

Messenger and Visitor

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LXVI.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR
VOLUME LV.

Vol. XX.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 8, 1904

No. 23

The Sphinx's Riddle.

Graduating Address by Roy Elliott Bates,
Amherst, N. S.

DELIVERED AT THE ANNIVERSARY OF ACADIA
COLLEGE, JUNE 1ST, 1904.

A parchment, written first in Arabic
By Abou Kel, the Sage of old Seville,
Ere Ferdinand arose and drove the Moor
Southward, till fair Granada was his own,
And Spain was all one realm, and he its king—
This parchment, found within a palace wall,
Clothed with the dust of seven centuries,
And superscribed with many a mystic sign,
At last fell to the hands of one who turned
Into his native tongue the Eastern words
That all who would might read and think thereon:
That which was written on the scroll, in part
Is here set forth, but much hath been destroyed.

When Creon ruled in Seven-Gated Thebes,
A cruel monster ravaged all that land,
Descending from its lair on Phycium's Mount
Or from Cithaeron's frowning fastnesses;
It was a creature passing strange of form—
A winged lion with a woman's face,
Which spoke aloud in weirdly human voice—
The Thebans called their enemy the Sphinx.
And, ever in some dark and lonely spot,
To every ill-starred one who passed that way
A riddle it propounded, and the fate
Of him who could not answer it was death:
Though many passed upon the seven roads
That led unto the seven golden gates
Of Thebe, set into her wondrous walls
Whose stones danced to their places at the sound
Of sweetest chords from young Amphion's lyre,
Yet none could read the riddle of the Sphinx,
And none escaped who left it still unread.
But men of Thebes who tell the ancient tale
Relate how once there came a stranger by
Who solved the riddle—whereupon the Sphinx
Plunged headlong from the steep Acropolis
And never more was seen in all that land—
Wherefore the people in their gratitude
Crowned Oedipus, the stranger, as their King.
Another legend, of more ancient days
Would make the story of the Theban Sphinx
A Greek corruption of an older tale
Told by tradition of that world-old Sphinx
Which lies half-buried on the banks of Nile
And scorns the scars of all the centuries.
Ere Cheops built his mighty pyramids,
Or any Pharaoh ruled in Egypt's land—
When all the world was young, and men appeared
For the first time upon the virgin Earth,
And learned the use of tools that carve and hew—
Then was the Sphinx cut from the solid rock,
A symbol of the mystery of God,
And worshipped by the dwellers in that land
As Harmakhu, god of the Setting Sun.
Huge, human-headed, lion-bodied thing,
At rest, it gazed upon the lazy Nile
As if in thought, and in the thought, contempt,
And in its eyes a dull and stony stare,
And on its lips a cold and cruel smile.
Ere long, among the dwellers by the Nile
A whisper started, strange and wonderful—
The Sphinx had spoken! Many came to hear,
And some heard nothing, and returned again,
And others, listening, thought they heard a sound,
But one, when he returned, praying, amazed,
Said that the Sphinx had spoken, riddling thus:

"Breath in a house of Dust—
Whither, and whence, and why?
Life—Death—Flies the Breath,

Bird in a boundless sky.
Read the Sphinx's Riddle, Man,
Man, so soon to die!"

And so the story spread through all the land,
And into other lands beyond the Sea,
And far beyond the deserts of the East,
And many came and stood before the Sphinx,
And many heard the riddle that it put,
But none could answer what the riddle was.

That graven monster by the pyramids
Is but a symbol of Philosophy,
Which asks of man these very words of fate.—
The Sphinx's Riddle.—Whither, Whence, and Why?
And since the wheel of Ages first began
Its turning, started by the Master Hand,
Those who are called the wisest of mankind
Have pondered o'er that riddle—but in vain,
For all the cycles of Philosophy
Follow the Wheel, and end where they began;
Like wanderers in the Cretan Labyrinth
They wend through many a secret passage way,
Only to lose themselves within the Maze,
Circling on their own steps—since they do lack
The little golden thread, which, following,
Perchance their wanderings might lead to light.
Since men began to think upon their fate
Fool many a man has made his little guess,
And tho' he missed the clue, has won—a Name,
And other men have followed from afar,
Chasing that Name whose guess seemed nearest
Truth;
Worshipping Storm-clouds, mighty Thunderbolts,
Or counting as the Whither, and the Whence,
Water, or Air, or finest Atmosphere,
Warm Breath, Cold Earth, or Fiery Elements,
Or making gods of Discord and of Love—
The warring causes of the Universe.
To some, Man has no End nor Origin,
No reason for existence, and no God:
The Universe a game, and men the pawns,
So others say, and there be some who hold
God is a Potter, and all men his clay:
One asks, and will the Potter spare at last
The perfect vessels, pleasing to His eye,
The pots he marred in making, hurl away?
Many there be who, when the fatal words
Come to an answer, say, "I do not know,"
And others boldly shout, "I do not care!"
And some there be who answer with a laugh:
"Come, let us eat and drink and dance Today,
For when Tomorrow cometh, we must die.
Think not upon the Whither and the Whence,
And thou shalt find an answer to the Why.
Here is the Present, which is all we know—
Crowded with pleasure—the mere joy of Life,
The flush of Beauty and the lust of Love,
The pride of Power and the gleam of Gold.
Oh let us grasp and taste them ere they fade,
And hail sweet Pleasure as our sovereign good."
But others, sighing, answer, "Nay, not so,
For Pleasure is a vain and empty thing
Which fadeth soon, to leave an aching heart,
Wherefore be brave, and cherish in the soul
Visions of life beyond this prison-house
Which holds the unwilling spirit for a time;
Soon comes sweet Death, which opens the prison
door—
Permission to return into the Light,
And to the purer air where once we dwelt
With Him who sent us here—we know not why."

So, many thousands since the world began
Into the Sybel Cave of Destiny
Have called, and there has come no answer back
Save their own echo. When all these have failed,
How shall I read the meaning of my life

To give account of Yesterday, or how,
The Tangle of Tomorrow to untie?
Is life a forward and a backward look,
And then—a step into the Deep Unknown?
A guest for shadows while the Light remains,
And with the Dark to go where shadows go?
Has Life no more than this to offer me?
No great and plain Solution to it all?
Why trouble with the Riddle? Would that I
Need make no answer! But the questions ring
Into my ears, and haunt me night and day.
I am a slave to every mystery,
I am not free until I understand.
As one who, dreaming, finds himself alone,
Standing upon the vast mid ocean's wave,
Nor land, nor log, nor any sail in sight,
And knows his puny steps toward any land
Would be as naught on those long leagues of Sea
That touch the empty sky on every side,
So, many a time I find myself alone
Upon the strange and all mysterious Sea
Of this existence—wondering whence I came,
And whither I shall go—in fear the while
Lest the waves whereon I stand should suck me
down.
And then I think this, too, is but a dream,
And I shall wake at last, and know the Truth,
I seek in happiness the Why of Life,
To find my quest is all in vain, for what
Is happiness but that beyond our reach?
I look to Nature for Man's destiny,
And there I learn that like the little flower
He fades and perishes, his season o'er,
Or passes like a drifting summer cloud
Which leaves no mark upon the Heaven's blue.
And yet again the answer comes to me
As when beneath a woodland waterfall
Bubbles are formed, to float upon the pool,
Some sparkling in the sunshine down, and some
Drifting within the shadow of a bank—
So men are bubbles from God's waterfall,
Floating upon the cool, dark stream of Life.
We dance our little distance in the sun,
Or hurry through the shadows—then behold,
We are no more, but still the stream flows on,
And other bubbles come—and follow us.

The parchment ended—and I raised my eyes:
I stood before the Sphinx on Ghizeh's plain,
And suddenly a voice within myself
Said: "Thou canst solve the Riddle, wherefore,
Speak!"

And I, obedient to the voice within me, spoke:
"Grim monster, I defy thee to thy face,
And thus thy dreaded riddle I will read—
Wast thou not graven by the hands of men?
But I was fashioned by the hand of God.
Yet a few years and thou, the mighty Sphinx,
Shall join the dust of those that carved thee forth—
Be blown about the desert on the wind,
And form a part of Earth, which other men
Will plough with iron, sow, and tread upon:
But I return to him from whence I came—
My life—to do his will a season he'll
Then I shall live through ages unto which
Thy lifetime is as but a single day.
For He who came and took the form of Man,
And solved thy riddle—He hath promised this
To all who with the heart and soul believe.
But like an echo from those lips of stone
In mocking tones a question seemed to come:
"And dost thou in thy very heart believe?"
I strove within myself to answer "Yea."
The word refused to come—those grim stone eyes
My soul's most cherished secrets pierced and read:
I bowed my head before them in the sand,
And answered, whispering, "I do not know."
"Then thou hast failed!" they answered, and I fled.
When far away I turned me and beheld
That face upreared against the setting sun,
Methought a sound came floating down the wind,
A sound as of a hollow, scornful laugh,
And I bethought me of these mystic words:
Breath in a house of Dust,
Whither, and Whence, and Why?
Life—Death—Flies the Breath,
Bird in a boundless sky.
Read the Sphinx's Riddle, Man,
Man so soon to die.
I turned away forever from the Sphinx,
But still I seemed to hear that hollow laugh
Borne far across the desert on the wind
And still I thought upon those mystic words,
And still the Sphinx's Riddle was unread.

Some Further Statements about the Bible and the Views of Rev. H. F. Waring, M. A.

BY E. M. SAUNDERS, D. D.
MR. WARING'S RESOLVE.

"The denomination must face the issue," is a sentence reiterated by Mr. Waring to his large and intelligent Bible class. No less frequently did he express the wish to me, beginning to do so immediately after the Convention in St. John, that I would criticise his views in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. In yielding to his repeated solicitations and in undertaking to do what he said must be done, I have, strange to say, incurred his disapproval. The brother, however, should take my writing philosophically, and subscribe into his accustomed mildness and patience.

AUTHORITIES QUOTED BY MR. WARING.

I have read with care the quotations made by Mr. Waring in support of his views. The opinions expressed by Dr. Sanday, Dr. Davidson, Prof. Kirkpatrick, Dr. Flint, Dr. Lorimer, Dr. Burton, Dr. Wood, Dr. Faunce and Prof. Ganong give no support to the views advocated by Bro. Waring.

Doctor Sanday does not say that by the "inspiration of the Bible," he means that divine influencing of Hebrews, Jews and early Christians by virtue of which they had "religious conceptions"—the Bible. Neither he nor any others referred to, gives any support to the national production of the Bible.

Doctor Vedder wanted explanations. The denomination wants explanations. Why are they not given? Let Brother Waring say, in his own language, that he believes the Bible is the Word of God; and that it was supernaturally given to the world through men elected and inspired by the Holy Spirit to make the revelation—and that it is the only supernatural revelation given to the world, and the fog will be lifted and his belief will then come into clear view. That is the doctrine held from Moses to St. Paul; and from Paul to this day. Let this utterance be made in clear language, and the explanation will be satisfactory, and will bring Brother Waring into harmony with the denomination. He can then plead for clearing away mistranslations and interpretations which have occurred in the transmission of the Scriptures across the centuries since they were written. Religious beliefs are not intended to be concealed and protected like buried treasures. They are to be proclaimed on the housetops. Paul "declared the whole counsel of God." He kept back nothing.

Brother Waring calls on me for my belief, and, at the same time, tell the public that I have given it. He should call for the belief of the preacher of those three sermons in Halifax and that one at the Convention; and the teacher who conducted that discussion as it was conducted in the Bible class; that preacher should certainly give the denomination his views in language as definite and emphatic as he can command. That preacher should not allow people all over the Province to enquire and speculate whether he is an evolutionist in inspiration, a Unitarian or something different. He should surely tell them just what he believes. The denomination would then know whether his views were evangelical or not. Up to this time Brother Waring is on the Unitarian evolutionist ground in the matter of Bible inspiration. Let him abandon that ground and take his stand on the solid rock.

Looking at it with a view to form an impartial judgment of its drift, its tendency, I say it with pain, but I say it most sincerely, that the tendency of Mr. Waring's discussion of the Bible is to weaken and unsettle the minds of the people in their belief, that the Bible is an infallible revelation from God, and this is a serious matter, both in respect to the influence it will have on his own life-work, and the effect it will have on others. And a remarkable matter it is, that he gives nothing as a definite substitute for the belief he seeks to undermine and destroy.

Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., says:—"The men who have been blessed of God in winning souls to Christ, have been without exception believers in the inspiration and infallibility of the Word of God. It is the sword of the Spirit; and he does not use men who cast doubt upon its genuineness. . . . The hope of the church is in the fact the people are ceasing to look to the Universities as interpreters of the Bible; but they are beginning to interpret the Universities in the light of the Bible."

Doctor Buckley in the Christian Advocate, 1901, says:—"Some of us can more easily believe in the inerrancy of the Bible than in the inerrancy of the critics."

Doctor Lorimer refers to the Vedas: Doctor Hovey or Doctor Hodge could have consistently said what Doctor Lorimer has said.

Let I may be misunderstood in my references to the comparing of the Bible with other religious literatures, let me say that more than twenty years ago, I made a speciality of reading the history of Hindoo religion. I also read the Rig Vedas, its oldest sacred writings. This, together with a general knowledge of other eastern religious systems, enabled me to form an intelligent judgment of comparative religion, as a study to determine the truth of the Bible. To prescribe to the people the writings of India, Japan, Persia, Greece and Rome as a means of determining the inspiration of the Bible, seems to me fantastic in the highest degree.

The evolution theory, "the gradualness of revelation," as Doctor Lorimer says, strikes at the entire superstructure of revelation—at the Bible as God's revealed will. Let us see: Christ sanctions the Old Testament as a revelation of himself. His diety and sacrifice for sin are bound up in it. Strike the supernatural out of the Bible, and the diety of Christ, and consequently his work as a sacrifice for the world go with the supernatural.

This is not the discussion of the various theories of inspiration held by evangelical men. That is one thing. The definition of inspiration under discussion—Rev. H. F. Waring's definition—makes the Bible of human origin—it is not God's revelation. The "issue," which "the denomination must face," is, whether the Bible was written by men inspired by the Holy Spirit or by men of genius and learning. It is Bible or no Bible.

Brother Waring's views of the Bible, thus far given, are that it is of human production. Unitarians hold this ground, but they carry it to its logical issue. They see that it strikes out the Godhead, the sacrifice for sin and the atonement of Christ. They therefore deny that the Bible teaches these doctrines. What will Brother Waring do? Stay where he is, or come out and proclaim the whole truth of the Bible, as the only revelation from God, written by men elected and inspired by the Holy Ghost? By all means let us hope, yea believe, that he will swing into harmony with his brethren, and no longer censure the denomination and obstruct and limit his own usefulness.

THIS DISCUSSION NOT LOCAL.

Let it here be known that the discussion of this subject is not confined to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. It is world-wide. No religious question so engages the attention of the religious public on both sides of the Atlantic to-day as this does. Rev. Principal Sheraton, D. D., LL. D., of Toronto says:—"Do Christian people know what is at stake in the present controversy? 'We are fighting for all,' said Athanasius when, almost single-handed, he maintained against the Arians the true and real Godhead of Jesus Christ. And we too, are fighting for our all. For consider, if it be granted that the principles and methods of the Higher Critics are valid, what must follow? The principles applied to the Old Testament, must logically be applied to the New. . . ."

Doctor Robert Nichol says of Doctor Cheyne, the editor of the Encyclopædia Biblica that, "A mind so eager, so acute so versatile and so laborious as his, must perhaps have felt it a positive necessity to apply to the New Testament, the methods he had followed in the Old." He did so logically and consistently and with what results, the Encyclopædia Biblica shows. What has it left us but a wreck of the New Testament and a shadow of Christ?"

"If faith in the Bible as the Inspired and authoritative record of God's revelation of redemption is undermined, what truth of the Christian religion shall we be able to retain? And it is not doctrine only that will go; it is character, it is all that makes us great as a people."

Bishop Westcott said:—"Nothing less than our national character is at stake in our regard for the Bible."

"What then," says Doctor Sheraton, "can we do in this time of disquietude and drift? The practical remedy for the present distress is the inculcation and cultivation of earnest, prayerful, systematic study of God's Word. The great thing is not what men say about the Bible, but what the Bible says about itself. Let our study, of it be thorough and searching. Let us bring to bear upon it every literary and grammatical help. But above all, we need the guidance and enlightenment of the Holy Spirit; for as, Doctor Robertson Nichol has emphatically said:—"The Word of God cannot be understood by those who have no spiritual fellowship with the writers." Nothing is understood in the New Testament or in the Old without direct spiritual illumination.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE LEAGUE.

More than the above, and of more significance is what took place in New York on the second and third of May. What was it? A meeting of the friends of the Bible was held and the American Bible League was organized. A wealthy railroad man and manufacturer presided. Who were the men who came together to discuss this great subject?—a few "traditionalists," as the new critics jauntily call the men who regard the Bible as an infallible revelation of God's will to man? Let us see who they were; Princeton Theological Seminary—the seminary of the Hodges—was represented by its president, Doctor Francis L. Patton and Professor Robert D. Wilson, Oberlin Theological Seminary, too, had a representative present—Professor G. F. Wright; Newton Theological Seminary also was present by its representative, Doctor Jesse B. Thomas, Rochester Theological Seminary was represented by Doctor Howard Osgood. Among the speakers were Mr. Hall the president of the League, Doctor D. S. Gregory, Doctor Patton, Doctor D. J. Burrell; Doctor Robert R. Booth an ex-moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, Doctor George C. Lorimer, Doctor W. T. Sabine Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal church, Professor G. F. Wright and Doctor J. B. Thomas.

These are the solid men who left their work to meet together to oppose with their talent, learning and loyalty such speculations as are now exploited in some of the pulpits of Canada and the United States. Their work as the editor of the Examiner says: "is for the defence of the Word of God

against the insidious, critical assaults that are being made upon it by some who are its professional friends, and by others who are its open enemies." Mark the words of the editor—"insidious attacks of professed friends"—the worst kind of enemies.

Secretary Gregory said "the league, stands for the Bible as the Word of God and the only authoritative rule of faith and conduct." "A good Baptist definition by the way," says the editor or the Examiner.

Like Doctor Sheraton, the secretary said the League, "came into existence in recognition of the fact that the present death grapple between faith and disbelief, centres in the Bible; and involves the question of Bible or no Bible." He then said that, "the Bible, as an authoritative revelation of God, had been displaced by an unjustifiable literary and critical method, that assumes that the Bible is mere literature, originating like the literature of Babylon, Greece and Rome in legend and myth." He further said that the League, takes its stand for the Bible and the old view; and yet with open vision for any new light, and it challenges the claims of the radical criticism, the baselessness of which it proposes to show. "We have," he declared, "no fault to find with real criticism. We do not challenge the new views because they are scientific, because they are not scientific."

Professor Robert E. Wilson said:—"The only way in which the conservative party can maintain its position in the field of Biblical criticism is by showing that the premises of the radical critics are false; by showing through the more thorough investigation of the facts, that the foundations upon which the magnificent structures of the critics rest are indeed groundless, unscientific and illogical, unproved and often incapable of proof."

Professor R. W. Weidner of the Evangelical Lutheran Seminary at Chicago said:—"The Higher Critics who denied a supernatural origin for Christianity had never read the New Testament understanding the spirit in which the apostles wrote."

Doctor Howard Osgood recounted the points advanced by modern critics, and showed them to be identical with those made by Thomas Paine in his "Age of Reason," published in 1792. Thomas Paineism then as Dr. Osgood shows, is the radical higher criticism of our day.

From the above it may be learned that the discussion into which I have been driven by the force of circumstances is neither local nor personal. It is vital. The Bible the foundation of our civilization, of our social life, of our churches, the light to our feet, the lamp to our paths, in which we find our way to God, is at stake. We neither need nor do we want any ridiculous working hypotheses for going into all the world with the Gospel of the Son of God. We have the old Bible, used for this purpose for two thousand years. No substitutes are required. Rationalistic expedients are a snare and a delusion.

The American Bible League passed a resolution in favor of carrying its work into every town and city of the United States and Canada.

Any person who wishes to communicate with "The American Bible League," can do so by writing Rev. Daniel S. Gregory, D. D., 82 Bible House, New York City.

Influence and Power.

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.

If the Lord will help me I will pass on the blessing He gave me once when he gave me the distinction between influence and power. If you forget everything else, I shall be glad if you remember this. Oh, the day—I shall never forget it. I was pastor of a little church in the vicinity of the University of North Carolina. I was preaching every evening in a series of meetings, and the students of the University came to church in large numbers. The devil got into them and when the devil gets into a lot of university students, it is one of the biggest devils in the world. The brightest boys in the whole school worked for the destruction of that meeting. I roomed then up in the college building. As I went through the campus I could hear my voice coming from behind a tree; a mimic among the boys would quote my sermon of the night before, and it was said to be in exact imitation of the very tone. As I passed a window I could hear a prayer and an invitation to rise and come forward, and then a great roar of laughter would come from a hundred voices. I just began to feel that I was whipped. I had used the Bible the best I could. I had used poetry, rehortic, logic everything to reach those boys, and they seemed to get worse and worse.

After a restless night I picked up my Bible—I didn't go to breakfast—and went to the woods. I can see the old gray rock where I sat with my Bible open before me, and I prayed to God to show me what was the matter. I didn't go to lunch; don't think I took a mouthful that day. I went back to the study in the college, feeling just as sure that God would bless us that night as that he lived. There came upon me such a feeling of helplessness, I prayed: "Oh God will thou undertake to save these fellows for the sake of Jesus?"

I went down to the church meaning to give them God's word and trust to God Almighty to save those boys. They listened quietly, and at the close of the talk, for it was not a set service, I asked them if they would receive Jesus?

seek salvation through him to come forward; and they came and filled two rows of pews.

God gave me that day the distinction between influence and power. Influence is the manward side, made up of logic, rhetoric, imagination, illustration and truth even. Power—God himself at work. Power—the Almighty taking a hand. Power—the Creator of worlds speaking. All influence is to be used for God, but all influence in the world combined, educational, social, financial, economic, can not save a soul from sin and death. Unless God shall use it, influence cannot avail for salvation. Then I began to look over the Bible for the word influence, and, bless you, it occurs but once, and that is when the old patriarch Job is spoken to about the sweet influence of Pleiades. And you can make a mighty fine sermon on the sweet influence of Pleiades, in which the flowers bloomed and the birds sang, in which nature gets in her best work. The work that took hold of my soul was the New Testament word, Power—God himself at work: God, who created the world and creates the human heart. Then I began to think about Christ and his apostles. Jesus was a man of no influence, but he had the power of the Spirit without measure. You will agree with me I am sure that Paul and Silas did not have enough influence to keep out of jail, but God had the power which shook it open—God's amen to prayer and to praise. Oh, friends, the God of Elijah is at work, and that is miracle. God himself at work is miracle. There is a law of continuity. You may expect certain things from light and heat and electricity, and what not. They are God's servants, but has God made himself the servant of his servants? Is he the subject of his subjects, or is God in his world taking a hand? Give us understood it. The centurion understood it. God himself at work is miracle.

Mark the contrast not only between power and influence, but between power, and power at work. Jesus Christ "could do no mighty work there." Plenty of power. Omnipotence unable because of their unbelief. The Holy Spirit today can do no mighty works—the same Omnipotence. God is in our midst—because of our unbelief. It is very restful to work to give up all that we have to Christ and just see him work by his mighty Spirit in the salvation of souls.

We stopped suddenly in the mountains when traveling in the mountains some time ago, the hottest summer day of the year, I thought. The train stopped there five solid hours, and we sweated in the heat. The engine, one of the biggest I ever saw, couldn't move those cars an inch because a little bolt about as big as my finger was broken. For five hours we waited, and when the bolt was fixed the power was transmitted into ability; and we went on at the rate of forty miles an hour. The Holy Spirit is God Almighty, the engine of power. Is the Bolt of faith broken? Let the bolt be mended and then power will become ability to do the very work of God.—Winona Review.

The Voice of the Lord.

The voice of the Lord is everywhere, but the ears of mortals are dull. Happy is that man whose heart the voice of the Lord reaches. Happier still is he who does not refuse that voice when it speaks to him. Sometimes the voice of the Lord reaches the heart through a sermon. The hearts of thousands were stirred by the divine voice through the sermons of George Whitfield. Some remarkable instances are recorded of men and women who were moved to seek the Lord through the preaching of that great minister. Sermons of men who were not eloquent have often proved to be channels of the voice of the Lord.

That voice often reaches the heart through a single verse of scripture. Mr. Spurgeon once repeated the passage, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life," in the Crystal Palace in London. He recited these words merely to try the acoustic properties of the great building, where he was to preach the following Sunday; but it happened that a workman employed in another part of the building, who could not see Mr. Spurgeon, heard those words rolling through open spaces and felt that God had spoken to him. He knew that the voice was the voice of a human being, but the words were the words of God, and they took deep hold of his heart and led him into the kingdom of God. A story is told of Mr. Wesley being waylaid by a highway robber, and after the thief had secured his booty and was leaving, Mr. Wesley said to him, "The day may come when you will regret the course you are now pursuing, and then it may help you to remember this, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin.'" The message went to the heart of the robber, and led him to give himself to God.

A song may be the channel through which the voice of the Lord shall reach the heart. Two Americans once sat in a gambling house far from home playing cards. The younger man leaned back in his chair carelessly humming a tune. It proved to be the tune so often sung to the words, "One sweetly solemn thought." The older player was much moved and rising said to his companion, "Where did you learn that tune?" "What tune?" he inquired. "The tune you were just now singing." "What was it?" When informed what tune he had been singing, he said, "I learned it in America." The other threw down his cards, saying,

"I have often heard my mother sing that, and I shall never play another game. I shall never again enter a place like this: I have wronged you and led you astray. I am resolved henceforth to lead a new life." He went out to carry his good determination into practice. The voice of the Lord can reach the ear of a gambler while in the act of committing crime.

Many years ago a minister in Fall River was stricken with blindness. The people to whom he had ministered loved him and desired him to continue to preach to them. One of the deacons read the hymns and the lesson, and the blind preacher proclaimed the message of salvation as he did aforetime. He would ask those who visited him to read to him; and one day a young lady came in and he gave her a paper to read. It was a touching and earnest appeal for workers to come out West and teach the Choctaw Indians the way of life. She read it through to the last word, and handing the paper back to the pastor she said, "I will go." "Have you carefully considered the step?" said her pastor. "Yes, I was on my way to take a more serious step when I came in here this morning," said she; "I was on my way to the river to drown myself." Then she told her story. Her home was unhappy. She had become thoroughly discouraged and concluded that there was no use in her living, and she had resolved to end the matter that day. But seeing the face of her pastor through the window something moved her to go in and read to him. In reading the voice of God reached her heart and she resolved to give herself to his service among his neglected children. It was a short time for such a mighty decision. Then the blind pastor glorified God and said it was a compensation for his affliction, for it had saved a young life and an immortal soul. She kept her promise and went. For years she served God nobly among those who sat in the region and shadow of death.

The voice of the Lord is calling at all times and in all places, but how few hear; and of those who hear how few heed the call. It is a strange infatuation that leads men to refuse the voice of the Lord.—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

AN Important Question.

Our readers will have noticed in the number of the Commonwealth of the week before last an article on the passing of the Christian Endeavor. The writer feels that its climax had been reached and that the waning already noticeable is bound to enlarge. This writer does not in this matter stand alone. A Presbyterian clergyman recently said in the presence of his brethren substantially the same thing. He felt that the era of great conventions, the great enthusiasm that had attended this movement had already spent its force, and from this time forward waning of the movement would be witnessed. He had been criticised for his position and his statements have been questioned.

Impartial observers, however, whether they wholly agree with all that has been said along this line, are inclined to feel that as to the main position these brethren are right. There is not at the present time apparent the same enthusiasm that for a long while obtained, and the real value of the great conventions that have been held now for these years is becoming more and more something to be questioned, and in the minds of many to be really discountenanced. There is a disposition in a growing number to look askance at these great gatherings. Banners and all that pertains to that sort of thing seem to have lost something of their fascination and their glamor. Those inclined to be particularly thoughtful in regard to the whole movement are asking now for positive fruitage. They are seeking to ascertain just what the results of this movement have been. It is a generation almost now since it took form. Has it, as was claimed for it in the beginning, resulted in greater advancement of the church of Christ in really aggressive and conquering work? Has it brought about a larger attendance and a greater devotion to the church on the part of its members, as it was hoped it would do? Has it rallied the young people themselves to the banner of the church with greater earnestness and power of service than was the case in times past? Has it brought recruits to the working forces of the church, whether along the lines of lay activity or ministerial consecration? These are the questions that are animating some of those who are thinking carefully respecting this whole matter. We do not say whether they are right or not. We are inclined to feel, however, that the movement has not resulted in all that was hoped for it at its inception; and, moreover, we are inclined to believe that there is something of this waning on the part of the movement which these brethren discern.

What now, if this is the case, is the church going to do in the premises? We may say that it has not been indifferent to its young people in times past. In fact it sought to conserve the interests of its young people long before the so-called young people's movement began. In many respects it may be questioned perhaps if the general interests of either the church or our young people have been so greatly helped by this movement as was expected from it. This writer has always, for example, felt it a mistake that in organization and in meeting the Young People's Union has been held apart from the denominational organizations strictly regarded as such. The question may well suggest itself as to

whether or not the church has been really strengthened by this segregation of young people in their annual meetings from those of the church more distinctively connected with its missionary and other interests.

If then there is anything of this waning that some discern; if there is to be a decline of enthusiasm and of the work that has been carried on these years, the church must step in and take the place of that which seems to be thus declining. Young people's organizations, as such, distinctively then may wane but the church will step in to fill their place. They may have done their work; the church, however still exists and it must not fail to make good any lack such waning may possibly cause.—Baptist Commonwealth.

Tennyson Reading his Great Ode.

The first time I ever went to Farringford, when we had gone into his den in the top of the house, late at night, for a smoke, he said, genially, as I curled myself up contentedly in one of the deep, luxurious chairs. "Well, have you anything you want now?"

"No," I replied. "I want to hear you read some of your poems. Mrs. Browning says that poets are never ill at reading their own verses, and I want to hear if 'tis so."

"What shall I read to you?" he asked.

"The 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'"

He read it, and read it superbly.

It is a picture I can never forget—the softened gloom of the room, the walls of which were lined with books; the tall wax candles on the reading table; the old poet holding the book close, very close to his face, the light making a sort of gloriole above the massive vatic brows of his finely moulded head; his deep voice rolling out the sonorous music, like some mighty organ; and then when he came to the lines:

For this is England's greatest son,

He had gain'd a hundred fights,

Nor even lost an English gun,

his grand old face shone out almost transfigured by his English pride in England's glory, his voice vibrant with the passion of his nobly threnody, while, in the pauses, one might hear, as fit an accompaniment, the long Atlantic surges breaking in solemn thunder on the beetling crags hard by his Island home.—The Century.

The Hard Life.

The transgressor's life is hard in its deprivations. The question is sometimes raised whether the sinner does not, after all, get more out of the world than the true disciple. He who has turned from evil to live with God never raises that question. He knows that the earth, without peace of heart, without joy in right and sympathy with good, without the happiness of God's presence and delight of service, is a hard and narrow and unhappy place. The true and full inheritance of the earth belongs to the children of God, and to no others.

Far back, also, in every transgressor's consciousness lies the hard trial of self-contempt. He may not admit it to his thought. Conscience may be ill-educated and under careful discipline; but in the moment when he sees clearly the sinner is self-judged. God has let us sit upon the seat of counsel, and we see what value we have put upon our souls in bartering with evil.

"Still as of old,

Man by himself is priced,

For thirty pieces Judas sold

Himself, not Christ."

It is hard to fear to meet one's own thought sitting as the judge; to dodge and, shift and evade the quiet hour that brings self-condemnation. It is hard to be, amid whatever passing joys, without God and without hope in the world that is so full of hope and so bright with the presence of our heavenly Father.—The Congregationalist.

The proverb is true, "As he thinketh in his heart so is he." Perhaps our greatest influence is from involuntary conduct, and that, of course, is controlled by a habit of thought. We may at times speak good words and perform worthy acts, even if our thought are evil, but do you not see that we shall, that we cannot but use excellent words and perform upright deeds if our thoughts are ever right? Paul speaks of "bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ," that was his aim; should it not be ours?—Selected.

I must every day have fresh grace from heaven, and obtain it only in direct waiting upon God Himself.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

I was tempted to cheat my neighbor. I thought to gain a dollar by hiding the truth; by giving bad measure or poor quality. What I really meant was to aim a deadly blow to the security and order of the universe.—I. O. R.

A layman telling what he would do if he were a preacher said he would call on the members because he wanted to, and if he did not enjoy it, he would resign. He added: "Not the most accomplished actor can make a prefatory call seem anything but prefatory. There is only one way to seem interested in people, and that is to be interested in them."—Sel.

Messenger and Visitor

Published in the interests of the Baptists and nomination of the Maritime Provinces by

The Maritime Baptist Publishing Co., Ltd.

TERMS: \$1.50 per annum in advance.

S. McC. BLACK

Editor

Address all communications and make all payments to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

If labels are not changed within reasonable time after remittances are made advise "Business Manager," Box 330 St. John, N. B.

Printed by Peterson & Co., 107 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

For Editorial Notes see page 8.

Acadia's Anniversary.

The exercises in connection with the closing of Acadia College, Horton Academy and Acadia Seminary last week attracted a large number of the friends of our schools at Wolfville. And as far as we know, all were delighted with the beauty of Wolfville and with the exercises throughout. The weather was altogether favorable and the grumbler was hard pressed for grist for his mill. The presence of a number of distinguished persons from various parts of the country added interest to the occasion. Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Minister of Railways accompanied by his mother and other friends, Rev. J. D. Freeman and Mrs. Freeman of Toronto, Rev. A. Cameron and Mrs. Cameron, of Ottawa, Rev. Dr. Goodspeed and Mrs. Goodspeed of McMaster University, were cordially welcomed by the institutions.

The Exhibition of the work of the Schools began with the Graduating Recitals of Acadia Seminary, three in number given by eight pupils in the Departments of Pianoforte, Voice and Elocution. Of these recitals the first was given by Miss Hazel Wortman, Pianoforte; Miss Gertrude Heales, Voice and Miss Lillian Strong, Pianoforte. These young ladies were all residents of Wolfville. The second recital was given by Miss Gertrude Henderson, Amover, N. B., in Pianoforte; Miss Nina V. Shaw, of Avonport, N. S., in Elocution and Miss Faulein B. Price, of Parisboro, N. S., in Pianoforte. The third recital was given by Miss Frances Burditt, Middleton, N. S., in Voice and Miss Edith W. Spurden, of Fredericton, in Pianoforte.

Space will not permit the publication of the programmes in full; and the individuality expressed in the performances prevents comparisons, were they not always odious. It is enough to say, and these are no idle words of general encomium, that the work of each pupil reached a high level of excellence, reflecting credit upon the pupil, and exhibiting the careful and artistic work which is being done by Miss Archer in the department of Voice, Mr. Maxim in Pianoforte, and Miss Lynds in Elocution.

Alumnae Hall was well filled by the friends and invited guests of the graduates, and the evenings were seasons of great enjoyment. At the close of each recital the young ladies received their friends at an informal reception in one of the adjoining rooms which was most tastefully decorated for the occasion, as was also Alumnae Hall, through the courtesy of the members of the Junior class.

In College Hall, Saturday evening, Professor Tripp, of the Emerson school of Oratory, Boston, gave a series of readings of a popular character.

LORD'S DAY

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached at the morning service by Rev. Professor Goodspeed, D. D., LL. D. of McMaster University, Toronto. Text: 1 Corinthians 16:13 "Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Dr. Goodspeed set forth the necessity and conditions of Christian strength with great force of argument. There must be alertness of mind, the compulsion of conscience, the impulsion of love and the attraction of a supreme purpose if we would gain strength and steadfastness in the faith is essential to these elements of power. The sermon was timely and in every way appropriate. College Hall was filled. A number of ministers listened with delight to their former associates in public service. Rev. Dr. Saunders offered prayer, Rev. A. Cameron read the Scripture.

The evening meeting was presided over by Mr. D. J. McPherson, President of the Y. M. C. A. The address was by Rev. J. H. Jenner, M. A., Pastor of the North Baptist Church Halifax, subject: The Biblical Doctrine of the Resurrection, Is it Credible?

The address was at once scholarly thoughtful and practical. It was clear and strong and founded on Scriptural teaching, and the delivery was excellent. Rev. Isaiah Wallace and Rev. J. D. Freeman, offered prayer. The music at both services was good. Solos were given by Miss Archer.

Horton Collegiate Academy.

The closing exercise of Horton Collegiate Academy took place in the Assembly Hall on Monday evening. The large audience evinced a hearty interest in the proceedings of the evening. Principal Brittain presided and was supported on the platform by his coadjutors on the teaching staff of the Academy. The opening prayer was offered by President Trotter.

Following is the programme of the evening exercises:

PROGRAMME.

Military March Schubert-Tausig
Miss Lavinia Lewis and Eunice Haines.

PRAYER.

The Work of the Year The Principal
Piano Solo—Nocturne, "By Moonlight," Bendel.

Miss Faulein Price

Essay—"Nova Scotia, her resources and advantages."
J. Melbourne Shortcliffe, Freeport,
Digby Co. N. S.

Song—"Beloved." Neidlinger.

Miss Frances Burditt.

with Violin Obligato by Miss Evelena Warren.

Valedictory John Geldert, Moncton, N. B.

Address.—The Place of the Academy in our System of Education.

Rev. Prof. A. W. Sawyer, D. D., LL. D.

Presentation of Prizes

Presentation of Diplomas and Certificates.

ESSAYS NOT DELIVERED.

"The Evolution of the Sailing Ship."

Vernon C. Elderkin, Advocate, N. S.

"College Training and Physical Culture."

Stanley McMillan, Isaac's Harbor, N. S.

"Canada, the Better Half of the North American Continent."

W. L. Steeves, Salisbury, N. B.

"Monarchy." W. M. Jenkins, Downeyville, N. B.

"Sir John A. McDonald," Earl Lewis, Truro, N. S.

"The War of 1812," Harold Spurr, Aylesford, N. S.

"The American War of Independence."

Thos. O. McCutcheon, Cambridge, N. B.

"Horatio Nelson," Harold Rising, St. John, N. B.

"One Year at Sea," John I. Flick, Halifax, N. S.

Theodore Harding, Rand, D. C. I.

James Dancroft Barton, N. S.

"The Evolution of Arms," Cameron V. Bailey, New Glasgow, N. S.

"A Fishing Excursion," Jamie Douglas Densmore, Port Clyde, N. S.

"Egypt and the Assouan Dam," Judson S. Margeson, Middleton, N. S.

Only two of the fifteen essays by the graduating class were delivered. These were of a superior order of merit and were listened to with much satisfaction. Mr. Shortcliffe's essay, both in matter and in delivery, was a very effective setting forth of the resources and advantages of his native Province. Mr. Geldert's valedictory was equally good in its way, and bore testimony to the high regard in which the teaching staff is held by the students. The musical members of the programme were excellent, Miss Burditt's solo being especially enjoyed.

That Dr. Sawyer's address was a valuable contribution to the occasion goes without saying. All were glad to see the honored ex-President in the enjoyment apparently of fairly vigorous health, and to hear his voice from the platform. Dr. Sawyer began by congratulating Principal Brittain and his coadjutors on the successful work of the year. The students were also to be congratulated, for the success was at least in part done to them and especially to the members of the senior class, and in this connection Dr. Sawyer recalled the remark of Dr. Thomas Arnold that he could not govern Rugby without the aid of the highest class in the school. The students now going out would doubtless have mingled feelings. There would be the joy of escape for a time from the restraints of school life and satisfaction at the accomplishment of the year's work, but with that there would be no doubt a measure of anxiety as to the future. The speaker called attention to certain qualities by which they had attained to their present position and by the cultivation of which they would doubtless be able to each forward successfully to things beyond. They had been forming habits, and he would call attention to some of the most important. There was (1) the habit of using their mother tongue correctly. This should be their endeavor, not only when writing an essay, but in their ordinary conversation. Unfortunately many who pass for well educated men fail at this point. (2) The habit of thoroughness which is essential to success in all important undertakings. (3) The habit of gentlemanly deportment which is both a virtue, and a stepping-stone to success. (4) The habit of maintaining a high sense of honor. However it may be explained, it is certain that an appeal to a man's honor will often go home to him where an appeal to his sense of right will not succeed. The latter part of Dr. Sawyer's speech was addressed to the audience in general. He spoke strongly of the importance of the Academy and its work, and said there was some reason to think that these had been undervalued. For the educational advantages as well as for the social and religious influences which it exercised over its students, be considered the work of the Academy essential. Dr. Sawyer said he would like to see a three storey building for class room purposes on the ground between the Academy House and the Manual Training Building. Such a building as he had in mind would cost \$20,000. He had a man in mind who might perform a great service for the denomination and leave a noble monument of unselfish devotion to the cause of Christian education by erecting

such a building, and he (Dr. Sawyer) was waiting to see whether this gentleman would embrace his opportunity.

At the conclusion of the address Principal Brittain expressed his gratification at Dr. Sawyer's closing statements. He had waited five years for some one who could speak with more authority than he himself could to say something like this, and now that it had been said so effectively by Dr. Sawyer he felt sure that results would follow.

In reference to the work of the year Mr. Brittain gave a very encouraging report. There had been a total enrolment of 92 students, with an average attendance of 42. There were 20 in the senior class, of whom 15 were prepared to enter college. The year had been very satisfactory to the teachers. The Academy Home had been well patronized. A large number had taken instruction in the Manual Training School. The number of students in the Academy now preparing for college was fifty per cent. greater than last year. The following prizes were then awarded, and the students who had completed courses received the certificates to which they were entitled:

SENIOR YEAR

First, John Geldert, Moncton (N. B.); 2nd, J. Melbourne Shortcliffe, Freeport (N. S.)

MIDDLE YEAR

First, George E. Gless, Grenada, British West Indies and, Sydney W. Thurber, Freeport (N. S.)

JUNIOR YEAR

Bernard Trotter, Wolfville (N. S.)

In the bookkeeping department, Miss Mabel D. Hines, Acadia (N. S.), was awarded a prize of a fountain pen.

In the shorthand department the silver medal was awarded to Miss Genie Strople, Boylston (N. S.). It is worthy of note that this prize was last year won by Mr. Atwater, of Boylston.

Before the exercises were brought to a close President Trotter came to the platform and made the unwelcome announcement that Mr. Brittain had determined to retire from the Principalship of the Academy with a view to pursuing a course of special study. Dr. Trotter spoke in the highest terms of the work of Principal Brittain and expressed the deep regret of himself, the Board of Governor's and all who have been associated with Mr. Brittain at the loss of so efficient a head master. This regret the friends of the Academy and college will doubtless universally share.

Graduating Class Exercises.

The class day exercises of the graduating class of the College (which are to be distinguished from the graduating exercises) was held on Tuesday morning in Assembly Hall. This has become one of the popular features of anniversary week. The morning was fine, and the audience was a large one. The officers of the class are as follows: J. Howard Cunningham of Guysboro, N. S., President; Miss Louise Dunham of Canso, N. S., Vice-President; Miss Rosamond Archibald of Windsor, Secretary.

The programme of the morning was as follows:

1. Opening address, by the Class President.
2. Roll Call, by the Class Secretary;
3. Appointment of officers;
4. Class History by Roy Elliott Bates;
5. Medley Overture, Boccaccio, Suppe;
6. At '04 Utopia, by Carroll P. Charlton;
7. Valedictory, by Gordon H. Baker.

The exercises as a whole were very much enjoyed. Class Day is recognized as an occasion on which a little nonsense will be pardoned and appreciated by the audience. However there are reasonable limits in that direction even on class day, and we are glad that the class of '04 was wise enough to keep its nonsense within reasonable bounds.

We give you herewith the class ode written by one of the most brilliant members of the class.

CLASS ODE.

A glance along the pages of the past—
A vision of world-wonder yet to be—
A guess at Life's stern riddle, vague and vast—
Stray sands of knowledge, gathered by her sea—
While musing, dreaming here in sheltered glen,
We gird ourselves to join the world of men.

Beyond these happy walls, this elm-tree shade,
Our paths may lie through other fields as fair—
Perchance what men call Life itself was made
But for a wider, worldlier college, where,
Far-straining upward from this earthly clod,
We might prepare to join the World of God.

Comrades of mine, a little, on the way,
Strive! that Life's fulness be not lost to thee—
Serve! Let the world be gratified for thy day—
Then from the hand which holds thy destiny
May thou receive the laureate crown, "Well done!"
The last degree our hopes are builded on.

ROY E. BATES.

The Alumni Dinner.

The Alumni dinner took place in Chipman Hall at one o'clock on Tuesday, and proved to be a very enjoyable feature of the anniversary proceedings. Besides the members of the graduating class who were the guests of the Alumni Association for the occasion, there were present a very respectable number of the Alumni, and as each member had been permitted to bring a friend, a considerable number of ladies graced the occasion with their presence. The work of the caterer was very satisfactorily performed, and after

the viands had been discussed, the guests lingered long at the tables to enjoy a feast of reason and flow of soul. The toasts (drunk in cold water of course) were "The King," "Our Alma Mater," "The Graduating Class," "The Learned Professors," "Our Sister Universities," and "The Ladies." Mr. I. B. Oakes, M. A., President of the Alumni Association, presided with graceful tact, and in connection with the proposing and responding to the toasts interesting speeches, well seasoned with humor, were heard from a number of the Alumni and their guests, including President Trotter and ex-President Sawyer, Mr. J. H. Cunningham of the Graduating Class, Mr. Rupert G. Haley of St. John, Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Rev. A. A. Cameron, of Ottawa, Rev. H. C. Newcombe of Yarmouth, Dr. C. Goodspeed of McMaster University, Rev. J. D. Freeman of Toronto, and Mr. A. L. Davidson of Middleton. It is evidence of the good quality of the speeches that the great majority of those present remained to the close of a three hours' sitting. It was pronounced on all hands the most successful Alumni dinner which had been held since the resuscitation of that function three years ago.

Acadia Seminary.

The closing exercises in connection with the Seminary took place on Tuesday evening. Among all the events of anniversary week there is nothing so popular as the ceremonies connected with the closing of the Seminary. For years past, in spite of a twenty-five cents admission fee, Assembly Hall has been crowded long before the time for the opening of the exercises, and the present year was no exception. The interest in the sweet girl graduate is perennial, and the people never tire of watching the long white-clad procession of pupils and teachers marching to slow music into the hall. It is gratifying to know that the Seminary has had a successful year. The attendance has been the largest in its history. There have been 78 resident pupils taking the regular course, while the number of residents, including young ladies who are taking the college course, has been 90, and including day pupils the number in attendance was 192. The prospect for a large attendance next year is also highly encouraging. The Graduating Class for 1904 numbers sixteen, as follows:

- Francis Winifrid Burditt—Certificate in Voice.
- Anna Belle Clarke—Certificate in Domestic Science.
- Clara Amelia Daniels—Collegiate Course.
- Sarah Leonard Elliott—Collegiate Course.
- Harriet Conradine Faulkner—Collegiate Course.
- Ethel Annie Fitch—Collegiate Course.
- Nora Isabel Ferguson—Collegiate Course.
- Lillian Gertrude Andrews Heales—Certificate in Voice.
- Gertrude Blanche Henderson—Certificate in Pianoforte.
- Florence Edith Hickson—Collegiate Course.
- Fauleen Bessie Price—Diploma in Pianoforte.
- Nina Vivian Shaw—Certificate in Eloquence.
- Helen Skene—Collegiate Course.
- Edith Warrington Spurden—Diploma in Pianoforte.
- Lillian Adella Strong—Diploma in Pianoforte.
- Hazel May Wortman—Diploma in Pianoforte.

Following is the programme of the evening's exercises:

- ProceSSIONAL MARCH—Meyerbeer
- Misses Laura Rainforth and Helen Fowler.

- Prayer.
- Vocal Solo—Angels Guard Thee—Godard
- Lillian Gertrude Andrew Heales, Wolfville.
- Essay—The Religious Drama
- Harriet Conradine Faulkner, Hantsport.
- Essay—England Fifty Years Ago
- Nora Isabel Ferguson, Charlottetown.
- Pianoforte solo—Csardas, Dance hongroise—Joseffy
- Lillian Adella Strong, Wolfville.
- Essay—Home Decoration
- Sarah Leonard Elliott, Clarence.
- Essay—Chivalry
- Florence Edith Hickson, Newcastle.
- Pianoforte solo—Valse Caprice—Hoffman
- Edith Warrington Spurden, Fredericton.
- Essay—The Holy Grail
- Helen Skene, Pennfield.
- Essay—Gothic Architecture
- Clara Amelia Daniels, Lawrencetown.
- Essay—The Clown in Shakespeare
- Ethel Annie Fitch, Clarence.
- Vocal solo—Ernani Involami, Scena e Cavatina—Verdi
- Frances Winifrid Burditt, Middleton.
- *Speakers.

Principal DeWolf presided, and with Professor Maxim and the host of lady teachers, occupied the centre of the platform. The opening prayer was offered by Rev. W. N. Hutchins of Truro. The manner in which the students who represented their class in the exercises of the evening acquitted themselves bore evidence not only of ability and most careful preparation on their own part, but also of the thoroughness of the training given in the school. The four essayists acquitted themselves in a highly creditable manner. The essays were on subjects of interest, well written and well delivered. The musical numbers of the programme were not only much enjoyed but bore evidence to the high quality of the instruction which is now being given in this popular department of the Seminary's work. Miss Burditt's singing evinced talent of much more than ordinary quality as well as careful training.

The address of Rev. L. D. Morse to the Graduating Class was deeply serious, abounding in wise counsel. He would have them regard themselves as God's prophets in the world and learn from Isaiah's experience the conditions of the highest and noblest service.

Before proceeding to the presentation of prizes and diplomas, Principal DeWolf said that in the Graduating Class of sixteen, seven had completed the collegiate course, four had completed a course in Pianoforte for a diploma, one in Pianoforte for a certificate, two in Voice for a certificate, one in elocution, and one in Domestic Science for a certificate.

The prize-winners of the year were then announced as follows:

For most excellent work in English, the G. P. Payzant prize \$20 in gold, Miss Ethel Annie Fitch; for efficiency in English, the G. P. Payzant prize to Miss Helen Skene; for excellency in French, the G. P. Payzant prize to Miss Sarah Elliott; the St. Clair Paint prize for first honor in the collegiate course, to Miss Sarah Elliott; the St. Clair Paint prize for second honor in collegiate course, to Miss Ethel Annie Fitch; the Governor-General bronze medal for most efficient work during the year, Miss Ethel A. Fitch; the G. P. Payzant prize for excellency in music was awarded to Miss Lillian A. Strong; the William Cummings prize for excellency in art to Miss Mabel McDonald; the silver medal to the most efficient in shorthand, to Miss Agnes A. Flewelling.

An interesting event not included in the printed programme was the presentation to the Seminary by the members of the Graduating Class of two beautiful works of art. By means of these presentations which have become quite a regular feature of recent anniversaries the walls of the Seminary are being embellished with pictures of a valuable character.

The members of the Graduating Class having received their diplomas from the hands of the Principal, the exercises of the evening closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

The College.

Some rain during anniversary week is not uncommon. Indeed it is rather usual and traditional. But this year there were clear skies every day, which, with a moderate temperature, contributed much to the comfort and enjoyment of visitors and of all who took part in the exercises. Notwithstanding the great popularity of the Seminary exercises, the great occasion of anniversary week, it may still fairly be claimed, is the College convocation on Wednesday morning. The body composed of black gowned professors and graduates with governors, senators and Alumni, which, marshalled by Mr. Parsons of Halifax, marched into the Hall on Wednesday morning contrasted prosaically indeed with the white-robed host which with slow, artistic step had moved up the same stairways and aisle the evening before. President Trotter and other members of the Faculty occupied the centre of the platform, while members of the governing Board and the Senate with other Alumni and invited guests occupied the wings.

The college year just closed, it is gratifying to know, has been a successful one. The expenditure of some \$15,000 on the buildings has resulted in some important improvements, including the renovation of Chipman Hall and the introduction of a hot water heating system in the college building and in Chipman Hall, fitting up of laboratories, the improved seating of class rooms etc. In respect to the religious life of the College the Faculty report that, while there have been no special revival influence the interest of Christian students in things spiritual has been strong and a prayerful spirit has prevailed, especially during the second term of the year. The number of students in attendance at the college during the year was 117.

The members of the Graduating Class and the titles of their orations were as follows:

- Genius—Rosamond Mansfield Archibald, Windsor, (N. S.)
- The Expanding Sphere of Philanthropy—Gordon Harrington Baker, Wolfville, N. S.
- The Sphinx's Riddle—Roy Elliott Bates, Amherst, N. S.
- Industrial Competition—Harry Knight Bowes, Dorchester, N. S.
- Modern Culture—Carroll Phinney Charlton, Middleton, N. S.
- Conservation of Energy—Edmund Albern Crawley, Wolfville, N. S.
- Moral Education—Leonard Harris Crandall, Moncton, N. S.
- Science, Its Relation to the College Curriculum—John Howard Cunningham, Guysboro, N. S.
- Physical vs Artificial Education—Churchill DeBlois Denton, Rossway, N. S.
- Future of Japan—Connell Edward Avery DeWitt, Wolfville, N. S.
- The Higher Culture and National Life—Roderic Bernard Dexter, Wolfville, N. S.
- The Mission of Beauty—Louise McClelan Dunham, Canso, N. S.
- The History of Kings County—Brenton Haliburton Wellington Eaton, Dartmouth, N. S.
- Immortality in Poetry—Edith Rebecca Ells, Delhaven, N. S.
- Development of the Power of Niagara—Henry Read Emmerson, Dorchester, N. B.
- The coal fields of Canada—Lindsay Ernest Haines, Freeport, N. S.

The Triumph of the Christian Religion—Muriel Evelyn Haley, St. John, N. B.

Public Opinion and Politics—Ralph Wilbur Hibbert, Port Williams, N. S.

The Significance of Play in Education—John Walter Stewart Jones, Pownal, P. E. I.

The Function of the Prophet—Harry Benjamin Killam, Somerset, N. S.

Word Pictures—Elsie McNeill, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

University Settlements—Francis Wayland Pattison, Rochester, N. Y.

Prayer was offered by the Rev. H. F. Waring of Halifax.

The Class was represented on the platform by Messrs. Pattison, Jones, Crandall, Bates and Miss McNeill. All the speakers acquitted themselves creditably.

Mr. Pattison, who is a son of the late Dr. T. Harwood Pattison of Rochester, N. Y., whose recent death is widely lamented, had a good essay upon a subject with which, we understand, he is familiar through personal experience, and he delivered it in excellent form.

Mr. Jones discussed the significance of Play in Education in a way to indicate that he had devoted original thought to the subject.

Mr. Crandall's discussion of Moral Education dealt with a serious subject in an effective manner.

Miss McNeill's essay on Word Pictures, dealing with a certain phase of literary art, evinced native ability as well as familiarity with English poetry.

Of Mr. Bates' poem which will be found on our first page, nothing need be said here, except that it was very highly appreciated by those who heard it and will doubtless be equally so by the readers of the MESSANGER AND VISITOR.

In connection with the morning's programme two vocal solos were rendered by Mrs. Bret Black of Windsor, a graduate of Acadia Seminary. Mrs. Black's singing lent grace to the occasion and was very much enjoyed by the audience.

After the essayist had been heard, the Graduating Class retired and presently returned following Dr. S. B. Kempton who, in the time honored Latin formula, presented the members of the Class to the President and Faculty for the B. A. degree. The President, having announced in sonorous Latin, that it was the pleasure of the University to confer the degree, each member received his or her parchment as the class moved across the platform.

The following graduates received the degree of M. A. in course: Rev. A. C. Archibald '97, church history; Charles M. Baird '02, English and economics; Theodore Boggs '02, economics; Albert M. Boggs '03, English and philosophy; Levrett L. Chipman '03, economics; Etta G. Phillips '03, English and mental philosophy; Leonard L. Slipp '02, economics.

Mr. Albert B. Weymouth, M. A. (Harvard), was also admitted to the degree *ad eundem*.

President Trotter, announced that two honorary degrees had been conferred. Hon. H. R. Emmerson received the degree of D. C. L. and Rev. J. A. Gordon of Montreal the degree of D. D. These announcements were received with applause.

Five members of the Class received honor certificates for work in addition to the prescribed curriculum, as follows: R. E. Bates; Ralph W. Hibbert; Edith R. Ells and Elsie McNeill, honors in the Classics; J. H. Cunningham, honors in Mathematics. It should be said that as a condition for pursuing honor studies the student must make an average of 80 per cent. in the regular work for the first two years of the course.

It is customary for the President to give an address to the graduating class after they have received their degree, but this year, in order to save time for some remarks in connection with the Second Forward Movement which Dr. Trotter desired to make, the time honored custom of a formal address to the class was omitted, the President simply congratulating the class on their graduation, wishing them a fervent Godspeed on their way, assuring them that the College would not forget them and expressing his confidence that they would not forget their Alma Mater.

The prize-winners of the year were then announced as follows: The Northard and Lowe gold medal for highest general excellence during the last three years of the course, won by Miss Elsie McNeill of Charlottetown. The Governor-General's Gold Medal for second highest average during same three years, won by Roy E. Bates of Amherst. The Kerr Boyce Tupper medal for highest excellence in oratory, won by Gordon H. Baker, Wolfville. The Mrs. C. T. White prize of \$20 worth of books (set of Shakespeare 40 vols.) for highest excellence in English, won by Miss Edith Sterns of Charlottetown. The William Cummings prize of \$10 worth of books (a set of Browning) for second excellence in same subject, won by Miss Muriel E. Haley of St. John. The Elmona Curry Zwicker prize for highest excellency in Chemistry and Physics during the entire course, won by J. H. Cunningham, Guysboro.

The President announced that the class of 1904 had presented to the Physics department of the College for five years (1904-1908) the sum of \$50 annually. Dr. Trotter very heartily thanked the class for this generous gift on behalf of the College, and especially on behalf of Professor Haley of the department especially benefited.

* * The Story Page * *

Tom Bain's Grasshopper Barricade.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

No one whose memory reaches back to the early seventies will ever forget the dreadful year when the plague of grasshoppers passed over Kansas and parts of the adjoining States. Fair farms that lay covered with verdure at dawn, by sunset were guileless of vegetation as the sands of Sahara. Pasture lands, bearing on their bosoms almost unlimited food supply for flocks and herds, were robbed of their treasure in a few hours. Not even the towns escaped. Lawns were stripped and plants bared to the stalk, while men looked helplessly on, and women wrung their hands.

The worst damage was done while the grasshoppers were young. After their wings developed they would take an occasional flight, leaving spots here and there unvisited. Previous to that they marched straightforward, a mighty relentless army, leaving such devastation in their wake as the Kansas farmers had never dreamed of, though injured to trial by drought and food, the scorching, shivering winds of summer and the blizzard blasts of winter.

On one of the broad prairies of Western Kansas stood a cabin, surrounded by a small farm. Away to the north-south and east stretched the level land quite to the horizon, a white road threading its way past the front door and off into the dim blue distance.

A mile from the road to the west lay a belt of woods indicating the course of a little stream that wound its way merrily along under the thick cool shade. A thicket of undergrowth covered the ground—the accumulation of years. Wild grape-vines, dead and living, entwined the trunks and branches of the trees, and along the edge of the wood grew a tangle of wild blackberry briars in rank profusion. This strip of woodland, Tom and Tilda Bain from the cabin regarded as their private and particular property, and there was no one to dispute the claim.

Five miles from the nearest neighbor, and fifteen from a town, these two had learned to make companions of the wild things about them, and their leisure time was spent in this best-loved spot from early spring until November.

The Bains were honest, industrious people, but strive as they would they could not make more than a meager living. The temporary cabin, built years before, had become a permanent house, while the "big house" that had been the goal of their desires, seemed farther and farther in the misty future.

Mr. Bain had laid his plans for life, of dimensions fair and large, but everything he had attempted had like apples of Sodom, turned to ashes at his touch. Discouragement had followed many failures, and ambition had died before its withering breath. A dogged persistence kept him at his daily routine of work, but there was nothing left in his expectation beyond the supply of actual needs.

Mrs. Bain was a quiet, delicate woman who bore uncomplainingly her many trials, keeping through everything her boundless faith in "Andy," and able to take comfort from the happy future, sure to come.

Tom and Tilda—twins and inseparable companions—were the only children of the family. During the winter terms they had always attended the district school, three miles away, until at fifteen they had "graduated," having learned all their teacher knew.

One early June Sunday they talked things over—the failures—the gradual decline of their affairs—father's discouragement, and mother's poor health. They were over by the river, Tom lying full length on the moss and Tilda in her favorite grapevine swing. Suddenly the boy exclaimed, "so nothing's got to be done, Tilda. There's barely enough to eat and wear, and by the time the taxes are paid we'll be penniless for another year, even now when crops promise to be usually good. I want to go to the city and get a job. I know I can help out a lot, but father don't want me to and I can't bear to disobey him. I'm strong enough to make money, and I'm not afraid to work. Father could get on without me, for there's not so much to do as there used to be. And Sis, I'm going to have a better education, if I'm as old as Methuselah before I get it! I tell you something's got to be done and it looks as if I'm the one to do it." And Tom sat upright and squared his shoulders as if longing to begin. Tilda gazed at him admiringly—she was quite sure he could accomplish whatever he undertook. But before she could reply, the resounding tones of a horn woke the echoes. "That's mother something must be wrong!" exclaimed Tom, springing to his feet, and away they sped toward home.

"Father's taken bad with a chill," mother said as they ran into the dooryard. "Tiddy, beat me some water as quick as you can, and Tom, measure out some quinine. He won't let me leave him long enough to do a thing."

That was the beginning of the siege of malarial fever that well-nigh left the children fatherless, and the very next day came the news of the grasshoppers. They had heard of them and knew they were coming. Tom heard it from a man who was returning from town, where the talk was of nothing else, and the very air was full of excitement.

"There ain't a thing to do but to get still an' let the

pesky varmints eat you out of house and home," declared Mr. Jones, a vision of his own farm, the best in the country sharpening his speech.

"Can't you dig trenches or—or anything?" asked Tom with stiff lips.

"Not a thing—they're too many of 'em. Folks say they fill up the trenches in no time, and the one's behind walk over the bodies of them that's fell in, and you can't miss what's gone." And Mr. Jones groaned.

"When will they be here?" asked Tom with the calmness of despair.

"In a few days accordin' to the calculation of the wise-acres. How's your pa, Tom?"

"I'm afraid he's a pretty sick man, Mr. Jones. He's out of his head part of the time already, and if he gets wind of this grasshopper business, he'll go clear crazy."

"Pshaw, now, that's too bad. But what if you had three hundred and eighty acres of cultivated land instead of a garden patch, as you may say?"

"A fellow can't lose more than his all, sir," said Tom, sadly.

"It's the truth, 'onny. But we'll all be in the same boat by Fourth of July, I'm thinkin'. Well, I must move along. I hope for better news of your pa next time. Good bye."

Tom turned toward his "garden patch" with anguish in his gaze. How well everything had done this year. Timely and abundant rains had set things growing luxuriously and genial sunshine had done its best to second the good beginning. There was promise of food supply for family and animals for the winter—the young pig, if properly fattened, would furnish meat, and the cow, well nourished, meant milk and butter. If the grasshoppers come, as come they would, there would be nothing for any of them. The place would have to be mortgaged for money to live on, and there would never be money to redeem it. That had been tried too often before, and Tom had learned the lesson.

He walked between the rows of sweet potato vines—how proud he and father had been of their graceful, glossy leaves—the corn rustled near by, the fall cabbages were heading already, the—but his eyes smarted and stung with the bitter tears that blurred everything from his sight. How awful it was to be helpless—no one even to confide in but Tilda. Mother was anxious about father, and mustn't be worried as long as it could be avoided, and father was much to ill to go to for advice. "There must be something I can do. Oh, Lord, help me and show me how to get ahead of those grasshoppers," he prayed aloud. As if in answer to his request, there came a sudden thought. Quite overcome by the possibility it suggested he sat down on the chopping block to think. A half hour later he called Tilda out and together they laid their plan. That afternoon was spent in preparation. The old hayrack was put in order and fastened securely to the low wheels which had belonged to it in days gone by, where there were meadows to be mown and hay to haul to the mow. Saw and ax, rake and hedgeknife were cleaned and sharpened. Rose the old horse was bedded and fed early, to prepare for a good night's rest. Without doors Tilda baked bread and boiled meat, and churned and scrubbed, that the work for the rest of the week should be as light as possible. Tuesday morning they were ready at sunrise to set about their self-appointed task.

The days passed in quick succession, Mr. Bain tossing in fever and delirium, knew nothing of the threatened calamity.

His wife watching anxiously beside him, had no thought or care but for the sufferer; but Tom and Tilda, alert to the danger, worked early and late, bending every energy to the task of bringing from their beloved woodland the ammunition with which to defeat the expected enemy. With hands torn and scratched, and feet pierced with stones and brambles, they persevered day after day. A horseman passed one morning early, pausing long enough to say, "They're nearly here—they'll reach you before midnigh. May the Lord have mercy upon us all and save us from starvation."

Tom's heart beat fast as he pointed to his barricade.

"Will it be any good, sir?"

"What, that brush? Fire it, eh? And the trench inside for the ones that get through the fire. Bless my heart I'm not so sure that you are far wrong. The beasts are not flying yet. Good luck to you."

All around the place, at a safe distance from the boundary fence was piled a hedge of brush, brought from the woods. Dead grape-vines, dried blackberry briars, anything to make a quick blaze, with a foundation of larger branches and limbs, and trimming of greenwood, which would hold the fire.

Between brush and fence, across the east side from which direction the unwelcome visitors, were coming, was dug a shallow trench filled with last year's dried tumble weeds and with grass, which burns like tinder, gathered from a little ravine that cleft the surface of the prairie near the river.

"Everything's ready, mother; Sis and I will hold the fort while you pray for us," said Tom, kissing his mother as he spoke. Her lips trembled. "I'll do that, Tommy boy, and I believe God will hear me. I think maybe father's a shade better tonight."

"He ought to be, with such good nursing. Tom and I can help you more after the grasshoppers go," said Tilda, who had been confident of success from the first.

They spent the night watching Tom with his lighted lantern and a supply of matches; but it was not till dawn that they heard a peculiar rustling sound through the prairie grass, growing gradually louder, and then they saw the pale green host advancing, the grass blades falling before it as if cut by a mower's scythe.

"We can manage 'em, Sis. There's no wind to make our fire dangerous," said Tom, trembling with excitement. A moment later the brush began to crackle—a thin blue smoke curled upward, a tongue of flame shot after it—one, two, three, four—as Tom flew down the east line and Tilda down the north, firing the barricade as they ran.

All the long day they fought the enemy, but they came off conquerors at last. Tired, hungry, smoke-begrimed, and soot-blackened, they dragged their weary limbs into the house at last too happy to know a pain. "We saved the green stuff, mother; nearly every bit of it, and there's an even ten billion less hoppers to eat up other farms," declared Tom as his mother met them.

"That means that you've saved our home, and I believe your father's life. I've felt like complaining sometimes at the way things went, but I've found out to-day that I'm a rich woman, and if I can keep my husband and my two good children I'll never find fault again." Tears were rolling down the faded cheeks, but they were not tears of sorrow, and Tom wiped them away awkwardly with his smoky handkerchief, saying huskily, "I'm not much, mother but such as I am you can count on me through thick and thin."

"Me, too," put in Tilda.

It seemed as if that week of trial and endeavor was the turning point in the lives of the Bains. Their produce, what they had to spare, brought marvellous prices, owing to the scarcity of such commodities.

The story of the single-handed efforts of his children brought back, with returning health, something of the old spirit to Andy Bain, and times began to change for the better.

Years afterward, Tom a prosperous and intelligent man of affairs, said to his sister Tilda, then mistress of a charming home, "It was hard lines in the old days, sometimes, Sis; but it was worth all it cost. That week of effort for the dear old folks would have paid, even if we had failed in the end. I never knew what it meant to a fellow to overcome obstacles till we had conquered our ten billion grasshoppers, and it gave me an appetite for the difficulties that came later. I found out that if I had God on my side I was equal to anything."

"That is the secret of all success, Tom, dear," replied Tilda, smiling into her brother's strong, handsome face. "Mother says that 'one with God is always a majority'."

"Mother's right," was Tom's decided answer.—Journal and Messenger.

Margery Lane's Birthday.

BY EMMA V. WÖLZ.

It was such a pale, wistful face peering out from between the shabby curtains that Kathleen Thompson stopped for a moment to smile as she passed by the little brown house on her way to school. The sweet wan face smiled back at her and blue eyes filled with suffering looked into brown ones sparkling with health and happiness. Another moment and Kathleen had reached the door and turned the knob; but the story is best told in her own words as she related it to her mother after school.

"You see, mamma, it happened this way: I was in a hurry and so I took a short cut across Juniper street, and all of a sudden I saw a sick-looking little girl at a window. I smiled at her and she smiled at me, and then I tried the door, and she said, 'Come,' and, oh, mamma, she was sitting there all alone with a little dog curled upon her lap. She told me that Fido was all the company she has, for he mamma is away from morning till night working to get her little girl food and medicine."

And then Kathleen, who was a member of the Sunshine Society, put numerous questions to her mamma, with the result that next day all the members of the society met at Kathleen's home where the story of Margery Lane was retold—while wise little heads nodded approval as Kathleen unfolded her plan.

One day about a week after Kathleen's visit to Margery Lane, the postman left a tiny white envelope at the little brown house. Margery's fingers fairly trembled as she opened it, and when her mother returned that night from her day's labors a pair of thin little arms were clasped about her neck and a quivering voice told of the invitation to spend the next day at Kathleen's beautiful home on the hill. "And mamma they will send the carriage for me, and I may do just as I want all day long!" If her mother knew the secret back of it, she gave no outward token, yet long after Margery had fallen asleep Mrs. Lane sat thinking o'

the joy that was to come to her little girl next day through the kindness of her new friends.

"Hush, girls," Kathleen held up a warning finger as Margery's voice was heard, and softly the members of the Sunshine Society slipped from the room, but from their hiding place they caught a glimpse of Margery's face, as with outstretched arms she sobbed, "Oh, mamma, how pretty!"

For the bare little room of the early morning had taken on a new garb. From the dainty rose strewn paper on the wall to the pretty matting and rugs and the pictures, the happy eyes of Margery wandered to the softly cushioned wheel chair across which lay a red eider-down wrapper. As suddenly the sweet thrill of a canary was heard, Margery's eyes filled with tears. Again the little arms were placed about her mother's neck, while a tremulous voice whispered "Dear God, bless all the little girls of the Sunshine Society."—New York Observer.

A Discontented Man.

TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE BY MRS. R. P. BICKEL.

Once there was a man who quarried stones out of the mountain. His work was hard, he labored long, his wages were small, and contented he was not. He sighed over his hard lot, and cried out:

"O that I were rich, and could rest upon a couch with curtains of red silk!"

An angel came from Heaven and said: "As thou hast wished, so it shall be."

And he was rich and rested upon a couch with curtains of red silk.

The king of the country travelled and passed by where the man lay, and he saw that the king had an escort of soldiers, some riding before his chariot and others following, and servants held a golden parasol over the king's head.

Then the man was not contented, and sighed and cried out: "O that I were a king!"

And an angel came from Heaven and said: "As you have wished, so shall it be."

And he was a king. And before his chariot rode horsemen in gay apparel and others followed after him and servants held a parasol over his head to shield him from the sun.

But the sun sent forth its fierce rays so that the earth was parched, the grass withered, and the king was faint from the heat, and contented he was not, but sighed and cried out: "Would that I were the sun!"

And an angel came from Heaven and said: "As thou hast wished, so shall it be."

And he was the sun. And he sent forth his rays to the right and to the left—the flowers withered, the grass dried, the earth mourned, and princes were prostrated by the great heat.

But a fleecy cloud swept between the sun and the earth and lent its shower to revive the earth and everything upon it. And the sun had no power to overcome the cloud.

And the sun was angry and said: "This cloud is more powerful than I." And he was not contented, but cried, "O that I were the cloud!"

And an angel came from Heaven and said: "As thou hast wished, so shall it be."

And he was the cloud and swept between the sun and the earth and caught up the sun's rays, so that the earth was refreshed. The grass became green and the flowers bright.

But the cloud continued to pour down its rain until the rivers were swollen and overflowed their banks, carrying away flocks and herds and the habitations of men; and the torrents rushed against a mountain, but it remained firm and the water could not move it; then the cloud was angry and cried: "This mountain is stronger than I, would that I were the mountain!"

And an angel came from Heaven and said: "As thou hast desired, so shall it be."

And he was the mountain, and he moved not when the sun shone, and stood firm when the floods beat.

And a man came with a pick and a sharp chisel and a heavy hammer and quarried stones out of the mountain. And the mountain cried out: "What is this? This man is stronger than I. Would that I were this man who is so strong."

And an angel came from Heaven and said: "As thou hast wished, so shall it be."

And he was a man and quarried stones out of the mountain. His work was hard and he labored long, and his wages were very small.

And he was contented.—Watchman.

Contentment

Walking one morning after a heavy snow, I overtook a colored brother whose coat was much the worse for wear, but he sang such a glad song as he trudged through the snow that I could not forbear saying, "You seem to be happy."

"Always happy, Boss."

"Don't you ever worry?"

"No sah; got a good place to sleep—nuf to eat and good white folks for friends."

"How about money?"

"Don't want much, Boss. All de rich men what I work for never smiles."

God pity all who bargain "contentment" for wealth and ambition—who, burdened with the care of it all, never smile.—Ford's Christian Repository.

The Young People

EDITOR

A. T. DYKEMAN

All articles for this department should be sent to Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Fairville, N. B., and must be in his hands one week at least before the date of publication. On account of limited space, all articles must necessarily be short.

Officers.

President, Rev. H. H. Roach, St. John, N. B.
Sec.-Treas., Rev. G. A. Lawson, Bass River, N. S.

Our Aim

"Culture for Service."
"We study that we may serve."

Missionary Freeman's Salary.

In "MESSENGER AND VISITOR" of May 11th, the Cor. Sec'y. of the Tabernacle Young People's Union of Halifax says, "The Union proposes to contribute toward the B. Y. P. U. missionary this year." Since then the matter has been brought before their Union, and they have pledged fifty dollars for that grand purpose. We will be glad to hear from others.

From India.

Our Missionary Freeman in writing to the Secretary of the Foreign Mission Board, says, "I passed my second examination in Telugu March 15th and 16th. I have been over more than half of the third examination work since that time. The difficult part of the work for me, is to understand the mongrel dialect the uneducated speak, and to follow the others who talk rapidly.

When it comes to reading the carelessly written Telugu letters, I am in despair; but what others have done can be done again, and I trust before my head is gray, I shall be able both to understand and to be understood. We have some fine boys in Bimli School now, who I trust will become soul-winners."

We hope soon to have letters direct from Bro. Freeman.

Prayer Meeting Topic—June 12th.

"What must I do to become a Disciple of Christ."—Matt. 16: 24-26, John 13: 33-35.

Home Readings.

Monday—Need of Constancy. John 8: 28-32.
Tuesday.—Readiness for Persecution. Matt. 10: 16-25.
Wednesday.—Not for Worldly Gain. Acts 8: 9-24.
Thursday.—Abiding in Christ. John 15: 1-8.
Friday.—Helping Christ to Help Others. Mark 8: 1-9.
Saturday.—Some Important Tests. James 1: 19-27.
Sunday.—A Blessed Fellowship. 1 John 1: 1-10.

Christ came to a world of men with habits fixed and inclined to sin. Their prejudices were strong, and their enthralment complete.

I. Let us look at a few of the world forces which swayed their lives, controlled their thinking and led captive their wills.

(1) They were subject to ambitious pride. (Luke 9: 46)
(2) They were ignorant of the purpose of Christ, and of their own needs. (Matt. 16: 22.) Even Peter, one of the foremost, did not understand his Lord.

(3) They were disposed to selfish gain (Matt. 16: 26.) Nothing less than the whole world would satisfy them.
(4) They knew nothing of the consuming passion of love for their Lord, and of submission to his will. They knew nothing of where, why or how to follow the Son of God.

II. We, of this generation, are like those of that age. We have to be convinced that there is a better life than the one we live. Christ comes to offer us something better. All of his teachings and acts are to lead us on to know him, to convince us and to impress us with his infinite love, care and power; to show us that God is a Father, a Brother, a Comforter, and Lord. They who first grasped the easy principles of this teaching, confessed him. (Matt. 16: 16.) To such came the enlarged revelation of the Transfiguration, and of the direct teaching of Jesus Christ, which plainly told them what they could expect, and how earnestly they must persevere. (Luke 9: 57-62.)

III. Our lesson brings to us the fact that Christ demands of us a complete surrender and a perfect service. We must deny ourselves, take up our cross and follow him. To accomplish this, Christ in his person, acts, and teachings, supplies to our impressive senses, tangible proofs of his love, purpose and power, and through his death and resurrection has brought life and immortality to light, and does ever impress upon the willing mind the all-compelling consciousness that he is Saviour and Lord. It is this con-

sciousness that changed the disciples from shrinking men to heroic disciples. The same consciousness will change us.

IV. Conclusion: To become therefore a disciple of Christ, we must repent, turn from sin unto God. We must see and be conscious of this personal Christ, so as to be able, for his sake, to renounce self, take up our cross, and follow him. In doing this Christ's work of restoration and redemption will go on so rapidly, that with gladness and humility of heart, we each will say, "My Lord and my God."

H. H. ROACH.

St. John, May 26th.

From our President.

Fellow Unioners:—Our Organizer, Rev. A. T. Robinson, who is in the field in the interests of our Maritime B. Y. P. U. branches of the Industrial Guild, writes that he is meeting with good success. His success proves the wisdom of this movement, and demonstrates its popularity. There is nothing like being alive. This first step was taken to experiment, but it is proving to be more than an experiment, as the testimonials which we receive would indicate. We trust that all the Guilds organized will do their utmost to carry this matter through to the end of the season, and that when we come to count the proceeds in the fall we will be well satisfied to know that from our own showing there will be realized some 40, some 60, and some a hundredfold.

Why can we not have a rousing associational rally in every association in the three Provinces? Let the work of our C. C. Courses be taken up, together with our mission enterprise, that is the raising of a salary of a missionary, and the extension of the work of the Industrial Guild. I would urge every Pastor and B. Y. P. U. President to cooperate with the Executive of the Maritime B. Y. P. U., and make the Associational Rallies a success. Will you not do your best?

Mr. T. E. Clay, transportation leader for N. S., Mr. John Gordon of Charlottetown, leader for P. E. I., and W. J. MacAlary, leader for N. B., report quite a number of delegates going to the Detroit Convention, July 7th and 10th. They expect to leave the first of that week, and stop over at Montreal and Toronto on the way, and at Niagara and Ottawa on return, as they will probably be in session at that date. Many will be glad to avail themselves of the privilege of visiting the seat of our national Government, while parliament is in session, and no doubt some will be visiting the St. Louis Fair. Remember round trip tickets are \$23.50 from points in New Brunswick. From St. John \$23.50, from Halifax \$26.50, from Sydney \$30.70. From Detroit to St. Louis \$7.50. Our transportation leaders are trying to arrange to have a through train to take our party. We hope to hear more definitely from them shortly. All aboard for Detroit. YOUR PRESIDENT.

Fellowship With Jesus.

Is life of unbroken fellowship with the Son of God attainable in this life? If the Lord himself will keep the soul night and day, then surely the uninterrupted communion with Jesus becomes a blessed possibility to those who can trust God. Think of a father separated for a time from home that he may secure for his loved ones what they need. There may be hours of intense occupation, when he has not a moment to think of his home, yet his love is as real and as deep as when he can call up its image. So everlasting love may take and keep possession of our spirits, that we shall never for a moment lose the sacred consciousness. We are in Christ, kept in him by his almighty power.—Andrew Murray

What is Religion?

Religion is simply the laying of life—each thing and thought of life as it comes—down before the Lord. Sorrow, anguish, fear, anxiety; repentance, renunciation of evil, longing for cleansing and absolution; hope, motive, purpose, pleasure, success; little common annoyances or satisfactions—everything—laid open before him, to help or heal, to use, to sanctify with the divine sympathy and permission—his gladness to be acknowledged in our gladness, his pity in our pain, his commandment in our wish and intent.—A. D. T. Whitney.

Walking in the Spirit.

"Walk in the Spirit," is the direction of the apostle. But that walking is the difficulty, so very hard it often is. But always the Spirit does wait on those who are willing to walk by it; and to him who does walk in the Holy Spirit all outward things are spiritual helps, and the Spirit of God makes itself felt not only from within us, but also by things that border our paths, meet us in our walks, or are present in our homes, through words tenderly and wisely spoken, and through the ongoing of time as it enlightens and changes us.—Mountford.

Foreign Missions

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address Mrs. J. W. Manning, 340 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JUNE.

Bimlipitam its missionaries and native Christians that the boys in the school may accept of Christ. That consecrated Bible women may be called into service. That a great blessing may rest upon all the associations and that in the Home Mission fields of our Provinces many a soul may be won to Christ.

Notice

Meetings of the W. M. A. S. will be held at the following occasions: Western, N. S., at Ohio, Yarmouth Co., N. S., Central at Tremont Kings Co., N. B., Western Centreville, Carleton Co., P. E. I. at East Point. Delegates from W. M. A. S. and Mission Bands should be present with reports. It is expected that our returned missionaries will attend these meetings and we hope a large number will be present and a great blessing received.

Dear Friends:—I have been thinking of writing to you for some time but a favorable opportunity did not seem to present itself. Perhaps a few words about my new home and the work would not be amiss.

At our conference in Jan. it was voted that I be transferred to Bimlipitam and that Miss M. Clark be located in Tekkali. She arrived there about the 1st of February and I began to make preparations to move. Moving is hard enough at the best of times but in India it is especially hard. It is something like a general house-cleaning in the month of August would be in the home land. However there is an end to everything and at last the boxes were all packed and everything was ready for the bundies. The distance from Tekkali to Bimlipitam by road is eighty miles. The bundy men were called and asked to see about taking the baggage to Bimlipitam such a time! They declared the distance was at least ninety miles—perhaps more. Then they declared that more bundies would be required. They are allowed so much per mile per bundy. Finally, when I insisted that the distance was just eighty miles and positively refused to have more bundies than were necessary they declared that they would not go a step of the way unless they got a good present in addition to their regular pay. I refused their demand, they hung around the house for some time but finally took their departure. A new lot came. They talked and disputed and tried to extort all they could but at last came to terms. How I longed for the civilization of the home land, where all you have to do is to call a truck man and have your goods conveyed where you wish them without any trouble or uproar and without the least danger of having the eyes cheated out of your head.

When the bundy men had been brought to terms the work of loading began. These people have no idea of what it means to speak gently or to treat one another with anything that borders on politeness. They storm and shout at one another as though they were in a towering rage. When you inquire what the trouble is about and why they are so angry they look amazed and say "nothing." We are just working that is all. It is rather hard on the head to have to listen to them. At last everything was securely fastened on the bundies and it began to look as though my worldly goods were in a fair way towards being conveyed to Bimlipitam. I was indeed thankful. A day or so afterwards I said good-bye to Miss Clark and the Christians and left Tekkali for my new home. A few days were spent in Chien-ole with the friends there. Then the journey was resumed. The next place stopped at was Vizianagram. All the missionaries at that station with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. Glendinning were on foot. A few days were spent very pleasantly with the Moncton friends. As I was somewhat tired with packing, moving, etc., I just rested and talked; both of which were enjoyable.

The distance from Vizianagram to Bimlipitam is about sixteen miles. There is no railroad, you can have your choice of four ways of locomotion, viz., walk, go on your bicycle, if you have one, ride in an ox bundy or in jin-riekshan drawn by coolies. I chose the last named way. The scenery as you pass along is very pretty. For some distance the road is lined with palms. Then you come to magnificent Mango trees. This is a very choice Indian fruit. After a drive of four hours I reached my new home, I was glad enough to get to it and to see the friendly faces of the missionaries.

The month of March passed quickly and pleasantly. The first week in April we were obliged to say fare-well to Mr. and Mrs. Gullison. For our own sakes and for the sake of the Christians and of the work in general we were very, very sorry to see them go but for their

sakes we rejoiced. We recognized the fact that it was absolutely necessary for them to leave this land of India for a while and see what the home land would do for them. We trust that their sojourn there will be in every respect most enjoyable and that before very long we will have them with us again in better health and ready to resume the work that is so dear to their hearts. It is impossible for any one who has not tried it to realize what a hold the work takes on one nor how hard it is to lay it down especially when the great need meets you on every side; but the Master asks His servants to do it just as surely as he asked them to take it up in the first place.

And now just a few words about the work here in which Miss Newcombe and I expect to be engaged during the coming months. As you know the Central boys' school for the mission is established at Bimlipitam. This is open to Christian boys from any of our stations. There they will receive an education about equal to that which they would get in grades 8 and 9 at home.

(continued next week.)

The many friends of our mission work in India will be glad to learn that Rev. H. Y. Corey and family and Rev. R. E. Gullison and Mrs. Gullison have arrived in this country on furlough. Mr. and Mrs. Corey have been in India since 1894. They will reside for the present with Mrs. Corey's parents at Lennant's Harbor, Maine. Mr. and Mrs. Gullison have been in India since 1896, and will make their home at Beaver River, N. S. It is expected that these brethren will be present at our Associations, Mr. Corey in New Brunswick and Mr. Gullison in Nova Scotia. One or the other will be present at the P. E. I. Association.

That these brethren will receive a warm welcome from the pastors and brethren whom they may meet while on furlough is certain. It is hoped that the invigorating air of the homeland may do for them what it has done for others who have been broken in health by the debilitating Indian climate. We give these faithful missionaries a most cordial welcome to our homes and our churches.

Editorial Notes.

—From a note which appears elsewhere from the secretary of the F. M. Board, it will be learned that two of our missionary families are now home from India on furlough. We heartily join, as we are sure our readers all will do, with the Secretary and the F. M. Board in bidding Brother and Sister Corey and Brother and Sister Gullison a glad welcome back to their native land.

—In order to give the extended report of the anniversary exercises at Wolfville, which we believed our readers generally would desire to have, it has been necessary to devote much less space this week than usual to editorial matter. It is gratifying to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR to be able to give so favorable a report of the work of our denominational schools for the year and of the outlook for the future. We trust that with an enlargement of material resources there may continue to be, as in the past, that faith and devotion to Christian ideals essential to the highest success.

—The Presbyterian General Assembly of Canada met in its thirtieth annual session on Wednesday of last week in St. Andrews church, St. John. The Assembly chose as its presiding officer for the year Rev. G. M. Miligan, D. D., LL. D., of Toronto. The Assembly has brought together a large number of men who, both in native ability and scholarship, are certainly fully equal to any body of men who could be found at any regular church assembly in Canada. It is unnecessary to say that many important subjects connected with the work of the Presbyterian church in Canada are being discussed with great ability. Baptists, with all Christians, must rejoice that Presbyterianism is today so powerful a force for good in this country. Some of the public meetings have been of great interest, and the congregations—Methodist and Baptists as well as Presbyterian—which listened to the Assembly's ministers on Sunday enjoyed a feast. The sessions of the Assembly will continue through the greater part of the present week. We regret that, owing to the crowded condition of our columns, it is not practicable in this issue to make any more extended note of the proceedings.

—The reports from the war in the Far East during the past week do not show that any especially important events have taken place. The Japanese are reported to have made another attempt to close the entrance to Port Arthur, which however proved unsuccessful. It is believed that a passage sufficient for a vessel of considerable size still remains open. One of Japan's five battle ships, the Fuji, is reported to be on a reef. The loss of the ship would be serious for Japan. Early in the week skirmishing was reported at Kaiping, to the southward of Niu-Chwang. The Russians assert that the Japanese lost two hundred men. General Kuroki is reported to be advancing up the Ai river in the direction of Liaoyang. The re-

ports as to the sanguinary and decisive character of the battle of Naushan hill, reported last week, are confirmed. The Russians were completely driven from their strongly entrenched position, with the loss of their artillery and of many men, but the Japanese suffered very heavily before they were able to dislodge the enemy. A Tokio despatch places the total of the Japanese casualties in the battle at 4,304, divided as follows: Thirty-one officers, including one major and five sergeant-majors, and 713 non-commissioned officers and men killed; 100 officers, including one colonel, one major and twelve sergeant-majors, and 3,460 non-commissioned officers and men wounded. The Russian loss according to General Stoessel's report was 27 officers and 800 men killed or wounded. Some reports however, place the Russian loss much higher. The Russians are understood to have withdrawn hurriedly from Dalny and Falien-wan after the battle of Kin Chou. The piers at Dalny at which large guns could be landed are reported to have been destroyed some time ago and the docks blocked with sunken vessels. A report to the effect that the Czar has ordered General Keeropatkin to march with 40,000 men to the relief of Port Arthur is, as a matter of course, discredited. Recent despatches from St. Petersburg seem to indicate that the Russian public is being prepared to hear of the fall of Port Arthur and the withdrawal of General Keeropatkin's head-quarters to Harbin. The latest despatches indicate that the Japanese are drawing closer to Port Arthur and news of an attack upon the outer defences of the city may be received at any time. It is reported that the Japanese General Keeroki has been ill with typhoid fever, which may account for the fact that the movements of the forces under his command has not been so aggressive as was expected. There are reports of some recent skirmishing in which the advantage rested with the Japanese. Four thousand Russians are said to have attacked 1500 Japanese who held a position near Wafang-tien. The Russians are reported to have been repulsed with a loss of 200 killed and 400 wounded, the Japanese losing 100.

ACADIA ANNIVERSARY.

Continued from page 5.

In reference to the Forward Movement enterprise by which it is hoped by January 1, 1908 to have added \$200,000 to the resources of Acadia, President Trotter spoke at some length and in highly encouraging terms. He said that about \$54,000 had now been pledged by scarcely more than a hundred individuals and he hoped by the time the Convention should meet in Toronto to be able to report \$65,000. The \$108,000 which the friends of the College were being asked to raise would not indeed be raised without a vigorous, united effort, but he had every confidence that by January 1, 1908, it would be done. And as Mr. Rockefeller had agreed to duplicate every dollar thus raised, our raising \$100,000 would mean an addition of \$200,000 to the resources of the College. Dr. Trotter went on to speak of certain provisions which were being made through modifications of the curriculum to meet the requirements of students who desired later to pursue a course of study in applied science. These provisions, it is expected, Dr. Trotter will explain more fully in an article to appear shortly in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

At this stage the President called upon Hon. Mr. Emerson, of whose services to the College he spoke in appreciative terms for a speech. Mr. Emerson responded in a brief speech, thanking the College for the honor just conferred upon him and speaking of the greatness of the heritage which young Canadians had in their native country. He closed by offering a prize of \$25.00 to be open to the competition of all students of the College, Seminary and Academy, for the best essay on The Best Means of Promoting Transportation Facilities in Canada.

Hon. J. W. Longley who was also on the platform was called upon for a speech, and responded in a characteristically racy vein which made the audience forget its weariness. The exercises of a very pleasant and successful anniversary were then brought to a close by the singing of the National Anthem.

The Conversazione in the evening afforded an opportunity, of which a large number of the visiting and resident friends of the College took advantage, to meet the Professors and their wives and to spend an hour or two in pleasant social intercourse.

The Sports of the Campus.

The sports on the Campus Monday afternoon were of an interesting character and attracted a large number of visitors. Following are the results of the contests:

100 yards running, E. L. Lewis and Joe Howe equalling 10 1-5 sec.
 Runner's High Jump by Howe, 5ft. 5in.
 16lb Hammer Throw, J. W. Jones, 115ft. 4in.
 2nd D. H. Wilster, 78 in.
 Running Broad Jump, 1st Howe, 20ft. 9 1/2 in.
 2nd, Jones, 19ft.
 220 yds dash, 1st, Howe, 2nd, Lewis, 24 sec.
 16 lb Shot Push Jones D. Denton, 37ft. 3in.
 1/4 mile run, Rolf Trimble.
 Pole Vault by Lewis, 8ft. 8in.
 1/2 mile run, 1st, Howe, Lewis, 57 sec.
 1 mile run, Denton, 5min. 23sec.
 120 High Hurdles, 1st, Howe, 2nd, Jones, 18sec.

Notices.

OUR TWENTIETH CENTURY FUND, \$50,000.

Foreign Missions, India, \$25,000; Home Missions, Maritime, \$10,000; North West Missions, \$8,000; Grand Ligne Missions, \$5,000; British Columbia Missions, \$2,000; Treasurer for Nova Scotia.

Rev. J. H. BARSS, Wolfville, N. S. Treasurer for New Brunswick and P. E. Island.

Rev. J. W. MANNING, St. John, N. B. Field Secretary.

Rev. H. F. ADAMS, Wolfville, N. S.

Will all subscribers sending money to Treasurers, kindly write the INITIALS and names they wrote on their pledges, also the county they live in. This will save much time.

Will all pastors and other persons holding pledges of churches, please send them to the Field Secretary, retaining a list of such, for their own use.

CARLETON AND VICTORIA QUARTERLY.

The above named Quarterly will convene with the Florenceville Baptist church on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 14th and 15th. W. H. SMITH, Secy.

N. S. WESTERN ASSOCIATIONAL B. Y. P. U.

The annual gathering of the N. S. Western Associational B. Y. P. U. will be held at Ohio, Yarmouth county, Friday evening, June 17th. The meeting will be addressed by the President and by Rev. W. B. Bezanson of North Brookfield, and by Rev. H. G. Colpitts of Middleton.

WARD FISHER, Secretary.

N. S. WESTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The 54th. annual session of the N. S. Western Baptist Association will convene with the North Temple Baptist Church, Ohio, Yarmouth County on June 18th, at 10 a. m. Announcement of travelling arrangements in this connection will appear later.

H. B. SLOAT ass't. clerk.

N. S. BAPTIST CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The Nova Scotia Baptist Central Association will convene at Tremont, June 21-22. Our railway station is Kingston on D. A. R. Standard certificates must be procured when buying ticket, which when signed by Secretary of Association will give a free return. Delegates travelling over H. & S. W. railway will procure tickets to Middleton, then from Middleton to Kingston. Tickets good to return until June 27th.

J. A. HUNTLEY, Chairman Com. Arrangement.

N. B. WESTERN ASSOCIATION.

The Western N. B. Association will convene with the Centreville Baptist church, Carleton Co., June 24th, first session 10 a. m. An interesting program is being arranged. Will delegates kindly send their names to the undersigned as soon as possible. Address Centreville, N. B.

B. S. FREEMAN, Clk. of W. N. B. Asso.

N. S. CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The N. S. Central Association will convene with the Lower Aylesford church at Tremont the "first Tuesday after the third Saturday in June," at 10 o'clock, a. m. See Year Book, page 156.

H. B. SMITH, Sec'y.

P. E. I. BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The 37th annual meeting of the P. E. Island Baptist Association will be held with the East Point Church commencing on Friday, July 1st at 6 o'clock p. m. All letters from the churches to be sent to the Secretary not later than the 20th day of June.

ARTHUR SIMPSON, Secretary.

Bay View, 14th May, 1904.

N. S. EASTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

The Nova Scotia Eastern Baptist Association will convene at Canso, July 8th.

If ten or more delegates travel on the Intercolonial Railway to Mulgrave, and secure a certificate at the starting point, they will be entitled to free return tickets, on presenting these certificates, properly signed by the secretary of the Association to the Ticket Agent at Mulgrave.

If less than ten certificates are presented,

the holders will pay half first class fare for return tickets.

The steamer John L. Cann makes daily trips between Mulgrave and Canso.

T. B. LAYTON, Secretary.

Truro, N. S.

NEW BRUNSWICK EASTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

This Association meets this year at Sackville on July 16th, 17th and 18th. I have this day mailed some blank reports to the Clerks of the Churches of this Association, which I trust will be filled out and returned to before the 1st of July next. The usual Railway arrangements have been made. Delegates who have purchased first class tickets going will be entitled to return tickets free. Those travelling over the I. C. R. and Salisbury and Harvey R.R. will please secure Standard Certificate starting point. The ferry at Dorchester Cape will give one fare rate.

F. W. EMERSON, Clerk of said Association.

Moncton N. B., May 26th, 1904.

DELEGATES TO MARITIME CONVENTION.

TRURO, N. S., AUGUST 20TH, 1904.

The Committee of Entertainment requests: (1) The Delegates be appointed at the July Conference meeting of the church desiring representation. (See Year Book, Page 9, Article 2.)

(2) That the names of all delegates desiring entertainment be sent in not later than August 1st. The Committee of entertainment cannot be responsible for providing entertainment for any delegates whose names are received after that date. This is positive.

(3) That delegates desiring entertainment forward their credentials of appointment, signed by Church Clerk or Pastor, with application, in order that the Committee may have authority to place names on the list.

(4) That delegates to the Maritime W. M. A. S., who expect the Committee to provide free entertainment for them, be appointed as regular delegates by their churches.

(5) That those desiring hotel or boarding house accommodation advise the committee not later than August 1st. Rates will run from 75 cts. to \$2 a day. Delegates applying for such accommodation should state what they are willing to pay.

Postal cards with instructions and location will be sent to all whose names arrive in time. In case a delegate is appointed or located, who afterwards decides not to come he will please notify the undersigned at once.

On behalf of the Committee of Entertainment.

W. P. KING, Chairman.

N. S. WESTERN BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.

TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway, the Halifax and South Western Railway (formerly N. S. Central), the South Shore Steamship Lines (Str. Seniac) will issue tickets on certificate plan, if ten or more travels by each line.

The purchaser of ticket, after paying first class fare for "going journey," will at the same time secure a Standard Certificate, which after being signed by Clerk of Association will be honored at Ohio Station and insure a free return.

The Halifax and Yarmouth line makes no reductions in this connection.

H. B. SLOAT, ass't. Clerk.

GUYSBORO WEST DISTRICT ASSOCIATION.

The Guysboro West District Association met at Port Hilford on May 24. In the evening Brother A. Horwood preached from John 5: 39—"Search the Scriptures." Next day an enjoyable time was spent at each of the sessions. The people turned out well especially in the evening, when addresses were given by a number of the brethren representing the different churches. Before leaving for our homes we had the pleasure of listening to a sermon by Brother Warren, which we all enjoyed. The good people who entertained us were extremely kind and we shall be glad to visit them again whenever convenient.

AUBREY HORWOOD, Secretary.

QUEENS CO. QUARTERLY.

Greenfield, fittingly named and aglow with the bloom of extensive orchards, was the Mecca of the Baptist hosts of Queens Co. on Monday, May 30th.

The first session was called to order by the Secretary, Rev. H. B. Sloat at 7.30 p. m. in the remodelled and bountiful auditorium of the church.

After the ordinary opening exercises,

Only a Tea Kettle of Hot Water



is needed with Surprise Soap

Don't boil or scald the clothes. It isn't necessary. The clothes come out of the wash clear white, perfectly washed. The dirt drops out, is not rubbed in.

Child's Play of Wash Day.

Use Surprise the ordinary way if you wish but we recommend a little Surprise way.

Read the directions on the wrapper. Surprise is a pure hard Soap.



HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

REGULATIONS

Any unnumbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting s and 36, which has not been homesteaded or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires so may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the local agent for the district in which the land is situated, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10.00 is charged for a homestead entry.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry under the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent, counter-signed in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township, or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of clauses (2) (3) or (4) must cultivate thirty acres of his homestead, or substitute twenty head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have between 50 acres substantially fenced.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead act is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

Should be made at the end of the three years before the Local Agent, sub-agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

JAMES A. SMARR,

Deputy Minister of the Interior. H. B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private land in Canada.

Pastor W. B. Bezanson gave a soul-stirring address on Church Responsibility in Missionary endeavor. He was followed by Pastor W. B. Crowell of Liverpool. This evening service was palpitant with the missionary spirit which was to manifest itself so striking during the following day.

The Tuesday morning session was begun with a social service led by Pastor H. B. Sloat. The very cordial address of welcome was given by Brother Samuel Freeman, and fittingly responded to by the temporary chairman. The report of the Nominating Committee was adopted, and these are the officers for the new year: President, Rev. H. B. Sloat; 1st Vice-President, Rev. W. B. Bezanson; 2nd Vice-President, Brother S. H. Freeman; Secretary-Treasurer, Rev. W. B. Crowell. Ex-Committee, A. Morton, E. Hiltz and James Nickerson.

The reports from the churches showed 31 additions to the Milton church and 4 to the Liverpool church. The enrollment showed that 50 delegates were present.

Pastor George H. Beaman of the Lunenburg Quarterly conducted a spiritual prayer service at the beginning of the afternoon service. Then followed an address of systematic beneficence by Pastor W. B. Crowell. After discussion upon the condition of the Denominational Fund, the meeting was given over to the Women's Mission Aid Society. Reports were received from four societies and eight Mission Bands. These reports revealed a very encouraging condition in the societies.

Then followed the hour given to the B. Y. P. U. Delegates were present, who had been sent to consider plans for the support of Rev. S. C. Freeman, a Queens County boy now on the foreign field. Two societies were reported as striving to raise \$25 each. Then followed a very animated discussion of projects having in view the support of our brother. Pastor W. B. Crowell moved that pledges be circulated in the evening meeting for this purpose and that Queens County endeavor to have a pastor at large on the foreign field in the person of Brother Freeman.

The evening service was entirely in the hands of Pastor W. B. Crowell. After pledges were circulated and collected—it was found that \$39.67, in addition to what the B. Y. P. U.'s will do, was pledged, he preached to a crowded house from John 10: 10. After a most enthusiastic testimony meeting, two rose for prayers. The benediction was pronounced by the president H. B. Sloat, and thus closed one of the most helpful and spiritual sessions of the Quarterly Conference. W. B. CROWELL, Sec'y Treas.

NATURE'S CURE FOR CHILDREN.

Soothing medicines, opiates and strong drugs should never be given to little children any doctor will tell you this. Baby's Own Tablets should be used because they cannot harm the smallest, weakest infant. These tablets instantly relieve and promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, prevent croup, destroy worms and allay the irritation accompanying the cutting of teeth. Thousands of mothers say they are the best medicine in the world; one of these Mrs R. Sculland, Cala'ogie, Ont., writes:—"I have tried many remedies for children but Baby's Own Tablets is the best I have ever used I have been giving them occasionally to my child since he was six months old. They have always kept him well he is a big healthy baby." All medicine dealers sell these tablets or you can get them postpaid at 25 cents a box by writing to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Brockville, Ont.

Save your Horse

BY USING
**FELLOWS'
LEEMING'S
ESSENCE.**

IT CURES

Spavins, Kingbones,
Curbs, Splints, Sprains,
Bruises, Slips, Swellings
and Stiff Joints on Horses.
Recommended by prominent Horsemen
throughout the country.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

T. B. BARKER & SONS, LTD
ST. JOHN, N. B., Sole Props.

Sore Throat!

Don't delay; serious bronchial trouble or diphtheria may develop. The only safe way is to apply

Painkiller

a remedy you can depend upon. Wrap the throat with a cloth wet in it before retiring, and it will be well in the morning.

There is only one Painkiller,
"PERRY DAVIS."

BRITISH



TROOP OIL LINIMENT

FOR

Spavins, Strains, Cuts, Wounds, Ulcers,
Open Sores, Bruises, Stiff Joints, Bites and
Stings of Insects, Coughs, Colds, Contracted
Cords, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bronchitis,
Croup, Sore Throat, Quinsey, Whooping
Cough and all Painful Swellings.

A LARGE BOTTLE. 25c.

CONSIDER

Why it is that three students of other schools doing similar work, have applied to us to secure their employment. It is simply this: They find that maritime qualification is the standard in most offices.

MORAL:

Attend our school and get a good training.

KAULBACH & SCHURMAN,
Chartered Accountants.
MARITIME BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Halifax, N. S.

Beware

of the fact that

White Wave

disinfects your clothes
and prevents disease

**INDIGESTION
CONQUERED BY K. D. C.**
IT RESTORES THE STOMACH
TO HEALTHY ACTION AND TONIC FOODS

The Home

ROUND ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Keep lemons in a sealed jar to prevent their spoiling.

Stoves or any other iron utensils can be kept from rusting when not in use by rubbing them over with a cloth moistened with kerosene.

A mucilage that proves satisfactory is made of equal parts of gum arabic and gum tragacanth dissolved in sufficient water to make a thick paste.

Orange Blanc-Mange.—Cook in a double boiler one quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs, one-half cupful of sugar, and three tablespoons of cornstarch made smooth with cold water. When stiff and clear pour over a half-dozen sliced oranges in the bottom of a glass dish. Whip stiff the whites of three eggs, add a tablespoonful of the sugar and spread over the top. Brown slightly in the oven, then set in a cool place until chilled.—Ex.

ARTISTIC FURNISHINGS.

"I'm sure I don't know why people should say I have good taste," said the owner of a hospitable suburban home that had long been a Mecca for those of city and country alike who were so fortunate as to enjoy its privileges, and quoted in a contemporary. "I've never bothered my head about it. Things just seem to settle down into the rooms along with the family and their wants and wishes. It looks just like any simple, plain, homely old place to me."

In this remark the author of the tastefulness in question unconsciously touched its secret. She was a woman of refinement, and red and yellow chintzes, wax flowers and crocheted tidies naturally did not come within her horizon. Also, she did not bother her head about what "they" were using now or what "they" said was "artistic" or "the thing." It did not occur to her to purchase a Russian sled, a Bengal tiger skin, and a Tuscan urn as adjuncts of an artificial "cozy corner." All the corners in her many-roomed home seemed cozy because they had been let alone.

The "eternal fitness of things" is a much better guide to house furnishing than the special department in the last fashion magazine. One of the crying abuses of modern houses is the use of so-called ornaments. A peasant cottage in Brittany possesses more real beauty and exhibits more true taste than many a "mansion" of the wealthy. Few of the poor have the courage of their poverty, but must perforce overcrowd mantel and shelf and stand with flimsy knickknacks of no earthly use, and which even the most perverted taste cannot pronounce beautiful. The supreme test of the perfection of a room is: Is it comfortable, homelike, livable? No bric-a-brac shop can be that. Even an ignorant and tasteless nature feels the subtle influence of harmonizing colors and really beautiful and simple lines and accessories.—Ex.

RECEIPTS.

Creamed Peas in Potato Border.—An attractive dish made from nicely mashed seasoned potatoes. Shape the potatoes on a serving dish in form of a mold with an opening in the center. Fill the center with creamed peas and set under burner in boiling oven for a moment to brown potatoes delicately.

Potato Salad.—Slice cold boiled potatoes one-quarter of an inch thick; mix with cold boiled fish flaked fine, or with finely cut cold meat. Pour over this salad dressing. Mix six tablespoonfuls of melted butter, six of cream or rich milk, one of salt, and one-quarter of a teaspoonful each of black pepper and mustard with one cupful of vinegar. Let boil, add two raw eggs, beaten to a foam. Remove at once from the fire, beat for five minutes, and when cold turn over the salad.—Millie Lawn Hope.

Banbury Tarts.—Chop very fine one lemon

one cupful of seeded raisins and a few English walnut meats. Mix with one well beaten egg. Cut rich paste in pieces the size of a saucer, lay one tablespoonful of the mixture on each piece, fold together, turning up the edges so it will have a crinkled look. Bake in moderate oven.—E. L. Condit.

Marshmallow Cake.—Add one and one-half cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter, two-thirds cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, whites of three eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in three layers. For filling, make a boiled icing of one cupful of granulated sugar and four tablespoonfuls of cold water boiled until it threads. Pour this over the well beaten white of one egg and beat hard; add half a small box of marshmallows heated until they have run together. The remainder of the marshmallows can be placed at regular intervals on the top of the cake.—Carry May Ashton.

Honey Jumbles.—Two quarts of flour, one pint of strained honey, one quarter of a pint of molasses and water, three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, one teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of vanilla. Mix well, roll out, cut in shape, and bake in a moderate oven.—Manufacturer's Recipe by Alma Pickering.

Rhubarb Pie.—Cut the stalks without peeling into half inch pieces, pour over boiling water to cover, and let stand twenty minutes; pour off and again cover with boiling water. Drain, fill the Crust, mix two thirds tablespoonful of cornstarch with scant teacupful of sugar, sprinkle over the top. Cover and bake until the crust is lightly browned. This process partly cooks the rhubarb and extracts a large proportion of the oxalic acid which many deem objectionable.

Baked Rhubarb.—Slice without peeling, using a very sharp knife, that the slices may be without fibres, put in an earthen baking dish, add sugar until very sweet, pour over boiling water and bake until tender.

Vinegar Rhubarb.—Crush the stalks, cover well with luke warm water, and leave twenty four hours. Strain, add a pound and a quarter of brown sugar to each gallon of juice, and half a teacupful of lively yeast. Cover and set in a warm place four weeks. Strain again and let ripen.—Ex.

CALL AGAIN.

One day, while Mark Twain was connected with a publishing house, he asked the price of a volume in a book store, and suggested that, as a publisher, he was entitled to 50 per cent discount. The clerk assented. "As I am also an author," said Mark. "I am again entitled to 50 per cent discount. Again the clerk bowed. "And as a personal friend of the proprietor, he, modestly continued, 'I presume that you will allow me the usual 25 per cent discount; and, under these conditions, I think I may as well take the book. What's the tax?' The clerk took out his pencil and figured. Then he said, politely: 'As near as I can calculate, we owe you the book and 37½ cents. Call again.'—'The Standard.'

"I have called, sir, to see if you will contribute to our Home of Incurable Children."

"Yes, rather. There's three of mine upstairs you can take at once, and I'll send the other two around as soon as they come from school!"

From what he supposed was a safe distance the professor watched the ante-election riot. A brick carelessly thrown came this direction. "Who would ever think," he moralized, retreating to a still safer distance, "that the words 'polite' and 'politics' come from the same root!" For the professor simply can't help shedding information, even in the most unpropitious surroundings.—Chicago Tribune.

AFTER SHAVING

POND'S EXTRACT

COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS THE SKIN, ENABLING THE MOST TENDER FACE TO ENJOY A CLOSE SHAVE WITHOUT UNPLEASANT RESULTS.

Avoid dangerous, irritant shaving which hazel preparat'ons represent to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which really is a "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

Are You Looking

For a school where for a SMALL EXPENDITURE you can equip yourself to EARN A GOOD SALARY?

Fredericton

Business College.

No vacations. You may enter at any time. Address,

W. J. OSBORNE,

Principal, Fredericton, N. B.

A BAD CASE

OF

KIDNEY TROUBLE

CURED BY

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

Kidney Troubles, no matter of what kind or what stage of the disease, can be quickly and permanently cured by the use of these wonderful pills. Mr. Joseph Leland, Alma, N.W.T., recommends them to all kidney trouble sufferers, when he says:—I was troubled with dull headaches, had frightful dreams, terrible pains in my legs and a frequent desire to urinate. Noticing DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS recommended for just such annoyances as mine, it occurred to me to give them a trial, and I procured a box of them, and was very much surprised at the effectual cure they made. I take a great deal of pleasure in recommending them to all kidney trouble sufferers.

Price 50c. per box, or 3 for \$1.25; all dealers or The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

COWAN'S

Cocoa and Chocolate.

They are the choicest of all.

Try them

MILBURN'S

HEART AND NERVE PILLS

FOR
WEAK
PEOPLE

These pills cure all diseases and disorders arising from weak heart, worn out nerves or watery blood, such as Palpitation, Skip Beats, Throbbing, Smothering, Dizziness, Weak or Faint Spells, Anæmia, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Brain Fog, General Debility and Lack of Vitality. They are a true heart tonic, nerve food and blood carrier, building up and renewing all the worn out and wasted tissues of the body and restoring perfect health. Price 50c. a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON.

Abridged from Peloubet's Notes

Second Quarter, 1904.

APRIL TO JUNE.

Lesson XII. — June 19 — Christ Risen. — Matt. 28: 1-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Now is Christ risen from the dead. — I Cor. 15: 20.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE THREE DAYS IN THE TOMB.—Jesus was, probably, placed in the sepulchre about four o'clock Friday afternoon. The sepulchre was cut out of the calcareous rock of the region, the porous and absorbent character of which "caused it to have a peculiar drying effect upon the bodies buried in it." Hence the word "Sarcophagus," i. e., "flesh-eating," was applied to such stone, and later to all coffins made of stone.

II. THE MYRRH-BEARERS.—V. 1. IN THE END OF THE SABBATH. That is, the end of the night following the Sabbath, conceived as still belonging to the Sabbath which is necessarily implied by what follows. They rested on the Jewish Sabbath our Saturday. AS IT BEGAN TO DAWN TOWARD THE FIRST DAY OF THE WEEK (Sunday,) came MARY MAGDALENE, i. e., Mary from Magdala, on the Sea of Galilee, whom Jesus had redeemed from the terrible affliction allied to insanity,—the being possessed by seven demons (Luke 8: 2.) Her debt of gratitude was infinite. AND THE OTHER MARY. The mother of James the less and James (Matt. 27: 56.) together with Salome, the mother of John, Joanna, the wife of Chuza, and other women (Luke.)

III. THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.—V. 2-4. Nothing is known about the manner of Jesus' resurrection beyond the following description. 2. BEHOLD, THERE WAS A GREAT EARTHQUAKE. Early in the morning, before the arrival of the women at the tomb. FOR THE (AN) ANGEL OF THE LORD DESCENDED FROM HEAVEN. A divine messenger, to overawe the guards, and show that Jesus rose, and was not taken from the tomb by human power. ROLLED BACK THE STONE FROM THE DOOR, AND SAT UPON IT, as a guard waiting to give the needed information to the disciples.

3. HIS COUNTENANCE (his appearance) WAS LIKE LIGHTNING, in vivid and intense brightness. AND HIS RAIMENT WHITE AS SNOW. Christ, at his Transfiguration, had his face shining as the sun, and his raiment white and glistening. This dazzling whiteness was the visible expression of his heavenly nature and origin.

4. AND FOR FEAR OF HIM THE KEEPERS. That is, the Roman guard, BECAME AS DEAD

MEN. Swooned into unconsciousness through fright, and, perhaps, through the direct power of the angel.

IV. THE MESSAGE OF THE ANGELS.—V. 5-7. It seems that Mary Magdalene first reached the tomb; and seeing the stone rolled from the door, hastened to tell the news to Peter. The others then came, and entering into the tomb, "found not the body of the Lord Jesus" (Luke.)

They were perplexed, when suddenly they saw the two angels sitting on the stone beside the inner door. 5. AND THE ANGEL, one of the two whom Mark and John mention, answered the perplexity and fear of the women. FEAR NOT YE. "Ye" is emphatic in the original. The keepers and the enemies of Jesus had reason to fear, but not these disciples. They had infinitely more reason to rejoice than to fear. FOR I KNOW THAT YE SEEK JESUS. He understood them and had come to help them. He knew that love to the Crucified One had brought them to the tomb.

6. HE IS NOT HERE (in the tomb) FOR HE IS RISEN AS HE SAID. He had assured them several times that he would rise again after his death. COME, SEE THE PLACE, so that they may be fully convinced that he had risen.

7. AND GO QUICKLY, AND TELL HIS DISCIPLES, that their sorrows may end, their doubts be removed, their night be turned into day. Mark adds, "and Peter." For he would be the saddest of all. This message would be a drop of joy in his cup, then, as showing Christ's forgiveness. AND, BEHOLD, HE GOETH BEFORE YOU INTO GALILEE, where all of the eleven belonged, and the largest body of believers, who would return there soon after the Passover feast was ended. THERE SHALL YE SEE HIM. So Jesus himself had promised them before he died (Matt. 26: 32.) He did indeed show himself before they went to Galilee, but the great manifestation to over five hundred at once who must have gathered for that purpose on account of the message, the great proof that he was living in his own human body, by eating with the disciples, and the great commission to evangelize the world, all were in Galilee. GOETH BEFORE YOU. May mean that he would give them notice when to go into Galilee, and he would be there on their arrival.

8. THEY DEPARTED . . . WITH FEAR. A great and solemn awe at the presence of the angels and the weighty truth they had made known. AND GREAT JOY at the good news that their Saviour friend was alive, and they should see him again. Both fear and joy were mingled, no uncommon experience.

V. JESUS APPEARS TO THE WOMEN.—V. 9, 10. Either these verses are a summary of both appearances to the women, or the order of events, as most think, is as follows:

First Appearance. To Mary Magdalene, who was the first of the women to arrive at the sepulchre, and, immediately on finding that Jesus was not in the tomb, went to announce the fact to Peter and John. Returning to the sepulchre, she reached it after the other women had left, and near by it Jesus appeared to her as described by John 20: 11-18.

Second Appearance. 9. The other women went to TELL HIS DISCIPLES by some other route than that by which Mary Magdalene returned. BEHOLD, JESUS MET THEM, SAYING, ALL HAIL. Greek, "Chairete." "Rejoice," the ordinary Greek form of salutation. "The English "all hail" is shortened from "all health."

10. GO TELL MY BRETHREN THAT THEY GO INTO GALILEE. The same message which the angels had given them in the sepulchre.

VI. VAIN EFFORTS TO DISPROVE THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.—V. 11-15. 11. NOW WHEN (while) THEY WERE GOING, on the way to the disciples, SOME OF THE WATCH (guard) . . . SHOWED UNTO THE CHIEF PRIESTS, at whose request the guard were stationed at the tomb, and under whose charge they were. ALL THE THINGS THAT WERE DONE. They told the simple truth, so far as it had come under their observation, as the best possible excuse for their seeming negligence. "How was it to be expected that they should hold out against heaven, or contend with earthquakes and angels?"

12. WHEN THEY WERE ASSEMBLED WITH THE ELDERS. "The language does not imply a formal meeting of the Sanhedrim, but rather a secret meeting of the special enemies of Christ." THEY GAVE LARGE MONEY UNTO THE SOLDIERS, as a bribe to make a false report.

13. SAY YE, HIS DISCIPLES CAME BY NIGHT, AND STOLE HIM AWAY WHILE WE SLEPT. The absurdity and stupidity of this statement is apparent on the face of it. For if the guard were asleep, how could they know that the disciples stole him away.

14. IF THIS COME TO THE GOVERNOR'S EARS, WE WILL PERSUADE HIM, perhaps by bribes, but with more reliance on the threat that they would report to Rome the evil deeds they knew full well that Pilate had committed. AND SECURE YOU, from the penalty of sleeping on guard, which was death.

VII. THE INFALLIBLE PROOFS OF THE RESURRECTION OF JESUS.—The resurrection of Jesus Christ," says Dr. Lyman Abbot, "is the best attested fact of history." During forty days Jesus appeared ten or eleven times to individuals or to companies of disciples. The disciples were completely convinced against their wills. They staked their lives and hopes for this life and the next on this belief. Multitudes of enemies were convinced and believed. The transforming change in the apostles, the pentecostal gift, the existence and prevalence of the Christian church, and its triumphs, the change in the day of the Sabbath, the appearance to Paul, — are all accumulative proofs of the resurrection of Jesus. These things could not be the fruit of a lie, a deception, of a dead Christ. The resurrection fits into the life of Christ, the Saviour, as an essential part. His life and the whole plan of salvation would be incomplete without it.

THE SLEEPY SONG.

The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
And the house upstairs is still,
She sings me a queer little sleepy song,
Of sheep that go over the hill.

The good little sheep run quick and soft,
Their colors are gray and white;
They follow their leader nose to tail,
For they must be home by night.

And one slips over, and one comes next,
And one runs after behind;
The gray one's nose at the white one's tail,
The top of the hill they find.

And when they get to top of the hill
They quietly slip away,
But one runs over and one comes next—
Their colors are white and gray.

And over they go, and over they go,
And over the top of the hill
The good little sheep run quick and soft,
And the house up stairs is still.

And one slips over and one comes next,
The good little, gray little sheep!
I watch how the fire burns red and low,
And she says that I fall asleep.

—S. S. Advocate.

A SELF-TAMED MUSKRAT.

That so shy an animal as a muskrat should of his own choice become tame seems strange. Yet this happened at the home of a neighbor of mine, whose boys liked pets.

The family lived on the banks of a stream, where the water flowed swiftly, free from ice, until it emptied into the pond the muskrats each season built their huts. In the winter they frequently swam about in the open stream, and the boys threw apples into the water for them.

At length one rat ventured to climb up the steep bank and prow about the house. Not being molested in his visits, one night he crawled under the floor and gnawed through into the kitchen. After that he was the pet of the family.

He took food from the boy's hands, and allowed them to stroke his fur. He did not object to being taken into their laps. He preferred, however, to lie behind the stove, there he would stay for hours. The hole he knawed was boarded up, and he was taught to come and go through the door. When he wished to come in, he scratched at the door. At night he sometimes proved troublesome. If no one answered his call, he crawled under the door and began gnawing a new hole.

A queer pet he proved. He was not nearly so quick on land as in water. When he walked across the floor, his long tail dragged noisily after him. His favorite food was apples. While eating, he "scrooched" on his haunches and held the food in his paws. When he had eaten enough, he pushed the rest into a dark corner.

In the spring he went away. What became of him they never knew.—Christian Endeavor World.

BUILD HOPES HIGH.

An Eastern philosopher when called to comfort a broken hearted mourner wailing over a severed friendship and a ruined life, took the sorrowing one outside the gate and pointed to a lofty cliff that reached almost to the clouds. "Do you see that cliff?" he asked. "Yes," was the answer. "Do you see that eagles nest on the cliff with the eagle hovering near?" "Yes," was again the answer. "Well said the sage, "imitate the bird and build your hopes above the clouds and you will never be broken hearted."—Ex



Mrs. Haskell, Worthy Vice-Templar, Independent Order Good Templars, of Silver Lake, Mass., tells of her cure by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Four years ago I was nearly dead with inflammation and ulceration. I endured daily untold agony, and life was a burden to me. I had used medicines and washes internally and externally until I made up my mind that there was no relief for me. Calling at the home of a friend, I noticed a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. My friend endorsed it highly, and I decided to give it a trial to see if it would help me. It took patience and perseverance for I was in bad condition, and I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for nearly five months before I was cured, but what a change, from despair to happiness, from misery to the delightful exhilarating feeling health always brings. I would not change back for a thousand dollars, and your Vegetable Compound is a grand medicine.

"I wish every sick woman would try it and be convinced."—Mrs. IDA HASKELL, Silver Lake, Mass. Worthy Vice Templar, Independent Order of Good Templars.—\$2000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Insurance. Absolute Security.
Queen Insurance Co.
Ins. Co. of North America.
JARVIS & WHITTAKER.
General Agents.
74 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.

Fire Insurance

effect on Dwellings, Furniture, Stocks and other insurable property.

W. H. WHITE,
General Agent,
No. 3 King St.
Office phone 650.

House 1060.

30,000 McSHANE BELLS!
Ring "Round the World"
Memorial Bells a Specialty
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

You are the Man

If you are a total abstainer, and in good health, who can obtain specially good terms and rates from the MANUFACTURERS LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY. This Company is the only one in Canada which offers abstainers better terms than non-abstainers. It does this on all plans; but make special enquiries about the Abstainers' Guaranteed Investment Plan. It combines all the best points of insurance. Write for further information, rates, etc.

THE E. R. MACHUM CO., Ltd.
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents Wanted.

TURN OVER TIME.

When Nature Hints About the Food.

When there's no relish to any food and all that one eats doesn't seem to do any good then is the time to make a turn over in the diet, for that, nature's way of dropping a hint that the food isn't the kind required.

"For a number of years I followed railroad work much of it being office work of a trying nature. Meal times were our busiest and eating too much and too quickly of food as is commonly served in hotels and restaurant these together with the sedentary habits were not long in giving me dyspepsia and stomach trouble which reduced my weight from 205 to 160 pounds.

"There was little relish in any food and none of it seemed to do me any good. It seemed the more I ate the poorer I got and was always hungry before another meal, no matter how much I had eaten.

"Then I commenced a fair trial of Grape-Nuts and was surprised how a small saucer of it would carry me along, strong and with satisfied appetite, until the next meal, with no sensations of hunger, weakness or distress as before.

"I have been following this diet now for several months and my improvement has been so great all the others in my family have taken up the use of Grape-Nuts with complete satisfaction and much improvement in health and brain power.

American people undoubtedly eat hurriedly, have lots of worry, thus hindering digestion and therefore need a food that is pre-digested and concentrated in nourishment." Name given by Postum Co. Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

From the Churches.

DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS.

Fifteen thousand dollars wanted from the churches of Nova Scotia during the present convention year. All contributions, whether for division according to the scale, or for any one of the seven objects, should be sent to A. Coihon, Treasurer, Wolfville, N. S. Envelopes for gathering these funds can be obtained free on application.

The Treasurer for New Brunswick: Rev. J. W. Manning, D.D., St. JOHN N. B. and the Treasurer for P. E. Island is Mr. A. W. STARRS, CHARLOTTETOWN. All contributions from churches and individuals to New Brunswick should be sent to Dr. MANNING; and all such contributions P. E. Island to Mr. STARRS.

HANTSPOET, N. S.—It was the pastor's privilege, May 1st, to lead down into the baptismal waters four of our young people. We are expecting to be able to report before long that others are following the Lord in his appointed way.

ERNEST QUICK.

TUSKET, YAR. CO., N. S.—God is richly blessing the work on the Tuskett field. Sunday May 22nd, seven happy converts were baptized at Gavelton. Hundreds of people gathered there to witness the ordinance. Many others are crying out "what must we do to be saved?" God has poured out his spirit among us and his great work goes on. How true the words of the book "Not by might or by power but by my spirit saith the Lord." To God we give all the glory. We pray that before the summer is ended numbers of others may be led into the light of Jesus Christ. Pray for us in our further work.

J. D. BREHANT.

Tuesday, June 2nd, 1904.

1ST HILLSBORO, N. B.—As has already been noticed in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR I have resigned my pastorate here, to turn my attention for a time, in the direction of Sunday school work. I feel the hand of the Lord is in the movement and trust great blessing may result. To break away from the church here where our stay has been so very pleasant—and we believe profitable—is a more difficult task than we had anticipated. The work of the church has moved ahead in all departments. The present condition points to an era of enlargement and great blessing. The kindness of the people which has found expression in many ways has tended to make the place and people both very dear to our hearts. The retiring pastor with the deacons have been appointed a committee to secure a pastor to recommend to the church and we hope soon to report that the Lord has set us a man of his own choosing to take up his work here which is one of the most promising fields in the province.

J. B. G.

[By a printer's error the above paragraph appeared in last week's issue as from "Hillsboro" instead of Hillsboro. Ed.]

ALMA, N. B.—We came to this field last June and were soon comfortably settled among a very kind people. We found large opportunities for work. God has blessed us in the gift of souls. At Waterside and Alma we have been holding special meetings this month with fair results. At the former place last Sabbath week I administered the ordinance of Baptism to two converts who have come clearly and gladly into the light. Nine more are under conviction and we are praying that they too may soon follow the Lord in his appointed way. Last Sunday I baptized two happy converts at Pt Wolfe. Others are under conviction at that place. At the beginning of our year here there was a debt of something over two hundred and fifty dollars resting upon the Alma church. The church has raised about one hundred and forty dollars. One hundred of this has been paid toward the debt. When the promises of some kind friends are fulfilled our debt will be cleared. Bro. Vining was with us in behalf of the Twentieth Century Fund and received in money and pledges to the amount of sixty dollars from Alma and forty odd dollars from Waterside. Many marks of appreciation and love have gladdened our way, and though out of reason with the thanks I will nevertheless gratefully acknowledge through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR the sincere and heartfelt thanks of Mrs. Elliot and myself for the New Year gift of our handsome fur coats.

RITCHIE ELLIOT, B. A.

HANTSPOET, N. S.—Hants Co. Baptist Convention met at Walton May 23 and 24.

The meeting opened with a devotional service led by Pres. Wall, after which E. Quick was appointed Sec'y Treas. pro tem. Minutes were read and approved. Report of Treas. accepted. Reports were heard from the officers concerning different departments of work in connection with our churches. Pastor Parker reported on B. Y. P. U. and Bro. Loran Smith on S. School. Other matters of business was then taken up and finished. Reports from the different churches were then called for—Windsor reporting 14 baptized. These blessings came mostly through a series of cottage meetings. Other work is prospering and the pastor is highly appreciated for his devotion and faithfulness. Hantsport reported 7 baptisms and the work in general is in very good condition. Summerville was reported as moving along very favorably in general lines. A Normal Bible class being held there under direction of Mrs. Higgins. The Walton church with whom we met reported that unity prevailed and all were anxious to cooperate with the incoming pastor. This place is a busy spot since the Nova Scotia Lumber Co. commenced operation and we are praising God for the valuable assistance they have given the cause. May they prosper, and may the church of Walton rise to her opportunities. After these reports Bro. Parker was called upon to teach the S. S. lesson for the following Sabbath. This lesson was very helpful, instructive and much enjoyed. The evening service opened by a devotional meeting, then the writer of these notes was called upon to preach after which a good after meeting followed, some rising for prayers.

Tuesday morning at 9.15, Bro. War led a devotional service which was uplifting and inspiring to all. After this other business was brought forward and recommendations made. This was followed by a synopsis on H. M. work in Hants Co, officers for the ensuing year were then appointed as follows: Pres. Wall; Sec'y Treas, Pastor E. Quick; Chairmen of Committee are, Bro. Loran Smith on Sunday schools; Pastor W. F. Parker, B. Y. P. U.; Mrs. Nalder on W. M. A. S. The afternoon session was in charge of Mrs. Nalder. The first half hour was spent in prayer for God's blessing on Mission work and for the success of present service. Report were then read. The Aids reporting show signs of advancement and a good work being done by the sisters. A letter of condolence was voted upon this letter to be sent to Mrs. B. Shaw of Falmouth. Following this, three addresses were given Mrs. Higgins on Mission Hand Work, Mrs. Cook on Home Missions, Mrs. Nalder, some ways in which women are working, these addresses were interesting and instructive and led into a consecration service. The last session opened at 7.30 with a song service followed by a very practical and helpful sermon preached by Pastor Parker from Rev. 7:10. The after meeting was one in which many took part and this brought to a close one of the most profitable conventions.

E. QUICK, Sec'y. Treas.

June 2nd 1904.

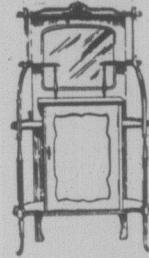
RECEIPTS OF THE ASSOCIATED ALUMNUS OF ACADIA COLLEGE FROM JUNE 2, 1903 TO MAY 18, 1904.

N. A. McNeil, \$10; M. C. Higgins, \$1; Prof. C. C. Jones, \$1; R. O. Morse, \$1; H. C. Reed, \$10; E. O. T. Piers, \$1; I. A. Corbett, \$1; H. Barrs, \$2; L. S. Morse, \$1; F. S. Morse, \$7; D. H. Simpson, \$1; I. B. Coles, \$1; P. C. Reed, \$1; G. H. Parsons, \$2; W. R. Parsons, \$1; W. H. Jenkins, \$1; J. S. McFadden, \$1; J. W. Bancroft, \$1; O. N. Chipman, \$3; F. R. Haley, \$1; D. H. McQuarrie, \$1; J. Mosher, \$1; Miss Pipes, \$1; W. H. Robinson, \$1; W. F. Parker, \$3; T. H. Boggs, \$1; J. T. Eaton, \$1; C. E. Sreanen, \$5; E. D. King, \$1; H. B. Ellis, \$2; J. S. Clark, \$8; C. H. Martell, \$1; T. Trotter, W. F. Fitch, \$1; N. B. Rogers, \$3; W. H. Smith, \$1; A. A. Shaw, \$2; E. D. Shand, \$3; C. J. Mersereau, \$5; S. W. Cummings, \$2; G. L. Bishop, \$2; C. H. Day, \$2; A. F. Newcomb, \$8; L. B. Crosby, \$2; F. W. Emmerson, \$2; A. H. Whitman, \$2; M. G. White, \$5; R. J. Morse, \$3; S. J. Conn, \$1; E. R. Morse, \$1; Miss E. S. Colwell, \$2; J. E. Barrs, \$5; W. V. Higgins, \$6; M. R. Little, \$6; W. G. McFarlane, \$10; J. A. Faulker, \$10; W. L. Archibald, \$1; H. H. Saunders

WEDDING PRESENTS. Our Furniture Stock Can Furnish Them.



No house in Lower Canada's as well prepared to cater to the Wedding Present Host as Our's is. We have an enormous stock of Furniture, plain, fancy, cheap, moderate and expensive.



We cheerfully quote prices. Simply drop us a card and we will do the rest.

Send For Our 100 Page Illustrated Catalogue. Just off the press.

Among the Specialties in Furniture handled Exclusively by us, are: White Mountain Refrigerators, Globe-Wernicke Bookcases and Office Filing Cabinets, Vudor Shades for Verandahs.



Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Limited. St. John, N. B.

When buying cocoa don't be misled by the low prices of inferior brands

BENS'DORP'S
ALWAYS IN YELLOW WRAPPERS

This cocoa costs a little more at the first, but is cheaper in the end—it lasts longer

Miss L. M. Sawyer, \$1; A. Chipman, \$1; E. H. Nichols, \$1; C. T. Jones, \$25; E. C. Whitman, \$1; J. Blanche Burgess, \$1; Robt Frizzle, \$1; W. C. Goucher, \$1; T. S. Simins, \$1; L. B. Crosby, F. M. Young, \$1; Miss Guill, \$2; A. Coihon, \$1; H. R. Emmerson, \$15; C. B. Freeman, \$1; A. S. Lewis, \$1; M. S. Read, \$5; Prof. Keirstead, \$1; W. F. Fitch, \$2; H. T. DeWolfe, \$1; J. B. Calkin, \$1; W. N. Wickwire, \$5; T. E. Corning, \$1; N. A. Rhodes, \$5.

W. N. HUTCHINS, Sec'y. Treas. Assoc. Al. Acadia College Truro, N. S., May 19.

DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS FOR N. S. FROM MAY 2ND TO MAY 31ST.

Walton church, \$10; Morrystown Sect Aylesford church, \$32.43; Upper Stewiacke church, \$7; Jordan Falls church, \$5.60; South Wilbamston, B. Y. P. U., \$5; Burlington church, \$8.36; Central Chebogue, \$10.23; Acadia church, \$9.25; Do. S. S., \$5.00; Melbourne, Y. P. S. C. workers, \$3.45; Clement church, \$20; East Jeddore church, \$4; Newtonville S. S. (Gasp) church, \$4.46; Somerville Branch, Kempt church, \$5.46; Antigonish church, \$24.37; Billtown church, \$10.50; Black Point church, (2nd St Mar church), \$5; Temple church, \$29.50; Do Junior Union, \$15; Goshen church, \$5; Nietaux church, \$23.35; West Yarmouth church, \$12.98; Chester church, \$12.25; Dartmouth church, \$19.45; New Annan church, \$7.30; Mrs. Murphy, Kentville, special, \$15; Brookfield church, 1er Chas Bryson, \$5; Berwick, special, \$60.25; Chester chu ch, \$1.50; Coldbrook S. S., \$25.20; Cambridge church, \$11; Mrs. Geo Parker, Grafton, \$3; Chester Basin church, \$13; Indian Harbor, \$5.50; C. M. Baird, \$1.00; Waterville, Hants Co., \$3; Sherwood, \$1; New Ross church, \$2.25; Port Hillford church, \$6.50; Minar McElmon, Oxford, \$20; Oxford church, \$41.65; Osborne church, \$8; Halifax 1st church, \$50.45; Amherst church, \$80; N. Brookfield, \$28.40; Pt. R., \$3.10; S. Brookville, \$9.10; Port Hillford church, \$6; Cambridge, \$4.75; Brookfield, \$3.53; Middle town church, \$24.08. Total \$727.20. Before reports \$5,429.56. Total to date \$6,156.56. A. COIHON, Treas. Wolfville, N. S., May 31.

Don't put off taking a tonic until you are so played out you have to go to bed.

Invest in a bottle of

Amor's Essence of Cod Liver Oil.

It is nice to take and the results are wonderful.

Doctors Say So.

THERE IS NOTHING LIKE **K.D.C.** FOR NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA HEADACHE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, ETC. SELLERS EVERYWHERE. Write for Free Book.

MARRIAGES

GRIGG-McKNIGHT—At Cambridge, Queens Co., on the 20th May, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald, Ira Austin Grigg to Annie Eliza McKnight, all of Studholm, K. C.

DENTON-MULLIN—At Hillsdale, June 1st by Rev. J. T. Eaton, Timothy B. Denton to Nellie Matilda, daughter of Stephen Mullin, Esq. of New Tusket, Digby Co., N. S.

STEEVES-CROSSMAN—At the home of Mr. Gilbert Steeves, Petwood, May 24th, by the Rev. A. A. MacNeill, Stanley Steeves and Amy Crossman, both of Moncton, N. B.

LEHMAN SHIELDS—At Springhill, N. S., June 2nd, by Rev. H. G. Estabrook, Alexander Lehman and Mary Shields, both of Springhill, N. S.

HATFIELD-CHRISTIE—At the home of the bride, June 2nd, by Pastor J. M. Parker, Arthur Seaman Hatfield of St. John, N. B., to Roberta M. second daughter of R. A. Christie, of River Herbert, N. S.

CROSBY-BENT—At the parsonage, Port Maitland, N. S., June 1, by Pastor W. J. Rutledge, William Henry Crosby of Dorchester, Mass., and Georgia Upham Bent of Port Maitland, N. S.

GOUCHER-BROWN—At the residence of A. J. Beveridge, Andover, N. B., June 1st, G. W. Goucher of Rowena, Victoria Co., and Ester Brown of Arthurette, Victoria Co., were united in marriage by R. W. Demings.

DEATHS.

ELLIOTT—At Port Lorne, of consumption, Henry Elliott, aged 55 years. He leaves three brothers, one sister and many friends to mourn his death. His remains were interred in the Middleton cemetery.

BANKS—At Port Lorne, N. S., of measles on June 2nd, 1904. Susie, beloved daughter of Allister and Ena Banks, aged 18 years. Her health had been declining for several months, and so fell an easy prey to the disease that ended her life. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the whole community.

KING—Fell asleep in Jesus, at St. Marys, Kent Co. N. B., May 30th, aged 49. Mrs. N. B. King, Deceased was the daughter of Rev. M. Normandy, of precious memory. Among the faithful band of Christian workers she always stood in the front rank. To the church, the Sunday school, and especially to the bereaved husband, now in poor health, a former pastor extends his heartfelt sympathy.

SHAW—At Oakdale, Falmouth, May 22nd, aged 24. Mary, wife of Pierson W. Shaw and grand daughter of the late John Armstrong. A few months since Jesus took her babe to his arms and now has called the mother. Mrs. Shaw was a member of the Falmouth Baptist church and much esteemed for her amicable and retiring disposition. During her protracted illness every word and act on be-tokened sweet submission to Jesus.

KEARNEY—Mrs. Mary Kearney, aged 88 years, died suddenly on Friday night at the home of her son, Elias Kearney, East Florenceville. The deceased was a daughter of Roger Tompkins one of the first settlers in this parish. She leaves one son, one brother, Geo. W. Tompkins of Victoria Co., and one sister, Mrs. Nelson Boyer of East Florenceville. The funeral which was largely at-tended was in the Baptist meeting house of East Florenceville on Sunday afternoon, May 29, Rev. W. H. Smith officiating. Four nephews of the deceased were the pall-bearers.

HAMILTON—Our parting with the members of the Oak church was saddened by the very sudden death of Bro. William Hamilton who departed this life May 26th aged 73. Bro. Hamilton was at the conference meeting the Saturday previous, and we shall never forget the earnest manner in which he spoke of his conversion twenty-eight years ago, his love to God and the brethren, and his desire to live more like his Saviour. It was our sad duty to lay his mortal remains at rest on the morning of the day that we bade fare-well to River John. May the dear Lord comfort the widow, two sons and daughter who are left to mourn their loss.

STEWART—At Belle River, on the 2nd day of May, 1904, Mrs. Mary Stewart died after a short illness at the advanced age of 78 years. She had in her day a great deal of trouble which she bore with Christian fortitude. Her husband died many years ago leaving her with a weak family of seven, three sons and four daughters. The sons and one daughter died some years ago. The deceased daughter was married to the Rev. Alex. McLeod, missionary in India. Mrs. Stewart was a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist church being baptized when a young woman by the late John Shaw. She leaves three daughters and a number of relatives and friends to mourn the loss of a kind mother and a warm friend.

WINCHESTER—Suddenly at Boston, Mass., May 28th, 1904, Mrs. Julia Winchester, widow of the late Capt. Jacob Winchester Smith's Cove, Digby County, N. S. Se-

the death of her husband two years ago, Mrs. Winchester has resided with relatives in Everett, Mass. On the 24th she became stricken with sudden illness and on advice of her physician she was taken to the hospital for an operation. Her death was a great shock to the people of Smith's Cove of which church she was a faithful member and whence her body was taken from Boston for burial. The services were held at the home of her brother-in-law Mr. Edward Winchester, on Wednesday, June 1st, and was conducted by Pastor Fisher, assisted by Rev. R. D. Porter. Besides one sister and other relatives, she leaves a son and two daughters to mourn the loss of a devoted mother.

DAVIS—At Hatfields Point, April 30th, Mrs. Ann Davis, widow of the late Oebulon S. Davis and daughter of Gilbert Dykeman. She was born at Waterborough, Queens Co., Aug. 25, 1800. She was a member of the 1st Springfield Baptist church for a great many years and during that time enjoyed scriptural assurance of the favor of God through Jesus Christ. As a wife and as a mother, she was deservedly esteemed. In her domestic habits, she a woman of unwearying diligence; and in the order of her household she practically adopted the motto, "a place for everything, and everything in its place." Her fight was the good fight of faith; and that faith was finally victorious. Death does not often prey on so much loveliness; but his triumph is only partial and temporary. The Saviour whom she loved, and in whom she trusted, has said, "I am the Resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die."

VAUGHAN—On May 26th, at St. Martins, N. B., David Vaughan, aged 79 years. Our departed friend was one of the most prominent citizens of St. Martins, and was widely esteemed. For several years past by reason of bodily weakness he has been debarred from participating in public life; but those friends who were privileged to visit his home always found him deeply interested in all that pertained to the temporal and religious welfare of the community. While for a long time in impaired health, it was only within two weeks of the end that he became seriously sick, and his death therefore came as a shock to his family and friends. He was seized with bronchitis and not with-standing the best medical skill and the most careful nursing, the attack proved fatal. Though our dear friend never made a public profession of faith, we had reason to hope that he was trusting in the Saviour. He was much attached to the Baptist church of which he was for many years the treasurer and which he always generously supported. The pastor frequently called upon him and after talked with him on the subject of religion, and his manner at such times showed that he was far from indifferent to sacred things. At the last interview, within two days of his death, he eagerly assented when the Pastor enquired if he would like prayer offered, and when asked if he felt himself in the hands of God he frequently answered "yes." As one of the leading men of business in the community he was noted for his integrity. In his home he was greatly beloved. In many ways his removal will be keenly felt. He leaves four children to mourn the loss of an excellent father:—S. E. Vaughan, merchant, of St. Martins; Dr. H. P. Vaughan, of New York; Mrs. A. S. White and Mrs. (Dr.) J. H. Ryan of Sussex.

In Memoriam

MARY A. SHAW.

Oakdale, Falmouth, N. S.; has been the home of the Shaws—down to the seventh generation. This fine old country seat was named by father Harding "The Baptist Home", until the present it has been true to its traditions. But no home, however happy, can erect a barrier against the approach of death. One generation comes, another goes.

Last Christmas season was saddened by the taking away of Francis Isabella, the child of Pearson and Mary Shaw—aged eleven months. The mother did not long survive. The call came the 22nd of May, after a lingering illness at the age of 24 years. She was a daughter of William Sangster of Falmouth. About six years ago she made a profession of religion and became a member of the Falmouth Baptist church. Her subsequent life was in harmony with that profession. She became a member of the Division of the S. of T., and manifested special interest in the welfare of the younger members of the order.

She was graciously sustained throughout her illness. Her hope was strong and steadfast to the end. As death drew near it seemed to the watchers at her bedside that there was a parting of the veil to afford a glimpse of what was beyond, and that the dear child who had gone before stood at the portal to give her welcome.

DYSPEPSIA CURED,

A Severe Sufferer Tells How He Over-came the Trouble.

"Not only do I not hesitate to declare the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but I feel it my duty to do so." These are the words which Mr. Edward Lavoie, of St. Jerome, Que., lately addressed to the editor of L'Avenir du Nord, when relating the story of his cure. Mr. Lavoie is well known in St. Jerome, and what he says carries weight among those who know him. For a considerable time he was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, which caused severe headaches, pains in the stomach and sometimes nausea. Sometimes he felt as though he would suffocate he would become dizzy, and experienced ringing noises in the ears. His appetite became poor, and his general health so bad that he found it almost impossible to work and when the headaches attacked him he had to quit work. For six months he says, he suffered both physically and mentally more than can be imagined. During this time he took medicine from several doctors, but found no help. Then one day he read of the cure of a similar case through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and decided to try them. He used the pills for a couple of months and they have made him feel like a new person. He is no longer troubled with any of the old symptoms, and says he can now go about his work as though he never had dyspepsia.

The digestive organs—like all the other organs of the body—get their strength and nourishment from the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new blood. This new blood strengthens the stomach, stimulates the liver regulates the bowels and sets the whole digestive system in a healthy vigorous state. Good blood is the true secret of good health. That is why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always bring good health to those who use them. You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ALBERT COUNTY QUARTERLY.

The 84th session of the Albert County Quarterly Meeting was held with the church at Prosser Brook on May 30-31st. Bro. Addison led a conference meeting which paved the way for one of the best meetings, it is said, that have been held in recent years.

The report of the churches indicated a spirit of earnest endeavor to do the Lord's work. Pastor J. W. Brown of Hopewell preached the quarterly sermon. The house was crowded and a deep spiritual interest pervaded the meeting. The sermon was a most powerful declaration of man's blind, sinful state by nature, and of the infinite grace of God in Christ offering sight and salvation to the world. An evangelistic service led by Pastor Gonong brought forth the pleasing fact that God had blessed the sermon and the Doctor's appeal had reached many hearts. The morning session began by a devotional meeting led by Pastor Davies of Salisbury. His exposition of "ye are the light of the world," was most timely indeed and brought forth a good response from the large number of delegates and Christian friends.

The topic for the rest of the morning was stewardship. This was suggestively and helpfully discussed by Pastors McNeill, Brown, Addison, Gonong and McLatchy.

The afternoon and evening were given up to the evangelistic effort with the most blessed results. At the earnest request of the meeting Pastor Gonong preached a gospel sermon which was followed by a season of prayer and praise in which many arose desiring to accept Christ. In the evening after introductory exercises conducted by Bro. Davies, a sermon was preached by Bro. Addison. The Lord was indeed present by his Spirit. It was a time of great spiritual blessing, nearly all in the house expressed a desire to begin the Christian life. Thus closed the 84th Quarterly Meeting. The church at Prosser Brook is still pastorless, what an opportunity to gather in many souls. It is earnestly hoped the Lord will soon send the dear people one of his servants to gather in the great harvest.

Bro. O. N. Keith is with them for a brief time and his labors are blessed of God. The next Quarterly Meeting will be held in September with the church at Turtle Creek, Hillsboro. J. B. GONONG, Sec'y.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

LOW | World's Fair, St. Louis, Mo.

**C. Splendid Equipment
P. Through Trains
R. Dining Cars.**

Rates | Tickets on Sale Daily.

General Change Time, June 13

For information call on nearest Ticket Agent,
Or write to C. B. FOSTER,
D. P. A., C. P. R., ST. JOHN, N. B.



A. Kinsella,
Steam Polishing Granite and Marble Works.

Having a large supply on hand parties placing their orders before the 1st of May will get a discount. Material and workman-ship guaranteed. All orders delivered free.

165 Paradise Row,
St. John, N. B.

Isaac Pitman's Shorthand The Best and Fastest in Existence.

Exclusive use of the two best and most up-to-date systems of business practice—one of them devoted to advanced accounting methods.

Everything else tuned up to the same standard of excellence.

The fact that we have never made a promise we have not kept.

These are some of the reasons for our success.

No summer vacations. Students enter any time. Send for Catalogue.



S. J. Kerr & Son

Oddfellows' Hall

Wheeler's Botanic Bitters

CURE

Biliousness

Headache

Constipation

Keep the eyes bright

and the skin clear.

They cleanse and

purify the system.

At all dealers 25c.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PAPER.

Every Sunday school should give its scholars a bright, fresh weekly paper. Young People, published by the American Baptist Publication Society, is the only Baptist paper published exclusively for Baptist young people. Not only that, it is the peer of all other papers for the youth of our Sunday schools. Serials and short stories by the best writers in our denomination are constantly running in its columns. It is beautifully illustrated and brimfull of interesting articles on all subjects connected with the young people. To entertain and educate is the aim of its editors, and no pains are spared to make it all that fine paper fine art fine thought, and finest feeling can make a paper. Boys and Girls is a paper just as carefully prepared for younger scholars; it is bright, breezy, and universally popular, and the same is true of Our Little Ones for the wee tots.

DO IT NOW.

On the desk of a humble clerk in one of our offices this little card can be seen, "Do it now." The owner of that desk found that she was in the habit of deferring things and losing sight of them afterwards, and then getting into confusion and sometimes disaster, and so she wisely put that reminder there, and she says it has saved her infinite trouble. Oh, let us do it now, and this very hour, upon our knees settle forever the great decision which the Holy Spirit is pressing upon our hearts, even as we read these lines.

AN INCIDENT.

Sitting back of me in a train the other day were a mother and promising boy. The conductor had punched the mother's ticket; and, as a ticket had not been provided for the lad, the conductor looking at the boy, politely said, "Is your boy under five, madam?" "Yes," was the prompt reply.

The conductor moved on, and then I heard the youngster say, "Why, mamma, I am past six."

Instantly, with frowning face and a countenance blazing with wrath, the mother said: "Don't ever contradict me again. I know what I am saying. If the conductor had heard you say that, he would have made me pay half fare for you. Don't ever say again on the train that you are past six. If you do, I'll whip you when we get home!"

The boy was still for a moment. Then I heard him say, "But, mamma, I am past six." A slap followed; the child cried; the mother looked like a tempest; and I fairly boiled with indignation.

It is just an incident on a railroad train, yet possibly one that will be harmful to a boy morally than an ordinary railroad accident might have been to him physically. One such experience in a boy's life may mar his whole career. Then think of the mother's personal sin. She lied to the conductor; she lied to her own boy; she cheated the railroad; she abused the child. And all that to save one dollar and twenty-five cents, the price of a half-fare ticket from New York to Philadelphia. May God pity the boy and forgive the mother.—C. E. World.

OUR LORD'S EXALTATION.

I think I hear the song, "Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the king of glory shall come in." The bars of massy light are all unloosed; the pearly gates are all wide open flung; and as he passes through, mark you, the highest joy which swells his soul is that he has opened those gates, not for himself—they were never shut on him—but that he has opened them for sinners. It was for this, indeed, he died; and it is for this that he ascends on high, that he may, "open the kingdom of heaven for all believers." See him as he rides through heaven's streets! "Thou has ascended up on high; Thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts from men." Ah! but hear the refrain—for this is the sweetest note of all the hymn—"Yea, for the rebellious also—yea, for the rebellious, also, that the Lord Go I might dwell among them." The scattered gifts of his coronation, the lavish bounties of ascension, are still for sinners. He is exalted on high—for what? To give repentance and remission of sins. He still wears upon his breastplate the names of sinners; upon his hands and upon his heart does he still bear the remembrance of those sinners; and every day for the sinner's sake he doth not hold his peace, and for the sinner's sake he doth not rest, but cried unto God until every sinner shall be brought safely home.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Too long a period of fair weather in the low Italian valleys creates such a superabundance of dust that the traveler sighs for a shower. He is smothered, clothes are white, his eyes smart, the grit even grates between his teeth and finds its way down his throat; welcome are the rain clouds, as they promise to abate the nuisance. Prosperity long continued breeds a plague of dust even more injurious, for it almost blinds the spirit and insinuates itself into the soul; a shower or two of grief proves a mighty blessing, for it deprives the things

of earth of somewhat of their smothering power. A Christian making money fast is just a man in a cloud of dust; it will fill his eyes if he be not careful. A Christian full of worldly care is in the same condition and had need look to it lest he be choked with earth.—Ex.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DYING CONFIDENCE.

Dr. McAll, of Manchester, eminent in piety as well as talents, rested on the same truth, and expressed himself in almost the same words as the Highland lad. Shortly before his death, he was asked by Mr. Fletcher, of Manchester, if the gospel he had preached to others now occupied his thoughts, and was dear to his heart. "Yes," he said with a smile, "its very core; I cannot now trouble myself with its envelopments." On another occasion he addressed, with much delicacy, his medical men, and said "Gentlemen, I am no fanatic; rather I have been too much of a speculatist; and I wish to say this—I am a great sinner; but my trust is in Jesus Christ, and what he has done and suffered for sinners. Upon this, as the foundation of my hope, I can confidently rely, now that I am sinking into eternity."

OUR JERICHO.

There are times when I get work to do the good of which I cannot see. Sometimes, before the walls of Jericho, there is put into my hands a trumpet when I think it should be a sword. Sometimes I am sent a long, circuitous march when I expect to be retained for the assault. These moments are very hard to me. It is not the work that is hard; it is the want of vision. It is easy enough to blow a trumpet; it is a light thing to walk round the city. The hard thing is to see the good of it.

Help me at such moments, O Lord, to say, "One step enough for me!" . . . Let me not ask how the sound of the trumpet can aid the fall of Jericho. Let me not ask why I am to go round about when there is a short and easy way. Let me be led blindfolded by thee. When I see not the Promised Land, let me feel the Promised Hand. When I view not thy glory, let me have thy guidance. When I have lost sight of thy coming, let me strain the ear for thy command. I shall not weep if only I can say: "One step enough for me."—George Matheson.

SORRY HE SPOKE.

Old Mr. Gardiner had a difference with the local grocer, and he openly avowed never to patronize the shop again. Therefore the grocer in question was agreeably surprised when one afternoon his late customer entered and ordered several pounds of sugar with complete nonchalance.

Prudence would have dictated silence, but human nature is weak, and as he tied the string the grocer could not help saying:

"I thought you declared only the other day that you should never darken my doors again Mr. Gardiner?"

"That is true, and I should not have done so," was the retort, but I've just received a fine lot of bulbs, and I have no san I for potting them."—Sel.

MY GREAT TASK.

If I have faltered more or less
In my great task of happiness;
If I have moved among my race
And shown no glorious morning face;
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my food, and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain:—
Lord, Thy most pointed pleasure take
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose Thou before that spirit die
A piercing pain—
And to my dead heart run them in.
—R. L. Stevenson.

Prayer is a breath of fresh air—much else of course, but certainly this. It is inspiration on a hill-top for new toiling on the plain.—M. D. Babcock, D. D.

"Didn't you think I made some rather cutting remarks in my speech at the club banquet last night?"

"You did, old fellow. I noticed them. You split infinitives right along."—Chicago Tribune.

When you travel
you pick
the fastest
train and go to
the best hotel.

When you
purchase goods
you find the man
who carries the best
stock.

YOU buy a newspaper that is printed on the latest WEB PERFECTING press

You wouldn't
have patience
for horse cars, the
swiftest electric
are too slow.

YOU demand the
best facilities and
the best equipment
where you bestow
your patronage

Therefore
you will be interested
in the marvelous
NEW AUTOMATIC
JOB PRINTING
PRESS, the latest
and most remarkable
product of the press
builder out. The only
one in the city. To be
seen at this printing
house.

PATERSON & CO.,

107 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.



The
Granger
Condition
Powders

The only Powder that has stood the test of quality.

Cure Stoppage, Swelled Legs, Bad Blood, Horse Ail, Cough, Thick Water, A blood Tonic and Purifier. At all dealers.

Price 25 cts.

THE BAIRD CO., Ltd., Proprietors. WOODSTOCK, N. B.

When answering advertisements please mention the Messenger and Visitor.

This and That

A SERMON "CONSUMED ON THE PREMISES."

The Bishop of Stepney is of the opinion that a great forward step would be made in the effort to draw more working people to places of worship if, instead of great zeal in asking them, "How can we help you?" there were more zeal in asking, "How can you help us?"

At the same time, the bishop thinks the attainment of a higher standard of preaching is absolutely necessary. Some sort of preaching he says, might fill a church, but would not do much good; and in illustration of what is required, he tells a stirring anecdote:

"One of my old parishioners in Leeds described the impression left on her mind by one of our most eloquent bishops. 'Sir,' she said, 'warn't it fine? But it were all to be consumed on the premises; it warn't to be carried away.'"

AN HONEST STREAK.

Humor makes its appearance in queer places, but one would hardly expect to find it at the door of a house of correction. An unfortunate fellow was recently taken before a justice of the peace in Milwaukee, charged with stealing a quantity of wood. There was not much of a defence to offer, but an attorney who knew him volunteered to say a few words to the court in his behalf.

The attorney began his talk, and warming up to his subject as he proceeded, finally succeeded in making a good plea for leniency. The justice, of course, found the prisoner guilty, but let him off with a sentence of thirty days in the house of correction. When the commitment had been made out it was discovered that there was no constable present, so the lawyer said to the prisoner:

"John, you know where the house of correction is, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, here's five cents and this paper. You take a car and go out there and give them this paper, and they'll let you in. Will you do it?"

"Sure!"

And the funny part of this story from the Milwaukee Sentinel is that John kept his word.

RECOGNIZED HIMSELF.

A teacher in one of our schools, says the New York Times, had been having short talks with her class, which she hoped would be instructive as well as interesting. One morning she told them about the "three kingdoms," the mineral, the vegetable, and

SISTER'S TRICK

But All Came Out Right.

How a sister played a trick that brought rosy health to a coffee fiend is an interesting tale.

"I was a coffee fiend—a trembling, nervous, physical wreck yet clinging to the poison that stole away my strength because for a fleeting moment it stimulated my weakened powers. I mocked at Postum and would have none of it.

"One day my sister, Mrs. U. S. Showalter, substituted a cup of crisp, hot Postum for my morning cup of coffee but did not tell me what it was. I noticed the richness of it and remarked that the coffee tasted fine but my sister did not tell me I was drinking Postum for fear I might not take any more.

"She kept the secret, and kept on giving me Postum instead of coffee until I grew stronger, more tireless, got a better color in my sallow cheeks and a clearness to my eyes, then she told me of the health giving, nerve-strengthening life-saver she had given me in place of my morning coffee. From that time I became a disciple of Postum and no words can do justice to the good this cereal drink can do. I will not try to tell it for only after having used it can one be convinced of its merits." Name given by Pestum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Ten days trial shows Postum's power to rebuild what coffee has destroyed. There's a reason.

Look in each pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

the animal, and explained as simply as she could the meaning of each. Then, naming a number of objects, she let the children tell to which kingdom each belonged. They greatly enjoyed the exercise. The next morning the talk was along the lines of simple natural history.

"Now, children," she said, "let us see what you remember about the animal kingdom and the domestic animals that belong to it. You have named all the domestic animals but one. Who can tell me what that one is? It has bristly hair, likes dirt, and is very fond of getting into the mud."

Miss Fanny looked expectantly round the room. "Can't you think, Tommy?" she asked encouragingly.

"Yes'm," was the hesitating, shamefaced reply. "It's me."

DOMESTIC STRATEGY.

The younger man had been complaining that he could not get his wife to mend his clothes. "I asked her to sew a button on this vest last night, and she hasn't touched it," he said. At this, says the New York Press, "the older man assumed the air of a patriarch."

"Never ask a woman to mend anything," he said.

"What would you have me do?" asked the other.

"Simply do as I do," was the assured reply. "You haven't been married very long, and I think I can give you some serviceable suggestions. When I want a shirt mended I take it to my wife, flourish it round a little and say, 'Where's that rag bag?'"

"What do you want of the rag-bag?" asks my wife. Her suspicions are roused at once.

"I want to throw this shirt away; it's worn out, I say with a few more flourishes.

"Let me see that shirt my wife says then. 'Now John, hand it to me at once.'

"Of course I pass it over, and she examines it. 'Why John Taylor, she is sure to say, I never knew such extravagance! This is a perfectly good shirt. All it needs is—and then she mends it.'—Youth's Companion.

IT WAS ALMOST TOO LATE.

Dr. Anita Newcombe McGee who has taken a party of ten Red Cross nurses to Japan, was talking in Philadelphia about the perils of war nursing.

"I wish heartily," said Dr. McGee, "that soldiers could fight no better than my cousin."

She paused and smiled and resumed:

"My cousin went gunning last fall for the first time. He bagged nothing; every shot missed. But he was ashamed to go empty handed, and therefore he stopped at the grocers and bought a rabbit.

"Good luck," he cried to his wife on his return. "Look at the rabbit. See where the bullet went through him."

"My cousin's wife took hold of the rabbit, and at the same time she sniffed grimaced and turned away her head.

"You were wise my dear," she said, "to shoot this rabbit to-day. Tomorrow would have been too late."

MADE HIM MADDER.

Nobody outside the journalistic profession has any idea how difficult it is for an editor to please some of his patrons. For instance referring to a public man's reputation for carelessness in the matter of his toilet, a paper announced:

"Mr. Maguire will wash himself before he assumes the office of town councillor."

"This made Maguire furious, and he demanded a retraction, which appeared thus:

"Mr. Maguire wishes us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town councillor."

Oddly enough this only enraged Maguire the more.

Some time ago at a council meeting in the North of England one of the members rose solemnly and said, 'Gentlemen, we have been sending our lunatics to W— Asylum for a long time now and it has cost us a great sum of money, but I am glad to make the statement that we have now built an asylum for ourselves. And he turned round wondering at the sounds of merriment that convulsed the meeting.

DISCOMFORT AFTER EATING

December 4, 1903

People who suffer after eating, feeling oppressed with a sensation of stuffiness and heaviness, and who frequently find the food both to distend and painfully hang like a heavy weight at the pit of the stomach, or who have Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Headache, Disgust of Food, Gaseous Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering of the Heart, Choking or suffocating Sensations, when in a lying posture, Dizziness on rising suddenly, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs and Sudden Flashes of Heat, should use a few doses of

**Radway's
Pills**

Which will quickly free the system of all the above named disorders.

RADWAYS PILLS

All purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity.

For the Cure of all Disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Piles, Sick Headache and all disorders of the Liver.

Price, 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

RADWAY & CO., 7 ST. HELEN STREET MONTREAL,

Radway & Co., New York.

Gentleman—in regard to "Radway's Pills," I wish to say, that I have never found any remedy that can equal them.

For the past two years I was suffering from nervous dyspepsia and constipation. After eating I would have a sensation of heaviness in the stomach, feel like vomiting, pain and dizziness in the head, and then I would become nervous. I tried everything that was recommended to me. My physician told me I had chronic constipation and a sour stomach. He could relieve me somewhat, but still did not cure me. I was almost in despair. At last a friend persuaded me to try "Radway's Pills," which I did. And I am glad to say, that they not only relieved me, but positively cured me. Even after taking them only a few days, a regularity of the bowels was established, and the dyspeptic symptoms have already disappeared. Now I feel like a new person.

May God bless you and your wonderful remedy. I remain,

Yours for health,
B. S. TREXLER,
Allentown, Pa.

**INTERCOLONIA
RAILWAY**

On and after SUNDAY, Oct. 11, 1904, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted as follows:

TRAINS LEAVE ST. JOHN	
6—Mixed for Moncton	6.30
2—Exp. for Halifax, the Sydneys and Campbellton	7.00
4—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou,	13.15
26—Express for Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou,	12.15
8 Express for Sussex	17.10
3 4—Express for Quebec and Montreal	18.00
10—Express for Halifax and Sydney.	23.25

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN.	
9—Express from Halifax and Sydney	6.20
7—Express from Sussex	9.00
3—Express from Montreal and Quebec	13.50
5—Mixed from Moncton	15.20
3—Express from Point du Chene, Halifax and Pictou and	16.50
25—Campbellton	17.40
1—Express from Halifax	18.40
81 Express from Moncton (Sunday only)	24.35

All trains run by Atlantic Standard Time
24.00 o'clock is midnight.

D. POTTINGER, ager.
General Man.
Moncton, N.B., Oct. 9, 1903.
CITY TICKET OFFICE.
7 KING STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Telephone, 1053
EO CARVILL, C. T. A.

**SNOW & CO.,
Limited.**

Undertakers and Embalmers.
90 Argyle St.,
Halifax

One of the Many

Mrs. G. D. Allen, of Bale Verte Road, N. B., suffered from severe cramps for several years, obtaining only temporary relief from doctors. She was also greatly afflicted for 4 years, with Salt Rheum in her hands. She was advised to try

**GATES'
Life of Man Bitters
and Invigorating Syrup.**

This she did, also using Gates' Nerve Ointment on her hands. She has recently written us explaining how after 8 months' treatment she has been permanently cured of both diseases and she is recommending others to give these medicines a trial.

For further information address
**G. Gates, Son & Co.,
MIDDLETON, N. S.**



**BURDOCK
BLOOD BITTERS.**

As a spring medicine it has no equal.

It purifies and enriches the blood. Acts on the Kidneys, Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Cleanses and invigorates the entire system from the crown of the head to the soles of the feet.

Don't be sick, weak, tired, worn and weary.

**THIS SPRING
TAKE
Burdock Blood Bitters
AND KEEP WELL.**

Would there be any demand for 45 Successive Years for any article unless it had superior merit

**Woodill's German
Baking Powder**

claim this as 45 RECOMMENDATIONS to all who use BAKING POWDER. Ask your Grocer for it.

These trade-mark crosscross lines on every package.
GLUTEN FLOUR For
DYSPEPSIA.
SPECIAL DIABETIC FLOUR.
K. C. WHOLE WHEAT FLOUR.
Unlike all other goods. Ask Grocers.
For book of samples write
Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N. Y., U.S.A.

