

# Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,  
VOLUME LI.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE MARITIME BAPTIST PUBLISHING COMPANY.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,  
VOLUME XXXIX.

VOL. III.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1887.

NO. 42

**THE ACTION OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.**  
—The triumph of the conservatives among the Congregationalists at their annual meeting at Springfield, and the approval of the action of the Board in refusing to send out as missionaries those who favor a probation after death, has aroused the new theology man greatly. The secular press, which generally sympathizes with the latter, have said a great deal about narrowness, bigotry, &c. The pulpits, generally, the Sunday after the meeting at Springfield, rang with strong utterances on one side of the burning question or the other. The new theology men are considering the question whether they shall cease to contribute to the funds of the Board. Some say, some advise the people to continue their support, in the hope that their sentiment is gaining ground, and that they shall be able, before long, to secure the reversal of the decision just reaffirmed. This much is certain: sentiment is fast crystallizing into its permanent form.

**BAPTISTS IN IRELAND.**—The ex-president and the vice-president of the English Baptist Union have visited Ireland, and report through the *Baptist* the result of their investigations. The Baptist cause in Ireland is not so strong as it was in 1844. Then there were 35 churches in the country, now there are but 19. The decline is partly attributable to emigration, and much evil has been done by the Plymouth Brethren. Lately, a new spirit seems to possess many of the Irish Baptists, and they have some able leaders. These officers of the Union strongly advise that the direction of the Irish mission be handed over to the Irish Baptists themselves, as they think them able to manage the affairs of their own people more efficiently, and they hope this will help them to greater independence. The Baptist membership in Ireland is but 1,700. The population of the whole country is divided as follows, denominationally:

Romanists.....	3,960,891
Episcopallians.....	639,374
Presbyterians.....	470,784
Methodists.....	48,839
All others.....	84,369
No denomination.....	530

It is thought that Orangism is the best ally of Rome, as it makes the Romanists impervious to Protestant influence. Where kind relations subsist between Protestants and Romanists many of the latter are led to the truth, although few formally leave their church.

**THE RELIGIOUS NEWSPAPERS.**—Dr. Nevins wrote the following pertinent sentences. We commend them to our readers and recommend them to follow his advice:  
Give up many things before you give up your religious newspaper. If any one that ought to take such a paper does not, I hope some one to whom the circumstance is known will volunteer the loan of this to him, directing his attention particularly to this article. Who is he? A professor of religion and not taking a religious newspaper! A member of the visible church, and voluntarily without the means of information as to what is going on in the church! A follower of Christ, praying daily, as his Master, "Thy kingdom come," and yet not knowing or caring to know what progress that kingdom is making! But I must not fail to say if this person takes a secular paper? Oh, certainly he does. He must know what is going on in the world, and how else is he to know it? It is pretty clear, then, that he takes a deeper interest in the world than he does in the church; and this being the case, it is not difficult to say where his heart is. How can a professor of religion answer for discrimination in favor of the world? How defend himself against the charges it involves?

The time is approaching when people decide upon the newspapers they will take for the coming year. Are there one of our readers who will rule out the religious paper? Can those who provide no religious newspapers for their families hope that their children will become interested in the Lord's work? Let not any cast its silent and varied power out of the house to save three cents a week, or to give place to a paper which deals chiefly in politics. We are glad that so few subscribers to the *Messenger* and *Visitor* have discontinued in the past. Let them be still fewer this year, and let its friends make an effort to increase the number of its readers.

**AS FAR AS IT GOES.**—Dr. Edward Judson is quoted as saying:  
"We need rich men in our churches, and when they are soundly converted, they do vast good with their money and influence. To get the rich man we must lay hold of the poor boy."

This is a very true statement. The most of the rich men of America were poor boys. Those who inherit wealth usually live only to spend it, while those who have had to toil to make money alone are fitted to keep it. Those, therefore, who expect to possess the rich men must lay hold of the poor boy. But this is not all. They must keep hold of him, and this is no easy matter, especially for denominations who depend for success upon spiritual life rather than social influence. These poor boys who become rich

have a terrible temptation to a life of absorbing worldliness. They have to throw themselves into business, and strain every energy in the race for the goal set before them. By the time they have won wealth, their nature will have become shaped by the habits of a long life, and they will be little inclined to be active Christians. They are exposed to the full force of worldly motives, and in very many cases will drift away into churches that make less demands upon them for consistency and Christian activity, and will allow them more license or give them a so-called higher social standing. What is the way to guard those of our people who become rich against these temptations? The only way we can think of, is to take every care to engage them in direct Christian work during all their career. This will preserve them from the worldliness which, if left to the mercy of the struggle for wealth, will leave them, in the end, with dried up spiritual life. They must be encouraged to give liberally during their whole life; if they are allowed to be niggardly, on the plea that they will give largely when they have made a fortune, by the time they have been led to it, it must be remembered, too, that giving of money alone, will not be a sufficient safeguard. Habits of Christian activity must be formed and sustained. If we can get our thriving young men to begin to devote a goodly portion of their gains to the Lord, and to keep up habits of liberal giving and earnest personal work for Christ, there will be no danger but that we shall hold them to our churches. We know of no other way to do it.

Address to Rev. J. F. Kempton.

At the last meeting of the Lunenburg county Ministerial Conference, held at Lunenburg, on Monday last, I was directed to forward to Rev. J. F. Kempton some expressions of our fraternal regard for him, and regret that it is his intention to leave this county for New Brunswick; and was also requested to transmit a copy of the communication for publication in your valuable periodical. You will greatly oblige the Conference by placing the following in your columns.

To Rev. J. F. KEMPTON, Chester, N. S.  
Res. and Dear Sir and Brother,—As chairman of the Lunenburg county Baptist Ministerial Conference I am directed to convey to you the fraternal greetings of my brethren, and to give expression on their behalf to the feelings of deep regret with which we have learned that you are about to vacate your present field for another and distant sphere of usefulness.

The cordial relations, which have always characterized our intercourse with you, only augment the sense of loss which we shall sustain by your removal from us, which is shared in likewise by the churches of the county at large. Your earnestness and zeal in the Master's cause, your fidelity to the truth, and your arduous and abundant labors, have endeared you to the hearts of very many, and especially to us—your co-laborers in the Kingdom and pallbearers of our Lord Jesus Christ. I cannot do less than assure you that your brotherly counsel, your wise and gentle admonitions, and your faithful exhibitions of the gospel have been highly appreciated by us, and we are sure that they will secure an abundant and glorious reward.

Our sincere prayer is that a rich blessing will accompany you to your future home; and that yet more abundant success may crown your labors there. With kind remembrances and best wishes for your future prosperity, and also your faithful and devoted companion and family, I am, my dear brother,  
Fraternally yours,  
STEPHEN MARCH,  
Chairman of Lun. Co. Min. Conference.

From Dr. B.H.

I thank you very much for your excellent editorial report in your last issue, of the discussion on Baptist Union in the recent session of the F. C. Baptist Conference at Midland. As an eye and ear witness, I feel much pleasure in testifying, not only to the correctness of the report in the minute particulars, but also to the common sense inferences drawn from what was seen and heard. My impression was, that only for the temporary blockade to which you refer, the *Unit's Assn.* would have passed, if not unanimously, by an overwhelming majority. Our Free brethren see that the track for organic union is, on our part, clear; and that the responsibility mainly rests upon them to say when that union shall be consummated. I anticipate a speedy removal of these obstacles, and a blessed realization of our fondly cherished hopes. What a grand host of ministers and people to come together, having the "one Lord, one faith, and one baptism," thoroughly organized for Christian service in church building, to Home and Foreign Missions, in Sunday School, in all the higher forms of Christian education, and in soul saving at home and abroad. The Lord hasten it in his time.  
L. E. BELL.

P. S. My sermon in the pastorate of St. Martins, Rev. W. F. Parker, is doing excellent work, and I rejoice in any winning golden opinions from the people generally.  
L. E. B.

**Faith's Lesson.**

"It is all humbug; I do not believe there is any religion in it," said Roy Wellington to himself, as he glanced around the beautiful and costly church, and at the elegantly dressed people who worshipped there.

He listened to a sermon which, unfortunately for him, happened to be a doctrinal one; to the music, beautifully and artistically rendered by the choir; and to the prayers that seemed to pray for everything and every one except him, and he concluded, with a bitterness partly due to an uneasy conscience, that it was all "humbug."

He had reached a point in his life where he no longer felt satisfied; when the soul within cried out for better things; but, following in the footsteps of many older people, he tried to satisfy it with intellectual food. No young fellow in college worked harder than he, and no one was a greater favorite with pupils and teachers, for he was upright and honest, generous and kind-hearted. Yet he felt that he lacked something. What was it?

And just here the plea for religion came in; but he made himself believe, honestly enough, that religion was a thing of the imagination—a superstition; beautiful, truly, in a certain sentimental way, but producing no real effect on the hearts or lives of those who professed to possess it. "If I knew some one who had been greatly changed by religion, I would believe in it," he used to argue with himself. Roy Wellington had come up to the city on a short visit to his friend and former room-mate, Willis Morgan. He had arrived the evening before, which accounted for his being in the Morgan pew that morning, and fighting over again this old question, which would keep coming up, if it was only a superstition.

"You must go to your uncle's while you are in the city," Mrs. Wellington had said; and Roy had promised he would; but he sighed dismally as he thought of it that Sabbath afternoon, when he lounged so comfortably in his friend's luxurious room.

"What's the trouble, old fellow?" inquired Willis; "you look solemn enough for a funeral."

Roy laughed, "Well, the fact is," he said, "it's enough to make any one look solemn to even think of going to Uncle Harry's, let alone, actually going there, which dire fate lies before me."

"Really," said Willis, "this grows interesting. Do explain."

"There is nothing exciting about it," answered Roy, "and it isn't just the thing to talk about one's relations; but I must say, a visit to that house gives me the blues. They are poor, you know; that is, Uncle has only a salary, and not a very big one, either, and Aunt Fannie is bound to live as though they were rich; and she worries and frets all the time because they can't. Then the children copy after her, I guess, for they are always crying for what they can't have. Why, I've seen the whole family, except poor Uncle, who is off at night in the office all day and half the night, sit down and cry over some foolish thing, instead of getting up and going to work."

"But how about Faith?" asked Willis. "I thought you were rather fond of your Cousin Faith."

"Well, so I am; she is pretty and smart and very ambitious in school; but at home she is just like the rest; hates to work; and, instead of trying to help when things are at sixes and sevens, will go off and bury herself in a book."

"It's a bad case," admitted Willis; but I don't see any help for it."

"Nor I; but I mean to make a very short stay in so discouraging a place." But Roy had reason to change his mind: it was not so discouraging at his uncle's after all. Uncle Harry himself appeared in better health and spirits than he had before in years; the children were less fretful and more content; even Aunt Fannie was better satisfied with the existing state of things than ever before. There seemed to have come a great change over the entire household, and what was the cause? Roy saw and pondered, and finally concluded it must be Faith.

It was Faith who kept the house in order, and helped with the other work; so they had no girl, which lightened the household expenses and made things more comfortable all around; it was Faith who helped the children off to school in the morning, and assisted them with their lessons at night. It was Faith's smile and cheerful word that made their home the pleasant place it was. The children came to her with all their joys and sorrows, were full of sympathy and help; the mother grew cheerful and encouraged with the loving help of a daughter, and the father seemed to find home once more home; and Roy looked on and wondered to be contradicted by her with the selfish, self-loving girl of a year before.

"Faith," he said, one evening when the children were in bed, the young girl came down-stairs and entered the pleasant sitting-room, "Faith, have you given up the education you used to think so much of?"

"No, I hope not," said Faith; then she added: "I had to stay home this year; that is, I thought I ought to, for we could not afford a girl, and it seemed the only right way for me to stay at home and help mamma."

"So you will lose a whole year?" "Yes," answered Faith, quietly, "but I may have a chance to go to school yet; if not, it will be right anyway. Surely what she made is the best," she added softly, as if to herself.

"Faith," said Roy, abruptly, "is that it?"

"Is what it?" asked Faith smiling.

Roy made no reply for a moment, then he asked earnestly:

"Faith, are you a Christian?"

"I hope so," answered the girl; "I believe so."

"Then that accounts for it," exclaimed her cousin.

"Accounts for what?" asked Faith, in a puzzled tone. "What are you talking about?"

"You," replied Roy, "and that was all she could get him to say."

It was six months later and Faith Milton stood by the open window, an open letter in her hand, which she had just finished reading. It had been a hard winter for the girl. She sometimes grew so tired of the daily round of duties that were finished one day only to be taken up again the next. "What is the good of it all?" she would think bitterly, "and what am I doing for the Master?"

That very morning she had been so discouraged, so despondent, and now had come this letter. The first of it was filled with family news and talk of school work and plans for the future, but at the last came this: "I cannot close this letter without speaking of one thing more. When I came to your father's house last fall I was an unbeliever, and thought religion merely a pretty, sentimental notion; but when I saw blushed forth in the sweet usefulness of your daily life, I could no longer refuse to believe. It has been a long, hard struggle; I had resisted too long for it to be easy for me; but it is all right at last, and from this time on the Master you serve will be mine also; and I have you dear Faith, to thank that it is so."

And Faith, as she read, rejoiced and was glad. Suddenly the world had grown bright again. She felt the breath of spring in the air, and somewhere in the trees a little bird poured forth a burst of melody.

In Faith's heart was melody and the breath of reviving life. "I will never doubt again," she cried, "but take my life as God pleases it; for where he puts me is my place; and the work I do there is the thing he would have me do."—*Journal and Messenger.*

**What Industry Does.**

While industry is not itself genius, those who have genius always employ industry. In fact, it is the distinguishing trait of men of genius. Napoleon, all admit, possessed remarkable genius; but no one exceeded him in activity and industry. Balzac is another example; he wrote in all 269 different works, and all of his manuscripts evinced great care; some had been written ten times.

It is remarkable what stress the great writers lay on industry. A young man asked Anthony Trollope how to become a successful writer, and received this reply: "When you sit down to write put a piece of shoemaker's wax on your chair." And on his own writings Trollope spent a certain amount of time each day, no matter whether sick or well. His aim was to write forty pages of 250 words each every week.

Charles Dickens also believed in industry as the main thing. He would take down names that struck him, and also peculiar conversation he heard while travelling. All this demanded work; in fact, his recreations were spent in work of this kind, seeing things and writing them down.

Martin Luther was one of the most industrious men the world ever saw; he published during his life-time 750 volumes; he translated the Bible into German, itself the work of a life-time. Elihu Burritt was a blacksmith, and yet learned eighteen ancient and modern languages as well as several dialects.

George Eliot was a wonderful example of untiring work. It is said she read one thousand books in preparing to write "Daniel Deronda." The amount of preparation for "Romola" was equally immense. Gladstone is a wonderful "latinate" and a wonderful man. One of his recreations is to translate English into Latin or Greek into English. He takes long walks, thinking nothing of stiff ankles, and to cut down a stout oak tree before breakfast is an especial pleasure. Bismarck is another hard-working states-

man. He rises early, and is able to tire out clerks and correspondents with writing. The discussion of the treaty of peace with the French occupied three hours, and then it was seen that Thiers was completely exhausted. While he rested and slept for two hours, Bismarck went on writing his dispatches and letters, and on the awaking of Thiers, resumed the argument apparently strong and hearty.

Longfellow made one of his translations during the few minutes he was obliged to await each morning for his coffee. Elihu Burritt became a learned man by having a book before him as he blew the bellows in a blacksmith shop.—*Treasure Trove.*

**Girls in Africa.**

A father looks upon his girls as being of the value only of so many goats, and he is ready to sell her as soon as any man offers him the required payment. Thus, while she is quite young—perhaps only four or five—her life and liberty may have been sold away by her own father, and sooner or later she must become the wife, the slave, the drudge of her owner. While at Mayumba, near the mouth of the Congo river, I one afternoon heard a child screaming frantically behind the house where I was staying, and going out I found a little Benalla girl not more than four years old, who had just been brought down the lagoon from her home away in Mamba Hills, where she had been bought by a Mayumba man. The crew of the canoe in which she had been brought down—six big, ferocious-looking men—were standing around the little prisoner, pointing their guns and spears at her just for the sport of seeing her shake and scream with fright; and a band of women were dancing with delight at the heartless game. It was impossible to save the poor child from the cruel treatment just then, but that was only the beginning of a lifetime of suffering for her in the midst of a strange people, with no friend at hand to help or protect her.

One morning a woman came to the mission-house at Victoria carrying a sick infant, for whom she wished medicine. I feared the child was dying, but went to get some medicine ready for it, when I heard outside the mother's voice break out into the wild dirge, which told me the little one had died. Ah! I felt I could leave the spirit of that little one in the hands of a tender loving Christ; but, just at my side, there was a bright little lassie of six or seven, who had been only a short time in the mission, but who had learned very quickly, and into whose heart we treated the light of the knowledge of Jesus had begun to shine. She was bright, healthy, happy; death was not yet for her, but something worse awaited her. A day or two after, a stalwart Bakwili man came to the mission-house and asked if we had a girl called Bekwamber? "Yes," "Then I want her; she belongs to me." And so she did. Bright, winsome little Bekwamber's day of joy was over; she had been sold to this man, and now he came to claim her. We pleaded with him to let her stay; it was no use. We might have bought her from him, but that we felt would be wrong. And the poor little girl was taken away from all Christian teaching and help to a heathen town to grow up after the fashion of heathen parents, and be the wife of a heathen man, all against her own wish. Can you think of anything sadder?—*R. W. Hay.*

**Shining for Jesus.**

The influence of a life of communion with Christ can not be measured by exertions put forth. Over and above these, there is the unconscious but powerful influence of a countenance which tells of peace and joy within.

For instance, the present writer knows of the case of a young woman, who was thus awakened to seek the salvation of her soul. While still quite careless, she happened to go to an evangelistic meeting, held in a town in Scotland, where her eye fell upon another young woman, who was joining in the singing of a hymn with evident delight. Seeing her calmly happy face, the careless one said to herself,—

"That young woman must possess a happiness which I know nothing of. I wish I had it too." Desire deepened into anxiety, and she sought and found the Saviour.

All cannot speak for Jesus with their lips, but all may thus shine for him. To do so, we must, like Moses, commune with God face to face. Then we shall reflect his glory, though we know not that we are doing so.

"Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light. Like a little candle burning in the night, in the world's darkness, so we ought to shine. You in your small corner, I in mine."

Jesus bids us shine, first of all for him; "Will he know me and see if I shine for him?"—*do shine.*

He looks down from heaven to see us shine. "Will he know me and see if I shine?"—*do shine.*

You in your small corner, I in mine.

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The Memorial church has been pastorless for nearly six months. It is one of our best churches, but seems difficult to fill in the matter of ministers. They have had a great variety of preaching, and must be suffering from rhetoric and the want of pastoral care. The Fourth church, Rev. Wolfenden, pastor, is looking forward to the erection of a new building on Ashland Avenue.

HERE AND THERE.

The Seminary people at Morgan Park have broken ground for a new Theological Hall, made necessary by the increasing number of students for the ministry. The Illinois Baptist State Convention meets this week with the church in Rock Island. Will give you some facts in regard to state work in our next letter. We have just lost by death one of our most active laymen, the Hon. C. N. Holden. He was a member of the Second church, and had been identified with the Baptist cause in this city just fifty years. He was one of the founders of the Theological Seminary, and was president of its board of trustees at the time of his death, and had always been one of its strong financial supporters. (This recalls the bereavement that has fallen on Canadian Baptists in the death of Hon. William McMaster, the merchant prince of Toronto. Like Mr. Holden, his heart was bound up with ministerial education. They were both good men and true, and loved our Zion. In years to come they will still speak through men whom their wise benefactions have helped to equip for the christian ministry. W.S.K.)

From India.

Rev. L. C. Archibald writes to Rev. J. R. Hutchinson: Mrs. Archibald and I expect to make a tour of the out-station soon, beginning at Tekkall. Subbarayudu was married to Cassie last Monday. Bimlipatnam Mission Chapel to be dedicated Sept. 10th, or thereabouts.

Rev. G. Churchill writes: Happy mortal that you are, to be free from the plague of mosquitoes and bugs and beetles and flies of all kinds as you sit down to write! I am having such a fight of it here this evening. I am trying to write without the punkah. What a mess it is, to be sure! First I have to stop to kill a mosquito! Then I have to catch hold of and throw across the floor a big beetle that is trying its best to smooch my writing as fast as I make a mark; and as for the little ones, they are too numerous to mention—they are everywhere—into eyes and nose, and on the pen, and crawling and sprawling about in all directions. Have you forgotten it all? Before I forget, I must tell you how I came it over a couple of crows. There have been two about the house that have been especially troublesome. Mrs. C. has been begging and beseeching me for a long time to make an example of them; so I loaded up my old musket about a month ago and ordered rice and things to be put in a convenient spot, where I hoped to get a shot at the two at least. But not a bit of it. They evidently smelt gun-powder; for though I watched patiently a good many times, I never got those two crows within gunshot of each other. At last I got one day and blazed away at one of them. I struck the spot where he had sat, but he had left before the shot got there. It did not even frighten them, and they were just as saucy again as ever, coming into the house and helping themselves to whatever they could find. Last Sunday things came to a crisis. I was reading here in my room when I heard them in the dining-room, and as I looked out they "ca-a-a-d" at me in the most insulting manner. It was too much, and there and then I vowed vengeance on them. I thought if they would only come into the room when I was waiting for them, I might fasten a line to the door and pull it to before they could get out. Mrs. C. said, "Why not stand behind the door and push it?" I did not believe those two crows were fools enough to get caught that way after all I had seen of their sharpness. However, on Tuesday, as I had a little leisure after breakfast, I threw down some bread inside the door and went to my work. Soon one of them came and got a piece. I took my stand behind the door and the next time he came he did not get out again. How he did scot through those trusses and beams overhead, and didn't it just do me good to think I had him in a tight place! I got a long bamboo, and after a few passes at him, down he came. His wings now grace the front of the pigeon house, while his carcass went to make a curry for our sweepers. I tried day before yesterday to get the other, but he was too quick for me, and managed to get his tail out of the door just in time to save it. The slam of the door and his narrow escape frightened him so that I did not believe he would ever come in again. But he did, and to-day I took up my position again, after letting him carry off some pieces of bread. I did not wait long before he came again. He stood for some time looking in, but at last he gave a hop in, and bang went the door. But he was so sharp and quick that he was half way through when I did catch him, and there he was in the most ungraceful position, his head on one side the door and his feet and tail on the other. So I feel quite elated, and the sweepers is happy again tonight, as he thinks of his prospective bite, literally, of the "c-a-a-d."

We are having heaps of rain now, and it is warm, so you know how easy it is to get

into a "sweat." I am in one now as I am writing. There is not much special to write of. Touring is out of the question, unless where there are bungalows. I made a short tour of a week, the last of June and first of this month, on the main road to wards Vizianagram. I stopped in D. P. W. bungalows, and had to pay half a rupee a day for the privilege. One morning at Marand, as Narsiah went to roll up his mat, he found a snake under it that they all considered deadly. Though we had plenty of rain we were able to get about pretty well. We had the usual experiences. In some places a good hearing, in others not. Did not find anyone who seemed to be on the right road, or even looking in the right direction. I made a visit also to our German friends at Salur. They evidently mean business, and have come to stay. They are going into school work, but at present the school is under a cloud. Their teacher has turned out badly, and the boys have nearly all left for the town school.

Home Missions.

THE BOARD MEETING for October was held on the 10th, in the vestry of the First Baptist church, Yarmouth.

REPORTS

Were received from Brethren: Wm. Smallman, Clements; J. A. Marple, Tancook; W. H. Jenkins, Granville Mountain; E. B. Daley, Musquash, N. B.; L. J. Tingley, Hants, N. B.; Wm. London, Queensborough, York Co.; W. S. Black, B. B. Tiner, Margaret's Bay + G. E. Angevine, New Ross; and I. Wallace, Gen. Missionary.

CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1. To St. John Mission, \$250 for one year.
2. To Margaret and Mabou, N. S., \$75 for current year. Rev. F. A. Kidson, missionary.
3. To Springhill church, N. S., \$100 for one year, from Sept. 27, 1887. Rev. Jos. Murray, pastor.
4. To East Dalhousie, N. S., \$50 for current year. Rev. W. J. Bleakney, pastor.
5. To the St. Francis field, N. B., \$200 for one year. Rev. C. Henderson, missionary.
6. To Forest Glen church, Yar. Co., N. S., \$50 for one year. Rev. E. P. Coldwell, pastor.
7. To Windsor Plains, Hants Co., \$30 for seven months. Rev. J. Johnson, pastor.

From the foregoing it will be seen that we are pushing out into new fields. Madawaska County is once more to enjoy the labors of a Baptist missionary. We feel the responsibility of the movement; but He who has said, "Go into all the world," bids us go forward, and we dare not disobey. Pray for our dear Bro. Henderson, that his labors may be abundantly blessed of the Lord. And do not forget to send forward your contributions, that the Board may have the funds to send to him and all the missionaries their salaries when due.

HOME MISSION RECEIPTS.

Estimated expenditure for the year, including debt of \$438.32, appropriation for supplementary fund, and \$1000 for work in the North-West, \$12,000. Receipts from Sept. 13 to Oct. 10— Tancook church, per J. A. Marple, \$ 2 00 Convention Fund, per Dr. Day, 150 00 Rev. Calvin Curry, Jamaica, 1 00 Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Crisp, Paradise, 2 00 Goat Island S. S. concert, 5 46

Before reported, \$160 46 Total, \$247 91

REMARKS.

In about two weeks the first quarter of another year will be ended. It will be seen that thus far only a little more than half the amount of the debt has been received. The reports of the student missionaries are now coming in, and these young men need the balances due them to enable them to go on with their studies. At the end of this month the quarter due to missionary pastors will be due, and at this time of year will be especially needed by every one of them; but how can they be paid from a treasury already overdrawn?

A. CONROCK, Cor. Secy.

Hebron, Oct. 15.

Superintendants of Baptist Sunday Schools.

You have ere this received the fourth quarter's lesson helps for 1887, and it is now my duty to say that with this lot your order stands complete for this year. To avoid delay in beginning work next year promptly, and to have the usual supply of lesson helps on hand, you must renew your order soon, not later than middle of November. To leave it later is sure delay. I presume the reason for our not receiving orders for lesson helps last year from the remaining schools was that they left the order until too late, and then sent off hurriedly to the publishers. Try and avoid that error this year by ordering from Barber Book Room early. Prompt attention is given to lesson help orders. The prices of lesson helps for 1888 remain unchanged. They are sold by this society at published prices. This year we will sample and a list of Sunday school exercises and dialogues, also readings for Mission Bands and Women's Mission Aid Societies. Literally drop post card for sample.

Geo. A. McDONALD, Secy-treas.

"Burn the Old Sermons."

So says the ex-president of the Baptist Convention, of the Maritime Provinces. He would have all of us, pastors and preachers, gather up our old sermons, "all and singular of them," and after all the labor of thought and research expended in their preparation and delivery, commit them to the flames.

What say you, brethren in the ministry? Shall we obey, or shall we not obey? Suppose now, that we bring them all to the Convention at its next meeting in Wolfville, and there under the shadow of the "School of the Prophets," heap them together in some appropriate place, and "apply the torch." And then let us gather around and watch the ponderous pile reduced to cinders by the devouring element, and its ashes scattered to the four winds of heaven. What a conflagration! What would the sainted Cramp say if he were to witness it? He used to tell us to use our pencils and note-books on all suitable occasions, and like the bees "gather honey from every flower," and thus store up material for sermons; but he never told us to commit the results of these efforts to the flames. And I have yet to learn that any theological professor has ever given similar advice. In my opinion the sermon had better be burnt before delivery if it is not worth preserving after.

No, Mr. President, whatever others may feel disposed to do, I, for one, beg most respectfully to remain in incorrigible disobedience. I cannot afford to dispose of the accumulations of years in so summary a way, and I scarcely think that in this respect I am alone.

Why, just let us look for a moment. Who can estimate the loss to the world of all the "old sermons" had been burnt? Some of the oldest sermons on record are found in the Bible. What could we do without them? For instance, Peter's Pentecost, Paul's at Athens, and many others, besides the hosts of uninspired men whose sermons, old as many of them must be, are doing a vast amount of good in the world.

But why does our good brother the ex-president practice what he preaches? Or retiring from office he gave us a very excellent sermon on "Pastoral Duties," in which he said— "The result, I venture to say, of profound thinking and close study of all most valuable instruction and excellent advice (except the burning), calculated to do very much good; but to be consistent with himself he should have taken it right home after delivering it and consigned it to the stove. But, no, he has taken pains to preserve it in substantial form—and very properly so—in order that it may be transmitted to after generations and be of use to others. Why, then, does he pass sentence of utter destruction, by fire, on all the sermons of the Baptist ministers of the Maritime Provinces? I. J. SKINNER.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

UPPER BLACKVILLE, NOVA CO.—We had the happy privilege to meet on the shore of the old Miramichi river again to administer the ordinance of baptism to three young converts. Praises be unto God! On October 3rd we met again in our dear Master's name for the same purpose, and baptised two more, one a Presbyterian lady, head of a family. To our God be all the praise! O. N. KERR.

TATAMAGOUCHIE BAY.—I had the privilege of baptising a happy believer into Christ on Sabbath, Oct. 9th, and welcoming her into the fellowship of this church. F. D. D.

ROCKLAND.—I gave the right hand of fellowship to six last Sabbath—the 9th. Four of these had lately been baptised, two of them that same morning in the vicinity of Greenwood Bethel. We thank God and take courage. C. W. W.

RAWDON, Oct. 12.—Last Sabbath, I had the pleasure of visiting the Rawdon church, of baptising three young sisters, and of receiving five into the church, one by letter, and one restored. Rev. Geo. Taylor has been laboring with this church for the last three months, and his labors have been blessed. The church is now without a pastor. J. W. BROWN.

ENDEQUE AND TROY.—I have just returned upon the third year of the pastorate with the above mentioned churches. The field is large and our people are scattered over a wide country. Still, the outlook for the future is hopeful. Yesterday I baptised a promising young man, head of a family. A larger number sat at the Lord's Supper in the afternoon, than for some time past. May the year on which we have now entered be one of richer blessing and greater prosperity than the previous one. I. J. SKINNER.

ANDOVER AND GRAND FALLS, Oct. 5.—During the past few months I have been trying to look after the interests of the cause of my Master at Andover and Grand Falls. During vacation months Bro. C. H. Sison was here with us. We both worked hard, but our efforts were so scattered that they did not seem to have the desired effect. Still we trust in the God, who has said, my word shall not return unto me void. At the Grand Falls prospects seem to be brightening some; we have seen indications of good. At Andover matters don't change much. Bro. Sison has returned to his studies at Brown University. R. I. Bro. C. Henderson, who has so faithfully and effectively labored so long on the Tobique and indeed, brethren, you have very good representative in the Tobique. The field is now vacant. Other acts have their missionaries there, and if we do not have a man to look after the interests of the cause we will suffer loss. We need two good strong men in this country; indeed, there is work enough for four, but I

don't see how we can get along with less than two. I have been trying to do the best I could on the Andover and Grand Falls sections. But I feel that we ought to have a better man than I have; and I think others have the same view, and just as soon as another is forthcoming, I occupy my positions I am ready to go. If there is any brother who wants to come on a field where he can preach three times on Sunday and every night in the week to different congregations, and in different stations, you are the man to come. And I think I can bespeak a hearty welcome for you, and, with the help of our Home Missions Board, a generous support. Now, brethren, I am anxious that these fields be occupied. Send your men along and I will do all in my power to have them located and sustained in the field. In the meantime pray for us, that grace may be given to assist us to stand to our post of duty. S. D. EWING.

P. S. I wish to acknowledge donations as follows: At Tobique road section of Grand Falls field, Sept. 11th, \$14 50; also, at Grand Falls, Sept. 25th, \$21; total of \$35 50, for which I tender my hearty thanks. And may God's rich blessing rest upon the givers. S. D. E.

TRACADIE.—We are thankful to our many friends for help last year in building our new church. May the Lord bless the cheerful givers. Our church is still in debt, and as we wish to do some work on the inside of the building this fall, we again call upon the cheerful givers for assistance. All communications should be sent to Dea. A. F. Bowden, or Frederick Bowden, clerk, East Tracadie, N. S. All parties authorized to collect for the church will carry papers signed by Dea. A. F. Bowden, Dea. Samuel Garee, or Frederick Bowden, clerk.

CLEMENTSPORT, N. S.—We began with October our third pastoral year in Clementsport church. Plans made for an increase of support, and the many warm expressions of goodwill and affection, have greatly encouraged us. Gracious influences from above have been felt of late in different parts of the field. The baptism of a worthy sister, the mother of a large family, Oct. 2nd, has stirred us to renewed thanksgiving. Extensive repairs are now going forward on the Waldic church, built by the congregation of more than 50 years ago. The present one came of Sept. 29th, netting for the purpose \$92. We have also since Convention held a tea and bazaar at Clementsport on behalf of our new house, and raised \$152 clear. We miss the faithful help of our worthy clerk, Bro. Wm. Smallman, now pursuing his studies at Acadia. May God, who has called him, fit him in his own way for a long and triumphant work in the kingdom of His grace. E. N. ARCHIBALD.

NEWCASTLE BRIDGE, QUEENS CO., N. B.—The work of God has been greatly revived here. I baptised nine more happy believers last Sabbath, and several were added to the church. To God be all the praise. WILLARD P. ANDERSON.

QUARTERLY MEETING.—The sessions of the Quarterly Meeting held in Cardigan, York Co., were exceedingly interesting. The best of feeling prevailed, and the Holy Spirit's presence was manifest and felt in all the services. The business meeting, on Saturday morning was full of the missionary spirit. Pastors and delegates seemed anxious to do something for the destitute in the regions beyond their own pastorates and homes. On the Sabbath a deep interest prevailed on the entire day. The Master was present, and the people were glad to hear the word of God proclaimed. Bro. Calvin Currie and others remained to assist the pastor for a few days. Success has crowned their efforts; souls have been saved, baptised, and added to the church. The pastor and church are much encouraged. To God be the praise. The Quarterly Meeting meets again the second Friday in December with the Baptist church worshipping at Lakeville Corner. The Rev. P. O. Rees is to preach the quarterly sermon, and the Rev. C. Currie is to be his alternate. T. A. BLACKBURN, Sec. Treas. Keswick Ridge, Oct. 14.

BERTON, GAS. CO., Oct. 12.—About four months since our church gave Rev. Josiah Webb a unanimous call to the pastorate. He accepted, and began work for the church in June last. He proved a very energetic worker for the temporal welfare of the church. About two weeks ago he began some special meetings, and has proved to be specially adapted for the work. Last Sunday, was a day of deep interest with us. Our pastor baptised seven happy converts, and extended the right hand of fellowship to ten. The interest is still unabated, and the prospects are that many more will follow. Pray for us, that the Lord's work may continue and that many precious souls may be saved. J. A. H., Church Clerk.

PERSONALS.

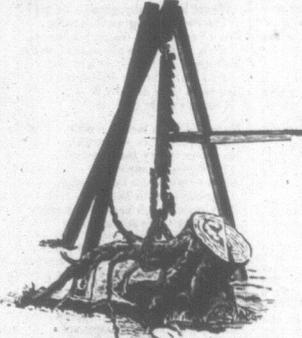
Rev. J. H. Hughes has received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the Franklin Park Baptist church, near Boston, and he will enter upon his work there the first of November. The church at Acadia have reluctantly accepted his resignation, and are now open for correspondence with any faithful minister who may want a good pastorate. The South Farmington of Chelouque church, with Acadia, will form a nice field for an active man. Bro. Hughes speaks very highly of the church at Acadia; says that for its numerical strength and financial ability, it is among the best churches that he ever served, and that they are deserving of a good, faithful, earnest minister of the gospel.

NOTICES.

The Albert Street Baptist church, Woodstock, being without a pastor, is anxious to secure the labors of an earnest and efficient worker. If any learn of our need, who are in a position to supply it, will they please write at once to the undersigned, stating any particulars that would be of interest in the matter. J. T. HORAMAS, Clerk of Church.

To the W. M. A. Societies of Nova Scotia. Dear Sisters, In a few weeks you will be commencing your preparations for Christmas. Will you not remember our missionaries? Make it a happy season to them. If some will send a letter, others a card, they will have a big budget. Only do it at once; there is no time to lose. Mrs. Churchill's address is Bobbitt, India; Mrs. Sanford, Bimlipatnam, India; Miss A. C. Gray, Bimlipatnam, India; Mrs. Archibald, Chicacoale, India; Miss Wright, Chicacoale, India. A. E. JONES, Secy.

THE "CHAMPION" STUMP PULLER.



The only stump puller entirely made of Steel and Wrought Iron. The only stump puller that has stood the test for Ten Years. Will lift larger stones or stump than any machine in the market other things being equal.

LIGHT. SIMPLE. STRONG.

For sale only by

GIPPET, BURDITT & CO., or our Agents throughout the Provinces.



A BEAUTIFUL CHAIR, Suitable for any Room.

THE FRAMES are nicely finished in imitation of Mahogany, Cherry and Walnut, or in Ebony and Gilt. The Seat, Back and Arms are upholstered with Carpet, in either light or dark patterns.

PRICE

Covered in Travertine Carpet, \$10.00 In Brussels " " " 8.00 " " " " " 7.00 " " " " " 6.00 " " " " " 5.00 " " " " " 4.00 " " " " " 3.00 " " " " " 2.00 " " " " " 1.00

A. J. LORDLY & SON

Jubilee Rocker. 93 GERMAIN STREET.

The North American Life Assurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO, ONT. HON. A. MACKENZIE, M. P., President. HON. A. MORRIS, J. L. BLAIKIE, Esq., Vice Presidents.

FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT FOR SECURITY OF POLICY HOLDERS.

During the year 1,225 applications for \$1,722,400 were received, upon which were issued 1,260 policies for \$2,000,000, and seven policies for \$16,500, which had lapsed for non-payment of premium were revived. This is a volume of new business amounting to nearly \$600,000 over that of any former year, and sixty per cent. in excess of that done by any other Canadian company in the same period of its history.

ABSTRACT OF REVENUE ACCOUNT AND BALANCE SHEET.

Income for the year 1886, \$194,242 30 Expenditure (including payments to policy holders of \$37,967 96), 167,484 94 Assets (including uncollected Guarantee Fund), 67,131 96 Liabilities to policy holders, 213,885 00 Surplus for security of policy holders, 255,407 00

THE SEMI-MONTHLY RETURN PREMIUM PLAN.

Provides that should death occur prior to the expiration of the Premium period, the whole of the premiums that may have been paid will be payable with, and in addition to, the face of the policy—thus securing a dividend of 100 per cent. on the premiums paid, should death occur during said period.

THE COMMERCIAL PLAN.

The large number of business and professional men who have taken out large policies on the Company's Commercial Plan, shows that the demand for valuable life insurance (followed by much of the investment element, which constitutes the overpayments of the ordinary plan, is not confined to men of small income, but exists amongst all classes of our people. GEO. E. LAVERS, Halifax, N. S., Provincial Manager. J. HERBERT WRIGHT, Inspector, ST. JOHN, N. B.

93 to 97 CHARLOTTE STREET.

beg to call the attention of the General Public to the Very Large and Varied Assortment of

HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE,

which I have now on hand, comprising, as it does, goods at every conceivable price — ALSO IN STOCK — BRITISH PLATES, bevelled and plain, framed and unframed. COVERINGS of all descriptions. CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES. MATTRESSES, Woven Wire and other Spring Beds of all kinds.

CALL EXAMINE AND COMPARE.

No one will regret examining the Stock. Every attention paid to parties inspecting.

JOHN WHITE,

(Late STEWART & WHITE.)

PORTLAND BRIDGE DRY GOODS STORE,

The Whole Stock

TO BE SOLD OFF AT A GREAT SACRIFICE,

To make room for Fall importations.

FOR CASH ONLY.

PARK'S WARPS 95 cts.

THOS. S. WEEKS, Portland Bridge.

PROGRESS OF THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE COMPANY.

ORGANIZED 1868.

Table with columns for 1885 and 1886, showing Total Cash Income, From Premiums, Interest, No. of Policies Issued, Amt., No. of Policies in Force, Amt., Total Assets, Reserve held, Surplus, Death Claims and Matured Endowments, Gain, and Gain per cent.

J. B. NEWCOMB, AVONPORT, General Agent for Nova Scotia, or E. M. SIPPPELL, ST. JOHN, General Agent for N. B. and P. E. I.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most reliable of all hair preparations.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Indeed, what little hair I had, was growing thinner, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my hair is now well covered with a new growth of hair.

HAIR. It has become weak, gray, and falling out, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. My hair was thin, faded, and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.

VIGOR. Youth and beauty in the appearance of the hair, may be preserved for an extended period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out in great quantities. I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is also free from dandruff.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

FERVOR. SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list remedies for Sick and Nervous, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Notice These Prices!

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER

RETAILS AT 3 Cents per Pound.

WHY PAY HIGHER?

DR. J. C. AYER'S PILLS

SPECIAL REDUCTIONS.

Cabinets, \$3.00 per doz.

Superior Finish. One Price Only.

Cards, \$1.50 & \$1.00 per doz.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ISAAC ERB,

BEST ON EARTH

THE GREAT WASHING TRY IT

Geo. A. Hetherington, M.D.

OFFICE: 129 UNION STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

A True Story

"Where is the baby, grandamma?" The sweet young mother calls from her work in the cozy kitchen.

No sound of its merry prattle, No gleam of its sunny hair, No patter of tiny footsteps,

And the mother's face grew pallid; Grandamma's eyes grew dim— The father's gaze to the village; No use to look for him.

"Der's a 'tude dir in the 'ater," She stretched her little arms down, But Rover held her fast,

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and all of this time when the money was going so fast, I felt something would happen to keep us from spending that, but the money's gone, the coal's gone, and mother would never let us beg, you know?

"You lend me that box of yours with the picture on it, and the money I put in will be yours and mine, there, now."

"Really and truly, Maizie! My! but you're a good girl!" then dependingly; "but that won't be doing it. Ain't there anything a lady partner can do, Maizie?"

"My sister thought some time then cried out, triumphantly: "Of course, there is, Johnnie. He said it wouldn't be worth while to put in only pennies, there must be prayers, too; and, Johnnie, you know you never forget your prayers, and I'm real sorry, so, Maizie, I'll put in the pennies when the cattle can put in the prayers."

"But what kind of prayers, Maizie? I don't understand."

"Oh, just ask God to bless our efforts, that's what the missionary said. I don't know what efforts means, but maybe it's only saying good for penance, and ask him to give Mrs. Beach lots of work."

"With tears all dried, and sunshine in his thin face, Johnnie entered into the partnership and limped off after the box, into which the following week was dropped the first trifle of the morning in the good tea chest. Hardly earned, too, for the Beach children had been unusually tormenting. The baby had cried for hours at a time, and as the little partners sat upon their doorstep looking at the coin lying in the bottom of the box, Maizie said, "You'll have to put in your prayers to-night, Johnnie, after you say God to bless our efforts, and give Mrs. Beach plenty of work."

Week after week of the year slipped by, and the missionary in his far-away home thought often of the waiting mother, and was curious to know if the children had persevered. It had been with them pretty much as it is with us. Some had forgotten all about it before the next day, others had kept up for a month or so, and then grown tired, while others were patient and true to the end.

Among the latter were our two little partners, and, as Johnnie had conceived the charming plan of getting ten pennies for each dime; the box was becoming almost too heavy for the little hands of the prayer-waiters.

Winter came, with its snow and cold, biting winds; the doorstep was no longer a suitable resting-place, and they now kept close to the kitchen stove, discussing the amount, and wondering how many Bibles it would buy. One evening at twilight, as they sat waiting, and Mrs. Beach hurried in, "Maizie, your mother's fell down and hurt herself," she said, "and they're bringing her home; you'd better get her bed ready." Then seeing the child was too much stunned to understand, she pushed her into the kitchen, and went to her room.

Soon the tramping of feet was heard and some men carried in the mother, laying her gently down, and leaving her to the care of Mrs. Beach and a doctor whom they had called in. With hands clasped tightly together, Maizie and Johnnie stood by the fire, wondering what the doctor had said, and whether they could no longer see the pale face upon the pillow. Maizie's face was almost as white; but she never shed a tear. It seemed a year before the door opened, and the doctor came out. Maizie caught his arm as he was hurrying by, and gasped out: "Is mother dead?"

"Dead! bless your heart, it's only a broken leg; but it was a bad fall and she's lucky to escape with so little. She'll be in bed a long time, though," said the doctor, as he went, leaving Maizie behind him. A broken leg; that must mean mother would be on a crutch all the time, like Johnnie; bright, active mother, who moved so quickly about the house. There would be no one to work, and away she went, leaving Maizie and Johnnie to fend for themselves.

"Pray, Johnnie; pray harder than you ever pray in your life before, that God will help us through."

What dreary weeks; how they dragged along, as I've told you in another story. There had been a little money put away, so they had been kept from starvation, and from actual freezing; but the children knew for the first time what it was to go hungry to bed. One morning, as Johnnie crept skulking into the kitchen, he stopped beside the stove, and looked at the coal burning in the grate, and the box empty.

"Don't tell mother, Johnnie," Maizie said; but that's the last bit of coal, the money's all gone, and what are we to do?"

"How long has it been, Maizie?" asked Johnnie. "See Maizie, Mrs. Beach has asked me lots of times to look after her children while she went out for a day's wash, and offered me ten cents a week for doing it, too; but I never would, because they are the very barefooted children you see now. Now, I'm going right in there to-morrow morning to offer to do it. Mother says I can have all the gives me for myself; but you know I ain't going to spend one cent of it. I'm going to send it all to Japan."

"Oh, Maizie! Johnnie exclaimed, opening his big blue eyes. "Ten cents a week! why, I expect that will be most a hundred dollars in a year, won't it?"

"Of course not, Johnnie. Besides, I won't make that every week, 'cause sometimes Mrs. Beach don't do washing, you know."

"I've thought of that, too, Johnnie, and all of this time when the money was going so fast, I felt something would happen to keep us from spending that, but the money's gone, the coal's gone, and mother would never let us beg, you know?"

"You lend me that box of yours with the picture on it, and the money I put in will be yours and mine, there, now."

"I ain't it queer, that you and father should talk so much about the money?"

"Yes," replied Uncle Charles, in a sober voice. "So, without a word, he put May upon the floor and walked abruptly out of the house. It was not like Uncle Charles to act in that fashion when he took leave of May."

"Had he said anything that I did not like?"

"Oh dear," she thought, "with I didn't talk so much!"

Perhaps Aunt Phoebe could tell her if she had made a mistake.

"What has Uncle Charles gone for?" was the question that fell in silvery notes at tall Aunt Phoebe's feet.

"Oh I don't know, dear. He is going out in his boat this afternoon, and perhaps he is just getting his lines and bait ready."

It may be that he is going to the fish-house on a grassy-top hummock above the white sands, she would have seen Uncle Charles back of the fish-house, prostrate amid the green clumps of beach grass, and if she could have heard what he was saying, she would have caught these words: "Oh, why is it, since my old mother died, that I seem to hear God speaking to me wherever I go?"

That afternoon, Uncle Charles' boat was off amid the little waves that were rocking like a fleet of blue gradies, into which the big fish had put their babies, all about the "Green Island" Uncle Charles' fishing-ground. The fishing was so good that it tempted him to stay longer than was prudent, for in the meantime a fog, that made no noise, only crept, crept softly dropped its folds all about him, and he did not notice it.

Uncle Charles was only an occasional fisherman, and consequently did not know the fishing-grounds so well as "Skipper Ben Brooks," or "Jack Tarleton," old experienced fishermen who went out in their boats every day. Uncle Charles preferred his date in the fishing-hummock, and only fished a few times each week. If a daily visitor at the lodge, he could have told better the way home; but somehow, while he was making ready to go home, stowing away his fish, and winding up his lines, his boat was swung round by the sea and he did not notice it.

He picked up his oars and began to row, but the boat was not headed right! There, in the midst of the densely-gathered fog, Uncle Charles was rowing, but he was going away from home! Going away and did not know it. I don't see how he could have done that, but he came to some whirling family. Well, I will try on a small leger."

The sea had been growing very uneasy, and the waves now jostled roughly against the boat as if they would say, "We don't want you here! We'll sweep you!"

That lonely fog, that as grey sea, that smothering fog, the night coming nearer—all this did not look encouraging, did it? But hark! Suddenly the man pulling alone in the ocean heard a soft, faint musical call coming over the sea! "What is that?" he said, as he listened again.

"Dig—ding—ding!"

"The bell-buoy!" he exclaimed excitedly, at once turning his boat's head in the direction of the sound. "Now I know where I am!"

"Dig—ding—ding!"

London had noticed the notes of the faithful bell over the dreary, foggy sea. The waves were rising, the man rowing alone in that boat dropped his head, rested on his oars and murmured, "That is what May was talking about, and I can't get away from it! God's voice is like that bell in rough waters, sounding plainer when there is trouble. How it sounds now!"

No one ever knew, save God, why Uncle Charles halted out there in the ocean. But while the bell was sounding distinctly in his ears, music was playing. "This way, this way," said Uncle Charles, kneeling in his boat. Then he looked up through the thick, gray fog, seeking God, answering the voice of the Spirit within, saying, "This way, this way is home."

Then he took up his oars again, he pulled steadily for the bell-buoy. His red frame and that calling bell looked so friendly, so home-like, Uncle Charles could have thrown his arms about it. He could not see land from this point, but there was the tide returning out from the harbor, and the sound of the bell-buoy, and that told him which way now to row, and joyfully he pulled home. There was little May standing on the shore, watching patiently for her uncle.

"Aunt Phoebe said the fog might 'bother you, and you might not know which way to go, but I told her the bell was ringing loud, and I guessed you'd hear it, uncle."

"Yes, dear," said Uncle Charles, stooping fondly in his arms, "I heard it and it helped me, and I heard another voice, and followed that too."

May wondered what Uncle Charles meant—Standard.

A dark, being brought before a man, as was said, "I haven't been in jail for stealing chickens once before?"

No, no, no, indeed I haven't. Praise de Lawd for me, nobody hasn't cooched me yet. Hit seems as if I was persecuted by de higher powers."

What book has helped you most in life? I asked my friend as home we took our way, and he replied—pocketbook.

—Dad M—, a genuine son of Erin—go' Brab, while digging in the ground, was accosted thus: Dan, what are you digging? A hole in the ground?—Arrah, no, was the answer: 'Pm diggin' the dirt away, and larvin' the hole."

You say you were very lucky the first time you bought a lottery ticket?—Yes; I drew a blank, and have never invested since.

A little city boy, who had just returned from his first visit on a farm, gave this description of butter-making: You ought just see how austin make butter with a barrel and a broomstick!

Struck Again. Mrs. O'Hoolihan—Fair, Dennis, an' 'phat are yer arther dolla' now? O'Hoolihan—Bobby, Boy, it's meself a-bought a music stool for Katie, an' O've been winding the basely thing up for over an hour, an' not a drop of music can get out of it at all, at all.—Puck.

—Mr. Dusenberry, I believe I'm wandering in my mind.—Don't be alarmed, my dear, you'll not get lost.

William, said a teacher to one of his pupils, can you tell me why the sun rises in the East?—Don't know, sir, replied William, 'cept it be that 'en't make every-thing rise. Teacher falser.

Cuffy said he'd rather die in a railroad smash-up than a steamboat smash-up; for this reason: If you get smashed up on a train, dar you is, but if you get thowed up on a boat, where is you?

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

CURES FAINTNESS—External and Internal. RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions, Stiffness of the Joints, Sprains, Stitches, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cries, and other ailments.

BEST TABLE REMEDY IN THE WORLD. CURES Rheumatism, Strain, Sprain, Gout, Diptheria, and all kindred ailments.

LARGE BOTTLE 25 CENTS. POWERFUL REMEDY! MOST ECONOMICAL! AS ECONOMY BUT.

Druggists and Dealers pronounce it the best selling medicine they have.

Beware of Imitations. The genuine only is prepared by and bears the following trade-mark.

C. O. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

CITY OF LONDON FIRE INSURANCE CO OF LONDON, ENG.

Capital \$10,000,000.

NEW GOODS! In Gentlemen's Department 27 King Street.

MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON!

Gates' Medicine.

HEADQUARTERS. Baptist Book and Tract Society, No. 94 Granville St., HALIFAX, N. S.

NEW BOOKS and helps to study Lessons in

Notes of Matthew by Broadus, \$1.25

Notes on Matthew by Clark, \$1.00

Harvest Notes on the Gospel, by Clark, \$1.00

Fry's Memorabilia of Jesus, \$1.00

Balfour's Glimpses of Christ, \$1.00

Baltimore Church Bells

Equity Sale

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner, on the corner of Prince William and Princess streets, in the city of Saint John, N. B., on the 25th day of October, 1887, the following described premises...

THE HOME

Tell me about the Master! The day lies before me in shadow, And only the evening is light...

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Paid in Gold Coin.

In Dec. 1886 I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., offered first premiums payable in gold coin, which they created a great interest among people who kept in mind such a fact...

Advice to a Reformed Drunkard. A reformed drunkard writes asking what he should do to make his reformation sure. He says he has no doubt of his conversion, and says further that besides being a drunkard he has been a gambler and a victim of other vices, but really desires to live honorably...

THE \$12.00 PREMIUM. Sent to Mrs. Evelyn C. Meerve, Centre Lovell, Me. She commenced to feed Sheridan's Powder Jan. 4th, 1887. For the first trial week her hens did not lay at all, but during the last week she got 56 eggs from only eight hens, and in the eight weeks they laid 352 eggs.

THE FARM. DESTROYING RUBBISH IN GARDENS. Gardens are commonly visited very early by the various kinds of noxious insects that destroy the vegetables grown in them. One of the best ways of getting rid of them is to remove all the rubbish from their hiding places under weeds, pieces of boards or cloths of manure. It is a common practice to change the garden occasionally, so that the plants when they appear will not be immediately disturbed by their insect enemies. The better plan is to remove all weeds, litter and rubbish from gardens. Then later in the fall plow the soil, leaving it as loose as possible, and sometimes during the winter cover liberally with manure. This will give plenty of time for the soluble fertility of the manure to reach into and be incorporated in the soil.

WHAT A SMART GIRL DID. The N. Y. Tribune gives the following brief chapter in the real life of a Western New York girl who, having a longing for more pocket-money than the paternal purse could well supply, cast her eyes over the farm in search of something that might be taken to account. A sadly-neglected bed of water berries attracted her attention, and with the help of a younger brother, rows were furrowed out and the plants were cultivated and prepared for fruiting. The first season the patch—a little less than a fourth of an acre—yielded \$70. Prices averaged thirteen cents a quart—high, to be sure, but her fruit warranted asking it, as the berries were of uniform size, the baskets and crates clean, and every box full; moreover, the berries at the bottom were as good as those on top. Unconsciously the bed, by her method of packing, solved the problem of over-production—which, by the way, refers only to interior-grown and poorly packed fruit, as there is a scarcity of good fruit generally. The result of the season's work opened her eyes to the possibilities of fruiting, and she might have been told that she was using to-day the rates as one of the most successful fruit growers in her section of the country.

Protecting Blackberries and Raspberries. There is a great deal of injury done to the canes of berries from want of winter protection. The tender and better class of berries can be grown as well as the iron-clads, if they are properly protected, and that is easily done. We first prune them, loosen up the soil around the roots of the plants, and cover with a spreading fork. The fork does not cut the roots or injure them in any way. When the soil is thoroughly loosened, the canes can easily be bent over without any injury, and a shovelful of dirt should be thrown on the top of the canes to keep them in place. When all are laid down, the work is completed by putting dirt on all exposed ends, first pressing them as flat to the ground as possible to be done, without injury to the plants. The snow fall will usually complete the protection, and if there is danger of the snow drifting and exposing the canes or the plant of berries to extreme cold, there should be a litter of weeds, straw stalks, or any kind of mulch placed over them and weighted down. This will catch the snow and keep it from drifting, and make an excellent protection. Straw-benches should be covered, if they require protection, by the use of a mulch of short grass or straw litter spread over them, three or four inches deep. The labor is not great, is easily done, and the crop that will follow the laying down will amply repay all the cost.

When to Pick Fruit. When fruits are mature, they make preparation for falling, just as mature leaves do. A distinct line is formed upon the stem of the fruit, in preparation for the separation. When the apple or pear is mature, it will separate from the tree without any pulling; mere lifting the fruit from its hanging position to a horizontal one, will cause the separation from the tree to take place at once. A little observation will teach when the berries are ready to be gathered. At this time, the fruit having made its growth, derives nothing more from the tree. After the fruit is full-grown, its next step is towards decay. Decay in early kinds comes in a few days or weeks. In the late sorts, it requires a month or more. When the fruit is early or late, there is a stage in the progress from maturity to decay, when the fruit best suits our purpose, and we say, "It is ripe," or "mellow," or "in season." This time the early kinds come very quickly, and the late sorts come very slowly. The fruit is in its best condition "into eating condition," so to speak, that they will bear favorable transportation, hence are suited only to near markets. But these very greatly, and there are very many early and late sorts, and the early sorts are the best for transportation. The late sorts are the best for eating. The fruit is in its best condition "into eating condition," so to speak, that they will bear favorable transportation, hence are suited only to near markets. But these very greatly, and there are very many early and late sorts, and the early sorts are the best for transportation. The late sorts are the best for eating.

NOVELTIES IN MUSIC.

Unifed Voices. A New Choral Song Book, L. O. Emerson has again made a success in a collection of songs for the girls and boys. It is called "Unifed Voices," and is a most successful collection of choral and solo songs. \$1.00, \$2.00 per doz.

Children's Hymns. Abney & Munger, a true children's book of pleasing new and very sweet music and words for the Sunday School. 12c. \$2.00 per doz.

Unifed Voices. A New Choral Song Book, L. O. Emerson, singing school course. Good secular music for practice. Glee and Part Songs. Hymn Tunes. Anthems for Chorus, Singing Classes and Conventions. \$1.00, \$2.00 per doz.

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Notice to Contractors. CHASED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Port Building Work," will be received at this office until Friday, 26th November, for the construction of work at Fort Point, St. John, N. B.

CHOIR LEADERS. An invitation to make the ensuing season their most successful one by adopting one of the new books, which are most carefully compiled and contain the newest songs of the best composers.

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Acadia College. 1887-88. The first term of the next College year will open on Thursday, Sept. 29.

An Article Required in Every Home. NIGHT COMMODORE. An indispensable article for the bed-chamber. Security, cleanliness, and comfort.

Intercolonial Railway. 87. SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. '87. AND AFTER MONDAY, JUNE 13, the following trains will run as follows:

THE BEST INVESTMENT. For the Family, the School, or the Professional or Public Library, is a copy of the latest issue of Webster's Unabridged and Vindicator of Aug. 24. G. E. DAY.

OPINIONS. "The Voice," a leading paper, has been placed in our reading room by W. H. Rodgers, Esq. of Amherst. The last number contains a leading article on the wine question by Dr. Sampson.

THIS PAPER. This paper is published for the Proprietor, by the New York.

News Summary.

The street railway in St. John was formally opened on Monday, and on Tuesday the regular trips were made, much to the comfort and convenience of the public.

The Cape Breton exhibition opened at Mabou on Tuesday, 11th. There was a fair attendance, considering the heavy rain and bad roads.

The request of Charlottetown, P. E. I., for a repeal vote of the Scott Act has been granted, the petition sent in being perfectly correct, and the Dominion Government not having any objection under the circumstances.

The interprovincial congress opens at Quebec on the 20th inst., and will be open to the public.

The annual session of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, to-day Brunswick, opens in Fredericton, to-day.

A London cablegram announces the death of Hon. William Annand, aged 80. He was in public life in Nova Scotia for half a century, and founded the Halifax Morning Chronicle. Of late years Mr. Annand resided on the other side of the Atlantic.

Sir Charles Tupper has been appointed Canada's representative on the fishery commission. The other British commissioners are Joseph Chamberlain and Sir Lionel West.

Amherst, N. S., offers a \$7000 prize list for the provincial exhibition of 1890.

Spring Hill, Cumberland, is said to have a population of seven thousand.

At the late municipal elections held in Northampton district, two ladies exercised the right of franchise. This is the first instance, we believe, in which women have voted in the county.

One thousand barrels of oysters were shipped from Summerside, P. E. I., in one day recently for Quebec and Montreal.

One of the most promising and praiseworthy efforts to definitely solve the problem of pure insurance is that of The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association. It appears to have hit upon a very happy solution of most of the difficulties connected with the system, while preserving its principles with strict fidelity.

The total exports from Annapolis last quarter were valued at over \$40,000, as follows: Eggs, \$1,785 dozen, value, \$8,925; cord wood, 2,500 cords, value, \$8,902; lumber, 1,192 m., value, \$12,674; horses, 28, value, \$2,665.

Nearly 5,000 have been added by profession to the membership of the Presbytery church in the maritime provinces during the past year.

Say the Wolfville Acadian—"In addition to the article in last week's Acadian, we have ascertained that besides the 107,599 barrels of apples shipped from this county by rail last season, there were shipped by vessels to foreign markets during the months of October and November about 25,000 barrels. This is not including those shipped to local markets."

Daniel E. Morris, late principal of Colville school, Souris, P. E. I., has carried off one of the six free scholarships offered by the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. Each scholarship is tenable for three years and is worth about \$500. Mr. Morris had the high honor of standing second on the list of a large number of competitors, the majority of whom were already graduates of the other American universities.

There were 30,780 fatalities by cholera in the northwest provinces of India during August.

The statement is confirmed that Ayob Khan perished in the desert. His death resulted from a wound received in the battle with the Amer's troops.

Snow storms accompanied by thunder and lightning prevailed in England and Wales last week to such an extent that the roads in Wales were blocked with snow.

France and Italy have accepted Spain's invitation to hold a conference in Madrid on the Morocco question. It is expected England will also accept the invitation.

Dhuleep Singh and the executive committee of the Indian Liberation Society are printing on the Irish secret press in Paris an appeal to the natives of British India to awake from their torpor and prove that they are no longer the dupes of English merchants and the slaves of English governors. The appeal is dated Moscow.

The Daily News' Dublin correspondent has received information from an influential quarter that the government will within a fortnight totally suppress the league. The nationalists, he says, are prepared for any such emergency.

COPEHAGEN, Oct. 17.—Princess Maud and Princess Louise, daughters of the Prince of Wales, who are both suffering from an attack of measles, are progressing favorably toward recovery. Princess Maud is the worst sufferer from the disease. Princess Louise has only a slight attack.

Orders have been received to prepare the transport Shenrock for sea. It is reported 5,000 troops will be concentrated at Toulon and held ready for immediate action in case events in Morocco render their services necessary.

The poor and unemployed of London are growing desperate. Recently about 200 of this class paraded the streets, bearing a banner with an inscription demanding "money or bread," but there were no disturbances.

Harold Gilbert's NEW CARPET STORE.

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