larger. We feel so much nearer our missionaries after one of these meetings than we did before. Sisters that have never attended, come and see for yourselves. After attending one, you will never want to stop away.

The Parrsboro W. M. A. S. reports as follows: Our membership is not large, and sometimes we wonder why it is that so few share in this work. Surely no one who has professed faith in Jesus and knows the joy of being redeemed by His precious blood, can but be interested in missionary work. Our monthly meetings are held regularly, many of which have proved seasons of refreshment, and the promise of the Master has been verified,—"Where two or three are met in my name, there am I." We are using the mite boxes with good success, for thankofferings and spare cents. The contents are to be appropriated to Home Missions. For each month we have a visiting committee appointed. It was decided at our last meeting that the members of this circle should meet with the sisters at Port Greville on the occasion of their next monthly meeting. There the church numbers only thirty, and the sisters last year contributed \$22.10. As this goes to show, the society is in a healthy condition. The sisters are capable and energetic, and devote time and thought to the forwarding of the cause of missions. A Mission Band is at work in Parrsboro, under the efficient control of some of the sisters. In the past it has supported a Bible woman in India, and it hopes to continue this good work. With our small gifts go up many earnest prayers that God may permit our missionaries to be not only sowers but reapers.

## MOSES.

NO. 1.

When Pharaoh's daughter lifted Moses from the bosom of the Nile, she lifted Egypt's direst curse and Israel's greatest blessing. And all Egyptian and Israelish history would have been other than it now is, had the young voyager been drowned in the sluggish tide. Moses is as Kohinoor among the gems of Hebrew history, as mighty mountains with its broad front illuminated by the sunlight, long ere the shadows have left the gloomy vales. He is the far seeing one, who wonders at an unconsulted and ever burning bush; and whose wonder deepens, until from out the ruddy blaze he hears his father's God. He is strong handed; he will wrest Israel from Egypt's grasp and lay the pyramid of Hebrew slavery in the dust. But within he is a still man; he speaks slowly and seldom. Yet his words, though few, are heavy. When his lips unlock, thence issue sentences that are battles and revolutions. He is no foolish geyser, ever insanely spouting; he is an Etna, silent long, but speaking with an awful energy, when he has the stillness done. "You are brothers," he says to straining Hebrews. "This is no more." No expostion, no further utterances, but he leaves this word to germinate and grow. And grows it does, until the consciousness that they are brothers, and that the Egyptians are not brothers, but slave-drivers, gives a world of emphasis to the demand, "Let my people go." "I will see thy face no more," he says to Pharaoh—no more.

"Such language holds the solemn sea to the sands along the shore; no more shall bloom the thunder blasted tree, or the stricken eagle soar." No more; there are funeral knells and ocean dirges and a sound of wailing in that weird threat. The atmosphere of the palace grows heavy, the jest is strangely out of place, there is an awful significance in the silence, and the echo of that phrase "no more" is appalling, as though the silent sphinx had spoken, or the God of Abram thundered. He is the all-round man, this Moses; he can keep sheep, he can organize armies; he can defend maidens from uncourteous shepherds, or brave the wrath of kings. He can strike down an Egyptian in hot anger, appeal to his brethren with pathetic pleading, or talk with God. He is bold as a fierce lion of the desert, and Israel's petulance or Pharaoh's hatred cannot make him quail. He hurls Egyptian stubbornness with plague upon plague, with hal and locust, blood and blasting, darkness and death. He bids seas part, and reunites; he sweetens bitter Marah, and checks the fiery snake; he calms enter Egypt to snatch them from God's chosen, and as calmly scales Mount Nebo to be buried by his God. Like all still men he can be stern. When from smoke and noise, thunder and the sharp lightning of God, he descends from Sinai's bough, the idolatry of Israel is so grievous in his sight that he smashes the entire decalogue, and orders slaughter fierce and wide. O' there are deep seas in this man's soul! hidden recesses in his great heart; and when these seas are troubled, when these grim caves give out their echoes, the effect on mortal men will be as when a lion roars. O Pharaoh, better you than that eventful morning had Thermes bathed in your own blood, than in that Nile from whose broad bosom he rescued the godly child. "Better put torch to palaces and let its glory in the dust; better blot the whitest page of Egyptian history, than receive with your returning daughter that helpless babe. Strike him down now in his childish impotence, and then mayest end thy days in peace; but let him live, and he will drown thy bravest in the sea, and dampen the cheeks of thy fairest with brine."

And as Miriam watched that cradle of rush, so the spirit of liberty watched its inmate; and as the genius of emancipation watched the child, so the slowly tramping ages have watched the man, and under his ever lengthening shadow the branded ones have rested while dreaming of deliverance and peace. For, in her hands she on that morning held heroism and great genius; kingship and high goodness. She held a spark that burned to the consuming of Egypt, and the illumining of Israel; a light that only lost its lustre when the Greater than Moses appeared. She held a small frail and small, which sprouted and grew, until, under its broad shade, prophecies dreamt their wild fancies, poets sang their patriotic songs, and kings administered justice. She held a thought that gradually found expression, until at length its denunciation of tyranny rang out with clarion clearness and deafening force. She held the father of Israelish song, the builder of Hebrew nationality, the tallest man of all Judean history. And henceforth, Egypt, you must beware; the spark is somewhere about you; the seed has been sown; the thought has fallen; and the conflagration, the grim harvest, the shattering storm, will all follow. The Nemesis is near you, intangible as a ghost, encircling as your own warm atmosphere, awful as the breath of Deity. And his mother shall nurse him; and, think o'er him her own strange delights, and dream o'er him her own strange dreams, and weep o'er him his own tears. And Israk's blessing and Egypt's bane is adopted by Pharaoh's daughter, and nursed by his Israelitish mother.

Pharaoh slew the many, spared the one; he had spared the many, and slew this one, how otherwise had Egyptian history read. "Tis everso. Wickedness makes secure every avenue save that through which the locust is already passing. We station guards at every Babylonian gate, but along the drained Euphrates channel the Persian comes to stay. Tis useless watching aught, unless you watch all. For you can be no safer than your most unprotected place; and slaying the multitude increases the crime to increasing of the risk, if Moses lives. And the danger lies not in the multitude, but in the individual. All empires and reforms; all heterodoxies, orthodoxies, and enterprises, were once thoughts sleeping in the individual's brain. Never mind the babes of Bethlehem, Herod; it's the Christ you should fear; those children, the many, cannot hurt you; it's the one child, the Jesus, you should kill. But this individual upon whose life or death so much hinges, what of him? What are his characteristics, how is he recognized, how destroyed? Ah, there's

the rub! You can't destroy him; he has no form, no substance; he is of the stuff they make dreams of; no bullet will pierce him, no knife draw his blood, no poison sap his vigor. He won't burn; he is like the Hebrews in Nebuchadnezzar's fire. He won't drown; he swims like Noah's ark above the deluge waters. He is a weird apparition, I stand before, and hear his mocking laugh behind. I fire behind, and feel his chilling presence before. He is a subtle master indeed, and eventually damins me to death. And Herod cannot kill Christ; and Pharaoh cannot kill Moses; for though I bury the knowledge that the holiest wake is a sham, for in the morning the buried sun will rise o'er the Eastern hills, and laugh me to scorn.

At the time Pharaoh's palace sheltered Moses the sun of Israelitish history was in eclipse; and amid the dense gloom the night hawks of cruelty, deformity and heartlessness held sway. 'Twas a season of stagnation, and floods his soul with the gift of eternal life. The happy man "looks up" and sees the glorious Christ, and all the glorious sky that overhangs him. He does not run home to tell wife or children—even if he had any to tell it to. He follows Jesus in the highway, shouting praises to his Deliverer, and weaving his little tuft of laurel on the blessed brow soon to be pierced with thorns.

My friend! this new year may bring to you just the same infinite and indestructible joy, if you will only push through the crowd to Jesus.

## Why Do You Not Find Peace?

It may be you are making some reservation, and you do not find peace with God. There is some little thing you are not willing to give up, or some duty you are not willing to perform, and thus you raise an issue with God. You will not go to a prayer-meeting in a certain place, or to an inquiry-meeting, or to your pastor. There is some wrong you have done which you will not redress or acknowledge. You may be conscious what this thing is, and so have a direct known issue with God; or, you may not be conscious what it is.

I once knew an estimable lady, who attended the inquiry meeting night after night, and professed willingness to give up all for Christ, yet she made no progress. She remained so long in this critical and perilous condition that her pastor became alarmed for her, and went to see her at her home, where he could inquire more particularly about her, but he could learn nothing. After earnest prayer, he started to leave, and laid his hand on the door-knob, when she asked him, "Mr. S——, can anyone become a Christian while she cherishes hard feelings towards another?"

The mystery was solved. "No, my dear woman," said he, "she cannot. If you do not forgive your fellow-servant five hundred pence, how can you expect God to forgive you ten thousand talents?"

That night she came to the inquiry-meeting with a shifing face. She had had a grudge laid up in her heart against a neighbour. They had not spoken together for years. As soon as her pastor left, she took her bonnet and went over, confessed her fault and sought reconciliation; the two buried it all, and Jesus came down to her once and entered into her heart.

In another place, I heard a man who had been a town officer, out in his barn, pleading earnestly with God for pardon. He was leaving Jericho, a great crowd surged around him issuing from the city-gate. The day previous Zacheus had conquered the crowd by climbing above their heads into a sycamore; he was not to be balked. And now another person—one of the poorest and most insignificant creatures in that whole community—determines that he too will press his way out of the writhed darkness into the sunshing. He is a most unpromising subject out of which to make a Bible-hero; but so is coal of a most unpromising material from which to manufacture one of the most exquisitely fragrant of perfumeries.

Bartimeus is a model for every man who is in dead-earnest for the salvation of his soul. In the first place he realized his writhed condition; and in the next place he determined that he would be delivered from it. My friend, if you in like manner realize your guiltiness and your need of Jesus Christ to save you, then you are on the right track for salvation. The blind beggar of Jericho had an unexpected hindrance; for as soon as he began to shout out his piercing prayer for mercy, the crowd began their attempt to silence him. "Tell that beggar to hold his tongue!" I am inclined to think that the disciples had a hand in that disreputable business. They were yet only half-finished Christians, and had been the foremost in trying to silence the poor Syrophenician mother who was pleading for the recovery of her afflicted daughter. Alas for disturbed dignity!

"He never promised metill to-day. He will keep his word with me, and he'll never drink again," she added, confidently. "Oh, sir, don't turn Paul off for good."

"Paul, what shall we say to her?" inquired Mr. Clement of the senior partner, who had kept on writing briskly, with his back towards them during the conversation.

Mr. Folwell turned quickly around and fixed his eyes on Lucy.

"I'm truly sorry to be obliged to refuse you," he said pityingly.

"Oh, don't say no," she entreated, clasping her hands in distress. "Do try him once more. You'll be glad always, and never sorry," the tears falling quickly down her cheeks.

"How do you know we shall be glad?" inquired Mr. Folwell, in the kindest tone.

"Because, sir, Miss Armstrong—she is my Sunday-school teacher—she told me, 'every little deed that is good grows bigger and bigger and brighter and brighter; and if you will try Paul again, that is just what Jesus would do if he were in your place, and you'll be real glad to do as he would, when you get to heaven and see him. You'll be glad, I know.'

The partners were silent a moment, as if uncertain what course to pursue. Suddenly, Mr. Folwell asked:

"Clement, do you remember Mary Holcombe? She was a beautiful girl."

"Yes, I used to go to school with her. What of her?"

"Lucy here, yesterday, Dr. Grant told me this was her daughter."

"Harry Blake was married twice."

"His first wife left a son, Paul. His second wife was Mary Holcombe, and she died when Lucy was a baby. Paul has taken a wonderful amount of care of this little half-sister; he completely idolizes her."

"Half-sister!" repeated Lucy, in an injured, surprised voice. "You do not mean half-sister! Why, I am all sister—a whole sister to Paul!"

Mr. Clement and Mr. Folwell laughed heartily.

"Yes, indeed, you are in devoted love,

certainly. You are a noble little girl. Go home, and tell Paul to come here tomorrow, and we will talk the matter over

## Paul Blake's Half Sister.

SARAH F. BRIGHAM.

Messrs. Clement and Folwell, prominent manufacturers, sat in their sunny office engaged in an animated conversation. The past two years had showered upon them unprecedented success, and such an abundant harvest of money could not fail to stamp the brightness of luck upon their faces.

"Paul Blake has not come," said a clerk, appearing at the door; "I doubt if we see him to-day."

"Not here yet!" returned Mr. Clement, impatiently; "it's half-past ten," looking at his watch.

"Arthur Wilson says he met him late evening, and his legs were limber; that he had swallowed a few drops too much."

The clerk withdrew, and Mr. Clement's first words were: "I hoped that fellow would turn out well. We have given him three trials. Our duty in forbearance has been overdone by far."

"We shall have to discharge him," said Mr. Folwell firmly. "No use keeping a man in our employ who keeps his brains turned upside down one quarter of the time."

"The day advanced, and still Paul Blake was missed at his post of duty, and a letter of dismissal was sent him by a trusty messenger."

The next morning was ushered in by a bright sun, which rolled high in the sky, and gave out its full power of light and heat upon the fair earth. The early summer had arrived with its inflowing life, and bloom and loveliness greeted the eye everywhere.

Again the deafening noise of the swift whirling machinery heralded that the day's work had begun in the factory.

Soon a pretty, little girl, with deep blue eyes and an anxious face, was seen making her way slowly towards the office, where Mr. Clement and Folwell were sitting at a table piling over business accounts.

"I have yielded my every manhood to drink. I have broken every promise to reform. I have put an enemy in my stomach to take away my brains. I am a disgrace and an injury to my associates. I am breaking the loving, true heart of my sister. I will ask God constantly to deliver me from this terrible curse, in temperance, and make me a free man again."

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FEB. 12.

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## Sabbath School.

## BIBLE LESSONS.

## First Quarter.

Lesson VIII. February 23. Luke 4: 1-13.

## THE TEMPTATION OF JESUS.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

"In that He Himself had suffered,  
being tempted, He is able to succor  
them that are tempted." —Heb. 2: 18.

## EXPLANATORY.

1. And Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost, who descended upon Him just  
after His baptism. And was led by the Spirit. Probably in the same way that  
we may be led by the Spirit. Mark's ex-  
ample has a startling sharpness about it.  
2. Immediately the Spirit driveth Him, "putteh," or "burrieth" Him forth, or "impelth" Him. He did not  
see, or run heedlessly into temptation.  
3. It is always wrong and dangerous.

4. Being forty days tempted of the devil. The temptation was not merely a  
great assault at the close, but continued  
during the whole period; and the three  
instances given are either types of the  
temptations of the whole 40 days, or are  
the three great final battles and vic-  
tories.

5. The Tempter, Tempted of (by) the devil. The Greek word is *diabolos*, slan-  
derer, accuser. The term "the devil" is  
always used in the Bible to signify an  
evil spirit, never to personify the evil in  
man or in the world.

6. Satan and his angels were once in  
heaven (2 Peter 2: 4; Jude 6). (2)  
Satan is the father of lies (John 8: 44).  
(3) Satan blinds man's spiritual vision  
(2 Cor. 4: 4). (4) Satan can assume  
any winning forms (2 Cor. 11: 14). (5)  
Satan is the greatest tempter and deceiver  
of men (1 Peter 5: 8; Luke 22: 31). (6)  
Satan is very powerful (Eph. 6: 12).

How could a HOLY BEING like CHRIST  
be tempted? In every act of sin there are  
two distinct steps. (1) There is the ris-  
ing of a desire which is natural, and, be-  
ing natural, is not wrong. (2) There is  
the indulgence of that desire in forbidden  
circumstances, and that is sin.

The temptation of Christ was a real  
temptation, as real as our temptations,  
and without miraculous aids to victory,  
but only such aids as we all may possess.

The temptations must have come from  
without, and not from the mind of Jesus,  
which was sinless.

The FIRST TEMPTATION—THROUGH BOD-  
ILY APPETITES. First, THE ALLUREMENT.  
And in those days He did eat nothing.

At times of intense spiritual exaltation  
the ordinary needs of the body are al-  
most suspended. He did not even feel  
the pangs of hunger. This follows from  
the words, "He afterward hungered."

And when they were ended, He afterward  
hungered. When the reaction has begun,  
hunger asserts its claim with a force so  
terrible that (as has been shown again  
and again in human experience) such mo-  
ments are fraught with the extremes  
of pain to the soul.

Now this hunger, even in its most ter-  
rible intensity, is perfectly innocent, and  
the desire to satisfy it in all honest ways  
is right and holy.

3. And the devil said unto Him. Satan  
made his severest assault in the time of  
Jesus' greatest weakness. He still  
watches his time, and attacks us when  
weak, sick, troubled, disheartened, ner-  
vous, and weak. If thou be the Son of  
God, if you really are God's Son, and  
hence are possessed of miraculous  
powers. Command this stone that it be  
made bread. Pointing probably, to one  
of the stones lying around Him.

SECOND. THE SIN IN PERFORMING THIS  
ACT. For unless it was wrong, there was  
no temptation in His hunger, but only an  
opportunity to satisfy it. It was wrong  
because He had taken upon himself the  
nature of man, and the conditions and  
sufferings of mankind. One of these, in  
fact the very first, is that we are to de-  
pend upon God for all the things need-  
ful for the support of our life. For the  
Lord to have used His miraculous power  
to sustain His own life, would have been  
to lift up Himself above His own sphere  
as a son of man.

THIRD. THE MEANS OF VICTORY. The  
truth and promises of God's Word.

4. And Jesus answered him, saying, It is written. In Deut. 8: 3, quoted from the  
Septuagint, or Greek translation. They are  
noteworthy as suggesting:

"(1) That the first word spoken by Christ  
in His ministerial office is an assertion of  
the authority of Scripture. (2) That he  
oppose the word of God as the proper  
encounter against the words of the devil.  
That man shall not live by bread alone."

Now by ordinary, visible food alone.  
Other things are far more necessary  
to sustain life. But by every word of  
God. These words are omitted in the Rev.  
Ver. but are fully along without  
question in Matthew's account, and will  
consider them here. (1) God by His word  
can supply food out of the ordinary  
way. We live not by our ordinary food  
alone, but by whatever food God may  
send in his own way and time. (2) It  
means that true life comes from obedi-  
ence to God, and trust in God, and  
communication with God.

FIFTH. APPLICATIONS. We are tem-  
pted to gratify the desires of the flesh in  
unlawful ways. God's words, God's joys,  
God's peace, God's life in the soul, will  
enable us to triumph.

THE SECOND TEMPTATION,—TO GAIN SUC-  
CESS BY DOING WRONG. FIRST. THE AL-  
LUREMENT. 5. And the devil, taking Him  
up into a high mountain. Matthew says  
"exceedingly high." Whether Christ  
literally went up, or was taken in spirit,  
in either case the vision must be re-  
garded as supernatural, and as embrac-  
ing far more than the ordinary prospect  
of a wide landscape from a high moun-  
tain.

6. And the devil said unto Him, All this  
power will I give Thee. All the power  
which wealth, rank, splendor, arm-  
ies, thrones, could wield.

Satan says in effect, "I will relinquish  
my hold and my right, and let you have  
the world as the Messiah monarch. All  
nations will then be subject to you as  
they are to me. I will lead them where  
you will do. The kingdom of God will  
come at once, without pain or the cross,  
without humility and reproach, but with  
glory and power.

For that is delivered unto me; and to  
whomsoever I will I give it. This was one  
of the very worst of the falsehoods of the  
father of lies.

SECOND. THE SIX. If Thou therefore  
will worship me, all shall be Thine. Satan  
does not mean a bald act of worship,  
a bending in outward reverence to  
the grim King of Darkness.

Satan is too shrewd to insist on the  
form, if he can gain the heart: the form  
will then soon come. Christ was to give up  
His spiritual kingdom for a temporal;  
his converting the world, for a ruling of the  
world.

THIRD. THE MEANS OF VICTORY. 8.  
And Jesus answered. . . Get thee behind me,  
Satan. Stand out of my way, before  
For it is written (in Deut. 6: 13). He  
again stands behind the bulkhead of God's  
Word. Thou shall worship the Lord thy  
God. The first and great commandment.  
There is no other worthy of worship.  
And so long as God rules the world,  
there can be no lasting good, nothing  
truly happy, nothing successful, no king-  
dom gained, except by making God first  
and chief—a real worship of God as supreme.

FOURTH. A TYPE OF OUR TEMPTATIONS.—  
We share the third experience when  
we are tempted, for the sake of power,  
wealth or influence, to conform to the  
world, and to employ Satan's instruments  
in even seeming to do God's service.

FIFTH TEMPTATION,—TO GAIN NOBLE  
ENDS BY FALSE METHODS. FIRST. THE AL-  
LUREMENT. 9. And he brought him on  
the pinnacle of the temple. This was some very high  
point of the temple building. If thou be  
the (a) Son of God, cast thyself down from  
hence. What could be the allurement  
in such a proposal?

(1) That it would prove to him that he  
had the perfect faith in God which  
was necessary in his great work. It  
would seem like an absolute and perfect  
reliance on his Heavenly Father. (2)  
That he would gain in a short and easy  
way his acceptance by the Jews as their  
Messiah. No long delays, no fierce con-  
flict, no awful rejection by his beloved  
nation, no ages of slowly transforming  
the nations, but immediate triumph for  
the truth, God's kingdom bursting upon  
the earth in sudden and unspeakable  
glory, if only he would come to the Jews  
in the form of a great prophet descend-  
ing from heaven, and be their visible  
king, reigning in worldly splendor.

10. 11. For it is written (in Pa. 9: 11,  
Septuagint). Satan having been van-  
quished by Scripture, will use Scripture  
now as his weapon of attack.

SECOND. THE WRONG. (1) It was  
tempting God by a false and unwarranted  
use of the promises, making himself an  
object of supernatural care. (2) It  
was disobeying the Scriptures, defining  
what the Messiah should do.

THIRD. THE MEANS OF VICTORY. 12.  
It is said (Deut. 6: 16). Jesus shows  
from the Word of God that Satan had  
misled the text he had quoted. Thou  
shall not tempt the Lord thy God.

Then he said, "I will not try Him, dare  
Him; or thou shalt not, by throwing  
yourself into voluntary and uncommanded  
danger, assert its claim with a force so  
terrible that (as has been shown again  
and again in human experience) such mo-  
ments are fraught with the extremes  
of pain to the soul.

FOURTH. A TYPE OF OUR TEMPTATIONS.  
The moment trust in God presumes to  
break any one, even the least, of the laws of  
God, and then expects God to save it  
from the consequences of its disobedience,  
it is not trust, but disbelief; it is not  
faith, but presumption; it is not hon-  
oring God, but tempting God.

FIFTH. CONSOLATION AFTER VICTORY.  
13. And when the devil had ended all the  
temptation. When he had done his ut-  
most, and exerted every power to over-  
come Jesus, but had failed. He depart-  
ed from Him for a season. The words  
signifies until a favorable time. He await-  
ed a new opportunity. Doubtless Jesus  
was tempted again and again during His  
earthly career; but "this" conflict, fore-  
told so precisely, can be none other than  
that of Gethsemane.

—Rev. D. Schley Schaff, who has re-  
cently visited the Orient, writes to the  
*Interior* about Jerusalem: "A close in-  
spection of the city is disheartening.  
All poetic and ideal conceptions are scat-  
tered to the winds. The streets, of  
which only two are paved, are narrow,  
crooked and dirty. The Jewish quarter  
is utterly foul with filth and trash.  
There is no sewerage in it, and all the  
dirt and refuse are thrown out in the  
streets. The houses are poor and crowded.  
The shops are small, and for the  
most part squallid. The money changers  
sit still, as in old time, in the streets,  
to give small change for the miserable  
Turkish money. The present popula-  
tion is variously estimated. It is about  
thirty five thousand, of whom one-third  
are Jews. The rest are Mohammedans  
and Greek and Latin Christians. The  
Jews are descendants of Spanish Jews,  
who came from Spain for four hundred  
years ago, and Polish Jews. They are  
unclean in their persons, and pale and  
effeminate in appearance, wearing the  
love-lock in front of each ear. They  
seem to have no enterprise or ambition,  
and for the most part depend upon alms  
which come from abroad. Jerusalem had  
no newspaper. It took us until Sabbath  
to hear of the result of the presidential  
election of the previous Tuesday, and this  
was by private telegram from Vienna.  
It has only one mail a week. A friend and  
schoolmate, the chief banker, has  
failed to secure permission from the gov-  
ernor. The government is the chief obsta-  
cle to modern improvements in the  
East. Turkish rule blights everywhere.  
The chief hotel of the city is the worst I  
have stopped in for many years. There  
are several steam flouring mills. I went  
through one owned by the Beighiams,  
which uses American machinery and  
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## MESSENGER and VISITOR.

\$2.00 per annum.

When paid within thirty days \$1.50.

All communications, whether for insertion or concerning advertising, and all subscriptions, to be sent to

GOODSPEED, St. John, N. B.

Messenger and Visitor

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1890.

## HOW TO RECKON THE TENTH.

We are glad to find that thought is being stirred on the question of the giving of the tenth. We are still receiving letters from ministers who have adopted the plan of giving no less than a tenth, and from several laymen who wish to be informed in what way the tenth is to be reckoned. Here is an enquiry from a subscriber in the United States, which we shall attempt to answer, in the hope that it may be helpful to others:

I am a manufacturer of a line of goods, and of course purchase my raw material. Now, in giving one-tenth of my income to the cause of God, as I propose to do in future, am I to deduct the price of raw material, current expenses, &c., &c., and merely take the profits of my business? or does income mean one-tenth of all receipts, derived from sale of goods. Does the first proposition meet the demand of God's law?

In order to have a clear idea of this question, we must remember that all our powers by which we can gain money, and all the property we own through the exercise of these powers by ourselves or others, belong to God. For the loan of all this working capital, He was pleased to ask a tenth from His ancient people for His own work, at the least. He could accept. We hold, therefore, that in our day, when the motives from the cross are so much stronger and the demands of the gospel in its world-wide mission are so much greater than in the case of the Jews, our Master cannot desire less from us than He demanded of them. He requires of us, then, as the least return for the bestowal of all powers and property, that we should give to His work at least one-tenth of all that is won by the labor of hand and head, and of all that is received through the use of our property. This means a little more than that we recognize our Master as owning a tenth interest in our business or property; He is to have a tenth interest in our means acquiring powers also. He is not, therefore, to be charged with a tenth of the labor we put into the business.

Bearing this in mind, it will not be difficult to understand on what the tenth is to be reckoned. So far as all expense for raw material is concerned, this is to be borne by the business before the tenth is reckoned. So also are all wages. In the case of our brother, we believe he has the right to deduct the price of raw material, of labor, and of any other cost in the running of the business, from the income of the year, before the tenth is deducted. It would not be right, however, to deduct the worth of his own labor, the cost of his support of his own family, or personal expenses. So we should say that neither of our brother's propositions exactly meet the case.

Any one who wishes to adopt the giving of the tenth will find no trouble if they but regard the Master as claiming not less than a tenth interest in our farm, business, or other property, remembering also that He claims a tenth of the labor they themselves put into it. If all our people should but take the dear Lord into this most practical partnership in their business, how it would sanctify all their business and active life. People have little trouble in knowing what it means when a man is to have a tenth interest in their business. Why then should there be trouble when we make the Master our business partner?

## THE WEEK.

The great topic of interest in Great Britain, the last week, has been the ending of Parnell's suit against the *Times* for libel. The Thunderer had engaged the ablest counsel and kept up the appearance of an intention to contest the suit. At the last moment, however, it sued for a compromise. It has agreed to pay Parnell \$25,000 damages, in addition, it is said, to all costs and disbursements. Tarnell has been compelled to make his defense before the commission. Even the conservative *Post* says the result is a shock to public confidence in the *Times*, as it shows there could have been no extenuating circumstances which a defense might have brought out.

Bismarck has resigned his portfolio as Minister of Commerce, and desires to give up that of Colonial Minister; but feels that matters in the latter department will not permit him to give them into other hands.

The young Kaiser of Germany has issued a rescript instructing the new Minister of Commerce to take measures to improve the condition of the laboring class. His suggestions are variously received by political economists, the most regarding them as impractical. Astute politicians imagine they see Bismarck's hand in it all, and that he is using the Emperor to suit his own purpose. It is

## HOME MISSION NOTES.

## STUDENT MISSIONARIES.

During the summer vacation 26 students were employed by the Board in mission work. As more were employed, and some of them were on poor fields, the expenditure for this work is considerably in excess of that of last year. Their reports show that much faithful work was done. A number were at work also during the Christmas vacation.

I am glad to know that our young men are highly esteemed by the churches they serve.

## FORTY FIELDS

are receiving aid in supporting their pastors. Several more will need assistance as soon as pastors can be found for them. Our aim is to have all the weak churches regularly supplied with ministerial labor. But we cannot do this without a large increase in the contributions to our treasury.

It is sometimes thought that a sufficient number of men cannot be found; but the fact is the income has never yet been sufficient to meet the expenditure on account of the men we have. If we would put more money into the treasury, would not the Lord give us more men?

We hope the work of collecting for Convention Funds is being pressed by pastors, churchmen and district committees. As several of the churches are without pastors there is danger that these collections may be neglected. We hope the districts' committees and quarterly meetings will endeavor to guard against this. Would it not be better to have the money divided according to the Convention plan? We notice a few churches seem disposed to give all they contribute to one or two objects, and leave the rest to suffer. We are urging our mission churches to contribute to Convention fund to be divided according to the plan of the convention.

## OUR GRADUATES.

Three of our young men at Newton Theological Seminary and three at McMaster Hall finish their course of study this year, and four of those graduating at Acadia will likely settle at once. I am corresponding with these brethren, and others that are abroad, with a view of securing them for our churches. Now is the time for the churches to move in the matter. All will not care to take mission fields, and we shall be glad to help independent churches in settling any of these men.

A. CONCOON,  
Hebron, Feb. 5. Corr Sec'y H.M.B.

## GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

BERLIN, New Year's Day, 1890.

Germany is congratulating herself with a vengeance to-day, and the postman is the most important personage in the empire. In Berlin alone, between one and two thousand men have been added to the usual force, and still the mails are behind hand in delivery. The Nova Scotian waiting for home letters turns to consideration of post matters with more than ordinary interest. As is well-known, the present efficiency of the German postal service is mainly due to the genius of one man, Heinrich Stephan, chief of the postal department, originator of the World's Postal Union, and of numerous other reforms and improvements of incalculable benefit to Germany and the world at large. Dr. Stephan lives in Berlin, on the second floor of a large building that contains on the first floor one of his own pet creations, a work of which any individual or nation might be proud—the National Post Museum. From the busy Leipziger Strasse to the first room of the museum takes one at a single bound to the very cradle of human enterprise. It is not faint crying weakly lying there, but a young, powerful giant with life and freshness stirring in every limb. Those majestic ships, the chariots for swift races, the harnesses, the gorgeous costumes of messengers and ambassadors, the delicately-fashioned writing implements and the imperishable inscriptions upon tablets of marble and stone—can these be the beginning? Can any one set a limit and say, here is the beginning and there the end? One of the officials in charge of the museum seemed to think so as he called me from model of an ancient Phoenician vessel into another room and there pointed proudly to a magnificent model of one of the steamships of the North German Lloyd. "The model cost 20,000 marks (\$5,000)," he said, "and was a present from the company." This is the one that recently beat the fastest record. Could anything be finer?" I expressed my admiration, and thought to myself there could be nothing finer in the age to come except to be shot from one side of the ocean to the other from the mouth of a palatial catapult. It was a rainy day, and consequently very few visitors in the museum, the official seemed inclined to be talkative, and I resolved to allow myself for once the luxury (usually embarrassment) of a guide. "Do you know Herr Stephan personally?" I asked. The man drew himself up, gave his rounded, well-clad body a significant tap, and the crown of his bald head fairly glistened with gratitude as he glanced upward and exclaimed in a reverential whisper: "Well, I should think so! he's my patron!" The words were

more eloquent than a whole volume of sermons on benevolence. "You haven't anything like this museum in America, now have you?" he went on, and as I didn't know of anything like it, his triumph and my humiliation were complete. I turned to the contemplation of a case full of horseshoes to hide my feelings, while the worthy functionary stood by and waited to show me "the further glories of the museum. There was a collection of different kinds of passenger and mail coaches from the time of the Margraves of Brandenburg to the present, another of harnesses, and still another of drawings from the costumes of letter carriers and running postmen of different countries. There was a case of postal documents out of the early period of the Prussian kingdom, some of them from the hands of the kings themselves. It is certainly, or ought to be, the prerogative of kings to write as illegibly as possible. Then there were models of all the principal post office buildings in the larger cities and towns of Germany. In very many German towns the authorities are making attempts to conform the architecture of the newer public buildings, as well as private residences, to the features of the Old German style that prevailed in the grand times before the Thirty Years' War. The post office buildings form no exception, as may be seen from these models. One of the handsomest is in Dantzig, one of those north German towns which are inexhaustible mines of delight for the lover of artistic medieval Germany. Berlin is essentially a modern city, and it is only a forgotten wook or corner here and there that contains an old gable, window or archway bordering on the picturesque. The central post office building is a massive brick structure surrounding a quadrangular court, and beaks its purpose in every line of the wide-awake windows, and huge open portals.

The Post Museum contains not only the history of Germany's, but of all other nations' postal development. One is surprised to find that even post-boxes, mail-bags, locks, keys, seals, coats-of-arms and official uniforms have each an important history of their own. The methods in use by different nations at different periods are illustrated by models and drawings and placed in living contrast. Over the model of an English express train, with apparatus for taking in mail without slackening speed, hang the pictures of an English stage-coach, a French diligence, and a Siberian post-sledge, surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves. In the room devoted to the British India collection I noticed models of women as letter-carriers. The Royal mail trains in India are painted a bright red and resemble nothing so much as a string of red peppers. The rooms set apart for Burmese, Chinese, Japanese, Persian, and other collections are full of interesting costume studies, as well as of articles relating particularly to the postal service of those countries. Next comes a display of telephones, telegraph apparatus, and, among other curiosities, an Edison phonograph of fifteen years ago. It may not be generally known that one of the first telegraphic machines in use was fitted up with a wire for each letter of the alphabet. The instrument was found to be very efficient, but was rejected on account of its great expense. The one at present in use in all the larger cities of Germany, as well as in America, has a keyboard like a piano, and the messages, instead of being taken from sound or from perforated paper, are printed by the machine in characters resembling those of the typewriter. The printed slips are pasted upon blanks prepared for the use, the paper doubled in such a way as to bring the address upon the outside, the royal seal is affixed and the message is ready for delivery. Messages are delivered at all times of the day and night without extra charge. The newest telegraph wires in Berlin are laid underground, as well as all those of the different electric light companies. The idea seems to be prevalent here that the streets of American cities bristle with telegraph posts, and that American electricity is permitted to wander at its own sweet will among the citizens and property of the great Republic. There is a story going the rounds of a New York butcher who chased one day to hang a slaughtered pig upon a telegraph wire passing before his door. The pig became charged with electricity and a dozen or fifteen persons lay dead or senseless about the premises before it was discovered what a good conductor his swine afforded. Moral: There ought to be some restrictions upon the powers of Nature, even in the land of the free.

Besides the different kinds of telegraphic instruments exhibited in the post museum, there are samples of apparatus used in connection with every department of the work—such as insulating, laying and attaching wires, etc. There is a case filled with sections of all submarine cables in use, and another with examples of defective cables. There are globes showing the earth's depressions and elevations, methods of laying cables and carrying railways over mountain passes. Last of all is shown the Rohrpost—a method for quick delivery of cards and letters much used in Ber-

lin. Brass tubes between two and three inches in diameter are laid underground, appearing at the stations in the form of a half S, with a sort of iron box at its extremity. The letters are rolled up, placed in small tubular receptacles, and inserted into the tube by means of an opening at the top of the curve. Everything is hermetically sealed, a machine worked by steam power pumps out the air, and phut! the letters are in the iron receiver at the required station, in the twinkling of an eye. There are about forty of these stations in Berlin. It costs 7½ cents to send a letter by Rohrpost, and 3½ cents for a postal card.

One of the latest improvements in the postal service of Berlin is what is called the *Strassenpost*, or Street-post. The average number of *Stadtbriefe* (city letters) delivered daily in Berlin has been estimated at 170,000. The collection and delivery of these letters is effected by means of 47 post offices and 750 street-boxes. The object of the street post is to bring the 47 offices into connection with each other and the central office in the quickest possible way. This is done by a number of wagons driving rapidly from one branch office to another, and finally to the central office. They are fitted up with all necessities for sorting the letters, with boxes attached to the outside for the further convenience of the public. They drive over eleven lines, and besides the city letters those destined for other places are brought in sealed bags to the central office. The street-post calls for great dexterity on the part of the officials engaged within the wagons, for the sorting of letters from one office must be ended before arrival at the next—in a very few minutes in all cases. The result of the new arrangement tell best in numbers: 47,000 letters are delivered daily an hour earlier than formerly, 15,000 two hours, and 8,000 even twelve hours earlier. It is said that the additional cost of the street post will not be more than 50,000 marks a year.

Both the postal and telegraph service throughout Germany are under the control of the *Reichspostamt*, or National post-office, in Berlin. Under the Reichspostamt are 40 other offices with power of control over all the post and telegraph offices in the different *Bezirken*, or circuits into which the empire is divided. C. W. S.

QUEENS CO., N. S.—While the churches cannot be said to be in a very prosperous condition, yet congregations are good, and the brethren are working with commendable zeal and earnestness. What we most regret is that Bro. Cain has resigned his pastorate of the Liverpool church. We consider Bro. Cain one of our most vigorous pastors. The churches in this county are nearly all greatly indebted to Bro. Cain for his timely aid in mission work, and in laying plans to carry on our denominational enterprises. Indeed Bro. Cain is a most earnest worker. I hope that one of the vacant churches in these Provinces may be fortunate enough to secure his services, and not allow him to drift off to other countries, as so many of our young men have done. At the ministers' conference representing Baptists, Methodists and Congregationalists, a resolution was passed expressing regret that they were about to lose his genial and helpful presence.

D. W. CRANDALL.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The Yarmouth County Baptist Quarterly meeting held its last session at Hebron, Jan. 28. Encouraging reports were received from the churches represented. Committees were appointed to hold meetings throughout the county in the interest of our convention work. At the afternoon session Rev. J. Cohoon opened a discussion on a practical question, "How to induce church members to take front seats in the social and other meetings of the church." Rev. F. H. Beals followed with an address on "Preparation for the home and earthly life of God." A paper on "The relation of the church to temporal reform" was read by Rev. W. H. Robinson. Each of these subjects were earnestly discussed by the other members of the quarterly meeting. At the evening session a good congregation assembled. Rev. H. Foshay delivered an address on "How to promote the spirituality of our churches." He was followed by other speakers. This closed one of the best sessions of our quarterly meeting.

E. P. CALDWELL, Secy.

True goodness is true greatness. Every true believer has exactly the same Saviour that the first disciples had.

God's promises are equal to performances—fulfilments are only a matter of time.

The best Master deserves our best obedience.

Our grandest song on earth is only a faint prelude to the everlasting anthem in heaven.

Patience wins where passion loses.

An honest life carries its own recommendation.

Be patient, wronged one! The Avenger's hand is stronger, wiser, juster than thine own.

Though many a victory over sin,

Through grace, may yet be won;

The ills and wrongs of former days

Can never be undone;—

Lord, teach us how to do the right,

And how the wrong to shun.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

ST. MARTINS.—Two happy believers in the Lord Jesus were baptized and received into our church on Lord's day, Feb. 2nd.

WINDSOR, N. S.—Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., of Halifax, preached in the Baptist church on Sunday last, morning and evening. It is expected that Mr. Lewis E. Morse, a student at Newton Theological Seminary, will occupy the pulpit next Sunday. This student bears an excellent reputation as a scholar and preacher.—*Hants Journal*, Feb. 5.

BERWICK.—We are informed that the action of the church in settling past difficulties, referred to in a communication in our issue of Jan. 22, was the restoration of Bro. T. H. Johnston to membership. The action was spontaneous on the part of the church, and most hearty and unanimous. May all concerned now forget the things which are behind, in pressing forward toward the possibilities for united and effective service which are before them.

GRAND RIVER, VICTORIA CO., N. B.—Bro. Hegderson writes: Since writing you I baptized two at Grand River—the first that were baptized in that river. There are now a little company of eight who are keeping up a Sunday school and prayer meeting. They need a meeting house, and I for one will help them what I can to get it. I have left the St. Francis field for the time being, and have accepted a call to visit the Queensbury group. I trust the Lord will manifest His saving power with me there.

COLLINA CORNER.—The Studholm Baptist church is now enjoying spiritual refreshings under the ministrations of Rev. J. W. S. Young for the past two weeks. Six have been baptized and some twelve or more have professed conversion. Others are being daily added to this number. So far this work is apparently confined to the neighborhood of Collina Corner. It is very desirable that this work of grace extend to adjoining churches and communities. The prospect now is that many more will be brought to Christ. This church is now pastorless, and the necessity of pastor's

care is much increased by these additions to its membership. Bro. Young expects to close his labors here at an early date.

TANCOOK, LUNENBURG CO.—Bro. A. Whitman has returned from Manitoba and has begun work at Tancook, one of his old fields. He is encouraged to believe that an ingathering is near.

W. B. M. U.—A missionary mass meeting, representing the Aid Societies of Annapolis Co., was held in Paradise on Wednesday, Jan. 29, under the presidency of Mrs. J. T. Eaton. After devotional exercises, a very interesting programme was carried out, consisting of music, and readings and addresses from Miss Bancroft, of Round Hill; Mrs. DeWolf, of Middleton; Mrs. Kempston and Mrs. L. W. Elliott, Clarence; Miss Winnie Longley, Paradise; Mrs. Dr. Moré and Mrs. Newcomer, of Lawrenceburg. Brethren W. H. Eaton also gave an address. There was also an afternoon meeting, at which verbal reports were heard from the various circles.

First YARMOUTH CHURCH.—1790-1890.—Father Harris Harding visited Yarmouth for the first time in 1790 (exactly one hundred years ago). With a crew of 57 men—57 seafarers—sailing in the face of much opposition—he contended for the faith which Baptists hold so precious. During his ministry and that of the seven other pastors (good and true men that God has given us) about 1,100 have joined our membership and twelve sister churches have been organized in this county. We now in the good providence of our God have just entered upon another century of Baptist history in this town. Will not the friends think to pray that the new relations entered into by this church may be greatly blessed, and that with Pastor Foshay we may have a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

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We consider Bro. Cain one of our most vigorous pastors. The churches in this county are nearly all greatly indebted to Bro. Cain for his timely aid in mission work, and in laying plans to carry on our denominational enterprises. Indeed Bro. Cain is a most earnest worker. I hope that one of the vacant churches in these Provinces may be fortunate enough to secure his services, and not allow him to drift off to other countries, as so many of our young men have done.

MORROW.—We are told that God is still blessing our country, and is still the power of salvation. From the Monday report we copy the following received by letter; Jan. 2nd, eight baptized; Jan. 2nd, eight baptized; with this report there are of interest. 1st. Bro. Cain has resigned his pastorate of the Liverpool church. 2nd. One of the vacant churches in this county has been organized. 3rd. Several families were more copies of the *Visitors* were engaged in weekly visits. May the report upon this important event be overruled, and the Board ought at once to send a deputation to come to our church. Our dear friend whose praise is in all our hearts, ready to assist in all our work. To him we owe an obligation for his services to us, so far as our field, and for the talents which he has given us. To him we owe a debt which we can never fully pay. Rich returns for coming preacher. We are of spending a Sabbath with him on Monday. Monday on this field, services of unusual interest. 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WILMOT, N. S.—We have been without a pastor since December, when the Rev. G. F. Mainwaring resigned and accepted a call to Kentville. Our great need is a good pastor, and there is plenty of work. Brethren, pray for us, that the Great Shepherd may send one to fill our many requirements.

S. N. JACKSON,  
Church Clerk.

MUSQUASH, St. John.—A visit to the parish of Musquash, in the county of St. John, cannot fail to interest every lover of our Baptist Zion. Lying along the coast to the westward of the city, it is rough and sparsely settled parish. It has all the beauty and variety of sea-board scenery. Bold cliffs here defend from the sea; and are so outlined as to form snug, safe harbors. Long stretches of rocky barrens enclose some small, fertile valleys, where farming on a small scale is carried on as a supplement to the principal business of fishing. Up some of the streams the lumbering business was formerly conducted to a greater extent than at present. Doubtless under this rough exterior mineral wealth lies awaiting development. The complete failure of the winter fishing, on which much dependence is placed, has somewhat discouraged those whose chief investments and hopes are in this industry. In this parish the Baptist church is now destitute of pastoral care. This is much to be lamented, and might not so to be. Heretofore the Lord has wonderfully blessed the labor of his servants here, and the fields are now white. Rich returns for labor await the coming preacher. We had the pleasure of spending a Sabbath and the following Monday on this field. We had four services of unusual interest. The congregations were small, but evidently joyous in receiving the bread of life. Several families were visited, and a few more copies of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR were engaged to make their weekly visits. May the divine blessing rest upon these interesting people. The already overburdened Home Mission Board ought at once to be put in a position to come to the aid of this struggling church. Our dear brother, C. F. Clinch, whose praise is in all churches, is still here, ready to assist in every good word and work. To him we are under great obligation for his assistance in driving us, so far as our time would allow, over this field, and for the bountiful hospitality of his home.

MONTROSE.—We are thankful to say God is still blessing our church, and the gospel is still the power of God unto salvation. From the Monthly Pastoral Report we copy the following: Jan 3, two received by letter; Jan 5, two baptisms and four received into fellowship; Jan 19, eight baptised; Jan 26, two baptised; Feb 2, eight baptised. In connection with this report there are several matters of interest. 1st. Bro. Isaac Wallace has been laboring with us, doing good work, his expense of course met by the church. 2nd. One of those received by baptism on Jan 5, was from St. Martins Seminary. A member of our Sunday-school and congregation, she was followed to the Seminary by our prayers and thoughtful solicitude, was converted there, and came home to be baptized into our fellowship. This evidences the advantage of a Christian school; and amply repays us for some little labor given to Seminary interests. 3rd. Ten of the converts are from Cherryfield, where a year ago we built a new church edifice. 4th. The majority of these twenty-two received this past month came to us from districts worked almost entirely by the lay helpers in our church. Over a year ago two of the deacons held a service in Cherryfield, where two of those recently baptised first testified to the saving power of Christ; and six of our converts—and five others who will be baptized next Sabbath—are from the High St. branch of our church. The work there is mainly in charge of the deacons and helpers who reside in that vicinity. Thus continually are we rejoicing in proofs that God honors the work of these ministering, though not ministerial church members. We thank God for these encouragements. He gives our brethren. We greatly rejoice in being privileged to co-operate with such a consecrated, self-denying band. And it is our great satisfaction to know, that among the members of our church there are many whose labors in these outlying districts are so acceptable and earnest, that the pastor's presence in the meetings is no longer an essential thing.

W. B. HINSON.

LONCKTON.—My last pastorate at Berwick of six years was not without marks of Divine approval. Every year there were accessions to the church. During the last year 23 were added, and in all 154 by baptism and otherwise. Those years brought us much of joyous sunshine as well as deep family affliction. It was a severe struggle to leave the place where God had so signalized my labors, where rests the remains of our loved ones, and where so many friends shared with us our joys and griefs, but "the dark will yet be light, the light more clear." Trusting to divine guidance, I came to Lockeport, and am now fairly at work on my new field down by the sea. Here I have met with a kind, and appreciative people. The church did not welcome us with any public demonstration, but in a quiet and very cordial way received us gladly. Though all were strangers when we came, less than three months ago, we are getting to feel quite at home. We observed the week of prayer in our own church. The meetings were largely attended, and much earnestness in prayer manifested. By request the meetings have been continued nearly every evening since. A deep interest is manifest, some anxiety is felt by the unsaved, and we hope to see greater results. We have appointed our special committee for church work, being thus well organized, and looking to be endowed with power from on high, to do good work for the Master this year. There is still a debt on our beautiful church building, but active efforts are being put forth to wipe it off as soon as possible. In a financial way some of the brethren have lost heavily during the past year or two, and there is quite a depression in trade just now, so that the church is not able to do as much for our denominational interests as formerly. Yet their sympathies are just as warm as ever. We have the weekly offering system, and it works the best of all, because it is scriptural. Since Bro. McKenne has been called to his reward, and Bro. Tingay has left the county, there is much Baptist ground lying desolate in Shelburne county that

should be at once occupied. Rev. F. Potter, at Osbourne, is the only Baptist minister near me. He is an excellent brother, and highly esteemed by his people. I hope to have good news to send you in the future.

JAN. 31. E. O. READ.

PERSONAL.

BRO. HALL, of Sackville, has had his turn with La Grappe, being unable to preach for two Sabbaths. He was able to resume his onerous duties on the 2nd inst.

BRO. WEEKS, of Dorchester, has also been laid aside, but is better.

BRO. MARCH has also been laid aside on the 2nd. There are prospects of increase on his field.

BRO. FOSTER wants us to correct the abbreviated notice of donation given last week. The DeBert church united in the gift, which was the best Persian lamb coat BRO. F. EVER saw, not one of the best to be obtained in Montreal.

NOTICE.

THE CARLETON, VICTORIA AND MADAWAKI CO.'S QUARTERLY MEETING WILL BE HELD WITH THE BAPTIST CHURCH, WEST FLORENTINE, ON FRIDAY, MARCH 7. PREACHING AT 7 P.M., QUARTERLY SERMON ON SABBATH MORNING BY REV. H. CHARLETON. WE HOPE TO SEE A LARGE NUMBER OF MINISTERS AND DELEGATES PRESENT. THOS. TOWN, WOODSTOCK, JAN. 8. SECY-Treas.

Marriages.

RODENHISER, NANGLER.—AT BRIDGEWATER, N. S., JAN. 13, BY REV. S. MARCH, JOSEPH RODENHISER TO SARAH NANGLER.

MCLEON-PENNY.—AT MONTFAUCON, JAN. 24, BY REV. J. C. SKINNER, FREDERICK MCLEON, TO PATRICK PENNY, BOTH OF LOT 64, KING CO., P. E. I.

MCDONALD-HERRING.—AT MONTAGUO, JAN. 27, BY REV. J. J. SKINNER, JAMES W. MCDONALD, TO JANET HERRING, BOTH OF LOT 64, KING CO., P. E. I.

WOOD-JONES.—AT THE RESIDENCE OF THE OFFICiating MINISTER, JAN. 29, BY REV. A. E. INGRAM, SAMUEL WOOD, TO HULDALE JONES, ALL OF ST. JOHN.

SIMMS-ARMSTRONG.—AT YARMOUTH, N. S., FEB. 4, BY REV. H. F. ADAMS, ALVIN SIMMS, SANDY POINT, JAN. 27, BY REV. T. M. MUNRO, JAMES G. STEPHENS, TO ELIAS B. LONG, BOTH OF SANDY POINT, SHELBURNE CO., N. S.

STEPHENS-LONG.—AT THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SANDY POINT, JAN. 27, BY REV. T. M. MUNRO, JAMES G. STEPHENS, TO ELIAS B. LONG, BOTH OF SANDY POINT, SHELBURNE CO., N. S.

ARMSTRONG-RICH.—AT NORTH SYDNEY, JAN. 23, BY REV. J. W. BANCROFT, JOHN N., ELDEST SON OF DEACON JAMES ARMSTRONG, OF NORTH SYDNEY, TO JENNIE E., DAUGHTER OF ABNER RICE, ESQ., OF LITTLE BRAS D'OR.

MISNER-CORKUM.—AT BRIDGEWATER, N. S., JANUARY 21, BY REV. S. MARCH, JAMES MISNER OF CHEZECOOK, HALIFAX CO., N. S., TO FANNY CORKUM, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF PETER CORKUM, OF NEW CUMBERLAND, N. S.

Deaths.

RUFUSE.—JAN. 26, WINNIE BERTHA, INFANT DAUGHTER OF ST. CLARE AND ANNA RUFUSE, OF CHESTER GRANT, LUNENBURG CO.

LAMY.—AT ONSLOW MOUNTAIN, JAN. 3 OF CONSUMPTION, EUNICE, WIFE OF JOHN D. LAMY, AGED 22 YEARS. SHE DIED TRUSTING IN JESUS.

MILLETT.—JAN. 25, OF INFLUENZA, MURRAY, AGED ONE AND SIX MONTHS, SON OF RUPERT AND AMY MILLETT, OF MARIETTA'S COVE, LUNENBURG CO., N. S.

GRIERSON.—AT MASASCARE, MRS. CLEMENT GRIERSON, IN THE 79TH YEAR OF HER AGE. HER LIFE WAS EMINENTLY CHRISTIAN. SHE ENTERED INTO REST JOYFULLY ON THE 24TH JANUARY.

STEWART.—AT ST. GEORGE, JANUARY 20, MRS. JENNY STEWART, AGED 77, WIDOW OF THE LATE DUNCAN STEWART. SHE WAS BAPTIZED BY THE REV. MR. WALKER, AND CONTINUED TO ENJOY CHRISTIAN LIFE UNTIL HER DEATH.

BARTLETT.—AT BROOKSIDE, EAST MOUNTAIN, COLCHESTER CO., OF CONSUMPTION, JOHN BARTLETT, AGED 27 YEARS. AS HE GREW IN BODY HE GREW STRONG IN SPIRIT, AND EXPRESSED A CHEERFUL READINESS TO DEPART.

BARNABY.—AT WATERFORD, DIGBY CO., N. S., JAN. 26, JOHN BARNABY, AGED 39 YEARS. HE WAS BAPTIZED 50 YEARS AGO BY JOHN CHASE.

ALLEY.—AT NEW RIVER, MRS. JAMES ALLEY, IN THE 37TH YEAR OF HER AGE. HER CONVERSION, WHICH TOOK PLACE SOME TIME BEFORE HER DEATH, WAS ONE OF GREAT JOY. HER OBEDIENCE TO CHRIST'S COMMAND WAS PERFORMED UNDER THE MOST TRYING CIRCUMSTANCES, BUT WAS MOST IMPRESSIVE.

MCMULLIN.—AT JAMAICA PLAIN, BOSTON, DEC. 28, 1889, OF DIPHTHERIA, OLIVER R., AGED 21 YEARS, AND THREE MONTHS; JAN. 18, EMMA E., AGED 7 YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS; JAN. 19, ROY S., AGED 14 YEARS AND NINE MONTHS; JAN. 25, CLARA A., AGED 4 YEARS AND FIVE MONTHS, ALL CHILDREN OF JOHN AND JULIA McMULLIN, FORMERLY OF BOCAVE, CHARLOTTE CO.

O'BRIAN.—AT PUGWASH, N. S., JAN. 20, MRS. WILLIAM O'BRIAN, AGED 55. SHE WAS A CONSISTENT MEMBER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, AND ALTHOUGH SUDDENLY CALLED AWAY, SHE LEAVES A SORROWING HUSBAND, TWO DAUGHTERS AND TWO SONS, TOGETHER WITH MANY RELATIVES AND FRIENDS, WHO WILL LONG MISS HER QUIET INFLUENCE.

MCGEE.—AT ST. GEORGE, JAN. 12, LIZZIE S. McGEE, AGED 26 YEARS, LEAVING A HUSBAND, FATHER, MOTHER AND MANY FRIENDS TO MOURN THEIR LOSS. SISTER MCGEE WAS A DAUGHTER OF JOHN YEOMANS OF QUEENS CO., N. S. SHE WAS BAPTIZED BY THE REV. F. D. CRAWLEY, OF FREDERICTON, AND WAS A MEMBER OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN THAT CITY. "BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD."

ATKINSON.—AT WEST BROOK, ON 7TH INST., ERA, AGED 26, THE BELoved WIFE OF CECIL ATKINSON, AND DAUGHTER OF FRANCIS CROW, OF UPPER ECONOMY, LEFT TWO LITTLE CHILDREN AND A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS TO MOURN THEIR Bereavement.

THE DECEASED LIVED IN LIFE PROFESSING RELIGION IN CONNECTION WITH THE MINISTRY OF REV. M. F. FREEMAN, AT DEBERT, AND WELL ADVISED THAT PROFESSION UNTIL THE CLOSE OF HER LIFE. HER LOSS WILL BE GREATLY FELT IN HER FAMILY AND IN THE LITTLE CHURCH AT WEST BROOK, OF WHICH SHE WAS A WORTHY MEMBER.

PATTER.—WE OF THE FIRST CHURCH OF YARMOUTH ALSO MOURN THE SUDDEN LOSS OF OUR BROTHER AND FRIEND, BENJAMIN P. PATTEN, WHO WAS STRICKEN DOWN SUDDENLY IN HIS FULL MANHOOD BY DEATH, JAN. 27. BRO. PATTEN WAS A MAN OF FEW WORDS, YET HE TOOK A DEEP INTEREST IN ALL OF OUR CHURCH WORK. LOVING HIS CHURCH HOME AND THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, HE WAS NEARLY ALWAYS IN ATTENDANCE UPON THE MEANS OF GRACE.

BLACKMORE.—AT ONSLOW, NOV. 19, AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS, AT THE ADVANCED AGE OF 81 YEARS, HANNAH, RELIC OF THE LATE DEA. EBENEZER BLACKMORE, AND ONLY DAUGHTER OF THE LATE REV. JAMES MUNROE. EARLY IN LIFE SHE GAVE HERSELF TO THE LORD JESUS CHRIST; DIVINE GRACE ENABLED HER TO HONOR THAT PROFESSION TO THE END. POSSESSED OF A MEAK AND QUIET SPIRIT, WHICH WAS IN THE SIGHT OF GOD OF GREAT PRICE, SHE WAS BELoved BY ALL WHO KNEW HER. HER PIETY, THOUGH OF A MODEST AND UNASSUMING TYPE, WAS DEEP AND STRONG. OUR LOSS IS GREAT.

TABOR.—AT HER HOME AT TABORVILLE, KING CO., JAN. 16, MRS. HILAH TABOR, AGED 63 YEARS. SHE WAS BAPTIZED IN HER YOUTH, AND FROM THAT TIME TILL HER DEATH SHE LIVED A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN LIFE. SHE WAS HIGHLY ESTEEMED BY ALL WHO KNEW HER FOR HER AMENABLE, LOVING DISPOSITION, AND HER AMBITIOUS AND EXEMPLARY CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FLOYD.—AT WATERLOO, LUNENBURG CO., N. S., JANUARY 29, THOMAS FLOYD, ELDEST SON OF THE LATE WILLIAM FLOYD, OF LA HAVE, AGED 75 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS. OUR BROTHER WAS CONVERTED MANY YEARS AGO, BUT DID NOT OPENLY CONFESS CHRIST OR UNITE WITH THE CHURCH UNTIL ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN HE WAS BAPTIZED BY REV. S. MARCH, AND UNITE WITH THE PLEASANTVILLE CHURCH. HE WAS A TREMBLING YET HOPEFUL BELIEVER IN JESUS, AND JOYFULLY OBEYED THE SUMMONS TO ARISE AND DEPART. HE LEAVES A SICK AND AGED WIDOW, ONE SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS TO MOURN THEIR LOSS.

CUMMING.—PERISHED IN THE WRECK OF THE YARMOUTH, WHICH STRUCK ON SOLDIERS LEDGE, TUSSET, SATURDAY NIGHT, JAN. 25. WM. C. KELLEY, OF OSBORNE, SHELBURNE CO., N. S. OUR BROTHER WAS A PASSENGER IN THE ABOVE VESSEL, AND WAS RETURNING FROM THE UNITED STATES, WHERE HE HAD BEEN WORKING FOR SOME TIME. BRO. CUMMING WAS CONVERTED SOME YEARS AGO AND UNITE WITH THE BAPTIST CHURCH, SHELBURNE, OF WHICH HE REMAINED A CONSISTENT MEMBER. HE LEAVES A WIDOW AND TWO SMALL CHILDREN. MAY THE DIVINE LORD SUPPORT OUR SISTER UNDER THIS SAD AND HEAVY BEREAVEMENT.

WILSON.—AT MOUNT SUMMERS, HANTS CO., N. S., AFTER A LONG AND TEDIOUS ILLNESS, SYDNEY, ELDEST SON OF MR. AND MRS. STEPHEN WILSON, AGED 26 YEARS. THIS YOUNG MAN, ALTHOUGH SEEMING TO CARE VERY LITTLE ABOUT THE SAFETY OF HIS LIFE DURING LIFE, ABOUT ONE MONTH BEFORE HIS DEATH, TRIED TO FOLLOW US IN PRAYER. ELEVEN DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH HE WISHED TO GO TO THE PRAYER MEETING. THERE HE PROFESSED FAITH IN CHRIST, AND SPENT THE REMAINDER OF HIS LIFE REJOICING IN CHRIST. ON THE EVENING OF THE SAME DATE, PEACEFULLY HE PASSED AWAY, SITTING IN HIS CHAIR, TRUSTING IN A NEW FOUND SAVIOR.

MC DONALD.—PEACEFULLY FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, AT KINGSTONBRIDGE, P. E. I., OF CONSUMPTION. ADELAIDE, THIRD DAUGHTER OF WM. AND LOUISE JANE MC DONALD, AGED 22 YEARS. OUR YOUNG SISTER WAS BAPTIZED BY THE REV. R. D. KINLAW SOME SEVEN YEARS AGO AND UNITE WITH THE EAST POINT BAPTIST CHURCH, OF WHICH SHE CONTINUED A CONSISTENT MEMBER UNTIL DEATH. THE FIRST TO BE CALLED FROM A LARGE FAMILY CIRCLE, AND MUCH RESPECTED IN THE CHURCH AND COMMUNITY, SHE HAS LEFT BEHIND NUMEROUS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS TO MOURN HER EARLY DECEASES. MAY GOD GRACIOUSLY SUSTAIN AND COMFORT THE BELEAGUERED.

ARROY.—LOST IN THE WRECK OF THE SCHOONER G. C. KELLEY, WHICH STRUCK ON SOLDIERS LEDGE, TUSSET, SATURDAY, JAN. 25. PERCY ABBOT, OF ALLENDALE, SHELBURNE CO., N. S. OUR BROTHER WAS NOT A MEMBER OF ANY CHURCH, BUT WAS CONVERTED ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO. HE SHOWED THE REALITY OF THE CHANGE BY HIS CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN LIFE, AND HIS VOICE WAS OFTEN HEARD TESTIFYING TO THE GRACE AND GOODNESS OF GOD, WHO HAD DONE GREAT THINGS FOR HIM, WHEREOF HE WAS GLAD. HE LEAVES A FATHER AND MOTHER, AND A YOUNG WIDOW, TO WHOM HE HAD BEEN MARRIED JUST OVER TWELVE MONTHS, TO MOURN THEIR LOSS. MAY THE LORD GRACIOUSLY SUSTAIN THE SORROWING MOTHER, UPON WHOM THIS BLOW HAS FALLEN SO UNEXPECTEDLY.

CURREY.—AT HILLBROOK, N. B., JAN. 24, JOSEPH CURREY, AGED 18 YEARS. THIS YOUNG MAN WAS A PATIENT SUFFERER FOR MANY MONTHS BEFORE THE SUMMERS CAME. HE WAS NOT A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH NOR HAD HE MADE A PROFESSION OF RELIGION BEFORE HIS SICKNESS. UPON HIS SICK BED HE SOUGHT THE LORD. SUCH WAS HIS EARNESTNESS THAT OFTEN HE WEPT AND PRAYED DURING THE ENTIRE NIGHT. HE AT LAST FOUND PEACE IN JESUS. HE PRAISED GOD FOR HIS SICKNESS, "FOR," SAID HE, "IF GOD HAD CALLED ME AWAY IN MY SINS, I MUST HAVE PERISHED." THE FEAR OF DEATH WAS TAKEN AWAY, AND HE WAS READY AND WILLING TO GO WHEN THE MASTER CAME.

FOSTER.—AT PARADISE, ANNAPOLIS CO., N. S., JAN. 2ND, OF PNEUMONIA, AGED 77 YEARS, MANETTA, BELOVED WIFE OF ISRAEL FOSTER, ESQ., LEAVING A HUSBAND, THREE CHILDREN, GRANDCHILDREN AND NUMEROUS FRIENDS TO MOURN THEIR LOSS. SISTER FOSTER WAS LED TO THE SAVIOR IN EARLY LIFE THROUGH SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION, WAS AFTERWARD BAPTIZED BY THE LATE REV. GEORGE ARMSTRONG, D. D., AND UNITE WITH THE BRIDGETOWN BAPTIST CHURCH. SHE LOVED THE WORD OF GOD, PRAYED DAILY IN SECRET, AND HER CHRISTIAN LIFE BRIGHTENED ALL THE WAY, SO THAT WHEN DEATH CAME, WITH GREAT DELIGHT, SHE LOOKED UP AND SAID: "THANKS BE UNTO GOD, WHICH GIVETH US THE VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST." FROM THESE WORDS REV. J. T. EATON SPOKE COMFORTINGLY ON THE OCCASION OF HER BURIAL.

TRITES.—AT STEEVESCOPE, JANUARY 28, JACOB TRITES, AGED 87 YEARS. OUR CHURCH SUSTAINS A GREAT LOSS IN THE DEATH OF THIS DEAR BROTHER. BRO. TRITES WAS A WARM SUPPORTER OF ALL OUR DENOMINATIONAL WORK, BUT ESPECIALLY FOREIGN MISSIONS. NEXT TO THE BIBLE, HE PRIZED THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR. IN IT HE FOUND FOOD FOR THOUGHT AND WORDS FOR ENCOURAGEMENT AND INSPIRATION. ON THE DAY OF HIS DEATH HE READ, OR TRIED TO READ, THE MESSENGER AND VISITOR TO HIS WIFE. WHEN HE BECAME SO WEAK THAT HE COULD NOT READ LONGER, HE ASKED SOME FRIEND TO READ TO HIM AND HIS DEAR OLD COMPANION. IF AND APPROPRIATE FOR HELP APPEARED IN HIS LOVE PAPER, HE WOULD READ WITH HIS DOLLY TO REAP. I NEED SAY THAT THIS BROTHER WAS READY TO DIE. "ASLEEP IN JESUS, BLESSED SLEEP."

FREEMAN.—MRS. SAM FROESE, WIDOW OF M. F. FREEMAN, AT DEBERT, AND WELL ADVISED THAT PROFESSION UNTIL THE CLOSE OF HER LIFE. HER LOSS WILL BE GREATLY FELT IN HER FAMILY AND IN THE LITTLE CHURCH AT WEST BROOK, OF WHICH SHE WAS A WORTHY MEMBER.

SISTER FREEZE, ANXIOUSLY DESIRING PUBLICLY TO PUT ON CHRIST, BEING ENTIRELY UNABLE TO WALK, WAS CARRIED IN HER CHAIR TO THE RIVER, AND BY THE ASSISTANCE OF ONE OF THE DEACONS, BRO. PARKER IMMERSED HER INTO THE NAME OF THE TRINITY, AND SHE UNITE WITH THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT HAMPTON. SINCE THEN SHE HAS LIVED IN HARMONY AND FELLOWSHIP WITH THE CHURCH, DOING WHAT SHE COULD TO HELP FORWARD ALL THE INTERESTS PERTAINING TO THE MASTER'S CAUSE. THE CHURCH, THE POOR AND THE HOMELESS HAVE LOST A TRUE FRIEND. SHE LEAVES THREE SONS AND HOSTS OF FRIENDS TO MOURN HER DEPARTURE, BUT SHE HAS GONE NO DOUBT TO BE WITH JESUS. "PRECIOUS IN THE SIGHT OF THE LORD IS THE DEATH OF HIS SAINTS."

TABOR.—AT HER HOME AT TABORVILLE, KING CO., JAN. 16, MRS. HILAH TABOR, AGED 63 YEARS. SHE WAS BAPTIZED IN HER YOUTH, AND FROM THAT TIME TILL HER DEATH SHE LIVED A CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN LIFE. SHE WAS HIGHLY ESTEEMED BY ALL WHO KNEW HER FOR HER AMENABLE, LOVING DISPOSITION, AND HER AMBITIOUS AND EXEMPLARY CHRISTIAN LIFE.

FLOYD.—AT WATERLOO, LUNENBURG CO., N. S., JANUARY 29, THOMAS FLOYD, ELDEST SON OF THE LATE WILLIAM FLOYD, OF LA HAVE, AGED 75 YEARS AND 4 MONTHS. OUR BROTHER WAS CONVERTED MANY YEARS AGO, BUT DID NOT OPENLY CONFESS CHRIST OR UNITE WITH THE CHURCH UNTIL ABOUT FIVE YEARS AGO, WHEN HE WAS BAPTIZED BY REV. S. MARCH, AND UNITE WITH THE PLEASANTVILLE CHURCH. HE WAS A TREMBLING YET HOPEFUL BELIEVER IN JESUS, AND JOYFULLY OBEYED THE SUMMONS TO ARISE AND DEPART. HE LEAVES A SICK AND AGED WIDOW, ONE SON AND TWO DAUGHTERS TO MOURN THEIR LOSS.

SLOAN.—AT ST. ANDREW'S, N. B., JAN. 10, OF KIDNEY AND SPINAL DISEASE, DEACON JAMES SLOAN, AGED 48 YEARS. OUR DEPARTMENT BROTHER WAS A GREAT SUFFERER, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY. DURING THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HIS LIFE HE WAS CONFINED TO HIS HOUSE IN ROME OF THE TIME. SOMETIMES HIS MIND WAS VERY WEAK, AND HE WOULD GIVE EXPRESSION TO DOUBTS AND FEARS. BUT WHEN STRONGER HE WOULD SPEAK OF HIS HOPE IN JESUS. HIS LAST INTELLIGENT MOMENT WAS SPENT SINGING "MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS THAN JESUS' BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS" ETC. HE PROFESSED FAITH IN CHRIST ABOUT 14 OR 15 YEARS AGO, AND WAS BAPTIZED INTO THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ANDOVER BAPTIST CHURCH BY REV. J. H. SKINNER. SOME FOUR YEARS LATER HE WAS SET APART TO THE DEACONSHIP, WHICH OFFICE HE FAITHFULLY FILLED TILL HE WAS CALLED FROM US. IN HIS DEPARTURE HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER WERE A KIND AND LOVING HUSBAND AND FATHER, THE CHURCH A GOOD AND FAITHFUL MEMBER AND OFFICER, THE COMMUNITY A GOOD NEIGHBOR AND RESPECTED CITIZEN.

WYMAN.—AT ST. ANDREW'S, N. B., JAN. 10, OF KIDNEY AND SPINAL DISEASE, DEACON JAMES SLOAN, AGED 48 YEARS. OUR DEPARTMENT BROTHER WAS A GREAT SUFFERER, BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY. DURING THE LAST FEW MONTHS OF HIS LIFE HE WAS CONFINED TO HIS HOUSE IN ROME OF THE TIME. SOMETIMES HIS MIND WAS VERY WEAK, AND HE WOULD GIVE EXPRESSION TO DOUBTS AND FEARS. BUT WHEN STRONGER HE WOULD SPEAK OF HIS HOPE IN JESUS. HIS LAST INTELLIGENT MOMENT WAS SPENT SINGING "MY HOPE IS BUILT ON NOTHING LESS THAN JESUS' BLOOD AND RIGHTEOUSNESS" ETC. HE PROFESSED FAITH IN CHRIST ABOUT 14 OR 15 YEARS AGO, AND WAS BAPTIZED INTO THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE ANDOVER BAPTIST CHURCH BY REV. J. H. SKINNER. SOME FOUR YEARS LATER HE WAS SET APART TO THE DEACONSHIP, WHICH OFFICE HE FAITHFULLY FILLED TILL HE WAS CALLED FROM US. IN HIS DEPARTURE HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER WERE A KIND AND LOVING HUSBAND AND FATHER, THE CHURCH A GOOD AND FAITHFUL MEMBER AND OFFICER, THE COMMUNITY A GOOD NEIGHBOR AND RESPECTED CITIZEN.

WYMAN.—WE ARE CALLED TO-DAY TO MOURN THE DEPARTURE OF OUR AGED SISTER HANNAH BROWN WYMAN (MRS. GEORGE C. WYMAN). SISTER WYMAN WAS, BY MANY YEARS, THE OLDEST MEMBER OF THIS CHURCH (FIRST YARMOUTH) HAS HAD, THOUGH NOT THE OLDEST ONE WHO IS A MEMBER. HER MEMBERSHIP BEGAN NEARLY SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO, AND HAS BEEN CONTINUOUS TO THE TIME OF HER DEATH. BEING BAPTIZED BY FATHER HARDING, MARCH 16, 1828, (IN WHICH ROLL CORNING OF CHEGOGIN) OUR DEAREST SISTER HAD THEREFORE ENJOYED TWENTY-SIX YEARS OF HIS MINISTRY, AND SHE ENTERED UPON THE REWARDS OF THE FAITHFUL SERVANT OF CHRIST.

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## FINISHING THY WORK.

Finish thy work; the time is short;  
The sun is in the West;  
The night's coming down—till then  
Think not of rest.

Yes! Finish thy work; then rest;  
Till then, rest never;  
The rest prepared for thee by God  
Is rest forever.

Finish thy work; then wipe thy brow;  
Unclean from thee by thy toil;  
Take breath, and from each weary limb  
Shake off the soil.

Finish thy work; then sit thee down  
On some celestial hill,  
And of its strength-reviving air  
Take thou thy fill.

Finish thy work, then go in peace;  
Life's battles fought and won,  
Hear from the throne the Master's voice.  
"Well done! Well done!"

Finish thy work; then take thy harp,  
Give praise to God above;  
Sing a new song of mighty joy,  
And endless love.

Give thanks to Him who holds you up  
All the path below;  
Who made thee faithful unto death,  
And crowns thee now!

—British Friend.

## Selected Serial.

## HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

## CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

IN THE CRUCIBLE.

It was several days before Eglantine recovered from the exciting effects of his visit. When she did, it was to convalesce rapidly, and to display a degree of courage and self-control that had hitherto been lacking. She no longer hesitated to utter her husband's name, but spoke of him, even to the domestics, that ministered about her couch, in proud, unalarming tones—encouraging them to strengthen their hearts, as she did hers, with the thought of his heroic example. If he wept, it was when no eye saw; no word passed her lips that could be construed into an accent of doubt and timidity; her dark, tender eyes burned with a quenched flame. It was evident that grandfather's appeal had not only failed of its purpose, but stirred all the latent forces of her nature, and turned them into one firm resolve—to show herself毫不动摇 in Henri, and her anxiety that no look or word of hers should be interpreted as a weak sign that it were otherwise.

Monique Chevalier watched her with a might of speechless tenderness. Too well she knew the breaking heart would sooner or later feel the need of a more present help in its trouble, than any human love—that the leves of wifely pride could not always keep back the floods of wifely anguish. But when she would have hinted this to Eglantine, and won her to the surer strength of a patient waiting upon God, Henri's wife turned upon her reproachfully.

"Sure, you do not doubt him, aunt Monique—you, who know so well his high sense of honor, and all he has dared and suffered for the religion?"

"If I hope to see him stand faithful to the end, my child, it is because I trust he is leaning on God's grace, not because I think his courage above assault. Be patient with me, Eglantine; the best and bravest have failed without that support. Remember Peter: 'Though I die, yet will I not deny Thee'—and do not stake your faith on anything less than God Himself."

"I have staked my faith on Henri's constancy," was the proud answer, and the young wife turned away with a flush of resentment upon her cheek. "It is disloyal in me to permit it to be called in question, even by you, and I will not. Who dares try to make me think other wise? It is because I can trust him so utterly that I have strength to live and suffer."

"It is her only gospel," said René, when the words were repeated to him that night. "Do not let us rob her of it, my mother, until God has shown her a need of something better. My God! have I been deceived?"

Her pale face did not soften. "You could believe this of me," she said in a dull, stupefied voice—"you could believe me incapable of understanding your arm at such a moment with such an appeal? Then you have never loved me—never been worthy of the love and trust I gave you. When they told me you were saying, I would not believe it; when they said me out early from my bed, you would overcome your resolution and save our child. I would not utter it. Take back your work, Eglantine. I had hoped in other hands we might have begun a new life, and learned together to know and love God; but you have done otherwise. You have stood between me and my God ever since I first layed you; you have ruined me now soul and body. He cast out look of despair and reproach upon her, and rushed from the room.

She made no effort to call him back. She had no idea he would put that rash threat into execution; but it did not seem to matter now what happened to either of them. Wearily she sank into her chair, and let her hands fall loosely upon her lap. Was it only an hour ago that she had sat there in the summer twilight, dreaming of his fond embrace and flattering her broken heart that the touch of his lips upon her cheek would bring even parting of his pang? The world had come to an end since then. That Henri had ceased to exist; nay, he had never had any being except in her fond imagination. This wretched, haggard man, who talked sternly of the happy past, and humbly of the degraded future, was a stranger to her. His words opened a gulf which parted them as death could not have done. The solid earth had blotted out of heaven; on the edge of a black abyss she seemed to stand, unable to move, to stand still, to stand alone. Her cast out look of despair and reproach upon her, and rushed from the room.

Henri had already snatched up the golden circlet she had shaken from her finger, and was standing before her, as pale with anger as herself.

"Be careful!" he said in a low, stern voice: "there are limits to what a man will bear, even from the woman he loves. Do you suppose I do not appreciate my own degradation? Why else have I crept back to my father's house, under cover of the twilight, not daring to look one of my own peasants in the face? I need no words of yours to add stings to my conscience, but you may goad me to desperation and repeat it when it is too late. You are justly indignant at the trick that has been perpetrated upon us, but you have no right to upbraid me because I could not divine you had not really sent me that message. What reason do you ever give me to believe that God's truth would be dearer to you than all other considerations? When did you ever speak of anything but honor and loyalty? A man needs something more than honor to strengthen him in the hours of agony he has undergone, and to give him the victory over the tempting flesh in his own soul, as well as over side temptations. Do I look as if the struggle had been an easy one? Not even for your sake could I lightly resign the religion in which my father died, and

which had been the trust and glory of our house for centuries. Faith I had none. I do not know what these weeks of suffering have done for you, Eglantine, but they have taught me that—Henri La Roche paused for a moment and looked wistfully at his wife. She had thrown herself upon the divan, and her face was buried in her hands. He fancied she was beginning to relent; and went on earnestly:

"I found it out when I was left alone to do battle with my own heart. I had prided myself upon being a Huguenot, but God was a stranger to me. It had been my own glory, not His, that I had chosen. I had no language in which to speak to Him when I would have cried for help. You may well feel disappointed in me, Eglantine. I am humbled in my own eyes. I have been nothing but a miserable hypocrite all this while, and my defense of the religion has been only a hollow mockery. I wonder God has not swept me off from the face of the earth!"

Eglantine could bear no more. "I wish I had never been born!" she cried, bursting into an agony of weeping. "I wish my baby and I had died together! There is nothing left worth living for. There is nothing in heaven or earth of which I can feel sure."

M. Renau could, and must, obtain an interview for her with her husband. He had done all he could to save his young kinsman; he would not refuse them this one grain of comfort, now that his last hope of shaking Henri's constancy had been relinquished. To pillow her head once more upon Henri's heart, to feel his arms for one brief hour enfold her—it was all she asked; while with words of proud and passionate fondness she would gird up his soul for the last ordeal, and pour into his heart a balsam which would rob even the pain of its sting. She grew impatient for M. Renau's arrival, and she dwelt upon the thought. The hours of the summer day seemed endless, as she listened in vain for the sound of his horse's hoof upon the road. At last the sun stooped behind the hills, the purple twilight folded down upon the plain. Must she live through another long, lonely night without that certainty upon which to pillow her head? Here there was the sound of wheels at last. A coach was driving rapidly up the hill; it rolled in through the boating gate, up the avenue of stately elms, into the stone-paved court. She could hear M. Renau's cold, polished tones, and Louis Bertrand's gay, soft laugh. She was glad her cousin had come to her: he would add his entreaties to hers. She laid her hand upon the bell; she would send word to them to come to her at once, as soon as they had shaken off the dust of their travel. But listen! One of them had already turned in the direction of the turret-room. Had he tidings to communicate? As if in answer, slow, heavy feet could be heard ascending the stair. Whose were they? Surely there was but one step in all the world to which her heart would answer with that swift, instinctive leap; had her brain given way beneath its weight of trouble? There was still light enough in the upper chamber to see about her; her eyes fastened upon the door. The footstep hesitated for a moment without, and then, without a knock, the latch was lifted. Pale as death, and haggard as if years of suffering Henri La Roche stood before his wife.

Eglantine neither screamed nor fainted. Speech and motion were as impossible to her as to one in the grasp of a horrible nightmare. But the look of shrinking terror in her eyes held Henri's feet.

"Has my wife no welcome for me?" The low, muffled voice broke the spell that was upon Eglantine. She rose to her feet, with her slender figure drawn to its full height.

"Not unless you have come back the stainless gentleman that went away."

Henri made no answer. A dusky flush had mounted to his brow.

"Answer me, monsieur. Am I to congratulate you upon making your escape?"

The beautiful young face was as stern as that of a rebuking angel. The sieur de Beaumont fell on his knees before his wife.

"Have mercy, Eglantine! Yours should be the last voice to reproach me. It was for you that I did it—to save you and our helpless babe from the horrors of this Dragonnade. You do not know what it has been to lie there, fettered with iron to my dungeon floor, and think of you at the mercy of those brutal soldiers. I told you once I loved you better than my conscience and my religion; I am here to-day to prove it."

She drew her dress from his clinging hold, and retreated a step, her eyes flashing.

"You can say that to me! You dare to tell me it was thought of me that unnerved your heart, and brought you to this dishonor? Is this, my reward for having kept down my woman's heart and borne my pain bravely that I might show myself worthy of you—you? Is this my return for having trusted you as I did not even trust my God, for having staked my soul upon your steadfastness?"

"I have staked my faith on Henri's constancy," was the proud answer, and the young wife turned away with a flush of resentment upon her cheek.

"Do not let us rob her of it, my mother, until God has shown her a need of something better. My God! have I been deceived?"

Her pale face did not soften. "You could believe this of me," she said in a dull, stupefied voice—"you could believe me incapable of understanding your arm at such a moment with such an appeal? Then you have never loved me—never been worthy of the love and trust I gave you. When they told me you were saying, I would not believe it; when they said me out early from my bed, you would overcome your resolution and save our child. I would not utter it. Take back your work, Eglantine. I had hoped in other hands we might have begun a new life, and learned together to know and love God; but you have done otherwise. You have stood between me and my God ever since I first layed you; you have ruined me now soul and body. He cast out look of despair and reproach upon her, and rushed from the room.

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## TEACH ME TO LIVE.

Teach me to live! This easier far to die—  
Gently and silently to pass away—  
On earth's long night to close the heavy  
eye,  
And waken in the realms of glorious  
day.

Teach me that harder lesson—how to live,  
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of  
life;  
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,  
And make my more than conqueror—in  
the strife.

Teach me to live! Thy purpose to fulfil;  
Bright for Thy glory let my taper shine;  
Each day renew, remould this stubborn  
will;  
Closer around Thee my heart's affec-  
tion twine.

Teach me to live for self and sin no more,  
But use the time remaining to myself;  
Not mine own pleasure seeking as before,  
Wanting no precious hours in vain re-  
gret.

Teach me to live! No idler let me be,  
But in thy service hand and heart em-  
ploy,  
Prepared to do thy bidding cheerfully;  
Be this my highest and my holiest joy.

Teach me to live! My early cross to bear;  
Nor murmur though I bend beneath  
its load;  
Only by me. Let me feel Thee near;  
Thy smile sheds gladness on the dark-  
est road.

Teach me to live! and find my life in  
Thee,  
Looking from earth and earthly things  
away;  
Let me not falter, but unflinch-  
ingly press on and gain new strength and  
powers each day.

Teach me to live! with kindest words for  
all;  
Wearing no cold, repulsive brow of  
gloom;  
Waiting with cheerful patience till Thy  
call  
Summons my spirit to its heavenly  
home. —Selected.

## THE HOME.

**The Health of our School Children.**  
Although childhood is naturally a period of health, we constantly see weak, nervous, and sickly school-children. If we comment on the fact, we are told that they are worn out by study, and our modern methods of education are held responsible. Now, in nine cases of ten, to say that study has injured them is to state only a half truth. If study has hurt them it is because they are not properly fed, clothed or rested.

Children, when in school, need an abundance of plain, wholesome food, comfortable clothing and plenty of sleep. Late hours are not for them. Their brightness and quickness of mind largely depend not only upon the amount of sleep they have but when it is taken. Going to bed late at night and getting up so late in the morning that there is only time for a cup of coffee and a cracker before starting for school is a pretty bad way to undermine the health. One who has never given the subject any thought will be surprised at the small proportion of school children who have proper breakfasts. Many, especially among the girls, depend upon coffee, making up deficiencies by a lunch of candy and cake at recess.

Questioning a bevy of girls, one admitted that her breakfast had consisted of fried apples! Several had had nothing but buckwheat cakes, some had eaten sausage with their cakes, while only three or four had had a sensible breakfast of oat meal with cream, rolls, milk, eggs or hash.

A month ago a school-girl of fourteen, and an only daughter, was taken from a beautiful home to an insane asylum. It wasn't over-study that sent her there, but wrong habits of living—late hours, beaux, and parties. The effort to be a child and a young lady at the same time was too great a strain upon her mind whose home was in a neglected body.

When children break down in school, the fault is usually with the mothers and not the teachers. When every mother realizes that in order to have her children strong and well while in school, she must insist upon their having sensible clothing, wholesome food, proper hours for sleep, with plenty of fresh air and out-door exercise, then we shall see a decided improvement in the health of our school-children.

## A Bright Incident for Boys.

An old Union soldier superintends two Sunday-schools in one of the towns of Erie Co., travelling 15 miles each Sabbath. He does it because no one else could be found to take the place; and it is taking up again a work he did before he was thirty years since. A rather young man comes back from college occasionally, and speaks to some of these schools. He stated: Years ago I left this place, went west and applied for a situation. I was asked what recommendations I had. I was taken aback; I had none. But recovering myself, I thought of a paper in my pocket which stated that I was a member of — Sunday-school in Erie Co., N. Y. The bearer has been present twenty-six out of twenty-nine Sabbaths; will make, I think, a faithful clerk." I got the place. I am now receiving twelve hundred dollars per year—have home and family, and owe it all to that little Sunday-school certificate. I have it nicely framed and hung up where I can look at it often and be reminded of what the Sunday-school did for me." Boys, it pays to attend Sunday-school; it pays to attend regularly.—Ez.

The American says of the late Dr. Dollinger, the leading Roman Catholic scholar of Europe, that when he undertook to write a history of the church from the beginning he stopped with the Middle Ages. Prof. Boehmer, of Frankfurt, about the year 1860, remonstrated with him for not completing it, when Dr. Dollinger replied: "My researches have brought me to such a pass that I cannot make the end of my history tally with the beginning. The continuation would be a vindication of the Protestant Reformation."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

## THE FARM.

—An Eastern paper says that most of the work on the farm can be done by mares which rear colts each year, and they are thus made a good source of profit.

The conclusion drawn from the experiment with warm water and cold water for dairy cows at the Wisconsin Experiment Station were that in 120 days there was a net gain in favor of warming the water of about \$21.36 on a herd of forty cows, averaging sixteen pounds of milk each per day, or a little over \$1 on a cow.

—An experiment made the past summer with our cows proved that when a handful of salt, or about two ounces of it, was given every day, the yield of butter was increased "one-fifth; and when salt was withheld the yield fell off in the same proportion. The reason, beyond question, is that as salt is required for full digestion of the food, more of the food was changed into milk. Keep rock-salt within reach of the cows.

Meadows, after a few years, are apt to run to stools, unless some fresh seed is sown upon them every year, and a top-dressing of some fertilizer, such as wood-ashes, is given. When this has been neglected, and the meadow is very "patchy," it would be better to plow it up and reseed it. If this is not convenient, we would harrow the ground well and sow some fresh seed at once, and give a dressing of wood ashes after the seeding. In the spring, when the ground is still soft, the meadow should be well rolled. A dressing of barn-yard-manure—that from horses fed upon grain and hay is generally free from weeds—should be used once in four or five years.—Exchange.

The sales of well-bred sheep in England during the past season were mostly marked by sharp competition and good prices. In one sale of Shropshire at Shrewsbury over 2,000 sheep from various flocks were sold. Prices for ram lambs ranged from five to eighteen guineas (\$26.25 to \$94.50) each. At a sale in Birmingham an equal number was sold, one aged ram selling for two hundred guineas (\$1,950), and another for one hundred and seventy guineas (\$995.50). A sale of Dorset horned sheep is reported, at which one ram sold for eight guineas (\$142), and lambs from fifty-six to ninety-two shillings, or \$23 to \$36.80. At a sale of Hampshire Downs, 5,000 animals were sold, mostly wethers.—American Agriculturist.

## Provide for the Fresh Cows.

The wise dairyman will make provision in advance for exigencies that arise in the course of management and stock. He can employ a few spare hours in no better advantage than in preparing a few stalls for cows during parturition. The too-common custom of leaving cows stanchioned up to the moment of calving, and often so confined through their throats, as is inhuman as it is unwise. The females of all animals instinctively seek seclusion during these trying periods, and that seclusion, with care and comfort, should be freely given them. Unless the dairy is a very large one, I will not require more than two or three stalls for La Gripe. Herein lies the real after dangers from this epidemic of influenza; it leaves the mucous membrane linings of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes tender and very susceptible to the catarrhal, bronchial troubles and pneumonia, which come with February and March in our northern climate. We shall still pin our hope to a remedy for this after danger which acts promptly to allay inflammation; for therein lies the chief danger from throat and lung troubles. And surely a remedy that has the friends that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has, after eighty years' trial by a critical public, and has been used for the "grip" more extensively than all the advertised remedies, deserves, as we said, a medal, and before it we hope a prosperous year as an octogenarian. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., the manufacturers, will send a valuable pamphlet free.

## Awkward.

In a volume of reminiscences recently published, the writer, an English clergyman, narrates an amusing dialogue between himself and Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, and afterward Archbishop of Canterbury, to whom he had applied for holy orders. He was charmed with the bishop, he says, so grave, kindly and courteous; but neither the young candidate's reverence for the office, nor his respect for the man, restrained him from asking one embarrassing question.

The bishop gave me a private examination, as was his wont in all such cases. "I propose," he said, "to have a little talk with you about the lessons for today."

I bowed and waited for the talk to begin.

"What are the lessons for today?" said the bishop.

I felt nonplussed, but thought best to be quiet and said.

"I don't know what they are, my lord. In point of fact, I never read the lessons for today."

"You never read the lessons for today?" exclaimed the bishop, in a rather horrified manner. "What do you read, then?"

"I find it more convenient, my lord, instead of following the selection of the lessons, to take up some book of the Bible and work through it."

The bishop looked relieved. "And a very good plan, too," said he. "However, on the present occasion I rather wish to speak about the lessons. What are they?"

"Will you allow me to remind you that I have just said that I did not know them?"

"I have just said that I did not know them?"

"And then retorting the question upon himself, I said, "What are they, my lord?"

The good bishop broke into a gentle laugh. "Why, really, my friend, you have the advantage of me. I don't know them myself!"—Youth's Companion.

After Dangers of the "Grip."

Boston papers facetiously remark that "La Grippe is seldom fatal unless you use all the remedies recommended for it." They are correct. The writer fully believes that the end of the poor "grip" victim, if he tried all the patent medicines that have adorned (?) the pages of our leading newspapers as "sure cures for La Grippe," would be like Mark Twain, who for his famous cold tried every remedy advised by friends, until his stomach became so weak he began to vomit and continued until, as he averred, "he was like to throw up his immortal soul." We notice one of the leading advertisers of the day has been conspicuous at this opportune time by the absence of any claim to cure the "grip."

They certainly deserve a "chronic," and we feel like giving them a free "ad" for their competition in other respects. The too-common custom of leaving cows stanchioned up to the moment of calving, and often so confined through their throats, as is inhuman as it is unwise. The females of all animals instinctively seek seclusion during these trying periods, and that seclusion, with care and comfort, should be freely given them. Unless the dairy is a very large one, I will not require more than two or three stalls for La Grippe. Herein lies the real after dangers from this epidemic of influenza; it leaves the mucous membrane linings of the nose, throat and bronchial tubes tender and very susceptible to the catarrhal, bronchial troubles and pneumonia, which come with February and March in our northern climate. We shall still pin our hope to a remedy for this after danger which acts promptly to allay inflammation; for therein lies the chief danger from throat and lung troubles. And surely a remedy that has the friends that Johnson's Anodyne Liniment has, after eighty years' trial by a critical public, and has been used for the "grip" more extensively than all the advertised remedies, deserves, as we said, a medal, and before it we hope a prosperous year as an octogenarian. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass., the manufacturers, will send a valuable pamphlet free.

## Persecution in Russia.

Religious persecution reigns in Russia. The Czar proposes to re-establish unity of faith by forcing into the pale of the Greek Church Polish Catholic and Lithuanian Protestants. Jews are driven out of the country. The governors of Podolia and Ukraine, not content with closing every public office to the Jews, are now shutting them out of their occupations. The lawyers of these provinces are ordered to dismiss all Jewish clerks—that is, the majority of their employees—within two months. The same order is to be issued in the south-west provinces, where Russian Jews are gathered in an immense ghetto. In the Baltic provinces, the attack is directed against the Lutherans, who form the great majority of the population. The governor of Estonia interdicts the sale and circulation of any religious journal not of the orthodox faith. Lutheran pastors are forbidden to criticize or discuss any actions or doctrines of the Greek Church. In the province of Wilna, excommunication is great, and new evils are feared. In it is any wonder that disturbances should arise?—Christianity.

## The Theatre.

In cities one of the questions which face many young people who are considering the claims of Christ to their service is, "Can I go to the theatre, if I am a Christian?" Mr. Spurgeon once made an answer to this question from his personal conviction, which commands itself to the thoughtful consideration of those who wish to serve their fellowmen for Christ's sake. He said:

Granting that it is perfectly safe and profitable for myself to go to the theatre, if I go a great number of others will go to whom it would do positive harm. I will not be responsible for alluring them, by my example, into a temptation which, but for my self-indulgence, they would entirely escape. I will give you an instance of how this works out. When I go to Macao, the grounds of the gambling hell there are the most beautiful in the world. I never saw them; nor have I ever heard of them, except in the mouths of gamblers, pimps, prostitutes, &c., &c. Canadian Water, New York, N. Y., U.S. & 11 Adelphi St., E. York, Ont.

We recommend this watch to any one who desires a good pocket watch for **SEARCH** and **DICTY**. Kindly mention this paper when you order.

This watch is treated free. Positively treated with special apparatus.

Send what you find you find for prices.

Stamp on the original order and **SEARCH**.

Agents wanted throughout the United States.

Address: E. L. HART, care MESSENGER AND VISITOR, ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

SEARCH

DROPSY

TREATED FREE. Positively treated with special apparatus.

Send what you find you find for prices.

Stamp on the original order and **SEARCH**.

Agents wanted throughout the United States.

Address: E. L. HART, care MESSENGER AND VISITOR, ST. JOHN'S, N. B.

SEARCH

FARM FOR SALE

AT THE JOGGIN, DIGBY CO., N. S., two

acres of land, situated between Digby and Bear River, containing

700 feet frontage on the Digby River, and 100 feet on the Bear River.

There are two houses, a barn, and a stable.

There are also two acres of land in the rear.

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## News Summary.

## DOMINION.

The P. E. I. mails now go by the Capes and cross every day.

The Halifax bank clearings operations for last week amounted to \$1,372,187.51.

Miss Emma Whitlock, the Christian scientist, died at St. Stephen on Wednesday.

Mr. A. McLeod, of St. Andrews, received 11,700 bushels of corn for his grain mill by rail and schooner.

Not less than eight moose have been killed by Caledonia, N. S., hunters during the past two or three weeks.

Twenty-seven bears and eight wildcats were caught in Colchester county in 1889. The catch cost the county \$147.

The Campbellton *Pioneer* will be issued under the management of C. B. McDougal, who will assume the editorship chair.

The steamer *Halifax* took to Boston a cargo valued at \$150,000, mostly refined sugar from the Halifax refinery for the upper provinces and the Pacific coast.

Yarmouth has determined to spend \$50,000 in street and sidewalk improvements during 1890, and \$50,000 more will be expended in purchasing land for a public park.

The Halifax Board of Health will apply to the legislature for authority to borrow \$400,000 for the construction of sewers and the demolition of uninhabitable houses.

The *Turo Blade* and *Guardian* have amalgamated under the name of *The Guardian and Turo Blade*. Firman McClure is editor and Pineo and McClure the publishers.

Mr. John Murray, Newton Farm, Pictou Co., N. S., who is now 84 years of age, is engaged in making a quilt, the material of which was brought from Scotland 63 years ago.

At the adjourned meeting of the carpenters and joiners, held in their hall, King street, St. John, it was decided that on and after the first day of April nine hours shall constitute a day's work.

We call attention to the advertisement of Rev. Mr. Huestis, of the Methodist Book Room, in another column. Those who wish to canvas for the sale of a most readable work had better respond with him.

Steamer *Flushing* is now at the North wharf, St. John, waiting for a new propeller, which is being made at Flemington's foundry. While going up the St. Croix river, the *Flushing* struck a snag. Schooners have been put on the Grand Manan route until the steamer is ready.

The province of New Brunswick has a list of 56 ships, 121 barges, 11 barges, 2 brigs, 37 brigantines, 91 schooners, 82 woodboats, 8 sloops, 91 steamers, in all 1,029 vessels, with an aggregate register of 217,345. Last year the total amount of vessels was 1,009, with a tonnage of 237,075.

At the annual meeting of the Nova Scotia sugar refinery in Halifax on Tuesday, it was stated that the profit made by the rise of sugar last spring was nearly all lost by the fall in price during the last half of the year, still the dividend of 12½ per cent. was made up, and over \$6,000 remains to the credit of profit and loss.

John Grant, living at Musquodobit, Halifax Co., N. S., had a fierce encounter in his barn with a wild cat on Saturday. The animal sprang at him, and for five minutes he had a terrific battle with the beast. A man named Ruggles secured a gun, and shot the cat, while Grant held it by the throat. Grant was fearfully lacerated.

Mr. P. E. Campbell, the well-known taxidermist, engaged in mounting a bear and cub, brought to him Friday by Mr. F. J. Cheesman, of Musquash. Mr. Cheesman found the old bear and two cubs while walking through the woods. The old bear is a rather formidable specimen, and there are more like her in the vicinity of Musquash it is said.—*St. John Telegraph*.

A mole of molybdenum, a brittle, white metal which it is difficult to melt and much used in the arts, 25 to 40 feet wide and of unknown depth and length, has been discovered on land owned by Mr. Charles Kedy, of New Ross, N. S. Mr. Leckie, of the Londonderry Iron Co., is negotiating for its purchase for an English syndicate.

In the estimates submitted to Parliament last week there is one item which gives \$5,000 for the Port George breakwater. These estimates also include for carrying mails from St. John to Digby and Annapolis and vice versa, \$12,500; for increased railway accommodation at Halifax, \$150,000; and for the new post office at Annapolis, \$12,500.

Says the Kentville Star: John Irvin, barrister, left Bridgewater on the 25th ult. to meet Messrs. Leckie and Romans of the Londonderry iron works, to assist them in perfecting leases of land in Torbrook, Annapolis Co., containing iron ore. These leases secured, the company will at once commence operations in mining in that section of the country.

The net profits of the Canadian Pacific Railway for the month of December, 1889, were \$526,753, an increase of \$85,052 over the corresponding month of the previous year. The total gross earnings for the whole of last year was \$15,030,669, and the working expenses \$9,024,601, leaving the net profits \$6,006,056 as compared with \$3,870,774, being the net profits for the year 1888. The gain for the year 1889 over the previous year is therefore \$2,135,284.

The Nova Scotia Fruit Growers Association has adopted a resolution condemning government subsidy to any line of freight steamers to London as prejudicial to the interests of the shippers of fruit to Great Britain. In the discussion it was stated that previous to a subsidy being granted the Furness line steamers Nova Scotia shippers had competition from the Anchor and Furness lines with rates of 70 cents per barrel, but the subsidy to the Furness boats had driven the Anchor line from this port and rates had been advanced to \$1 per barrel.

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