









RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

BURLINGTON, CORNWALLS, N. S.—The good work is still going on in this church. Seven men were baptized last Sabbath, making thirty-nine in all who have united with this church since the revival commenced in the fall of 1901.

YARMOUTH—I baptized nine into the fellowship of the First church yesterday, March 20. The work of grace in our midst moves steadily forward and we are hoping and praying that many more will receive strength to obey Christ.

CAMBRIDGE, N. S.—I baptized two more on Lord's day, March 18th, making twenty-four in all during the winter. Two others await a suitable time to receive this sacrament. Twelve or fourteen have professed conversion at Prospect, a part of whom will be Methodists.

GERMASTOWN.—At the regular conference held at Germaistown on the 27th February, 1892, brethren Henry Tingley and Asael Kinnie were chosen as deacons in the church, and Bro. W. H. Knipe as appointed clerk.

CLYDE RIVER, P. E. I.—Our denomination is not very large in this place, and for several years we have been laboring under great difficulties. Our house of worship is antiquated, uncomfortable and badly situated.

PORT GREVILLE, N. S.—In regard to pastoral oversight this church occupies a position between two stools. Still, strange to say, it does not come to the ground. Sometimes, however, apparently, the godly man ceases, but there is always found a faithful band of women who are ever either patiently preparing their spines or plashing their way seaward.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.—Some time has elapsed since the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR have heard from Acadia's Volunteer Mission Band.

OSBOURNE, Shelburne Co., N. S.—There has been a gracious work of grace going on in this place the last few weeks, a general movement among all—the captains, sailors, fishermen and others. It has been our happy privilege to visit the waters for four successive Sabbaths, baptizing 40 persons in all in the waters of the great Atlantic.

and it seems to me He would not love me so well if I did not say so." It had a mighty effect upon the meeting. Pray, brethren, for us.

J. W. S. YOUNG. EAST JEDDORE.—Believing your readers to be interested in the work of the churches, as I am myself, I want to tell them of the good work the Lord has done for us.

LICHFIELD, N. S.—God is displaying His saving power in the salvation of precious souls in this place of late. We have had the blessed privilege of seeing twenty-one candidates following God in the beautiful ordinance of baptism.

REV. W. L. PARKER writes: I have been assisting Bro. W. M. Field, Lic. in holding a number of special services at Lichfield, with the Lichfield church, and the Lord has graciously blessed the meetings in the salvation of many souls.

LUENBURG, N. S.—A few words in reference to our church in this rising, beautiful town will be interesting to the many who have prayed and given liberally to help her into a visible existence.

BRUNSEL STREET.—Exercises of a very interesting character have been held of late in connection with the 42nd anniversary of the church.

GLIMSON, N. B.—Three believers were baptized into the Gilson church on the 21st ult., so the work advances quietly and continuously.

HILLSBORO, N. B.—On the first of March we began our seventh year with the First Hillsboro Baptist church.

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INDIGESTION CURED! FELLOWS' DYSPEPSIA BITTERS. The Bitter is a powerful and pleasant medicine for the cure of Indigestion, Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Dizziness, Heartburn, Bad Breath, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Liver Complaint, or any disease arising from bad digestion.

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

PRICE 25 CENTS. our brother and sister to continue the great work to which God has called their lives to the work of preaching the gospel.

HAMPTON STATION.—The group of churches comprising Hampton Station, Smithtown, and Thurville are still without a pastor. This is a field for earnest Christian work.

BRUNSEL STREET.—Rev. H. G. Mellick closed his pastorate with the church last Lord's day. In the evening a large congregation assembled, and the pastor, referring to the fact that his engagement with the church was about to close, took leave of the congregation.

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Deaths.

FRIZELL.—At Waverly, March 11th, Adriaan Athole, aged 8 months and 18 days, son of W. T. and Jessie B. Frizell.

TROTTER.—At McMaster Hall, Toronto, on Feb. 19, Edna Maud, infant daughter of Professor and Mrs. Trotter, aged 3 days.

COONS.—At Westport, N. S., March 5, Mary, the beloved wife of William Coons, aged 77 years. She was a worthy member of the church, a faithful wife and mother.

MR. W. L. BARAS. Our sister was a daughter of Lewis L. Payant. She pursued her studies at the seminary in Wolfville, during which time she was converted and baptized by the late Rev. Dr. DeBois.

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BIG BOOM in CLOTHING at the Big Clothing Store! People will hardly recognize OAK HALL in our present ENLARGED PREMISES, presenting as we do the LARGEST and BEST equipped CLOTHING HOUSE east of Boston.

New Spring Goods NOW OPENING, IN SCOTCH, ENGLISH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS, Worsted Suitings, Overcoatings, Trouserings, ALSO, A FULL LINE OF MEN'S FURNISHINGS.

MILLER BROS.' EXHIBIT. At the recent exhibition MILLER BROS. (Granville St., Halifax) occupied a large space (nearly the whole of the south end gallery), and their show presented a fine appearance.

USE IDEAL SOAP. FULL POUND BAR. WITHOUT DOUBT THE BEST REMEDY IN THE MARKET-TODAY.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE. ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a Blood Builder, Tonic and Brain Food.

SURPRISE SOAP. Makes white goods whiter Colored goods brighter Flannels softer.

BOOK AGENTS—'SPURGEON'S LIFE AND WORKS,' by Rev. Dr. Northrop is now ready, and we are prepared to fill orders from any quarter.

A FISHERMAN.

Before.

A long cold journey through the night, A trail that lasts till morning light, A careful watch for shifting cloud, Storm secrets told in whisper loud, Thoughts of some comrades who are dead, A struggle with the sea for bread, Lessons in patience, caution, strength, And slight reward, perhaps, at length.

Behind.

A little frigate, bright and warm, A snug, safe shelter from the storm, The while who shields her from from blame, Sweet little ones who speak my name, Kneeling beside the mother's chair, And talking to her God in prayer, Small comforts making a small home, And all half empty till I come.

Around.

God's great, wide water-world outspread, And His clear stars above my head, A faint light on an evening sea, A few whom I trust, who trust me, Men who are at their best of best, A little light and tested boat, A harvest for me to reap, And I must work while others sleep.

Within.

Thoughts which I do not care to speak, A shrinking dread when I am weak, Courage and hope when I am strong, A joy that often turns to song, A sorrow no one knows but I, A prayer on wings that reach the sky, A little warmth above my heart, And brave resolve to do my part.

Above.

In all my perils on the sea, Who know not they are fishermen, Living my old life again! They also toil upon the deep, They sometimes watch while others sleep, They struggle for their bread, and I send to the towns my sympathy.

A Lost Tidy

BY FLORENCE R. HALLGREN.

"I guess Mrs. Leslie can take the pattern off by five o'clock. Anyway, I don't want you to stay later than that, Lyddy Jane. And be sure you don't lose it."

"No, no!" "An' don't get your dress rumpled." "No, no!" "Don't stoop. I declare, you're getting real round-shouldered, Lyddy Jane. Hold yourself up, now. And don't scold yourself, walk along as if you respected yourself."

"Yes!" Little Lyddy-Jane held her head stiffly erect, and went out of the gate into the broad road with firm steps, in her hand a brown paper package containing a frocked tidy which her grandmother had promised to let Mrs. Leslie copy. She liked to go on errands. It was a great deal more pleasant than sitting at home sewing, patchwork, or hemming ruffles for pillows.

"Come over here, and we'll show you something," called Nettie. Lyddy-Jane stole from the house softly and climbed the rail fence and approached the brook. She thought there would be no harm in stopping "just a minute."

"You couldn't have left it here," said Tom. "Oh, I did. I know I did," cried Lyddy. "Oh, what shall I do? It was the tidy Aunt Serena sent to Grandma last Christmas. I must find it. I must."

"I guess you took it with you to the woods," said Tom. "No, I didn't; I left it here. I didn't think anything about it when I started off to see the rabbits."

"Anyhow, we'll better go back and look," said Tom. "So they went back, but the package was not to be found. Then Tom suggested that the widge might have blown it into the brook, and they walked down the brook for it. But they didn't find it."

"It must be somewhere around," said Tom. "Nobody could have come along and picked it up, for people couldn't see it from the road."

"The wind has blown it away somewhere," said Nettie. "Don't cry, Lyddy, you're sure to find it; we'll look the whole field over."

"I can't see it, never tell Grandma," sobbed Lyddy. "You won't have to tell her; we'll find the tidy. Tom can take one side the field, I'll take the other, and you can walk the middle—oh, there's the ham!"

"There goes the horn again; come on, Nettie," said Tom, and they raced off as hard as they could go. Lyddy sat under the big tree and sobbed continually for a little while. Then she put on her sunbonnet and turned her steps toward home. She thought she would come out after supper and have another look. As Nettie had said, the package must be in the field somewhere.

"The old clock in the kitchen was striking five as she reached home. Keziah Shelton was just leaving, a basket on her arm. She had brought back some curtains she had washed for Lyddy's grandmother. She was about to speak but Lyddy did not stop. She didn't feel like talking to any one just then."

Her grandmother was making biscuit for supper, and there was a saucepan of dried apple-sauce on the stove. The whole room was fragrant with the lemon peel with which it was flavored. "Take the sauce off the stove, Lyddy Jane, and set it out on the window ledge to cool," said her grandmother. "You're real prompt about getting back. I'm glad you're learned to be so particular. Where's the tidy?"

"The words, 'I lost it,' trembled on Lyddy's lips, but she had not the courage to utter them. And besides, she was sure to find the tidy after supper. She intended to look over the field in the evening."

"Mrs. Leslie hasn't taken the pattern off yet," she said hesitatingly, keeping her face turned from her grandmother. "The old lady was silent for some time, and then Lyddy's heart beat so loud that she felt sure it must be heard. It was a relief to hear her grandmother speak at last."

"Very well," she said, "you can go over after it to-morrow or next day. I'll care for you till that skillet straight, Lyddy, you'll spill every bit of that sauce."

"Well, so you haven't brought the tidy this time, either," her grandmother said, when she dragged herself home about five o'clock, a forlorn little figure with her white face and troubled eyes. "Mrs. Leslie not done with it yet?"

"No, no," faltered Lyddy. "I'm, well, I'll go after it myself to-morrow."

These words struck terror to poor little Lyddy Jane's heart. Oh, she must tell; she would have to tell now. It would never do to let her grandmother go with the charming. She fixed on a skin the milk, and had learned to do it very well, but to-day her hand shook, and she spilled a whole skimmer of thick cream over the street.

"If that is the way you're going to work, Lyddy Jane, you'd better go back to the house," said her grandmother. "I can't let you waste cream that way."

"I won't spill!" began Lyddy, and then plump fell the skimmer into the pan of milk, splashing it in every direction, while Lyddy stared out of the window with terror-stricken eyes.

"For the land's sake! Lydia Jane Holden, have you lost every nyde of sense you ever had? What are you starin' at? Oh, it's Mrs. Leslie comin' to see about that milk," she said, and she went to the house, and she had to go up to the house a minute. You take this towel 'n wipe up every drop of that milk. I never see such capers before."

Then at last Lyddy found courage to speak. It was the courage of sheer necessity. "Grandma, grandma," she faltered, weakly catching at the old lady's dress. "I—I've got something to tell you. Mrs. Leslie hasn't had the tidy at all—I lost it."

"You lost my tidy?" "Yes, 'n I laid it down a minute under a tree in Mr. Sloan's pasture, while I sailed boats with Tom and Nettie, and the wind blew it away somehow."

To Lyddy's wonder the storm she had expected didn't break over her. Her grandmother took her by the hand very gently and left the spring-house. Lyddy wondered what was going to be done with her, but was too much frightened to ask.

Her grandmother went across the garden, and opening the outside door of the spare bedroom drew Lyddy in, and closed the door again. "Sit down," she said, and Lyddy sank into the nearest chair.

Her grandmother opened the top drawer of a cherry bureau in one corner of the room, and took out something which she laid in Lyddy's lap. "This is the tidy," she said, and she handed it to Lyddy. "You're a good girl, and you'll be glad to get it back. You'll be glad to get it back. You'll be glad to get it back."

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Some Growing Too Fast. SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SUGAR.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery. Takes hold in this order: Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin.

Intercolonial Railway. 1891. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1892.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1891.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 2 TRIPS A WEEK.

Eastport, Portland and Boston EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY.

Chipman's Patent Best Family Flours made in Canada.

March 30. "The matter which this page contains is taken from various sources and is not necessarily an intelligent farmer or housewife. It is intended to give a general idea of the year, will be worth several times the price of the paper."

WAITING ALONE. Waiting alone in the night, Never a star to shine; Never a heart-throb in the fight, Clear to the heart of mine.

Waiting, unable to sleep, Thro' the long dragging hours, Thinking of graves where our buried All of life's sweetest flowers.

THE HOME. Miss Annie's and Miss Mary's. Most young girls have ambition to be cooks and maids.

March. In highly gratified with Hood's Sarsaparilla. He was badly run down, had no appetite, which he did not eat, and he felt tired and weak.

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