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No. 23.

Centennial of the University of New Brunswick.

Last week, in connection with its anniversary exercises for the current year, the University of New Brunswick celebrated its centennial. Strictly speaking the centennial just celebrated is rather that of the work of higher education in New Brunswick under Provincial auspices than that of the present University of New Brunswick, which was not established as such until 1859. But as the present institution may fairly be regarded as the successor and heir to the College of New Brunswick established in 1800, and of Kings College, which occupied the field from 1829 to 1859, it seems entirely fitting that the century of collegiate work under Government direction in the Province should be celebrated under the auspices of the University of New Brunswick. The celebration took place under the most favorable conditions as to weather, and representatives of many Colleges and Universities of Canada and the United States were present to extend their congratulations. The collegiate institutions of the Dominion were very generally represented by their delegates, also the following institutions of the United States: Bates, Bowdoin, Brown, Colby, Cornell, Harvard, and Maine. Representatives were also present from Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, Oxford and St. Andrews. Many of these gentlemen gave verbal expression of their personal good feeling, and that of the institutions which they represented, toward the University of New Brunswick, and their congratulatory words were heard with deep interest. One of the ways in which the University has marked its centennial is in conferring the degree of LL. D. upon some forty-two gentlemen, many of whom were present as the representatives of institutions of learning with which they are connected, and others who are prominent either in the educational or public life of the country. Among prominent Baptists who have received the degree we note the names of Prof. Calvin Goodspeed, D. D., of McMaster University; Prof. L. E. Wortman, M. A., of Acadia, both of whom are alumni of the University of New Brunswick, and Hon. H. R. Emmerson, Attorney-General and Premier of the Province, a member of the Board of Governors of Acadia, and President for the current year of the Maritime Baptist Convention. We desire heartily to congratulate these gentlemen upon their honors. The degree was also to have been conferred upon the late Dr. Rand, and as noted elsewhere he had taken his seat in the meeting at which the degrees were conferred, when suddenly there occurred the sad event which must have been to all his compeers a most forcible reminder of how brief and transitory are any and all honors which this world can bestow.

Down With the Lotteries.

There are indications that the better class of the French people in the Province of Quebec, are becoming quite thoroughly aroused to the tremendous evils of the lotteries which, in defiance of the law or by a total evasion of its spirit, have been for years past corrupting the people of that Province, and exerting an evil influence to a greater or less degree over all parts of the country. Under the guise of an association for the encouragement of art, the spirit, if not the letter, of the law has been entirely evaded, and a very widely extended lottery business, with Montreal as its centre, has been carried on. It is wise no doubt, to encourage art by legitimate means, but neither art nor any other good thing is to be promoted by associating it with a vice which is one of the most demoralizing which operates in human society. It is a hopeful indication too, that some of the leaders in the Roman Catholic church

of Quebec are speaking out against the employment of lotteries by the church for the purpose of raising money. It would have been well if such voices had been raised with authoritative emphasis long ago, for there can be no doubt, as we have more than once pointed out, that the sanction which the R. C. ecclesiastics have given to lotteries for church purposes, has done not a little indirectly to encourage the passion of gambling among the people. Praise is due to Senator Dandurand and to others for the vigorous efforts they have made, and are making, to secure such legislation in the Dominion Parliament as shall effect the suppression of the lotteries. But, as the Montreal Witness points out, the promoters of lotteries have enough at stake in the business to prompt them to fight very vigorously the reform which it is sought to effect, and they are prepared to spend a good deal of money for the sake of perpetuating the iniquitous business whereby they have their wealth. The Witness says: "There never was in our parliament a more-distinct issue between good and evil, between right and wrong, between principle and interest, between patriotism and money. It is painful to admit that in such an issue we should have any misgivings as to the result. To save our country from the disgrace of a surrender to vicious interests this would be a time for the leader of the Opposition to join hands with the leader of the government in putting down a heavy foot on this attempt."

Prompt Justice.

The Welland dynamiters, Nolin, Walsh and Dullman, have had their trial, have been convicted of the crime with which they were charged, have been sentenced to imprisonment for life and are now incarcerated in the Kingston penitentiary. Their sentence is deservedly severe. If their nefarious scheme had succeeded, the result would have been the destruction of a great amount of property, and probably of much life also, which would have been swept away by the waters of the broken lock. The two men Nolin and Walsh were clearly convicted of the crime, and the chain of circumstantial evidence against Dullman was so strong as to leave no ground for reasonable doubt that he was connected with them and indeed the chief agent in the villainous business. But the questions as to the instigators of the crime and the motives by which they were actuated have not been answered. Probably no one supposes that the men who did the deed which has cost them their liberty were alone in the business. They were doubtless the tools of others,—but of whom? The theory that the crime was instigated by persons interested in the grain business of Buffalo has been generally abandoned, and it is regarded as pretty certain that the men were the agents of some anti British society which, provoked and maddened by the eager spirit of patriotism exhibited by the Dominion in connection with the South African war, had planned this outrage, and probably others as well, in the spirit of diabolical revenge. The Province of Ontario, and especially the people in the vicinity of the scene of the crime, are to be praised for the calmness and promptness with which they have dealt with the matter. Within little more than a month after the crime was committed the men had had their trial by judge and jury, and with the advantage of able legal counsel, and having been found guilty, they had been removed from the county jail to be placed within the more secure prison walls of the Penitentiary. It is to be hoped that the prompt dispensation of stern justice in this case will operate as a discouragement upon any other ambitious scheme which Anglophobist societies may have conceived for the punishment of Canadian loyalty.

The War.

The latest news we were able to present last week in reference to the war situation left Lord Roberts at Klip River station, about 18 miles south of Johannesburg, while Generals French and Ian Hamilton were believed to be fighting the enemy some ten miles to the westward. That was on Monday. On Tuesday evening Lord Roberts had advanced to Germinston, a few miles south of Johannesburg, while the left wing under French and Hamilton, having beaten back the opposing Boer forces, had reached a position just west of Johannesburg. On Wednesday Lord Roberts, having summoned the city to surrender, acceded to the request of the Boer commandant for 24 hours delay, and on Thursday formally occupied Johannesburg. Lord Roberts reports that the occupation passed off quite satisfactorily and good order prevailed throughout. He was met by Dr. Krautz, the Boer Commandant, on his entrance and accompanied by him to the Government offices, where the heads of the several departments were seen, and all acceded to Lord Roberts' request that they would continue to carry on their respective duties until they could be relieved. The town was found very empty, but a large crowd of people had assembled in the main square by the time the British flag had been hoisted. A royal salute was fired and three cheers for the Queen were given. Only three of the Boers' guns were found in position, which indicates that they have made good use of their opportunities to remove their artillery. Lord Roberts also announces that the proclamation announcing the annexation of the Orange Free State was made known at Bloemfontein May 26 by General Pretymann (military governor). The troops under General Kelly-Kenny formed a square, the royal standard was hoisted, the troops saluted, a royal salute was fired and the Queen was cheered. The name "Orange River Colony" was well received. Lord Roberts' latest despatches—Friday and Saturday—were sent from Orange Grove, a farm 4 miles northeast of Johannesburg. At present writing the condition of affairs at Pretoria is clouded in uncertainty. On Thursday last despatches supposed to be worthy of credence intimated that both Johannesburg and Pretoria were in the hands of the British, and the announcement gave rise in many parts of the empire to demonstrations which were later learned to be premature. At this writing no direct news has been received from Pretoria of a later date than Thursday. If the despatches of that date were correct, President Kruger had left the Capital for Watervalboven, a place on the Delagoa Bay railway, and on the borders of the Lydenburg district, in which it is expected the Boers will make their final stand. The Boer troops had been dismissed from the forts of Pretoria, the burghers were in a panic, believing that Lord Roberts' forces were near at hand, and the town had resolved to surrender with its arms. It was not an unreasonable inference from this situation that the British troops would be in Pretoria before nightfall on Thursday. Just what prevented this is uncertain. Probably French and Hamilton have met with more opposition than was expected, and it may be that President Kruger's intention—if such was his intention—of abandoning the forts of Pretoria was not carried out. For some reason Lord Roberts has thought best that a veil should be drawn over the operations of the past few days in the Transvaal, but it is probable that the facts of the situation will shortly be made known. In the northeastern part of the Orange River Colony the Boers have showed themselves in considerable force with the design, it would seem, of reaching the railway and cutting Lord Roberts' line of communication. In this they have not succeeded, but General Rundle's troops have had some hard fighting in the vicinity of Senekal and Lindley, and as a result 182 casualties are reported. Gen. Hunter and Gen. Baden-Powell are reported to be moving toward Pretoria from the western border of the Transvaal. Nothing of importance appears to be taking place in connection with General Buller's forces in Natal. As we go to press official intelligence as to present situation at Pretoria and its vicinity is still lacking, but from such despatches as newspaper correspondents have been permitted to send, it would seem that the Boers have in a measure recovered from the panic which had seized them at the rapid approach of the British forces, and that, though President Kruger has fled from Pretoria, the military leaders are not yet ready either for fight or for surrender, and have determined to defend the Capital. The news received is, however, more or less conflicting, and the whole situation is clouded in uncertainty. It may be that the Boer generals have determined on a stubborn defence of Pretoria, but under all the circumstances this seems hardly probable. It may be that they have concluded that they can make terms with Lord Roberts with greater dignity and advantage there than elsewhere.

—Official despatches, received since going to press, say Pretoria was occupied by the British 12.30 Tuesday.

The Cross.

BY H. F. ADAMS.

Galatians 6:14: "Far be it from me to glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world hath been crucified unto me and I unto the world." (R. V.)

Everyone must glory in something. We are so constituted that each one thinks more of one thing than any other, the devotion to which sometimes becomes a master-passion. Whether that one thing is good or bad, the life given wholly to it, becomes a controlling force to be reckoned with in this world. In Paul's day the Romans gloried in their strength,—vast armies and universal dominion. The Grecians gloried in their culture,—scholarship, philosophy and eloquence. The Jews gloried in orthodoxy, as being elected by God to hold in trust the Word of God. Each nation in its strong point, became a controlling force in a distinct sphere. And in the composite civilization of today these forces still contribute to our character. There were mighty forces in Paul's day, and in the first chapter of his letter to the Romans he acknowledges their influence upon him. Says he "I am debtor both to Greeks and to barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." But there had come into the world another force of which he took little account when he was a young man, but which was destined to influence him more than all other forces put together.

I. How the Cross became a thing to glory in.—Quietly, but with a self-propagating power and ever-deepening force, there had come into the world a system of truths connected with a cross. Without the prestige of Cæsar's patronage, lacking recognition from the Savants of Mars Hill, and frowned upon by the dignitaries of Jerusalem, it yet came to supplant every system of paganism, polytheism and deism. It came noiselessly, like the stone that was cut out without hands, in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Dan. 2:34. And as that stone smote the image, symbol of the world-power, and afterwards became a great mountain, filling the whole earth, even so the doctrine of the Cross shall break into, shivers the systems of false religions and fill the whole world with light. To the Roman, to the Grecian and to the Jew the Cross had been associated only with the criminal classes, as an instrument of death. The Romans crucified captives, assassins, highway robbers and rebels. The emperor Tiberius ordered the priests of the pagan Temple of Isis to be crucified for having led a distinguished Roman lady into the hands of the infamous Menædas. After the conquest of Jerusalem, Titus could not find places enough for the crosses, and not crosses enough for the Jews he wanted to punish. The Grecian King, Alexander the Great, ordered two thousand people of Tyros to be crucified after conquering the city, as a punishment for resisting him.

While these uses of the cross were not of Jewish origin, yet the fact that the Jews voted for the crucifixion of Jesus and classed him among malefactors is evidence that it was in vogue among the Jewish nation. Could it be possible that an instrument that formed the gallows in three great nations would become the insignia of a King whose power would break in pieces all other opposing kingdoms and make them contribute to extend His own? Could it be possible that the cross associated with ignominy, shame and degradation would one day be the first step up to the throne of the Messiah, who is exalted at the Father's right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour? Yet such prophecies have been fulfilled. On a hill called Calvary a cross was erected that changed all the world's thinking about crosses. East and west vie with each other in giving the cross the most honorable place. Not because Calvary's Cross was different from thousands of crosses that had been erected before, but because One hung on Calvary's cross who was the Son of a King and the King among men. Who coming from God, leads to God, and enfolds God. The issues of the Cross are so great as to defy philosopher to classify, historian to record, and theologian to expound. Jean Paul Richter gives us in few words a graphic and expressive sketch of the issues of that Cross. "The life of Christ concerns him who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with his pierced hand empires off their hinges, and turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages." Summing up the results of the Cross Rousseau says: "Yes, if the death of Socrates be that of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." Carlyle reverently wrote: "Jesus of Nazareth, our divinest symbol! Higher has the human not yet reached." The warrior Napoleon said: "Jesus alone founded his empire on love, and to this very day millions would die for him." Can you now wonder at this victorious outburst of devotion to the cross, seeing it was the inaugural of a kingdom that shall finally fill all the heavens with songs of triumph uttered by the redeemed of the Lord. Let us now proceed to discover—

II. What the Cross did for Paul that he should glory in it.—He says that through it the world had been crucified unto him and he unto the world. The Authorized version reads as if this crucifixion of Paul had been through Christ, but the Revised makes the cross the agency of this crucifixion. Let us read the two R. V.,

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." R. V., "But far be it from me to glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world hath been crucified unto me, and I unto the world."

While Paul in Galatians 2:20 says, "I have been crucified with Christ," and of course that is doctrinally and experimentally true, yet in this passage 6:14 the apostle makes the cross the meeting place of two forms of life, and where both died by crucifixion. Paul was a living sinner, and the world-power was living in him. They had been companions for many years, and were well mated. The academic life of his boyhood, the College course of his young manhood, and his residence in Rabbi Gamabiel's theological school within the precincts of the Temple only fed the flame of an early-planted ambition to shine in the world as a man of power. His presence on the Sanhedrin, and all the cumulative evidence of growing greatness indicated by him in Philippians 3:4-7, all point to a man of commanding gifts, of a progressive spirit, and an aggressive nature. Patronage and power smiled on him and finally placed within his grasp the sceptre that would make him a king among his peers. A champion of orthodoxy, he received the high commission from the High Priest to undertake the extermination of the disciples of one Jesus. He "made havoc" of the church, "hauling men and women to prison." His thirst for human blood indicates him a monster, and now he is going to Damascus to carry forward his cruel inquisitorial work, who can elude his staff of detectives, one hundred and thirty-three miles north-east of Jerusalem. The journey must have covered a week, as a "day's journey" was between ten and twenty miles. Behold the proud leader exultant at his prospective success. Self-contained and admired by his subordinates he proceeds arm in arm with a proud world, that was caressing its vain child with promises of reward, promotion and power. But a crisis is at hand. As these two drew near to Damascus, the living sinner and the living world, the crucified, but now ascended Christ, appeared. The effulgent glory smote the living sinner with blindness, and a voice said, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" His heart was smitten, his voice faltered, and the strong, proud man struggled out an enquiry, "Who art thou Lord?" and "What wilt thou have me to do?"

Blind and trembling, Paul, the chief of sinners, is led into the city of Damascus. For three days he neither ate nor drank. How changed. Instead of this living sinner entering the city amid the applause of his old friend, the world, he is glad to slip into it unseen and unrecognized.

What has happened? Saul and the world came unexpectedly face to face with the cross. He was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. But yielding himself up to the Lord, his old self was crucified through the cross unto the world, and the world power through the cross was crucified unto him. The living sinner in the world, and the living world spirit in him, both died through the cross. Regenerated, Spirit filled, it was no longer "I but Christ liveth in me." When his eyes were opened again the two things that first met him were his old dead self and the old dead world; both lay like two corpses at his feet, crucified through the cross. Can you wonder that hereafter the cross of Christ became such an object of his love, that the one master passion of his life was to preach Christ crucified. His intellect, splendidly educated, his acquired knowledge, his masterful power of argumentation, every talent, every hour, every penny, were all laid at the feet of his Saviour. All to be used in unstinted consecration and unswerving fidelity to proclaim salvation from self and sin through the cross.

But do not think he meant a cross of wood. This is Rome's great error. Hence the craze to possess a piece of the wood of the real cross. Until to-day there are enough pieces of the cross to build a ship, and enough nails of the cross to fasten it together.

The cross that Paul gloried in was the great and glorious fact of the Atonement. On the cross Christ was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities. The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with stripes (or bruises) we are healed.

When Paul learned that Jesus died, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God, he was so overcome by the greatness of the love, that it at once became the marvel of the ages. When Paul learned that he who knew no sin, was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him, he saw a revelation of such wonderful grace, that he surrendered himself to God, and in the act of acceptance of this truth of the substitutionary sacrifice of Christ, he died unto sin and lived unto God.

Henceforth the love unfolded in the voluntary sufferings of Jesus; the grace exhibited in the plan whereby God could be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus; and the fulfilment of all prophecy and all symbolism, by the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world, were all focussed and enfolded and expressed by that one word the Cross.

Alongside this great work of redemption, all else paled

into insignificance. Riches, property, scholarship, literature, art, and even thrones and empires, dwarfed and dwindled into things compared to the refuse of the street when he gazed upon the unsearchable riches of Christ. Worms of the earth do not understand why eagles prefer the mountain summits. Even so the sordid and senseless Agrippa could not understand the view point of this spiritual giant Paul devoting his great intellect and sacrificing his all for the cross. This was the secret of Paul's power, of Luther's, and Wesley and Whitfield, and of Spurgeon and Moody. What is true in the magnitude of those past heroes, is true in the miniature of ordinary people like you and me to-day. The world was crucified unto them, and they unto the world, through the cross of Christ. There is no other way to rise but upon the ashes of our old dead selves, via the cross. Come then selfish and world-burdened souls; come and gaze upon the love of God and the God of love, hanging on the Cross to deliver you from the curse of a broken law, and to secure you the remission of sin! Gaze upon this spectacle that prophets foretold and angels desired to look into! Gaze upon the Christ suffering for you, gaze upon the God-man in the agonies of death for you. Listen to his cry "I thirst" for you! Listen to his plaint "My God, my God why hast thou forsaken me," for you! Harken to that word of love "Father forgive them, they know not what they do," for you. And finally hear the victorious shout of the Conqueror, "It is finished," for you. And then—then tell me if you can resist the power of the Cross.

"A Preacher's Life"

BY REV. A. C. CHUTE.

This is interesting reading. If during perusal of some of the pages the reader wonders whether it would not have been better to have borrowed the book than to have bought it, there is satisfaction at the end over ownership, since there are many matters to which he wishes to return. The author will soon have to be reckoned among the old men. Indeed he tells us, as he writes so tenderly of his gifted wife's ascension, that upon the day of her going, Jan. 26th, '99, he entered upon his old age. There is still, however, the glow of youth in his writings. His friend and admirer, Dr. Robertson Nicoll, in speaking of his latest volume of sermons, says that "they have all the freshness of youth, all the ripeness of age, all the wisdom and the beauty of a heart that has been fed at the everlasting springs." He is one of the much-misunderstood and much-criticized men, and he sometimes shows signs of chafing under it. On a recent Sunday morning he told his congregation that he had had a letter the night before from a respected journalist requesting him to cry out against "this most unrighteous war." Coming to the vestry in the morning he found a letter from Cape Colony, begging him to support "the most righteous war that was ever fought in the world." With repetition of these last words, applause came from the assembly. Then Dr. Parker said: "You evidently know what to do; I wish I did. Never be an independent minister if you can help it; I am glad I am just about to be done with it, I am." In speaking of his early studies he ascribes much to the thoroughness which characterized them, and urges parents and teachers to see well to it that this, above all else, is emphatically present in the school work of their children and pupils. To the same thing he recurs again and again in order that the important lesson may not be missed. Every book on his shelf and every loaf in his cupboard he ascribes to pains taking industry. The foolish prejudices that are apt to arise in an isolated life find good illustration in one of the chapters. A piece of distressing intelligence reached the far-off town of the writer's youth, to the effect that a lunatic had suddenly developed in Leicester, one who was going to pull down all church steeples and bury all bishops and curates under the ruins of their own bellfries. The alarm arose to a panic. Little by little it was learned that this man had started an "Anti-State Association." Every dissenter round about was therefore regarded with great disfavor. Their goods were taken for the payment of church rates. But the lunatic, upon his approach, was not found to be dressed in scarlet, and not the sharpest eye could detect the hiding of a dagger in his sleeve. Usually those who differ from us look worse at a distance. The coming of reformers and lecturers to the vicinity where young Parker dwelt, let him abroad into wider and more correct views of men and truth. The atmosphere in which he was brought up was puritanical and rigorous. Much could be said against its severity. To-day we see not such extremes as existed then, nor do we want to see them. But the affirmation is made that "it is the operation of this Puritan Conscience—no doubt often blind and narrow—that makes it hard for nonconformist England to take kindly to horse-racing premiers or to the gambling princes." Amid prayer Joseph Barker was reared, and the testimony is given by him that on to the present his highest joy has been in the solitary companionship of the Eternal Spirit. Early did he come to realize that he had not to invent a Bible, but

"A Preacher's Life: An Autobiography and an Album," by Joseph Parker D. D., Minister of the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, London. Hodder and Stoughton. pp. 488. 6s.

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to read one; that he had not to fabricate a gospel but to preach a gospel personified in Christ and written in the four narratives of his life. Great things are demanded of the Christian, but all the needed help is nigh. "The Christian is dead to himself, he has no vanity to be offended, no pride to be abased, no self-pretence to be quenched. What, then, am I never to be offended? Never. Am I not to cultivate the spirit of resentment? Never. Am I not to render evil for evil? Never. How often have I to forgive my brother? As often as he offends me. But is not this more than human nature can bear? It is. Yes, yes! it is, it is! But to no such miracle is human nature called. 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.'"

There are strong protests in these pages against attempts to tie men down to one method in the presentation of truth to make all think and speak alike. Every one must be left to his own way. Inward unity may have great outward diversity. We preach the gospel best when we feel it most. And it must certainly be preached in its own spirit. Reference is made to a debate once listened to between a Christian and an infidel, wherein the spirit and the temper of the infidel were markedly the more Christian. Much care is essential in dealing with those who differ from us that we hinder not what we profess to be promoting by the disposition that is exhibited.

Entertaining things are here written of critics and their ways. As for reviewers they are supernaturally clever, so clever that they can review books without reading them. When it is known that the reviewer wears clothes and pays taxes like the rest of us he will gradually come into the enjoyment of the degree of influence which properly belongs to him. The rest of the whole mischief of malignant criticism lies, it is said, in the practice of anonymity. Some caustic things are spoken about penmanship. A printer showed the Dr. a manuscript hardly a word of which he could make out. It bore evidence of a disorderly mind. When, however, it was known to be the writing of Lord Brougham, of course it settled itself into legibility and betrayed evidence of singular energy and originality. But a man should be sure that he is a Tennyson before venturing upon illegible "copy." Horace Greely once wrote a letter to a friend, which this friend was able to use successfully as a free railway pass, and no one could declare that it was not meant for that very thing. Like many another wise man, Dr. Parker relegates anonymous letters to the waste basket without reading them. But one time he had to read what was written, for there was an enclosure of a Bank of England note of a hundred pounds value. An article in a paper on Saturday night so abused the Dr. that a reader resolved to hear the preacher next day. And so greatly blessed was the new hearer by the prayer and sermon that he forwarded to the preacher this expression of gratitude and appreciation. So the Dr. announced to his people that he was willing to suspend his rule about anonymous letters in such circumstances, at the same time making the request: "Will you be kind enough to pray that the man who wrote the article may keep on writing, and that the men who read the article may keep on responding."

Great was the esteem in which Mr. Gladstone was held by the pastor of City Temple. English politics, he says, have not been the same since Gladstone's removal. The trouble with English political life, he thinks, is that it is irreligious. "There are scholars, able managers, experienced wire-pullers, honest patriots, and expert fence-sitters; there are even church-goers, and early communists, and anti-ritualists,—but where are the Cromwells who trusted God, the Gladstones who revered his name, and the Brights who steeped their speeches in the very spirit of the Bible? Statesmanship is an aspect of the kingdom of God,—a supreme act of religion working in a political direction. Shoot an eagle, stuff him with feathers, replace his eyes with glass and his beak with putty, if you would see an image of politics divorced from faith. Mr. Gladstone would never have been the man he was but for his steadfast and glowing faith in God." Some will be too ready to call this the morbid writing of one who is coming into his dotage. But the robust editor of the British Weekly has recently declared that the nation is deeply in need of leaders, and leaders who have that highest form of courage which comes of belief in the living God, in his justice, love and truth.

The pen-pictures of men with whom the author has been intimately associated are most entertaining, and there is a temptation here to recall a number of them. But let it be sufficient just to look a moment, through Dr. Parker's eyes, at the eccentric preacher and author, George Gillilan. And the glimpse of him will be solely from a domestic point of view. "In the upper room he rubbed his glorious head and face with a towel, and then threw the towel upon a swing mirror. Coming down stairs he vigorously stirred the fire with our best tongs, and then threw the tongs under the bars with a fine disregard of domestic perspective." Dr. and Mrs. Parker had an imperative engagement at five that afternoon. They could hardly ask their friend to stay to tea, for they had to start at four. But "Mr. Gillilan settled the business for us, for immediately after dinner he drew his chair to the fire and said: 'We maun have tea early.' Thus do the invisibles work kindly for us if we will but let them alone and cease to fret about the coming and going of daily life."

Halifax, N. S., May 18.

Spring.

We welcome thee, beautiful spring.
In greeting the wild woodlands sing
To the music of soft, purring rills.
While a chorus of birds far sweeter than words,
Chant thy praises from moorland and hills.

With verdure you clothe the bare earth;
Fill Nature with sunshine and mirth;
Draw life from each swift flowing stream.
The mayflowers' face, with maidenly grace,
Flushes pink at the thought of love's dream.

O'er all shines the heaven's clear blue,
And refreshed by the sunshine and dew,
The flowers look upward with love.
The whole air is filled with their sweetness distilled.
Which blends with the beauty above.

Thy loveliness poets have sung;
Thy praises through ages have rung;
For thy beauty is fresh with each year;
The days that are gone, on our memories dawn,
At the sight of thy smile or thy tear.

And when the dim twilight draws nigh,
And the music of Nature floats by,
And dreamily fades with the light,
Thy beauty is seen, more clearly I ween,
Than when sunshine has dazzled our sight.

In the calm, dewy stillness of eve,
When the stars their soft radiance breathe,
O'er mountain, and moorland and stream,
To some throbbing heart, you a secret impart,
With a voice like the voice of a dream.

Oh, stay! Do not hasten away,
O'er our hearts hold thy magical sway,
We joyously bend to thy will.
O may it be long, ere hushed is thy song,
Ere the strings of thy harp are quite still.

Wolfville, N. S.

M. V. JONES.

Jesus and the Children.

R. H. HAWES.

There was one thing about Jesus no one could fail to notice. His great popularity with children. A certain fullness of humanity always seems to attract children. In Jesus this constituted an irresistible attraction. They ran after him, they clung to him, they shouted for him. His must have been a joyous presence. I think this power of attracting and interesting the little one; is one of the hall-marks of good men. The children's unspoiled natures seem to cling to unspoiled souls, as like cleaves to like. "They brought young children to Christ." Ah! there was no need of that, for they came to him of their own accord—nor did he ever repulse them. How shall we bring the children to Christ? how shall we win them to love and follow him? The best way of bringing our children to Christ is by being Christlike ourselves. Let them see in us nothing but his kindness, wisdom, strength, tenderness, and sympathy, and they will learn to love their religion, and grow close to Jesus, as in the days when "he took them up in his arms, laid his hands upon them, and blessed them."—Sel.

How to Get Faith.

D. L. MOODY.

Some say, faith is the gift of God. So is the air, but you have to breathe it. So is bread, but you have to eat it. So is water; but you have to drink it. Some are wanting a miraculous kind of feeling. That is not faith. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." (Rom. 10: 17.)

That is whence faith comes. It is not for me to sit down and wait for faith to come stealing over me with a strange sensation; but it is for me to take God at his word. And you cannot believe unless you have something to believe. So take the Word as it is written, and appropriate it, and lay hold of it.

In John 6: 47, 48 we read of: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me hath everlasting life. I am the bread of life." There is the bread right at hand. Partake of it. I might have thousands of loaves within my home, and as many hungry men in waiting. They might assent to the fact that the bread was there, but unless they each took a loaf and commenced eating, their hunger would not be satisfied. So Christ is the bread of heaven; and as the body feeds on natural food, so the soul must feed on Christ.

Endurance.

F. B. MEYER, D. D.

I was told strange tales by surgeons in India of the extraordinary power which the natives have of enduring pain. One told me of an operation for the removal of cataract, which a Tamil bore without the use of anaesthetics. In the most painful part of the process, when the keen blade was cutting the tenderest membrane, he could only detect the faintest possible sigh on the part of the sufferer; and he accounted for this marvellous endurance by the fact that the nervous tissues had not been exposed to the shocks of modern life and the fret of its wearing anxieties. The more highly civilized we are, the more sensitive the organs of sight and hearing, of taste and sensibility, become; and as they awake to new shades of beauty, so they become conscious of fresh sources of discomfort and unrest.

Literary Notes.

The Apostle of the North. Rev. James Evans. By Egerton R. Young. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company: Toronto. Price \$1.25.

The story of the life of Rev. James Evans is well worth telling, and it is well told by Mr. Egerton R. Young, who is himself one of the successors of Mr. Evans in his work of missionary to the Indians of our Northwest. James Evans was born at Kingston-on-Hull, in 1801. In his young manhood he came to Canada and for a time was engaged in school teaching. He had been converted when quite young, but received "a new and marvelous quickening of the Holy Spirit at an old-fashioned camp-meeting," after coming to this country. It was under the influence of Rev. William Case that young Evans was led to devote himself to work for the Indians first as a school teacher and then as a missionary. His first labors were among the Indians of Upper Canada. Afterwards he extended his labors to the Lake Superior and Red River country and to the farther Northwest—all at that time under the control of the Hudson Bay Company. Mr. Evans was a pioneer in Indian missionary work. In certain places he is still remembered by the Indians as "the first missionary" and "the great missionary." He possessed the rugged health and powers of endurance required for the work and in some respects at least remarkable intellectual power. His invention of the syllabic character of the Cree language is considered a remarkable achievement and it greatly facilitated for the Indians the process of acquiring a knowledge of the Scriptures. Mr. Young writes very graphically and entertainingly of the incidents of missionary life. The book is most worthy of a place in every home and Sunday School library.

Twentieth Century Knighthood. By Louis Albert Banks. D. D. 12mo. Cloth. Price 75 cents. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

"Chivalry has been a word to conjure with for some hundreds of years," says Louis Albert Banks, D. D., in beginning this new volume of talks to young men. Then in a striking, and at the same time practical, way he proceeds to derive high ideals for present-day character from the noblest features of ancient knighthood. The titles of some of the talks well suggest the scope and practical helpfulness of the book: "The Courage of Christian Knighthood," "The Simplicity of the True Knight," "The Beauty of Knightly Generosity," "The Loyalty of a Noble Soul," "The White Life of Pure Manhood," "The Knightly Reverence of Lofty Character," "Truth and Honor the Spurs of Knighthood," "Compassion the Glory of the Strong," "Hardihood the Safeguard of Virtue," "Temperance the Flower of Modern Knighthood." This volume, with the two which preceded it, "The Christian Gentleman" and "My Young Man," forms a well-nigh irresistible appeal to young men to rouse the good and noble qualities in them and to become, in very truth, twentieth century knights. The book is tastefully bound in red cloth with black and gold side-stamps, and sells for the moderate sum of 75 cents.

"Three Men on Wheels." By Jerome K. Jerome, author of "Three men in a Boat." Published by The Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Front Street West, Toronto.

This book has several distinctive features placing it above the ordinary novel: First, it is not a novel, but a comic history of the later lives of three men already met with in the Boat episodes. It has not a so-called moral, to forever point a correcting finger at you, and destroy the perfect enjoyment of reading. It is full of keen humor for the alert mind (and with enough satire to satisfy the cynic)—an ideal book for reading aloud; and one which every man will enjoy reading, providing he has a capacity for seeing humor in domestic situations. The fun begins in the opening chapter, when two of the three men lay schemes as to how best they can get away on a quiet holiday, unhampered by a wife's companionship. The ardor of their enterprise grows tame, when it is discovered that the supposedly devoted partners of their joys and sorrows are only too eager to be freed for a time from lord and master, that they may pursue a little pleasure on their own account. Chapter three is full of a righteous condemnation of the man who insists upon taking your wheel apart (out of pure kindness!) and overhauling it for you, until it is only fit for the bone-wagon. While the wheelman's joys are the first consideration, the book contains much in which a good yachtsmen will revel. After wheels and men have finally decided where to go, and are actually ready to make the journey, a speedy crossing is begun from London; and you are in the Black Forest of Germany, with no tiresome delays as to how you got there. Through that famous country, you follow the narrator, who entertains you all along the way with lively sketches drawn from the well-filled storehouse of a bright imagination (carefully omitting all wearying descriptions of scenery.) Jerome's observations upon German character and ways are full of harmless ridicule. He draws attention to their conversational methods of teaching the language—so that it is never understood when spoken. He laughs at their blind obedience to the law, personified in the policeman. In England a policeman has been found useful in crowded thoroughfares to help old ladies over crossings; but in Germany a man is guided in every walk of life by this all-powerful official. Mr. Jerome asserts that there is no offence in the Fatherland so great as that of walking on the grass. Even the dogs are taught to read the notice-boards, and if by chance one is seen to scurry across an emerald plot, it is at once known to be the property of some "unholy foreigner," and dealt with accordingly. Throughout the book the many clever illustrations by Mr. Harrison Fisher add realism to the various situations.

McClure's Magazine for June will contain an article by Mr. O. Chanute, who has been studying the problem of human flight for over forty years, giving an account of his own inventions and adventures in the matter of flying-machines. The article will be illustrated with pictures of actual flights, from photographs taken by the author.

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Theodore Harding Rand.

The death of Dr. Theodore Harding Rand, which occurred in Fredericton on Tuesday of last week, has come with the effect of a sudden, sharp blow to the large circle of his personal friends. It is also a cause of deep regret to that larger circle who admired and appreciated him for his distinguished ability and for the important services which he has rendered to his generation. It was, we believe, quite generally known that Dr. Rand was suffering from a form of disease which was not unlikely to have a sudden and fatal issue, and therefore the shock of the sad intelligence was somewhat less violent than otherwise it would have been, but the regret and sorrow at his departure are no less keen and real. The Baptists of Canada have reason to mourn the taking away of a man of so princely endowments and noble purpose, who, with loyal heart and generous spirit, has made the denomination and the country at large sharers in the large gifts of heart and mind which heaven had bestowed upon him. And yet, as we think of it all,—not only of the event which has snatched him from us while yet his life-work seemed incomplete, but also of the life he has lived and the work he has done; as we look beyond the silence and the impotence of the still form and the blind face to the large and various activities of the many fruitful years that he has been with us, our grief gives way to gratitude, and our sense of loss melts into a profound thankfulness for the large gift which God gave to us in the person of our brother whom now He has taken to Himself.

We have no desire to write concerning the departed other than words of simple truth. In fulsome adulation concerning any man it is not our habit or intention to indulge. If there are men who never make mistakes, who have no defects of temper and who never fail in perfect duty toward God and men, we have not discovered them. The men we love the best have some faults, and perhaps we do not love them less because they are not so far removed from ourselves that nothing of human weakness and fallibility attaches to them. But nothing should restrain us from paying honest tribute to the men who, cast in larger mould and more generously endowed than most of their fellows, have, with unselfish purpose and untiring earnestness, employed their larger powers in the service of their generation. Such a man was he of whom we write. His natural endowments were far beyond the ordinary. A man of many parts, there was in his full-orbed nature a kindly blending of the elements. He was self-centred, strong and masterful; the quality of his thought was virile; the forces of his life welled up as from one inexhaustible fountain, and surged in strong currents through his being; yet those strong forces were obedient to a mind and will that ever acknowledge allegiance to the Divine Master of men. And always a deep sense of the beautiful tempered his eager strength, and lent charm to his thought and its expression. He was a man of action,—wise and far-sighted to plan, patient and indomitable in the execution of his designs, yet few men found a keener delight in intercourse with nature and in contemplative thought. The birds, the insects and the flowers, the hills and the dales, the trees and the rivers, the clouds and the mountains, the dawns and the sunsets, even the tides and the sea-fogs,—all had a voice for him, and spoke unto his soul secrets which he has well endeavored to interpret for our duller ears. The spirit of poetry brooded over his whole life, lending wealth and grace to his thought and its utterance, but it was not until the riper, mellow years were reached that the poetic life within him sought and found adequate expression. Upon his graduation at Acadia, Dr. Rand devoted himself to

the work of education, and from that field of activity he never withdrew. It is as a practical educationist chiefly that he has won recognition from the men of his time. But it is quite possible that, after his work in the field of education shall have been forgotten, his name will live by reason of the poetic inspiration which came to beautiful fruition in those later years, when a partial failure of health had made it impossible for him longer to devote himself with the old intensity to the chosen work of his life.

Lack of space forbids any discussion here of the work which Dr. Rand did in connection with the establishment of the Free School system in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick or the service of more recent years in the interests of the Baptist educational work of Ontario. It must suffice to say that the high value of his work as an educationist has been widely recognized both in the east and in the west. It is quite true that neither in the State nor in the ecclesiastical field of education did his ideals and plans meet with unquestioning acceptance. But probably it will not be questioned that, as time has elapsed, the logic of events has gone far to demonstrate the justice of his opinions. Dr. Rand was a man of strong faith and of broad sympathies. He was also pre-eminently a man of hope. A wholesome optimism pervaded his life and his work. He built confidently for the future, believing in better things to come. From first to last he was a Baptist; the broadening horizon of his life begot in him no disposition to break with the old beliefs and the old fellowships. He loved his country with a patriot's heart. The very birds in their wild-wood notes seemed to him to echo his love for Canada.

The death of Dr. Rand was almost tragic in its circumstances. He had gone to Fredericton, accompanied by Mrs. Rand, to be present at the Centennial celebration of the University of New Brunswick, and had spent the Sabbath in the city, worshipping with the congregation of which he had formerly been an active and beloved member. He had seemed to feel much pleasure in meeting his old friends again. His mind was bright and cheerful, and his thoughts flowed freely as he conversed with his friends. He had entered with interest into the Centennial proceedings—though taking no active part therein. On Tuesday afternoon there was a convocation in the hall of the House of Assembly, at which Dr. Rand, among others, was to have received the degree of LL. D., in recognition of his distinguished services to the cause of education and to literature. He had but just taken his seat there, when suddenly the messenger came to summon him from the fellowships and rewards of earth to the higher fellowships and more enduring rewards of the world beyond.

There seemed to be in some sense a fitness that the end should come under such circumstance, in the presence of so much that was suggestive and significant of the work to which Dr. Rand had devoted the energies of his life. It seemed unfitting too that at the last he should be among the friends in whose fellowship some twelve years of his strongest and most fruitful years were spent. A deeply impressive service was held in the Fredericton church on Wednesday evening. Pastor Freeman spoke briefly but eloquently in eulogy of Dr. Rand, and of his connection with the Fredericton church. Rev. Dr. Goodspeed, of McMaster University, uttered some fitting and strongly appreciative words concerning Dr. Rand's work in connection with Baptist educational interests in Ontario, and Dr. Inch, chief superintendent of education, spoke briefly of his work in initiating and establishing the Free School system in New Brunswick. Rev. Dr. McLeod also took part in the service. The remains were conveyed, in the care of Mr. Everett Rand, a brother of the deceased, to Cornwallis, N. S., there to be laid beside their kindred dust. Nova Scotia has given birth to many distinguished sons. But when we seek among them for men who have united to large endowments high Christian ideals and untiring devotion to the noblest ends, we shall not find many names more worthy to be kept in memory than that of Theodore Harding Rand.

For the relatives and friends in their bereavement our sympathies go out, and especially to Mrs. Rand in her great sorrow and irreparable loss.

New Testament Tragedy.

Our Bible lesson for the current week gives us a glimpse into the tragedy of life. The effect of living a sinful life is doubtless to sear and deaden the conscience, but in some bad men conscience long survives, as a gnawing remorse, a lurking memory that springs now and again into fierce, serpent-like life, to terrify with awful dreams or with superstitious fears. King Herod had put to death God's prophet. The brave, strong voice that had reproved him for

his sin was silent in death. The royal murderer and murderess might take their fill of sin, and that hated voice would never speak again to reprove their wickedness. But Herod's heart was not at rest, and when he heard of the wonder-working power manifesting itself in the ministry of Jesus he said—It is John whom I beheaded. After all, Herod's fear was not altogether irrational. His superstition was at least the caricature of a great truth. For there is a sense in which God's prophets are always rising from the dead and performing mighty works. The workers die, the work goes on. The prophets are slain by wicked hands, but from the soil watered with their blood others spring up to preach the truth in still fuller tones and to do still mightier works.

What we learn of Herod in this passage shows that he was not wholly lacking in respect for goodness and truth. When he met with John the Baptist and heard his discourse, he felt that he was in the presence of "a just man and a holy," and was not untouched by reverence for the prophet and for the truth which he so uncompromisingly declared. But this Herod, like another of the name, and many another man of like nature, heard the truth only to tremble at it, not to obey it. He saw the light, but not to walk in it. He knew that the voice of John the Baptist was the voice of God to him, knew that he ought to set the prophet free and obey his word. But the wicked spirit which ruled his life determined him to say No to the better promptings. Some day he might do it, but not yet. So he left the prophet to languish in the dungeon, and went back to his sinful life, thinking to come another day and again hold converse with the prophet. But that convenient day did not come. Instead there came an hour of judgment for Herod when the fire of wine was in his veins and a beautiful girl performed lascivious dances, and a foolish promise, confirmed with a reckless oath, led to murder, and Herod's soul was stained with the blood of God's prophet. There is eloquent warning in this example of Herod, for so it happens to men who despise God's reproofs. Suddenly, when they are not looking for it, the time of sifting comes, and they stand revealed for what they are. It is not having a conscience that makes a man just, but obeying it; it is not hearing the truth, but rendering obedience to it, that saves men from perdition.

For Herod, as for every other man, there were good and evil influences at work upon his life; some that would have lifted him upward had he heeded them, others that only too surely dragged him downward. Among the worst and strongest of those evil influences was that of his wife Herodias. Generally the influence of woman as it appears in the New Testament is gracious and helpful, but there are exceptions, of which this is the most striking. Today, perhaps, more generally than in any other period of the world's history, the influence of woman in the world is for good, but it is still far enough from being universally so. There is no more gracious and beautiful ministry in the world than that of the women who are seeking with earnest, prayerful purpose to help their husbands and their children heavenward. And there are, perhaps, no agencies more effective in the interests of Satan's kingdom than that of the women who are bowing down in worship to the god of this world. As we look upon the picture of the wicked, callous-hearted Herodias, it is well for us to consider that the influences which go to produce such evil womanhood have not yet been banished from the world. The temptation to sacrifice honesty and truth, purity and piety to the desire for change and excitement, fashion, wealth and position, appeals to women today more widely and powerfully than ever before. Is it the shameless womanhood of the slums, or the fashionable womanhood of upper-ten-dom that is doing most today to turn the hearts of men away from God?

A Treasury of Canadian Verse.*

If anyone is disposed to question whether the sons and daughters of Canada have produced a sufficient wealth of poetic literature to justify the publication of a volume of the character which the title above indicates, we are sure that a very cursory perusal of the volume itself will remove all doubts on that score. The gathering of this anthology was doubtless to the editor now gone from us a work of love, but it was an undertaking demanding the most patient

*A Treasury of Canadian Verse: with brief biographical notes; selected and edited by Theodore H. Rand, D. C. L., author of "At Mine Basin and other Poems." Toronto: William Briggs; London: J. M. Dent & Co. Price \$1.25.

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This Tree acquaintances make. It is Canadian Canadian to afford to of verse, of all. But have—not preserved, dian poets of the crea necessary to not all of ed er's aim to value, but worthy of poetry, to t ciple that t be represent self says in of interest, lish-speaking lar loveline and luxuri suous glory frosty air an of natural b pressed—so ical phrase; ally with m note. A sat ic of the ve me to be of

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labor as well as the exercise of excellent wisdom and taste, and it is cause for gratitude that Dr. Rand's life was spared until he was able to see his task so successfully accomplished. His sudden and almost tragic taking away, will lend an added interest to this his latest published work.

This Treasury of Canadian Verse is a book whose acquaintance every intelligent Canadian should make. It ought to find an honored place in every Canadian home. There are but few who could afford to own the published works of all our writers of verse, and few still could find time to read them all. But in this single volume of 400 pages we have—not by any means all that is worthy of being preserved, nor indeed all the best which our Canadian poets have produced—but still certainly much of the cream of Canadian poetry. It is scarcely necessary to say that the contents of the book are not all of equal merit. It has not been the compiler's aim to present only that which is of highest value, but while gathering only things which are worthy of a place in a treasury of Canadian poetry, to make the selections on so broad a principle that the whole field of Canadian verse would be represented. "Such a selection," the editor himself says in his preface to the volume, "should be of interest, not only to Canadians, but to all English-speaking peoples. Here are reflected the singular loveliness of our evanescent spring, the glow and luxuriance of our hasting summer, the sensuous glory of our autumn, and the tingle of our frosty air and the white winter's cheer. Every form of natural beauty is in some degree caught and expressed—sometimes in homely, sometimes in classical phrase; often in striking simplicity, and generally with much purity of thought and an authentic note. A sane and wholesome spirit is characteristic of the verse, and its spiritual quality seems to me to be of a high order."

The selections from each author have been printed together in the volume, as on the whole more satisfactory than a classification according to subjects, and the arrangement is according to the alphabetical order of the authors' names, an index of first lines also aiding the reader in his search for any particular poem. The brief biographical notes of the authors, which occupy eighteen pages at back of the book, form a valuable feature. The book is one which we shall desire to keep within easy reach. It will be a welcome companion for a leisure half hour. Let no one think that the songs of our poets are unworthy his attention. There may be among them no Miltons, or Burns, or Tennysons, or Brownings, but as we listen we shall catch many a true poetic note, many a song that cheers and uplifts. And these poets are our own, speaking to us in our own language, loving their native land and lending it to the beauty of their verse. We take pride in the resources of our country and boast much of the progress we are making in material things, but do not let us think that we can afford to ignore or neglect the men of vision and poetic faculty, who speak to us of things less tangible but no less real.

Editorial Notes

—Funeral services in connection with the death of the late Dr. Theodore H. Rand took place on Saturday at Canard, his early home, from the residence of his brother, Mr. Everett Rand. A sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Keirstead from the text "This man was born there." Revs. Dr. Saunders, Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, C. H. Martell, B. H. Nobles and J. B. Morgan participated in the services. On Sunday afternoon a memorial service was held in College Hall, Wolfville, at which addresses were delivered by President Trotter, Revs. Dr. Sawyer, Dr. Saunders, Dr. Goodspeed and Chancellor Wallace of McMaster. Prof. R. V. Jones, a class-mate of Dr. Rand, offered prayer. The other surviving members of the class are Dr. Silas Alward of St. John, Wm. A. Chase of Yarmouth, John Y. Payzant of Halifax, and Wm. N. Wickwire of Halifax.

—Destructive fires have been reported during the week from different parts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Much valuable timber is said to have been destroyed. Parts of Ontario also have recently suffered severely from the same cause. In some cases heavy loss and much distress has been caused by the burning of buildings. As will be seen on another page, Pastor Fisher, of Port Hillford, Guysborough County, calls attention to the calamity which has fallen upon some of the people in his vicinity by the loss of their dwellings. The beautiful village of St. Martin's was also visited on Wednesday last, and more than 60 of its buildings fell before the devouring element. Comparatively little of the property destroyed was covered by insurance, and in many cases the loss is a very serious one. A relief committee has been appointed, with Rev. S. H. Cornwall as Chairman, and W. E. Skillen, Secretary. It is estimated that \$6,000 are needed immediately to relieve the needs of the homeless and destitute.

—The past week has brought sad news from our Telugu mission field. Two of our missionaries, or more correctly, one of our missionaries and a missionary's wife, Miss Gray and Mrs. Hardy, have fallen. Cabled messages have conveyed only the bare announcement of their death, and nothing more of the circumstances is known than what is given elsewhere by the editor of the W. B. M. U. department and by Mr. Adams. It would seem probable that both our sisters have fallen victims to the malarial fever which prevails at the hill station where they had been spending some time during the heated season. It was only last autumn that Miss

Gray returned to India, after a furlough spent in this country, and Mrs. Hardy—then Miss Williams—accompanied her. For twenty-five years now our missionaries have been laboring in the Telugu country of India, and this is the first break which death has made in their ranks. For the long immunity we have great reason for thankfulness, but the blows which have now fallen so unexpectedly will bring keen sorrow to many hearts. We know that the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR would desire to unite with us in expressions of sympathy for those so sadly bereaved, both in India and the home land, and with our missionaries on the field, to whom this double stroke must seem hard indeed to bear. To our Bro. Hardy the blow must be a crushing one, and it is only less so to Mr. and Mrs. Williams, who only a few months ago bade a sad farewell to their loved daughter as she went both to what all hoped might be many years of happy usefulness in India. May the God of all comfort sustain the sorrowing.

A Tribute to Dr. T. H. Rand.

There is but one expression in Halifax respecting the sudden and dramatic death of Dr. Rand. He had a hold on the hearts of his friends that is given to but few men to have. The fact that the state of his health for years past indicated a sudden close of his life, did not seem to moderate the shock or moderate the grief when the tidings were received. The scene in which he took his departure was in keeping with his noble character, fearless nature, and grand life. A quiet death-bed seems not the fitting place for the ending of some lives. The scene of labor, of conflict, or some select place is more in keeping with the close of such a life as that of Theodore Harding Rand. To have departed under the roof of the building in which the law for common school system, the product of his active and resourceful brain, was discussed, passed and, under his superintendence, for more than a decade, carried into operation, appears so suitable, so natural, that it may be regarded as of heaven's special appointment. Equally congruous does it seem that the university, the crown of the school system in whose board he had been an efficient and faithful member, in its very act of placing well earned honors on his head, should be the witness of his farewell to earth. The surroundings were manifestly a fitting environment in which Dr. Rand should take a farewell of his earthly labors—He rests from them and his works follow him.

To me the loss of such a companionship is keen and oppressive. My mind unbidden, is running from the beginning to end of his laborious and successful career. It is all like a vision before me. The time spent by him in a drug store in Charlestown, Mass., before he was converted, the hearing and the reading of the deliverances of Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, filled his mind with the speculations of these free thinkers. In his brother's store at Wolfville, in the autumn of 1854, he was ever ready to discuss the question of religion. I see him now, his finger on the telegraph key or behind the counter, intense in expression, a heavy thatch of dark hair above his high forehead, and eyes full and penetrating. But this state of mind lasted but a short time. In late winter and early spring the great revival came. It fell upon his young heart. His uncle, the Rev. John Chase, was specially interested in him. After he had confessed that he was a sincere enquirer, his uncle came into the shop one day and said to him, "Harding, have you accepted Christ yet?" The reply was "no." "Do you want religion?" was the further inquiry. The reply, "yes." Then in his own inimitable manner and assumed brusqueness, his uncle said, "Have it! Have it!" and without uttering another word left the store. The young man stood alone transfixed to the floor with the words ringing in his ears, "Have it! Have it." He came from behind the counter, locked the door, went into the upper story, and there kneeling among the boxes gave his heart to God, and came down rejoicing as only a young fellow of his temperament could rejoice. I seem to see him now in my attic room in the college, pouring out the joys of his heart made free and filled with overflowing love for Christ his Saviour. The companionship begun that night in my room has never been broken. Within the last few weeks I have received three or four letters from him, and expected in a few days to have him and his dear wife under our roof. But God has ordered it otherwise. To no man more than to him has life been real, earnest, and the grave was not its goal. Had his physical constitution not been like iron, it must have broken long since under the sustained pressure of his manifold labors. He led in the establishment of two school systems, and did his work under the fire of critics and opposers. His work in the west, like that in the east has been that of the pioneer. In all this he has never lost his interest in religion. Most thoroughly has he weighed all the arguments against orthodoxy. His heart has been true, his views have been sound, and his faith firm. The breath of his noble life, and the aroma of his genuine character are in his poems, some of them published and others ready for the press. As a friend Dr. Rand was true, constant, and sympathetic. He hated shams and frauds.

In a private note from Dr. Kempton just received, sentences are found which express the feelings of at least the older students of Acadia. Dr. K. says, "I have just heard of the death of Dr. Rand. I confess to a big heartache. I feel deeply for those who knew and loved him. I have a distinct sense of personal bereavement in his removal. Though we were never intimate friends, I ever cherished for him a very deep and sincere regard. He was ever kind and true to me. His visits to Canard were always helpful to me while I was pastor there. In his decease, being about his age, what a reminder I have that life is nearly through. What a blank his removal creates. One feels somehow as if some bright object had disappeared, some essential to daily life had been displaced. What a loss to our denomination. Dr. Rand was a true Baptist, a true Christian. There was no flicker at all in the light he held out to the world. He had convictions and we honored him because he was true to them. Dr. Wells has gone, and now Dr. Rand—two strong sons of God. Earth has been enriched by their lives. I thank God for that. I am glad I knew them. I mourn for Dr. Corey, too. All these have gone, gone away so quietly, gently have fallen asleep. How good God has been to give them to us, and when their work was done to remove them so tenderly. It is painful to those who survive, but how delightful to those who go. The old students of Dr. Cramp's day are falling. We who remain feel, ought to feel, an increasing nearness to one another and to heaven. I feel that heaven is nearer than it used to be." Dr. Kempton speaks for a large number, and speaks truly. My own loss and that of every member of my family, for all loved Dr. Rand, is unspeskable; but added to that is a heartfelt sympathy for Mrs. Rand, sympathy in her heavy, crushing bereavement. But in view of the grand and true life that has ended, the devoted heart that has ceased to beat for the wife of his youth, the light of his life, and the tenderest sympathy of a host of friends and the precious promises of a faithful and tender Saviour, Mrs. Rand will summon courage and heroically bear her burden till the time of reunion arrives. "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken away. Blessed be the name of Lord."

E. M. SAUNDERS.

Rev. George C. Crabbe.

Rev. George C. Crabbe, who died at Deerfield, Yarmouth County, N. S., May 12, was born near Greenwich Hill, N. B., July 14, 1865. He was a son of William and Janet Crabbe, to whom were born five children. Parents and children, except one daughter, are all dead, having yielded to that dreaded disease consumption. The inherited disease which took his life began to manifest itself before Mr. Crabbe began to preach, but from the first symptom to the end of the fight he determined to live as long as possible. The struggle lasted at least fifteen years, during which time he was compelled to rest from labor, for short periods, to regain strength lost in hemorrhages. He was converted while living in New Jerusalem, N. B. The Baptist church at that place granted him a license to preach in 1887. He had set his mind on an extensive course of study, but while at St. Martin's Seminary taking preparatory work a severe hemorrhage convinced him that his days for service would not be long, these he resolved to spend in preaching the Gospel. He held five pastorates, Newcastle, North Co., and Cape Tormentine in N. B. Deerfield, Yarmouth County, St. Mary's Bay, Digby County, and Brookfield, Queens County in N. S. In all of these fields he did good work. Though not regarded as an evangelist, he had the pleasure of leading many to Christ, baptizing about thirty in each of the last three named churches. He continued to preach until October, 1898, when he resigned his last pastorate. During all these years of suffering he was patient and cheerful. As a man and Christian Mr. Crabbe stood high in the estimation of all who knew him. He was a man of strong conviction, independent, sincere and honest. His Christian experience was deep and full, and he seemed to be well acquainted with God. In doctrine he was a Calvinist of the old school, and was never ashamed of his belief. As a preacher he was clear, forcible, fearless and very earnest. He depended on the Word and the Spirit for success. He had power with men. In his death we have lost a faithful servant of God whose record was always above reproach, and whose place can be filled only by one willing to spend and be spent for the Gospel's sake.

Mr. Crabbe was married twice. His first wife was Miss Ella Elliott, of Newcastle, N. B., who died November, 1894, three years after their marriage. His second wife was Miss Alice Crosby, of Deerfield, Yarmouth Co., N. S., who survives him, with two daughters aged one, and seven years.

"They who die in Christ are blest:
Ours be, then, no thought of grieving:
Sweetly with their God they rest,
All their toils and troubles leaving;
So be ours the faith that saveth,
Hope that every trial braveth,
Love that to the end endureth,
And, through Christ, the crown secureth."

G. W. SCHURMAN.

Halifax, June 2nd, 1900.

* * The Story Page * *

A Hard Earned Dollar.

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"I wish I could earn some money, too!" Roly Poly said, with a wistful little sigh. It was hard to be only five years old "come June," and not have a single penny to put in the Famine Bank!

"I wish I could, mamma!"

They were all in the nursery together, having their "go-to-bed sociable," as Eunice called it. Eunice had names for everything. She was on one arm of mamma's chair and Roly Poly was on the other. The boys were lying upside down on the rug, leaning on their elbows, and Queen Mab was in her own rocking-chair, as usual. It was she who spoke next.

"Oh, you're too little, Roly Poly—you can't earn money hemming towels and piling wood and raking the lawn," she said. "You'll have to wait till there's another famine in India. Will there be another one, ever, mamma?"

"I'm afraid so, dear," mamma answered, her sweet face grave with pity. "India is so full of people, and there are so likely to be droughts, when the wheat won't grow, or the other crops they depend on for food. If there was only better irrigation there."

"Ir-ri what, mamma?"

"Irrigation, Eunice. That means a way to water the land artificially, with pipes or open trenches. But India has to depend altogether on the rain, and so when there isn't rain the people starve."

"And the little babies," murmured Queen Mab, softly. It was the thought of the little babies starving that seemed most dreadful. The little baby in the cradle across the room was so round and fat and dimpled! Instinctively they all looked across the room."

"I'll hem a dozen towels," Queen Mab resolved, valiantly.

"I'll rake Mr. Leadbetter's lawn, too," thought Dick. "I'll pile up grandpa's wood-pile," Robert vowed. And poor little Roly Poly's sweet round face lengthened again.

"I wish I could earn some money, too!" she sighed.

"I'll pay you a dollar if you'll go to bed without any kiss from mamma," laughed Aunt Gwen, mischievously leaning over to twitch a little pink ear. Everybody laughed, as if Aunt Gwen had made a joke. The idea of Roly Poly's going without her good-night kiss!

The Famine Bank was really a little brown jug that had to be broken to get out the pennies. It stood on the nursery table in plain sight, and mamma had used it as the text for her little go-to-bed sermon tonight. She had talked about the hundreds, and hundreds, and hundreds of hungry people in poor, far-away India—the mothers who watched their little brown babies starve in their arms, and little gaunt brown girls and boys and the grandmothers. This was almost as bad as the little babies starving—the grandmothers! Roly Poly remembered how plump and comfortable looking her grandmother was, and how soft she was to cuddle up to. Those other grandmothers in India were terribly thin and weak.

So it was when the little sermon ended they all began at once to plan ways to earn money to put in the Famine Bank. They decided to begin the very next day because there was so much need of hurry. Somewhere in India, perhaps, there was a little brown baby that their pennies would save! But they must hurry—hurry.

"A whole dollar, Puss-in-Boots!" whispered Aunt Gwen, temptingly. "Think of putting a hundred pennies into the Famine Bank! And just as easy to earn—fie, just to go without a kiss!"

"Tisn't a kiss, it's mamma's kiss," Roly Poly murmured, snuggling against mamma. She and mamma were very "intimate."

In slow strokes the nursery clock began to strike, "Bed-time, bed-time, bed-time," and the children got up obediently. They were accustomed to obey the nursery clock.

"I'm going to get up at five o'clock to begin raking," announced Dick.

"So'm I, to pile wood," Robert echoed.

"Queen Mab shook her yellow head:

"I'm not," she said. "I shall need all my sleep to prepare me for hemming towels!"

Upstairs in the girls' room, mamma unbuttoned Roly Poly's "behind buttons" and rolled up her soft hair into a row of little white "pop-corns." Then she tucked her into bed.

"Good-night, little one," mamma said, after the little prayer was whispered in God's ear. "Pleasant dreams—why, where's your mouth disappeared? I can't find it to kiss!"

Roly Poly mumbled something into her pillow, but the little red lips stayed hidden, and slowly, very slowly indeed, and gently, Roly Poly's two moist, warm hands pushed mamma away.

"Don't kiss me, mamma," the little girl said, tremu-

lously: "I've 'cided I'd go 'thout. Please go away just as fast as you can. I'm 'fraid I'll change my mind."

"Why, Roly Poly; why little one!"

Mamma looked down at the back of Roly Poly's head, with its fringe of little white "pop-corns," and felt an irresistible impulse to stoop over and kiss the little warm neck under the fringe. But she waited.

"Do you really mean it, dear?" she said, gravely.

"Yes'm, oh, yes'm; if you'll only please to go away, out o' my reach! I've 'cided to earn that dollar for the Famine Bank, an' the little hungry babies, mamma. I've 'cided to. Good night."

"Good night," mamma said, squeezing a little hand lovingly. Then she stole away, out into the hall. She sat down on the upper stair, to be within hearing if Roly Poly called her back. She hardly believed the child's courage would hold out.

Five, ten minutes went by, then another ten. Then mamma heard Roly Poly singing in a soft, broken voice:

"Oh, do not be disculldged,

For Jesus is your F'end;

He'll give you g'ace to conquer,

An' keep you to the wend."

She sang it over and over to herself, and mamma knew it was to keep from calling her back. She knew that in there in the dark Roly Poly was earning her dollar by the sweat of her brow.

"Dear little heart!" murmured the mother, brokenly; "it's harder than hemming towels and piling wood."

When the singing dropped into silence, word by word, mamma crept back and stooped over little Roly Poly's tear-wet face. But Roly Poly never knew that she got her kiss, after all.—The Congregationalist.

* * * * *

A High Jump.

A young cricket once lived with his parents in a crack at the back of an old-fashioned hearth, with ingle-nooks at either side. It was a comfortable home, and his father and mother were very kind to him, while he had everything required. Yet he was not contented.

"A person of spirit wants to go out into the world," he would say. "It's ridiculous to stop here all one's life. Crk!"

Then his father would make answer:

"We are both getting on in years, and it is your duty to stay at home and take care of us and nurse us—if we should be ill."

"Crk! Crk!" cried the young cricket. "There are two of you, and you can nurse each other."

By which you may see that he was a thoughtless and selfish son.

Time went on.

"Which is the way into the world?" he said one day.

"Bless the child!" exclaimed Father Cricket, "is he still thinking of that?"

"Tell me," said the young cricket, "tell me what happens when the straight-legged things and the things without any legs at all put their hands on that knob in the wall and disappear."

This is how he described the men and women going through the door.

"Just listen to him," cried Mother Cricket, "how observant he is."

"They appear again quite as oddly," continued the young cricket; "what is there the other side of that wall?"

"That's one way into the world," said Father Cricket, "and I think you might have known as much at your age."

"If I am ignorant, it is the fault of those who should have taught me better," replied the son, pertly. Then he leapt across the room, for no one was there, and managed after one or two trials to alight on the door handle. "Well," he said, after a pause, "go on."

"Who is to go on?" asked the handle.

"Why, you, stupid," said the cricket. "Go on! Crk!"

But the handle did not stir.

"How am I to go into the world at this rate?" said the cricket, impatiently. "Get on, do!"

Then he heard a noise outside, and hurried back to the crack at the back of the hearth with more haste than dignity.

"Well," said the father, "where have you been? You seem out of breath."

"Not at all," said the young cricket. "Not in the least. Crk! Tell me, father, what is that round hole I see if I look straight up?"

"The top of the chimney and the sky through it," said his father.

"What is the sky through it?" asked the young cricket. "Is it the world?"

"Just listen to him!" cried Mother Cricket. "Isn't he intelligent? Crk!"

"If I went through that hole would that be a way into the world, then?" asked the young cricket, when his

father had explained that the sky isn't the world.

"It is one way, I suppose," said Father Cricket, "but not a very nice one."

After this the young cricket did nothing but practice jumping. Every night he kept on leaping into the air as high as he could, and this went on for quite a long time.

"Do keep still," said Mother Cricket, for the hundredth time, "I've got the fidgets in my knees to such an extent that I can hardly keep from jumping too, and at my age it would be most unsuitable."

Father Cricket had clasped his arms backwards round his knees and kept his eyes shut, and even so it took all his self-control to prevent him from copying the mad antics of his son.

"I am perfecting myself in one of my accomplishments," said the young cricket, touching the ground for a moment between the leaps. "Crk!" And he flew up again. This time he did not come down.

"That was a high jump!" cried Mother Cricket. He must have gone a mile up."

Father Cricket did not at first venture to open his eyes, but as his wife kept on saying, "Dear me, what a very remarkable leap! He has not yet come down again," he opened one eye slowly, and then the other more quickly.

"Crk!" said he, for there really wasn't anything else to say.

"Crk!" echoed Mother Cricket.

And then they both began to stare up the chimney.

"He certainly must have gone up a mile or two," said she. "What a wonderful fellow he is!"

"I expect he has gone higher than he intended," said Father Cricket, after they had looked straight up till their necks were nearly broken. "We won't wait supper for him, anyway."

So they went home, and when they had supped, they took one more look up the chimney, and then went to bed.

In the meantime the young cricket was in a terrible state. His leap had landed him on a ledge a little way up the chimney, and there he was, for he could neither get up nor down. Above him, the chimney narrowed to such an extent that he couldn't even see the top from where he was. Below him was a hot bed of embers, into which he was sure to fall if he made an attempt to come down. Crk! crk!" sighed he, looking up. "Crk! crk!" he groaned, looking helplessly at the embers.

Then he saw his parents staring up, and heard his mother's proud tones: "What a wonderful fellow he is!" And he was ashamed to call them and tell them where he was.

And there he would have remained but for a fortunate coincidence.

Next day a woman stood on the hearth beneath him, making soup, and just as she lifted the saucepan lid, down came a piece of soot right into the soup.

"The chimney is foul," said the woman, and sent for the sweep.

"Don't forget the ledge," said the woman, "the soot always lodges there."

And almost before she had finished speaking, the cricket was caught hold of and banged about, and finally tumbled right on to the hearth in a perfect cloud of soot.

"Crk!" he said, and lay quite still for upwards of a minute, for he was half stunned and more than half choked. Then he staggered to his legs, which would hardly support him, and crawling to the crack at the back of the hearth, crept in and fell at his parents' feet.

"Crk!" said he, faintly.

"It is his voice!" said Mother Cricket. And then there was a fuss, and a running about.

"When you are rested," said Mother Cricket, eyeing him fondly, "you must tell us all about your travels."

"Crk!" said the young cricket. "I must confess to you at once that I— He paused, looking from his mother's to his father's beaming face, and had not the heart to disappoint them by saying how little need they had to be proud of their son. "I must confess to you," he repeated, smiling back at them, but with something like a blush, "that after all there is no place like home. Crk!"

"Crk! He is right," said the mother, softly. "I always thought he would settle down when once he had seen the world."—Little Folks.

* * * * *

Polly's Bear.

After the little pink sun-bonnet had been put on and the strings tied underneath her lowest dimple, Polly was ready.

"Now, don't go out of the door-yard, Polly!" said her mother.

"No, mother."

Polly really and truly meant to keep her promise. But what is a wee girlie to do when a big mottled butterfly flutters right before her eyes and then dances off from one flower to another?

To be sure, ago; but little now.

What could flower to another pink sun-bonnet?

Suddenly a piece. Rememly turning in fluttered in upon a big

"Now I'll Polly, as she Butterfly left

Then he flew out of sight. home.

But which tall corn. She got deeper in kin vines. I dreadful story

Puff, puff, nearer it came sharp edged

pumpkin vine hidden root heap. In a

But it wasn't Wasn't it cornfield? S long.—Select

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Standing, a man who emp about fifteen boy was well ated that he h off his hat, o present, he d

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That is just th children for Chr and, of course, o

To be sure, this happened more than a hundred years ago; but little girls were very much the same then as now.

What could Polly do but follow on and on, from one flower to another, looking like a big butterfly herself in her pink sun-bonnet and blue dress?

Suddenly she found herself at the edge of the big corn piece. Remembering her mother's words she was slowly turning to go home when that bothersome butterfly fluttered in between the cornstalks and settled down upon a big yellow pumpkin blossom.

"Now I'll get him, and then I'll go home," thought Polly, as she tiptoed and reached the blossom. But Mr. Butterfly left it for another.

Then he flew to another, and another, and then up and out of sight. Polly, half ready to cry, turned to go home.

But which way was home? All around her stood the tall corn. She ran first one way then another, but only got deeper into the wilderness of corn leaves and pumpkin vines. Listen! What was that? Polly had heard dreadful stories of bears in this very cornfield.

Puff, puff, puff! Rustle, rustle, rustle! Nearer and nearer it came. Bless me, how Polly did run! The sharp edged corn leaves scratched her face, and the pumpkin vines caught her toes. But on she went till a hidden root tripped her, and down she fell in a little heap. In a moment her pursuer was standing over her. But it wasn't a bear at all, but only Uncle Nathan!

Wasn't it fortunate that he found Polly out in that big cornfield? She might have been lost the whole day long.—Selected.

Why Some Boys Don't Succeed.

Standing, says a journalist, by the desk of a business man who employs quite a number of lads, I saw a boy of about fifteen come in and apply for a situation. The boy was well dressed, and in demeanor and accent indicated that he belonged to a good school. Without taking off his hat, or appearing to notice anybody who was present, he demanded, in a sharp, unpleasant voice, "Say, mister, are you advertising for a boy?" The business man looked at him for a second and answered, "I want an older boy than you." "What?" "I want an older boy than you," answered the merchant, in a somewhat louder voice. "Oh," answered the lad as he swung round and walked out.

Some Sample Compositions.

The following compositions were recently printed as samples of the work of Boston school children: The Monkey.—There are many kinds of monkey besides those that live on hand-organs, some are found in Asia and some in Africa. Once a man was in the woods and he threw a little stone at the monkeys, and they threw back large, ripe, sweet coconuts, and this teaches us a great moral lesson. We should always behave like the monkey. I saw a monkey at a circus and it pulled a lady's bonnet off, and tore it all to rags and tied the strings around its neck and grined.

The Secret of Success.

Staunch old Admiral Farragut—he of true heart—and iron will—said to another officer of the navy, "Dupont, do you know why you didn't get into Charlestown with your ironclads?" "Oh, because the channel was so crooked!" "No, it was not that." "Well, the rebel fire was perfectly horrible." "Yes, but it wasn't that." "What was it, then?" "It was because you did not believe you could go in." That is just the trouble with our work in winning the children for Christ. We don't believe we can succeed; and, of course, often we fail.—Teachers' Assistant.

The Young People

EDITOR, R. OSGOOD MORSE. All communications intended for this department should be addressed to its editor, Rev. R. Osgood Morse, Guysboro, N. S. To insure publication matter must be in the editor's hands nine days before the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—Lives that Lift. Luke 13: 20-21.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, June 11.—1 Samuel 4. A Calamity to Israel and Eli. Compare 1 Sam. 31: 1-4. Tuesday, June 12.—1 Samuel 5. A costly trophy to the Philistines. Compare 1 Sam. 17: 48-51. Wednesday, June 13.—1 Samuel 6: 1-7: 1. A lesson for the men of Beth-shemesh (vs. 19.) Compare 2 Sam. 6: 6, 7. Thursday, June 14.—1 Samuel 7: 2-17. Samuel and the Lord subdue the Philistines (vs 10.) Compare Judges 7: 18. Friday, June 15.—1 Samuel 8. Israel's demand for a king. Compare 1 Sam. 12: 12. Saturday, June 16.—1 Samuel 9. The farmer finds the king-maker. Compare 1 Sam. 16: 1-13.

Prayer Meeting Topic—June 10.

Lives that Lift. Luke 13: 20-21. The "Comments" expected for this week had not arrived at the time of the latest mail for which we could wait, so we are compelled to substitute the following:

The Motto of the Lifting Life.

"Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." This was the life-motto of the Master. What strange conceptions of the kingdom some people have; they are ever standing about for favors; their chief idea seems to be that the church is some great establishment intended to furnish some sort of supplies for its members; and not a few join on "commercial" grounds. But in the real kingdom they are expected to serve; as heaven they are expected to join in the work on the world and heaven it—work it over into righteousness. It is a big task, and many people think it will never be done; but Jesus said the kingdom was like leaven which worked "till the whole was leavened." We should be mightily inspired with some such hope as that; I do not know but we all need just such an inspiration; it is a great thing to believe that Jesus is going on to victory, and things are not going to the dogs.

Let the motto be ours. We can only pass over this road of lift once—and shall never return; whatever you can do, do it with your might.

THE PAY OF A LIFTING LIFE.

Does it pay? After all, should a man not always be on the lookout for the main chance—and strike for number one? Well, those who are in the kingdom should not talk or think that way. Yet there is such great pay in this lifting life that words fail to do justice to it. That woman, eating a meal in imagination; who went to him and asked whether he would like to have some of "that" who took him into the shop and gave him all he could eat; who heard the boy ask: "Say, are you God's wife?"—I do not know just how much gold that pay was worth; perhaps you haven't money enough to buy the joy in her heart, because she lifted one little lad.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." There is nothing so sweet in all this world or in the next, as the saying of some ransom soul: "You helped me—brought me here." My friend, let us both greatly desire that "pay." What might not be the result of things if the desire consumed us—to be "lifters." Think of these verses in connection with "pay." Psalm 126; Gal. 6: 9; Jer. 31: 15, 16.

LIFTERS AND THEIR LEVERS.

Abraham lifted, by his faith. Moses lifted, by his energy and indomitable will. Jesus lifted, by his cross. David Livingston, by his sacrifice; and with him William Carey, Adoniram Judson, and many others. For quite a collection of their photographs see Hebrews 11. W. H. GEISTWEIT. Chicago, Ill.

Only Life Lifts.

Modern science has added greatly to the significance of the parable of the leaven. Pasteur discovered that all fermentation and all leavening is not a process of decay, but a process of life and growth. One of the grain elevators in Buffalo has a floor of concrete some ten or twelve inches in thickness. A few years ago this elevator was filled for more than a year with half a million bushels of wheat. Judge of the surprise of laborers and officers on the removal of the wheat to find this solid concrete floor bulged up in a particular spot. On the removal of the concrete the men found that a growing plant had lifted out of shape the solid floor and the additional weight of wheat. Where did the feeble plant get such tremendous energy? From the sun which holds the earth and other planets in its grasp. It was the life of the plant which lifted this tremendous weight. I fear many of us think of Christianity as a surrender of joys rather than an infowing of energy. The misconception arises from mistaking legal and moral precepts for Christian life. The very inquiry upon the part of young people as to the pleasures which they must surrender shows that they are conceiving Christ as a robber who has come to steal away our joys. Upon the contrary, Christ says, "I came that they may have life, and may have it abundantly." We deny our physical appetites and passions when they come in contact with duty, in order that we may gratify our infinite capacities

for truth and love and eternal life. We empty ourselves of self, not because asceticism is the goal of life, but only that we may be filled with the infinite fullness of God. Read Paul's prayer, Eph. 3: 14-21.—(Selected.)

Enthusiastic preparations are being made for the Tenth annual Convention of the B. Y. P. U. A., to be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, July 12-15. As usual an excellent programme is being prepared. One of the excellencies of the programme of the B. Y. P. U. A. Convention is that it brings to the front many of the lesser known but faithful and true workers of the denomination. What the Convention lacks in "star speakers," it makes up in earnest thoughtfulness. We have heard nothing yet from our Transportation leaders relative to this Convention.

North Brookfield.

Since our last report our meetings have not only kept up their interest but have increased our membership. Then the Active members' list was forty-five, all of them real live members. Since then we have added to the list sixteen members. On the Associate members' list were fourteen, but two of those have been transferred to the Active members' list, so that our total membership is seventy-two. Our attendance is 85 per cent. At all meetings it does seem as if the Master's presence was felt to be a real one, and we thank him for it.

LYDIA E. WATERMAN, Sec'y.

The Christian's Wealth.

BY R. OSGOOD MORSE, M. A.

Every Christian is immensely rich. The wealth of truth in the whole church is his. His name is recorded in heaven. He is a "first-born." In the Jewish family the first-born inherited most of the wealth, honor, and authority of the family. In God's family every child is a "first-born." Whatever Christ has is at his church's disposal. Whatever the church of all ages and all lands has is mine. The tenth given through patriarchs, prophets, and apostles is mine. I am the richer because Athanasius made so secure the doctrine of the Trinity. I am richer because Augustine wrote, "The City of God." I am richer because Patrick preached a pure gospel in Ireland. I am richer because Wycliffe translated the Bible into English and sent itinerant preachers all over England. German rivers, the drowning places of Anabaptists; the fields of Southern France, made fertile by the blood of thousands of Albigenses; the hills of Northern Italy, the refuge for six centuries of the persecuted Waldenses; the fires of Smithfield, where English martyrs witnessed for Christ; the courts of Colonial New England, where Separatists were punished; all these have made me richer.

And I share in the glory of every triumph of Christianity. I am richer because John Calvin emphasized the sovereignty of God. I am richer because Martin Luther staked all on "Justification by faith." I am richer because Roger Williams founded Rhode Island, thereby realizing civil and religious liberty. I am richer because John Wesley magnified the witness of the Spirit. I am richer because Madam Guyon, and Fenelon, and Hannah Withall Smith wrote on the mystic relation between the believer and God. I am richer because Thomas Arnold incarnated the idea of the manliness of being a Christian. I am richer because Gordon enforced the fact of the Holy Spirit's presidency in the church. I am richer because of the evangelical preaching of Spurgeon, Moody, McNeil, Cuyler, and Robertson. Whatever the Christian can appropriate from these, and from all others is his. He is under obligation to possess all he can. He owes it to God, to himself, to the church, to the world, to make all possible of this truth his own.

Again the Christian has a heritage in the perfected saints. "Ye are come to the spirits of just men made perfect." When our friends die we do not lose them. They pass within the veil but they are ours still. Their spotless integrity, their manly piety, their rich spirituality are, to us, ever a glowing tribute to the power of Christ incarnated in human life. Those who have died most truly live with us.

When Christ ascended he most truly came to his disciples. His departure was a larger revelation of himself and of God. When in the flesh he was limited thereby. Those limitations are now cast forever aside. When on earth, he was like the alabaster ointment sealed, now the box is broken and the perfume fills the world.

When our loved ones are with us, often we do not rightly appreciate them. We do not know them as we do when they have passed beyond. Thomas Carlyle said of his wife, "that he did not know he had had an angel with him until she had flown." Thus it is that we fully possess perfected saints. Some Christians are not half appreciated while they are among us. Let them be removed and we shall realize how large the place they filled. We have a heritage in Abraham, Joseph, and Moses; in David, Isaiah, and Daniel; in Paul, Peter, and John; in all the martyrs now before the throne; in our friends passed within the veil. We realize their virtues; they live in our lives. They do not come back here to move furniture and write messages in bad English. They have better employment. But they are ours where they are—out of sight indeed, but not beyond the certain hope of a glorious reunion.

Let no Christian count himself poor. He may possess all this if he will, if he does not, it is because he will not. Nor is this all! There is his wealth in Christ, in God, and in heaven. Take your eyes off the things that perish that you may see these eternal realities. All things are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Guysboro, Nova Scotia.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JUNE.

For the Home Mission work in these Provinces, that the students going forth to mission fields, may be greatly blessed in winning souls for Christ.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Miss A. C. Grey, one of our lady missionaries in India. A telegram was received containing only this brief message "Miss Grey died after a short illness."

The first break in our mission staff since our Woman's Mission Societies were formed thirty year ago.

It will be a month before particulars of Miss Grey's illness and death can be received. We only know that she has entered into the rest that remains for the children of God. Forever done with toil, discouragement, heat, and weariness. From service so gladly rendered she is enjoying a rich reward in the presence of her Master. For her to live was Christ and to die is gain—To depart and be with Christ which is far better. Miss Grey's home was at New Annan, Colchester Co., N. S. She was attending the Seminary at Wolfville when the call came to go tell her sisters in India of the Saviour who died to provide salvation for them. The call was quickly and joyfully obeyed. She spent eleven years at Bimlipatan, India, engaged in faithful, unremitting service. Instant in season and out of season. Sowing beside all waters. Much of the harvest remains to gladden other reapers, but many stars won from the Telugus will shine in her crown of rejoicing, and many Telugu sisters await her coming at the golden gate, while some she led to Jesus are now engaged as workers in our mission. Miss Grey paid her own passage home, that the money might be used to send another to take her place in India. She only intended remaining a few months, but poor health compelled her to stay two years. Last autumn she returned to India, and just began her work at Parla Kimedya when the call to higher service came most unexpectedly. To her friends and aged parents, as a Missionary Union, we tender our most sincere sympathy, and pray that the "little while" until he comes to call them home may be brightened by his continual presence, and the empty places in their hearts be filled with the peace of God. This event has in it a call for us, my sisters. A voice from Kimedya says, Send us another missionary to fill Miss Grey's place. Who shall it be? And how soon can they go?

For us there remains the toiling, praying, serving a little longer. For her—

"She took that night the one grand step Beyond the stars of God, Into the splendor shadowless and broad, Into the everlasting joy and light."

Extracts from Miss Clark's Letter.

Although alone I have no time to be lonesome, my time is so much taken up. The Sunday meetings are very well attended, and in many ways the people are showing a good interest, but it does not go far enough; they are not willing to give up all for Christ. The young Komite who was baptized three weeks ago seems very happy and for the first time led in prayer in the church Sunday. It was quite a cross for him for he is not very well acquainted with the Christian expressions yet; they are very different from their heathen prattle, which has neither rhyme nor reason. What promises to be a very hot season has made a good start already; the thermometer is up to 92 and 94 every day. No rain except one little shower since November 1st; the result is that the river is entirely dry and tanks almost dry. The municipality has decided to dig 50 or 70 wells in the river bed so that the people will be able to get some water, but with a population of over 18,000 it will be hard to supply all. Cattle and other animals are suffering already. A water famine in this scorching heat seems dreadful. The well from which I get my water is a mile and a half away. I send early in the morning for then there is several feet of water in it, but before night it is dipped dry. A few evenings ago the apothecary and the municipal chairman went to visit it, they said it took them quarter of an hour to get up to the well curb because of the crowd of people there with their pots waiting for their turn to draw water.

It was during February, when the W. B. M. U. were praying especially for the Chicacole work and that a suitable lady apothecary might be procured, that Miss D'Silva applied. The opening of the hospital will not likely be before the first of June, as she must give at least a month's notice before leaving her present situation.

Nictaux.

It has been with feelings of sincere regret that I have taken leave of the W. M. A. S. work in Annapolis Co., N. S., and especially of the societies of the Nictaux church. An enduring memorial of their consideration remains with me in a certificate for life membership. At the last public meeting held with them I was presented with a finely bound copy of the "Beautiful Life of Miss Willard" with an address in which a review of the work during our five years' stay with them was set forth. If I have been instrumental in any way in helping them to be enthusiastic in the work, I am devoutly thankful to God for the blessed privilege enjoyed. We are in a new field surrounded with new duties and opportunities, from our heart there goes up to God a prayer that rich blessings may fall upon the Annapolis Aid Societies, by which they may become eminently useful in the Master's service. Yours in service.

Havelock, May 25th, 1900. MRS. J. W. BROWN.

Amounts Received by the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U.

From May 9th to May 30th. Dundas, F. M. \$5.60; Tancook, F. M. \$2.25; Maccan, F. M. \$3.50; Tidings, 25c.; Reports, 10c.; Salem, branch of Amherst, F. M. \$6; proceeds of public meeting, Miss Blackadar's salary, \$6; Wolfville, "a believer in Christ," F. M. \$1; Albert, F. M. \$9; 10c. fund, for Doukhobors, \$1; Great Village, F. M. \$6; Middleton, F. M. \$7.80; Miss Newcombe's salary, \$7.66; Maccan, proceeds of social, F. M. \$5.09; H. M. \$5; Parrsboro, F. M. \$10.75; Shelburne, H. M. \$2; Shelburne, Mrs. E. L. King, to constitute herself a life member, F. M. \$25; Mira Bay, F. M. \$6; Chicacole Hospital, "a friend," \$1; Bass River, F. M. \$10; Tidings, \$1; Chance Harbor, F. M. \$2; Little River, F. M. \$2; 2nd Chipman, F. M. \$13; Hazelbrook, F. M. \$5.34; H. M. \$2.66; Lewis Head, F. M. \$2; Bridgetown, F. M. \$5.67; H. M. \$2.33; Lunenburg, F. M. \$9.45; Sackville, F. M. \$10; H. M. \$10; New Tusket, F. M. \$3; H. M. \$2; Antigonish, F. M. \$1; H. M. \$5; G. L. M. \$1; Reports, 15c.; Enmore River, F. M. \$3.83; St. John, Germain St., F. M. \$54; Mr. Burdge's salary, \$1.50; Halifax 1st church, F. M. \$15; H. M. \$20; St. John, Main St., F. M. \$35.25; River Hebert, F. M. \$4.22.

MRS. MARY SMITH, Treas. W. B. M. U. Amherst, P. O. B. 513.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

The Ecumenical Conference.

(CONTINUED).

The dominant topic on Friday was self-support, self-development and self-direction in the mission churches, organization of Mission Boards, and the afternoon was devoted to industrial training and kindred topics. Saturday was young people's day. It was a high day indeed. With John R. Mott as chairman, Dr. C. Cuthbert Hall, Prof. J. Ross Stevenson and Robert E. Spurr as speakers there could not be an uninteresting hour. Saturday was a high day for the young people. If anybody has the idea that the young in our churches are not interested in Foreign Missions he ought to have heard Dr. Cuthbert Hall in his clear cut and incisive address answer the question, 'How can we so fire the young men of the future ministry with the missionary passion? How make them leaders of missionary churches?'

On Sunday the various pulpits were filled by missionaries and delegates. It was my privilege to be present at the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church, where I heard Rev. Charles Williams of Acerrington, England. Mr. Williams stands high in the councils of his brethren. He preached a helpful sermon, but he has the habit of dropping his voice at the end of a sentence, which makes it somewhat difficult to follow him, if you are any distance away, the church is pastorless. A son of Mr. John D. Rockefeller teaches a large Bible class in connection with the Sunday-School.

The service at Carnegie Hall in the afternoon was under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. of the city, at which the work of the Associations among young men, and for them, was especially emphasized and an appeal was made for help. The evening service at the Hall was in the interest of the famine sufferers in India. Helpful addresses were given by mission workers in that great, but at present, sorely-stricken country. The causes of famine were defined, the means employed to offset the misery occasioned by them, and the methods employed to relieve the suffering. Great credit was given to the English government for the efforts they are constantly making to limit the extent of the famine districts. Irrigation works are carried on, on a large scale, canals are built and other works undertaken, so as to make the lot of the people more endurable. It was a relief to hear American missionaries speaking in this outspoken way, of the rulers of the country where they live and labor. This is in striking contrast to some newspapers, and I am sorry to say, some religious journals from which one might expect a more righteous judgment if not a fairer criticism. One speaker boldly declared that he did not believe there was a government in the world, that could, or would have done as much for these starving multitudes, as Great Britain had done and was now doing.

Monday was devoted to medical missions and their relation to the work of a world-wide evangelization. Representatives of workers in Syria, Turkey, India, China, Japan and Corea all bore testimony to the beneficial results accompanying the work of medical missions. Much stress was laid upon the fact that the Lord Jesus

Christ was the good Physician and that he had to do with the bodies as well as the souls of men.

Tuesday was the closing day. The topic being the Home Church and its relations to the work of missions. Dr. Behrens spoke with great power and telling force. Among the good things which fell from his lips was 'that the aim of the church is to get men into heaven, and to get heaven into men,' the one is the ultimate, the other is the proximate aim. Concentration is the imperative and the immediate duty of the church of Christ. Not comity but fusion, not comity but federation, not comity but co-operation, as sentence after sentence fell from his lips followed by rounds of applause. I wondered why my pedo-Baptist brethren have not and do not put into practice what they seem to think is of such vital importance. Dr. Grier also spoke. In his address he referred to the statement so often heard by those who speak on the subject of missions, 'that there are heathen enough at home for the Christian people at home to care for.' 'Yes,' said he, 'there are heathen notions enough at home and this is one of them.' You can only save the heathen at home by way of the antipodes. It was good to have a pastor in New York talk in this fashion. Dr. Pentecost spoke of the relation of pastor to the whole work of the church. He said 'the great commission is the only commission under which any pastor dares open his mouth to preach the gospel.' Execute your commission or surrender to pastors whose churches do nothing for Foreign Missions. The farewell meeting in the evening cannot be reported. My time is up. It would take all the space at my disposal to give you what I saw and heard and felt at that meeting. Brother pastors get the report of Conference and read these inspiring addresses. They will do your soul good and help you preach better sermons. I will get you the two volumes before July 1st.

Mrs. John Hardy

OUR FIRST MISSIONARY BURIED IN INDIA.

I had settled down to my study, having just asked the Lord in prayer for a message for my people on Sabbath evening, when I was startled by a loud rap on the door. I went and there stood a boy with a cablegram from Bimlipatan, India. It read: "Wife dead, fever, tell parents." Signed "Hardy." My strength left me. I immediately proceeded to the Baptist parsonage, Onslow, (2 1/2 miles) and broke the sad news to dear Pastor Williams and his family. I have had fewer sadder tasks in my life.

Only last "Thanksgiving Day," Oct. 12th, 1899 I assembled with others at that same parsonage to say farewell to our beloved sister, as on the next day she was to leave the dear ones to join the Churchill's to embark for India. I shall not easily forget that evening. And especially do I recall the address she delivered. It astonished all present, for her heart translated its pent up joy, to know that the longing desire which she had felt since she was fourteen was now to be realized. She had prayed for missions, loved missions, and talked missions all these years, and now that she was to be a missionary brought a great gladness into her soul. The courage, gladness, and spirit of consecration evinced in her address, indicated her sympathy with, and willingness to serve her Lord among the heathen. "Gussie Williams," as she was known to her many Nova Scotia friends, was greatly beloved by all who knew her. She was a living sunbeam, for her face was always shining, and by charms that were her own secret possession, she won all with whom she came in contact.

Annie Augusta, daughter of Pastor John and Deborah Williams, was baptized by her father in March, 1881, and married to Missionary John Hardy, December 11th, 1899. Entered into the Saint's Home May 31st, 1900. Our dear sister was smitten with fever about the 22nd of April, and for a week she was very sick, but the last letter received by her father, May 28th, (the letter being dated April 28th) indicated some improvement. She and her husband were then up on the hills, and he had strong hopes that she was convalescing. By a providential kindness Miss Gray and Miss Harrison nursed the dear patient through the worst part of the fever. One month elapsed between the time when Mr. Hardy wrote this letter and the receipt of the cablegram, June 1st. We must therefore wait some weeks before we can know the immediate cause of her death. With parents' family, and devoted husband, I know a large circle feel the deepest sympathy in this great sorrow. This is the first of our noble band of missionaries buried in India. Pray that the God of all comfort may sustain the dear bereaved hearts. H. F. ADAMS. Truro, N. S.

"Wifful Waste Makes Woeful Want."

It is as wasteful not to secure what you need and might have as it is to squander what you already possess. You can secure health and keep it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Backache—"My mother had severe pains in her side and back. She was obliged to give up work. Was persuaded to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and soon she was able to do her work and was free from pain." Maggie Morgan, Nasomworth, N. B.



HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills; the non-bruising cathartic.

First National Baptist Convention
Winnipeg, July 6-13.

PROGRAMME.

The following is an outline of the programme which will be published in full at an early date:

FRIDAY—JULY 6.

2.30 p. m.—Sermon, followed by meeting for organization, hearing of reports from Committees, appointment of officers and committees.

8 p. m.—Welcome meeting, at which addresses of welcome will be given by various representative men and replies made on behalf of the Convention.

SATURDAY—JULY 7.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND GENERAL DAY.—Saturday morning will be devoted to the discussion of Sunday School work and other topics. In the afternoon there will be a drive about the city, followed, it is expected, by a reception of delegates at Government House.

SUNDAY—JULY 8.

11 a. m.—Missionary sermon by Rev. A. A. Camerou, D. D.
3 p. m.—Convention sermon, Rev. B. D. Thomas, D. D.
7 p. m.—Educational sermon, Rev. J. D. Freeman, D. D.

MONDAY—JULY 9.

The programme of this day is being prepared by the Young People's Unions of Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, and will be announced later.

TUESDAY—JULY 10.

HOME MISSION DAY.—Addresses by the Secretaries of the various Home Mission Boards east and west. It is expected that Boston W. Smith, who is at the head of the Chapel car work in the Western States, will be present and speak on that work illustrated with stereopticon views.

WEDNESDAY—JULY 11.

FOREIGN MISSION DAY

THURSDAY—JULY 12.

EDUCATION DAY.

FRIDAY—JULY 13.

NATIONAL DAY.—Ending with a great closing meeting at night.

SATURDAY—JULY 14.

Special excursion of the Convention to Brandon for the laying of the corner stone of the new building of Brandon College.

There are certain great angels which meet us in the way of life. Pain is one; Failure is one; Shame is one. Pain looks us full in the eyes, and we must wrestle with him before he blesses us. Failure brings in his stern hand the peace of renunciation. Shame bears to us the sense of sin, which is the knowledge of God; his hidden face shines with the mercy of heaven—and well for us if we may look into it.—Margaret Deland.

Notices.

FIRST NATIONAL BAPTIST CONVENTION OF CANADA.

Winnipeg, July 5th to 13th, 1900.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF RATES.

The following statement of arrangements as to rates, routes and side-trips has been received from H. E. Sharpe, Esq., Chairman of the Transportation Committee.

Delegates will pay the regular first class rail fare to Winnipeg, take a receipt for money paid and receive a standard Railway Convention Certificate from the office issuing the ticket. On their return journey they will be furnished with tickets back to starting point free.

Parties wishing to travel by the Lake route will be charged \$4.50 extra for meals and berth and \$3.00 extra if the Lake route is taken in both directions. The above rates will apply to delegates and wives and daughters of delegates. Sons of delegates who are under age and who are at school or college at the expense of and under the full control of their parents will also be entitled to delegates' rates.

Tickets can be purchased in the east from June 25th to July 5th limited to reach Winnipeg July 5th, good to return to reach starting point Aug. 15th. Delegates will travel over the Canadian Pacific Railway system east of Winnipeg.

Delegates from the east may purchase tickets at Winnipeg for the Coast, Kootenay and North West Territory at one regular first class fare from Winnipeg to destination, at destination they will be furnished with free transportation back to Winnipeg.

Delegates visiting the coast may go some little distance across the boundary visiting Western American coast points and return to Winnipeg free of charge over either Canadian Pacific, Northern Pacific, or Great Northern Railways.

Delegates may if they desire to do so, visit the Kootenay District at one regular first class fare.

Delegates expecting to attend the Convention are earnestly requested to send their names at the earliest possible moment to the Secretary of the Committee, Rev. C. A. Eaton, Toronto, Ont. Maritime Province delegates will be furnished with all information as to travel by Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford N. B., delegates from Ontario and Quebec will be furnished with information by Fred L. Ratcliff Esq., 34 Church St., Toronto.

Let as many as possible plan to go and especially it is urged that the Churches send their pastors.

JOHN BURTT MORGAN,
Trans. leader for Mar. Provs.

Travelling arrangements for the N. S. Western Baptist Association at Middleton.

The Dominion Atlantic, Central and Halifax and Yarmouth railways will convey delegates for one first class fare, and return them free on presenting the standard certificate secured at starting place. Certificates must be signed by the clerk of the Association. Delegates going by the Yarmouth S. S. Co.'s steamer Monticello and by the Insular S. S. Line will be conveyed for one first class fare and return free on presenting certificates of attendance at the Association. McClelland's stage will convey delegates for one and one third fares. Notify Mr. McClelland so as to secure good accommodation.

J. E. SCHAFFNER, } Com.
L. F. WALLACE, }

The N. S. Central Association.

Will all delegates to the coming sessions of the N. S. Central Association kindly send their names to me by the 15th inst. stating when they may be expected, and how they are coming, whether by train or carriage, also whether they wish free entertainment, or boarding-house or hotel accommodations at their own expense. We hope to be able to provide free accommodation for all accredited delegates, but have made arrangements for entertainment at hotel and good homes for those who may prefer to pay at prices ranging from 60c. to \$1 per day. We shall be glad also to secure accommodation for visiting friends who may not be delegates, at the above rates, and only regret that the limits of our homes forbid a general invitation to all comers.

L. O. NEELY, Chairman of Ent. Com.
Aylesford, N. S., June 2nd.

The Winnipeg Convention.

Will all persons who intend going to Winnipeg Convention kindly forward me their names at the earliest possible date, so that due arrangements can be made with the Railway people, for their comfort and convenience in travelling. Transportation matters will be greatly facilitated thereby.

JOHN BURTT MORGAN, Trans. Leader.

The N. B. Eastern Association.

The fifty-third annual session of this Association will convene with the Baptist church at Hopewell Cape, Albert County, on Saturday, 21st day of July next, at 10 a. m. Delegates travelling over the I. C. R. and other railways will please ask for standard certificates at the time they purchase tickets. If ten or more are present holding such certificates return tickets will be free.

F. W. EMMERSON, Clerk.
Sackville, N. B., June 1st.

Intending delegates to the P. E. I. Association meeting with the Springfield Baptist church, June 29th to July 3rd, will please notify either of the undersigned of the fact not later than June 25th. Delegates by train east or west will be met at O'Leary Station.

A. H. WHITMAN, Pastor.
W. T. COSTAIN, Clerk.

Delegates to the New Brunswick Southern Association to be held with the 1st Baptist church, Johnston, will kindly send their names to Isaac T. Hetherington, Jenkin's Post Office, not later than June 25th.

THOS. HETHERINGTON.

The fiftieth annual session of the Nova Scotia Central Baptist Association will meet at Aylesford, Kings county, on Friday, June 22nd, at 2 o'clock, p. m. All church letters should be in the hands of the clerk not later than June 15th.

J. HOWARD BARSS, Clerk.
Wolfville, N. S., June 1st.

The First National Baptist Convention will be held in Winnipeg, Jul 5th to 13th, 1900. The Baptist Young People's Societies of Canada will have one day on the programme for their national meeting. Address all communications as to transportation rates, etc., to Henry E. Sharp, Esq., Winnipeg, and other communications to Rev. Charles A. Eaton, 34 Roxborough St., W. Toronto.

The next session of the District Meeting for Guysboro, Antigonish, and Port Hawkesbury, will be held at Guysboro on Tuesday and Wednesday, June 12th and 13th. The churches are urged to send delegates and to fill in and send the printed report.

R. OSGOOD MORSE, Sec'y.

The next annual session of "The New Brunswick Baptist Summer School of Christian Workers" will be held at Hillsdale, Kings Co., on the second day of July, A. D. 1900, and on the following days of that week. Teams will meet the trains on that day both at Sussex and Upham, and intending visitors are requested to notify the Rev. R. M. Bynon, of Hillsdale, of the train by which they expect to arrive. The arrangements will be the same as last year. All meals will be charged for at the lowest possible price, and sleeping accommodation will be furnished gratis. It is confidently expected that various addresses of great interest will be made, and that this session will prove of more than ordinary interest. For further particulars address the secretary at Port Elgin, N. B.

R. BARRY SMITH, Sec'y.
May 26th, 1900.

The thirty-third annual meeting of the P. E. Island Baptist Association will be held with the Springfield church, near O'Leary Station, commencing on Friday, June 29, on the arrival of the morning train from Charlottetown. Church letters all to be forwarded to Rev. J. C. Spurr Pownal at least ten days before the time of meeting.

ARTHUR SIMPSON,
Secretary of Association.

The fiftieth Annual session of the N. S. Western Baptist Association will be held at Middleton beginning at 10 o'clock, a. m. Saturday, June 16th next. This session will also be observed as the Centennial of the Organization of the Nova Scotia Association in 1800. The Associational B. Y. P. U. will convene on Friday, June 15th, at 2 p. m. All churches are entitled to send delegates. All church letters should be mailed in time to reach the clerk, not later than Saturday June 9th, in order that a digest may be prepared for Association.

W. L. ARCHIBALD, Clerk.
Milton, Queens Co., N. S.

The Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Quarterly Meeting will convene with the Baptist church at Centreville, Carleton county, on Friday June 15th at 7.30 p. m. A good programme is being arranged and a large attendance requested.

E. P. CALDER, Sec'y.-Treas.

The Western Association of N. B., will convene with the Blissfield Baptist Church, at Doaktown, N. B., Friday, June 22nd, 2.30 p. m. All churches which desire to forward with their letter a donation for denominational work, are requested to register the same. All letters are required to be sent to my address, before the 15th of June to enable me to prepare a digest.

C. N. BARTON, Clerk
Meductic, York Co., N. B.

Delegates to the N. S. Western Association will kindly send names to the chairman of entertainment committee at Middleton, not later than June 9th. An unusually large gathering is expected and the committee craves the most generous consideration of visitors. The Association can depend on Middleton's well-known hospitality being at its best. We, however, could not be responsible for children or those wishing merely to make a visit. State means of conveyance. Delegates arriving by train will proceed to the church for any information from the committee.

N. F. MARSHALL,
Chairman Ent. Com.
Middleton, May 17th.

The Southern Association of New Brunswick will convene with the "first Johnstone Baptist church," at Thornton, on Friday July 6th, at 10 a. m. Will the clerks of all the churches in the Association kindly see that their church letters are sent to the undersigned at Fairville, St. John, not later than June 25th. The different committees will kindly attend to their reports, so that all will be in readiness.

W. CAMP, Moderator.
J. F. BLACK, Clerk.



BABY STUART.
The PERRY PICTURES—1000 subjects—one cent each for 25 or more, postpaid. On paper 8 1/2 by 5 inches. Beware of imitations. Send two-cent stamp for Catalogue and Sample Pictures.
The PERRY PICTURES—extra size—five for 25 cents on paper 10 by 12 inches. They are gems of art. Send 25 cents for these five. Call them Set 66. Shepherdess, Mater Dolorosa, Christ and the Doctors, Aurora, Queen Louise.
PICTURES IN COLORS—300 subjects—two cents each. Birds, Animals, Fruits, etc. No orders for Pictures in Colors for less than 25 cents.
ART BOOKS—25 and 35 cents.
ALBUMS—40 cents and \$1.00.
The PERRY MAGAZINE. Monthly except July and August. \$1.00 per year. Beautifully illustrated. It teaches how to use pictures in school and home.
THE PERRY PICTURES COMPANY,
Box 236 Malden, Mass.
Tremont Temple, Boston, 75 Fifth Ave., N. Y.
Send all mail orders to Malden office.

Frost & Wood Plows are Good Plows



Our NEW NO. 21 is modeled on the same lines as that favorite general purpose plow, the ever popular FROST & WOOD No. 6, but in some respects is calculated to meet with ever greater approval. Being somewhat higher in the mould-board and having rather more room under the beam, it will turn a heavier furrow and is better adapted for breaking up new land. The increased length and depth of the sole is also a good feature, adding materially to the length of service of the landside, and thus effecting economy in the cost of repairs.

For Sale by all Frost & Wood Agents
The complete line of FROST & WOOD PLOWS includes twelve different styles and sizes adapted to every condition of soil and all kinds of work.

FACTORY :
Smith Falls,
Ontario.

THE Frost & Wood Company
LIMITED.

BRANCHES :
St. John, N. B.
Truro, N. S.

Hood's Pills

Are prepared from Nature's mild laxatives, and while gentle are reliable and efficient. They

Rouse the Liver

Cure Sick Headache, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, and Constipation. Sold everywhere, 25c. per box. Prepared by G.L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP is the same safe, pleasant and effective remedy for children as when introduced over twenty years ago.

Chest Feels Tight.

You seem all choked up and stuffed up with the cold—and it hard to breathe. Cough that rasps and tears you—but little phlegm got up.

Now's the time to take Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup before things get too serious. There is no remedy equal to it for making the breathing easy, loosening the phlegm and removing all the alarming symptoms of a severe cold.

"I caught a severe cold which settled on my chest, making it feel raw and tight. Seeing Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup advertised I procured a bottle, which greatly relieved me. It loosened the phlegm, healed the lungs, and soon had me perfectly well." Mrs. McKay, Ripley, Ont.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.



We would like to be as sure of everything as we are sure that Kendrick's Liniment will please you.

INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED.

An Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

G. GATES, SON & CO., Middleston, N. S.

Dear Sirs,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your Invigorating Syrup, which I readily did, and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used, I was completely cured. Have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly, (REV.) F. M. YOUNG, Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. S.

Sold Everywhere at 50 Cents per Bottle.

To cleanse the system and keep the blood pure use Wheeler's Botanic Bitters.

DON'T TAKE MEDICINE

If you are weak and run down, use

Puttner's Emulsion,

which is FOOD rather than medicine. It will soon build you up.

Always get PUTTNER'S it is THE BEST.



The Home

When Daisy is Graduated.

In many of our colleges, says Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster in Harper's Bazar, the expense of commencement has ceased to be a dread and a bugbear, distressing to poor students, because custom now ordains that every girl shall be graduated in her cap and gown. A simple uniform of some sort, inexpensive, yet characteristic; a simple knot of ribbon, or badge, or selected flowers, would abundantly meet every requirement of the preparatory school, and would be in decidedly better taste than a toilette involving costliness and display. All that is necessary to bring about a desirable change in the matter is to make simplicity the fashion for our beautiful Daisies, to induce them to emulate their name-flower, starrng the summer fields in its exquisite white and gold, and to act, the land over, in concert, the girls themselves taking the initiative. For a mere affair of show, there is not a sensible Daisy anywhere who would willingly cause her father anxiety, or oblige him to work harder or longer than now. And some of our Daisies, if they would open their eyes, would see that their mothers are losing bloom and beauty, and growing very tired, and are straining too hard just to procure fripperies for which nobody really cares. The reform which is needed should be instituted by the schoolgirls in their own class meetings, with the sanction of their class presidents, under the approving eyes of the school alumnae, who has gone far enough on to see that there are better things at which to aim than extravagance, which benefits nobody, impresses few, and entails debt or sleepless nights on affectionate parents.

Beef Juice for Sick People.

For ages our mothers and grandmothers have prepared "beef tea" for their sick by process of long boiling, believing that, in this way, the real essence of the meat was secured, while present-day experiments show that "a dog will starve to death quicker when fed on boiled beef tea than on fresh water." I give a recipe taught me by a trained nurse and used in all the large hospitals. It is thoroughly reliable. Take fresh beef, as lean as you can get it—the round steak is best. Grind and chop them very fine. Throw it in a pan on the stove and let it get hot through, stirring all the time. Turn it into a napkin and press all the juice out. It should be a rich dark red, and one pound should make six ounces. Be careful to skim off all the fat. To serve this to the patient, pour a teaspoonful or more on a little crushed ice; season with salt. This is as nourishing as the bought juices, and far pleasanter to take.—Virginia in Southern Planter.

Child Thrift in France.

Thrift is a habit which requires to be formed early. The boy or girl who does not realize the value of money in not likely to be prudent later in life. Like other habits, good or bad, thrift is contagious. The child who saves pennies instead of spending them, and is able to show a bank book, arouses emulation in others. Whatever encourages children to save small sums of money does good, not only by preventing immediate waste of money, but by creating among children a public sentiment favorable to thrift.

What is done in this country by voluntary organizations is done on a large scale in France by the savings banks. The children of the common schools deposit with their teachers any sum of money they save, from a sou (which is about equal to an American cent) upward. Once a month, agents of the savings banks go the rounds of the schools and collect the children's savings. He who deposits but a single sou receives a small bank book, and when he has deposited a franc he receives a large bank book.

During the last seventeen years French boys and girls have opened more than half a million accounts in the savings bank. Many children, or their parents for them, deposit in an endowment fund, which is meant to give them a capital of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 when they become of age.

It is worth considering whether in this country some modification of the French plan is practicable, by which savings banks should co-operate with school teachers in promoting the habit of saving among children.—Exchange.

Blood Poisoning.

It seems to be certain that valuable life has been often lost by carelessness in regard to small cuts. A woman working about the kitchen who receives a small cut on the hand generally binds up the wound and goes about her work with no further thought of the matter. Her hands are put in all manner of things in cleaning about the house, working outside, perhaps, in the flower garden, and engaged in the thousand and one tasks which her hands find to do. If she is fortunate the wound heals up, but this is not necessarily the case. Blood poisoning may result from the most trivial wound. The palm of the hand is almost as dangerous a portion of the system to wound as the soles of the feet. The result of wounding either the soles of the feet or the palms may be lockjaw. When we remember the impurities in the soil, in the air and in various parts of even the cleanliest house, it is strange that we do not hear of more cases of blood poisoning arising from trivial cuts. A very weak mixture of carbolic acid and water, such as a druggist or physician who deals in drugs can furnish, should be kept on hand to prevent danger. It should be poured on a cloth and wrapped around any such wound, after first washing it carefully. This mixture, which contains about 10 per cent of carbolic acid in water, is sufficient to purify any ordinary wound and keep out impurities if it is well wrapped with clean, dry cloth. Even the scratch of a needle or pin in the laundry tub may cause blood poisoning if the water contains coloring matter or any impurities powerful enough to cause this result.—Ex.

LIFE ON A FARM.

As Told by One Who has Undergone its Hardships.

Hard Work and Exposure to All Kinds of Weather Plays Havoc with the Strongest Constitutions—How Health May be Obtained.

While life as a farmer is one of considerable independence, it is very far from being one of ease. The very nature of the calling is one that exposes its followers to all sorts of weather, and it is perhaps not surprising that so many farmers suffer from chronic ailments. Mr. Thomas McAdam, of Donagh, P. E. I., is a fair example of this class. Mr. McAdam himself says:—"I was always looked upon as one having a rugged constitution; but the hard work, coupled with the exposure incident to life on a farm, ultimately proved too much for me. About eighteen months ago I was attacked with pains in the small of the back and thighs. At first they were of an intermittent nature, and while they were extremely painful, would pass away after a day or two, and might not bother me again for weeks. As the attacks, after each interval, grew more and more severe, I became alarmed and consulted a doctor who said the trouble was lumbago. His treatment would give temporary relief but nothing more, and ultimately I was almost a cripple. To walk, or even to move about in a chair, or turn in bed caused intense agony, and in going about I had to depend upon a cane. If I attempted to stoop or pick anything up the pain would be almost unbearable. This condition of affairs had its effect upon my whole system and for a man in the prime of life, my condition was deplorable. I think I had tried at least half a dozen remedies before I found relief and a cure, and this came to me through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which a friend urged me to try. I felt some relief before the first box was all gone and by the time I had taken five boxes, I was as well and smart as ever, and although months have now passed I have not had any return of the trouble. My cure is entirely due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the only regret I have is that I did not try them at the outset. Had I done so I would not only have been saved much suffering, but considerable money as well."

With Years WISDOM.

The answer to that old query, "What's in a name?" was not hard to define in the case of one justly celebrated Family Remedy that had its origin away down in Maine, which proves that with age comes wisdom about

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

An old lady called at a store and asked for a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment; the clerk said "they were out, but could supply her with another just as good." The engaging smile that accompanied this information was frozen stiff when she replied:

Young Man, there is only one Liniment, and that is Johnson's.

Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. There is not a remedy in use which has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Could a remedy have existed for nearly a century, except that it possess extraordinary merit?

Our book on INFLAMMATION free. Price 25 and 50c. I. S. Johnson & Co., Boston, Mass.

WHEELER'S BOTANIC BITTERS

A reliable and effective medicine for cleansing the blood, stomach and liver. Keeps the eye bright and skin clear. Cures headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. Purely Vegetable, large bottles, only 25 CENTS.

MRS. GEO. TRAILL,

A Well Known Lady of Thornhill, Man.,

Got Almost Instant Relief From Heart Trouble by the Use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

It is simply wonderful the number of western women who are coming forward to tell of the curative powers of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

This time it is Mrs. Geo. Traill, a highly respected lady of Thornhill, Man., who gives in the following words the history of her case:

"I obtained from Mr. J. A. Hobbs, druggist of Morden, Man., a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, as I was very bad with heart trouble at the time.

"I used the one box and got almost instant relief. I then bought another box, but only had to use a few of the pills, as I have never been troubled with palpitation since using them.

"I am very thankful that I got the pills, and if this will be of any use to others suffering as I did you may publish it in the papers."

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH **Pain-Killer.** A Medicine Chest in itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for GRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

Many Cloths Look Alike

but the wear is sometimes vastly different. We handle the good kind, reliable cloths selected with utmost care. Cloths for Black Suits is our specialty.

A. GILMOUR,

68 King Street, Custom Tailoring. St. John, N.B.

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Abridged

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Lesson XII

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The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

Second Quarter.

THE FEEDING OF FIVE THOUSAND.

Lesson XII. June 17. John 6: 5-14.

Compare Matt. 14: 13-21; Mark 6: 30-44; Luke 9: 10-17.

Commit verses 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Give us this day our daily bread.—Matt. 6: 11.

EXPLANATORY.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES.—After the martyrdom of John, Jesus and his disciples left Galilee for a time. The excitement on account of Herod's murder of the prophet might lead in a political revolt, which was entirely contrary to the plans and principles of Jesus in inaugurating his kingdom, and yet he might be involved in it, or seem to be, if he remained. Hence, he crossed over the Jordan into the realm of Herod Philip, and went up among the hills overlooking the plain of Butalba, a wild pasture land belonging to Bethsaida on the southeast, and there in retirement he conversed with his disciples. The "eat" of v. 3 implies teaching, for that was the usual posture of teachers.

THE COMMITTEE OF WAYS AND MEANS.—Vs. 5-9. 5. JESUS... SAITH UNTO PHILIP, toward evening, "when the day began to wear away" (Luke 9: 12). By combining all the accounts the conversation at this time would be about as follows:

Jesus (speaking to Philip, whose home was at Bethsaida, and who therefore was acquainted with the region and the people).—"Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" (John).

Philip.—"Two hundred pennyworth \$34 worth of bread is not sufficient for them, that every one of them may take a little" (John)—v. 7.

The Apostles.—"Send the multitude away, that they may go into the towns and country round about, and lodge and get victuals" (Luke).

Jesus.—"Give ye them to eat" (Luke). The Apostles.—"Shall we go and buy two hundred pennyworth of bread and give them to eat?" (Mark).

Jesus.—"How many loaves have ye? Go and see" (Mark).

Andrew.—"There is a lad here," etc. (John)—v. 9.

9. FIVE BARLEY LOAVES. Or round, flat cakes like large crackers. Barley was the poorest food of the people. The lad probably brought them for his own lunch, possibly to find a market for them. TWO SMALL FISHES. "The Greek ('opsaria') is a diminutive; it properly means what was eaten along with the bread, and specially refers to the small and generally dried or pickled fish eaten with bread, like our 'sardines,' or the 'caviar' of Russia, the pickled herrings of Holland and Germany. Millions were caught in the lake. We know that both the salting and pickling of them was a special industry among its fishermen." WHAT ARE THEY AMONG SO MANY? Five crackers and two sardines for five thousand hungry men, besides women and children!

SOME BEAUTIFUL LESSONS.

I. Jesus asked the question of Philip (v. 6) TO PROVE HIM, to test him. (1) To reveal to himself and to others what he was, how much he had learned from Jesus, what his training had done for him in understanding and trusting Jesus. (2) To strengthen his faith, to develop his character, to continue his education.

II. Again and again in their future work would arise the question, "What are these among so many?" It was a miracle of instruction in cheer and hope and faith, a miracle of promise of victory. We need not be troubled by our small talents, or meager means, or few opportunities, if we consecrate them to him and his service. Most of the greatest results in the world have begun thus.

III. "This is a charming lesson for small boys. Notice that Christ almost always had men in partnership with him in working his greatest miracles. How interested this boy must have been, not to have eaten that lunch of his, while even men were getting hungry!—for boys are always hungry."

THE FIVE THOUSAND FED.—Va. 10, 11. JESUS SAID, MAKE THE MEN (the people) SIT DOWN. Mark says they sat by hundreds and fifties. THERE WAS MUCH GRASS. It being spring. This would make it clean and pleasant for sitting. Mark says the people sat down in "ranks," lit, "like beds in a garden."

II. AND JESUS TOOK THE LOAVES. That it might be known whence the supply came. AND WHEN HE HAD GIVEN THANKS, "looking up to heaven" (Luke). Thus recognizing the Giver of all good. HE DISTRIBUTED TO THE DISCIPLES, as a matter of convenience, and as an object lesson both to them and to the people.

The divine gifts were conveyed through human instrumentality, as in the case of spiritual food. "Doubtless the faith of the disciples was severely tried when they were required to advance each man to his separate hundred with his morsel of bread" AS MUCH AS THEY WOULD. No one went away hungry.

Jesus conferred a great privilege on the disciples in making them the instruments of conferring his bounty. It is more blessed to give than to receive. Jesus could have rained manna from heaven, or summoned angels to help, but he gave this privilege to his disciples.

GATHERING UP THE FRAGMENTS.—Vs. 12-14. 12. WHEN THEY WERE FILLED. Every person had all he wanted. GATHER UP THE FRAGMENTS. The broken pieces that would be fit for food at another time. THAT NOTHING BE LOST. Be wasted. The gathering of the fragments was an object lesson of precious truth and completed the proof of the miracle, for more remained than there was to begin with.

13. FILLED TWELVE BASKETS. "They were small hand-baskets specially provided for the Jews to carry Levitically clean food while traveling in Samaria or other heathen districts." "They were made of rushes, reeds, twigs, or ropes." "Wicker baskets." "Their sizes were probably variable, but the word is used for a Bœotian measure of capacity equal to two gallons."

14. THIS IS OF A TRUTH THAT PROPHECY. The Messiah. The miracle was convincing and they sought immediately to hail him as their king. But Jesus sent them home and went up into the mountain alone to pray.

Bonnie Decker and his affianced wife, Fannie Sager, who were to have been married June 1, were struck and killed Sunday night by a passenger train on the Pennsylvania railroad near Ridgeway, Pa.

An interesting telescope has just been put in position in Potsdam. It is a duplicate instrument, being composed of two tubes, side by side, the larger one for photographic purposes, and the other is to be used visually and as an aid in keeping the star images stationary upon the plate during long exposures. The photographic one has a diameter of thirty-two inches and a focal length of forty feet. The visual objective is slightly longer in focus, being forty-one feet, and is twenty inches longer in diameter. For this instrument, which will be employed to determine the motion of the stars in the line of sight by means of the spectroscope, a special dome has been built.

"Mr. Moody in his boyhood had been trained to hardship, the greatest of all schools for the teaching of economy, and thus he knew the value of money. His ambition in those early days in Chicago was to make \$100,000, a fortune which at that time seemed greater than a million would to-day," writes William R. Moody of his father in this week's Saturday Evening Post.

"He kept on prospering in his new place and in one year, with special commissions added to his regular salary, made over \$5000, a very remarkable income for one not yet turned twenty-four."

French papers are indignant because of representative of the Paris Matin, after going all the way to St. Helena to interview Cronje and his fellow-prisoners, was not even permitted to land, but was ordered to take his vessel out of the harbor. The General appears to be thriving in exile. Since his surrender he has gained thirty pounds of the forty he lost in his recent campaigning.

The Annual Report of the Fruit Growers' Association of Nova Scotia for 1900, is a pamphlet of 80 pages, containing a report of the annual meeting at Wolfville, N. S., January 29th-31st, including a number of addresses on different subjects by members of the Association and others. The Report contains much matter of interest and value to the fruit growers of the country. The pages of the report are adorned with the President of the Association, Mr. J. E. Bigelow, of Wolfville, Mr. S. C. Parker, the secretary, of Berwick, and other leading members of the Association.

One Thousand Dollar Priz.

The Vir Publishing Company of Philadelphia offers a prize of \$1000 for the best manuscript of a book addressed to Young Wives, to be a companion volume of equal merit to the dollar book which they publish, by Sylvanus Stall, D. D., entitled, "What a Young Husband Ought to Know." The contest is restricted to women, the manuscript limited to 70,000 words, and to be submitted by February 1st, 1901. Full information can be secured by addressing the Vir Publishing Company, Real Estate Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

BICYCLE TRUTH

That should not be ignored

when purchasing WHEELS.

It is a fact that the five most prominent makes of Bicycles ridden in Canada to-day, viz—

- Welland Vale, Brantford (Red Bird)
Massey-Harris, Cleveland,
Gondron,

are Canadian Wheels manufactured by a distinctly Canadian Company, using Canadian capital and employing Canadian labor.

It is also an indisputable fact that all the above makes of Wheels are surpassed by none and equalled by few in Design, Material, Equipment, Finish, Durability and Easy Running Qualities. They all still retain their distinctive features that have made them so popular with the riding public, and to these features will be found added many improvements for the present season that will tend to make cycling more of a pleasure than before. Agents for these wheels will be found in every Town and County of the Maritime Provinces.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED.

The largest Bicycle Manufacturers under the British flag. Maritime Provinces Branch, 54 King Street, St. John, N. B.



McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP Safe Pleasant Effectual

MURRAY & LANMAN'S Florida Water THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME For the Handkerchief, Toilet and Bath. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

SPRING OF -1900- Church Envelopes

Just received and on sale a new lot. 100,000 Collection Envelopes for Current Expenses and Convention Funds.

SPECIAL! We will SUPPLY ENVELOPES, PRINT the name of the CHURCH, NUMBER, OBJECT-Convention Fund, or Current Expenses, Sunday School, etc.—and mail to any address 1,000 Envelopes, in neat box, on receipt of \$1.50.

NOTE.—We can't print Name of Church and Objects on less than 1,000 Envelopes. Envelopes plain, without printing, are mailed at \$1.00 per thousand. A number of our churches have adopted this system of raising funds for various objects, and with united voice say, "It is the simplest and best."

The Treasurer's CASH BOOK, in which every Sunday's collections are placed, nicely bound and ruled, with Dr and Cr. acc. in the back of book, \$2.50, mailed.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS Spring & Summer MONTHS.

WHISTON'S COMMERCIAL COLLEGE is offering special inducements to students taking the Commercial or Stenographic course during the months of April, May, June and July. This old, reliable, training school is steadily improving and broadening. All commercial branches are taught. Illustrated Catalogues free. S. E. WHISTON, Principal, 95 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Colonial Book Store

Send to me for your SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLIES and SUPPLIES at Publishers' Prices.

- Peloubets Notes on the S. S. Lessons for 1900, \$1.00. I have a beautiful Bible, Teacher's edition, with new illustrations, size 5x7, only \$1.50.
Arnold's Notes on the S. S. Lessons, 60c. Send for Catalogues for Sunday School libraries, an offering special discounts.
Revised Normal Lessons, 30c.
Class Books, Supt. Records, Envelopes.
T. H. HALL, Cor. King and Germain Sts. St. John, N. B.
Kendrick's Liniment is always satisfactory, never disappointing.

Another 10 Heard From

Recently we published a list of TEN of our Students under one roof in the C. P. R. OFFICES, ST. JOHN. Now comes the IMPERIAL OIL CO. with another TEN as follows: Messrs. John F. Bullock, Thos. H. Bullock, H. A. Drury, Norman E. Shaw, H. E. Storey, J. F. Donohue, Fred McKean, G. W. Watter, Miss Annie Tingey, Miss Gervie Bustin.

Send for our Catalogue and you will be better able to understand why our students are so successful. S. KERR & SON.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. Summer Tours

Commence June 1st. Write for 1900 Tour Book. The famous fast train "IMPERIAL LIMITED"

to the Pacific Coast will be put in service commencing June 11, 1900. New Route to QUEBEC Commencing June 5th there will be a combination first-class and sleeping car leave St. John at 4:10 p. m., week days, and run through to Lewis, P. Q., via Megantic. A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R. B. St. John, N. B.

Largest Foundry on Earth making CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES & PEALS. Purest copper and tin only. Terms, etc., free. MOSENFELDER FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md.

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. Cohoon, Treasurer, Wolfville, N. S. Envelopes for gathering these funds can be obtained free on application to A. Cohoon, Wolfville, N. S.

LOCKEPORT, N. S.—On Sunday 13th inst, Rev. J. B. Woodland, pastor at Lockeport, N. S., baptized four more persons and others are still to follow. Com.

BRUSSELS STREET CHURCH.—Six more were baptized last Sabbath morning. Others are coming in by letter. The individual communion service is proving to be a change for the better. H. F. W.

SHERWOOD, N. S.—At Sherwood, May 20, Pastor A. Whitman baptized Morris Armstrong and Johnson Armstrong, and received them into the fellowship of the Waterville Baptist Church.

TUSKET.—Three were baptized and received into the Tusket Baptist church on Sunday, May 13th. Two of the candidates were from the Canaan section of the church and one from Orsvelton. We trust that there are more to follow very soon. May the Lord bless us abundantly. M. W. BROWN.

HAMPTON STATION, N. B.—After an absence of four years in the neighboring republic, we are again in the home land, comfortably settled, and busily engaged in the Master's cause here. The field is large and the people are falling in line nobly. The outlook is hopeful, already they are showing their large-heartedness. The friends at the station presented us with a neat sum in addition to the regular salary for which we express our gratitude. This thoughtful act at this time seems highly commendable. Trusting that God's blessing will rest upon us, brethren and friends we ask your prayers.

Yours in the kingdom work,
May 30th. F. C. WRIGHT.

BROOKVILLE, N. S.—While visiting friends in Cheverie, on May 24, it was my privilege in the evening to attend the prayer-meeting held in the Baptist church at Brookville, and I was delighted and my soul refreshed by listening to the testimonies of many who have lately come out on the Lord's side. God has indeed greatly blessed the labors of Bro. A. McCabe in this place. Nine have been added to the church by baptism, and five by letter. Members have been revived, and the church strengthened and encouraged. The earnestness and deep interest in the work that was manifest in the meeting, and that is being evinced in many ways in this village, shows that the good seed sown will result in a yet more abundant harvest. May the Lord continue to carry on his work, is our prayer.

M. F. MCKELLAN.
FAIRVILLE.—The kind people of the Fairville Baptist church sprung quite a surprise upon their pastor last evening. At the close of the Conference meeting and just as I was about to pronounce the benediction, Bro. Very Cowan came to the platform and read to me a beautiful address, expressing the kindly feelings of the members of the church and congregation for Mrs. Dykeman and myself, and then placed in my hand fifty-five dollars in gold. It was a perfect surprise. May God reward the kind and thoughtful donors, is the prayer of their pastor.
June 1st. A. T. DYKEMAN.

SCORES.

of people are buying our combination Bibles and our Post Pens. They are, without exception, delighted with these premiums. Those who wish to have either Bible or Pen should order at once. Price of Bible will be advanced 25 cents after June 30.

And the Bicycle Premium for largest number of new subscriptions, above fifteen, is a very tempting offer. Someone will enjoy it.

PORT HILFORD, N. S.—The disastrous forest fire which swept through Port Hilford on Wednesday last has left a number of families homeless, besides destroying much property belonging to other residents. Fourteen buildings, together with the contents, were utterly destroyed, many of the people barely escaped with their lives. The need is real and urgent, and the losses fall heavily upon some of the most worthy people of the Baptist church here, as the result of years of toil has been swept away, leaving them practically homeless and penniless. Readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR are asked to forward such assistance as they may at the earliest moment to Rev. Ward Fisher, pastor Baptist church at Port Hilford.

Yours,
WARD FISHER.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of Cumberland County convened at River Hebert on May 29. Rev. C. H. Haverstock presided, and in the unavoidable absence of the Sec'y, Rev. A. F. Baker, Rev. A. F. Newcomb was appointed Sec'y pro tem. Rev's Dr. Steele, John Clarke, D. H. McQuarrie, and the local pastor, Rev. J. M. Parker, were present in addition to the two pastors already mentioned. It was devoutly to be wished that the churches of the County would take enough interest in this County Conference to send delegates to the meeting. The day sessions were devoted to the consideration of our county work embracing reports from the churches, plans for the future, the matter of grouping, etc. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, public platform meetings were held. On Wednesday afternoon the sisters held a very interesting service, an account of which will duly appear in their column. Tuesday evening Bro. McQuarrie gave a stimulating address on benevolence, basing his remarks on the words of Jesus, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Bro. Clarke, whom all were delighted to see present after his prolonged illness, followed with a beautiful and touching sermon on the "Kindness of God." On Wednesday evening Dr. Steele gave an excellent and comprehensive treatment of the reasons "Why a Baptist church should exist," and A. F. Newcomb endeavored to show "why a Baptist church should be a Missionary church." The meeting closed with a short evangelistic service conducted by the chairman, Pastor Haverstock, whose recent experience of so rich blessing on his own field, qualified him admirably for his duties in the Conference.

The good people of River Hebert were abundant in their hospitality. It is hoped some inspiration carries with them as a result of the meetings, to be of service to them as they are led in the Master's work, by our earnest brother, Rev. Mr. Parker. The Sec'y pro tem was instructed to publish in connection with this report, the prospective programme for the next Quarterly Meeting, to convene at Westchester Station on the second Tuesday in September. The programme is as follows: Opening Sermon, Rev. W. E. Bates; Sabbath School Work, Rev. J. M. Parker; Bible Reading on Missions, Rev. D. H. McQuarrie; Our Denominational Work, Rev. J. W. Bancroft; The Quarterly Meeting, Rev. C. H. Haverstock; The Prayer-Meeting, Rev. P. D. Nowlan. The writer who will be away from the Province at the time of the next Quarterly Meeting, is very grateful for the kind wishes for his future, as expressed in a tender prayer by Bro. Clarke. For our dear brother Clarke, we all pray that very soon he may again have the vigor of his wanted health, and be able to enter, as he desires, in the work of the Lord.

A. F. NEWCOMB, Sec'y. pro tempore.

Digby County Baptist Conference.

The representatives of the Baptist churches in Digby county met in quarterly session at Little River on May 22 and 23. The opening sermon was preached by Rev. B. H. Thomas, of Digby. Subject, "The hereafter life, or what comes after the resurrection." The business meetings were held in the morning and afternoon of the 23rd. Rev. B. H. Howe preached the second sermon on "The Exalted Christ." The reports from the churches were most hopeful in tone. Large numbers of accessions to the membership of the churches were reported, especially at Freeport, Westport, Tiverton and Little River. Rev. J. C. Morse, D. D., vice-president of the conference, presided. Dr. Morse is just now being richly blessed in his work at Little River. He will receive a number of members into fellowship next Sabbath. For nearly three-score years this wonderful man has preached the gospel in this community. Pastors McGregor, Giffin, Eaton and Porter were not present. New pastors are about to settle at St. Mary's Bay and Weymouth and Tusket. Offerings were taken for Denominational Work. Digby, May 29. B. H. T.

Personal.

Rev. J. B. Champion of Gibson, N. B., has just taken the A. B. degree at the University of New Brunswick. Mr. Champion being a native of P. E. I., took his preparatory training at Prince of Wales College, and entered the class of '94 at Acadia. After completing two years there, ill health compelled the relinquishment of further study for five years. As pastor of Gibson Baptist church he had opportunity to complete his course at the University of New Brunswick. Though carrying the care of a pastorate, Mr. Champion was able to win first class standing in six out of the seven subjects of the senior year, and graduated with the degree of B. A., with first class distinctions in philosophy and political economy. Mr. Champion has accepted a call to Lebanon Baptist church, New York, and will enter upon the B. D. course at Colgate. Mr. Champion leaves about the first of July.

We were favored on Friday last with a pleasant call from Mr. George W. Mersereau, M. A., of Doaktown, who is Inspector of Schools for the counties of Restigouche, Gloucester and Northumberland. Mr. Mersereau was on his way to attend the Anniversary exercises of Acadia. One of his sons is a member of the graduating class.

Acadia Forward Movement.

Chas R Hoben, \$5; W Bowly Leard, \$7 50; Rev David Price, \$5; Mrs W H McMillin, \$1 25; Mrs W W Clarke, \$50; Mrs S Miller, \$1 25. Wm. K. HALL.
May 30th.

If the church treated her ministers generously in the matter of holidays she would reap all the gain. For every new idea which comes to the minister's mind, and every new book he reads, and every new sight he sees, and every new gallery he visits during his holidays pass into his words and into his life, and the thoughtfulness and generosity of congregations would come back to their own souls with usury of reward.—Ian Maclaren, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

A Master of Craft.

That delightful humorist, Mr. W. W. Jacobs, surrounded himself with a host of admirers when he sent out "Many Cargoes," followed by "More Cargoes," and now comes "A Master of Craft" to add to his reputation as a story writer.

The title of this new book has more in it than appears before the story is read, for the first conclusion is that it is a sea yarn only; but the main significance of the name works out in the crafty nature of Captain Flower, who combines the unusual blending of hero and villain, though a harmless proportion of each. This burlesque upon villainy consists chiefly in Captain Flower's faculty for becoming engaged to several women at the same time; and the enormous amount of tact required to steer three various courses at once with his single, unsteady land-craft, taxes his ingenuity to the utmost, ending finally in a smash of his mental compass, after which it is only a matter of time before there is a cruel wreck on the rocks of despair, and this reckless seaman is heard of no more.

The book is full of purest fun, and will be hailed from afar by lovers of a good yarn. It has come from The Copp, Clark Publishing House, Toronto.

A girl should be brought up so as to be able to make her own living, whether or not she's to inherit a fortune. But a woman's place is in the home, though some women do better in business than some men. A girl ought to be careful about the man she marries, too, especially if she has money. She oughtn't to marry until she's old enough to know what she's doing, anyway.—Hetty Green, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

There is no wholesome and sensible minister who does not wish to have the good will of every class in his congregation, but he especially covets the respect and confidence of the young men. This is not because they are wiser than their elders, nor because they are more spiritual, but because they are unconventional and sincere to the last degree.—Ian Maclaren, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

Delicious Hot Biscuit

are made with Royal Baking Powder, and are the most appetizing, healthful and nutritious of foods.

Hot biscuit made with impure and adulterated baking powder are neither appetizing nor wholesome.

It all depends upon the baking powder.

Take every care to have your biscuit made with Royal baking powder, if you would avoid indigestion.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

CAIN-MERRITT at the home of May 24th, by Rev. Cain of Wickham.

SPECHT-HAIG 803age, Digby, N. Byron H. Thomas of Centreville, North Range.

WHITMAN-BULL of the official Arthur street, 22nd inst., by Rev. Norman A. Whitman from MacMaster and pastor elect of Ont., and Estel Richard Burdett.

BENTLY.—At May 24th, of beloved wife of She had a "good."

HARPELL.—At May 23rd, Mrs. C. Mr. Mark Harpell sister was a cousin West Jeddore B. wife and a loving her earthly life full in Christ. M. circle of mourners.

PORTER.—At S., May 20th, M. years. Our brother Billtown church, a good citizen and He leaves a wife many friends, to

MISTRER.—At New Ross, March aged 69 years. I of Getsey Cove, a the Methodist church relatives in New B. ill and fell asleep glorious resurrection.

SHAW.—A Cent N. S., April the 2. Emeline Shaw, age three sons, and of their loss. Sister fellowship of the by the late Rev. M. ship of the church Christian character, and leaves a worthy of emulation followed to their large concourse of

Dr. Theodor

An address del Freeman at a brief in the Fredericton nesday evening, M.

A prince and a our great thoughtful friend has "passed" voices there is noble and the elder that nature could the world this was strength and beauty rare among the so was struck in granite bosom were gems transcendent worth poet, philosopher a wrought much, he much. He was a glass to the vapor. Eolian harp and upon him stirred him. The word "him. There was a affection, and he y unstintedly. He lo truer patriot ever was written on his elect of God to be

* Died at Fredericton years.



MARRIAGES.

CAIN-MERRIT.—Tooleton, Kars, N. B., at the home of the bride's mother, on May 24th, by Rev. W. J. Gordon, Willet Cain of Wickham, to Sarah Merrit.

SPECHT-HAIGHT.—At the Baptist parsonage, Digby, N. S., on May 30, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Orrie William Specht, of Centreville, to Ida Maud Haight of North Range.

WHITMAN-BURDETT.—At the residence of the officiating minister, 271 Prince Arthur street, Montreal, P. Q., on the 22nd inst., by Rev. J. A. Gordon, M. A., Norman A. Whitman, recent graduate from MacMaster Theological Institution, and pastor elect of Selkirk Baptist church, Ont., and Estella Burdett, daughter of Richard Burdett, Esq., of Dundas, P. E. I.

DEATHS.

BENTLY.—At Diligent River, N. S., May 24th, of pneumonia, Mrs. Harriet, beloved wife of Thomas Bently, age 77. She had a "good hope through grace."

HARPELL.—At her home, West Jeddore, May 23rd, Mrs. Catherine Harpell, wife of Mr. Mark Harpell, in her 65th year. Our sister was a consistent member of the West Jeddore Baptist church, a faithful wife and a loving mother. The end of her earthly life was magnificently peaceful in Christ. May God bless the large circle of mourners.

PORTER.—At Lakeville, Kings Co., N. S., May 20th, Mr. Clark Porter, aged 51 years. Our brother was a member of the Billtown church, and greatly respected as a good citizen and of irreproachable life. He leaves a wife and two daughters, with many friends, to mourn their loss.

MISTER.—At Mr. Alexander Mister's, New Ross, March 11, Henry Adam Mister, aged 69 years. Deceased was a resident of Getsey Cove, and a beloved member of the Methodist church. He was visiting relatives in New Ross, when he was taken ill and fell asleep, in full assurance of a glorious resurrection at the last day.

SHAW.—At Central Grove, Digby Co., N. S., April the 24th, of bronchitis, Mrs. Emeline Shaw, age 64, leaving a husband, three sons, and one daughter to mourn their loss. Sister S. was baptized into the fellowship of the Tiverton Baptist church, by the late Rev. Mr. Hall. In the fellowship of the church she maintained a noble Christian character, exerted a wide influence, and leaves behind an example worthy of emulation. Her remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of people.

Dr. Theodore Harding Rand.*

An address delivered by Rev. J. D. Freeman at a brief memorial service held in the Fredericton Baptist church, Wednesday evening, May 30.

A prince and a great man has fallen. Our great thought and great hearted friend has "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." "His life was noble and the elements so mixed in him that nature could stand up and say to all the world this was a man." In Dr. Rand strength and beauty met in a combination rare among the sons of men. His mould was struck in granite but imbedded in its bosom were gems of richest lustre and transcendent worth. He was at once poet, philosopher and man of affairs. He wrought much, he thought much, he loved much. He was a passionate lover of nature. His spirit was as sensitive to beauty as a glass to the vapor's touch. He was an Arabian harp and every wind that blew upon him stirred him into song. He loved men. The word "friend" meant much to him. There was a fountal quality to his affections, and he yielded up his sympathy unstintedly. He loved his country. No truer patriot ever breathed. "Canada" was written on his heart. For the lady elect of God to be the sympathetic com-

panion of his life and labors, he cherished the most constant and chivalrous devotion. God had set them to each other as perfect music unto noble words. It was his joy to lay his laurels at her feet. He loved his God. To the core of his being he was a Christian. The stream of his consciousness was filled with Christ. A man of broad horizon he built his observatory on Calvary. For him all beauty and truth and life were summed up in Jesus Christ. He took as the watch word of his life "In him all things consist."

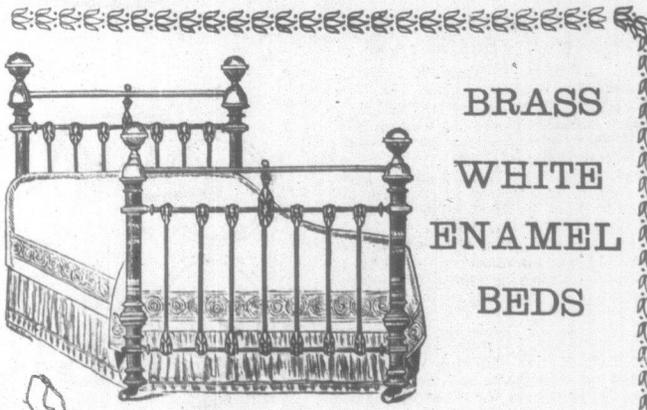
Others will speak of Dr. Rand's ACHIEVEMENT AS AN EDUCATIONALIST in this and other provinces of the Dominion. It is mine to refer to his relations to his community and this church. Thirty years ago when Dr. Rand came to Fredericton the Baptist were a feeble and scattered folk. He gave them succor and support. For thirteen years he fathered this church. He was the pastor's strong right arm. When the former building went up it flames it was deacon Rand who stepped to the front and led in the heroic effort which resulted in the erection of this building. Though removed to other scenes he retained his affection for this church and never ceased to plan and pray for her advancement. It was fitting that his last Sunday on earth should be spent in worship under this roof and among these friends.

How poetically beautiful was his end! Dr. Rand dreaded the thought of senile decay. His manhood's prime vigor revolted from the thought of falling upon impotent days. He was mercifully spared the experience. To the last moment of his life he was brilliant and masterful. As he was about to rise in the legislative chamber to receive the highest honor in the gift of our Provincial University, God beckoned to him and gave him his coronation from the skies. In behalf of this church which loved him so well, in behalf of the graduates of the McMaster University whose lives have been quickened by the impact of his powerful personality, it is my mournful duty to say—our guide, philosopher and friend, Farewell! Thou hast fought a good fight, thou hast finished the course, thou hast kept the Faith. Sweet be thy rest in God!

Benjamin Bowen, had a most exciting balloon adventure recently. As an innovation among the amusements at Coney Island, a passenger balloon was recently introduced. Its purpose was to offer a hundred feet in the air, it was drawn to the earth by means of a windlass. Bowen was the only passenger in the balloon on one of its trips last evening. He made the ascension in safety and was looking contentedly out to the sea, when the rope which held the balloon parted. Slowly the balloon began to rise. A fresh southern breeze carried it inland with some rapidity. A crowd of nearly a thousand pleasure seekers witnessed the accident and followed the course of the runaway air ship, frantically shouting to Bowen to ship the anchor ropes. Heeding their advice he lowered the grappling irons as far as the ropes would permit, and fortunately, as the balloon passed over a giant elm tree the anchors caught well down in the branches. Bowen then found the way to open the jet which allowed the gas to escape. Gradually the balloon sank until the carriage touched the topmost branches. Bowen clambered out and reached the ground in safety.

The "Boxers" have attacked and burned a mission station at Lan-Tson, forty miles southwest of Peking, and have murdered the missionary in charge. A party rescued at Chang-Sien-Tien defended themselves from a house and fired on the Boxers, killing several. When the troops of the relieving party arrived the house was abandoned, and the soldiers looted and burned it. Two men and one woman are unaccounted for. It is feared that they are in the hands of the Boxers. The Chinese government issued an edict prohibiting the Boxers from organization under penalty of death.

* Died at Fredericton, May 29, 1900, aged 65 years.



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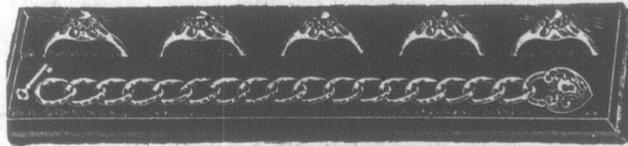
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The June Magazine Number of The Outlook is the Eleventh Annual Illustrated Recreation Number. In this issue, as usual, much space is given to illustrated articles dealing with out-of-door and vacation topics. Among the writers for this issue are: Henry Van Dyke, who talks in a poetic and picturesque vein of Izaak Walton; Frank Spearman, the author of the best railway tales recently published, who, under the title, "From the Cab Window," tells a thrilling and spirited story of the adventures of a railway engineer; William Gillette, the actor, who writes of "The House Boat in America;" Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Harford, who has a unique paper on the out door life of the famous theologian, Dr. Horace Bushnell. There are other articles dealing with the Paris Exposition, coming conventions, travelling abroad, and, in addition, the usual editorial review of the week and comment on current affairs and new books (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, New York.)

The devout peasants of Oberammergau are preparing for the decennial performance of "The Passion Play," which will be given at frequent intervals during the spring and summer. The greater part of the cast has been changed since the last presentations. The Christ of this year's play is the son of a stove maker—a stove maker himself; the Magdalene is the daughter of an innkeeper, who helps care for her father's hostelry, and the Mary is the daughter of the Burgomaster, a pretty girl of eighteen. A most interesting and profusely illustrated article on the play and the players will appear in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

Whatever may be Oberammergau's purpose in continuing the presentation of "The Passion Play," one thing I have not the slightest doubt: its influence on the lives of those who have taken the chief parts in it has been a sweetening, uplifting one, working out a gentleness, simplicity, loveliness and purity of character such as are very rarely met in these latter days. Be "The Passion Play" what it may, a personal contact with these simple people cannot fail to do one good.—Ida Shaper Hoxie, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

COVERED WITH SORES.

B.B.B. cured little Harvey Deline nine years ago and he has never had a spot on him since.

It is practically impossible to heal up sores or ulcers, especially the old chronic kind, with ordinary remedies.

No matter how large or of how long standing they may be, however, they heal up readily and stay healed permanently when Burdock Blood Bitters is used.



HARVEY DELINE.

Mrs. E. Deline, Ardou, Ont., proves this in the following account she gave of her little boy's case: "When my little son Harvey was one year old he broke out in sores all over his body. They would heal up for a time, then break out again about twice a year, till he was past four; then he seemed to get worse and was completely prostrated. When doctors failed to cure him I gave him Burdock Blood Bitters, and besides bathed the sores with it.

"It is nine years ago since this happened and I must say that in all this time he has never had a spot on his body or any sign of the old trouble returning."

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826. BELLS HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 CHURCH SCHOOLS & OTHER PUREST BELL METAL WEST-TROY, N.Y. BELLS, CHIMES, ETC. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE

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—Dominion Medical Monthly.

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News Summary

Mrs. Gladstone is gradually growing weaker. Her right side is paralyzed.

General the Marquis De Galliffet, French minister of war, has resigned. It is officially announced that his successor is General Andre.

The general elections in Belgium have resulted in a reduction of the Catholic majority from 102 to 85. The Socialists are the gainers by the change.

Mrs. Lydia C. Nelson, a widow, 66 years old, was run down and killed by a fast riding careless bicyclist at Buffalo this morning. The wheelman made his escape, but was afterwards arrested.

J. Black and B. Gilbertson, two 12-year boys of Winnipeg, while fishing in the Assiniboine river Tuesday afternoon, slipped off the bank and were carried away by the current and drowned.

The Orange Free State was annexed to the British empire May 28, according to Cape Town advices, but Lord Roberts seems to have given his army the first intimation of this on the previous day.

In the House of Lords Monday Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal moved the second reading of the colonial marriage to a deceased wife's sister bill, which passed its second reading by a vote of 116 to 31.

The University of Cambridge will confer honorary degrees June 12 on Mr. Joseph Choate, the United States ambassador, Prof. White, of Harvard, and Prof. S. P. Langley, the astronomer, of Washington.

In order to stimulate and increase the interest in rifle shooting the Ministry of Militia as authorized the free issue of 300 Lee-Enfield ammunition to the different provincial rifle associations for their annual matches for this year.

A train of fifty-one loaded Grand Trunk coal cars was coming down a heavy grade at Merriton, Ont., Wednesday, when the train parted. The engineer escaped by jumping, but the fireman, George Atkinson, of Toronto, was caught and crushed to death.

The Canadian Pacific employees' patriotic relief fund was closed Wednesday and a cheque for \$12,033.64 expressed to Treasurer Courtney, at Ottawa. This amount was subscribed as follows: Lines east of Fort William, \$6,829.55; lines west of Fort William, \$5,204.09.

At a meeting of shareholders of the Dominion Bank at Toronto on Wednesday it was decided to issue \$1,500,000 new stock, bringing the capital stock up to \$3,000,000. The dividend rate was changed from 12 per cent. per annum to ten per cent. and bonus of two per cent.

Rev. William Patterson, pastor of Cooke's Presbyterian church, Toronto, has decided to resign the pastorate and accept the call to Bethany church, Philadelphia. Mr. Patterson during his fourteen years' pastorate built up in Cooke's church the largest Protestant congregation in Canada.

Fox Bay people are preparing to leave Anticosti. They will be ready to quit the island about June 5. They and their effects will be brought to Quebec by steamer. On arrival the people will take the C. P. R. for Dauphin, Manitoba, where they will take up land and engage in farming.

The Viceroy of India, Lord Curzon of Kelleston, telegraphs that good rains have fallen in Mysore and that scattered showers have fallen elsewhere. The cholera has not abated in many parts of Bombay and Rajputana, causing much mortality and impeding the relief work. There are now 5,730,000 persons in receipt of relief.

The barn at Spencerwood, the official residence of the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec, was burned to the ground Tuesday with contents. The building was of considerable historic interest, it having been primarily erected by the Imperial government as a guard house and used by the line regiments when stationed there.

Lady Sarah Wilson in London Daily Mail says: "It is impossible to express the delight of the town at seeing the fine royal horse Canadian artillery gallop gallantly into action after their marvellous march of 300 miles in 12 days. Their accuracy in shelling the Boer laager was marvellous. They cleared the Boer encampment in twenty minutes."

A new invention that is already on the market is that of artificial stone steps. A design imitating staircase carpets of any desired color is pressed into the steps when still soft, and as the design or figures penetrate to a considerable depth, they last as long as the steps. Beautiful designs can be used and have been found suitable for fine residences.

A neglected cold is very dangerous, and the farther it goes the faster it goes. A very small quantity of Adamson's Botanic Balsam will cure a "young" cough. An older one requires more Balsam to stop it—but no cough is too old for it to cure. 25c. at all Druggists.

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Obtain KENDRICK'S LINIMENT.

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS.

It has been brought to the attention of this paper that a baking powder is offered for sale here which contains alum.

Alum is unfit for food, producing indigestion, alum heart, sallow complexion, constipation and attendant ills. It is not fair to our people that such a substance disguised as a baking powder should be sold in order to allow a maker or a grocer a little more profit, regardless of the health of the family.

Good baking powder costs about forty-five cents a pound. A tin baking powder is sold for twenty-five cents a pound or less. The difference in cost between a good and wholesome baking powder and an alum powder would not exceed a dollar for a whole year's supply. People are very foolish to take the risk and suffer ill health for the sake of a few pennies, which after all are not saved.

Good baking powder is one of the most useful things in the household, and we seriously urge our readers to save their health, and money also in the end, by insisting upon having a good brand like Royal, Dr. Price's or Cleveland's.

If requested to do so by our subscribers, we will publish the name of the Alum baking powder sold here.

The Boer delegates were in Boston on Wednesday and were given a very enthusiastic reception.

Dr. J. Woodbury's
Horse Liniment,
FOR MAN OR BEAST
HAS NO EQUAL

As an internal and external remedy.

We, the undersigned, have used the above named LINIMENT for COUGHS, LAMENESS, etc., in the human subject as well as for the Horse, with the very best of results, and highly recommend it as the best medicine for Horses on the market, and equally as good for man when taken in proper quantities:

W. A. Randall, M. D., Yarmouth.
Wm. H. Turner,
Charles I. Kent,
Joseph E. Wyman, ex-Mayor,
R. E. Feltner, Lawrenceston.
Manufactured at Yarmouth, N. S., by

Fred L. Shaffner,
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MONT. McDONALD
BARRISTER, Etc.
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The Farm.

The Best Location for an Orchard.

At a meeting of the Pennsylvania Horticultural Society Mr. Hiller advocated low situations for orchards, and exhibited a Baldwin apple that grew on a tree which stood ten feet from a little rivulet, the bottom of which was eighteen inches below the surface, and stated that his Baldwin apples which grew on trees standing on high ground were of inferior size and keeping qualities. If the facts were as stated, and no doubt they were, it was probably a drouthy year, and the tree that bore so well obtained all the moisture it needed by extending its roots toward the rivulet, while the trees on the high ground were suffering from thirst. It is a repetition of the story in the First Psalm of David of "a tree planted by rivers of water that bringeth forth his fruit in his season, and his leaf shall not wither."

My experience is that well drained lowland is just as favorable a location for an orchard as the hillside, and I have had experience with both locations. Fruit trees, like all other trees intended for dry land, will not flourish with constant wet feet and will die in stagnant water. Land lying along rivers usually has good natural drainage, being of a sandy texture and underlaid with gravel. Orchards planted on the alluvial soil along the Susquehanna have universally lived long and borne well.

Situations sheltered from the northwest winds are the most favorable for orchards, and there is not much doubt that it would pay in the long run in all the Eastern, Middle and Western States to plant windbreaks of valuable timber trees to the northwestward of the orchards to protect them from the chilling blasts of winter. These windbreaks might not only fulfil the purpose for which they were designed, but become a source of revenue themselves in raising timber.

Mr. Scherer, of Berks County, Penn., says: "I have a small orchard in Olney Township that is surrounded by a locust belt, and I believe I can raise more apples than any man in the township. I attribute my success to the protection given my orchard."

Professor Schribner, of Maine, says: My orchard is largely on the southeast slope of a hill, and there is not another in the State that has produced larger crops of fruit. It is protected on the north by a forest and on the west by a white cedar hedge, which make a very dense and valuable shelter. A neighbor's orchard is protected by a hedge of white pine, which in ten years grew to be twenty feet high. It is the practice in Maine to shelter orchards, and I believe it brings good results."

Mr. McFarland, of Pennsylvania, says: "In the counties of Blair and Cambria in every sheltered nook they have unflinching crops of apples, which I attribute to the sheltered locations."

Cold air, being heavier than warm air, will sometimes descend suddenly into the valleys and drive the warmer air out up the sides of the hills, and the fruit buds in the valleys will be killed by a spring frost, while those on the hills may escape. On this account some orchardists advocate hill and hillside planting as being the more favorable location, but my experience is that a difference of eighty feet in altitude has made only little difference in preventing frost on the higher ground. We never had the fruit killed in the lower orchard, and were fortunate enough to have it escape in the higher one.

The Baldwin, the Rhode Island Greening and the Roxbury Russet can be grown in New-England up to 44 degrees north latitude in sheltered situations, but not much above 43 degrees in unsheltered situations.—(J. W. Ingham.

Some Things it Won't Pay to Do.

The following are some of the things it is not profitable for the farmer to do: He should not try to farm without manure, and should not plant more acres than he can take good care of. He should not work with old and poor tools nor sow un-

clean seed. He must not keep poor stock, as a poor cow eats as much as a good one. He should not buy at public sales what is not needed simply because it sells cheap. Hogs, sheep and cattle should not be allowed to wander at their will over their owner's and the neighbors' premises. The barnyard should not drain into the public road nor into a stream, as is often the case. Cattle should not be allowed to eat fodder from the stack; it saves a little labor, but waste will make the farmer poor. To leave tools of any kind lying out in the weather or to put them away uncleaned is a bad practice. Cattle must not be turned out onto bare fields in cold weather. An orchard should not be planted and the cattle allowed to browse the trees. Vacant places should not be left in a young orchard, nor should a young orchard remain in grass too long. Of course, all farmers know weeds should not be allowed to occupy any portion of the farm, and bushes should not occupy several rods of ground along the fence or road. It is a thoughtless and very dangerous thing for a farmer to put his name on any paper presented by a stranger. It is careless to buy trees of a perfect stranger, also groceries and such articles as are easily adulterated. Nine times out of ten one will be cheated by so doing. Buy of your home merchants.—(G. W. Clark, in *Prairie Farmer*.

STATEMENTS.

That Command Attention and Inspire Hope.

Paine's Celery Compound
The Never Disappointing Banisher of Sickness and Disease.

The statement that Paine's Celery Compound builds up sickly, weak and rundown people, is true in every particular. It is also true that Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine in the world that can successfully grapple with obstinate and long-standing cases of disease and give to sufferers active limbs, pure blood, clear complexion, healthy appetite and perfect digestion. Scores of able and reliable physicians, prominent druggists, legislators, merchants and leaders in society can bear testimony to the wonderful cures wrought by Paine's Celery Compound during the past spring months.

Such facts and statements should be sufficient to convince all doubting and despondent sufferers, and inspire them with a determination to test the world's great health-giver. Mr. Chas. W. Ross, Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, writes thus:

"For a long period of time I suffered from the pains and tortures of neuralgia, and the effects to my general system were so serious and alarming that my doctor ordered an ocean trip. I went to England at considerable expense, but had to return to Canada almost as bad as when I left it. After getting home I determined to commence the use of Paine's Celery Compound, as it was strongly recommended for such troubles. After using the medicine for a short time the results were most pleasing and gratifying. The attacks became less frequent and less severe, and soon the whole trouble was completely banished. I have not experienced a pain or ache for months. I take great pleasure in recommending such a marvellous medicine to all neuralgic sufferers. Paine's Celery Compound has astonishing virtues and powers, and will certainly overcome any form of neuralgia."

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale.

All the people use it.
HARLIN FULTON.
Pleasant Bay, C. B.

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Twenty or more copies to one address, 5 cents each a year.

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Corticelli Skirt Protector is all wool and the wool is selected for its elasticity, fineness and softness. It has a porous, elastic weave. It will not chafe the finest shoes. It is better than any other Skirt Protector because there is no cotton in it. Any "binding" with cotton in it will skrink and pucker the skirt. When the pile wears off it will wear the gloss off your shoes. Corticelli Protector will outwear the skirt. Sewed on flat, not turned over—The genuine is labelled

Corticelli

BE SURE

BE SURE and get our BARGAIN prices and terms on our slightly used Karn Pianos and Organs.
BE SURE and get the aforesaid before buying elsewhere.
WE MUST SELL our large and increasing stock of slightly used Karn Pianos and Organs to make room for the GOODS WE REPRESENT.

MILLER BROS.
101, 103 Barrington Street HALIFAX, N. S.

Wednesday afternoon, near Riverside, the C. F. R. express instantly killed an aged woman, Mrs. Lavinia Ann Pierce, who endeavored to cross the railway track just as the express came along. She was very deaf. Her skull was badly fractured and death was instantaneous. The body was taken to Rotheray, where the deceased made her home with her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. William Walker. James Fitzharris and Joseph Mullet, the two ex-convicts who were excluded by the

board of special enquiry at the barge office at New York last Sunday, were given a rehearing Tuesday. Former Judge George M. Curtis made a lengthy argument for their admission. The motion was denied and Judge Curtis then gave notice that he would appeal against the decision of the board to the secretary of the treasury. The two men were taken back to Ellis Island to remain until a decision in the case is rendered.

News Summary

There were twenty-one failures in the Dominion this week, against eighteen in the corresponding week last year.

Henry Mu'lin, Grand Trunk customs officer, while crossing the track at Montreal on Friday, was struck by an engine and killed instantly.

The secretary of state for the colonies offers to Canadian militia officers ten appointments to the position of assistant inspector in the West African constabulary.

Premier Macdonald has introduced in the Legislature of Manitoba a measure for the prohibition of liquor traffic in that Province to such extent as the powers of the Province render possible.

From all parts of the country surrounding Pekin news is constantly arriving of fresh atrocities committed by the "Boxers." Three Christian families were massacred at Shan Lai Ying, sixty miles from Pekin, and an immense amount of looting is reported.

The Viceroy of India telegraphs that good rains have fallen in Mysore, and that scattered showers have fallen elsewhere. The cholera has not abated in many parts of Bombay and Rajputana, and causes much mortality and impedes the relief work. There are now 5,730,000 persons in receipt of relief.

At Digby, Thursday, the house, barn, outbuildings, and a large quantity of cordwood, belonging to Oscar Morgan of Smith's Cove, was totally destroyed by fire. There was no insurance and Morgan's loss is upwards of two thousand dollars. The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue.

The forest fire which has been raging for several days, swept down with all its fury on Wednesday afternoon on the village of West Green Harbor, about five miles from Lockport, N. S., destroying sixteen buildings, eight houses, the Episcopal and Methodist churches and the hall with its contents. There was very little insurance.

General MacArthur has called for more troops for the Philippines and at least three regiments of cavalry will be sent, says a Washington special to the World. The general in his communication to the War Department said he believed that with three more regiments of mounted troops he could subdue the natives by November 1st.

Twenty-three warships are now at Taku, China—nine Russian, three British, three German, three French, two American, two Japanese and one Italian. In addition to their crews the Russians have on board their warships 11,000 troops from Port Arthur, with field equipment. Fourteen thousand Russian troops are held in readiness at Port Arthur.

Seventy-six arrests have been made in Odessa at the instance of the secret political police, eighteen in Kieff and twenty-nine in Warsaw. There is much mystery involved, but the arrests appear to be in connection with the same charges of sedition which two months ago led to two hundred arrests in St. Petersburg and to one hundred in Warsaw.

The engine and van of the immigrant train which reached St. John Sunday morning was on its way back to Moncton, in charge of Conductor Coffey and Engineer Morrison, and when at a crossing near Norton it struck a wagon in which were seated Mrs. Bartley Graham and her daughter, aged seventeen, killing Mrs. Graham and fatally injuring her daughter.

The great majority of college women, precisely like college men, are looking forward to serious work, and regard their college training as a stepping-stone to that. It is inevitable that they shall pass through a season of perplexity, of wondering whether anything is worth while, and of endeavoring with more or less disappointment to discover just the lot in life which God means them to fill. Margaret E. Sangster, in the June Ladies' Home Journal.

As we go to press the Anniversary exercises of our schools at Wolfville are being celebrated amid all the charms of rare June weather and the special attractions which that classic town is wont to furnish on such occasions. This year the customary rain appears to have been quite omitted from the programme, an innovation which we commend to the authorities as worthy of perpetuation. We hope in our next issue to give a full report of the proceedings of the Anniversary week.

FOR JUNE WEDDINGS

Wedding Invitations, Wedding Announcements, etc., in the very latest style and at lowest prices.

2 Packs Visiting Cards for 50c. put up in neat telescope boxes with name in steel plate script, postpaid. Less than half price. PATERSON & CO., 107 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.



This glass

is exact size of Individual Communion Cup supplied in our Aluminum Trays.

Notice that it has concave base which is greatly superior to the plain, flat-bottom pressed glass.

And the Aluminum Tray has been found to be better in every way than the wood or the silver-plated tray.

Would be pleased to have your order.

A. H. CHIPMAN, M'gr.

Dykeman's { Three Entrances } 97 King st. 59 Charlotte 6 S. Market

Dress Goods

For Spring and Summer.

Our stock is now complete. It will give us great pleasure to send you a set of samples if you wish to purchase dress goods of any description. When ordering please state color wanted and near the price you would like to pay, then we will be able to send samples to meet your requirements. We prepay expressage on all parcels amounting to \$5.00 and over.

Clothing Buyers

Should get their summer supply at our Clearance Sale. They would be money in pocket if they did. Our retail business closes first of August.

FRASER, FRASER & CO.

FOSTER'S CORNER,

40 and 42 King Street, St. John, N. B.

Man's Best Friend Deserves Man's Best Care

It is genuine economy to fit your stable with the best appliances. You can find everything here for the health, comfort and appearance of your horse.

The largest horse furnishing establishment in the Maritime Provinces.

H. HORTON & SON,

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A Contented WOMAN

isn't contented simply because she uses SURPRISE Soap; but the use of this soap contributes largely to her contentment. In proportion to its cost, it's the largest factor in household happiness.

It is pure, lasting and effective; it removes the dirt quickly and thoroughly without boiling or hard rubbing.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap.

Women's Ailments.



Women are coming to understand that the Backaches, Headaches, Tired Feelings and Weak Spells from which they suffer are due to wrong action of the kidneys.

DOAN'S Kidney Pills

are the most reliable remedy for any form of kidney complaint. They drive away pains and aches, make women healthy and happy—able to enjoy life to the fullest.

Mrs. C. H. Gillespie, 204 Britain Street, St. John, N.B., says:

"I had severe kidney trouble for which I doctored with a number of the best physicians in St. John, but received little relief. Hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I began their use. Before taking them I could not stoop to tie my shoes, and at times suffered such torture that I could not turn over in bed without assistance. Doan's Kidney Pills have rescued me from this terrible condition, and removed every pain and ache."

A Toronto despatch of May 30th says: Reports from the Rainy River district, Northwestern Ontario, indicate that the whole country is on fire. The season's cut of lumber is being burnt up, as well as standing timber. Millions of dollars are going up in smoke. It is the worst fire that has ever devastated Algoma territory. The crown lands department is advised by agents that the situation is grave indeed. Both the government and lumber companies have more rangers out this year than ever before, but the fires are beyond control and only rain can prevent the utter devastation of the country. A lumberman just returned from a tour of inspection in Northern Ontario, says the forest fires in the north are the worst he ever knew. Logs lying on the banks of streams are burning. Men are working day and night to keep off the fires, which they attempt to do by clearing land and by digging trenches, but without success. In addition to losing timber the camps are burning. The rivers are actually drying up for want of rain.

After a careful examination of all the different lessons helps published in the United States, we have been very much impressed by the superiority of the Baptist Periodicals. They are the best edited, the best printed, of the best material, the most original, and the most helpful of all that we have seen. At the same time they are as cheap as the cheapest.

You will like the flavor of the famous Red Rose Tea