Messenger and Visitor.

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ATTENTION!—If our brethren intend to help the circulation of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR on their field, now is the time. Hundreds are ready to take the paper if asked to do so. Who will give a day to this work this week?

—FREE CHRISTIAN BAPTISTS:—We have received the Year Book of the F. C. Baptists of New Brunswick. We cull the following facts. There are 49 ordained ministers. The statistics of membership are not given. By baptism there have been added 280, by letter 55, total 335. There has been a total decrease of 394. The churches have paid for support of minister $12 084 38
Church expenses 3 647 25
Buildings and improvements 3 961 96

Total, $19 693 59

The contributions for the purposes of general denominational work are—

Conference Fund	$371 04
For. Missions	$63 03
Home Missions	163 10
Ladies For. Mis. Society	851 91
Total,	$2 049 08

—THE PRINCIPLE OF IT:—The Baptists of Virginia are considering what is to be their attitude toward Ladies' Aid Societies. Prof. Hart, as reported by the *Religious Herald*, made the following statement of principles:

It is axiomatic among Baptists that the only organizations that bear the stamp of divine origin is the local church, and it is equally true that the church is sufficient both to subdue the world and to hold the world. He was earnestly opposed to the formation of these auxiliary agencies to do work which he thought could be so much better done in and by the churches.

The whole question was referred to a strong committee to report upon at the next session of the body.

—STILL ADVANCING:—The Methodist Episcopal church of the United States has determined to appropriate $1,150,000 in its varied missionary operations, this year. The income of last year was $1,044,791, an increase over that of the previous year of $152,667.

—THE SUNDAY LAW.—Judge Johnson has given a decision in reference to the Sunday law in Halifax which is causing considerable comment. A street car driver was convicted before the lower court. The case was appealed to the county court, and the Judge has quashed the conviction. The whole question turned upon the meaning of the word "servile labor" in the Act. The learned Judge holds that street car driving is not "servile labor." To plain common-sense people who are not accustomed to legal parlance and quibbles, this construction of this expression appears strange. Last winter, when the Sunday bill was up before the Nova Scotia House, its opponents declared this new bill to be needless, because old acts, which the Judge now declares invalid to deal with the case in hand, were sufficient. There is to be an appeal from his decision to the Supreme Court. If this court sustains the Judge's finding, it will be in place to introduce the bill of last winter again. In that event, those who did not care to support the bill because its provisions were covered by existing legislation, will doubtless vote for it. If they should not, it would appear as if the alleged reason for opposition last winter was a pretense.

—THE AMAZING PROGRESS OF ITALY:—Very few of our people may be aware of the grand strides Italy has made since her release from the rule of the Pope and of the Bourbons. Well may the names of Cavour and Victor Emmanuel be held in loving and lasting remembrance by the Italian people. The following from a correspondance in *Zion's Herald* will give an idea of what Italy was and is:

In 1861, 17,000,000 out of the 22,000,000 people then comprising the Italian kingdom could not read and write. There was 77 per cent. of illiteracy. To-day, with a population of 30,000,000, there is only about 30 per cent. of illiteracy. Thirty years ago there were 311 newspapers and periodicals published in Italy, and most of these were organs supported by the church and not by their circulation. Over 1,600 newspapers and periodicals are published in Italy to-day; and only a few of them are sub-sidized by the church. The newspaper circulation of Rome and Milan is greater in proportion to population than that of Boston. In 1862, 71,000,000 letters passed through the Italian post-offices; last year about 190,000,000 letters, over 170,000,000 newspapers, and over 4,000,000 postal money-orders passed through the Italian post-offices. The increase of intelligence in Italy, and especially of political intelligence and political interest, is simply marvelous. A larger proportion of the electors vote in Italy than in Massachusetts.

She is likewise strong, as the following shows:

Italy has, next to England, the best navy in Europe. She maintains a standing army of nearly 200,000 soldiers and sailors; and she has a reserve of 1,550,000 men who have been carefully drilled and are home upon unlimited furloughs. In case of war she could soon throw an army of 1,750,000 men into the field—an army more than twice as large as Cæsar ever commanded during the palmiest days of old Rome.

In the meantime giant Pope sits in his den and growls.

—TELUGU MISSIONS:—From the report of the Foreign Mission Society of Ontario Quebec, we gather the following facts: Two new churches have been organized, one at Muramanda and one at Nellurum. On the Cocanada field 40 have been baptized, making the present membership 418. On the Tuni field 5 baptized, present membership 57; Akidu field 65 baptized, membership 1,330: a total of 110 baptized and membership of 1,805. It will be remembered that the Tuni church is Bro. Currie's monument. While there has been considerable confusion consequent upon his lamented death, the new missionary reports a deepening interest and several baptisms since the report was closed. In the girls' boarding school there are 48 boarders. On the Akidu field there are about 190 in the various Christian schools. There are also 60 in the seminary at Samulcotta for the training of preachers. It has been a year of sifting out as well as of gathering in. Some of the unruly ones, because not allowed to have their own way, have gone over to the Church mission. Owing partly to the want of missionary oversight, through the small force on the field, some have gone back to heathenism. On the whole, it has been a good year. With the additional force of missionaries sent out, the outlook is brighter for next year.

—CHURCH VERSUS SOCIETY.—At the Baptist Union, Sheffield, England, very earnest words were spoken against the tendency of the time to take christian work out of the hands of the church. The following are some of the utterances:—

"It will be obvious that the gist of this paper (concluded Mr. Aldridge) lies in a certain conception of the church, an opinion of what membership is capable and designed to accomplish. If the church be only a venerable relic, if nineteenth century modes of thinking and living cannot be in any wise controlled, or stimulated, or influenced for good by the system of church membership; if we discern in it a society intended by its Founder for the infancy, not the manhood, of Christianity; then we say, recognize the fact, relegate the whole system to reverent but archaic study, and strike out on other lines to effect the improvement for which we yearn. But this is not our way of regarding this Divine Institution. When it has failed, it is because it has not been employed aright; it has been allowed to occupy a subordinate place in the agencies of worship and service."

Mr. Clark said: "As pastors and members our first aim must be to strengthen the church idea, which is in danger of losing its hold and force. Young Men's Christian Associations and other agencies are good in their way—combined and undenominational efforts are useful for some purposes, but for deepening the spiritual life of young people, for retaining influence over them at the critical age when they are apt to slip away, for the development of their own christian character, and for conserving all the energies and freshness of their young lives for the service of Christ, the agencies that seek to accomplish these things must be set on foot, organized, and sustained by individual churches, and for such vital, important, and far reaching issues every pastor and every church member has and must realize personal responsibility."

"Rev. W. Cuff (London) thought that to some of them the question of church fellowship was most serious. In the East-end of London he was sorry to say there had come upon a very large number of very godly persons a feeling of this sort, that the poor people and the working men were to be reached and brought to God by means outside their church organizations altogether. If there was one thing which he strongly disbelieved in more than another it was exactly that. He grieved over the fact, that there had come upon them—it was coming among the Baptists as well as other sections of the church—a kind of mad-brained passion for mission halls outside the church life. Far be it from him to say one word which would lessen the importance of mission halls in their proper place, but he ventured to believe, after some experience with the working people both inside and outside the pulpit, that if they severed their mission hall work from church life they would do much to lose what hold they now had on the working people, and the lapsed masses in the large towns.

—Dr. A. S. Isaacs, a leading rabbi, estimates that there are now 500,000 Jews in the United States.

Snow Water.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH, BY REV. S. T. RAND, D. D., LL. D.

"As white as snow." I was seated near the bed of a young girl whose days, I may say whose *hours*, were numbered. Leaning over towards her, I had not observed, in the increasing interest which the things of which we were speaking had excited, that some one had entered the room. Judge, then, of my surprise when I heard the following words pronounced in a loud and passionate tone: "Are you not ashamed of yourself thus to deceive a poor dying girl? Is your heart so devoid of all pity that you desire to send her headlong to hell, where you will yourself soon be?"

All startled, turning round I saw seated near me, a woman who had evidently heard for a few moments what we had been saying. What had there been in my words that had moved the indignation of this unexpected visitor? I had read in the 12th chapter of Exodus what relates to the Paschal Lamb, killed on that memorable night when the judgment of God passed over Egypt; the Lamb whose blood upon the houses of the Israelites had arrested the arm of death, at the time when sudden destruction, which no one could escape, had filled every Egyptian house with mourning, and where every family had to mourn the loss of their first-born. I had explained to the young sick girl that the difference made between the Israelite and the Egyptian did not rest by any means upon the fact that the one was better or worse than the other, but alone on the fact that God had said: "When I see the blood I will pass over," and that thus the security of each Israelite had for its foundation the word of God and the blood of the slaughtered Lamb. We had afterwards read in John 1:29, the testimony which John the Baptist rendered to Jesus as being the one to whom the type referred: "The Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world." Then I had cited the passage which shows us that His blood is amply sufficient: "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1:7). Anna, this was the name of the young sick girl, knew well that the blood of Jesus was a sure refuge against the wrath of God on account of sin, but she needed still to learn how she could be placed in this sure place of refuge. "I have no right to it," she said, "I have done nothing but sin, and now my life is hastening to a close, and I have no time to perform any good works, nor have I any thing to recommend me to God."

Desiring that her soul might rest solely upon the word of God, I had read to her what the Lord Jesus says: "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" (Luke 5:32), then again, "That whosoever believeth in him—not whosoever performs good works—hath everlasting life" (John 3:16), and finally what Paul writes to the Romans: "To him that worketh not, but believeth on him who justifieth—not the pious man—but the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness" (Rom. 4:5). After reading this verse I had paused a moment and then added, "The salvation for which you so earnestly long, cost God his only begotten Son, and it cost the blessed Jesus his life; but for you and for me it is without cost. We have only to accept it gratefully at his hand, who passed for us through shame and agony. Is not this a simple and easy way to be saved?" These words were still on my lips when I was so rudely interrupted by the words cited above.

I waited a moment for an answer. The attack directed against myself, personally, was of small import; but my distress was great on account of the poor, dying girl. Eternity was opening before her, and she had not yet found Christ as her Saviour. She was under the impression that good works could be a sufficient foundation for salvation, although she had none upon which she could rest. Assuredly Satan had hurled this dart at that moment, and had excited the hatred and wrath of this stranger. It was the testimony rendered by the scriptures, to the fact that "there is no difference," and that all have sinned, and the freeness of salvation aside from all human merit.

With a consciousness of my utter weakness I turned me to him who is all-sufficient for help; who knows all our needs, and is able to respond to them, and I entreated him to repulse the enemy, and to snatch from his grasp the prey upon which he had darted. At this moment he gave the calm assurance that he would himself take the cause in hand which I was confiding to his care, and all fear in the matter vanished. What repose, what peace I experienced when in the depths of my soul I heard his voice urging me to commit all which concerned me into his blessed hands! During this time the woman, whose face and name were equally unknown to me, fixed her eyes upon me with a kind of curiosity. I then said: "Is it to deceive anyone to present to them the word of God and the work of our Lord Jesus Christ that her soul may rest on him?" "Yes, this is to deceive a soul," answered she with irritation. "You would make easy the way to heaven; you say that there is nothing to do in order to be saved, and that one person is no better than another. If this is what you believe, and what you say this poor girl should believe, then will you awake from your folly in the depths of hell, where you will meet your victim; but your sufferings will be greater than here."

I have read to her not my own words but the words of God, I replied. Have you a Bible? "No, and it would be much better for you not to read it; the ignorant wrest it to their own destruction. No one can understand it except those whom the church has appointed for this purpose, and I think God that I have been better taught than you as to its contents."

Ah, well, I answered, will you explain these verses: "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus?" I know that I am very ignorant, but I cannot understand by "*freely*," except as meaning that we have nothing to pay for it. Because if we must pay for it we cannot have it *gratuitously*. *Gratuitment, gratuitously*, is the French word used for "freely"; and "by his grace" signifies, as I understand it, *by his favor*; but that cannot be a *free favor* if I have to deserve it "by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus," has always seemed to me to be the immense price which has been paid by another, that salvation might be to us gratuitous. It was a work too vast for me to be able to accomplish the smallest part of it, and for this reason God has accomplished it himself, and so it is perfect, and any effort of mine to perform the smallest part could only soil it.

"Do you say that you have nothing to do towards your own salvation?" she replied. I said the Lord Jesus Christ said, "It is finished,"—John 19:30,—and I believe it; and as for yourself, would you not repose upon a work that is perfect and finished? "No, indeed," she replied, "what multitudes would obtain heaven could they go thither in your easy way?"

How, then, I asked, do you suppose any one can get there? "Oh," she answered, "it is necessary to perform good works, to repent passages constantly, to do penance for your sins, and to continue this course till death; then your soul must still be purified and you must wait till the day of judgment to find out whether your good deeds, your prayers and penitences, have been proper and sufficient." Shuddering at this gloomy prospect, I replied, God has said, "To him that worketh not, but who believes in him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." "Yes," she answered, "but the apostle James says, "Faith without works is dead." I know that, I replied, but he does not contradict Paul who has written, "Being then justified by faith we have peace with God" (Rom. 5:1). Faith justifies before God, but works justify before men. He who believes has eternal life. Works can neither purchase nor produce life, but they are the manifestation of life. God looks at the heart and sees faith; man looks at what appears without, and if he sees no evidence of faith, he says, "This man is dead. There is no movement about him, no breath, no sign of life."

"To save me, what have I to do?
Since Christ has all things done;
Yet saved from sin and sorrow too,
I live to him alone."

"My religion," she replied, "teaches me that a person should be purified and become white—yes, as white as snow, before he can enter heaven." Yes, I answered, whiter than snow, it is necessary to be before you or I can present ourselves before God, as Job has said, "Though I wash me with snow-water and cleanse my hands in purity, yet wilt thou plunge me into the ditch and my own clothes will make me abhorred" (Job 9:30, 31). Snow-water, which is a type of what is the purest thing on earth, is not sufficient for purification. David says, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow" (Psalm 51:7). You see as I do the necessity of being purified, but the difference between us is that you expect to become pure by your own works, and I believe that the blood of Jesus Christ alone purifies me. And more than this, I believe that it has already purified me, and that the hell of which you have just spoken will never be my portion; no, never, for the word of God who cannot lie, and the blood of his Son are between me and hell, and Satan cannot overleap those barriers and reach me to snatch me from the hands of the Lord Jesus.

Again her eyes flashed with anger and hatred.

"Speak not in the ears of this poor girl such horrid blasphemies," said she; "your presumption can only add to your sin and folly. The greatest saint cannot know that he is saved before the day of judgment."

Pardon me, I replied, God has said that it is the privilege of little children in Christ, and God has taken pains to say positively in his Word, that every poor sinner who confides in his Son can even now have the assurance that he is saved, and have the joy of this assurance. Hear the words of the Bible: "These things have I written unto you that you may know that you have eternal life; you who believe in the name of the Son of God" (1 John 5:13). Is it, then, blasphemy to believe God? On the other hand, I would greatly prefer to enter heaven having as my only right and title the blood of the Son of God, than to go there by means of my own good works, even if that were possible. I would sooner go as invited freely by the grace and the love of God than to have to pay for my entrance. And as to yourself, would you not also? Forsake your own righteousness which God designates as "filthy rags," and trust alone in the precious blood of Christ.

She made no reply, but rose up and walked slowly towards the door muttering something which I did not understand.

When the door was closed after her I turned to the sick girl. Great tears filled her eyes and rolled down her cheeks; but the unquiet look, full of anxiety and despair, had disappeared. She placed sweetly her emaciated hand in mine. I fear, I said, this has been too much for you; I am very sorry.

"Oh, not for me," she exclaimed, "do not regret it on my account! The long and sombre night has passed. I see it all. God has given his Son; Jesus has shed his precious blood that I might be saved! and he has written a letter that I may be sure of it now! it is for the one that has done no good works! oh what love! The only thing that troubled me was that any one should have spoken thus to you. I was afraid you would not come again, and yet it is precisely what has occured that has made it all so clear. Every moment it seemed to me that a new light came, to dissipate the obscurity of my thoughts!"

I assured her that I would be happy to return. My whole desire, I added, was that the Lord would give me the most suitable passages of scripture, and keep me perfectly calm for your sake.

"And he did so," she replied, seriously. "By degrees, as you read these verses, he showed me by his word that all that I had formerly believed was false, that Satan had deceived me in making me believe that God was rigorous in exacting our labors, our efforts and our tears, and even then he was not satisfied. But now I see that it is 'free and gratuitous,' and 'by grace' that we obtain everything, in the place of acquiring it painfully by our own works. Will you kindly read that verse to me again?"

The Lord had touched her heart. She now saw clearly that the ransom needed to deliver her soul was infinitely greater than she had imagined; but she knew also that it had been paid, even to the last farthing by another, and that she had absolutely nothing to do to clear herself of the debt, and this discovery had given her perfect repose, a profound and permanent peace.

It was a great comfort for me to visit her after that day. It was evident that she was daily growing in grace and in a personal knowledge of him who had redeemed her. Every portion of the word of God was for her full of freshness, in fact, altogether new to her, for hitherto she had been totally ignorant even of the letters of the scriptures.

It was touching to observe the effects which the Word produced upon her, especially when I read to her the pages which describe the sufferings of Christ, and the bitter cup which he had to drink, and his being forsaken of God, all which he endured because of our sins. More than once covering her face with her hands, while the tears flooded her cheeks, I heard her utter in a low voice: "*For me! for me!* I have lived twenty years and I never knew this before! Lord, thou hast suffered for *me*—even for *me!*"

The history of the resurrection and ascension of the Lord; the recital of what is related of Paul's seeing him in the glory, and the return of the Lord were for her favorite passages. No doubt, no cloud came to cross her soul or to trouble her peace. The passages she particularly delighted in were rather those that spoke of the Lord himself than those which refer to the blessings enjoyed by those who believe in him.

The disease that wasted her caused her intense sufferings, and yet when I spoke to her of what she had to endure a smile would light up her face, and more than once I heard her repeat in a low voice:

"Jesus can give us sweet relief
When pain and anguish seize us;
No Satan's power can cause us grief;
From fear in death he frees us."

Every day, also, shortly after my arrival, the woman who had appeared so much irritated at first, glided softly into the chamber the moment I began to read, and sat down behind me, and the moment I closed the book she went out without speaking a word. As she seemed to be desirous of not being observed I never spoke to her, fearing she would not return should I seem to notice her. I was happy to have her hear the penetrating and life-giving word of God.

For many weeks (a time of real blessing to my friend) things moved on in much the same way: one of these souls was rapidly ripening for glory, the other hearing at least the words of life. The strange conduct of the woman never varied. She never came in before the reading had commenced, and she invariably quitted the room as soon as I had finished. Her presence tended to keep me much more dependent upon the Saviour, for I ardently desired that the word might be to her "a savour of life unto life," and I asked that he would guide me as to the portion of scripture that it would be proper to read, as also to apply it to her conscience and her heart.

Every week brought to Anna new sufferings, and less strength to bear them; but, in measure, as her body grew weaker, it was manifest that her joy increased at the thought of being with her Saviour.

Death for her had been despoiled of all his terrors. "It is but a short passage," said she, "to be with him who has loved us so much, and though the way be rough, I do not perceive it, and there is no darkness, for his hand sustains me and his presence sheds around a glorious light. And he does all things in infinite wisdom."

I was with her the very morning of the day she died. As usual our unknown female visitor came to hear the reading, and immediately after it was over she went out and left me to pass this last hour with Anna alone.

We enjoyed it much. I had no idea, however, that this was to be our last interview on earth, for she seemed unusually strong. She appeared, too, so unwilling for me to go that I seated myself a second time after having risen to go, and remained a few moments, her hand being clasped in mine, without a word being exchanged on either side. And even after I had reached the door I saw her following me with her eyes so full of affection and regret at seeing me leave, that I turned back and said to her: Dear Anna, do you wish to ask me any thing? "No," she replied, "I was only thinking how eagerly I wait every morning to see this door open to let you in, and I may add that should this prove to be the last time that I am permitted to see you here below, I shall see and recognize you when you come to the house on high. Oh, what will it be to meet you there with Jesus! I do think that even it will cause a thrill of joy to see you enter."

A ray of sunshine lighted up her face, but the light that shone there was brighter than that of the sun. I recalled the words of scripture: "The glory of God doth illuminate it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." Involuntarily I pronounced these words in an audible voice. "Yes," said she, "the slain Lamb—slain, slain for me. I shall see him soon! I shall see his marks! Oh, what amazing love was his!"

We both remained silent for a moment; then, bending over to her, I kissed her once more. Although she did not seem to me any worse than usual, I had the impression that this was for the last time.

When I went out I tried to banish the thought that I should see her no more here below, and I succeeded in a measure in doing so; but on the following morning I made my call at an earlier hour than usual. On the door step stood our strange female visitor. Her face was pale and bore the marks of recent tears. She paused a moment, cast a furtive glance around and said rapidly, as if half afraid, "Snow water is not sufficient for cleansing nor filthy rags for clothing; but the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ is sufficient for all things." She at the same moment went away, and I never saw her nor heard of her again.

Totally surprised, I entered the house. As I ascended to Anna's room, her friends met me and said that she had gone to be with the Lord. "It was yesterday, after you left," they said. "When we went into her room she had in her eye a look and upon her face a smile which had nothing earthly in them. 'What is it?' we asked her; but she only smiled and murmured in a low voice, 'Jesus! Jesus!' She did not speak again, and none of us knew the exact moment when she breathed her last. Do you wish to see her?"

Thus the Lord had drawn her to himself here below and had afterward taken her to be with himself above, and during the interval he had enabled her to render such a testimony as made such an impression on those who had cared for her and loved her, as will never be effaced.

Surely, dear reader, as the unknown female visitor said: "Snow water sufficeth not for purification, nor filthy rags for clothing, but the blood of Jesus Christ our Lord is sufficient for all things."

Yes, for time and for eternity.

—Till sin and the soul be *two*, Christ and the soul cannot be *one*.

Three Pictures Known.

BY REV C H SPURGEON.

"For this cause also thank we God without ceasing, because, when ye receive the word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it not as the word of men, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe." etc.—1 Thess ii: 13, 14

Paul reads very much at home when he is writing to the church at Thessalonica. In his letters to that favored people he unveils his inmost feelings. He is rather rapt to do so when he feels himself quite at ease; for Paul is by no means a man shut up with himself, who is never at home to any one. When he is battling with an ungrateful people he keeps himself to sharp words and strong arguments; but when he is writing to a loving, attached, affectionate church, he lets them have the key of his heart, and he lays bare before them his secret emotions. I feel as if we were interviewing Paul today—as if we were all sitting in a room with him and Silas and Timothy, and were hearing their private conversation. We are come to a Round Table Conference with them, and we are listening to their talk about the ministry which God had committed to them. They were not obliged to be reticent about their own conduct or their experience with the Thessalonian friends; they were able to tell the story of their transactions with the church of Thessalonica from the very beginning. It is a happy thing to be the pastor of a church where one may wear his heart upon his sleeve. In certain positions prudence demands that we keep ourselves to ourselves until we know more of the character of those who surround us. This is by no means pleasant; indeed, it is a painful thing to go through life like a man in armour, who scarcely dares to move a single plate of steel, lest somebody should wound him in an unguarded place. To return to our text: We find the apostle at home, telling out his thoughts in the freest manner. Indeed, he seems to me to show us three sights of the most interesting kind, which it will be pleasing and profitable for us to consider with care. I shall try to speak upon these three things, one after the other.

I. To begin, then: we are asked out to a little social party. These three godly ministers are holding what, if I use a Greek word, I may call a holy Eucharistical service—a service of thanksgiving. "For this cause also thank we God without ceasing." It is a pleasing sight to see anybody thanking God; for the air is heavy with the hum of murmuring, and the roads are dusty with complaints and lamentations. It is a delightful vision to see hard-working, earnest ministers of Christ met together and occupying their time with thanksgiving; for many waste their hours in speculations, doubtings and discussions. Let us turn aside and look into their smiling faces. It will do us good to see who these good men were, and how they came to be in this thankful condition.

And, first, I would remark that this thankfulness of theirs followed upon sure travail. It is of no use for you to say, "I shall thank God for a harvest," if you neither plough nor sow. You will have no harvest without labor and patience. In the cause and kingdom of Christ, although the race is not to the swift, it certainly is not the to sluggish; and although salvation is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, it certainly is not of him that does not will and does not run. We may sit and sigh as long as we like, but we shall see no result from lethargy. Paul and Silas and Timothy, you would not be sitting together thanking God, if you had not for many a day put your shoulders to the wheel. Ministers giving thanks to God are ministers who have worked.

And this work of theirs had been backed by holy living, for the apostle is bold to declare, "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblamably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." Brethren, we shall not win success unless we hunt for it by careful lives. You wish to see your Sunday-school class converted. You are anxious to be blest on your tract-district. You want to see that little mission-hall crowded and souls converted. Begin by looking to your own life. As the man is, depend upon it, so will his life-work be. Personal piety is the backbone of success in the service of God.

Notice that this thankfulness was of a social kind. "Thank we God." They all joined in it. Why, if there is a soul saved anywhere, we ought all to thank God for it! What does it matter which church they join? We hear of God blessing Mr. Moody or somebody else right away in America. Glory be to God for it! Their success is our success. It is all in the family. Let us praise God for it. But some are accustomed to look with a rather jaded eye at God's blessing other denominations, or other preachers. Let us fight against this spirit. O brethren, those of us who have had the most of God's blessing, what a mercy it would be if we were cut out altogether by better and more useful men! At any rate, let us rejoice with those that do rejoice, and triumph in the success of our brethren.

One thing more is to be noticed: this was a continual thanksgiving day; for the apostle says, "For this cause also thank we God without ceasing." Our gratitude to God should be as lasting as life, as constant as the bounty to which it bears witness. Our American friends have one Thanksgiving Day in the year, but it was Thanksgiving Day all the year with Paul and Silas and Timothy when they thought of the Thessalonians. They felt as if they never could leave off thanking God for the Thessalonians, for they knew by sad experience that all churches were not of the same happy kind.

So I have painted for you an ancient interior—you can see those three good men singing together to the praise of God as they think of their Thessalonian converts.

Ah, my hearer, if you have been blessed, do not hide it. If you do, you will rob us of our wages, for our wages come to us very much through our knowing that God has blessed our ministry. Think of this, and treat us fairly and kindly, even as we have sought your good. Now we leave the ministry, and think of the people.

II. The second sight we have to look at is, hearers receiving the Word.

Notice, first, these people received the Word of God. They were willing to hear it; they were anxious to hear it; they heard it, and they were attentive in the hearing of it. They lent a willing ear and a ready mind. They did not cavil and dispute and question, but they received the Word of God. Happy preacher who has such people to deal with! If we have them not, let us work on till we gather them. Whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, let us tell the people our Lord's message.

But next, these people had doubly received the Word of God—at least, the Word is twice mentioned in our version. "When ye receive the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye received it." In the Greek those are two different words altogether. The second "received" might, perhaps, better be read, "accepted." I do not think that I should be straining a point if I read it, "Ye welcomed it." They first received it by eagerly hearing it. They wanted to know what it was all about; they were attentive, and wanted to understand it. When they had heard it they rejoiced, and said, "Oh, yes, yes, yes; this is the very thing we want!" They embraced it. That word will do—they embraced it. They put their arms around it, and would not let it go.

And then, if I may trouble you to look at the text again, you will notice that the word "it" is in italics; and so is the word "as." Let me read the text again: "When ye receive the Word of God which ye heard of us, ye receive not the word of men." You see I have left out the "it" and the "as," because they are really not there, though they are correctly added by the translators as giving the meaning of the apostle. Verbally they are not in the text. I take the sentence out of its connection and say that these Thessalonians received not the word of men. And I like them for that. You may know the Lord's sheep by the fact that "a stranger will they not follow; for they know not the voice of strangers." They will not receive the word of man; it is too light, too chaffy, too frothy for them. They will not have it; they want something more substantial.

To come back to our translation: they received not the Gospel as the word of men.

There is an essential difference between man's word and God's word, and it is fatal to mistake the one for the other. If you receive even the Gospel as the word of man you cannot get the blessing out of it; for the sweetness of the Gospel lies in the confidence of our heart that this is the Word of God.

Are we, then, infallible? No, but the Book is. Do we infallibly understand the Book? No, but the Spirit of God will teach us what he himself means; and of those truths which he teaches us we get so firm a grip that we say, "No, no; I am never going to argue about this any more! This is proved to my heart and soul beyond all further question. Thus have I learned the Gospel of Christ." Have you learned it in this fashion? Then you have received the Gospel aright, but not else.

"Oh," says one, "but I do not believe in your spiritual experience!" I did not say you did; on the contrary, I expected you not to believe in it. But what does that prove? Why, only that you have no spiritual perception! That you have not perceived spiritual things, is true; but it is no proof that there are none to perceive. We receive God's Word as the Word of God, because it comes to us with that power which effectually worketh in them that believe. It works in us a horror of sin, a detestation of self-confidence, and an aspiration after holy and heavenly things. It works in us love to God and good-will to men. It works in us victory over evil from day to day; and while it does that, the proof of it is within us.

III. Now my time has gone; otherwise my third point would have been a very interesting one. These three men are rejoicing in converts exhibiting a family likeness.

I only call your attention to the fact that the apostle says, "Ye brethren, became followers of the churches of God which in Judea are in Jesus Christ." Here are people converted in Judea, and they are of a strongly Jewish type; quite another set of people over at Thessalonica become converted to Christ, and though they are thoroughly of the Greek type, they are very like the converts in Judea. They know nothing about the law of Moses; they have been heathens, worshipping idols; and yet, when they are converted, the strange thing is they are exceedingly like those Jews over yonder, to whom idolatry was an abomination. Greek believers are like Hebrew believers. They have never spoken to one another, and nobody has been there to tell them the peculiarities of Christians, and yet a family likeness is distinctly visible.

Were you never startled with this—that if, in the preaching of the Gospel to-day, we were to bring to the Lord Jesus a person of high rank, and another of the very lowest extraction, they have the same experience, and upon the greatest of subjects they talk in the same way? Believers differ in many things, and yet they are alike in the main thing. There are no two exactly alike in all the family of God, and yet the likeness to the Elder Brother is to be seen more or less in each one.

When I am talking sometimes with young converts, and they put their statements oddly and ignorantly, I am reminded of Father Taylor, when he was getting old. The old man sometimes lost the thread of his discourse; and whenever he did so he he used to say: "There! I cannot find the end of that sentence, but I am bound for the kingdom! Brethren, I am bound for the kingdom!" Off he went to something else; for though he could not complete the paragraph he was bound for the kingdom. Some brethren and sisters cannot see to the end of their own experience, but they are bound for the kingdom. They cannot put this and that together to make it ship shape, but you can see that they are bound for the kingdom. There is the same tear of repentance, the same glance of faith, the same thrill of joy, the same song of confidence. Each one, according to his measure, enjoys the same life, if he is indeed bound for the kingdom. The babe is like the man, and the man reminds you of the babe. We are one spirit in Jesus.

Dear friends, are you believers in the Lord Jesus Christ? If you are, joy and rejoice with me; but if you are not, oh, how I wish you were! Whatever comforts of life you enjoy, you are missing the only thing that makes life worth having. If you did but know our Lord Jesus, if you did but trust him, if you did but find salvation, then you would find that if earth cannot be heaven it can become marvellously like it. The earnest of our everlasting inheritance may be enjoyed even here. Would God you would seek my Lord and Master, for if you seek him he will be found of you. Amen!

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Jesus Close By Us.

"Make Christ your most constant companion," says my brilliant Scotch friend, Professor Drummond, in one of those practical addresses which he is scattering like golden grain over our land. This is the secret of a strong, serene, and sanctified life. "Lo, I am with you always," is His precious promise; and he is the happiest and the holiest Christian who invites the Master to be ever at his side, and who is becoming more and more changed into his image.

The godly minded Charles Simeon, of Cambridge, England, kept a portrait of the missionary, Henry Martyn, hanging on the wall of his study. Looking up at the bright, youthful face, he would often say, "There, see that blessed man. No one looks at me as he does. He seems always to be saying to me, "Be serious, be in earnest, don't trifle." Then bowing towards the benign countenance of Martyn, Simeon would add, "No, I won't, I won't trifle." If the good Cambridge preacher caught a constant inspiration by looking at the silent face of the great missionary, how much more may we do so by keeping our Saviour constantly before us and beside us. He is ever saying to us, Look at me, learn of me, live for me!

Prayer has a new stimulus and encouragement if we realize that Jesus is close by us. He is *within call*. The telephone is one of the marvels of modern invention, bringing a whole community within speaking distance of each other. Yet it has its defects and limitations; it may be out of order, or be in use by some long-winded customer, or the ear may be wanting at the other end of the wire. But the telephone of faith always reaches the open ear of our beloved Lord; yea, a million voices may all be addressing him at once without delay and without confusion. He is *nigh* unto all that call upon him; no need of sending off a messenger on a long journey. The very phraseology of his promise recalls the familiar process of telephoning: "Thou shalt call and the Lord will answer, thou shalt cry and he shall say, *Here I am.*" In every phase of prayer—whether confession of sin, or offering thanks, or supplicating help—this blessed near-at-hadness of Jesus is a blessed encouragement. His seeming delays are not denials of us; he may be only testing our faith or our sincerity. Do not let us think of prayer so often as the coaxing or the conquering of a reluctant friend, but rather as the confident appeal to One who is always wise and always willing to give us what we *ought* to have.

Not only is our loving Master within call; he is ever *within our reach*. A very present help is he in time of trouble. Peter, sinking in the waves, cries out, "Lord, save me!" and immediately the almighty arm grasps his. While all others on board the tempest-tossed ship were smitten with panic, Paul has One by his side who says to him, "Fear not, Paul, thou must be brought before Cæsar." And soon afterward, when the weather-beaten old hero faces the savage Nero with cheek unblanched, it is because the Lord Jesus stood with him and strengthened him. One of the chief purposes of trials and afflictions is to make us send for our Saviour. If the famine had not reached to the land of Canaan the sons of Jacob never would have found their brother Joseph. If there is no famine in our souls we do not hunger for Christ; blessed be the sharp trial which impells us to through out a grasping hand on our Elder Brother!

A peculiar trial sometimes beets us. We are perplexed with the mysteries of Providence and have an intense craving for some explanation. We long for complete knowledge—on the spot. The Divine dealings with us are dark and incomprehensible. At such times if we will but listen we will hear a Voice saying to us, "I am with you; what I am doing thou understandest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." And so we discover that

"Behind the dim unknown
Standeth Christ within the shadow
Keeping watch above his own."

How encouraging is the thought to every awakened sinner that he need not go off searching after a Saviour and feeling after him in the dark. Jesus is already at thy heart's door, my friend. He is knocking for admission. Let him in! He will *come to stay*.

Some of us have known lately how close the loving Jesus is to a dying chamber. In one house the little song-bird of the family was gasping for life, and Christ just opened the cage and let the darling soar up to the sunny climes. A beloved daughter lay dying; but the Master gently said, She is not dying, she only sleepeth; so give I my beloved sleep. Our graybaired father or mother is entering the valley of the death-shade; and the calm testimony of their trust is: "I fear no evil, for *Thou art with me*; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Cap'n Sam and the Boys,

OR "STRAIGHTENING OUT THE FURROWS."

"Well, I never saw anything like that Capt. Crotte round that old lady in all my life. He's dancing attendance from morning till night, and makes alive! if he isn't trying on her sunbonnet for her.—Well I never! Wonder what 't would seem like to have my Billy grow up to be as attentive as that?" and the voice, half scornful at first, took on a longing, yearning expression, suggestive of tearful eyes, at the mention of "my Billy."

The speaker, Mrs. Bowles, lived in Seaport, usually spoken of as a fishing village, owing to the fact that many fishermen had lived there in years gone by; but the town was an old one, and possessing great natural attractions, and being a suburban town, many fine residences graced its winding avenue.

About two years before, a weather-beaten, sun-burned man, unmistakably a sailor, had bought a tasteful little cottage near the beach. Tilts he had fitted up, beautified and embellished, until Mrs. Harris declared it to be a "perfect pink of a place."

Over this pretty house, Cap'n Sam, as the boys learned to call the genial man, had installed his white-haired mother as mistress and chief, and a more attentive, loving son, it would appear, had never lived.

In a small barn at the rear of the cottage was kept a fine, steady horse, and a low basket carriage, and every fair day the Captain and his mother "went abroad," as Mrs. Bowles expressed it, on long, pleasant drives.

As we have hinted, Cap'n Sam was a great favorite among the boys of the place. Who else would harness up the sturdy horse into a big wagon, and give them such grand drives upon occasion? Then the great hickory and chestnut trees at the foot of his lot were free for the boys to visit as often as they liked, only they must never damage in any way the fine old branches; but when it came to spanning a yarn, ah, then! who so beguiling, nay, so perfectly bewitching, as the sea-bronzed man?

It had long ago become a subject for harmless bantering among the boys, and rather relished than otherwise by the captain, that he was gallant and unceasingly attentive to his "sweetheart." "My fair old sweetheart," he had once in their hearing called his mother, and they, of course, lively little wretches that they were, would never forget it.

But one day, the boys, quite a little crowd of them, found Cap'n Sam on the rocks at the beach. There were breakers that afternoon, and particularly at such times it was a favorite diversion with the sea-faring man, to sit high on the rocky beach and watch his "second love," the sounding sea.

It was at times like these the boys delighted in finding their old friend, and coaxing him for one of their "heart's delight," which he well knew meant a story of tempestuous seas or foreign lands.

But on this particular afternoon the captain was brooding soberly, a habit he often had when by himself, and this time he couldn't throw off the mood, even at the approach of the merry boys.

In vain the better reared of them bantered, declaring "he'd had a jilting, but never mind, they expected to be jilted themselves in time to come," while the less mannerly Billy Bowles had guessed "there'd been a Caudle lecture at home."

At length, partly emerging from his brown study, the captain said soberly:—

"Boys, do you know what I've been trying to do every day for the last two years?"

Oh, why, for certain, they knew all about it, they,—the merry youngsters of the town.

"Been a courtin' chiefly," Jimmy Hollis observed, while Freddie Hollis remarked, "he'd worn himself all out a pettin' his sweetheart."

The last opinion evidently struck the tender spot, and the boys found that for once Cap'n Sam was in no mood for jokes or banter, and being very quick to see which way the wind blew, the kind sailor a few minutes later addressed to a row of very serious young faces what one boy afterwards termed "a perfect brick of a sermon."

"Boys," he said. "I've been trying every day of my life for the last two years to straighten out furrows,—and I can't do it!"

One boy turned his head in surprise towards the captain's neatly kept place.

"Oh, I don't mean that kind, lad. I don't mean land furrows," continued the captain, so soberly that the attention of the boys became breathless as he went on:

"When I was a lad, about the age of you boys, I was what they called a 'hard case;' not exactly bad or vicious, but wayward and wild. Well, my dear old mother used to coax, pray, and punish,—my father was dead, making it all the harder for her, but she never got impatient. How in the world she bore with all my stubborn, vexing ways so patiently will always be to me one of the mysteries in life. I knew it was troubling her, knew it was changing her pretty face and making it look anxious and old. After a while, tiring of all restraint, I ran away, went off to sea;—and a rough time I had of it at first. Still I liked the water, and liked journeying around from place to place. Then I settled down to business in a foreign land, and soon became prosperous, and now began sending her something beside empty letters as she always wrote me during those years of cruel absence. At length I noticed how longing they grew, longing for the presence of the son who used to try her so; and it awoke a corresponding longing in my own heart to go back to the dear waiting soul.

So, when I could stand it no longer, I came back; and such a welcome, and such a surprise! My mother is not such a very old lady, boys, but the first thing I noticed was the whiteness of her hair, and the deep furrows on her brow; and I knew I had helped to blanch that hair to its snowy whiteness, and had drawn those lines on that smooth forehead. And those are the furrows I've been trying to straighten out.

But last night, while mother was sleeping in her chair, I sat thinking it all over, and looked to see what progress I had made.

Her face was very peaceful, and the expression contented as possible, but the furrows were still there! I hadn't succeeded in straightening them out,—and—I never—shall! never!

When they lay my mother,—my fair old sweetheart,—in her casket, there will be furrows in her brow; and I think it a wholesome lesson to teach you, that the neglect you offer your parents' counsels now, and the trouble you cause them, will abide, my lads, it will abide!"

"But," broke in Freddie Hollis, with great troubled eyes, "I should think if you're so kind and good now, it needn't matter so much!"

"Ah, Freddie, my boy," said the weary voice of the strong man, "you cannot undo the past. You may do much to atone for it, do much to make the rough path smooth, but you can't straighten out the old furrows, my laddies, remember that!"

"Guess I'll go chop some wood mother spoke of, I'd most forgotten," said lively Jimmy Hollis, in a strangely quiet tone for him.

"Yes, and I've got some errands to do!" suddenly remembered Billy Bowles.

"Touched and taken!" said the kindly captain to himself, as the boys tramped off, keeping step in a thoughtful, soldier-like way.

And Mrs. Bowles declared a fortnight afterward, that Billy was "really getting to be a comfort instead of a pest; guessed he was a-copying the captain, trying to be good to his ma,—Lord bless the dear, good man!"

Then Mrs. Hollis, meeting the captain about that time, remarked that Jimmy always *meant* to be a good boy, but he was actually *being* one now a-days.—"Guess your stories they like so much have morals to them now and then," added the gratified mother with a smile.

As Mrs. Hollis passed on, Capt. Sam, with folded arms and head bent down, said softly to himself.

"Well, I shall be thankful enough if words of mind will help the dear boys to keep the furrows away from their mothers' brow; for once there, it is a difficult task straightening out the furrows!"—*Harriet A. Chesver.*

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"Too Little For Anything."

"I'm too little to be in the missionary s'iety. I'm too little to be in the S'iety of Christian endeavor. I'm too little for anything, I guess."

Aunt Lucy was sitting on the piazza as Jessie slipped out of the parlor window, and she heard the sorrowful words and called the little girl to her.

"What is the matter, pet?" she asked.

"Sister Isabel and the big girls are having their missionary meeting in there," said Jessie, pointing into the parlor. "They said I might listen to them, but that I couldn't be one of them cause I'm so little. I'm too little for anything, Aunt Lucy."

"Too little? I guess not," said Aunt Lucy with a very loving kiss on the woebegone face. "I think some of the little ones who came to our Saviour must have been as small as you, or smaller. And he did not send any of them away. He took them in his arms and talked with them. The Bible does not tell us what he said to them, but I am sure he never told any of them that they were too little to do kind things for each other for love of him."

"I wish some one had written down the things, so we little ones could know, Aunt Lucy."

"The things which are written down are meant for all his disciples, little or big, dear, and there are plenty of things for every one of us to do. I have read lately of some children who formed themselves into a band which they called the 'Little Helpers.' The only thing the members had to do was to see to it that they let no day pass without doing some little kindness—something to make somebody happier."

"That's just what I'd like, Aunt Lucy," said Jessie, with a wonderful brightening of her face. "Only there ain't any s'iety like that for me to belong to."

"You might be the first one in such a society, and get the little ones to join it."

"Well, I will," said Jessie. 'But what if I shouldn't find anybody to be kind to every day, Aunt Lucy?"

"You will be sure to, dearie, if you keep on the lookout. Try it, and come to me to-morrow evening and tell me what you have done."

The sun was just sinking behind the hill as Jessie spied Aunt Lucy on the piazza, and ran to make her report.

"Well, have you seen anyone to be kind to?" asked Aunt Lucy, smiling at her glowing face.

"Oh, plenty, Aunt Lucy. Why, they began the very first thing in the morning. I was out getting a bouquet to put by mamma's breakfast plate when nurse and little Harry looked out of the window, and nurse said to Harry: 'What shall I do now that ye've dropped your belt buckle, and I can't be leavin' the baby to go and find it?' I wanted *pe'ticularly* to go down to the pansy bed, but I stopped and hunted under the bushes till I found the buckle."

"A very good beginning, Jessie."

"The breakfast bell rang before I could get the pansies. But I knew mamma wouldn't mind if she knew why I didn't get them. When I was going to school I was running after May to walk with her 'cause she's my best friend. But then I saw Susie Spencer. She's a poor little girl, and the other girls don't walk with her much. So I whispered to May about my s'iety and she said she'd join, and then we asked Susie to walk with us and she was as glad!"—

"That was well done, dear. If everybody looked out for the neglected ones how many more little happy girls there would be in the world. What next?"

"Oh—when I came home to dinner I went for the pansies, and old Peter was working in the garden, and he was just taking his dinner out of a basket. And he had a little tin of coffee and it was cold, and I asked him if he wouldn't like it warmed, so I carried it in on the stove. And I saw a pretty card and gave it to him for his little girl; but Tom laughed at me for doing it, 'cause he said it was no kindness to give a thing that you don't want yourself. But Peter was glad to get it."

"Yes, and you gave the kind thought with it, and that is always worth giving."

"When we went out into the garden to pick some berries I let Harry have the new pail and I took the old one. And then—I wanted *dreadfully* to go and play croquet with May, but Momma wanted me to carry some of the berries to old Mrs. Carter. I didn't want to, and I'm afraid—yes I am, Aunt Lucy—that I pouted a little. But I made myself feel pleasant very soon again, and when I got there I didn't hurry back, but I stayed and read to her."

"Very well, Jessie, I hope you will keep on. Your whole life will be sweet and lovely if you begin by trying to bring little deeds of kindness as offerings to your Saviour."

"But, Aunt Lucy, are you *sure* that it means such little bits of things?"

"Quite *sure*, my darling. It is of just such little every day things that Jesus says: 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me.'"—*The Examiner.*

Why Burdette Wants Quiet Sundays

Speaking of the old Puritan Sabbath, as it was observed in his younger days, Oliver Wendell Holmes says: "I have never got over the saddening effects of this early discipline; indeed, I have hardly recovered from it to this day." If the stern old Puritan Sabbath, with its sublime, saddening effects, wrought out such joyous natures as Beecher's and gave to the world such a beautiful blending of tenderness and strength, laughter and tears, heart depth and sunny humor as Oliver Wendell Holmes, let us have another century of Puritan Sabbath. Up to date the Sunday of the beer garden has failed to bring forth a Holmes or a Beecher. It has evolved a Johann Most and an August Spies, but somehow that sort of a product doesn't seem to be quite up to the old Puritan mark. If it is up to the mark we to-day, then heaven save the mark. When you run up the bunting to-morrow, remember that it was the steady-going old Puritan Sabbath that hatched the Fourth of July. "The day we celebrate," dearly beloved, wasn't born in a Cincinnati beer dive on a Sunday afternoon.

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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MATTHEW.

Fourth Quarter.

Lesson XII. December 18. Matt. 13: 31-33, 44-52.

OTHER PARABLES

GOLDEN TEXT.

"So shall it be at the end of the world: the angels shall come forth, and sever the wicked from among the just."—Matt. 13: 49.

I. THE PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED. 31. *The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed.* The mustard-plant was a shrub, bearing pods; in Eastern countries and in the south of Europe it is cultivated for its seed. The Jews grew mustard in their gardens.

32. *Which indeed is the least of all seeds.* The mustard seed was not the least of all seeds *in the world*, but of all which the husbandman was accustomed to *sow;* and the "tree," when full grown, was larger than the other herbs in his garden. *It is the greatest among herbs* (garden plants), *and becometh a tree.* Not absolutely, but in relation to the small size of the seed. The herb of our English garden is but a pygmy in comparison with the giant growth of a richer soil and a warmer clime. Dr. Hooker measured a mustard plant in the Jordan Valley ten feet high. *So that the birds of the air come and lodge in the branches.* Birds are exceedingly partial to the seed, and often light in great numbers on its boughs, which are strong enough to sustain the weight.

The Sower is the Son of Man. The Field is the world. The Seed is the kingdom of heaven, both in the world and in the individual soul. This parable, like most others respecting the kingdom of God, has a *double reference,—general* and *individual.* (1) In the *general* sense the insignificant beginnings of the kingdom are set forth; then we have the kingdom of God waxing onward and spreading its branches here and there, and different nations coming into it. (2) The *individual* application points to the small beginnings of divine grace. It gives hope to every Christian worker who plants but small seeds, and must leave time to develop the tree; to every Christian soul, who must expect his religious life to be *in its beginning* an instantaneous planting of the seed of grace, but *in its development* a gradual growth.

II. THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN. 33. *Spake he unto them.* To the people on the seashore. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven.* Leaven among the Jews generally consisted of a lump of old dough, in a high state of fermination, inserted in the bread preparatory to baking. Like our yeast, its object was to ferment the bread, and the process and the result analogous to that of yeast. *Which a woman took.* Bread-making usually devolved upon women. The three measures of meal, equal to one ephah, was equivalent to a little over a bushel, more nearly four pecks and a half. This was a large quantity to be transformed by a very small quantity of leaven.

Note (1) that the leaven which transforms the world is placed in it from without. It is the gift of God, not a product evolved from man's own soul. It brings new life with it.

(2) It is silent and hidden in its operation especially at first, and is often very near to victory when to those without it seems to have been a failure.

(3) It is continually working upon that which is next to it; it works from particle to particle, from individual to individual. "Each true Christian, leavened by Christianity, operates as leaven upon his neighbor."

(4) It transforms into its own nature that with which it comes in contact.

(5) It proceeds from the interior outward.

(6) It has a miraculous power of increase. A little living, active consecrated Christianity has a measureless transforming power.

(7) This is a prophecy of the final triumph of Christianity.

In these words is a promise and an assurance that the word of life, received into any single heart, shall not there cease its effectual working till it has brought the whole man in obedience to it, so that he shall be a new creature in Christ Jesus.

III. THE PARABLE OF THE HIDDEN TREASURE. 44. *Again.* This parable and the next were spoken in the house to the disciples alone. They represent different phases of the same truth. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field.* Owing to war, robbers, and the absence of modern methods of investing property, such as banks, stock, bonds, etc., it was customary in the East for men to bury a part of their wealth in the ground, keeping the secret sacredly. In case of war, such burials were very frequent. A forced flight, sudden death, or other accident, would often prevent its removal. Hence, the discovery of hidden treasure in the East is, even at the present day, an occurrence not extraordinary. *When a man hath found.* Perhaps when working as a hired laborer. Such treasures are almost always found accidentally. *He hideth.* It is extremely difficult, and even dangerous, to remove treasure thus discovered in another person's field; but, having purchased it, you can wait in safety, work in secret, and the coveted treasure is yours. *And selleth all that he hath.* The people in Palestine even now have a strange passion for treasure-seeking, and not a few spend their last farthing in these ruinous efforts.

(1) This parable illustrates *the priceless value of the blessings of the kingdom* The man finding the treasure unexpectedly, represents the fortuitous discoverer of truth; one who stumbles, as it were, upon the truth, or to whom the truth comes with awakening or convincing power suddenly or unexpectedly. (3) Many persons never suspect that this treasure is in existence, or, if they admit that it is, they never think that it is so very near to them as it really is. Hence, many never find it at all. In truth, they never seek for it. (4) This treasure is represented as being bought. For though in a sense the kingdom of heaven never can be bought with money, yet there is a sense in which it costs the possessor much. (5) He that would possess this treasure must prize it above all other things; he must give up everything that is inconsistent with it.

IV. THE PARABLE OF THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE. 45. *Like unto a merchant man, seeking goodly pearls.* The representation indicates the antiquity of a still existing oriental profession, that of travelling jewelers, persons who deal in precious stones and pearls, and go about seeking for opportunities of making advantageous purchases or exchanges, and taking journeys to remote countries for this purpose. In the course of their operations it frequently happens that they meet with some rich and costly gem, for the sake of obtaining which they sell off all their existing stock, and every article of valuable property they may possess, in order to raise the purchase money.

The grand design of this parable is to show the earnestness and whole-heartedness with which salvation must be sought. The merchant represents the sincere inquirer after truth; the goodly pearls, wisdom, knowledge, philosophy, religious truth, things with which to satisfy the cravings of man's higher spiritual nature; the pearl of great price, the kingdom of God in the heart. The selling all and buying the pearl represents giving up all to Christ.

V. THE PARABLE OF THE NET. 47. *The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net.* A drag-net. It was leaded and buoyed, and then drawn in a circle, so as to inclose a multitude of fishes. *And gathered of every kind.* Not bad fishes merely, but all kinds of unclean sea animals had got into the net.

Note. (1) The net embraces both good and bad. This is true of the church in all ages. It is true of revivals, and all seasons of ingathering. (2) In due time there will be a separation. Then (3) each will go to his own place. (4) The fact that there are bad persons in the church does not show that all are bad; nor should the church be judged by the bad who are bad contrary to her every teaching and effort, but by the good who represent her teaching and principles.

VI. CONCLUSION. 51. *Have ye understood all these things?* The teaching was a failure, unless the disciples understood it. This is a good question to frequently ask the scholars in our classes. *They say unto him, Yea, Lord.* Not that we are to suppose that they understood the things to their summits and their depths. Who even yet has thus exhausted or comprehended them? But they saw light streaming through them.

52. *Therefore.* In order that his hearers may understand. *Every scribe.* A *scribe* was, among the Jews, one learned in the law, and an expounder of it. *Instructed unto the kingdom of heaven.* In the laws and truths of the new kingdom, as every one who teaches them should be. Jesus did not believe in uninstructed teachers. *Bringeth forth out of his treasure.* His storehouse of knowledge and experience. The treasure must become his own by thought, by living, by heart-experience. *Things new and old.* Just as the householder brings from his stores or treasury precious things which have been heirlooms for generations, as well as newly-acquired treasures; the disciples following their Master's example will exhibit the true teaching of the old law, and add thereto the new lesson of Christianity.

Extinction of the Hawaiians.

The rapid extinction of the native population of the Islands is one of the marvels of history. When Captain Cook explored the islands he made a careful estimate of the people, and fixed the number at 400,000. A half century saw them cut down one-half, while thirty-seven years ago, when the first accurate census was taken, the number was found reduced to 81,453. The reduction has been steady and rapid ever since, the census of 1878 showing 44 088 native Hawaiians, and that of 1884 only 40,014 natives, while the present estimate is 36,000. The half-castes who numbered only 750 in 1850, have increased to 4,218. The Chinese, who were represented by only 300 coolies thirty-seven years ago, now have 19,000, of whom 950 are women. The last census gave 9,377 Portuguese, 2,066 Americans, 1,282 British, 1,600 Germans, 192 French, and 1,850 other foreigners.

The diseases of civilization have swept clean of native Hawaiians whole districts that once boasted a dense population, while drunkenness and other vices have slain their tens of thousands. No systematic effort has been made by the Government to check the ravages of disease or to stay the introduction of deadly vices. Leprosy has become more prevalent of late years, and although there is a hospital at Honolulu and a lazaretto on the lonely island of Molokai, the disease increases rapidly. This is owing to the carelessness of the authorities, who do not insist upon the transfer of lepers to Molokai. A rich man, stricken with this awful malady, is allowed to live at home and carry on his business, while the poor are consigned to the living death in the leper settlement. The missionaries did good work in retarding the extinction of the natives, but of late both drunkenness and the opium vice have spread alarmingly, and the best observers declare that the close of this century will see the end of the once powerful Hawaiian race.

The natives have the virtue of hospitality, good nature, and honesty; but they are incorrigibly indolent, and have no more care for the morrow than the American Indian. Like the Indian, they are fond of games and of all out-door sports. Given an abundant supply of *poi*, a species of flour made from the root of the taro plant, and the Hawaiian is content. He has a good voice and is passionately fond of singing, and shows no small skill in playing on musical instruments. One of the sights that most impresses the visitor to the islands is the spectacle of the wretched lepers at Molokai, sitting under the banana trees in the brilliant moonlight and singing the native songs with their mournful refrain, while earth and sea and sky seem to unite in proclaiming that here is the earthly paradise that the poets have vainly sought; here on rock-bound Molokai, where the shadow of a more awful death than Dante ever dreamed of lies on the heads of the doomed minstrels and makes a mockery of this surpassingly beautiful tropical scene.—*G. F. Fitch, in the Cosmopolitan.*

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The End of Life.

I wish that we all could get into our minds one other little principle. What is the end of life? The end of life is, not to do good, although many of us think so. It is not to win souls, although I once thought so. The end of life is to do the will of God. That may be in the line of doing good or winning souls, or it may not. For the individuals, the answer to the question, "What is the end of life?" is to do the will of God, whatever that may be. Spurgeon replied to a committee inviting him to preach to an exceptionally large audience, "I have no wish to preach to 10,000 people, but to do the will of God," and he declined. If we could have no ambition past the will of God, our lives would be successful. If we could say, "I have no ambition to go to the heathen, I have no ambition to win souls; my ambition is to do the will of God, whatever that may be,"—that makes all lives equally great or equally small, because the only great thing in a life is what of God's will there is in it. The maximum achievement of any man's life, after it is all over, is to have done the will of God. No man or woman can have done any more with a life; no Luther, no Spurgeon, no Wesley, no Melancthon, can have done any more with their lives; and a dairy maid or a scavenger can do as much. Therefore, the supreme principle upon which we have to run our lives, is, to adhere, through good report and ill, through temptation and prosperity and adversity, to the will of God, wherever that may lead us. It may take you away to China, or you who are going to Africa may have to stay where you are; you who are going to be an evangelist, may have to go into business; and you who are going into business, may have to become an evangelist. But there is no happiness or success in any life, till that principle is taken possession of.—*Prof. Drummond.*

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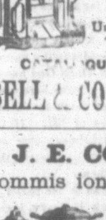

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Messenger and Visitor.

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Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, December 7, 1887.

SPECIAL OFFER.—We will send the Messenger and Visitor, as soon after the first of December as the subscriptions are received, till January '89, for $1.50, to all new subscribers. Will not pastors and friends press the canvass just now? This is the best time of the whole year.

RAMBLINGS.

We spent a couple of days on the Gaspereaux field. This church is known as the Second Horton, and reports 575 of a membership, and ranks third in numbers of the churches of our Convention. It needs to be said, however, that 172 of these are reported as non-resident. This would leave the actual membership about 460. These are scattered over hill and dale through a large district. The valley of the Gaspereaux is famed for its quiet summer beauty. Not many more pleasant sights are to be seen than the view from some of the high points overlooking it, on a fine day, when it is in its full glory of bloom and verdure. One spot has become historic. Just below the bridge at the village is a quiet but deep eddy in the rushing, babbling waters of the Gaspereaux river. This is a hallowed and sacred place to many scattered abroad far and near. It is the beautiful natural baptistry for Gaspereaux and Wolfville. A large proportion of those converted at Acadia in the numerous works of grace with which God has set his seal upon our College, have here made the solemn profession of death to sin and resurrection to newness of life. If the angels and the glorified hover over any place on earth with a loving interest, this surely must be one of them.

Bro. Maynard Freeman is the pastor of this church. The work is heavy, taxing body, courage and heart. There are five places of worship in which regular services are held. Besides these there are three school-houses where services are kept up, and he is about to open a new station. Five Sabbath schools are sustained in summer, all but two of which are given up in winter. There are only two prayer meetings, however. In order to keep up all these agencies, our brother holds meetings every night in the week, except a rare occasion, when there are five Fridays in the month, and three times on most Sundays. This with the travel over the rough mountain roads, the pastoral visiting, acting as head of every department of work, and the many other calls incident to so wide a field, gives a burden of work which a man of a less cheerful and heroic temperament would sink under. The last work for the good of the people was begun on one of the evenings of our visit, in the form of a temperance and mutual improvement society at Black River. We hope the young people will make it a means of great interest and profit.

One of the purposes had in view in these "Ramblings" is to arouse a more general and a greater interest in our churches in each other, by making them better acquainted with each other's condition, work and needs. We crave for this wide field and its quietly and unpretentiously heroic pastor the special sympathy and prayers of our Christian readers.

The Messenger and Visitor will pay its weekly visits to double the number of families it has entered in the past. Is it too much to hope it may help on the work of God, and assist to mould the characters of the young for better things for this field hereafter?

Our next objective point was

BILLTOWN.

This name will always sound familiar to Baptists because of its association with the family which gave the name to the place. Our venerable brother Dr. Bill had his birthplace here, and he has inscribed the name well up on the roll of the fathers of our denomination.

This church reports the largest membership of any in our Convention. The great revival last year resulted in an addition of 131. We were glad to learn that the converts generally are holding on their way, and many of them are developing into active workers. This is due largely to the fact that they have had tender and faithful watch-care and wise direction. A large ingathering followed by months wherein the church has no pastor, and the lambs of the fold are left unshepherded, is often a doubtful blessing; for it is during these first months the religious habits are formed, in most cases, for the lifetime, and this insures that the habits be pernicious to future activity and service, if not of consistency. But with solicitous watch-care of pastor and church, these revivals may be like life to the dead to many of our churches. There is almost as much depending upon the care taken of the converts as upon the character of the work of grace itself, in determining what the final and general result shall be.

This is also a large field, as all in the Annapolis and Cornwallis regions are. It has four regular preaching stations. It has this advantage, however, that the house at Billtown is about the centre of the thirty square miles of field, and within moderately easy reach of all the sections except Chipman Brook, over the North Mountain. The morning service is at Billtown, and on five days in a general rally of the people. It was our privilege to preach here in the morning, and at Woodville in the afternoon. There was much to inspire the preacher in both places. There are three Sabbath schools and six prayer meetings on the field. W. C. Bill M. P. is the efficient superintendent of the Billtown school, and takes a very deep interest in its welfare. It is growing, having an average attendance of about seventy, including teachers.

Bro. Beals, the pastor, is wisely planning to make his people self-reliant. Leaders are appointed for the various prayer meetings, wherever a suitable brother can be found. At the centre—Billtown—there is always a leader, and the pastor assists. One devoted brother—H. P. Sweet—holds two prayer meetings per week at out sections. In this way a double purpose is served. The pastor is relieved from much work, and is left free to centre his efforts on any particular point, and not run the risk that other parts of the field will suffer. It also helps develop the membership of the church. It is never wise for a pastor to do what he can get his people to undertake. This will but overtax him, while it will rob the members of his church of opportunities for usefulness which will help them grow in grace, and through them help the church to become able to bear a period without pastoral oversight, and the work not cease.

Some of the

METHODS

adopted to quicken the intellectual and spiritual life of the people are worthy of consideration by our pastors generally. One is to encourage Bible reading. As many as fifty have banded themselves together to read the Bible through in one year. They meet once a month, and any difficulties or questions which have been suggested to any are brought forward, and the pastor does all he can to explain and answer them. A mutual improvement club has been started, and is proving a success. Topics or authors are assigned. The members read up and come together for exercises in connection with the subject under consideration. Once a fortnight alternately there is a concert exercise in the interest of missions and temperance, on Sabbath evenings. These meetings have been well attended, and must be most helpful to the participants and to the important objects they present. These are arranged for by a committee in connection with the pastor.

Bro. Beals and Bro. Price, from the adjacent field of Cambridge, have been holding

SPECIAL SERVICES

at Chipman Brook, over the North Mountain. Believers have been quickened, and four have been baptized. There are others who profess conversion, and quite a number more enquiring. Bro. B. proposes soon to hold special meetings at Woodville, where there are enquirers already, and gradually go over his field in this way.

The signs of life and steady growth on this field are most cheering. The people think they have one of the best pastors; we have no doubt they will think him the better the longer he stays. From our heart of hearts we say, the Lord bless him and his, and his work and people. We hope the fifty odd additional Messenger and Visitors going into the families of the field this week may help pastor and people and work.

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

In the report on the state of the denomination adopted by Convention there was this reference to Sabbath schools: "There has been an advance in Sabbath-school work in all the Associations reporting except the Western N. B. and the P. E. Island. Over half of these received into the churches by baptism have been from this nursery to the churches. This fact brings its own inspiration, and leaves its lesson on its face."

The encouragement however arises not only from the increase of numbers of scholars and the number of baptisms, but from the increased importance attached to the work by pastors and churches. If we mistake not the conviction is growing that the Sunday-school demands, and will repay all the most intelligent and most spiritual teaching and service in the power of the churches. There is a growing demand for Sunday-school literature, more Conventions are held and more discussion given to this branch of our work.

But we still believe that, as a body, we are far behind in our estimate of the cause. The object is often vague, and it seems to be enough, if the Scripture is explained, or attendance kept up by any means. We need to set our hearts on the salvation of the young, and the development of intelligent christian character, and to use our knowledge of Scripture, our concerts, libraries, and other helps, for reaching this purpose. The teacher needs to seek the soul for Christ, and nothing less. The study of Scripture with all modern and ancient helps, the constant spirit of prayer, and the active effort inside and outside the school, involved in this service, can be appreciated only by those who have been engaged in it. Wherever else superficial work may be allowed, it will not do in the Sabbath-school. We sometimes hear the question of bringing Sabbath-school helps into class discussed in the Associations; but it seems that such a question ought not to need discussion. Unless a teacher has the lesson in his own mind, unless he knows the meaning of the Scripture without studying after coming into class, unless he knows the lessons he wishes to impress on his scholars, it does seem that his work will be very weak, and fail to accomplish what it is his privilege to aim at, and work for. Yet it is said that some who object to written sermons, go to their classes, leaflet in hand, and read therefrom the opinions of some other person, and call it teaching. No, brethren and sisters, we must not make ourselves simple echoes of the printing press, we must bring our minds freighted with the divine message, and strengthened by a definite purpose, and moved by divine love, to the minds, eager or sluggish, that meet ours in the School. We may well use available helps in the study of the word; but when we have the meaning we have only to pray with Paul, that "utterance may be given us;" the word of God must come unto us, and it must also come out from us. Yet we firmly believe there are men and women in our churches who have ability enough to make excellent teachers, if only their hearts were moved to give themselves to the work. The heart on fire with love for Christ and the young, would make a way through intellectual difficulties, and achieve the best results. We have known many teachers, who had no special gifts of education, lead all their scholars to Christ; their heart was in their work.

But we might as well put away the idea that Sunday school service is a very easy one. Probably the greatest hindrances to our success in this department are the indolence of Christians, their want of consecration in the matter, and the low estimate of what the work requires and will repay. We are convinced that a most noble, telling, and beneficent service might be rendered the cause of Christ in scores of our churches by an advance in the several parts of the Sunday-school work. Some of our readers think of the opportunities of missionaries among the heathen; but, brethren, lift up your eyes and see the work in *your* church and *your* community that cries out to you for help.

About this time of year the indolence of many who conduct the schools seems to culminate, for they talk about closing the schools for the winter. This is a course, in most cases, difficult to justify. The day school does not stop; indeed some of these people who cannot think of sustaining the Sunday school plan for a better day school than they have in the summer. If children go to this one five or six days it is hard to see why they cannot attend this other on the Lord's day. But it is not the children's fault that the school is closed. The children will go every Sunday if there is a school of any value or efficiency; the trouble seems to be with these who are no longer children. The winter is the most favorable time for teachers, because work does not press so hard and the long evenings give time for thorough preparation of the lesson. Would it not be easier to argue in favor of closing in summer than of closing in winter? Come, brethren beloved, you who are thinking of closing the school, consider this matter. You have earned the gratitude of all by your labors of the past summer, now place your friends under still greater obligation by doing better work during the winter. It will require effort, but Christ did not come down to do an easy task and he has called us to walk in his steps, "to suffer with him that we may be glorified together." Those precious children and the precious truth of the gospel are worth all the extra service you can give. It is quite time the talk about closing the Sunday-school should give place to earnest discussion as to how the school may be improved.

THE WEEK.

The last week was one of intense excitement in France. The Chambers were determined that President Grevy should resign, because he upheld his son-in-law Wilson, who was implicated in the late scandal. It would seem that he has injured, irreparably, a very good record by the tenacity with which he held on to his office. He sacrificed dignity and had almost to be thrust out before he would resign. The question of his successor was one of the greatest uncertainty. The Republican party were divided. At the first ballot Ferry stood first and Defreycinet second, while Sadi Carnot stood fourth. There was intense opposition to Ferry, on account of his war policy, by a large minority. Finally, Ferry and Defreycinet both withdrew in favor of Sadi-Carnot and he was elected. The election gives general satisfaction, as it seems to assure a peaceful policy. Before the dead-lock between Grevy and the Chambers ceased the population were becoming very feverish, and there were fears of an outbreak. The military were held in readiness, but their services were not required.

British politics are quiet. The grand rally of the Unionists in Dublin must make an impression. The condition of parties is becoming more and more confused. The statements of Salisbury that Ireland will not be included in the new local self-government bill, are offensive to a number of Conservatives. They are virtually pledged to give some degree of local self-government to the Irish, and it remains to be seen whether they will be whipped inside the government traces. There are also rumors of dissatisfaction in the Gladstone party, and of a split among the Irish Nationalists. In the meantime, Parnell maintains a sphinx-like silence. He is said to have been living in retirement under an assumed name. It may be that he is holding himself aloof from all parties watching for the best terms from either. His past record proves that personal friendship or party ties have no hold upon him where he thinks he can attain his desires for Ireland.

The government is still holding on its way of repressing coercion. Lord Mayor Sullivan of Dublin has been imprisoned because he publishes meetings of proclaimed branches of the League in his paper. Harrington has also been arrested, and it is rumored that Healy will also be taken into custody.

It is doubtful whether the relations between Germany and Russia will be materially helped by the meeting of the Czar and the Kaiser. It is rumored that Bismarck spoke to the Czar with his usual straightforward bluntness, and that he differs from Emperor William on the question of international relations.

There are various rumors abroad as to the progress of the Fisheries Commission at Washington; but nothing reliable. It is pretty manifest, however, that the United States do not intend to concede anything for the sake of concessions from Canada. There are grave fears lest our welfare will be sacrificed, as England may be more interested in settling a difficult international question than in contesting points which relate to Canada alone. Chamberlain is being lionized.

The Chamber of Commerce of New York, representing more business than any body in America, makes a deliverance in favor of freer trade relations between Canada and the United States. It also urges arbitration as the best method to arrange international disputes. It is pretty certain, however, that nothing approaching commercial union will be entertained by the Commission.

Convention Scheme.

A person who undertakes to raise funds for the prosecution of our denominational enterprises, or any one of them, will find many obstacles in his way. There seems to be an unwillingness to give for the support of religious objects in one's own locality. For this reason many, and perhaps the majority, of church difficulties arise. The frequent and numerous removals of pastors from their churches are often traceable to this cause. It is even more difficult to secure contributions for the work abroad than for ordinary church purposes. The plea of "heathen at home" is very frequently offered. Then there is a too general absence of self-denial for the cause of the Lord. There are some who are willing to sacrifice much to help forward the Master's work, but the number is not large comparatively. Further, there are many non-professors, nominally Baptists, who do not feel bound to contribute to the cause of God. And beside all this there is a great dislike on the part of the many to be appealed to, either publicly or privately, with reference to giving. Often have I heard the remark, "That was a fine sermon, but the preacher spoiled it all when he began talking about money matters." There are some, however, and perhaps not a few, who when they hear an appeal are ready to respond.

The obstacles named above are such as everyone probably expects to meet who is connected with our denominational finances. But there are greater and more discouraging obstacles than these, and they are thrown in the way by those who profess to be profoundly interested in the Lord's work. A remark by such persons uttered in private conversation concerning the big salary, the easy work, and the unnecessary employment of an agent, renders his labors much more arduous and his success more doubtful. Expressions of this kind made from the platform or through the press, containing allusions to something doubtful somewhere, and hinting at probable weakness, may do him much injury and rob the denomination of the probable results of his labors. Such remarks are usually surrounded with an air of sanctity and superior wisdom to make them as injurious as possible.

Baptists, unlike some other denominations, have no church courts, higher and lower. Our churches in these Maritime provinces are independent, but, for mutual advantage, they have formed themselves into Associations, and for the general good of the denomination, they have formed a Convention. Like all deliberative assemblies and legislative bodies, decisions are reached, except in certain cases, by a majority vote. A resolution passed even by the casting vote of the chairman, is just as valid and as binding legally as if there were a large majority in its favor. Probably "S.W.K., Surrey, A. C.," knows this as well as I. But under the startling caption, "Justice!! Justice!!" in the Messenger and Visitor of Nov. 16, he is determined to know whether the Financial Agent was put in the field with one dissenting voice, or by a majority *of one*. He adds: "The people want to know." When a judge speaks of "the court," he means himself. The pope means himself when he talks of "the church." When "S. W. K." refers to "the people," does he mean himself? Perhaps so, but it matters not. "The people" and "S.W.K." admit that an agent was placed in the field by the Convention. If they are loyal to that body what difference should it make to them in regard to their duty whether the agent were appointed "with but one dissenting vote, or with a majority of one?" But "S. W. K." wants to know whether or not his brethren have told him the truth. I do not know what they have told him, but I do know what I said, and it is not very likely that I would make a positive and deliberate statement to go out to some 30,000 people unless it were in every particular substantiated by facts. But my statement has been challenged. Now for the statement and the challenge. In the Messenger and Visitor of Oct. 5, over my own signature, I made the following statement: "At the Convention recently held at Charlottetown, the principle of the Convention Scheme was reaffirmed, and a financial agent appointed with but one dissenting vote." The following is the challenge. In the Messenger and Visitor of Oct. 26 under the heading, "Correction Required," a person styling himself "Justice," writes as under: "I wish to call the Rev. Dr. Day's attention to that which is probably a typographical error in the Messenger and Visitor of the 5th inst. The error occurs in the sentence: 'At the Convention recently held at Charlottetown,' &c., as quoted above. The sentence in question, it will be observed, contains two statements. The first is: "At the Convention recently held at Charlotte town, the principle of the Convention Scheme was reaffirmed." To prove this I turn to the Year Book for 1887, page 44. There we have the following statement: "The report of the Committee on Finances was read and, after a long discussion, adopted as follows: The committee recommend the Convention to reaffirm the principle of the Convention Plan." That proves my first statement. My second statement is this: "And a financial agent appointed with but one dissenting vote." In regard to this the Year Book, page 45, simply says: "On motion of J. March, seconded by E. D. King,—*Resolved*,—That Rev. Dr. Day be the Financial Agent of the Convention for the ensuing year." The facts are these: after the resolution to continue the agency passed by a rising vote, the motion to reappoint the agent was taken by *yeas* and *nays*. A large number voted in the affirmative, how many I know not, and when the *nays* were called for *only one* voice was heard. This can be proved, I presume, by dozens and scores. Even the brother that voted *nay* admits the correctness of my statement.

If I am not mistaken, "S. W. K." attended the Convention at Charlottetown. If he had been in his place and awake when the vote was taken, it would not have been necessary for him to "cry for justice." But granting that his absence was enforced by circumstances, the information he seeks could have been obtained privately, and "the people" could have been enlightened through him. What good purpose he and "Justice" have served by appealing to the public through the press, I am at a loss to know. But some persons think they are doing something grand if they can disturb, annoy and weaken others. They have a special talent for fault-finding, a very unprofitable talent, withal. It may not be a large one, for any simpleton can destroy what it took a wise man to build. Such persons would do well to read Dr. Talmage's sermon on "Hornets."

I regret that I have been compelled to write a large part of this letter. But "Justice" cried and there was no alternative but to answer. It is always more pleasant for me to praise than to blame, but I must stand in my own defence. I now re-assert what I stated in the Messenger and Visitor of Oct 5 that "At the Convention recently held at Charlottetown, the principle of the Convention Scheme was reaffirmed, and a financial agent appointed with but one dissenting vote." The first statement has been proved by reference to the Year Book. The second I can prove at a moment's notice. If this is "sunlight" enough for "S. W. K." I shall be satisfied. If the claims of "Justice" have been met there will be peace between us.

And now, my brethren in the ministry and christian friends, our opportunities for doing good are very great. The motives are powerful. The necessities of the destitute at home and abroad are urgent. Our Boards are all calling for means to carry on their work. Help me to supply them now for the Master's sake.

G. E. Day.

Yarmouth, Dec. 3.

[Dr. Day, "Justice" and "S. W. K." are all correct. Just a word of explanation will reconcile the statements of Dr. Day with the implication of "Justice," &c. After the ratification of the Convention Scheme and before the nomination for agent was made, a long discussion was had upon the question whether the finance agency should be continued. The motion to continue the agency was carried by a bare majority of one or two, we think. The nomination of Dr. Day to be the agent was not contested by those who disagreed with the policy of having an agent this year. We hope this explanation will make all further reference to this matter unnecessary, and that we may all bend our energies to secure the best results in the work of the year.—Editor.]

1 Cor. 14: 34, 35.

Allow me to add a word or two in reply to your last criticism.

In your first point, (and it is the only one to which reference is necessary,) you threaten with one dash of your trenchant pen, to sweep away the whole of my argument. Nevertheless let me correct you a little. I do not contend that *laleiv* has the meaning I gave to it, in my exposition, "*because it is without any qualifying terms*," but, being without such terms, its meaning is to be sought in the context. From the context I am led to conclude that it does not refer to *public* speech, but to private conversation, or "talk" between individuals in the assembly, or church; that such "talk" interfered with the order of the services, and was the occasion of confusion, and on this account, it is forbidden.

Perhaps in your ministerial labors you have never been troubled by this sort of thing; others, however, have.

You are aware that "one important rule in the interpretation of the Bible, is to attend to the immediate context, *i. e.*, what goes before, or follows a particular sentence, verse, or chapter."

This is the course pursued by me. If in the rendering of these verses I have given a shade of meaning differing from the use of the same word in other portions of the chapter, it is because, in my view, the form of the direction is exceptional, and demands it.

In the 2nd and 3rd Epistles of John, 12th and 13th verses, respectively, *laleo* is used strictly in reference to private conversation, and is in each case literally rendered "to speak mouth to mouth." This is precisely the sense I claim for this word in these verses.

I think, however, in general we are agreed. For you have admitted that "it is used of familiar conversation." I claim this meaning for the word here, only the thing itself, as being out of place in the church.

You have admitted that "the sisters are permitted to speak in the social religious services," but do not think they need my view of *laleiv* here "to give them the privilege." One of my objects is to show that this passage does not deny them the privilege. So far we are agreed.

I thank you for your criticisms, and believe they will assist to a clearer apprehension of the meaning of this passage.

S. March.

Another Bird of the Air.

I have often wondered why there was permitted to be a division in the Baptist church in Woodstock some years ago. Why a small struggling church, with a small congregation, an old meeting-house, and having few sympathizers who were in comfortable circumstances, should be allowed to split up and form two separate interests, and not until the Baptist Association met at Centreville did I quite understand it. There was a charge of heresy brought against Main Street Church, a good judicious committee appointed to investigate, and after mature deliberation and ample time for repentance being given, they were cast off, and now are outside the Association of Baptist churches.

I think it requires no stretch of imagination to see that that All-Seeing Eye could penetrate through the future and see that there should be heresies and divisions among them, and that this little Albert St. Baptist church should stand out as a city of refuge for all good-time thorough Baptists when pursued by heresy, error and unsound Baptist doctrine; and we think that it becomes all who have any interest in the Baptist cause to unite immediately with Albert street church. We received a terrible blow when Bro. Parker handed in his resignation, and for a time the church remained as it were almost paralyzed, as Bro W. F. Parker had done noble work here and had stood the storm amid powerful opposition, but under his pastorate this little church gradually gained, and when he left it it could boast of not having a ripple of discord or want of union.

The church was united. The finances good. The Sunday school strong. Something like a month ago, the church gave a unanimous call to Rev. A. F. Brown, of London, England, and under his powerful sermons the church attendance has steadily increased, until last evening every available space in the house was occupied. I think it safe to say that we never had a larger congregation, and the sermon was a master-piece of sound logical arguments, and it fairly bristled with sound doctrine, and could not but help to encourage young men in their attempts to ward off scepticism. After the morning sermon the right hand of fellowship was given to three, making in all five up to date since Bro. Brown's pastorate, and the present outlook is encouraging. Brethren, we need your prayers. Remember the Baptist cause has bitter opposition.

S.

—John Foster once styled the world "an untamed and untameable animal," and when reminded that he was a part of it, rejoined, "Yes, sir, a bit upon the tail."

District Meeting.

The Joint Committee, appointed by the churches of Tryon, Bedeque and Summerside, to consider the best methods of carrying out the Convention Scheme, met at the Bedeque Baptist Church, on the 9th ult., at 2 p. m., when the following report was presented, discussed and adopted.

1. That the several religious enterprises, undertaken by the Baptist Convention of the Maritime Provinces, are worthy of, and demand the sympathy and support of every member of the denomination.

2. That the Convention Scheme which contemplates the raising, annually, of an amount equivalent, at least, to one dollar per member, if successfully worked would furnish ample funds for all purposes.

3. That the adoption of the Envelope System be strongly recommended, by means of which contributors may deposit their offerings on the collection plate, as it passes round on the Lord's day, and that those who cannot be reached in this way be appealed to personally for aid, and further, that contributions be made, at least, once a quarter.

In the evening of same day, an excellent sermon was delivered by Rev. Jos. Cahill of Summerside, from Rom. 1:14, presenting most clearly and forcibly the obligation of the church to give the gospel of Christ to the heathen world.

Owing to extremely cold and windy weather, the congregation was not large, yet we believe good results will follow.

The next meeting will be held at Summerside.
I. J. SKINNER,
Chairman of Com.

Death of Rev. Charles Miller.

As this venerable servant of Christ began his ministry in New Brunswick, where he labored for seven years, perhaps a brief outline of his successful life will not be uninteresting to some of your readers. He was the eldest Baptist minister in Maine, and for many years has been known as Father Miller. He died at his home in Skowhegan—fifteen miles from Waterville—Nov. 21, 1887, in the 94th year of his age. He was born in Scotland, Oct 1, 1794; and during part of his childhood's days, his play-ground was the battlefield of Bannockburn. His parents were staunch members of the Kirk of Scotland, and hence the child was early taught to study the Scriptures. When he was twelve years old, his mother died. This bereavement drove him to serious thoughts, though he did not profess conversion till eight years after. He then thought of entering the ministry, and of going to India as a missionary. He pursued his studies for several years, with this end in view. By a careful study of the New Testament, he became greatly disturbed on the subject of baptism. This led to his uniting with a Baptist church in Edinburgh, where he was baptized by Rev. Mr. Anderson.

His excessive application to study broke down his health, and he was advised to take a long voyage at sea. Early in the winter of 1819 he went to Leith, where he found a vessel about to sail for Miramichi. A few weeks brought him safely to that little hamlet on the north-east of New Brunswick. The place was without a teacher or preacher, and so favorably did the talented young stranger from over the sea impress the people, that they invited him to be their instructor in both temporal and spiritual things. He was successful in both offices, but especially in the ministry. A revival began. Converts multiplied. A Baptist pastor from St. John went up to Miramichi, baptized the converts and organized a Baptist church. In the summer of 1829, the association met at Sackville. Mr. Miller was invited to preach. He chose for his text, the last two verses of Matthew's gospel: "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, etc." At the close of the sermon he was ordained to the work of the gospel ministry, without examination,—I wonder if there are any Baptists in the Provinces who were present on that occasion.

He labored at Miramichi four years, and then went to St. John, where he spent three years. In these two pastorates he was eminently successful.

It was the custom in those days for the Baptists of Maine and the Provinces to be represented by delegates, at each other's annual gatherings. Accordingly, in 1826, Rev. Mr. Miller was sent to this State as delegate. His visit led him to accept a call to the pastorate of the church at South Berwick. While here he was married to Miss Susan D. Thompson, a young woman of rare Christian excellence. After a short time he went to Massachusetts, and for more than eight years his preaching was remarkably blessed in the conversion of souls, particularly in West Cambridge (now Arlington) and Hanover avenue, Boston. Overwork compelled him to resign, and he returned to Maine for a year's rest.

After regaining his health he served several churches with his accustomed success. For a period of twenty years, he worked under the direction of the Maine State Missionary Society.

In the fifty-sixth year of his ministry, and the eighty-first of his age, he retired from active labor, and spent his remaining days at his home in Skowhegan.

During this time, he re-wrote large numbers of his old sermons, bound them together into volumes, and sent some to friends in this country, and some to relatives in Scotland. Four children and his wife survive him. A daughter married Stephen Coburn, a brother of the late ex-Governor Coburn, whose bequests to the Baptist cause amounted to nearly a million dollars. The Coburns are among the wealthiest Baptist families of New England.

In many respects, "Father Miller" was a remarkable man. He was a sound, biblical preacher, and a tender, sympathetic and faithful pastor. His daily walk was close with God, and the indwelling Christ shone forth in his outward life. Being dead he yet speaketh. His funeral services were conducted by his pastor, Rev. C. V. Hanson; and Rev. Dr. Pepper, president of Colby University, made appropriate remarks.
GEO. E. TUFTS.
Belfast, Maine, Dec. 2.

To the W. M. A. Societies of N. S.

At the quarterly meeting of the Provincial Board, which met in Halifax on the 8th of November, it was decided to send a box to our missionaries in India about 15th February. All articles sent must be put up in tin. Please send your parcels directed to Miss Johnstone, Baptist Book Room, Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

N. B.—All parcels must have the freight to the Book Room paid.

We give below a list of articles such as are always welcome to our missionaries.
A. E. JOHNSTONE,
Prov. Sec'y for N. S.

Dried cod fish, Digby herring, hams, dried beef, Boston baked beans, corn, peas, string beans, summer savory, sage, canned fruits, cheese, blueberries in tins, home made preserves, maple sugar, dried apples, biscuits of all sorts, kiln dried flour, oat or corn meal, writing paper, envelopes, good black ink, books, magazines, finnin haddies, pickles, pencils, blotting pads, pins, needles, fancy work for the natives, prunes for stewing, buckwheat, pieces of cloth for jackets or skirts, thimbles, small white French beans.

Proof Wanted.

Having recently listened to an address delivered by Rev. Albert Carman, D. D., in Pugwash, I was led to question some statements made by him, and with your permission would ask him through your paper.

1st.—To give scriptural proof that the church was instituted *before* the family.

2nd.—To give scriptural proof that every man by natural birth is born into the church. Awaiting your proof,
I am yours truly,
Pugwash, Dec. 3. ENQUIRER.

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

HALIFAX, First Church.—Three were received by letter and one promising young man accepted for baptism at our conference, on the 2nd inst. The general interest in the church seems to be increasing.

BEDEQUE, P. E. I.—Two persons were received into the Bedeque church last Lord's day, one by baptism and the other by letter from the Tryon church. Others are "looking toward Zion," and I trust will ere long follow their Lord in baptism.
I. J. S.

COVERDALE.—The Baptists of Little River, Coverdale, will hold a basket social in their church on Saturday evening, Dec. 17. Proceeds to be donated to their pastor, Rev. Joseph Crandall. All are most cordially invited. A good time may be expected.

RIVERSIDE.—I am settled and at work. I find the field large and my hands full. Pray the Lord of the harvest that he will give success. The people are exceedingly kind and I expect to be happy among them. Oh, for power from on high! J. F. K.
Dec. 3.

WOLFVILLE.—Miss Wadsworth, Principal of Acadia Seminary, delivered her lecture on "Thackeray," before the Acadia Athenæum Society, on 2nd inst. It was a fine eulogy of the great Novelist, was attentively heard and heartily appreciated.

1ST ST. ANDREWS (Bayside and Waweig).—Three more were baptized into this church on Sunday, Nov. 27th. This thoughtful people have crowned their many acts of kindness by the gift of a very valuable horse; thus securing to me ease and comfort in work, that must otherwise have been attended with wearing labors and exposure. May our heavenly Father enrich their every heart and home with all bountifulness, and thus measure unto them as they have measured unto me.
Dec. 3. C. W. W.

SACKVILLE.—God is blessing us in Sackville. I had the pleasure, yesterday, of baptizing six of my neighbors. Three of them heads of families; and into each family the MESSENGER AND VISITOR finds its way every week. Two of those families began to take it a year ago, when you were here. I feel much encouraged in the work. I know I love the church of God, but I am thankful God loves Zion more than I do, and I know He will take care of her.
WM E. HALL.

FALMOUTH.—Last sabbath I had the privilege of baptizing three young sisters, and of welcoming them into the church. These having been surrounded by the influence of pious parents came to us already rich in Christian experience. "All for Jesus," seems to be an appropriate motto for these young disciples. The brethren at Upper Falmouth have just finished repairing their meeting house—painting and refitting. They have also built a comfortable shed for horses. J. W. BROWN.

BILLTOWN, N. S.—I had the pleasure of baptizing four believers at Chipman Brook, Nov. 20th. Bro Price, of Cambridge, and myself united our forces on adjoining sections of our fields for three weeks, with good results. Others are awaiting the ordinance of baptism, and some are earnestly enquiring the way. Bro. Goodspeed, the indefatigable editor of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, has paid us a helpful visit, and taken away with him the names of upwards of fifty subscribers, the good wishes of all. The year is passing. O brethren in the ministry, and brothers and sisters all, let us work for dying souls this winter, and be sure to remember one another faithfully in our prayers.
F. H. BEALS.

ARCADIA.—An interesting farewell service took place here a few weeks ago, on the occasion of the departure of Rev. J. Hughes to his new field of labor. The ministers who were present and participated in the exercises were: Rev J. B. Woodland, H. N. Parry, I E Bill, H. F Adams, J. A Ford, E. P. Caldwell. Addresses full of deep regret and kind wishes were presented to Bro. Hughes from the Deerfield and Arcadia churches, to which he made a fitting reply. Bro. Hughes leaves Arcadia followed by the prayers and tears of a warm-hearted and affectionate people, to whom he has ministered with much faithfulness for three successful years. His departure will leave a vacancy that cannot readily be supplied. Our brother's sturdy Baptist loyalty, strong common-sense, and fearless presentation of New Testament doctrine, won him friends and admirers among all classes. We believe Bro. Hughes' influence and ability will be enlisted as uniformly on the side of truth and right in the larger field to which he has gone, as it was with us. May wider usefulness and fuller prosperity be his.
COM.

PERSONALS.

It is almost with pain that we have to announce that Bro. R. M. Hunt, of St. Stephen, has decided to accept the call to Jamaica Plains, Mass. We have no doubt but that he is following his sense of duty; but we regret exceedingly his loss to the work among us. Those who know him best esteem him the highest. He has built up the cause in St. Stephen, and leaves a loving, united people, from whom it will be very hard for him to part. May the Lord richly bless him whither he goes, and send a man of like spirit to succeed him in the church he leaves.

The Rev. F. S. Todd has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Oak Bay, Rollingdown and Ledge Baptist churches, to begin his labors the 1st of January, 1888.

NOTICES.

Quarterly Meeting, embracing the counties of Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska, will meet with the Baptist church at Jacksonville, Carleton Co., on Saturday, Dec. 17, at 2 p. m. Rev. G. A. Howard is to preach the quarterly sermon; alternate, Rev. C. Henderson. Bro. S. D. Irvine, of Andover, will preach the opening sermon.
G. R. WHITE, Secy-treas.
Jacksonville, Nov. 26.

The Secretary of Convention, desires us to say that the publication of the Year Book has been in the hands of the Publication committee, and that the distribution of the book is by the same Committee. Churches, therefore, that do not receive their proportion of copies, should write to the committee, which is composed of brethren, J. Parsons, E D, King, John Burgoyne.

The York and Sunbury counties quarterly meeting meets with the Baptist church at Lakeville Corner, Lunenburg county, on Friday, Dec. 9, at 7 p. m. Rev. P. O. Rees is to preach the quarterly sermon, and Rev. Calvin Currie is to be his alternate. It is very desirable that all the churches be represented at this gathering, as business of very great importance is to be brought before the meeting.
T. A. BLACKADAR,
Keswick Ridge, Nov. 21. Sec'y-treas.

Marriages.

GARDNER-MCHENRY.—In Boston Highlands, Nov. 24th, by the Rev. James DeNamanidie, assisted by the bride's grandfather, Rev. I. E. Bill, D. D., of St. John, N. B., Mr. James B. Gardner, to Miss Lizzie Cushman McHenry.

BELDING-SHERWOOD.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, in this city, on the 24th ult., by Rev. J. A. Gordon, Jesse Belding, of Chance Harbor, and Mary Sherwood, of Prince of Wales, St John county.

MCLEOD-HICHENS.—At Barrington Passage, on the 25th ult., by Rev. W. H. Rechan, Mr. G. P. McLeod, principal of the Passage school, to Mary J., daughter of Mr. Richard Hichens.

SCHOFIELD-LYMAN.—At Gaspereaux, Nov. 23, by Rev M. P. Freeman, Mr. Ira J. Schofield, to Miss Cecelia Lyman.

PARISH-VAUGHAN.—At Walbrook, Nov. 30, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Mr. Samuel Parish, of Woodville, to Mrs. Mary A. Vaughan, of Walbrook.

GOOMCY-CROWELL.—At Milton, Yar., Sept. 7, by Rev. J. A. Ford, B. A., Mr. William Goomcy, Windsor, and Miss Cassie Crowell, Cape Island, N. S.

ATKINSON-ROBISHEAU.—At the Parsonage, Milton, Yar., Oct. 17, by Rev. J. A. Ford, B. A., Mr. Milford Atkinson, Cape Island, and Miss Mary Robisheau, Yarmouth.

MCLEOD-DURKEE.—At the residence of Mr. Edison Durkee, Milton, Yar., Nov. 10th, by Rev. J. A. Ford, Mr John McLeod, Lunenburg, and Miss Lilian Durkee of Yarmouth.

HIGBY-HAMILTON.—At the Baptist Parsonage, Milton, Yarmouth, Nov. 28th, by Rev. J. A. Ford, Mr. William Higby, and Miss Sadie Hamilton, both of Yarmouth.

BREWSTER-BENNET.—In Canning, Nov. 7, by Rev. D. Freeman, Mr. John F. Brewster, to Miss Susan J. Bennet, both of Pereaux Mountain.

ANDERSON-PARKER.—At Carleton, St. John, on the 22nd ult., by Rev. Edward Hickson, M. A., Mr. George W. Anderson, of Carleton, and Miss Alice May Parker, of Hampton, King's county.

GRAY-COLLISHAW.—At Poplar Grove, Nov. 30th, by Rev. E. T. Miller, Mr David Gray and Miss Ida May Collishaw, both of Halifax.

THORNTON-BLAKENEY.—At Beech Street, Halifax, Dec. 1st, by Rev. E. T. Miller, Mr. George Thornton and Miss Joanne Blakeney, both of Halifax.

MATHESON-AKER.—At the Parsonage, by the Rev. J. W. Brown, Mr. George Matheson and Miss Mary Aker, both of Falmouth, Hants Co.

TINGLEY-NEWCOMB.—On the 29th ult., by Rev. J. F. Kempton, at Upper Cape Hopewell, Mr. J. Alton Tingley and Miss Alice M. Newcomb, both of Hopewell.

EARLY-HANLEY.—At Lake May, Nov. 23, by Elder J. E. Blakney, John Early, of Northfield, to Emma Hanley, of Maitland, Ann. Co., N. S.

Deaths.

MOSES.—At Hebron, Nov. 13, of pneumonia, after a brief illness, Adelaide, wife of George Moses, aged 42 years. Three years ago last April she publicly professed her hope in her Saviour by uniting with this people, which profession she has ever since adorned. May the God of all grace comfort and support the sorrowing husband and mother, and care for the four little ones thus suddenly bereft of a loving mother's care.

MARVIN.—At Glen Margaret, Halifax Co., N S Nov. 19, Walter A., infant son of James and Emma Marvin, aged 1 year, 7 days.

THOMAS.—At Springfield, King's Co., Nov 20th, Edward M. Thomas, aged two years and two months.

DOTY.—Suddenly, on board ship "Bonanza, Sept. 21, Capt. G. R. Doty, aged 59 years. Blessed with a very devoted Christian mother, there is little doubt that when but a boy our brother obtained a hope of salvation. He made the mistake, however, of neglecting to make a public profession of the hope until Sept. 14, 1879, when he was baptized into the fellowship of the Hebron church by the present pastor. For many years he has been greatly interested in all that pertained to the welfare of Zion, so that in his death the church has sustained a severe loss. Though death came to him without warning we are assured that it did not find him unprepared. His remains were brought to Hebron and interred Nov. 13th.

BENJAMIN.—At White Rock, Oct. 16, Mrs. Michael Benjamin, aged 40 years.

GRAHAM—At Greenfield, Nov. 29, Mr. Lewis Graham, aged 37 years.

PEARCE.—At Brighton, Nov. 12th, James Pearce, a member of the Osborne Baptist church, in the 81th year of his age. Our brother was quite a sufferer for sometime; but bore his sufferings patiently, and cheerfully resigned himself into the keeping of his Saviour. He leaves quite a family, by whom he was respected, as well as the church, of which he was a member. His funeral was quite largely attended, and a sermon on the occasion, preached by the writer. His remains were interred in the beautiful cemetery, at Osborne. B. N. H.

HENNIGER.—At Chester Grant, Nov 22nd, Frederick Henniger, aged 72 years. A member of the church at Chester. His hope of salvation was in Christ. G. T.

PARKER.—In Frederiction, Nov. 15th, at his son's residence, Mr. Peter Parker, in the 90th year of his age. Bro. Parker was a native of England, but in early life came to this country, and was for many years, a resident of Frederiction. In 1842 he united with the Baptist church in this city. The infirmities of his age, and the last illness were borne with a cheery sunny Christian patience. His end was peace.

TRAVERSE.—At North Esk, Miramichi, Nov. 13th, of consumption, Oliver Traverse passed to the better land. He was of a quiet, retiring disposition, loved by all who knew him. The little church will miss his wise counsel.

DAVISON.—Died, on a visit to Hantsport, Aug. 22, Captain Gould Davison, aged 75 years. For 25 years he had been a deacon in the Baptist church in Pereaux, and "used the office well." He was a staunch upholder of the truths of the gospel. He is much lamented by the church and the community. He leaves a wife, children, and grandchildren to mourn their loss. "The memory of the just is blessed."
D. F.

CRAWFORD.—At Hartford, Cum. Co., N. S., Mr. Titus Crawford, aged 85 years. Many years of his life was spent in the fear and service of the Lord. He was one of the oldest members of the Wallace River church.

This, That, and The Other.

—When an infidel said: "I wish that all the churches were swept out of England, beginning with Spurgeon's," Dr. McEwan replied: "Then which of you infidels will be the first to take upon himself the responsibility of Mr. Spurgeon's Orphanage?" As might have been expected, not one of the number replied. Their own consciences told them infidels had never taken stock in blessing and elevating their race.—*Western Recorder*.

—The Telugu church connected with the American Baptist Missionary Union has a membership of 27,487. There is immediate need for six new missionaries to assist Dr. Clough in his great work.

—The late Dr. Dashiell was fond of telling the following story on himself: "Preaching on one occasion at his old home, an old colored man who had taken care of him when he was a child, was delighted with the sermon. At the close of the service, he shook the doctor warmly by the hand and said: 'Larry, you's a good preacher; you's a good preacher. I tell you, you's a sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.'" Of the same sort was the colored woman's compliment to the cultured and affable Bishop Galloway. She said: "Brother Galloway always do preach a powerful good tex'."

—Consul General Cardwell, of Cairo, Egypt, in a report to the Department of State, calls special attention to the successful labors of American missionaries in the Valley of the Nile. Nearly 6,000 native pupils are in attendance at the schools that have been established.

A young person once came to the venerable Daniel Witt of Virginia with the question, "Is there any harm in dancing?" The gentle and tender old man replied, thoughtfully, "Just how much harm there may be in dancing I cannot say, but of this much I am sure, I have been a Baptist preacher for over forty years and I have never yet seen a dancing Baptist that was of any account as a church member."

—Sin has the awful power of self-propagation. It grows stronger with every indulgence. And the awful possibility is this—the final victory in our hearts of the sin which we play with, but which will yet become our master and tyrant. If not turned in time, we *must* be what we once chose to be. And if we do not desire to be forever what we are to-day, let us see to it that we be to-day what we wish to be forever.—*Exchange*.

—Sam Jones we presume was not far out of the way when he said, though there are two sides to every question, the devil is generally on both sides of a horse swap.—*Western Recorder*.

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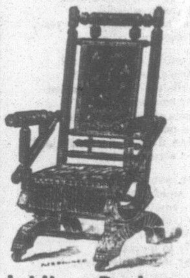

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From Premiums, ...	237,665 32	272,308 10	34,642 78	14.5
" Interest, ...	33,032 12	43,494 12	10,462 00	31.6
No. of Policies Issued,	1,355	1,881	526	39.3
Amt. " "	1,867,950 00	2,515,250 00	647,300 00	34.6
No. of Policies in Force,	6,381	7,488	1 107	17.3
Amt. " "	8,259,361 00	9,774,543 00	1,515,182 00	18.3
Total Assets, ...	753,661 87	909,489 73	155,827 86	20.6
Reserve held, ...	695,601 36	831,167 24	135,565 88	19.4
Surplus, ...	38,892 69	61,534 75	22,642 06	58.2
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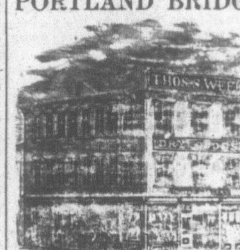

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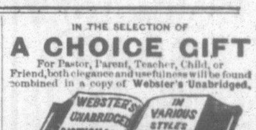

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AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic **PILLS.**

If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with Indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Esling, Richmond, Va.

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OFFICE: 129 UNION STREET,
ST. JOHN, N. B.
21-ly

The Angels' Message.

BY ROBERT WHITAKER.

Not where the holy temple lifts
  Its gilded walls on high,
Not where above Mt. Hermon drifts
  The storm clouds in the sky;
But on the sod where David trod,
  In lonely Bethlehem,
'Twas there at morn, the Christ was born
  'Twas there the message came.

Nor priest nor ruler heard the song
  That wondrous story told;
'Twas but an humble shepherd throng
  At midnight with their fold;
Not to the great, in wealth or state,
  The angel hosts were sent,
But low and few were those who knew
  That song, and what it meant.

Those were the sweetest words of cheer
  That angel tongue could tell;
Yet only on a shepherd's ear
  The wondrous music fell.
The richest page, of bard or sage,
  Ne'er held a truth so great,
Nor ever thought, so deeply fraught,
  With the great ends of fate.

The grandest music earth has known,
  And words of greatest power,
The laugh of joy or sorrow's moan
  That fills each transient hour,
All these shall pass, forgot, alas,
  Before their echoes cease,
While nations hear, from year to year,
  The wondrous song of peace.

Peace be on earth, a weary world
  The wondrous message heard,
And left awhile the war flags furled
  Awhile the camp unstirred.
But soon again the tramp of men
  Was heard on fields of strife,
And swept the flood of fire and blood
  The fairest scenes of life.

And still o'er many a bloody plain
  The red-stained banner floats;
And still the smothered groan of pain
  Swells up from dying throats;
And still the flow of human woe
  Seems only to increase,
And far away is that blest day,
  When to the earth is peace.

'Tis not enough that we should sing
  The songs of peace and love,
'Tis not enough that anthems ring
  Our praise to God above,
While yet the fate of land and state
  Bends to the will of might,
And sounds afar the din of war
  Above the voice of right.

The angels' message, "peace on earth,"
  Must be our message still,
Till tidings of a Saviour's birth
  The whole creation fill;
And far and wide the fearful tide
  Of sin and strife shall cease,
And over all the blessing fall,
  The heavenly boon of peace.

Selected Serial.

IN BLACK AND GOLD.

A STORY OF TWIN DRAGONS.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER V.—*Continued.*

A HYMN SELLER.

"At all events, I've got one," said Jonas. "That's good," said the hymn-seller. "And you read that hymn; there's sound doctrine in that; it says:—

"'Repentance is the station, then,
  Where passengers are taken in;
  No fee is there for them to pay,
  For Jesus is himself the way.'"

The little woman paused to see what effect her verse had on Jonas. It was, in her idea, a beautiful verse, and he ought to be impressed by it. He was not remarkably affected, and she proceeded to clinch the verse by appealing to "The Law and the Testimonies."

"'Without money and without price,' you'll find that in the Bible. Look it up. Also, 'I am the way, the truth, the life.'"

"I say, how did you come to take up hymn-selling?" demanded Jonas, laying down his work.

"How did you come to take up cobbling?"

"Because I was mad; mad with everything and everybody!"

"What a pity! I hope you've got over it! Well, that was not my case. I had to make a living, and the doctor told me I ought to be in the air all the time, I was so poisoned nursing consumption all those years. Well, I did hanker to do some work that would help other folk as well as pay my rent and bread. So one day I found dropped on the street some stuff printed in verse; it was the worst stuff ever you see or heard of; it was just red hot out of hell. I just thought any creature as could make and drop around such fearful stuff to drag young boys and girls to destruction ought to be kept in prison to all eternity."

"So they ought. I'm with you there," said Jonas, heartily.

"And mark you, Mr. Cobbler, the Bible is the only book that promises them that suitable reward. Tom Paine didn't."

Jonas dropped his head.

The hymn-seller continued: "It came to my mind, since the devil is going round like a raging lion, selling indecency and blasphemy done up in verses, why can't I fight him by going round selling good Gospel truth in hymns? I wanted to find some done up attractive and handsome in blue, but I couldn't. What could be prettier than a nice blue bordered sheet with such verses as this on it?—

"'Thou didst leave Thy throne,
  Thou didst leave Thy crown,
    When Thou camest to die for me,
  But there was no home
  On earth had room
    For Thy Holy Nativity.
  Come into my heart, Lord Jesus, come;
    There is room in my heart for Thee!'"

The hymn-seller chanted this in a poor, quavering, earnest voice.

"Well, while I was resolving this in my mind I went to see an old army sergeant on a pension. He is bed-rid along of his legs, but he is death on making hymns, and he has piles of 'em, writ out by his bed, and he gives 'em to his friends. He told me he'd write the hymns for nothing for me, but the rub was to get 'em printed. But look you, Mr. Shoemaker, the Lord don't forsake his own. Whom did I meet but a young man who liked me because, he said, I'd been kind to his mother. Maybe I had. We ought to be kind to each other. It is commanded. So he said he was a printer, and he'd print my hymns nights for nothing, and someway he interested his boss in me, and he gave the paper, and this lovely blue ink. Ain't those hymns handsome? Blue ink and blue borders! I paste up one of each kind on the wall of my room, and it just looks like a parlor. I often laugh in my sleeve when I think of Satan promenading in there to see what he may devour, and finding me out, and them hymns glaring at him along the wall. I bet he'll stir up the wretch that put the thing in my head by dropping vile trash; he'll stir him up with his poker if ever he gets hold of him, as he's bound to do, if he hasn't already."

"Suppose you move from the attic. How about your wall?"

"Oh, I sha'n't move. The landlord's a good friend of mine. I am come to stay. I calculate not to move until the Lord sends me word that he's got my number among the many mansions finely furnished up, and sends me the latch-key, and tells me to move in. That'll be a good day for me."

The hymn-seller laid the "Spiritual Railroad" on the box of shoemaker's tools and trotted off. In looking over her bundle, she saw she had one hymn of another kind. That being against her rule, she concluded to sell it at once, and knocked at the door of the first floor kitchen, where Maggie, with great drops of perspiration rolling over her comely face, was grumbling away with her dish-washing.

"Good morning! Hope you're well," said the cheery woman.

"Couldn't be worse. I'm so hot!"

"Well, here is a pretty hymn I want to sell you for five cents. It will cheer you. It is about a wicked girl named Polly."

"I don't care for hymns," said Maggie; "I feel too sad," and she told the story of Doro and her father.

"Oh, you'll like this. It tells how Polly danced and sung, and wouldn't turn to the Lord. She said she'd turn when she was old. Then the Lord sent Death for her, and it was too late. Says wicked Polly—'Too late!' I believe that is true. Don't you? It stands to reason it would be too late if wicked Polly wouldn't turn when she had a chance; and when Death got her it must be too late. Oh, there's a whole heap like that, and the Lord's not to blame. Don't he say he stretches out his hands all day to a disobedient peoples Don't he say he called often and folk? refused? Don't he tell you he rises up early and calls?"

"I see you are a religious woman," said Maggie; "I like religious talk myself, if I could get any satisfaction in hearing any, but I start the day so riled along of *him* I can't tend to nothing. He's no more humanity in the idea, demanding to have a shirt and collar a day, washed and polished, and his coffee scalding hot and strong as lye at eleven o'clock, and me over the fire making toast for him! And Doro, she insists he must have it all, because he is her father. Now, I don't hold by fathers who don't act a father's part, and he don't thank the little soul for it. If there's anything lacking in the stiffness, or the strongness, or five minutes late, or a burnt bit on the toast, he says she don't supersede the house worth anything. Supersede, indeed! I don't want any superseding. I'd supersede him out of the place if I had my way. There she comes now."

Singing along the hall, the flute-like voice:—

"'I feel like singing all the time,
  All the time like singing.'"

Doro was a cheerful little creature if she had any chance.

"I don't see what you find to sing about," said Maggie, with refreshing frankness. "I don't feel like it, I tell you."

"No, Maggie, my dear; you feel like grumbling all the time, and it don't pay. It takes twice as much out of you as singing. Who is this?"

"I'm the attic."

"Here's a hymn I bought of her," said Maggie.

"That's right. We must live and let live—she by hymns and I by wax. I'm in luck, Maggie; I met my Sunday-school teacher, and she so much liked the 'Babes in the Wood' that she sold for me, that she asked for something for a little girl's birthday, and I've thought of 'Goody Two Shoes.' I'm to send it when it's done, and she paid me five dollars in advance. That must go to you, Maggie; you haven't had anything for a long while. Here's the marketing. Can you make a living out of hymns, ma'am?"

"Well—more or less. In winter, what with light and fuel, and needing more to eat, I have it pretty close, and I have fallen back in my rent sometimes. That's all paid now, and I don't calculate to fall back any more. The landlord here is friendly to me. I've sold hymns to his wife. She is a Christian woman, and that's the kind that have soft hearts, you know. I get my attic for two dollars a month."

"Only one room!" cried Maggie. "That's hard. I lived once with rich people that had sixteen rooms, and every one carpeted with Turkey carpet and set up in plush furniture."

"And you liked that fine, ma'am?"

"You'd better believe I didn't. It was work, work, work, day in and day out. Keeping clean those carpets and all that plush was no fun; and such a raft of visitors! I hated the sight of the whole thing."

"I'm well off in my attic. I call it parlor, bed-room, dining-room, kitchen. When I'm cooking my little mite of food at the grate, says I, 'Here's my kitchen.' I don't need more than a kitchen when I'm *in* the kitchen, do I? When it is all ready I lay a towel on a table, and set a chair, and put out my spread, whatsoever it is, and I say, 'Here's my dining room.' Couldn't be in *more* than the dining room while I'm eating, could I? When I've done my day's work, I have a little square of rag carpet, a little footstool, a little rocking-chair, and I set them all convenient, and I fold my hands in my lap, and look at my hymns on the wall; and I say, 'Here I am in my parlor, clean, cosey,'—all I want while I'm there, you see. When bed-time comes, I go to my bedroom in the far corner. There's my bed; there's a nail for my clothes; there's a tin basin, a little glass, and a towel, and a bit of soap, and a mat by the bed, and a little box for a seat and a trunk together; and I say, "I'm well off for rooms; here's a bed-room to myself, all so comfortable.' When I asks my blessing and reads my chapter and says my prayers, God is not far off. He hears me as well as if I lived in a brown-stone front."

"And how are you off for eating?" asked Maggie, interested.

"Oh, well enough. When I can get my reg'lar coffee I am all right. I do hate to come short of coffee. I'm set up if I have a tomato and a roasting ear to my bread."

"Dear knows," said Maggie, "how different the world does live! I hired once to a very luscious family who did nothing but eat and drink. Coffee, tea, chocolate, all on the table at once, not to mention milk. Never sat down to dinner without fish, fowl, roast meat, to say nothing of soup and side dishes; all vegetables that were out of season, because then they cost lots of money, and were supposed to taste preferable, as green peas in January, and radishes and new potatoes in February, and strawberries all winter, and grapes in April. As for cakes—no end of them, with jellies and pies."

"Then you were a made woman, living so well," said the hymn-seller, relishingly, she having breakfasted on bread and water.

"Made! Not I! I thought I should die of the heat. Cook, cook, cook, night and day! I was sick of the sight of food and wasting. If there was one thing I hated more than a turkey it was a lobster, or maybe a salmon trout. I've had to throw away as much apricots, peaches, and limes as would run a family, and now we never can have a berry or a melon or a tomato, till they are so plenty in market that they are cheap. Dear knows, it hard times."

"Why, we can't have everything, evidently," said the hymn-seller. "We can't have the plenty and the enjoyment. I'll get a hymn made upon that topic. Miss, what is this you are doing? A cup of coffee for me! and a slice of meat? Why, land, I haven't had a bite of meat for a week—how good it looks! But don't rob yourself!"

"We have plenty," said Doro, privately eying the small amount of cold mutton, designed as *piece de resistance* for the day. "Come to think of it, Maggie, we had better have our meat in a pie; it will go farther, Whim is so hearty."

"Yes, but pie-crust takes lard," objected Maggie.

"Make a crust of stale bread, buttered a little and browned. It looks nice and tastes well. And then, Maggie, as we don't eat soup in hot weather, break the bone and boil it all day into a good broth for this old lady to-night. You can put some of our vegetables in it—a little sliced potato and carrot — and give her this tomato, too."

"Now I am set up," said the attic. "I'll travel round with a good heart. I've got twenty cents in my pocket. That I can save now. You see, I want to lay up a little for winter, before cold weather sets in. That's according to Scripture. We are to take no worry for to-morrow, but we are to consider the ant that lays up for winter."

"That *is* a good old woman," said Doro, when she went out.

"Oh, it's easy enough to be good," said Maggie, "when you have a little place of your own, and no one to plague, nothing to cook, no shirts to do; when you're thin and don't heed heat, and nimble and don't mind cold. That's not my case."

The next Sunday evening Jonas asked Doro if she would go up to the attic with him to visit the hymn-seller. "She is such a brisk, bright, friendly, contented creature," he explained, "and I got a little interested in her talk." They took Whim along to keep him out of mischief, and found the attic sitting in her parlor; the dormer-window was open, her Bible lay on the sill, she leaned back in her splint chair, and took her rest on the resting day. She was very glad to see her visitors. Whim had the stool, the cobbler the box, Doro the other chair.

"Well now, I take this friendly," the attic said. "And this pretty boy, too! I must choose him out a hymn to cheer him up. Here's just the thing, right beside me—a new one, 'The Dying Young Man.' I had great luck with him. I took him out Friday and sold then and Saturday fifty. I never did so well before. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow! But 'The Dying Young Man' is a beautiful piece. Here's the first verse:—

"'I am but twenty one in years,
  And on my death-bed lie;
  A question now to me appears,
    Am I prepared to die?'

"That's a very great question, you see. We ought to all ask it, as we may die any day. You, my pretty boy, feel strong and well. I hope you'll remain so fifty years. You'll be none the less so for being prepared to go any time that the Lord sends down marching orders. Here's a verse for you:—

"'Ask, and it shall be given you,
    Seek while in health, you'll find.
  Knock, and the door will open too,
    Or you'll be left behind.'

"That is all Scripture. 'To-day if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts.' 'Ask and it shall be given you.' 'To him that knocketh it shall be opened.' Scripture is full of promises as the heaven is of stars. I hope they'll all be fulfilled to you, my pretty boy. Now read that ninth verse."

Whim, much embarrassed at this especial notice, read:—

"'Remember when on me you think,
    That you must die like I,
  So that you hereby warning take,
    And to your Saviour fly.'"

"That's it," said the old lady, nodding her head. "That's it. You will do that, won't you, sonny? Is it you I hear making music of evenings in your room? My land, I thought an angel right out of heaven had got loose, the first time I heard you! I listen near your door sometimes. You don't mind that, do you? It lifts me right up. It seems to me as if I could hear my dear husband and children singing hymns up on the sea of glass, when I hear them tones."

"Madam," said Whim courteously, "you are welcome to come inside my door if you like to hear me play. Do not stand outside and listen. I will bring up a good chair for you there."

Doro approbatively stroked Whim's shoulder. And Jonas admitted in his secret heart, "that young rascal isn't quite such a cub, after all."

"My dear boy, you're kind, and I take it kindly. I'll tap, and if you're not in the mood don't open. I sha'n't mind. Your music rests me like a chariot of gold. It sweeps me right up like Elijah. I mind the song of the 'Saved in Glory,' 'For Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy blood.' That's the song. If you took 'Atoning Blood' and a 'Dying Redeemer' out of the Bible, there wouldn't be any heavenly song left—nothing to make one of, you see, for it is a song of redeeming blood. Oh, I think of that!"

Then for the first time this boy got a glimpse of the virtue of the talent entrusted to him, and of the meaning and power of music.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Painting a Pain!

A NEW PARISIAN ARTIST'S CANVAS STORY OF A "RHEUMATIC."

"Tell me, Mr. Wight," asked our reporter of the well-known art connoisseur of the Everett, New York, "is American art improving in character and excellence?"

"Very much so."

"Do Americans much patronize foreign art?"

"Yes. And as they pay the best prices, their private galleries contain gems of all the modern masters."

"Which are preferred, works of the modern or ancient masters?"

"The modern. Historical scenes, real and ideal landscapes, and decided characters in figure are the most popular."

"The last time I was in Paris I picked up a very strong bit of drawing, which depicted a middle-aged man bolstered up in a much be-cushioned chair, his face and surroundings indicating intense agony.

"His table is crowded with many a physicians' phials, abandoned bandages, and used-up blisters. Before him a tub of steaming water derisively sends its incense into his face, and the grate fire cheerily blazes in mockery of his unhappiness. His nurse is a type of dismay.

"I really enjoy looking at this picture!"

"I know how the old fellow feels! I myself was for twelve years a victim of inflammatory rheumatism. Every spring and winter perfect torture twisted me for two or three months, during which I was often unable to sleep for a week at a time; was tormented by continuous agony, and at one time was totally blind for a fortnight, the disease having settled in my eyes. I had the best medical skill, used all the most approved scientific specifics, visited the famed mineral springs of America, of Carlsbad and Paris, but every year the same mad fire literally burned me alive!

"I often laugh to myself as I think what an old 'bear' I too must have been, when suffering as that old fellow seems to be."

"Aren't you tempting fate by making sport of your old enemy?"

'Oh, no, I fear him no longer! My last tussle with him was over two years ago, and all the agony of the years of remission settled on me then. My physicians gave me no hope of recovery. I had faith in myself, however."

"Well, how did it work?"

"The rheumatism was in my case, as in nearly all others, caused by a disease of the blood, probably produced by unsuspected inactivity of the kidneys, for I had never had any pain in them. Twenty bottles of Warner's safe cure, however, completely purified my blood, and I never have enjoyed such robust health as now. Hundreds of friends in Europe and America have, on my recommendation, used it for general debility, malaria, rheumatism, etc., and I have never heard an unsatisfactory report from them."

Mr. Wight has a personal acquaintance with the best art lovers of Europe and America, and his experience gives weighty testimony to the remarkable power of the celebrated preparation named.

"You think, then, Mr. Wight, that there is substantial art development in America?"

"I certainly do, and I have confidence that when the true American idea is settled upon, our development will be both rapid and excellent."

—'Say,' said Berkey to his wife yesterday, at dinner, 'you didn't say anything to any one about what I was telling you night before last, did you? That's a secret.' 'A secret? Why, I didn't know it was a secret,' she replied, kind of regretfully. 'Well, did you tell it? I want to know.' 'Why, no, I never thought of it since. I didn't know it was a secret.'—*Newport (Ky). Journal.*

—He—'What a lovely fan you have, Miss Edith.' She—'Yes, I like it. My papa gave it to me. It came from Paris and is hand-painted.' He—'Indeed? And how nicely it matches your complexion!'

—'Well, Harry, what are you doing nowadays?'—'Writing for the press.'—'Thankless sort of work, ain't it?'—'Bless your heart, no. Everything I write is returned with thanks.'

—'Whar'd' yo' git det load er lumber, Br'er Jimson?' 'Down ter de Healin Ba'm church.' 'Dasso, Br'er Jimson? Why, has dey tored de buildin' down?' 'Oh, no, sah! Hit's dar yet, but I hearn Parson Blowhard say dat de pews was free, so I riz up 'arly dis mornin' an' went down dar an' ripped up a pa'r of 'em, an' fotched 'em erlong.'

—The minister's wife sat on the front porch mending the clothes of one of her numerous progeny. A neighbor passed that way and stepped in for a friendly chat. A large work-basket, half-full of buttons, sat on the floor of the porch. After various remarks of a gossipy nature, the visitor said: 'You seem to be well supplied with buttons, Mrs. Goodman.' 'Yes, very well, indeed,' 'My gracious! if there ain't two of the same buttons that my husband had on his last winter suit. I'd know 'em anywhere.' 'Indeed!' said the minister's wife, calmly, 'I'm surprised to hear it, as all these buttons were found in the contribution-box. I thought I might as well put them to some use, so I—what, must you go! Well, be sure and call again soon.'

What Florida People Live On.

"What do you Florida people live on in the summer"? "Fish." "What in the winter"? "Yankees." Alas! how many northerners draw their last breath in Florida, slain by that fell destroyer, consumption, who would have lived, had they used at first that marvelous specific for consumption, when not too far advanced, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery—better than hypophosphites and cod liver oil, because more nutritive and tonic; also an invaluable liver corrective and blood-purifier, cleansing away all scrofulous humors (which cause consumption), and all other impurities of the blood, curing glandular swellings, goitre or thick neck, old sores, and ulcers. Of druggists.

Don't hawk, and blow, and spit, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

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Norway, Maine.

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BY ANNA D. WALKER.

It is not that my friend is gone,
That I no more his face can see ;
It is not that I'm sad and lone,
And life seems but a mockery ;
It is not this that grieves me most,
Nor that I lose a gem so rare ;
It is not that my soul is lost,
Amid the storm as vessels are.

It is not that the grave has hid
So much of hope, of joy, of bliss ;
Nor that beneath the coffin lid
Still lies the form that I must miss.
'Tis this that strikes the deepest blow,
'Tis this that makes the cruelest sore,
That while he lived on earth below,
I did not love and prize him more.

I knew if I would give it heed,
That life held many a secret pain ;
That loving word and kindly deed
Would be as sunshine 'mid the rain.
The little gift I might have brought—
Ah, was withheld all thoughtlessly ;
Why was my heart so dull, untaught,
When earth's poor gifts might need be ?

Why did I lack in tenderness ?
Why did his worth so little prize ?
Why oft so slow with my caress ?
Must death alone unseal mine eyes ?
I might have given a fond embrace
Instead of that cool passiveness ;
I might have kissed his well-loved face
When o'er it stole that anxiousness.

Oh, while I feel this keen regret,
And while this aching heart I bear,
E'en while my cheeks with tears are wet,
I wing to heaven an earnest prayer.
That sad, sad cry, "Too late, too late,"
The bleeding heart almost it rends.
My God, may I appreciate
Not only dead, but living friends.
—*Christian Intelligencer*

A Christian Home.

There are no doubt many thousand such homes through the length and breadth of the land. We trust that our reader's and our own are such homes. Yet how much such a home means. How much it means to us when we are alone within it, that is, with none besides our own family present. What courtesy and kindness to each other ; what constant remembrance and even consciousness that He who sanctified the home is present with us there, to bless and guide us, in all the domestic and family relations and duties. How sweet and helpful the morning prayer ; the blessing at the recurring meals ; the family reading of the Bible ; the memory verses recited at breakfast ; the training and discipline which comes by means of duties, responsibilities and cares. What practice of unselfishness for the sake of others ; what deference to each other's wishes ; what struggles with native selfishness and what cultivation of the grace of Christ in connection with constant companionship ; what suppression of hasty words ; what repentings and forgivings. Unless we stop to think these things over, we are apt to forget how much of the influence and ministry of Christ is exercised in the home of the Christian. Verily, a Christian home is the best training school for heaven that we know of ; and it is the best blessing on earth. Going out from such a home into one where He does not dwell and reign, how different the atmosphere. The Christless home may be more beautiful in all outward aspects, more richly furnished ; more amply provided ; but what a ack there is. The day seems but illy begun without the morning prayer ; the food fairly chokes in one's throat for the want of the "blessing ;" the worldly courtesy, however refined, lacks the "sweet savor" that is detected even where manners are not so polished ; underneath the velvet of society manners there is a suspicion of a concealed claw. We have frequent occasion to visit in homes both where Christ reigns and where he has no place, and the difference in the atmosphere is most manifest. We thank God every time our feet are turned into the one, and we pray God every time we have occasion to go into the other. How we pity the children who are brought up in those homes where He is not, who took little children up in his arms and blessed them ; where He is not, who was wont to rest and refresh himself in the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus.

Then again there are Christian homes *and* Christian homes. In some where Christ is nominally Saviour and Lord (and we hope really so), he is given but scant recognition, and by no means made to be the Master of the house and the loving and honored Lord of the family. His name is seldom mentioned ; his word is only used in private when at all ; there is no invocation of blessing at table ; and of course there is no family prayer. How He must be wounded in such a house of his friends ; how slighted in his love. Like a servant hidden away in an obscure part of the house, with whom there is no open fellowship, He is only acknowledged and recognized as a soul's necessity. A true Christian home of course begins with Christ in the heart ; for no amount of formal recognition or calling upon his name would make a home Christian if He is not sanctified in the heart as Lord. Still granting that He has heart-room, his influence and presence in the home can only be manifest as He has gracious and prominent recognition in all the details of home-life.

The true Christian home-life is organized about the family altar ; where the law of the Lord is open not only to the eyes of all the members of the household, but where it is daily read and meditated upon ; where his name is openly called upon in prayer, praise and thanksgiving. How can it be otherwise ; and how can any Christian parent desire it to be otherwise ? Of course, where there is a division in the house, as between parent and parent, the matter is more difficult. But even in such a case, the one who is Christian, father or mother, has so much more a responsibility as to the home. It is a rare case where a father who is not a Christian could wish it otherwise than to have the rest and peace that comes with the natural and sweet recognition of Christ, and who would not wish his children to be reared under the influence of a Christian home. This is the Christian mother's opportunity and responsibility. We know such homes where the mother is priestess in the house and prophetess unto her children. If this may not be so in open formality it may be so in the quiet persistency of her daily government of the house in the absence of her husband, and that in no clandestine manner. Where the father is Christian, and not the mother, the matter, so far as the public recognition of the Lord and his Word and worship is concerned, is still more simple, for the father is the natural head of the house and may order it as he wills. We plead for the enlargement of the functions and privileges of the Christian home life. Let every one who names the name of the Lord see to it that Christ is honored in his home and in presence of all his household.—*Words and Weapons*.

THE FARM.

—After trying several kinds of so-called extra early Lima beans, a market gardener says he has concluded that the best way to get them extra early is to save the seed from the lower pods that ripen first.

—The newer and better way of intensive farming seeks to thoroughly and systematically plan the work to be done, to preserve and increase the fertility of the soil, to select carefully the seed to be planted, to prepare only so much land as can be carefully tended, giving unremitted attention to the planting, hoeing and cultivating of the crop, from the breaking up of the ground to the period of gathering, applying all the fertilizing which will be profitably beneficial. In other words, getting the very highest and best results which the land is capable of producing.—*Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Cultivator.*

—The *American Cultivator* says : "The wheat reserves in Europe in 1887 are smaller than in any of the last five years, especially so on the Continent. Great Britain will need to import next year about 140,000,000 bushels wheat ; France, Holland and Belgium 20,000,000 each, Italy 18,000,000, Germany 10,000,000. The Dominion of Canada, with a deficient wheat crop in Ontario and Quebec, will require all the surplus of Manitoba. Besides this country, Russia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, British India, Australia, Egypt, Chili and the Argentine Republic will each have an export surplus of wheat to sell in the markets of the world."

—It is said that one-fourth of the population of the earth derive their sustenance solely through irrigation ; that, without it, this large number of people would be without sufficient food to sustain life. In the most powerful nations of antiquity—Babylon, Persia, Egypt, a large part of the Roman and Grecian empires—and now in much of India, in a considerable part of Italy, in much of France and Spain, the best products of the soil are obtained mainly through irrigation. In our country, in those regions that were described in the geographies of our boyhood as the Great American Desert, much of the land is irrigated, and produces bountiful crops. We have in mind the founding of the settlement of Greeley, Col., one of the most successful colonies established recently. All the land is irrigated, so that the crops are really under the control of the cultivator. No drouth affects their crops. Indeed, farmers in these regions much prefer no rain should fall.—*Standard*.

Care of Hens in Winter.

In the winter when eggs command a good price, very few hens are laying. Many are anxious to know how to produce eggs at this time, and for the benefit of such I submit the following :

First, the fowls must have a warm, comfortable house ; for hens will not lay with frozen feet or combs. The house need not be a very expensive or a fancy one, but it must be warm, and the warmer the better.

The second condition is proper food. Let their breakfast be potatoes, turnips, apples or other vegetables boiled tender, salted and peppered as for the table, and thickened with corn meal, middlings, or bran cooked a few moments. Feed warm. Wheat, buckwheat, oats, cracked corn, a little rye or barley are suitable for dinner, and whole corn for supper.

Be careful not to overfeed ; never give more than they will eat up clean, and do not allow hens to become too fat or they will not lay. If possible, supply them with other green food than cooked vegetables. A cabbage head hung up by the roots so high they can just reach it, will supply green food, exercise and amusement. Beets, parsnips, carrots, onions, apples, turnips and pumpkins are greatly relished as a change if fed occasionally in the same way or chopped very fine and fed from troughs ; or pumpkins may be cut in halves or quarters and stuck on stakes driven in the ground to prevent the fowls from scratching them in the dirt. Celery tops and refuse they will consider a rare luxury ; and if every morning soon after their breakfast you will give them an armful of clover hay or fill their feed trough with chopped timothy hay soaked in warm water, they will sing and talk as happily and gayly as a lot of school girls, and reward you by their dainty white and pink-shelled eggs in profusion.

Give them plenty of clean water, and do not let it freeze. To prevent this, have it a very little warm and change it frequently. If possible, keep milk by them all the time ; or if you have not enough for this, take away the water and give all the milk they will drink about the middle of the forenoon.

Two or three times a week feed all the sunflower seed they will eat, and if possible, feed meat scraps three or four times weekly. If you cannot often procure meat, cook their breakfast in milk or even dish-water, instead of clear water. A piece of red pepper, or a little capsicum (cayenne pepper) added to their breakfast every few mornings is very good, as also are onions.

"Venetian red" fed in corn meal every week or two, in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint of meal, will keep them healthy and prevent cholera. A little soda in the milk is good for the same purpose. Always feed grain by throwing it among straw or litter, so that the biddies will have to "scratch for a living," as this will not only give them much needed exercise, but prevent their getting too fat. Do not keep them confined to the house when the weather will permit of their having a range.

If you have healthy pullets and hens that are not too old, and follow the instructions here given, always remembering to give them a good supply of sand or fine gravel and lime and a good dust bath, our word for it that you will have a well-filled egg basket at the time when eggs are most scarce, and consequently command the best prices.—*Selected.*

It is wise to provide against emergencies which are liable to arise in every family. In sudden attacks of cold, croup, asthma, etc., a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will prove a never failing remedy.

TEMPERANCE.

How She Saved Him.

MRS. E. M. HICKOK

The grandest ball of the season was to be given in Mrs. Delmont's spacious parlors, where there was no lack of elegence and agreeable amusements. And Mrs. Delmont was known as a most charming hostess and pleasing friend.

With ease, grace and ready tact, she could manage the introductions and incidents of an evening so harmoniously that her guests invariably departed well satisfied with themselves and kindly disposed towards each other. The richest viands, the choicest wines were found at her table.

But though wine was copious and free there, its disagreeable effects were little noticed ; for if any devotee realized that his head was becoming confused, a carriage immediately conveyed him to his own home ; and there the curtain fell.

And the world pointed to Mrs. Delmont's well-ordered parties, and said : "Behold how harmless is the moderate use of wine."

They forgot how many a young man would taste the first, but not the last glass there ; how many an appetite might there be kindled which would burn with fiercer power until it was well nigh unquenchable, and, as I said, on other home scenes the curtain fell.

In Maude Aubrey's pleasant room, that young lady and her warmest friend, Constance, usally called Connie Layton, were in animated conversation regarding the coming ball to which both had invitations.

Maude's circumstances were far more humble than those of the society in which Mrs. Delmont moved ; but she was a favorite with that lady, who, despite form and fashion, had a warm, true heart ; and when she invited Maude from love of her society, she invited her best friends also.

Besides Maude Aubrey's beauty and pleasing manners, combined with rare intelligence of mind, rendered her everywhere a welcome guest. But now, a touch of sadness lingered about her, a shade of anxiety rested upon her fair brow, and her loving little friend noticed it.

At last she said :

"Something troubles you, Maude. I have seen it ever since I came in this afternoon. Surely you have nothing to feel sad or anxious about."

"But I am anxious about something, Connie, and perfectly willing to tell you now, for I have fully and firmly decided upon my course, and all my friends will know of it soon. I have only been reflecting dear, upon a subject which I am sure demands every woman's attention, and I see my way plain and clear. I only hope my future earnest efforts may in some degree atone for my past thoughtless sinings."

"Why, Maude," cried Connie, in surprise, "What have you ever done to atone for ?"

"Connie," replied Maude, with sweet, gentle earnestness, "from force of custom, you know we have been in the habit of tasting wine at all our pleasant gatherings ; and in our ignorance of the consequences, and thoughtless gaiety we have offered the glass to many a young man in our circle of friends. You remember Mrs. Arlington's last party ; and you must have seen that more than one gentleman there partook so freely of the dangerous beverage that its effects were very apparent, perhaps"—and Maude spoke this with a very painful effort—"perhaps you thought I was blind in one case ; but no, Connie, it seemed as though a mist were suddenly cleared from my vision and I saw all the sin, temptation and terrible danger that lie in these little acts of so-called courtesy. And I have pledged myself that never again shall the wine-cup press my lips ; more than this," and Maud's beautiful eyes were luminous with feeling, and her tone, attitude and whole demeanor bespoke an unswerving determination, "I will never wed a man who makes not the same unqualified resolve."

Connie drew a long, deep respiration before she could exclaim : "Why, Maude Aubrey ! But what will you do at Mrs. Delmont's ? How can you refuse where etiquette and politeness are the rule ? Perhaps," added the young girl, anxiously, "you will not go."

"Certianly, I shall go ; and if there, where all are expected to partake, but none to excess, if there, the cross be heaviest, so is the duty plainest."

"But, Maude, darling," again ventured Connie, apprehensively, "what will Harry say to your decision ? How dare you make such a strict total abstinence resolve, when you have loved each other so long ?"

"Connie, I dare not risk my happiness and his salvation by doing otherwise. Oh, I saw, at that last party, the flush mount to his brow, the unnatural fire in his eye ; and because I love him, I will be firm God forgive me for the temptation I have ignorantly placed in his way in the past ; and may God help me to save him now," and beautiful Maude bowed her head and tears rolled down her cheeks, and intense emotion shook her slight form as she repeated, fervently, "God help me to save him now."

Like a rare dream of beauty or a fairy vision of lovliness were the elegant rooms in Mrs. Delmont's city residence, and like a spell of enchantment, the soft, perfumed air, the harmonious blending of color, the sweet strains of music stole upon the senses.

Rich, massive paintings, rare specimens of art in various departments of workmanship, gilded walls and cornices, luxurious draperies and furniture, as well as the costly robes of fortune's favored children gathered there, were all plainly revealed in floods of light from glittering chandeliers.

Amid the brilliant splendour, the hostess of the evening moved easily and gracefully, with cordial courtesy in her look and tone. Forty years had left their impress but lightly on her fair brow, telling of no conflicting struggles with life's hard, stern phases, betraying no contact with its bitter necessities, which sear the heart and furrow the brow. A woman to whom any departure from high-bred customs, anything angular, abrupt or startling, seemed as foreign as ill bred curiosity, or rude, annoying questions.

Truely, as Connie Layton had thought, It required some moral courage to break away from the old timed custom of such a house, and to denounce by act, if not by word, what such upper-ten politeness sanctioned.

Maude Aubrey was dressed with exquisite taste, and even more than ordinary care. And many a guest that evening remarked that she had never looked so beautiful or appeared so interesting. Firm and serene in her high resolve, she maintained well her self possession, while her anxious friend Connie marveled at her calm demeanor, and feared greatly for her new position, though her heart acknowledged it as the true one.

And Harry Linwood, her accepted lover, who had long regarded Maude as his ideal of womanly goodness and beauty could hardly be attracted for a moment from her presence, and with an unwonted thrill of love and pride took his place beside her at the sumptuously furnished table, as he reflected that she was his promised wife.

He never dreamed that so near at hand was a test, by which that promise must be either confirmed or retracted.

Conversation and merry repartee flowed smoothly on until the wine came round.

"Miss Aubrey and Mr. Linwood please accept this rare and excellent wine, and let us drink to the continued happiness and prosperity of our amiable hostess," said a middle aged gentleman near Maud at the same time extending to her a tiny glass of exquiste design, its ruby liquid sparkling and glowing with crystaline light, also another larger glass to Harry Linwood, which, with the usual courtesy, he accepted.

But Maude Aubrey hesitated not a moment ere she replied, "Thanks Mr. Sherman ; but I decline the use of wine or champagne both now and hereafter."

Her voice was low, but firm and distinct, and its effect was seen at once in that vicinity. Mr. Sherman sat down the glass in mute surprise. Mrs. Delmont flushed slightly, and seemed to expect an explanation and Harry Linwood paused, about to raise his glass to his lips, a shade of annoyance visible with his look of wonder, as his ear caught the covert, sneering remark, "A worthy subject, indeed, for the female crusaders. Possibly Miss Aubrey contemplates joining the procession," made by one of Maud's rejected admirers.

Harry touched her arm lightly, saying in a low, reproachful tone, "Maude, do you consider the disrespect you show to Mrs. Delmont by refusing this courtesy ?"

Maude turned her eyes full upon him, and to his vexed, troubled expression gave only a look of earnest, pleading love. A crimson spot burned in each fair cheek ; but she answered steadily and loud enough for that lady to hear, "I certainly mean not the slightest disrespect to our honored hostess. I will gladly drink to her long continued happiness in pure water, which neither clouds the brain nor stains the soul ; which brings not sin or shame or desolation in its track, but comes to us direct from God's bountiful hand."

Harry Linwood was disturbed, annoyed perhaps, yet he could but admire the young girl's firmness. She looked so beautiful, she stood so bravely there, bearing the scrutiny and criticisms of the wondering guests, that he loved her more than ever, and was silently moving his glass from him to await the effect of her position.

But again that covert, sneering tone that reached his ear, as it was intended to do so, "Oh ! he will follow where she leads, you see."

Stung with wounded pride, Harry's brow darkened as this unwelcome phase was presented, and he grasped the sparkling glass as though he would thus establish his entire independence. Maude's earnest gaze was full upon him. Her small, white hand was laid upon his own. Its touch thrilled him with the sweet and holy power of a true love. Her voice was gentle, but tremulous with suppressed emotion :

"Harry, Harry, I implore, beseech you, don't ! Oh, remember there are grand ideas and lofty aims, before which the sneer of contempt, the unworthy ridicule, sink into utter nothingness."

She had thrown the whole power of her great love for him into each word and look and touch, praying for righteous victory, hoping that his love for her might prove stronger than all else, for she felt that this was the decisive moment. And Maude triumphed.

With a quick, impetuous movement, he pushed the glass far from him again, saying, "Miss Aubrey is right. I am not ashamed to follow a noble example."

Meantime, the fair hostess had been visibly affected. She flushed a little and paled, and many thought that Maude had given her a lasting offence. Presently, by an effort regaining her calm dignity, she arose and all eyes were instantly directed to her.

In her smooth, evenly modulated tones, she said :

"My friends, I shall doubtless surprise you all by what I say ; but I am not one to shrink from plain duty or hesitate to speak the truth. And from the depths of my heart and the highest impulse of my nature, I say God bless Maude Aubrey for the step she has this night taken. Oh, my friends I, who should have remembered, have forgotten the power of my influence, the effect of my example. I had not considered that the trail of the serpent lingered even in these choice, mild wines. But she has touched a chord in memory and roused a train of reflections, for which, in behalf of my own soul's brightest good and humanity's welfare, I cordially thank her ; and henceforth, though fashion and folly deride and custom frown, wine shall have no place at my table. Friends we must act for ourselves ; let no one judge or condemn, and all who regard an old time friendship of more value than a time honored but sinful and destructive custom, I trust will find our gatherings not less cheerful and agreeable than formerly.

"Now, let conversation be resumed, and see if it will not flow as readily and far more instructive and higher toned without the aid of wine ;" and with the last words Mrs. Delmont was again the smiling, social hostess, giving renewed attention here and there, entirely forgetting self in her wish to please and serve her guests.

Ere long she found time to press Maude's hand, and whisper in her ear, "Bless you again, dear Maude, for your noble, fearless stand ; henceforth you will be as a loved sister to me." Then she turned to say with solemn emphasis, "Harry Linwood, you can hardly be thankful enough to have won the love of such a woman."

Despite this unlooked-for occurrence, the evening passed pleasantly away. The few who desired to ridicule, quietly took an early leave, and if others were not disposed to follow Mrs. Delmont's example, they made no remarks of dissent, while some unhesitatingly approved, and professed their willingness to conform to such a rule.

Of all the effects of Maude's courageous act, we do not presume to speak ; but we know that the pure, exalted happiness which an approving conscience brings was hers that night ; and that two hearts rejoiced in the bliss of a tried and true affection.

It may be deemed strange that Mrs. Delmont so readily approved Maude's course ; but, as Maude afterward learned that lady's early life had been saddened, even to disgrace, by that curse, from the power of which so few are utterly exempt, either near or remote.

Harry Linwood and Maude Aubrey are to be married at Christmas and it is understood that Mrs. Delmont will give them a grand reception at her elegant house, where the weak and easily tempted may not fear to go, for neither wine or any of alcohol's constituents will be there to lure him with its dangerous power.

How many will follow Maude's example by giving their influence wholly in favor of total abstinence ? Perhaps your course may necessarily be unlike hers. Remember different temperaments need different modes of treatment ; for what will seriously change the purposes of one may in nowise effect another. But in any case, make a careful estimate of cause and conditions, of circumstances and surrounding, and then, allowing no fear of failure, stand firmly by a principle which is safe, sure and all powerful for good.—*Salem Register*

Eggs Fifty Cents a Dozen.

A gentleman who keeps a few hens for profit, recently carried some fresh laid eggs to a wholesale dealer at Faneuil Hall Market, Boston, and received for the same forty three cents per dozen. The dealer said to him, "next week I will pay you forty-five cents, and before Christmas fifty cents a dozen for all you will bring me like these."

What is true of Boston is in a measure true of every market for eggs. The next eight weeks will be the season of highest prices. Therefore work your hens now for all they can do. We have no doubt but that, for want of the proper ingredients in their food, more than one-half of the hens in this country are now idle, when eggs will sell for fifty cents per dozen. It is pure folly to wonder, spend time and money or experiment to find out why your hens do not lay. You better by far profit by the experience of others, and make them lay during December and January The following sworn statement shows that the quickest and surest way to do this and increase the egg product during these months from one to six hundred per cent, is by the use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, once daily in the food.

South Waldoboro, Maine,

"I commenced Dec. 6 1886, to feed sixty hens the Sheridan's Powder according to directions, and continued until January 31st. The first week they laid only thirty eggs, the second 61, the third 138, the fourth 196, fifth 262, sixth 315, seventh 389, and the eighth 409 eggs." Or 150 dozen for the eight weeks.

Yours truly,
G. N Winchenbach.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this twenty-eighth day of April, 1887 Geo. G. Benner, J. P."

I. S JOHNSON & Co., 22 Custom House Street, Boston, Mass., are the only manufacturers of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, which is sold by nearly all druggists and general storekeepers. For 50 Cents in stamps Johnson & Co send post paid to any address, two packs of the Powder ; five packs for $1 00 Or for a $1 20 they will send a large 2 1-4 pound can of Powder, also one copy of the Farmers Poultry Raising Guide (price 25 cents), postage or express prepaid. Six cans sent for $5.00, express prepaid to any express office in the United States.

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OF COD LIVER OIL, &C.

Is Highly Endorsed by the Medical Profession for its wonderful curative effects produced in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, Chronic Cough, Bronchitis and Throat Affections, Asthma, Scrofula, Wasting, and diseases of women and children. In cases of the Nervous System, as Mental Anxiety, General Debility, Loss of Vigor, Want of Energy, Languid Appetite, Paralysis, and the many diseases due to insufficent supply of Nervous force. For weak and delicate women and children PUTTNER'S EMULSION will prove invaluable Sold by all Dealers throughout Canada. BROWN BROS. & Co., Druggists, Halifax, N. S.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—The Baptist Book and Tract Society have recently added to their list of papers for this year *The Water Lily*, illustrated monthly, published by the National Temperance Society. Price, single copy, 10 a year ; for four or more copies sent to one address, 6c. a year.

GEO. A. MCDONALD, Sec'y-Treas.

P. S.—This is a gem.

The New Hair Restorative sold by D. O. L. Warlock, we believe to be the best preparation in use for the hair. It does not dye gray hair, but brings back the original color. Many persons in St. John will remember when Mr. Warlock's hair was almost white. He has been using it for over 20 years, and his appearance is aporof of its good qualities.

BARGAINS AT McNALLY'S.

Carpets and Curtains at Reduced Prices.

Great Clearance Sale of Men's Hats and Furnishing Goods ; 1 doz. Acme Creamers at cost to close them out ; 31 packages Crockery and Glassware, imported just in time to save the advance on duties, will be sold at old prices. Toronto Silver Plate Co.'s New Goods at low prices, several car loads of New Furniture, all kinds, prices low ; a fine stock of Furniture Coverings, Gimps, Cord, and Buttons; also, House Furnishing Dry Goods very cheap.

JAS. G. McNALLY, - FREDERICTON.

ly 26, 1887.

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HAVING received our collection of London dyed, Double Extra Quality Alaska Seal Skins, we are now prepared to receive orders for

SEAL SKIN SACQUES,

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Quality, Perfect Fit, and Entire Satisfaction

to our customers in every case.

Seal Sacques and other Furs dyed, altered or repaired.

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To Consumptives.—Are you suffering from a Cough, Cold, Asthma, Bronchitis, or any of the various pulmonary troubles that so often end in Consumption? If so, use "Wilbor's Pure Cod-Liver Oil and Lime," a safe and sure remedy. This is no quack preparation, but is regularly prescribed by the medical faculty. Manufactured only by A. B. WILBOR, Chemist, Boston. Sold by all druggists.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To James W. Price and Helen Price, his wife, and all other persons whom I may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March A. D. 1878, and made between James W. Price, therein described as of the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, in the province of New Brunswick, painter, and Helen Price his wife, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant, of the other part, there will be sold at public auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, on **Wednesday the Fourth day of January next**, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as:

"All that certain lot piece or parcel of land and premises situate and being in the Parish of Simonds in the said city and county of Saint John being a portion of the lands belonging to the late Joseph Crouch at the time of his death, and known and marked out and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's land, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John aforesaid, as Lot Number Sixty (60), said lot having a front of forty feet on a street marked and laid out on said map or plan and designated Mount Pleasant Street, and extending back preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet." Also, all that certain other lot of land and premises situate in the parish aforesaid and known and distinguished on said map or plan by the Number One (1), having a front of forty feet on a street, marked and laid out on said plan and designated Forest City Avenue and extending back from said street preserving the same breadth, One Hundred Feet, with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the money secured by said Mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON,
Solicitors for Mortgagee. 45-52

NOTICE OF SALE.

To John Z. Cunningham and Maria Cunningham, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March A. D. 1878, and made between said John Z. Cunningham therein described, of the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, carpenter, and Maria Cunningham his wife, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant, of the other part, there will be sold at public auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the city of Saint John in the city and county of Saint John, on **Wednesday, the fourth day of January next** at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as "all that certain lot of land and premises situate, lying and being in the parish of Simonds, in the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid, being a portion of the land and premises formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's land, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds in and for the city and county of Saint John, by the number nine (9), fronting on a street marked and laid out in said plan, and designated Pleasant City Avenue, said lot having a front on said street of forty feet, and extending back, preserving the same breadth, one hundred feet," with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON,
Solicitors for Mortgagee.

NOTICE OF SALE.

To Frederick G. Johnston and Fanny M. Johnston, his wife, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March, A. D. 1878, and made between said Frederick G. Johnston, therein described as of the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, in the province of New Brunswick, steam fitter, and Fanny M. his wife, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant of the other part, there will be sold at Public Auction at Chubb's Corner (so-called) in the city of Saint John, in the city and county of Saint John, **on Wednesday, the fourth day of January next**, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, the lands and premises described in said Mortgage as:

"All those two certain lots of land and premises situate, lying and being in the parish of Simonds, in the city and county of Saint John, being a portion of the lands formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known, marked out and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's lands, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, in and for the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid, as lots number sixty-one (61) and sixty-two 62, each of said lots having a front of forty feet on a street marked and laid out on said plan and designated Mount Pleasant Street, and extending back preserving the same breadth one hundred feet." with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON,
Solicitors for Mortgagee. 45-52

NOTICE OF SALE.

To William B. Peel and all other persons whom it may or doth concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain mortgage bearing date the fifth day of March, A. D. 1878, and made between said William B. Peel therein described, of the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, carpenter, of the one part, and David H. Hall, of the same place, merchant of the other part, there will be sold at Public Auction **on Wednesday, the fourth day of January next** at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, at Chubb's Corner (so called) in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, the lands and premises described in said mortgage as;

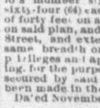
"All those two, several lots of land and premises situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds in the city and county of Saint John, being a portion of the lands formerly owned by one Joseph Crouch, and known and distinguished on the map or plan of said Joseph Crouch's lands, on file in the office of the Registrar of Deeds, in and for the city and county of Saint John, aforesaid, as lots number sixty three (63) and number sixty-four (64) each of said lots having a front of forty feet on a street marked and laid out on said plan, and designated Mount Pleasant Street, and extending back preserving the same breadth one hundred feet," with the privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging, for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been made in the payment thereof.

Dated November the 22nd, A. D. 1887.

D. H. HALL, Mortgagee.

HANINGTON & WILSON,
Solicitors for Mortgagee. 45-52

McShane Bell Foundry.



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Intercolonial Railway.

'87. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. '88.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1887, the Trains of this Railway will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:—

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN.

Day Express,	7.30
Accommodation,	11.30
Express for Quebec,	16.20
Express for Halifax and Quebec,	18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.00 train to Halifax.

On Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.

Express from Halifax and Quebec,	7.00
Express from Quebec,	8.55
Accommodation,	15.30
Day Express,	19.20

TRAINS WILL LEAVE HALIFAX.

Day Express,	6.30
Picton Accommodation,	12.20
Truro Accommodation,	16.40
Express for St. John and Quebec,	18.00

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 18.00 train to St. John.

On Monday, Wednesday and Friday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached at Moncton.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT HALIFAX.

Truro Accommodation,	8.15
Express from St. John and Quebec,	9.10
Picton Accommodation,	12.30
Day Express,	18.20

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B.
Nov. 22nd, 1887.

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FOR 1888

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Geo. A. McDonald,
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1888.

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It is wonderful in its wealth of pictures, information, and interest.—*Christian Advocate N. Y.*

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News Summary.

DOMINION.

—Diphtheria is alarmingly and fatally prevalent in Montreal.

—The amount of duty collected at Annapolis last month was $1,382. The value of exports was $45,620—as follows:—

		Value.
Apples	10,676 barrels	$28,441
Lumber	969 M	10,494
Potatoes	3,131 barrels	2,644
Wood	1,436 cords	1,612

—The progress made by towns in Pictou county this year has been unparalleled in the history of the county. Four have about a population of 20,000. The amount spent in building operations this season is enormous.

—Word reached Pictou, N. S., Dec. 2, that the Cage pit of the Albion mines, which was about being reopened after being idle since the Ford pit explosion some years ago, was on fire. It is now feared it will have to be abandoned.

—There is a movement for holding an exhibition in Kings county, N. B., at earliest practicable date and, if possible, to secure the co-operation of Westmorland, Albert and St. John counties.

—Mineral explorations are being prosecuted with greatest vigor in Kings county, N. B. A number of experts are at Sussex, at the present time who speak hopefully of the results.

—Six hundred cases of typhoid and malaria fever are reported in Ottawa, the disease having assumed the form of an epidemic. Defective drainage and bad water are said to be the cause of the trouble. A short distance above the place from which the water supply for the city is taken, a creek of stagnant water has been discovered, which health officers report possesses all the properties required to bring about the present unsanitary condition of the city.

—Among the reports which have reached Ottawa from Washington is one to the effect that the British commissioners have asked for the abolition of fishing by means of purse seines. It is the general opinion among those who are best informed upon that question that if the use of purse seines is continued the days of the Canadian mackerel fishery are numbered, and its end will not be far distant.

—Twenty two trains arrive and depart from Stellarton daily.

—The last pay of the Acadia Coal Company amounted to over $28,000.00.

—The waterworks at New Glasgow are now almost completed.

—The Juggins Railway Co., expect the coal traffic will open Dec. 5 or 6, and passengers traffic on 15th.

—Baird, of Queens Co., resignation has been accepted; and writ for a new election will be issued at once.

—A company has been organized at Antigonish for the purpose of establishing several cheese factories, each of which will be supplied with the milk of 350 cows.

—Western papers tells us that the other day a train of 24 cars, laden entirely with eggs, to the number of 31,000,000, left Strathroy, Ont., for New York.

—Halifax and Truro are both making a big push to secure the Provincial Exhibition next year. Truro offers a prize list of $6,000.

—The St. John papers are strongly advocating a reformatory for juvenile wrong doers. Their revelation of the wickedness of the youth of the city are startling and call loudly for some movement to check it.

—The government steamer Lansdowne has been ordered to perform winter service between Pictou and Georgetown. The Northern light will be kept in readiness at Georgetown in case of emergency.

—The largest output of coal ever made at any mine in Nova Scotia in a single day was at Spring Hill mines on Wednesday, all previous records at that place being out beaten. The quantity was 2,683 tons.

—The liquidators of the Maritime bank told a reporter, recently, that they were winding up the bank's affairs as quickly as possible. The outlook for the note holders is fair, with but little encouragement for depositors. The contributories will be called upon next week probably for the amount of their stocks. A suit has been entered against the Stewarts for $350,000.

—It is intended to extend the telephone line, which now terminates at Amherst, through to St. John, and to connect Halifax with Yarmouth by building a missing link between Hantsport and Annapolis. Besides this, there is now a line between Halifax and St. Margaret's Bay, a distance of 24 miles, which it is intended to extend to the westward along the shore.

—93 Scott Act contests waged throughout the Dominion, of which the temperance workers have won 72. Of special encouragement is the fact that in every case in which the ground has once been gained by the temperance party it has been held by that party. The net Scott Act majority to date is 50,000. The fines imposed in Ontario for violation of the act in the three months past amount to $52,785.

—The Annapolis Steam Packet Company intend selling out the river line in the spring, and will go into steamboating on a much larger scale. A new and powerful steamer is to be put on the route between Annapolis and a near point on the U. S. coast, to connect with the train from that point to Boston. By this route the passage from Annapolis to Boston is expected not to exceed seventeen hours.

—Judge Johnson quashed the conviction of the street car driver of Halifax fined for service labor on Sunday, on the ground that he was no more performing service labor than a servant girl or coachman working on Sunday. Whether or not the Street Car Co., was violating the law in running Sunday cars were another question. Judge Johnson also quashed four liquor convictions on the ground that the principal witness was Jamison, an informer and interested party, and therefore not a competent witness.

—The Woman's Christian Temperance Union recently established in Springhill, are doing good work. A committee of ladies waited upon a landlord, who controls three places on Main street, occupied by rum sellers, and prevailed upon him to promise that he would serve his tenants with a notice to quit within a month. Another female proprietor of a saloon was also waited upon, and although quite willing to go out of the business herself, she would not assume the responsibility of doing so first, but she promised to be the second to sell out. Meanwhile a Scott act war is being waged upon other dealers. All the temperance societies have combined in an assault all along the line. The funds, to defray the expenses of prosecuting, are furnished by the Cumberland railway and coal company. The directors of this company evidently realize the loss sustained by them, through the sale of liquor to their employees.

—In the recent report of the Insurance Commissioner of Massachusetts, we find these words:—"Insurance that does not insure is dear at any price. Insurance that costs beyond the needs of safety is an unjust burden. That system is the best which combines safety with the minimum of cost." Wm. T. Standen, New York, another high authority, in a report on the system of The Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, St. John, N. B., says:—"It combines the least possible cost with the greatest degree of safety."

—A terrible explosion occurred at Stellarton just before daylight, Monday morning. The boiler of a locomotive exploded killing three men: A. Fraser, of Acadia Mines; Daniel Robertson and Jas. Eastwood, section foreman, outright. Several others were injured. The force of the explosion stove the inside of the new station, raised the roof several inches, smashed glass, etc. The engine was torn into pieces, and the damage caused by the accident will be $20,000.

—The Salvation Army is having a hard time in Quebec. They were badly mobbed, and now the captain has been arrested, and is to be tried to prove the legality of their parading the streets. Eminent counsel have been engaged on both sides. It is understood that the decision of the court is to be final. If the court decides against the parade, they will be suppressed. If it is the other way, they will be protected at all hazard, no matter how many troops it may be necessary to employ.

—The New Brunswick railway has carried more potatoes during the past three months than in any corresponding period in the history of the line.

—Dr. Haley is shipping 6,000 bushels of potatoes from Windsor to Richmond, Va.

—Nine cargoes of potatoes, comprising 210,000 bushels, have already been shipped from Canning to New York this season.

—Mr. Gilbert Willett, Granville Centre, has a pair of oxen, about nine years old, which weigh 4220 pounds.

—The St. John newspapers are advocating a bridge across the harbor, and estimate that the expense would not exceed $150,000 or $200,000.

—There will be two total eclipses of the moon the coming year, both of which will be visible in New Brunswick. One of them occurs Jan. 28, the other July 22. There will also be 2 eclipses of the sun, but neither of them will be visible here.

—The Canadian Pacific officials say three million bushels of wheat have been shipped out of the country to date. There will be seven or eight million bushels more to ship, and it is going out at the rate of one hundred cars per day.

FOOD FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is a most marvellous food and medicine. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs, and gives flesh and strength quicker than any other remedy known. It is very palatable, having none of the disagreeable taste of the crude oil. Put up in 50c. and $1 size.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

—Prince Bismarck intends to resign in January the post of landrath of Naugard, which he has held since 1841.

—The London Times has $800,000 worth of libel suits on hand.

—Fifty nine survivors of the 600 who charged at Balaklava 39 years ago, held their annual reunion in London a few days ago.

—Auckland, New Zealand, is a lively and enterprising city of 70,000 inhabitants. It is situated near the crater of a large extinct volcano, which, according to scientists, may resume active operations at any moment. The Aucklanders, however, are not terrified at the prospect, and in fact are going to cement the bottom of the crater and use it as a reservoir for their water supply.

—At an election at Dulwich, for House of Commons, England, on Thursday last, Maples, Conservative, was elected over Henderson, Gladstonian. Maples vote was 4,021, Henderson, 2,609.

—The grand rabbi of India wore $250 000 worth of diamonds in his turban at the Rothschild wedding in Paris, recently.

—There are 89 cotton mills employing nearly 75,000 hands in India.

—A solid cut glass bedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England, for a Calcutta millionaire.

—Much alarm exists among coffee planters in Brazil, owing to a new disease having broken out in the coffee shrubs.

UNITED STATES.

—Representative Mills, of Texas, who will be Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, has prepared a tariff bill, which is a complete revision of the existing tariff. It adds to the free list, salt, copper, anthracite and bituminous coal, iron ore, lead ore, hair, wool, flax, timber, lumber, lathe, shingles and empty barrels.

—The Pacific railroads are doing an enormous business in consequence of the rush of emigrants and tourists to California. It is stated that 2000 people a day are now being carried into the State.

—There is found in the streams of California what is called the dog or bull salmon. These fish possess formidable weapons in their teeth, which on the lower jaw have a strong and backward curve, capable of inflicting a severe wound by tearing the flesh of an antagonist. It is said they do not hesitate to attack horses fording a stream, and often succeed in cutting ugly wounds on their legs.

—Through the president's conferences with some of the leaders of his party it is pretty well known what his recommendations to congress will be as to the surplus of the treasury. There will be a definite, urgent recommendation for a reduction of the revenue to the extent of about $100,000,000, to be secured by adding to the free list of imports and reductions of duties on necessaries of life in such a manner as not to increase the revenues, and by the repeal of the tax on raw tobacco.

—Gen. Clinton B. Fiske, of New Jersey, is spoken of as a likely candidate for presidency by the Republicans, at the next election for president of the United States.

—The total number of immigrants arrived at the ports of the United States from the principal foreign countries, except from the Dominion of Canada and Mexico, during the ten months ended October 31, 1887, was 454,699, against 333,824 in 1886.

—A good many people think that the late state elections were a serious blow to Blaine's prospects for the United States presidency.

—Monday week was the coldest day ever known in the vicinity of Waterloo, Indiana, at this season of the year, the temperature reaching 38 degrees below zero.

—A bronze statue of President Garfield was unveiled at Cincinnati, on Friday, in the presence of a great concourse of people.

—The New York Chamber of Commerce desires an enduring settlement of the fisheries and other trade questions.

—Congress opened Monday. John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky, Democrat, was re elected speaker of the house of representatives.

—A revision of Webster's Dictionary is in progress, to be completed next July at a cost of $50,000

Ill Temper

Is more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. "Putnam's," sure, safe, painless.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—The *Standard* has been placed upon our reading table by an unknown friend. Kindly accept our thanks. Yet there is room; who will follow next?

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Bap. Book and Tract Society.

—Says the *Advance*: "At a gathering of a few ministers and others, the other day in New York city, to utter some words of grateful mention and good cheer to Dr. Deems, some one declared that 'an ounce of taffy' was worth more than a ton of *epitaphs*! A word in season, how good it is; but words however kindly spoken over a grave come too late."

—In his recent work, "The Christian Platonists of Alexandria." Dr. Bigg quotes Augustine as saying: "Little love is little righteousness; great love is great righteousness; perfect love is perfect righteousness."

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