

Messenger and Visitor.

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The Convention—Intimations.

Concerning the Convention which meets at Moncton in August, we wish to say:

1. We desire the churches at the June conference, or at the latest, at the July conference, to appoint their delegates to the Convention and forward a list of same to the undersigned.

2. Then we will forward a place of abode for such delegates during the Convention.

3. No church is entitled to send more than five delegates.

4. That while we would like to provide free entertainment for "wife and mother-in-law," as at last Convention here, we find it impossible so to do.

5. But we shall, as far as possible, provide for all accredited delegates whose names are forwarded before the 5th of August.

6. Where delegates desire outside entertainment, or where we are unable to provide free accommodation, we will furnish information concerning hotels, boarding house terms, etc., on demand.

7. We can make no provisions for teams.

8. Delegates connected with W. M. A. S. will be provided for by Mrs. Snow, secretary of society, to whom all correspondence should be addressed.

9. We cannot assume responsibility for any delegate whose name is sent in after August 5th.

C. R. NORRIS, Church Clerk.

—CONVENTION.—While the churches that generously entertain the convention, and thus oblige the whole denomination, do a noble service it is fitting that other churches bear some share of the burden, and receive some of the benefits. Why should not the churches that send delegates provide means for entertainment of their delegates? The contribution from each church would be small and a burden to no one, while the entertainment of all by one church is somewhat difficult. If each church were to pay the expenses of its delegates, the result would be that more interest would be taken by these churches in the proceedings of Convention. Reports would be asked of the delegates on their return. The delegates themselves would feel more interest in the work. There will always be a considerable number who will be gladly entertained by Christians where the convention is held; but the kindness of these brethren should not be abused when it can be so easily and so profitably avoided.

—IN A LETTER to the trustees of Colgate University accompanying the indenture which secured to the University the Dodge Memorial Fund of \$1,000,000, Mr. James B. Colgate, the princely donor of the fund, wrote:

"No conditions have been imposed as to the use of the income to be paid to the university by the custodians of this fund, except such as are implied in its name. Whatever the personal belief of those who may hereafter fill your places, I do not see how, as honorable men, they can expend the income of the Dodge Memorial fund for other purposes than the development of this university, along the lines marked out for it by him. So long as the memory of his life and character is retained, I am confident that this university will continue to be, in a true sense of the term, a Baptist university; a university where the ruling purpose is to discover and teach truth in order that it may be fearlessly, yet reverently followed wherever it may lead. It is my earnest wish that at proper times and in a proper manner (I would suggest at least once a week) the attention of the students, at all stages of their course, may be called to the teachings of our Saviour as recorded in the gospels, as distinguished from the interpretation of these teachings by men, as embodied in creeds, catechisms, articles of faith, and denominational dogmas."

The following circular, addressed to the local W. C. T. Union of Nova Scotia, was sent us for publication in connection with the memorial to the Council of Public Instruction for that province, published last week. As we had not space at command in last issue for both, we give the circular place here. We are further informed that it is the intention to request each religious denomination and each temperance organization to endorse the memorial above alluded to, and in the case of ecclesiastical gatherings, give the numbers of ministers and church members which it represents. It is hoped by this united effort to bring such a pressure to bear upon the Council of Public Instruction as shall secure the granting of the petition:

Dear Sisters of the W. C. T. U.:
Mr. McKay, the progressive and indefatigable supervisor of the public schools of the city of Halifax, says in his last annual report: "The teachers suffer many inconveniences arising from the evils of intemperance. The progress of their pupils is very much hindered by want of text-books and irregularity of attendance—the poverty arising from the drinking habits of many parents preventing them from supplying their children with sufficient clothing. Worse still, the children from the homes of the intemperate are frequently possessed of clouded intellects and demoralized habits. If the community spent as much on educa-

tion as it wastes on strong drink and gilded palaces, splendid gymnasiums, first-class kindergartens, free text books, and well paid, well trained teachers might lure well-wearied children to partake of the sweets of learning."

In view of these facts you exert yourselves to circulate the accompanying petition, not only in your own vicinity, but in adjoining communities where no Union is found, securing as many signatures as possible of both sexes of sixteen years of age and upwards. Please make a specialty of voters, teachers, members of school boards, physicians and ministers; and, in order that I may be able to make a record of the number of each who sign this petition, please attach to the names the office, profession, etc.

When a thorough canvass has been made, kindly return to me not later than August 25th.

Hear sisters, the success of this effort depends largely upon you. For the sake of our children, and for the sake of Him who is not willing that "one of these little ones should perish," let us do this work promptly, cheerfully, thoroughly, and thus may our request be granted.

R. A. B. PUTLAND,
Supt. S. T. U. for W. C. T. U.
Fredericton, June 22.

—WE GIVE BELOW from the CHRISTIAN UNION, of New York, an article entitled "The American Sphinx," which sets forth briefly and with much force some of the problems with which the great American Republic has to deal. These "riddles" are, to some degree and with certain modifications, the problems with which the statesmen and patriots of Canada will have to deal. We have no negro problem, it is true, but we have in Canada a race problem, perhaps not less difficult of solution. The problems as to "Western Farms," "The Working Man," and "Immigration," have not as yet with us attained very serious proportions, but some, if not all these, will have to be dealt with sooner or later in Canada. And the questions as to the "School System" and the "Railroad Corporations" are proportionally not less serious here than they are in the United States. With us it is true, also, that the hope of the country lies largely in the men whom God shall raise up to be its rulers and the shapers of its destiny.

The ancient Sphinx propounded her terrible riddle respecting man to every passer-by, and whoever could not guess she destroyed. At last (Elihu) solved her problem, and then she destroyed herself. The American Sphinx, more terrible, proposes, but a single riddle, but half a score of them, and if the princes of the land cannot find an answer to her riddles, she threatens to destroy both them and herself. Here are some of her riddles, propounded with a terrible voice and threatening mien.

You have seven million negroes in your land, multiplying rapidly, more rapidly than the whites. They are ignorant and immoral, with the vices of paganism and the vices of slavery combined. Will you give them the ballot and let them govern both themselves and you? Or will you take the ballot away? Who, then, is virtuous enough to be intrusted with their government?

Your Western farmers are covered with mortgages; your farmers are struggling with debt; in some States the farmer's annual income is less than the wages he pays his laborers. Will you let them be reduced to the condition of tenant farmers of Ireland? If not, how will you prevent it?

Your workmen are just well enough off to be discontented. There are tens of thousands who cannot get work; other tens of thousands who think they work too many hours, for too small wages, with no fair share of the profits of their labors. They are combining to get a larger share. The workers in this country in field and shop constitute the immense majority of the population. They have all the power there is. What will you do when they find that out and exercise it for their own advantage?

Immigration is no longer bringing to your shore the cream of the honest, industrious peasantry of foreign lands. The Hungarians, the Italians, the Poles, and now the Russians, are beginning to come in increasing numbers. They fly, but not as doves, to our windows. Will you let them in? How will you manage them? Educate them? Make Americans of them? Or will you shut them out? And if so, how? And what right have immigrants of 1800 to close the door on the immigrants of 1900?

You are proud of your school system. You are teaching your boys and girls to be shrewd—and selfish. You have no religion; it is your boast that you have no religion; that all religions have equal field and no favor with you. Who then is going to educate the consciences of your boys and girls? Or do you imagine that shrewdness is a substitute for righteousness as the safeguard of a nation?

Your great railroad corporations own a sixth of the capital of the community. They own its highways. Controlling transportation, they control the prices of its food and fuel. A nation whose food and fuel is controlled by its kings is as free as Egypt when Joseph was prime minister. What are you going to do about it?

When the princes of the land have answered these conundrums the American Sphinx has more ready to propound. Never was blunder greater than to suppose that the age of leadership has passed and the age of leadership is no more; that democracy can lead itself. Democracy is in the condition of a boy at that uncomfortable age when he is too

old to be governed and not old enough to govern himself. The animal has grown faster than the spiritual; the will-faster than the intellect. His passions are ripe and his judgment immature; he has the strength of a man and the inexperience of a boy. This is the critical period—the period in which the wise father and mother watch him with the greatest anxiety. Woe to them if they attempt to keep in their own hands the reins of this half-man, half-animal; he will snatch them from their hands and ride his headstrong way to death. Woe to them if they toss the reins carelessly over to him, thinking that he is "big enough to take care of himself," as though bigness had any relation to ability. How to guide him into self-guidance, how to govern him into self-government, is their problem. And this is the problem which this close of the nineteenth century puts on the princes of America.

Princes? What princes? Woe betide the land that has no princes. We have had them hitherto. We are not ashamed to put beside Cavour and Bismarck and Thiers and Gladstone, our Chase and Sumner and Seward and Lincoln; nor beside Von Moltke and Wolsley, our Grant and Sherman; nor beside Garibaldi and Lassalle and Wilberforce, our Garrison and Phillips; nor beside Hyacinthe and Lacordaire and Robertson and Maurice and Farrar, our Simpson and Finney and Storrs and Beecher and Phillips Brooks. We have had princes in the past and we need them in the future; princes in moral reform, who will dare tell this growing boy that he is no saint, and that he must cut off his vices and develop his virtues, or he will degenerate into a mere beast or brute; princes in the pulpit, who when they preach to Felix, will dare to put righteousness and temperance and future judgment together, and will have power so to do it as to make Felix tremble; princes in the State, who will care more for principle than for place, who will tell this growing boy that he will never outgrow law, for he will never outgrow God, and will interpret to him the voice so still and small within him that, if it has no interpreter, he may never hear it; princes in the press, who will not measure success by any such miserable standard as the amount of their circulation, but in lieu thereof by the moral grandeur of their teachings, and whose newspapers will not be merely the echoes of the nursery cries, but the voice of a real instructor; not a flatterer to humor the boy's passions, but a tutor to teach him his true nobility.

Wanted.—American princes. He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear.

—The new problems which the new conditions of modern life are forcing upon different nations are due very largely to the shortening of distances between different countries, the breaking down of long established barriers, and the growing freedom of intercourse. It is possible now to leave New York and reach Japan in two weeks, or to go to the Sandwich Islands in the same time, and the fact that the journey from Yokohama to London across the Dominion of Canada can now be made in twenty-one days has drawn out a good deal of comment in England. This practically reduces the distance between England and the farthest East by about one-half the former time, and this means, of course, a speedy and immensely increased tide of travel in both directions. Western influence in the East is already very great, but when the East is brought to our doors it must be very much greater. On the other hand, Eastern influence in the West is likely to be vastly increased and one question which one may perhaps be called upon to meet will be the vast influx of Oriental immigrants. An occasional Arab is sometimes seen in our streets, and a small number of Syrians have already come to this country, but so far we have been largely free from Oriental immigration. If the tide should set this way, we should probably receive the human refuse of the East first, and neither Italian nor Polish Jew approaches these Oriental immigrants in personal offensiveness or in the lack of assimilating power with our institutions. Evidently the turn is not far distant when some wise and humane policy with regard to immigration must be adopted.—*Can. Union.*

—Dr. Haigh writes to the *Chicago Standard*: "I am sure it will be cheering to the host of your readers who are the friends of both home and foreign missions, and whose hearts are moved as they see the providential openings which are presented in both directions at the present moment, that a gentleman and his daughter in the East, after careful conference with Dr. Moorhouse, have decided to devote through him from \$12,500 to \$15,000 for the school projected by our missionaries in Japan, to be located at Tokio under the care of Prof. E. W. Clement, and from \$5,000 to \$10,000 for the work among the Telugus and elsewhere. They will also give \$12,000 for a new building for the Indian university; \$4,000 to \$5,000 for a chapel at Provo, Utah, and the same sum for a chapel in Mexico; their total gifts not less than \$40,000, and reaching probably \$50,000. Thus does the new year open auspiciously for both home and foreign work."

The Dividing Line.

The controversy about holiness which has been carried on in the province of New Brunswick, for several years past, by the people called holiness people, against those who differ from them on this subject, is likely to come to an end, because the leaders of the holiness movement build their doctrine on a false foundation. Therefore the whole superstructure they erect, having nothing to rest upon in their teaching, will come to naught. It is unfortunate for the cause they profess to be the special advocates of, that the entire holiness (which is an unscriptural term) they profess and advocate makes no one safe.

The only attraction the holiness people ever had for me was their teaching concerning deliverance from sin, but when I found them teaching that the wholly sanctified might be lost, I left their company and the study of their books.

My salvation is built on a better foundation than that, viz, the immutability of God's character, purposes and work. If any one can find comfort or spiritual strength in the thought that they may be separated at last from the God they love, they are welcome to it. My comfort and strength is in denying it as highly dishonoring to God, as tending in itself to dishonor and weakness.

This is the dividing line between me and all who teach this doctrine. I take men no longer as my teachers, but would desire to teach them not so to dishonor God and His work. That by two immutable things in which it was impossible for God to lie, we might have a strong consolation; who have fled for refuge to lay hold upon the hope set before us. As to the doctrine of entire sanctification, I believe in it, because it is scriptural, God honoring, and in agreement with my own experience; but the holiness teaching of the holiness people, in general, is of no use to me whatever. Therefore I have no interest at all in circulating their literature, and oppose their God dishonoring doctrine of God losing those He has saved.

A. ESTABROOKS.

W. B. M. U.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.—Isaiah 35:1-2.

Many of the sisters will remember a visit made a few years ago by the Rev. Mr. Best, then of Winnipeg, to a meeting of the W. B. M. U. Union assembled at Wolfville. Bro. Best was very desirous of having the Union undertake some work in the North-west. He pointed out on a map 52 places where churches at that time should be built, in order to hold the ground, and to do the work which should be done by the Baptists. Many felt the weight of the request, but it was not in our power to render the aid we would have given.

For the want of money up to this time that work has been sadly neglected. Appeal after appeal has reached us from their Home Mission Board, and we have keenly felt our inability to help as the occasion demanded. Recently Bro. Alexander Grant's continuous appeals for special aid to start the work at Regina, the capital of the North-west, has agonized us, and in a special meeting of the executive board, held a few days ago, we carried Regina up to the Lord as never before. We heard Him say, "Ask and it shall be given." We asked that our young brother, J. Harry King, who has just been ordained in Carleton Place, and called by the North-west Board to go to Regina and start the work, should go in the strength of the Lord of Hosts, that he might be made the instrument in the hands of the Almighty in gathering a church that should be a light to the world through all coming time. We resolved to do all in our power, and hence this special appeal, to Aid Societies, Mission Bands, and to every Baptist in the Maritime Provinces who have not already given more than they were able. We desire you to pray over the matter, and to send quickly any sum you know the Lord would have you give to this work at Regina. Remember there is no church organized, no building, but there are some few scattered Baptists. Please send your gifts direct to Mrs. Mary Smith, the treasurer of the W. B. M. U., Amherst.

We hope our dear brethren will not feel slighted because we have not written a separate letter to each, asking for a hundred dollars or more for this work; pardon us, we would have done so had time permitted. We do trust, as you are sending up your prayers with ours for Regina, you will hear the Scripture injunction as never in all your life, "help

those women who labor with us in the Gospel," and with glad hearts and willing minds fill up the treasury for this work. If so, the day is not far distant when we will rejoice together in the prosperity of Zion in Regna.

M. E. MARCH, Cor. Sec.

Certain Facts and Principles in Regard to Foreign Missions.

1. The heathen are conscious of sin. Their religious works contain affecting confessions of sin, and yearnings for deliverance.

2. The heathen feel the need of some satisfaction to be made for their sins. They have devised many penances, asceticisms, and self tortures. These fail to break the bondage. They do not give the conscience peace.

3. The heathen need a Divine deliverer; one who can make the satisfaction, and inspire peace.

4. There is a command in the New Testament to go and disciple all in the name of this deliverer.

5. This command emanates from the supreme authority. It is from the lips of Christ himself.

6. This command is addressed to all Christians in every age, until every human being is converted. He who said, "Go preach to every creature," added, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." The command and promise reach unto the end.

7. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ. The soul of the church that does not possess it is dead.

8. If we love the person of Christ, we shall desire that His glory shall fill all lands.

9. If we love the truth of Christ, we shall be intent upon its proclamation, till every false religion is vanquished by it.

10. Success is certain. The Lord has promised it. The apostles illustrate it. Those twelve men were missionaries. In their time, Rome with her military force ruled the bodies of men; and Greece with her philosophy ruled their spirits. Both arose in conformity to the Cross. The little band of apostles did not fear or falter. They conquered both.

11. We ourselves are the offspring of the missionary enterprise. To, turn against it is like a man's turning against his own mother.

12. Duty, love, success—these are three magic words. Let us grasp the ideas they suggest, and pray and work for all men, at home and abroad, until the church absorbs the whole world, and rises up into the millennial glory.—*Rev. H. M. Scudder, D. D., in the Advance.*

Notice.—At the N. B. Eastern Association to convene July 18, 1891, at Sackville, the usual meeting of Missionary Aid Societies connected therewith will be held on the 20th, at 3 p. m. Will the societies please send delegates prepared to give reports and otherwise assist to make the meeting a means of forwarding our mission work.

A. R. EMMERSON, Secy for N. B.

The Sum of It All.

The boy that by addition grows, And suffers no subtraction, Who multiplies the things he knows, And carries every fraction, Who well divides his precious time, To sure success aloft will climb, Interest compound receiving.—*Dr. Ray Palmer.*

Literary Notes.

The *Homiletic Review* for July opens with an admirable article, from the pen of Prof. J. O. Murray, of Princeton, concerning Culture in its relation to Preach. The present Status of the Diverse Question is treated by the Rev. Samuel W. Dyke, LL.D., whose well-known acquaintance with the subject gives his article an authoritative value. Dr. C. B. Hulbert writes of the Biblical Texts Applied to Recent Claims. An article entitled Exegesis in the Pulpit, written by Dr. Howard Crosby shortly before his death, demands familiarity on the preacher's part with the original languages of Scripture, and an exaltation of the Word above everything else in the pulpit. Dr. J. Spencer Kennard closes the *Review* Section with a readable and suggestive article on Action and Acting. The European department, the Editorial, and remaining sections have their customary interest. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 15 and 23 Astor Place, New York. \$3.00 per year; single copies 30 cents.

—"Experience teaches," says the Independent, "that a generous liberality in giving to good causes, while morally useful to the giver, is not bad policy in a financial point of view. We do not believe that liberal giving, as a class, are financially harmed at all by their beneficence. Their mental habits and social status are of the best kind for business success."

The First Autumn.

MARY S. WOODMAN.

Long ago, in the land that lies nearest the rising sun, there stood a beautiful garden—all that was left of the Golden Age that had clothe the world in beauty.

Flowers lifted stately eyes from the mossy banks of the streams which ran through it, and water-lilies floated their snowy cups on the quiet surface of the little lake in the centre of it. Trees of every description mingled their varied foliage, and turned bud, blossom and ripening fruit to the summer sun which poured its warm beams up in it continually.

For on this lovely spot the sun never set; no chill wind blew across it; no cold clouds hung over it; no cold rain drenched it; but bright skies, fleecy clouds, soft breezes, and gentle dews united to make it a paradise of nature.

This garden was surrounded by a high wall with a gate on each side. South and West stood always open, but East and North were close shut against wind and storm.

Thus had it stood for century after century, and though the tradition of it had been handed down from father to son, and told at every fireside, none knew where it was situated.

One day a child wandered from his father's house, on and on, till, tired and hungry, he lay down and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke the sun was high in the heavens, and directly before him he saw a massive wall rising almost out of sight, and through the open gate flowers of brighter colors than he had ever imagined, and golden fruit that made him suddenly remember how hungry he was.

With a cry of joy he sprang into the garden. The birds sang a merry welcome; the flowers seemed to spring almost of their own accord into his outstretched hands; and the trees bent their loaded branches within easy reach of the hungry boy. He plucked eagerly; then, loaded with a wealth of purple and gold and scarlet, of fruit and flowers such as he had never seen or heard of before, he sat down on the moss at the foot of a broad branching tree.

"What is your name, little boy, and where did you come from?" asked the old tree kindly.

"Felix," answered the happy child, looking up not in the least surprised at hearing a tree talk; "and I live a long, long way off where the snow falls. Does it ever snow here?"

"Snow?" answered the old tree. "What is it like?"

"All white and glistening and cold," repeated Felix, "and the trees lose all their leaves, and I pretty flowers die."

"Die?" echoed the old tree with a shudder, "I never heard of it before."

"The sun dies every night," continued Felix, "and then it is all dark and dreadful. I like it better here. Where does that lead to?"

"I don't know," answered the tree; "it is never open," and again a shiver ran through every limb at the boy's story. Or was it prophetic?

"I'll go and see," and the child flung the flowers from him and ran toward the close gate. At his touch it swung back on creaking hinges, and in rushed the North Wind, shrieking wildly in triumph.

"Felix! Felix!" cried the old tree. "O, what have you done?" and a wail as if its heart was breaking burst from every leaf.

Felix sprang back trembling at the mischief he had done. The sun was descending rapidly toward the western horizon. The North Wind howled among the tree-tops, working destruction everywhere. The loftiest monarchs of the garden bent and shook at his approach. It was the day of his power.

"Felix," whispered the old tree, "what is that?"

Felix looked. The sun was just on the horizon; piles of cloud, deep purple, crimson, golden, seemed floating in a sea of fire.

"It is sunset," answered Felix, softly; "the sun is dying."

"Is that death?" whispered the old tree, trembling now with ecstasy.

"But look at this!" he cried again. All around the trees were catching and holding the radiance of the sunset, mingling its colors in every leaf.

"It is autumn," answered Felix. "It is death."

"Then welcome death!" cried the old tree, joyfully.

And the sun went down; and the stars shone out slowly, one by one; and the moon shed her soft radiance on the garden; and over all fell the stillness of an autumn night.—*Exchange.*

—If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there were no other just man.—*St. Clement.*

Immortality. W. H. HINSON, MONTON.

Men utterly refuse to believe that death ends all; and a belief in immortality is practically universal. It is found outside of the sacred volume, written on tablets older than those which bore the Decalogue, even the fleshy tablets of men's hearts. For under all constellations, in every condition, climate and circumstance, men have been found clinging to a belief in human deathlessness. And the permanent impression of the race will not be disregarded by the thoughtful mind. For this belief has struck its roots down into the sub-soil of savagery, and has lifted its fruitful branches among the tallest civilizations of the world. The nations to whom we owe most—the people who gave Catholicism a Mary, Protestantism a Jesus and the world a Bible—stood by a future for man. For apart from all proof passages of scripture and phases of Jewish thought which buttressed this belief, it is true, as Beecher long ago said, "That we can not conceive of experiences such as David and other souls had in reference to Jehovah and religion; such enthusiasm of love and soul prostration in connection with deity, that did not in some way infer the doctrine of a continuing existence on the part of God's people."

The old Greeks, the monuments of whose past greatness are the cherished treasures of the present generation, kindled into a passion and shipshape thought of an eternity where the departed lived again. And the Romans, as "death locked shields they assailed cities with a dogged, an conquering persistence that characterized them, clung to this faith. The Mohammedan warriors, with their glances of steady bravery believed immortality awaited them as a rich reward. The Indian looked for a happy hunting ground after death, where want and cold would forever be unknown. The Egyptian people, who furnish us with the earliest details of an established civilization, affirmed the future existence of man as they wrote: "Thy soul rests among the gods, and respect for thy immortality is in their hearts." The Persians and the Indians, the Assyrians and the Sinites, the Celts and Druids, the civilized of Egypt, Greece and Rome, and the uncivilized tribes of America and Africa, all held by man's immortality. The men of action, whose biography, according to Napoleon, makes the history of nations; the men of fancy and meditation, the poets and philosophers—have clung to immortality as a lampet clings to a rock; and whatever is sweetest and sincerest, bravest and best, strongest and sublimest, is clustered about this belief. For the sounding shores of the seas and on the sunny slopes of the hills; in the shadowy lanes of the valleys and on the mighty mountains; in the heart of every civilization, in the creed of every religion; in the icy North and the torrid South; in the ancient East and the youthful West; wherever sun rises or star shines, this deathlessness has awayed men. And the tombs and temples of the world, the massive pyramids of Egypt, the glittering shrines of the East, the tall-standing altars of British Druidism, the gigantic relics of bygone worship hidden in South American forests, are all as eloquent of a faith in the future as they are faithful records of a misty past.

In his "History of Christianity" Dean Milman says: "The immortality of the soul and its inseparable consequence, future retribution, have been assumed by the legislators as the basis of all political institutions." And this Christian doctrine of life to come is declared by him to be the parent of all which is purifying and ennobling in Christian civilization. Bishop Foss tells us: "The fact of immortality has been overwhelmingly reaffirmed, and evermore with multifold emphasis by the general judgment, conscience and heart of mankind." Man is immortal. Men here and there may doubt or deny immortality, but man as such assumes it.

High Blair says: "A belief in the soul's immortality has been proclaimed among mankind. Never has any nation been discovered on the face of the earth so rude and barbarous, that in the midst of their wildest superstitions there was not cherished among them some expectations of a state after death, in which the virtuous were to enjoy happiness." So universal a consent in this belief affords a strong argument in its favor. It is a principle planted by God in the human breast.

Dr. Martensen: "The unconditional destiny of all men is immortality." President Payne responds: "Glorious immortality, angel of divinity, bawdy, clothing earth's darkest forms with white robes of light, and shedding fadeless lustre on the mortal gloom." Dr. Spencer writes: "Revolve in your mind, and what is man?—a dream, a sign, a throb, then nothing." But blessed God, life and immortality are brought to light.

Without a belief in immortality, writes Mrs. Miller, "religion is as an arch reared on one pillar, the ending in an abyss." While Canon Edmondeston declares that "man on the threshold of death must look to an actually demands a future."

In speaking of this desire for immortality, which, like Hope, is "an eternal in the human heart, it has been called it no mist of the soul. In "Festus, Bailey, speaking of himself, says: "I feel the instinct of immortality life within me, which prompts me to provide for it." And speaking of man at large, he adds: "There comes this question to us, and we are driven into the man as a pulsing, driven, what shall become of his hereafter?" And then, as though in reply to this question, he says: "And all our powers are weakness to what we shall have, and to what the faith and the wish but points the likelihood of life to come." Ah, my brothers, if you had the maddening mazes of things you ask that question that has been peeping down the ages, the question that asks an echo in every human heart, "If a man die shall he live again?" and if you say—

"Tell me my secret soul, O blest one, how and why, Is there no resting place from sorrow, sin and death? Is there no happy spot where mortal may be blest, Where grief may find a balm and weariness a rest? If you ask this question with an earnest persistence, you will hear the soul say through her every whisper, emotion and in-stinct, Man lives for evermore."

You do honestly feel a wish and desire to read: our wishes are presentiments of our capacities." And he adds: "This is a noble saying, of deep encouragement to all true men, applicable to our wishes in regard to reading, as to other things." As a verily it is; for rightly pondered it forms no small support to the argument for immortality. For nature never deceives. All the instincts and faculties which are in any of its creatures—there is always something to meet them. Nature never disappoints. If there is a particular appetite, there is something to meet it; if there is a particular faculty, there is something to meet it; if there is a particular instinct, there is something to meet it. You take an egg from under the parent bird, when she has been sitting on it, and it is nearly come to perfection, and hold it in your hand. There it is, a dark world with its single inhabitant. You take off the top and look in. There is a creature as tiny as a wing, of what use are they there? Why, they are a prophecy that the creature is intended for a world in which there is an atmosphere, intended to be born into an atmosphere, and there is its preparation. Thus, a fly is intended to fly, and there is its future condition. May that not be illustrative of men's souls? May not the aspirations, desires and anticipations be as the wings of the spirit? Are they not instincts which are given to us, which are a prophesy to us of the future for which we are intended?

F. W. Robertson tells us: "Every natural longing has its satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to satisfy our thirst. If we are susceptible of affection, there are beings to gratify that love, that thirst for life and love eternal, it is likely that there are an eternal life and an eternal love to satisfy that craving."

As the living berries and the green-leaved branches, the delicate butternuts, the air-fraught wild flowers, all tell of the mariner's nearness to the land, so we, sailing over the solemn man of life, are not left without the hope inspiring assurance and the anticipatory forestales of a life to come. For, as another puts it: "To us there is breathe out of the unperceived odor of spices and balm and frankincense and myrrh—an atmosphere that comes in the twilight wind off the unseen holy." And it is one of the fixed certainties of experience that we are rapidly nearing the celestial climate, the land of the immortals—where no graves are ever cut in the blossoming Paradise, and where no one knows the meaning of the dark word, Death. Nor are there waiting times and seasons when these instincts as of course they are, themselves, to the exclusion of all manner and purposes, as to cause us to say with Dandrige—

"Oh, that I stood in the presence of God! In the visible presence of God! And that I could see the angels, and that my body were dead, and my soul were in the light of that palpable eye."

And it is to this instinct, this premonition, this glowing consciousness we evermore cling. And we are warranted, I take it, in supposing that as for wings is provided, and for fire water, and for migrating in to the sunny South, so for this earnest wish of the soul there is a heaven of satisfaction decreed: "Thou hast immortality in mind. 'Tis that goodness that will not let thee doubt it. The strings of thy heart will find it. That we could never do without it."

Brothermen, whence came this universal faith in deathlessness? The interest in this question is increasing, and the remembrance that for millenniums man has been environed by multiplied evidences of mortality. For the world is full of death. The leaves of many an autumn have rustled of death; the flowers of many a season have faded in its icy breath; the herbs, the grasses, the grains, the trees, little children, fair women and strong men have been dying for ages. In all climates, under all circumstances, from a million causes, men have fallen in the arms of death. Yet amid this wreckage and ruin, like some Phoenix, there has risen this sublime conception and faith. Some hint, doubtless, nature gave, as in the chrysalis, the birth of the flower from the death of the seed, and the general resurrection of the awakened spring. But these illustrations, these analogies, are not sufficient, to account for this gulf stream of immortality flying through a cold sea of dissolution. May we not reply by asking a second question? We know how in every fragment of rope used in the British navy there is to be found a fine steel thread. Whence came that red strand in the rope? Placed there by the maker of the rope. Whence came this belief in immortality found in the soul of man? Placed there by the Maker of the soul.

It has been fairly argued, that matter does not adequately explain man. A sheet of mica, since a man of science was asked, "What is man?" He replied by an illustration. He presented to his audience 25 pounds of iron, two pounds of iron, two ounces of phosphorus, one ounce of iron, sodium, potassium, magnesium and silicon. Then apologizing for not exhibiting 5,000 cubic feet of oxygen, 10,000 of hydrogen and 32 of nitrogen gas, he said: "This is man, as he is made out of matter." Can phosphorus think? Can iron feel? Can hydrogen, or arrangement or fusion of these elements can you produce the living, loving, thinking, acting man? Was there these things and nothing more in the general judgment, the systems, in Newton's discovering gravitation? Was Shakespeare written by a few pounds of carbon and various other ingredients? Was America discovered by a mixture of sodium, iron, potassium, etc. The chemical analysis has answered one question correctly and conclusively. It has shown us not what man is, but it has shown us what man is not! For somewhat there is in man other than that which these explain. Considerable of the gas-joints of life is in man, in some men, but in man woman loves, and looks for other, than a compound of magnesium, iron and sodium! Ask of Shakespeare, what is man, and through the lips of Hamlet, hear him speak: "What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form how moving, how express and admirable; in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals." And through Lucianus, he speaks of head and tail and tail, and says—

Materialism can never be the satisfying belief of man. For the heart persists in asking with Tennyson—can he—

"Man, her last work, who seemed so fair, Such splendid purpose in his eyes, Who bent his bow in heaven's sky, Who built his fanes of fruitless prayer; Who loosed his soul into the void, And love creation's final law, Who bowed, who suffered countless ills, Who bled for the true, who died, Who loved, who loved the desert dust, Who sealed within the desert, who died."

President Hopkins has grandly said: "There is in us unity of matter. It divides itself endlessly into molecules and atoms. But we are one. We know ourselves to be one being. I hold myself to be one being. I was thirty-five years ago, when I became president of my college. If I know anything I know this: But the protoplasm is not the same; that has changed many times. How then can the protoplasm of to-day represent the protoplasm of thirty-five years ago? It would seem as though God had anchored this consciousness of permanence in a flowing stream of matter, to show that it cannot be the product of that matter. Independence of the body is suggested by its operations and derelict of the bodily conditions. For you may destroy an organ of sense, and yet the mind continues to reason. Think what visions of splendid beauty were created by Milton's mind when the eyes were blind; what the songs and sighs of Eden would still have been ready to the poet, had he also lost the organ of sound, and if the noble can sing without a voice, would it not act in equal vigor if taste, and smell, and touch, had also disappeared? Indeed one of Germany's greatest physicians has told us, it is frequently noted facts that we find the full use of the mental powers existing in the case of a man who has almost entirely ruined brain. And as opposed to materialistic thought, Weatherstone's remark is of value; that feeling how material environment was rather an incubus than a stimulus to thought, and that the conception of getting rid of the brain at death, as his mind could fly from truth to truth, as he felt it was made to.

I remember reading a year ago an experience in Dr. La Rose's ministry, which is worth carefully perusing. He said: "I once had an opportunity such as rarely occurs, even in the experience of a physician, of studying the relations of the soul and the sense life. A person had been slowly dying. Days had passed since the fatal stroke was first announced. Almost the entire frame had passed under paralysis. The power of motion was gone, except in the extremity of the hands, and an occasional ability to move the tongue in briefest articulation. No part of the body was sensitive to touch, except the centre of the palm, where a powerful odor, either in response from the sense of smell. The taste failed to recognize the sharpest condiments. The optic and auditory nerves had been for some time deadened, so that the patient was not conscious of the brightest light, and the faintest sound. The heart beat and the lungs heaved, mechanically, as an engine may throbb for a little while after the fire has died out. The post mortem examination showed that the patient had been for a long while dead. But during this period of physical vitality, there was no corresponding weakness of the mental powers, rather a strengthening and quickening in inverse ratio to the impairment of nerve and sense. Memory, fancy, and judgment were all as clear as hourly intensified. The sufferer realized that he was becoming more and more shut in from communication with the outer world, invented shrewder devices for using the avenues that might be left; and he was able to create a mental picture of his friends, and to converse with them by means of which friends could communicate with him through the remaining sensitive spot in the palm of his hand. A distinguished physician watching the case remarked, 'I am astonished that you are able to do this, when you have learned through philosophy, and when the tiny spot in the palm lost its sensitiveness, and the heart was still, no one could believe that the strong intelligence had ceased. Then what became of the mind when released from the body?' His answer was by reason of adding another. What becomes of the operator when he removes from his seat at the telegraphic instrument, because his instrument can no longer be worked? The instrument is abandoned, but the message is sent, and the message is sent to the soul; it only liberates it. It finds the body feeble and worn out, crippling the young limbs of the soul, fettering its higher soarings, blinding the soul's eager sight, benumbing the stretch-gone of his action, and the soul is in the heart; and nothing but a thorough heart-work—a genuine reversion—can ever make that backsliding brother what he was in the days of his hale and happy activity."

It is not the only dried up man in the congregation. There is Brother Hardacre, whose pulse once poured a bonfire stream into almost every channel of benevolence. Now it requires no little pumping to get even a trickle; and what he gives loses all its grace, for it is given so grudgingly. Brother Hardacre has come as has not diminished; but away up towards the head of the stream, he has opened a cut-off of self-indulgence, which drains away nearly all of his income for self-gratification; and the last of the eye and the pretensions for light that he made, Columbus, too, hours before midnight, eagerly whispered to Pedro Gutierrez, "Look, look, see that light on the shore; that must be a continent." And as the weary, storm-tossed listeners may have heard the south of wind in the tree-tops on the land, so maybe the soul drawing near to eternity has the flecks of time removed from it, maybe it hears the melody our mortal hearing is too thick to catch; maybe it sees the light along the hills of glory, where the sun on lights that prevent God's dear ones from getting bewildered in the dark gloom and the spray. And maybe that Christian watcher of the hospital was right, who, speaking of the many times when his face had grown white with the

passing souls of men, declared at such times it seemed to him that the death-angel appeared to sing—

"When your body therefore drops To the dust, and your spirit flies, So softly will I care For your enfranchised soul."

A Call For Patience.

There is, just now, large room for patience in the Christian world. The controversies of our time affect beliefs which receive their life from the hearts of Christ's disciples. The Bible is subjected to such scrutiny as never before, and startling statements are made as to the identity of its writers and the inspiration of various passages generally accepted as the divine Word. Opinions which have been held as unimpeachable truths are called in question and in some cases discarded. To some it appears as if the foundations of faith were being sapped and undermined, and it is no wonder that they raise a cry of alarm and demand that tolerance for those who they honestly believe are wittingly or unwittingly acting a traitor's part. These, however, will not be too quick and fierce in their denunciations. The wrath of our society is not against the honest, but neither can it render service to its revelation.

The reading of the Westminster Confession shows us that the good men who framed it had not attained to all truth, but they had attained to that which they believe their fathers, taking in some measure copy from it, adopted. Forty years ago, when a revision of the Scriptures was advocated by Baptists not a few in the denomination were opposed to it, having it as their object, undertaking, and shrouded vigorously for the "old-fashioned Bible." Yet we have lived to see the translation revised by the best scholars of England and America, and, however much we are attached to the version which has been commonly used, we are glad to accept the light which comes to us from revision. So now while some criticism seems ruthless and sacrilegious, it is well to possess our souls in patience. If we have not learned enough for argument to disprove the statements of scholars, who have spent years to investigation, we can certainly not accomplish any good by an exhibition of wrath.

The Bible has withstood assaults made upon it hitherto, and we may have confidence in the connection with the most daring scholarship has not attempted to question the doctrines on which the Christian world rests its hope, or to prove the Book an unsafe guide for faith and action. Men who startle us by what we deem an iconoclastic spirit, nevertheless show reverence and love for it, and their acceptance of and love to Christ none who know them question. They may be mistaken in some of their conclusions, but the great need just now is patience. The grass withereth and the flowers fall, and the general organism of our modern Christianity, the most tolerant representation, will show how far the Baptists of this country are disposed to keep themselves abreast of the time, in this as in other things. We look, on our own part, for what shall fairly and justly deserve the name of which represent the present. Chicago sends abroad once more the invitation. Heretofore on every such occasion she has had reason to rejoice in the response made. Let her not be disappointed now."

Dried Up Church Members.

It is a rare thing for Mohok to be visited by a drought. In his own mountain region waters are usually abundant. But this morning yonder lawn is burned brown; the roses in the garden look thirsty, and if the prophet Elijah were up on yonder "Sky-top," he could not discover a rain-cloud as large as a man's hand. "Mossy Brook" is reduced to a bare thread which trickles among their pink and white plumage beside it, but the brook is fast dying of drought. That poor little rivulet is a picture of the human soul, and when an infant was born, for mercies received. The good pastor often rose in the pulpit before the long prayer with his hands full of these requests, and in the prayer that followed not a single one was forgotten. When the more many of them, it used to be a childish wonder how he could remember them all in their proper order, and notice each of them in such appropriate words. He carried his people on his heart. They were ever with him. He heaved a sigh of relief, and rejoiced with them that they do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

Very often the foundations on which a man has rested his faith are discovered to be shifting and uncertain as the sand. He may from early training have accepted real truths, but there may have been no inward conviction of their claim to his belief, and he may discover that he is not rooted and grounded in the truth as that he can have the sure and steadfast hope he needs. Such a sense of darkness is often the beginning of a process by which the eyes of a man's heart will be opened, and he will be led to such searching after the truth that he will rest his faith on right grounds. But there are those to whom spiritual things were once vivid and real who walk now "in darkness and have no light." Such a man's loss of faith and spiritual delight comes from indulgence in sin. He has been disobedient to the word which has brought to him. He has lost faith because under the sure working of the divine law his eyes are closed and his heart has waxed gross. When any proclaim their loss of faith in things which they once firmly believed, there is need of inquiry as to the life they have been living.—Ch. Enquirer.

Mr. R. L. Allan, of Ottawa, writes: Having been troubled with weakness of the lungs and general debility the past two years, I concluded to give Putner's Lung Tonic a fair trial. I have taken seven bottles, and find my health much improved; my lungs stronger, my weight increased twelve pounds."

To the Deaf.—A person cured of Deafness, when his head of 23 years had stood by a simple remedy, will send a description of it pass to any person who applies to Nicolson 30 St. John St., Montreal.

prosperity is fast drying up his piety, and making his inner life as arid as summer dust.

There are plenty more of similar cases of once sparkling and gushing streams that are now parched up with spiritual drought. Some church members run full-banked in times of revivals and special meetings, and then dribble down like "Mossy Brook" to a scanty streamlet. Whose fault is this? Does the Master intend that His service shall be an alternation of revival and declension, of expansion and contraction, of overflowing fullness and disgraceful drought? Is there anything in the nature of the human soul and in the divine economy that necessitates such an alternation of growth and declension? Is there not a divine reservoir of grace which can keep the true Christian always full to the brim, and make him as steady, in his flow as that majestic Hudson river, whose waters I can see from yonder "Sky-top." God is not a licker or a fuffler. His grace is never exhausted, His ear never deaf to prayer, and His power never shortened. When Jesus Christ says to His followers, "My grace is sufficient for you" and I am with you always," He never contemplates a miserable intermittent Christianity. He offers to be, He promises to be, "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." If Jesus is inexhaustible, is there any excuse for any Christian's running dry?

No! For there is this great difference between the physical and the spiritual world, that while the farmers down in yonder Roundout valley cannot command nature to raise the thirsty fields, every Christian can keep his heart in constant connection with the divine fountain-head of grace. Paul was never parched up since his day have kept filled out of its fullness; daily draughts of grace for daily duties no more exhaust them than you can exhaust Niagara's flow by tapping it for a mill race. Their inner life is hid with Christ in God. Before my window to-day gleams the crystal water of Mohok Lake, bright and beautiful up to its brim, and unaffected by the severest droughts. The reason is that it is supplied by innumerable secret springs that never run dry. Such may every Christian be if he will obey Christ's commandment, and "keep himself in the love of God."—Evangelist.

The Standard speaking of the Young People's meeting in connection with the convention soon to meet in Chicago, remarks that "it is not to be viewed as a mere effervescence of youthful zeal, but as a scheme to enliven the routine of christian service with some novel procedure, some new and original representation. Chicago sends abroad once more the invitation. Heretofore on every such occasion she has had reason to rejoice in the response made. Let her not be disappointed now."

Dr. S. F. Smith is contributing to the Chicago Advance a series of papers on the Baptist Ministers of Boston of fifty years ago. He begins with Dr. Thomas Baldwin, who was in Boston before the first quarter of the present century. "In those days of comparative simplicity," writes Dr. Smith, "it was common for the people to send to the pulpit on the Sabbath notes asking the prayers of the congregation for the sick and dying, or persons about to journey, for seamen about to embark for a voyage, and asking that thanks might be returned for safe return from a journey, for recovery from sickness, the first time the subject, after his recovery, visited the house of God, and when an infant was born, for mercies received." The good pastor often rose in the pulpit before the long prayer with his hands full of these requests, and in the prayer that followed not a single one was forgotten. When the more many of them, it used to be a childish wonder how he could remember them all in their proper order, and notice each of them in such appropriate words. He carried his people on his heart. They were ever with him. He heaved a sigh of relief, and rejoiced with them that they do rejoice, and weep with them that weep."

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WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1891.

"QUIT YOU LIKE MEN."

If you be permitted to say a word to the young men, so many of whom are entering into pastoral work for the summer, or into more permanent relations in the ministry, we would say, in all your work for and in all your intercourse with the people of your charge, strive to be men.

But to be somewhat more particular, let the minister be a MAN OF INDUSTRY. There is an ancient-law which says, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

The minister should be eminently a MAN OF SYMPATHY. He will do only a part of his work, and not the best part, if he is content with being simply the instructor of his people.

Let the minister be a MAN OF MAGNANIMITY. Of all places in the world, the ministry is the last for the man who is afflicted with smallness of soul.

Christ's kingdom, whoever may be honored as His ministers, a spirit which will forget petty personal considerations in the grand aim to serve his Lord and help his brethren.

Finally, the young minister can least of all afford to neglect the fact that the MINISTER MUST BE A MAN OF PRAYER. No man without the constant aid and comfort of the Divine presence is sufficient for these things.

BE FRUITFUL. A palmist compares the good man to a tree which brings forth fruit, and Jesus said to His disciples, "Herein is My Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

TEMPERANCE IN THE CONVENTION.

Bro. W. J. Gates, who is a prominent and active temperance worker, thinks that our Convention has not of late years kept so well "in the front rank in the onward march of the temperance cause" as the organized assemblies of some other denominations have done.

The criticism of our correspondent seems not to be unreasonable, and his suggestion we think is wise. Until our Convention is willing to take more time than its custom is to consider the interests with which it is entrusted, many things must necessarily be passed over with less attention than they deserve.

important educative influence upon the Convention and the denomination which it represents.

On Higher Education.

We are building a nation. We are and shall be a democracy. The people reign, and each man's vote is his sceptre. It is therefore easily evident that our national well-being depends upon the integrity and wisdom of the people.

At the step beyond the common schools we find a change. Higher education in Canada has been largely assumed by the various Christian denominations as their special business.

That Reform and Progress has been Acadia's watchword cannot be denied. Nevertheless there are pressing claims for immediate reform along many lines of our educational work.

The college curricula of the past were, for the most part, not calculated to meet popular needs. They met the needs of a favored few, who aimed to separate themselves from the vulgar throng and dwell only with the masters.

Now, an arts college, denominational or provincial, at the present time in Canada, which is not helping the young of the land to solve the great present problems, and fitting them for wise and decisive action in the future, has no warrant for its existence.

Now it is announced that it is hoped next year to open a department of manual training in this school. Although heartily in favor of such a movement, and desiring to see it realized in the near future, I think the expediency of its immediate establishment is open to question.

For the proper prosecution of this higher academic work, a generous endowment is needed and must be provided, but until such work is proposed in Horton Academy, let no man talk of academic endowment.

That Question of Open Communion. In the MESSENGER and VISITOR of June 24, the question is asked: "How long does it require a Baptist to commune at a or with a pedobaptist church, and a pedobaptist to commune with a Baptist church before that Baptist church can be declared upon communion, and who is responsible—the pastor who declares simply, 'after the congregation is dismissed the Supper will be observed,' or the deacon who officiates." W.

Immediate Reforms Demanded at Acadia.

That Reform and Progress has been Acadia's watchword cannot be denied. Nevertheless there are pressing claims for immediate reform along many lines of our educational work.

In the academy's addresses to the public, much stress is laid upon the advantages of her boarding system. Careful observers frequently question the merits of this so-called advantage.

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The Psalmist was sure that he could run in the way of God's commandments when God would "enlarge his heart." An enlarged heart, filled and overflowing with love, will know no weariness or discouragement.

round about Akidu. The funeral of this good man was largely attended. Addresses were made by pastors of the various churches in Port Hope, and by several from a distance.

Woodstock College closed Tuesday, June 16. Ex-principal Farmer, returned from his studies in Louisville, Ky., and Rev. George Sale, president of one of Dr. MacVicar's schools in Georgia, were present. The speaker of the day was Hon. R. Harcourt, provincial treasurer, who eloquently discussed the life work of a student.

The college is just now favored with several scholarships and prizes: In the Third year, the Calvin scholarship of \$50, and the Copp prize of \$10 in the Manual Training department; in the Second year the S. J. Moore scholarship of \$50, and the Wolverson prize of \$5 in the Manual Training school; in the First year the D. W. Karn scholarship of \$25, and the Dullely prize of \$5; in the preparatory course the Wm. Davis scholarship of \$10; open to the school, the James Hay prize of \$10 for the best speaker. The outlook for the college is of the brightest.

From Avon, Washington Territory. It is a great pleasure to receive the MESSENGER and VISITOR, and learn of others, living a few miles from here, who take it too. I see by the reports from the churches in the provinces that many of them were revived and souls added to them, such as were saved.

Our association meets in June at Whatecom, and although we do not have such large gatherings as at home, we hope to do great things in the name of the Lord.

Friends may be interested to learn that I have taken charge of the church at Mount Vernon, the church in which I held membership until coming to the provinces. The place is one of great promise, being the county seat of the most fertile county in western Washington, the Great Northern Railway giving us connection with Seattle and Vancouver, and a navigable river giving us steamboat connection with all parts of Puget Sound.

Thomas Lisle, of Toronto, was one of our most prominent men. Born in Yorkshire, England, in 1820, he came to Toronto in 1834. He became a merchant tailor, and in 1854 opened a wholesale clothing establishment, the first of its kind in Western Canada. For many years Mr. Lisle was connected with various financial institutions, and always with honor to himself. No man was more loyal to the Baptist cause. The Alexander St., Dovercourt Road and College St. churches owe much to his liberality; the library of Toronto Baptist College has received hundreds of volumes from him; while as chairman of the Home Mission Board, treasurer of McMaster University, director of the Church Edifice Society, and president of the Standard Publishing Company, he occupied positions of much usefulness and left vacancies hard to be filled. Mr. Lisle died Wednesday, June 3rd; his funeral was strictly private.

William Craig, of Port Hope, was another faithful servant of God and the denomination. For many years he and his sons have been in the tanning and general leather business in Toronto and Port Hope, and were widely known in business circles. Mr. Craig has been closely identified with our foreign mission work. In 1870 he became vice-president of the Board, which office he held until 1889, when he was succeeded by his son, William Craig, jr. In 1877 Mr. Craig gave a son, Rev. Wm. Craig, B.A., to the foreign field, who from that time has been doing a good work in the regions

perhaps you can recommend to your readers. Mr. Editor, some good books or tracts on these subjects. [We would recommend a little book of 86 pages, by Dr. J. H. Vincent, entitled "Better Not," published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.—Ed.]

N. S. Central Association. FRIDAY MORNING. was given to Education. The committee on this subject by Prof. Kierstead, who is a very thorough and intelligent man of the work and various departments of our education at Wolfville, Pa. Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., Prof. A. E. Caldwell, Oakes, Prof. F. Higgins, M. Saunders, D. D., Rev. and President Sawyer.

The afternoon session of the subject of Sunday school, on this topic were indeed commendable and thorough on the part of our education work. On Friday evening a meeting was held, the packing the large and beautiful room of the Berwick club that addresses were returned missionaries at aries-elect, doubtless to create the expectations of the people in this session.

After the opening session on Missions reported by Rev. J. W. Manning, chairman, in which reference to our Home, North and Foreign missions. prospects and necessities together with the respective churches, were concisely paper.

An address of welcome and missionaries—Rev. and wife, and Miss W. on behalf of the association. T. A. Higgins, D. D., of the audience had the pleasure from the missionaries Howard Bars and the words of high resolve—work in the field from Bro. and Sister Ardone and victories won land. This interesting late hour by prayer by Burton, of England, and Rev. J. W. Manning, following our dear Bro. obliged to abandon his tam and return home health.

The committee on the reports reported thereon, circular letter prepared, tee, which, after some passed by the association.

On Saturday afternoon listened to brief history two of the older churches of the Windsor by St. Margaret's Bay church by Rev. M. Freeman, J. W. Manning. These with thanks, and order the library of Acadia U. C. Committees for 1892.

"Systematic Giving" by the committee on B through their chairmen Gates. Among its records that of raising \$1.50 per in our churches for decess, outside of local and church purposes made for the further church histories.

"Denominational Literature" reported upon by the committee to that duty; by the Book Room in Halifax hearty commendation it is doing for our churches. The healthy business is very gratifying of good literature. This regarded the MESSENGER and VISITOR, worthy of honorable noble work it had done and defence of the and practices of Baptists dissemination of sound and wholesome these Maritime Provinces the fact that there were few thousand Baptist full visits. Among the terprises of our denomination on its way.

By a resolution of the meeting of this Association for the first Friday of June, at 2 p. m., and the thing being with the Hants. The committee have preparation of a m Dr. S. T. Rand, reported Saturday evening session the subject of Temperance on this question was Rev. W. C. Vincent. up some strong speaking resolution was adopted. Resolved, That in the Association, on the question, the only hope of entire prohibition of the liquors as a beverage. A resolution was also forth the fact that the a great evil; and that

N. S. Central Association.

FRIDAY MORNING

was given to Education. The report of the committee on this subject was read by Prof. Kierstead, who gave the opening address. This was the beginning of a very thorough and interesting discussion of the work and wants of the several departments of our educational institutions at Wolfville, participated in by Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., Rev. A. Cohoon, Prof. A. E. Coldwell, Principal I. B. Oakes, Prof. F. Higgins, Ph. D., Rev. E. M. Saunders, D. D., Rev. J. H. Jenner and President Sawyer, D. D.

The afternoon session was devoted to the subject of Sunday-schools. The report of the committee, and the addresses on this topic were indicative of commendable zeal and thoughtful purpose on the part of our churches in this good work.

On Friday evening a mass missionary meeting was held, the congregation packing the large and beautiful audience room of the Berwick church. The fact that addresses were to be given by our returned missionaries and our missionaries-elect, doubtless did much to increase the expectations and interest of the people in this session.

After the opening services the committee on Missions reported through the Rev. J. W. Manning, of Halifax, the chairman, in which reference was made to our Home, North West, Grand Ligne, and Foreign missions. The condition, prospects and necessities of each mission, together with the responsibilities of our churches, were concisely stated in this paper.

An address of welcome to our returned missionaries—Rev. I. C. Archibald and wife, and Miss Wright—was given on behalf of this association by the Rev. T. A. Higgins, D. D., of Wolfville; when the audience had the pleasure of hearing from the missionaries elect—the Rev. Howard Bass and the Rev. L. D. Morse—words of high resolve and holy purpose of work in the foreign field; and from Bro. and Sister Archibald, of work done and victories won in the Telugu land. This interesting session closed at a late hour by prayer by the Rev. Wm. Burton, of England, and a prayer by Rev. J. W. Manning, for a special blessing upon our dear Bro. Sanford, who is obliged to abandon his post in Bimlipatna and return home because of ill health.

SATURDAY MORNING

The committee on the Digest of Letters reported thereon, together with a circular letter prepared by this committee, which, after some discussion, was passed by the association.

The Rev. A. Cohoon addressed the association, making a vigorous plea for assistance to our weak churches and destitute fields.

On Saturday afternoon the association listened to brief historical sketches of two of the older churches of this association—the Windsor Plains and the 1st St. Margaret's Bay churches—the first by Rev. M. P. Freeman, the latter by Rev. J. W. Manning. These were accepted with thanks, and ordered to be kept in the library of Acadia University.

Committees for 1892 were appointed. "Systematic Giving" was presented by the committee on Benevolent Funds, through their chairman—Bro. W. J. Gates. Among its recommendations was that of raising \$1.50 per member annually in our churches for denominational purposes, outside of local church expenses. This report also condemned all doubtful methods of raising money for benevolent and church purposes. Provision was made for the further publication of church histories.

bers should abstain from buying, selling or using tobacco.

The friends at Berwick, the choir, the railways and the moderator, were each accorded a hearty vote of thanks for the special favors enjoyed at their hands. The Circular Letter prepared by the Rev. P. A. McEwan, was requested for publication in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. The thanks of the association were given to the Rev. S. B. Kempton for his excellent associational sermon, and he was requested to furnish a copy of it for the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

This meeting of the Central Association, in the beautiful village of Berwick, was throughout most enjoyable. Signs of thrift and progress on every hand were fitting environments for the meetings of a body of Christians so large in numbers, so sturdy in principle, so well grounded in the faith, and so wealthy in intellectual culture and strength, as are the Baptists of this association.

Home Missions.

Table with columns for church names and amounts. Includes West Yarmouth church, Carleton church, Henry Brown, New Ross church, Belmont S. S., Col. Co., N. S., etc.

Before reported..... \$1465 54

Table with columns for church names and amounts. Includes Belmont S. S., Col. Co., N. S., Lake George church, C. Skinner, Brock Y., Annap. Co., etc.

Before reported..... \$1,222 02

Table with columns for church names and amounts. Includes Hantsport S. S., West Paradise S. S., Albany S. S., Queens Co., Prince Albert S. S., etc.

Before reported..... \$104 17

Table with columns for church names and amounts. Includes Lake George church, "My Left Hand", Digby, N. S., Grand Ligne Mission, etc.

Before reported..... \$2,800 in Forty Days.—Two thousand eight hundred dollars must come into the treasury of the Home Mission Board before August 10th in order to close the year without a debt.

Will all churches that have not taken a collection for the North West Missions please do so at once, so that the amount promised can be made up.

From the above it will be seen that several of the S. S. have had the concert and taken the collections for the Church Edifice Fund. We are hoping to hear from very many more. Copies of the exercise will be furnished on application.

A. COHOON, Treas. H. M. B. Hebron, N. S., July 1st.

Miss HITCHER'S SCHOOL.—We call attention to the card of the "Home School for Girls," lately established in St. John. Though special attention is shown to music and art, and a thorough education in these branches given, such as is obtained in our larger cities, the literary department is not neglected. The director has secured Miss Black, who has been highly educated in Edinburgh, Scot., and Northfield Seminary, Mass. Pupils are requested to be present at the opening of the term.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

BRUNSWICK ST., ST. JOHN.—The religious interest at present in Brunswick St. church is very good. Two were received for baptism at the last conference and one baptized yesterday.

TABERNACLE CHURCH, HATMARKET ST., ST. JOHN.—Two were baptized by the pastor, Rev. A. E. Ingram, on Sunday morning last. All in service of the little church are interesting. The pastor has been voted a two weeks' vacation.

BEAVER HARBOR.—It was my privilege to give the hand of fellowship to a young brother who had recently been baptized. Others intend joining us at an early date. God speed the right!

NEWCASTLE, QUEENS CO.—Religion is very low here now. But the Holy Spirit is breathing upon the smoking members, and discouraged souls are feeling anew the love of Christ. Next Sunday evening we hold our missionary meeting, (commencing new lives) and are hoping, while lighting ourselves, to do something for those sitting far away in darkness and the shadow of death.

KESWICK RIDGE, N. B.—It is with joy we report progress on this field. In April we held some special services at Second Keswick Church, which were attended by a large number of converts. We are glad to have so many converts; after which we began to hold meetings at Macnaquack, hoping to enjoy a similar season. But La Grippe seized me and I had to give over. Since then we have not been able to attempt any more of this kind of work.

GREEN BUSH, YORK CO., N. B.—Since last communication I visited Charlotte County, and made a short stay at Pennfield and Beaver Harbor, and found things prospering under the labors of W. C. Kierstead; attended four meetings while there; two were baptized. I gave them the hand of fellowship into the Pennfield Church. On the 24th May, following week visited Bro. Pineo's field; found him hard at work; we spent the week holding meetings every evening and some day meetings. We drove over his large field, and trust good was done. I had the pleasure of spending one night with Bro. Todd and wife at their home, Oak Bay; found them rather on the sunny side, and am led to believe Bro. Todd is doing a good work there. He drove me to Baillie, where we met Bro. Wright, who gladly welcomed me to his field. We spent one week, traveling over his large circuit, and found him greatly beloved, seemingly, by all. We held meetings in various places, but most at Baillie. On Sabbath, June 7, I had the pleasure of baptizing four happy converts, all heads of families, and gave the hand of fellowship to seven in behalf of Baillie Church. Returned to York County, and attended the quarterly meeting at last Keswick; the presence and power of God was manifest in the meetings, so I felt it my duty to return and spend another Sabbath there; and on Sabbath, June 14, I had the pleasure of burying the dear believers with Christ in baptism, all heads of families. Since then I have made a visit through several settlements in York County, through Canterbury to Forest City; found Bro. Thos. McDonald laboring a part of his time with the church at this city. I was much pleased to see him again, and am glad to meet his amiable wife, whom I baptized fourteen years ago, on a cold day in December, and she finding it to be a hard struggle to break away from her people and leave all for Christ. It is my moment never to be forgotten.

CLEMENTVALE, ANNOPLIS CO.—We had the privilege of welcoming four young Christians into the church here last Sabbath, two by baptism and two by letter. We are still looking for others.

LOWER STEWART.—We are enjoying a good degree of God's presence and blessing in our regular devotional meetings. Sometimes it seems as if God was very near, giving us greater faith in his sweet promise, "Draw nigh to God and He will draw nigh to you." June 21st we administered the ordinance of baptism at Wittenburg, and welcomed to our fellowship a young man, making four who have recently come to us, dissatisfied with their infant baptism, after experiencing love for Christ, and desiring to follow His example rather than "the tradition of men."

Rev. I. C. Archibald and Mrs. Archibald wish all their correspondence for the present directed to the care of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, St. John.

Rev. C. S. Sterna, late pastor of Pennfield Baptist church, has recently accepted the pastorate of the churches at Greenfield, N. S. June the 10th, Bro. Sterna, accompanied by his family, left Pennfield for his new field. They were followed by the prayers and good wishes of their many friends of Pennfield.

The Annapolis County Baptist M. and M. conference will meet (D. V.) July 14th, in Springfield, at 10 o'clock a. m. Will delegates, friends, and especially brethren appointed to prepare papers, be present, for a large and enthusiastic meeting.

The next session of the Queens County Quarterly Meeting will be held with the First Grand Lake church, Lower Cumberland Bay, beginning on Friday evening, July 10th. All the Baptist churches of the county are urgently requested to send delegates to the meeting.

The 31st meeting of the Albert County Quarterly Meeting will be held with the Salem section of the First Hillsborough church, on Tuesday, the 14th of July, commencing at two o'clock p. m. The following are the chairmen of the different committees: Bro. D. Woodcock, on Temperance; Bro. D. Dawson, on Sunday-schools; Rev. S. C. Moore, on Grouping of Churches; Rev. E. C. Baker, on Missions; Essays are to be read by Rev. W. Camp and Rev. E. C. Baker.

Rev. E. C. Baker is also to preach the quarterly sermon, Rev. S. C. Moore to be his alternate. Let prayers for a rich blessing precede our coming together.

P. S.—Collections for convention purposes to be taken at the different services. We hope for a large attendance.

Delegates to the N. B. Eastern Association, which is to be held at Sackville on the 18th July, will please send their names to the undersigned at their earliest convenience.

ONLY ONE NIGHT ON THE ROAD. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive Denver 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleeper, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m. and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily.

Tourist tickets are now on sale, and can be had of ticket agents of all roads and at Burlington Route depots in Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis. There is no better place than Colorado for those seeking rest and pleasure.

For W. B. M. U. Yarmouth (1st church), per Mrs. L. B. Healy, F. M. \$16.50; H. M. \$15.50; per Mrs. J. E. Denton, F. M. \$14.44; H. M. \$25.50; Windsor, per Mrs. John Naider, F. M. \$14.44; H. M. \$25.50; Springfield (Mission Band), per S. H. Cornwall, F. M. \$11.00; Chester (Mission Band), per Miss Church, F. M. \$11.00; Onslow, West, per Mrs. W. W. Brown, to constitute Mrs. Jas. Stevens a life member, F. M. \$25.00; Apple River, per Mrs. A. L. Price, F. M. \$11.00; Yarmouth (2nd church), per Lou E. Huestis, F. M. \$25.25; H. M. \$18.44, Infant class, F. M. \$1.60; Aylesford, per Mrs. Andrew Lee, F. M. \$5.00; Alexandria, per Mrs. J. M. \$14.00; Benton, per S. A. Hendry, F. M. \$3.00, H. M. \$3.00; Jacksontown, per Mrs. John Estey, F. M. \$9.50; Jacksontown, per Cora M. Estey, S. S. Infant class, F. M. \$1.25; S. S. Concert, F. M. \$1.25; Liverpool, per Mrs. Dr. Smith, F. M. \$17.81; Little River, Mrs. Andrew Parker, proceeds of a quilt, F. M. \$6.00; North Brookfield, per Matilda C. Daily, F. M. \$2.40; H. M. \$1.00; St. Stephen, per Mrs. W. C. Goucher, to constitute Eleanor Jane Mann a life member, F. M. \$25.00; Riverside, per Annie M. Peck, F. M. \$9.90; Partridge, per Mrs. Eston, F. M. \$4.50; H. M. \$1.00; \$5.27, per Mrs. Wm. Bleakney, per Mrs. A. H. Emerson, F. M. \$1.00; Mrs. MARY SMITH, Treas. W. B. M. U. Amherst, Jan 25.

HAY TEDDERS.



THE WINNER TEDDER will thoroughly spread hay, honey grass, taking it from the bottom, tossing it gently into the air, and leaving it upon the ground in a light, fluffy condition at the rate of four acres an hour, thus accomplishing the work of from ten to twelve men in a far better manner than would be possible by the use of hand tools. You have frequently lost the price of a Tedder in the spoiling of one field of hay, or even in its being damaged, which could have been avoided by the use of a Tedder. Not only this, but hay cured with the Tedder is worth from two to four dollars a ton more than that cured in the ordinary way. In short, it will pay for itself in a single season, on a farm producing forty tons of hay.

For Descriptive Circular, prices and particulars, apply to W. F. BURDITT & CO., ST. JOHN, N. B. Or their Local Agents in every County.

The Haying Season is at hand!

PURCHASE YOUR HAYING TOOLS FROM EDWARD A. EVERETT, 90 KING STREET, SAINT JOHN, N. B. In Scythes I offer you the Emerson & Stevens Manure Co's Fine India Steel Scythe, a guaranteed article, price \$1.25; and also the Green Ribbed Clipper, an excellent scythe, made by the same firm, price 90c. Besides these other good makes of Scythes. A well assorted stock of Hayforks, Hay Forks, Manure Forks, Fork Handles, Scythe Stones, Scythe Smoothes, Garden Rakes, Hoes, &c., &c.

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Now selling off FANCY DRESS GOODS. All-Wool Challies, Checked Gingham (French), and other Fancy Dress Stuffs. They are away down in price. W. K. McHEFFEY & CO., Telephone 25, 38 WATER ST., WINDSOR, N. S.

SURPRISING TESTIMONIALS!

WEST END, St. John, May 15th, '92. MR. CHARLES K. SHORT. Dear Sir—It is with pleasure I write you these few lines in praise of your wonderful "Dyspeptic Cure." I have been a sufferer of Dyspepsia the last six or seven years. I got better and in about a month my health went to suffer about three or four hours after eating; pain would come and stay till I had eaten again. The last year or so the pains were so violent that they always left me unable about the lungs. I thought my lungs were affected. The pains came regularly, always about three or four hours after eating, generally starting in the pit of the stomach and working up to the throat very often ending in a severe attack of hoarseness. I have used different kinds of medicines but to no purpose, some of them would give me relief for a few hours; and seeing the "ad" about "Dyspepsia" concluded to give it a trial. I took a sample bottle and got such relief that I tried another. I used five small bottles, which have cured me beyond a doubt. For any person troubled the same as I was there is nothing will give relief as quickly as your "Dyspeptic Cure," and it is worth the price, as curing to directions, it will carry the worst cases of Dyspepsia. You can publish this if you wish, and I shall be happy to answer any communication sent to my address. CHARLES W. WARDROBE, West End, St. John, N. B.

FOR "DYSPEPTICURE"



Miller Brothers, Manufacturers Agents for the Best PIANOS, ORGANS AND SEWING MACHINES. Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired. Sewing Machines Repaired. 116 & 118 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX, N. S. TELEPHONE, 78.

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AN INVALUABLE FOOD for all who need Strong Nourishment in an Easily-Digested Form.

IT IS NEWS TO MANY WOMEN WHAT IS? THE "SURPRISE WAY" of washing clothes with "SURPRISE SOAP" without boiling or scalding a single piece—snowy white linens and cottons—colored goods brighter, woolen softer and a saving of half the hard work. A great many women wash this way with these results—you can too. "SURPRISE" is not a high priced Soap. Ask your grocer.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper. "SURPRISE SOAP" can be used for any and every purpose a Soap is used.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, featuring a bottle illustration and text describing its benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Nasal Balm, describing its effectiveness for nasal issues and providing contact information for the manufacturer.

Advertisement for Burdock Blood Bitters, highlighting its role in purifying the blood and curing various conditions.

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, emphasizing its benefits for laundry and its status as a high-quality, affordable product.

Two ladies of a high d... Of haughty, proud no... Disputed, which posse... And, after differing a... They sought with ma... smile, A knightly verdict fr... rand.

Stating in courteous... Each with a gay, coqu... Exhibited the member of... Most beautiful dan... layrand.

The prettier and mo... to my thought, the... most." Wise were they... France! To-day as true as w... of earnestness, upon a... Scanned keenly thro... madd.

To know which ha... hand, Well didst thou say, "... gives the most." "Mites" may be mo... gold, Or silver of a hundr... I drink in crystal draugh... Here's to that lady's... In this or any other's... That gives us Christ's... the most.

THE HOME

Some Hints on R... All books need not be... indeed, it is often a... longer long over a volu... thought is not essential... It is an art, acquired... gleaned wisely and rap... what barren yet occas... book. Many, probably... demand time and caref... second reading of a go... of great value. The th... from the first reading... impressed on the mind... simulated with one's r... while others of value th... before were gathered in...

If there is no time for... ing, it would be an... read with a close atten... mark those passages on... like to bestow further... eyes of some people, u... an unparadise sin. I... has many advantages... marked books is great... only to the owner, w... these readily called to p... interest and importan... borrower, who is ab... reader's thought, and is... and lastly, the object... business, the subject... clean and fresh than f... tings, has no weight... shelf full of books th... rigidly free from com... ments, and look as if... the publisher, except... his price is when, o... our cherished possessio... dealer in second han... A judiciously mark... of delight to the mark... and becomes to read... thought than it is un... unnecessary to say t... should be done by n... and common sense w... penel for the purpose... The advice generally... no restraint, as appa... The reader who takes... first time, and whose... been a liberal one, w... freshness of the thoug... breathes forth, and f... stand up in the book... history. The habit o... rupting the author's... dictionary or cyclope... tiously if one is atten... the author's genius... mark, or a list of re... for future referen... the reader's conscien... diminish his interest... other times the close... and illustration pos... vestigation from som... Head with friendl... certainly aloud or t... thoughts of two frien... the same course of... day, its subjects are... pressed, and its sub... I acquired an assist... an allusion to the bo... sage recalls the thoug... both profitably and p... sion always emphasize... fates comprehension... Harper's Bazar.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

90. Winter Arrangement. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: -

Trains will leave St. John, N. B. Daily Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.15 a.m. Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10.40 a.m. Express for Montreal, 1.15 p.m. Express for Quebec & Montreal, 1.45 p.m. Express for Quebec & Montreal, 1.45 p.m. Express for Quebec & Montreal, 1.45 p.m.

Trains will arrive at St. John, N. B. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: -

LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Arrive at Digby, 10.0 a.m. and 5.0 p.m. LEAVE Digby at 7.15 a.m. and 2.40 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 10.0 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections—At Digby daily with steamer Evangeline, to and from Annapolis, Halifax, and stations on the W. and A. Railway; and from Nova Scotia Central Railway at Annapolis, Halifax, and stations on the W. and A. Railway; and from Montreal, Quebec, and stations on the Montreal and Quebec Railway.

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ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: - Trains will leave St. John, N. B. Daily Express for Halifax & Campbellton, 7.15 a.m. Accommodation for Point du Chene, 10.40 a.m. Express for Montreal, 1.15 p.m. Express for Quebec & Montreal, 1.45 p.m. Express for Quebec & Montreal, 1.45 p.m.

Trains will arrive at St. John, N. B. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m. Express from Montreal, 10.40 a.m.

WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows: -

LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. Arrive at Digby, 10.0 a.m. and 5.0 p.m. LEAVE Digby at 7.15 a.m. and 2.40 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth at 10.0 a.m. and 5.15 p.m. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

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Yours truly, G. P. GIRDWOOD.

MESSANGER AND VISITOR.

filled with this cheering thought, the weary, benumbed little one, with tear-frozen cheeks, climbed the steep chairs. "Mamma, mamma!" "Mamma!" Silence and darkness in the cheerless room. "I am so tired," shivered the child, creeping into bed beside the motionless figure upon it, "so tired and cold and hungry."

"Well, close up, Jacob," said the pawkbroker earlier than usual that night, "I don't feel well, and—" he broke off with a sigh, as he restlessly paced the floor.

"And what?" sneered his son. "I seem to hear Esther's voice to-night, calling me to help her and her child; to come to her and—" "And to throw more money away on her husband and her brat, eh?" angrily interrupted Jacob.

"I must go out and try to find her, Jacob, I must; but where, oh, where, thou fool of Israel?" he cried, suddenly, raising his eyes and hands toward heaven. "He must be here, my last daughter, who may be perishing this bitter night. Help, oh, help!"

Jacob trembled. "It's that beggar brat who has put such ideas into your head," he said, awkwardly, his face losing its sneer. "Come don't be a child, fat!"

The old man stood wrapped in thought. "She looked as did Esther, Jacob, when her old father was all the world to her. How proud she was, Jacob, that little girl named Esther, who—" "Oh!" he cried in a loud voice, "why do I stand here, when I may be already too late?" and with frantic haste he opened the door and proceeded to put up the shutters.

Something in a crevice glittered and shone, as the light from the open door fell upon it. "The old man stooped quickly. It was a locket!"

From his lips broke a cry, so full of anguish that his son stood rooted to the spot. "See, thy mother's face, boy; your mother's face which Esther always wore when her breast. And we have turned her child away, and they have neither food nor fire. But for you I would know where to find them—but for you. And she said 'God helped us because we were good. Oh, the irony of it, Jacob, the irony of it. May He help me now,' donning hat and great coat. 'I will search Houston street, through and through, and when I find them I'll—' But Jacob heard no more, for the old man's voice was lost in the howling of the wind which jeered and mocked at the dazed son as he gazed after the vanishing figure of his father.

"I deemed a hopeless task upon which Mr. Solomons went, and the first stroke of midnight boomed from neighboring steeples, he turned, weary and despairing towards home. At that moment from Old Trinity rang out the glad chiming.

"Be on earth, good will to men," was the burden of voices from a mission near. Loud tongues from other steeples took up the story, and Christ's day had dawned upon the world again.

"Born in a stable," murmured Mr. Solomons, repeating the child's words, and then, from the arches of memory, sprang forth another sentence, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

From the depths of his suffering heart went up a cry which the bending angels heard—and heeded.

"A little girl named Louise, and a woman called Esther Moore?" repeated a bear-eyed miserable creature, as she stood upon the steps of an old Houston street rookery. "Yes, sir, they lives here, way up at the top of the house."

"They be my neighbors," she went on, leading the way up the rickety stairs, "and I had heard nothing from them since Louise come home a little while ago. That's the room, sir, that little room in the rear. I hopes you'll find nothin' wrong sir," she added, faltering, "but, somehow, I have the creeps all over me."

With trembling hands the pawkbroker turned the knob and entered the room. By the dim radiance of the stars, two forms were outlined upon the bed.

"A light," he cried hoarsely to the old woman. A long shudder passed over them both as its rays fell upon the peaceful features of a woman, whose stiffened form was encircled by the little arms of the sleeping Louise.

"My Esther, my Esther," moaned the old man, "it broke through."

"She—" whispered the awakened and much bewildered child, "she—'God has been here.'"

"The woman dropped upon her knees and sobbed aloud.

"Did the old man see the locket, sir?" she went on in a low voice, "and when I got home and called to mamma she didn't answer, and then I put my face against hers, and got up close to keep warm and told her I had brought no money home for supper or for fire."

"The pawkbroker groaned and bowed his aged head upon the cold brow of the dead Esther.

"After a while," pursued the child, "mamma moved and said faint like, 'Did the old man see the locket, Louise?' and when I told her I had lost it, she threw up her hands and cried: 'my last hope for you is gone, my last hope! We lay real quiet after that, and then I whispered, 'has nobody been here mamma, while Louise was out?' She didn't answer at first, then after awhile she said, 'yes, Louise, some one has been here, some one.'"

"Who mamma," I whispered, feeling frightened, who?" "An angel of the Lord," said mamma—and then, "and then, sobbed the old woman, as the child passed, "and then, dearie?"

"And then," smiled the little one, "Louise went to sleep."

"Mr. Nathan Solomons still keeps a loan office at the old stand, but Jacob Solomons, his son, has no interest in the business."

"That worthy for some years has flourished under the sign of the three golden balls a block further down the street, and appears none the happier thereby."

"Why?" is his constant complaint to the loan fraternity, "father keeps a loan office for no other reason than to help

THERE'S A BOY IN THE HOUSE.

A gun in the parlor, a kite in the hall, In the kitchen a book, and a bat, and a ball. On the deckboard a ship, on the book-case a flute, And a hat for whose ownership none could dispute; And out on the porch, gallantly prancing nowhere.

A spirited hobby horse paws at the air; And a well polished pie-plate out there on the shelf, Near the tall jelly jar which a mischief-ous elf Emptied as slyly and slick as a mouse, Make it easy to see there's a Boy in the House.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout, Above and below and around and about; A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of nails The building of houses, the shaping of sails; Entrances for paper for scissors for a string, For every imaginable, bothersome thing; A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs; In the interest of burdensome business affairs; And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse, Make it easy to see there's a Boy in the House.

But oh, if the toys were not scattered about, And the house never echoed to racket and rout; If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat, And one need not wipe after wee muddy feet; If no one laughed out if the morning was red, And with kisses went tumbling all tired to bed—

What a wearisome work-a-laday world, don't you see, For all who love little wild-ladies 't would be; And I'm happy to think, though I shrink like a mouse From disorder and din, There's a Boy in the House!

—Exchange.

The Lost Token.

By Mrs. NORA MARBLE.

"A bitter night, Jacob," said Mr. Solomons to his fashionably attired son; "a bitter night. The wind howls like a pack of hungry wolves."

"Yes," with a yawn, twirling a huge diamond upon his chubby finger, "too bitter, it seems, for even the most destitute to venture out for a loan. Not even a bed-quilt has been offered. The poor wretches," with a laugh, "need every rag they can muster such a night, I suppose."

The old man made no reply as he employed himself in ticketing sundry goods which lay upon the counter.

"We should be doing a rushing business on the eve of Christmas," continued Jacob, "for even the poor on that day long for good cheer, you know. Do you recollect," after a pause, "do you recollect that woman a year ago to-night who pledged her wedding ring that her children might have a merry Christmas, and when she had the money clutched in her trembling hand, begged you to let her kiss the ring once more?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "I remember distinctly the groan she gave when I put it out of sight. What of her?"

"Nothing, only I met her yesterday with a little shivering tot of a girl leading her along. She is blind, stone blind. The woman sewed day and night, it seems, and has lost her eyesight in consequence. Women are such fools. I gave the child a penny," the magnanimous Jacob added, "though it is strictly against my principles. People who can't help themselves have no right to live and bother others. Those are my sentiments, and the sentiments of all clear-headed people."

His father made no reply, but absently turned the handle of the door.

"When?" cried Jacob, "how the wind tore at the latch that time. Your wolves want to come in, father, and make the acquaintance of their friends in sheep's clothing," at which speech the facetious young gentleman chuckled and twirled the diamond upon his finger so vigorously, that it sparkled and laughed, and seemed to wink at the old man's pensive face with malicious glee.

Then for a space, silence reigned in the loan office. Mr. Solomons, however, broomed at last by the old man, who muttered, "Christmas, another Christmas day."

"There, there," retorted the son, angrily, "don't go off on that track again. There's no possible use in bringing up things to make yourself uncomfortable. You did right, and if she went to destruction, it ain't your fault."

"Yes, I did right," sighed the old man, "but, Jacob, she was my own flesh and blood, and sometimes I shiver and tremble with cold as I think that—that—"

"Oh, there!" roughly, said Jacob, "I've had enough. You think more of that ungrateful creature to-day than you do of me, though I have worked and stuck to the business from the time I could count the pennies in a dollar."

"It takes nothing from you, Jacob, that I think sometimes of her, does it?"

"Well, don't bother me with your shivering and turning numb with the cold. It ain't pleasant for one thing, and you're rich and comfortable for another."

"Rich!" added his hopeful son, "and don't you forget that I've helped to make you so."

"Hush," abruptly implored the old man, "let nobody hear of the latch again. We have a hard struggle to get along, Jacob, a hard struggle, or we wouldn't exact the last farthing from the poor as we do," he whined, a crafty, greedy look replacing the sadness of the moment before, while the wind gibed and shrieked and wailed about the windows, seeking with ghostly fingers to grasp the jewels and ornaments therein, and reminders of happier days and one-time happy homes.

Father and son moved toward the glowing stove, Jacob rubbing his hand with satisfaction at its kindly warmth.

"Hark," said the old man, after a long

silence, "some one seems to be fumbling at the latch."

"Oh, I can't get in," cried a childish voice, "I'm too little. Please someone, let me in, please!"

Jacob, with a frown on his face strode to the door. "Children seldom fetch anything of value to please," he grumbled. "I hate 'em, anyway."

One of some five summers looked timidly into his frowning face, then with a bad shake of the head, said gently, "I guess I'm gone wrong. Mamma said a good old man with white hair would give me some money for her locket, and then we'd get some supper and a fire, and—oh, I'm so hungry and cold, and I'm gone wrong."

She wrung her tiny blue hands in misery, but her eyes seemed dry and hot. "Only a sob told of her sufferings."

"Shut the door, Jacob," said the old man from behind the counter. "O, that's the good old gentleman," cried the child, as she caught sight of him, "the good old gentleman with white hair."

"No nonsense, mind," snarled Jacob to his father. "Give her what the trinket is worth, and no more. You don't look up to business to-night, for some reason or other. Here, where's the locket?"

The crumpled fingers essayed to find it. "I'm so cold," she shivered, "I'm almost frozen."

"Here, sit down on this stool by the stove," kindly interrupted the old man, "and get warm. Then you can give me the locket."

"Yes," she assented, stretching her little palms outward, "how lovely!" Then gazing from the glowing fire to the old man's face, she said reflectively, "God loves you, don't He?"

"Why?" queried he, in some embarrassment. "Cause He gives you such a nice, big fire," earnestly.

Jacob turned and absently drummed on the glass as he looked into the street.

Mr. Solomons coughed, but made no reply. "We ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday," went on the child, "and mamma took in her sewing and the man told her to come again for the money, and we ain't no fire, for nothing. God don't love mamma, I guess, 'cause He don't never come when she kneels down and cries for Him to come and help her. God loves you, though," with a sad nod of the head, "because you're good, I expect. Mamma said you was good."

The pawkbroker very nervously toyed with his watch chain, finding no words with which to reply to the child.

"Every day," she went on, "mamma prays for the Lord to forgive her, and asks Him not to punish his little innocent Louise, that's in me," she explained naïvely, "because she thinks I'm too little to go cold and hungry."

"Have you no father?" chokingly asked the old man.

"Oh, yes!" gravely, "but he went to heaven long ago."

Jacob lit a pipe and puffed the glass.

"Where do you live?" inquired the old man, after a pause.

"Way up in the top of a big house, an ugly old house," she answered, wearily and half-drowsily, "on Houston street."

"And the number?"

"See here," interposed Jacob, angrily, "tend to business, and stop the child's chatter. She's got a cunning mother, I warrant, who has put her up to this dodge; so let's have done with it. I'll be bound the father who went to heaven long ago, is lying in the bed stupid with drink this minute, and the mother tipsy beside him."

The child shrank at the cruel words that came from the old man's mouth.

"Mother is in bed," she said, simply, "but she ain't tipsy, sir. She's only weak from coughin'. She coughs all the time, now, and wants to die and be put 'longside of papa out in the churchyard,' and for the first time great tears welled into her eyes and trickled down her cheeks."

"Come, come," replied Jacob, gruffly, "let's see the locket. Maybe it's jewelled," with a jeering smile at his father.

The little one put her hand in her pocket, then withdrew it with a frightened, wondering expression.

"It's gone," she cried, in the tones of a despairing woman, "it's gone—see!" turning the poor, thin, little pocket inside out, "it broke through."

"Oh, of course," sneered Jacob, "a piece with the rest of your story. Get out, you little story-teller and beggar, get out."

"She—" cried she, warningly, "she—God will hear you, and He knows Louise is no story-teller and no beggar. Mamma says God was poor Hisself once, 'cause He was born in a stable, and people gave Him bread when He was hungry. Oh, my locket, my locket," she moaned, her loss recurring to her grief; "mamma and Louise will have no supper and no fire, and God never comes when mamma calls."

"There, there," snapped Jacob, "you're warm now and must get out of here, come!" and he opened the door.

Mr. Solomons slipped a silver piece into the child's hand.

She grasped it eagerly, but with a flushed face immediately returned it.

"No," resolutely, "I said Louise was no beggar, and if I take it, he's nodding toward Jacob, 'I will call me that other name again.'"

"All right," sneered Jacob, "you can't be very hungry if you refuse money, so get out of here without any more palaver—git."

"The sweet, sad dignity she

THE DECISION.

BY LAURA ROSAMOND WHITE.

Two ladies of a high degree, of haughty, proud nobility, Disputed which possessed the lovelier hand;

And, after differing awhile, They sought with many a charming smile,

A knightly verdict from Prince Talleyrand.

Stating in courteous way the case, Each with a gay, coquetish grace, Exhibited the member of her boast.

"Most beautiful dames," said Talleyrand,

"The prettier and the lovelier hand, Is, to my thought, the one that gives the most."

Wise were thy words, O, man of France!

To-day as true as when thy glance Of earnestness, upon a fair, fair coast, Scanned keenly those who made de-

mand, To know which had the lovelier hand, Well didn't thou say, "the hand which gives the most."

"Mites" may be more to some than gold, Or silver of a hundred fold. I drink in crystal draught this holy toast: Here's to that lady's lovely hand, In this or any other land, That gives, for Christ's sake, as it can, the most.

THE HOME.

Some Hints on Reading.

All books need not be read carefully; indeed, it is often a waste of time to linger long over a volume whose entire thought is not essential to one's purpose. It is an art acquired only by practice to glean wisely and rapidly from a somewhat barren yet occasionally fruitful book. Many, probably most, volumes demand time and careful thought. The second reading of a good book is often of great value. The thoughts retained from the first reading are more fully impressed on the mind, and become assimilated with one's mental structure, while others of value that were unnoticed before were gathered in.

If there is no time for a second reading, it would be an excellent idea to read with a blue pencil in hand, and to mark those passages on which one would like to bestow further thought. In the eyes of some people, marking a book is an unpardonable sin, but the practice has many advantages. The value of the marked book is greatly enhanced, not only to the owner, whose attention is thus readily called to passages of special interest and importance, but to the borrower, who is able to follow the reader's thought, and thus to judge of taste. The objection that a book whose margins are interlined looks less clean and fresh than if free from markings, has no weight. Of what value is a shelf full of books that have been kept rigidly free from these written comments, and look as clean as if just from the publisher, except to command a higher price when, some years hence, our cherished possessions are taken to a dealer in second hand literature? A judiciously marked book is a source of delight to the marker and his friends, and becomes a treasure to a part of the reader's thought than any other. It is unnecessary to say that the marking should be done by no one but the owner, and common sense will suggest a hard pencil for the purpose.

The advice generally given to pass by no reference the meaning of which is not at once apparent works in two ways. The reader who takes up Milton for the first time, and whose education has not been a liberal one, would lose all the freshness of the thought which the author breathes forth, if he forced himself to continually consult books of mythology and history. The habit of frequently interrupting the author's thought to consult a dictionary or cyclopaedia results disastrously if one is attempting to recognize the author's genius. Sometimes a blue mark, or a list of obscure words jotted down for future reference, will relieve the reader's conscience, and not only diminish his interest in the book. At other times the close relation of thought and illustration positively demands investigation from some outside source. Read with a friend if possible; not necessarily aloud or together, but if the thoughts of two are directed to the same course of reading during the day, its subjects are pretty sure to be discussed, and its substance more thoroughly digested and assimilated. Years after, an allusion to the book or a quoted passage recalls the thought and the friend both profitably and pleasantly. Discussion always emphasizes and greatly facilitates comprehension of a printed page.—Harper's Bazar.

HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

DEVONSHIRE BUTTER.—Eliza M. Jones sends the following to the Weekly Herald: Strain into a bright milk pan four or five quarts of rich, new milk, and set it away in your dairy cellar or wherever the cream will rise best. In twelve hours, or whenever it is well risen, carry your pan as carefully and gently as you can into the kitchen and set on the top of the stove or range, but not in too hot a place. Let the milk gradually come to a scald, but on no account must it begin to boil. It will take half an hour or three-quarters if the heat is not too fierce, and when done the surface of the cream is wrinkled, and as the old English cottagers say, "you will see a ring on top the size of the bottom of the pan." This means that about an inch from the sides of the pan, as the cream rises, it will break away as it contracts by the heat. Now, lift your pan again, with equal care and steadiness, back to the cool dairy or cellar, and leave it there twelve hours or more. Then skim off the cream, which should be in a thick, rich, solid sheet, so you could almost roll it up. Put it into a very wide-mouthed pitcher, or into a little silver or china bowl (as it is too thick to pour), and have a spoon to help it with. On fresh strawberries or peaches is most delicious, or early rhubarb, or even on all the preparations of oatmeal, or anywhere that cream is eaten. The trouble of preparing it is almost nothing, and of course the scalding keeps it sweet for a very long time. In fact, in hot weather this is one of its great advan-

tages. Devonshire butter is made by preparing the cream in exactly the same way, and skimming into a big bowl. Then put on a large apron, take a tablespoon and begin to beat the thick cream so you would eggs, with a long, steady motion. It will soon get quite thin, and then almost before you know it will break into big lumps of butter. These are then washed and salted in the usual way, and made up into fanciful little pats and scrolls for the table. Very little salt is used, as the butter has a peculiar and distinctive taste of its own, which is much liked by every one. Not only is this butter esteemed as a great delicacy, but it is an invaluable way of butter-making to a family keeping one cow, and not able to spare cream enough for a regular churning. How often a person has just a few pats of cream, or perhaps one pan that they can spare. A very short time and the least possible trouble will convert that into a delicious pat of Devonshire butter for the breakfast or tea table. And there is no mess or fuss about it; you can sit on the veranda talking to a friend while you beat up the little bit of cream that is to appear on the tea table as fresh butter, and no one would ever imagine that you were churning.

THE THURSDAY COFFEE RECIPE.—The Morning Advertiser gives the following recipe, highly recommended by F. B. Thurber: Grind moderately fine a large cup or small bowl of coffee; break into one egg with shell; mix well, adding enough cold water to thoroughly wet the grounds; upon this pour one pint of boiling water; let it boil slowly for ten or fifteen minutes, according to the variety of coffee used and the fineness to which it is ground. Let it stand three minutes to settle, then pour through a fine wire sieve into a hot coffee pot; this will make enough for four persons. At table, first put the sugar into the cup, then fill full of boiling milk, add your coffee, and you have a delicious beverage which will be a revelation to many poor mortals who have an indistinct remembrance of, and an intense longing for, an ideal cup of coffee. If cream can be procured, so much the better, and in that case boiling water can be added either in the pot or cup to make up for the space occupied by the milk, as above; or condensed milk will be found a good substitute for cream.

THE FARM.

Advantage of Lean Meats.

It is cheaper to produce meat that contains a large proportion of lean with the fat, than to fatten a hog to such a condition as to fit it only for the production of lard, and it is a fact that feeding for lean meat, a greater weight of carcass is secured and at no more expense, than in producing an excess of fat. This is explained by reason of the fact that when an animal is given food containing the elements of growth of bone and muscle as well as of fat, the condition of the animal is sustained in a manner to permit more perfect digestion and assimilation, and a greater proportion for the support of the system of the nutritious elements that are required. The farmer who diminishes the ration of corn, allowing but a portion only, substituting therefor bran, middlings, milk and clover—cut fine and scalded—will have a hog larger, heavier, healthier, and of better quality of flesh than if he were to feed him exclusively, or nearly so. While giving the advantages of a systematic method of feeding for the best results in producing the heaviest pork, the fact that prime lard brings a price that is not desirable on the part of the farmer to have his hogs fat, it must be admitted that it is a serious obstacle in the way when lean meat is advocated; but the lean is simply interspersed with the fat, and the greater increase from the variety of food does not diminish the supply of lard. The farmer will find that in those portions of the carcass from which the lard is produced, but little difference will be observed, and the hog will be more valuable as a whole.

Bone by Dock.

I wonder how many country farmers take the trouble to go over their clover fields just before the crop ripens, and pull or cut out all weeds whose seeds might get in with the seed of the clover? The writer was taught this lesson years ago, when he took a sample of seed to a fancy city dealer. He examined it, and said, "Why, that is beautiful, plump seed. If it is perfectly clean I can give you \$8 a bushel for it, for some special customers who will have the best." Then with the help of his glass and knife, he began to poke out the dock seed. He preferred to "look fatter," and I vowed I would try hard never to get caught that way again. It makes me mad all over now, after so many years, to think how just a little work at the right time would have taken those docks out. How many farmers are making out of that store! Man cannot always help having a few weeds in his crops; but he can help letting them get in his grain and seeds nearly always.—Country Gentleman.

Fertility by Waterpower.

A spring flowed from a steep hillside. A ditch was dug below the spring into which the water found its way. The water was then carried back and forth in a shallow ditch, so as to zigzag down the slope, until it was all absorbed by the soil. The hill was too steep to plough easily or draw manure up the slope, but the water soon changed it into productive meadow, yielding over two tons of hay to the acre, without any manure. If drainage water can be turned to use in watering the surface, a double benefit is gained. But in many cases drainage may be managed so as to become irrigation. Here is a case in point: A steep hillside was subjected to washing to a very injurious extent. To prevent this drainage and to save the water would be of great benefit to a field of about fifteen acres. It had been graded deeply in several places, and, losing the water in several dry and unprofitable pieces of land, said by the former owner to be worthless. I ploughed it eight inches deep, breaking up the clay subsoil, and making it loose and mellow for that depth. It was sown with rye and clover, with grass and clover. The next winter there was no washing. The heaviest rains sank into the soil. The grass and clover grew luxuriously and covered the field. It has given me, so far, three excellent crops of hay, with a lot of fall pasture.

PARSON'S FALLS. Make New, Rich Blood! These pills were a wonderful discovery. No other like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all cases of anemia. The information conveyed in this book shows the cost of a box of pills. Find out about them by writing to the publisher. One bottle costs \$1.00. Three bottles \$2.50. Five bottles \$4.00. Ten bottles \$7.50. In stamps: five boxes \$10.00. L. R. HUNN & CO., 211 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Still there has been no washing, but at the foot of the field three springs have broken out near the bank of a large pond, and run the whole year. The water which used to flow over the surface, washing the soil and making gullies, now flows slowly through the soil, watering the grass and keeping it green, and the surplus escapes in these springs, where it certainly does the most good and no harm. How many cases there are on hilly farms where this plan may be put to good use.—Stearns' Times.

Clipped Clover.

Bush, grass or weed will throw out new shoots when you cut the top back; no plant will show this tendency to spread and stool more than the clover plant. A few years ago we had eighteen acres sown to clover, half of which we expected to pasture, the other half to mow for hay; the field was sown at the rate of one bushel of good, clean seed per acre, but from some cause the clover seemed to thin on the ground, and had only about half a stand. After we had our wheat off the ground we took mowing machine, set it to cut about three inches high, and clipped half the field, or about nine acres, leaving the other half unclipped. At the time we were clipping, the weeds had started thickly; these a matter of course, were clipped off with the clover, and owing to the season, did not start any more that fall. What was the result? In a few weeks the clipped part of the field looked like a well-kept lawn, and a very favorable for mow, returned to the appearance of the part of the field left unclipped for pasture. I estimated it would have made 15 tons of hay per acre.—Practical Farmer.

The Meat and Water Treatment.

Finding conditions in Florida—whether I wended my weary way one chill November, by confident advice of a leading Brooklyn physician—very seriously unfavorable for me, I returned to New York, arriving in December, almost in a state of collapse—pulse down to 20, etc. Then another prominent doctor came daily, by wish of anxious friends; changed my medicine each time, and at the end of a week I was again returned to the hospital services. Shaking the dust from his feet at the front door, he informed my landlady that I couldn't possibly survive—this ignoring the Emersonian expression of the probable truth: "One day it helps not to run from thy grave." The appointed day the unappointed day, On the first neither balm nor physician can save. None on the second the universe "lay."

I had a grate put into my room, so as to escape furnace-heat and insure the ventilation and cheerfulness incident to a bright fire; kept a window constantly open a little night and day; remained quietly in bed, began eating at regular meal times, almost exclusively, scraped lean beef appetizingly sandwiched between thin slices of dry crusty bread (Schumacher's Graham preferred), and drinking hot water when thirsty. In less than a month I was again, slowly, walking round the block.

At an earlier period of my chronic invalidism, a prominent New York doctor, of the Bellevue Hospital staff, gave me, on the eve of a long health expedition to the far West, several different prescriptions, with the injunction that the one that proved most beneficial was to be duplicated. From that bold effort to make an experiment station of my suffering stomach dated my recovery, while from the first misgivings as to the efficacy of the so-called "science of medicine," and the settled bottle contents in this instance went to further poison an alkali upon the Utah desert. Other high-priced doctors, in various states had, for a very long continuation, expended my prodigious energy on me; I had, indeed, for a certain number of years, "suffered many things of many physicians" wasted myself a substance, like her, and found myself "nothing better, but rather grew worse," because of them. I gratefully worthy the late Dr. Alonzo Clark—worthily honored in this country and in Europe; standing, as little Charlie Lyman expressed it, "on the head of his profession"—who was the first and the only member of the craft who ever gave me the idea that the habits of labor and of diet have much, if not most, to do with physical welfare. One item of his commonsense creed enforced the importance, to persons of low vitality, of suspending the use of reading, immediately on approach of the first suggestion of fatigue; another inculcated deference to fresh cream, of which, by thoughtful courtesy of my then host, the original Warren Landry, I had liberal supply at the Metropolitan Hotel, direct from his Westchester County farm.

I have given this mere glimpse of my quest for health—a very small arc in the circle of a long, painful and expensive experience; including sojournings at widely separated resorts on mountains, plains and seashores—to show that I may perhaps deserve privilege of speech as regards drugs and doctors. I am specially prompted to this writing by "Berkehire's" interesting and useful report of the lean beef and hot water treatment. That I believe to be well, excellent indeed, in many cases (though I am equally convinced, by personal test, of the possibility of thriving under a system which involves no sacrifice of animal life, but the medicine accompaniment—whatever it be—may, I am sure, be

wholly dispensed with; and as a former victim of the drug delusion, I beg that readers under the discipline of chronic ailments—more or less below par ("and mar, too," as the lamented Artemus Ward would say)—will try the plain and staid living, together with exercise in open air, but let all the drugs, including even peppin, bismuth and other common "standard" ingredients and tonics for dyspepsia—go to the sea, which, according to Oliver Wendell Holmes, as good a physician as he is a poet, would be vastly better for ailing humanity, however much of an imposition on the unoffending fishes.—T. Foke fellow.

An interesting study has been made at Amherst of the effects of smoking upon the members of the graduating class. In this class 71 per cent. have increased in their physical measurements and tests during the four years, while 29 per cent. have remained stationary or fallen off. Separating the smokers from the non-smokers, it appears that those who do not use tobacco have gained 24 per cent. in weight more than the smokers; 37 per cent. more in height and 42 per cent. more in chest girth, while in lung capacity there is a difference of 3.36 cubic inches in favor of the non-smokers. These figures show the same tendency as those compiled by Dr. J. W. Seaver, the instructor in athletics at Yale, who found that the non-users of tobacco among the Seniors show a gain over the users of 20 per cent. in height, 25 per cent. in weight, and 66 per cent. in lung capacity. Dr. Seaver has kept statistics of this sort for eight years, and finds that they show an equality of decided advantage for the non-smokers during the whole period. He notes the interesting fact that not only do all the candidates for the crews abstain from tobacco, but that only one man smokes among all the prominent athletes in the different fields of activity. This is a highly significant, though seldom considered, tendency of the passion for college athletics.—Evening Post.

"A Back Number."

This is the slighting remark that is often applied to women who try to seem young, though they no longer look so. Sometimes appearances are deceitful. Female weakness, functional troubles, displacements and irregularities will add fifteen years to a woman's looks. These troubles are removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Try this remedy, all you whose beauty and freshness is fading from such causes, and no longer figure in society as a "back number." It's guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it returned. See guarantee on bottle wrapper.

Nervousness, Weakness, Debility often arise from wrong action of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, and are best treated with B. B. B.

Baby's Dimples.

Love goes playing hide-and-seek "Mill the roses on the cheek, With a little imp of laughter, Who, while he follows after, Leaves the footprints that we trace All about the happy place."—Hawthorne's Young People.

Little Things.

A cup of water timely brought, An offered easy chair, A turning of the wind blind, That all may feel the rain, An early flower bestowed unasked, A light and cautious tread, A voice to soften whispers hushed To spare an aching head— Oh, things like these, though little things, The purest love has made, As fragrant atoms in the air, Reveal the hidden rose.—Selected.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, &c.

There has never been a satisfactory system of shorthand till now. It has required too much time. Even a child can learn the New Shorthand. No shading, no positions, the vowels written in their natural order. Lessons in writing, lessons in New Shorthand and lessons in bookkeeping by mail.

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HAROLD GILBERT'S, 54 King St., St. John. RIDGE'S FOOD FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS. Ridge's Food, for infants and invalids, is the most reliable substitute at present known for mother's milk and a sustaining strengthening diet for invalids. It is nutritious, easily digested, and acceptable to the most delicate stomach. Its superiority to other similar preparations rests not only on scientific analysis, but on the oral testimony of thirty years' experience. It has successfully reared more children than all other loods combined. In cans, 50c, 60c, \$1.25, and \$1.75. Send to WOLFE & CO., Palmer, Mass., for pamphlet free.

King Solomon. With all his wisdom could not compass more than a small fraction of the knowledge that is now accessible to almost any bright, enterprising boy, who sets himself to work to earn the \$25.00 necessary to buy A GOOD CYCLOPEDIA.

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THE COLUMBIAN CYCLOPEDIA. Over 25,000 pages; Nearly 7,000 illustrations; Cloth binding, per set, \$25.00. Half Morocco, per set, \$32.00. Specimen pages free. Sample volume 75c, returnable. MENTION A GREAT OFFER THIS PAPER. \$5.00 each and a further payment of \$20.00 in 10 installments of \$2.00 each secure immediately, by express, volumes 1 to 16, in cloth binding remaining volumes being delivered as the installments are paid; or a first payment \$5 and 16 installments of \$2.00 each will secure the same in half-Morocco binding. CATALOGUE, 122 pages, New, Standard, and Holiday Books, sent free. NEW YORK, 230 Pearl Street, The Columbia Publishing Co., CHICAGO, 212 Wabash Avenue.

Puttner's Emulsion. IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER. HAVE YOU DYSPEPSIA? K. D. C. THE WONDER-WORKING REMEDY, WILL RESTORE YOU TO HEALTH. Read the following testimonials, then send for trial package and be convinced that K. D. C. IS THE KING OF DYSPEPSIA CURES THE GIANT PAIN-KILLER OF THE AGE.—REV. FATHER SHAW'S TESTIMONY.

"To all those who may be suffering from the prevalent and horrible disorder called Dyspepsia, I say with confidence and without any hesitation, go at once and procure a package of K. D. C., use it as directed, before you consume the contents of one package you will thank me for directing your attention to this wonderful cure. I have suffered from dyspepsia for the last 25 years, until last summer I received a crisis—my appetite for food completely failed, when a friend in town advised me to try K. D. C., assuring me that it completely cured him when suffering by the same affliction. I obeyed, and procured a package of K. D. C. at once; used it according to direction, and I am happy to say that in a few days I felt nearly as well as ever. I have no selfish motive in making the foregoing declaration; I am not one of the Company, neither am I anxious to say of the cure, my only desire is to alleviate the suffering of my fellow creatures. (Signed) REV. FATHER SHAW, P. P., Given at the Rectory, St. John the Baptist, New Glasgow, N. S., Jan. 24th, 1891."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. "These will bear unqualified testimony to the wonderful curative power of K. D. C. For about ten years I suffered terribly from indigestion, causing spasms of the stomach which confined me from one to eight months, and for some months was under hospital treatment by eminent physicians without permanent benefit. One bottle package of above remedy cured me. I can now eat any kind of food without the slightest pain or uneasiness and am a monument of health to many who thought me dying years ago. Having been so long suffering from indigestion I try this excellent remedy as I believe it will be the work of an efficient cure. (Signed) GEORGE F. NEWCOMB, Industrial, Vancouver, B. C." TESTIMONY OF W. H. CUMMINGS, Esq., Senior Partner of the firm of Wm. Cummings & Sons, Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants, Truro, Nova Scotia. "It is with pleasure that I give you the following testimonial of the wonderful cure that has been effected in me by the use of K. D. C. Three months ago my life was a burden to me. My food would not digest, I had sour stomach and heavy head aches. I was prescribed by my wife to try K. D. C. After taking it a short time I found myself growing much better. To-day dyspepsia is all gone, and I cannot describe the amount any letter than by saying that there has been a new creation in my digestive organs. Four packages made an efficient cure." These and thousands of other testimonials prove that K. D. C. is all it is claimed to be.—The Greatest Cure of the Age. One Dollar a package, post paid to any address. Trial package free. K. D. C. COMPANY, New Glasgow, Nova Scotia. HALL'S BOOK STORE, Fredericton. BAPTIST HYMNALS, SABBATH SCHOOL LIBRARIES, PAPER, CARDS, GOSPEL HYMNS. Headquarters for School Books, Sheet Music and Music Books.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

News Summary.

DOMINION. — Salmon fishing in Restigouche this year has been almost a failure. — The potato bug has appeared in large numbers in Kings County, N. S. — The rains of the past week have about settled the forest fire through the province. — Manitoba has a quarter-million acres more under crop this year than last, and the crops give great promise. — Moncton merchants are advertising twenty-five pounds of granulated sugar for a dollar. This beats Calais and East-Port all hollow. — David H. Rees' barn at Springfield, Kings Co., was burned on the 1st July; it is thought from sparks from a picnic fire. Insured for \$200 in the Western. — The Bank of Nova Scotia has declared a half-yearly dividend of three and a half per cent. The Merchants' Bank of Halifax declares a dividend of three per cent. — The National Cordage Company, of New York, has purchased the business of the Dartmouth Rope-Works Company. The concern has employed upwards of six hundred hands. — An association has been formed in Montreal with a view of establishing annual exhibitions. The first will be held from Sept. 17th to 25th. For prizes lists, etc., address S. C. Stevenson, manager and secretary, 76 Gabriel St., Montreal. — The Rev. Justin D. Fulton has been formally welcomed by resolution on the part of the Baptists of Ottawa to share with them in their struggle against Rome and the Romanists. Similar expressions have been made, we are assured, in other parts of Canada. — In Paris, on St. Jean Baptiste day, the Canadians had service in the Church of Saint Clothilde, the Canadian preacher being Father Josselin. Many aristocrats attended Mr. Mercier's reception, including families connected with the early settling of Canada. — Imports in June amounted in value to \$43,695, as compared with \$73,924 in June last year, the duty paid being \$12,756 as compared with \$20,196 in June last year. The decrease in duty is due to the change in the sugar duties. Exports in June were valued at \$1,429,000 as compared with \$1,429,000 in June last year. — On Sunday last, Thomas Patterson, a Back Bay fisherman, started from his home to row to the lime-kilns, Letang, with two young women, Miss Laskey and Miss Leavitt. He landed them at Letang, and was sailing back, when the sail of the boat jibed and the craft upset. Patterson was seen by those on shore swimming around for some time, but before a rescuing boat could reach him he sank out of sight. Water did ebb the body was found and taken to Back Bay where an inquest was held on Monday morning. The deceased was about thirty years of age. — The Indian department is in receipt of advice from its agents among the Siwash of the northern coast of British Columbia stating that the cessation of sealing operations on Behring Sea will reduce a large proportion of the Indian population to absolute destitution. These Indians are employed as hunters about twenty to each vessel. The coast fishing, which would otherwise keep them in winter supplies, will be over before the majority return from the sea, and there will be nothing for them to do. The government will, it is thought, be compelled to maintain several hundred Indian families on the coast this winter. — The Chicago Standard says: These who have not seen Chicago for a few years will hardly recognize it when, with all the world, they come back in 1892. The increase of tall buildings is something marvelous. Not to speak of the many ten, twelve, and sixteen story structures, already finished, which almost scrape the sky, there are at this writing sixteen such new buildings, of from ten to eighteen stories, in process of erection within the limits of a comparatively circumscribed territory in the lower part of the city. The cost of these buildings cannot fall short of fifteen millions of dollars, while it may reach a much greater amount. Seven of these enormous piles are within a block or two of the office of The Standard. Chicago is now telling some "tall" stories sure enough.

— A terrible thunderstorm passed over the town of Lagerdorf, Austrian Silesia, recently. Three villages in that neighborhood were set on fire by the lightning and three men and a number of cattle were killed. — Great damage to crops and railway tracks has been caused by rain storms in Kansas. — The commercial treaty between Spain and the United States has been signed. It will be published on August 1, and will go into operation Sept. 1. — San Francisco is becoming alarmed at the ever-increasing arrivals of Japanese, and collector Phelps of that port thinks that in another twelve months the Japanese question will have grown to as grave proportions as was ever the Chinese. — A big swarm of bees created a little panic in the heart of the busiest portion of Kansas the other day. A wandering minstrel from fair Italy stopped on the corner and proceeded to grind out a choice air. The bees, which were just passing the spot, were attracted by the hum of the organ and attempted to swarm on the Italian's head. The musician beat a hasty retreat unharmed. The queen headed for the globe of an electric light and her enraged subjects following settled within and about the globe. The bees scattered about among the crowd, lowered the globe to the street, not noticing its strange occupants. That made the bees mad, and the crowd that collected to see the fun soon decided there was little in the situation. The electric light man making his rounds lowered the globe to the street, not noticing its strange occupants. That made the bees mad, and the crowd that collected to see the fun soon decided there was little in the situation. The bees scattered about among the crowd, lowered the globe to the street, not noticing its strange occupants. That made the bees mad, and the crowd that collected to see the fun soon decided there was little in the situation. — For the cure of female weakness, suppurations, nervousness, bearing down pains and all those peculiar ailments that make woman's life almost unbearable, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and bring a glow of health to allow cheeks. All dealers, or by mail post paid on receipt of price (50c a box). Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont. — "The Nova Scotia Fruit Growers," published by T. E. Smith, proprietor of the Nova Scotia Nursery, Church St., Cornwallis, and printed at the office of the New Star, Kentville, N. S., is a book of ninety-two pages, and contains much that we suppose must be valuable to fruit growers in these provinces. Mr. Smith is a gentleman who has not only much practical experience in fruit culture, but whose experience is connected with Nova Scotia and the conditions of fruit growing in the best fruit growing section of that province. The book before us gives some account of different small fruits and orchard fruits suitable for culture in this climate, along with many practical suggestions as to selection and preparation of soil, manuring, planting, pruning, cultivating, picking and marketing, etc. The book also contains some discussion of the comparative profitability of fruit growing and other agricultural industries. We are not informed as to the price of the book, but no doubt Mr. Smith will be glad to furnish the information required in that connection. — "A Wonder of Medical Science," says the advertisement, "will be applied to Dr. Vistar's discovery of Wild Cherry. It is nearly half a century since this remarkable remedy was introduced to the public, and yet the immediate and enviable reputation which it gained by its wonderful cures of coughs, influenza, consumption and other bronchial complaints, is to this day fully sustained. — A Model Railway. The Burlington Route, C. B. & Q. R. R. operates 7 1/2 miles of road, with termini at Chicago, St. Louis, St. Paul, Omaha, Kansas City and Denver. For speed, safety, comfort, equipment, track, and efficient service it has no equal. The Burlington gains new patrons, but loses none. — Marriages. BEWIS-McPHEE.—At Springhill, June 29, by Rev. H. B. Smith, B. A., William Brown, to Florence McPhee, both of Springhill. LEICKEY-LAIR.—At St. Martins, June 17, by Rev. C. W. Williams, John W. LeFurgey, of Moncton, to Lottie E. Lair, of St. Martins. BARKHOUSE-DALMEINER.—At Lunenburg, June 29, by Rev. J. S. Brown, Alben Barkhouse, to Sarah Dauphiner, both of New Cornwall. OUTHOUSE.—At Lunenburg, June 17, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, at 294, Creighton St., Chas. Outhouse, of Sackville, N. B., to Mrs. Ella B. Hermon, of Halifax. DYKEMAN-SMITH.—In the Brussels St. Baptist church, on the 30th ult., by the Rev. W. J. Stewart, Fred A. J. Dykeman, to Nella Smith, both of St. John. HOYT-GOOD.—At the residence of the bride's father, Marysville, on the 24th ult., by the Rev. B. N. Nobles, Chas. A. Hoyt, of Millville, to Ada M. Good, of Marysville. RIDGWAY-HILTZ.—June 23, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, at the residence of the bride's father, Thomas W. Ridgway, to E. May, daughter of Mr. J. Hiltz, all of Halifax, N. S. LAST-HIMES.—At the home of the groom's father, in East Boston, on the 27th ult., by Rev. J. H. Hughes, Sinclair Lent, of Wintrop, to Effie Himes, of Worcester, Mass.

SMITH-CROSBY.—At the residence of the bride's father, July 2, by Rev. F. H. Beals, J. Porter Smith, of Charlottown, Mass., to Sadie B., daughter of the late R. R. Crosby, of Hebron. LOUNSBURY-GRAHAM.—July 1, at the residence of the bride's father, Joseph Graham, E. o. Springfield, York Co., by Rev. S. D. Irvine, John Lounsbury, of Nackawic, to Melissa Graham. MACKINTOSH-LUCAS.—July 2, by Rev. Wm. E. Hall, at the residence of the bride's father, 250 Creighton St., John W. Mackintosh, to Jessie, daughter of Wm. H. and Drucilla Lucas, all of Halifax. McCABE-FRASER.—At the residence of the bride's father, July 1, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, assisted by Rev. John Miles, Lanyon McCabe, of Alexandria, to Annie P., fifth daughter of Wm. F. Fraser, J. P. of Lynwood Valley, P. E. I. BELYEA-McBAY.—On the 30th ult., by the Rev. W. J. Stewart, at the residence of the bride's father, J. Lawrence Belyea, of Greenwood, Kings Co., N. B., to Annie, only daughter of Cea. Joseph and Annie McBey, of Greenwood, Kings Co., N. B.

Deaths. GRAHAM.—June 15, at Canterbury, York Co., N. B., John H. Graham, aged 17. His end was peace. DAY.—Upper Sheffield, of consumption, June 4, John H. L. Day, son of Alfred Day, in the 29th year of his age. EARLE.—At Pleasant Lake, Yarmouth Co., N. S., June 26, Andrew Harvey Earl, aged 5 months, son of Joseph and Grace Earl. SHAW.—At Arcadia, Yarmouth Co., of membranous croup, June 15, Owen W., aged 3 y. a. and 8 months, youngest son of Aaron and Alice Shaw. HARRIS.—In Toronto, of diphtheria, June 27, Elms, aged 5 years and 10 months, eldest child of C. Harris and Rosalie Harris, formerly of Nova Scotia. SHEPHERD.—At the residence of his son-in-law, Brainerd Ritchie, Virginia, June 28, George Sheffer, in the 81st year of his age. No evil did he fear, for Christ was with him. SULLIVAN.—At Prince Albert, N. S., June 24, St. tumor, Mrs. Sarah Sullivan, aged 72 years. Sister Sullivan was converted about 50 years ago. She lived a life of devotedness, died a peaceful death and has entered a glorious eternity. She leaves a family and large circle of friends to mourn. CAMPBELL.—At New York, on the 14th of June, Eunice Campbell, beloved wife of William Campbell, of Gibson. Our sister professed religion some years ago in connection with our F. C. Baptist brethren. Her life was one of holiness and was especially precious unto her during her last illness. REAGH.—At Spa Spring, June 24, Mrs. Jane Reagh, aged 86 years. Sister Reagh has been for many years a member of the Upper Village Baptist church, for over a happy Christian, and a delighted in holy conversation with fellow Christians. Her end was peaceful. The funeral services were conducted by Bro. F. I. Goucher, Lc. MUNROE.—At the Wolves, Charlotte Co., on the 21st of June, Clara Munroe, aged 21 years. She was an able and intelligent. The large attendance at her funeral indicated the respect in which she was held. The funeral sermon was preached by Rev. James Trimble; prayers were offered by Brethren Kierstead and Eldridge, lics. May a kind providence comfort the mourners. TINGLEY.—Died at Shemogue, N. B., June 21, Sister Cynthia Tingley, aged 86. Many years ago this sister united with the Baptist church, which membership was severed by death. Her husband and children of three generations, more or less, and she possessed powers of mind and body very remarkable for one so aged. Being a lover of Christ and a great student of God's word, he sorrowed not at those who have no hope, but has light at eventide to comfort him in the loss of one whose company he enjoyed for nearly 70 years. The funeral services were conducted by Bro. J. H. Davis (lic).

inter, yet Mr. Morse possessed rare gifts as a preacher, and often rode through the country on horseback proclaiming the riches of divine grace. His daughter, the subject of this sketch, was born in Bridgetown in 1816, and was baptised on a profession of her faith in Jesus, at the age of 13. A number of years after her baptism she was married to James M. Smith, Esq., and with her husband removed to Windsor, N. S., and immediately afterwards connected herself with the Baptist church in this place. Dr. Welton, one of her pastors, was a near relative, and one whom she greatly esteemed in the Gospel. Indeed every pastor who served the church of which she was a member, had in her a true and loyal supporter. About fourteen years ago Mr. Smith removed with his family from Windsor to St. John, N. B. Sister Smith immediately transferred her membership to Brussels St. church, where she remained a consistent and useful member until removed to higher service. Mrs. Smith was a great sufferer for about nine months before her death, but her sufferings were endured with wonderful resignation to the will of God. The word of God and the hymns of sacred song were her constant companions. She found a great deal of comfort from the experiences of the Christian poets as expressed in the hymns which we sing at divine worship. She came to her grave as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.

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I import Eagle Chop direct from China, and warrant it as the best BLACK TEA we can get. 5lb. Caddies. 60lb. Chests. FOR SALE BY W. FRANK HATHEWAY, WEARS LIKE RON! GENUINE OXFORD CLOTH. WORLD RENOWNED! TAKES PRIZES EVERYWHERE! TRADE MARK: "Tape woven across the ends of every web." Be sure it is genuine and buy no other. Send post card for samples if you have wool to dispose of. We have the largest Wool Trade and most perfect system in the Dominion of Canada. MENTION THIS PAPER. OXFORD MFG CO., OXFORD, N. S. A GREAT "MEANS OF GRACE." "The Bicycle is a great 'means of grace.' I get up sometimes at a Monday morning, nervous, headache, and hardly willing to get up. A bicycle ride on my wheel brings me home in a state of perspiration and bliss, and after a vigorous ride in the bath-room, I am quite prepared to love my enemies and pray for them that despise me." — Rev. F. W. Rider, Pastor Central Sq. Baptist Church, Boston.

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COLONIAL BOOK STORE, HEADQUARTERS SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES and Miscellaneous Books suitable for Schools; CLASS BOOKS, RECORD BOOKS, S. S. BIBLES, BIBLE CARDS, PRIMER, NOTES on the International Lessons for 1891 sent to any address on receipt of price, \$1.25. SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPPLIES will receive our prompt attention. SENIOR QUARTERLY, 12c. per year. ADVANCED, 15c. per year. INTERMEDIATE, 10c. per year. PRIMARY, 8c. per year. T. H. HALL, SAINT JOHN, N. B.



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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Under Public Buildings" will be received until Thursday, 29th July next, for coal supply for all or any of the Dominion Public Buildings. Specifications, form of tender, and all necessary information can be obtained at this Department on and after Monday, 24th June. Tenders are to be sealed in envelopes, and the envelopes will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, BELLAIR, in the sum of one per cent. of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so. If he fails to supply the coal contracted for, if the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, E. F. E. ROY, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, June 24th, 1891.

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SUPERIOR ACCOMMODATION For paying patients of both sexes. Situated in a quiet neighborhood on COLLEGE STREET, and near the Seaside. Spacious Halls and Airy Ward. In charge of TRULY TRAINED SISTERS from St. Margaret's, Home, Boston, Mass., a branch of the well known Sisterhood of St. Margaret of Good Graces, St. Elizabeth, England. Patients are provided with NURSING, NOURISHMENT, and HOME COMFORTS at MODERATE CHARGES. Patients select and pay their own Surgeon or Physician, and have full freedom of choice when requiring religious ministrations. For further particulars apply to the Sister in charge. References in Halifax:—A. J. COWIE, M. D.; W. B. SLAYTER, M. D.; H. H. READ, M. D.; Hon. J. W. LONGLEY, Attorney-General of Nova Scotia.

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THE Rev. G. O. Gates, pastor of Germain St. Baptist church, on Sabbath morning, July 6, delivered a series of eight sermons on Prayer. Full congregations interested in these services is now the order of the Sunday-schools and churches from Bar Harbor to Blaine's illness as serious, character, with past of his ever again do. — The Rev. J. T. B. returned missionaries from Africa in this city on Sunday last, on their way to Nova Scotia in their native home. — AS USUAL much columns is laid over of room. Correspondence exercise patience; and will have soon to enlarge our waste basket. — The articles on "H and "Reforms Demanded by the Messinger and Visitor" in our present issue may indicate the reverend "old men for counsel a war." — Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's readers will be sorry to advise we are informed he is dangerously ill and will be offered for health, and the continuation of life. — ACADEMY SEMINARY. Committee of Acad secured the services of as teacher of vocal music has a good reputation. It is believed this year has enjoyed four years of the seminary provided for. — The editor of the Visitor is from home change of work—we in this office. Last the Prince Edward Island Summerside, and he with the Eastern N. Sackville, on the 18th not be held accounts appears in the columns of — N. B. EASTMAN. Hinson informs us that N. B. Eastern Association Sackville, July 18th tickets at any I. C. E. ticket to the association, agent for "a standard No. 82. This certificate signed by clerk of sentation to agent at than 21st inst., will to return passage from — The N. S. Census Clerk of this is able to collate from churches the following: Baptisms, Increase, Decrease, Net Increase. There has been a church rolls. One of members from who near. The 50 church of 1,586 members added. — ASPICIOUS (?). the Nova Scotia Company is auspicious long career of contemporary. But will not justify the is not an article of any kind, or even a The boys would be cigars this company To wish success to wish that large number shall learn to smoke where they are more bad habits. This is pay, even for the enterprise. And that will attend cigars the greater loss to the country, useless and worn, pended in making waste. Why should be interested in inquiries? In a where capital is so to go abroad for fun why should we not dollar for developing resources that are It is stated that the stories in Canada. A new factory just sent out for the week. We would the use of tobacco restricted and ab

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