

Divine Ownership—Human Stewardship.

BY REV. P. G. MODR, M. A.

An address delivered at the Maritime Convention of the Young People's Baptist Union, assembled in Fred-erickton, August 16-23, 1899.

Were this not a Christian audience, my initial duty would be to conciliate the prejudices kindled by the mere announcement of my subject: "Divine Ownership—Human Stewardship." Ultra-individualism is singularly regnant today. Most strenuously do men continue to insist upon individual rights. The revolutionary appeals of Tassalle, and the radical claims of other colorless or crimson-dyed socialists, breaking in upon the grinding monotony of the depressed and well-nigh lifeless masses, with all the magic sweetness of a nativity chant, have quickened a response in many a hitherto dormant soul, a response, that with a few we regret to say, has ripened into utter repudiation of all forms of constituted authority, but with all into the stout assertion of man's rights as an individual. Even God's claims have been forgotten. Too many have fellowshipped with the absurd extreme of Feuerbach who exclaimed, "God was my first thought, Reason my second, Man my third—and last."

In defending the inalienable rights of the individual, man has been deified and God's unquestionable claims have been ruled out of court. In their natural condition men sorely chafe under every announcement of serfdom, even though it be God's voice reminding them of the yoke that is easy and of the burden that is light. But, Christian friends, it is not thus with us: With our rights as the children of God, we have come to recognize his claims as the Father of men. We at least are not prejudiced. I may proceed at once to talk of Divine Ownership.

The kingdom of divine ownership extends to every moral being. Wherever man exists, there may we behold the divine scripture. The purport of Christ's sagacious reply—"Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's," seems to be that wherever God's image is embossed, there abides the inherent title to God's possession. Wherever there is the image of moral freedom and conscious personality, wherever the superscription of moral obligation imposed by conscience, there should the rights of God's absolute ownership be respected. And this image is upon every man. Adam bore it. He was a steward, and not a possessor. Stewardship has been his legacy to all his seed. No man owneth himself. He is the property of God. With the price of creation and sustenance he has bought us. Consistent with this fact I might indulge in an exhortation to the effect that every member of this audience "glorify God in his body." Such an exhortation would have upon it the sanction of Scripture, but not, however, the sanction of this occasion. As Christians we bear upon us more than the image of Adam's creation. We have the superscription of the second Adam who redeemed us. We are God's possession, not simply because he created us, but more especially because he recreated us in Christ Jesus. The price transcending all others with which we have been bought into the number of God's possession, is the Lamb of Redeeming Love. "Bought back not with corruptible things, as silver and gold . . . but with precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot, even the blood of Christ." Why use a blunt sword when a sharp one is at hand? Why prefer a strained to a strong bow? I prefer to resort to the higher motive rather than the lower, to the stronger rather than the weaker. To recognize vividly whose we are and whom we ought to serve, let us look not to Eden but to Gethsamene, let us remember not merely that we were born, but that we were born again; not merely that we have been sustained in body, but more especially that the empty cisterns of the soul have been replenished by the streams of satisfying grace.

Considered independently upon the basis of its intrinsic importance, as well as comparatively with other Scriptural facts, the New Testament has surprisingly little to say concerning the divine ownership of the Christian. Christ's contribution to this theme is limited to the claims couched within the titles by which he designated his followers, viz. bondsmen and disciples. To these claims Paul adds the bold assertion, "Ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price," and the blunt interrogation, "Know ye not that to whom ye present yourselves as servants unto obedience, his servants ye are whom ye obey?"

In explanation of this paucity of argument and assertion with reasonable probability, we may attribute Christ's silence to the fact, that as yet Calvary had not become a historical fact. The love of Christ, with climatic grandeur, had not manifested itself in expiatory sacrifice. Jesus did not, in explicit terms, draw men unto him as their owner, simply because as yet he had not been "lifted up." Christ plainly told his followers that he had many things to say unto them that they could not bear, without the comfort and enlightenment that streamed from his cross. Was this not one of the "many things?" When his death had become a vivid

scene in the retrospect of the disciples, then could they understand that they were not their own. Hence he deferred the explicit declaration of this truth, committing it to the spirit who subsequently spoke through Paul. But why were Paul's words so few? With such a constraining scene before his eyes as Christ expiring on Calvary, why did he not say more? Pause a moment. With such a scene how could he say more? Love is a strange logician. She reaches her conclusions, not by premise but by inference. When the soul is aflame with emotion, rational conclusions are stated as if they were intuitions. Emotions stifle utterance. Paul's emotions were stirred to their depths. With characteristic intensity he was peculiarly impressed with Christ's love. In his untiring service, and in his sublime optimism he sees the prevailing love of God. And that he should dispense with argument, introducing bare conclusions is perfectly natural. On the wings of aspiration, caught up into the heavens of ecstasy he has no time for explanation. The best he can do is exclaim, "Know ye not that ye are not your own?" Dear hearers if we, in imitation of Paul, could apprehend more of God's love, it would not be necessary to argue ourselves to the conclusion of God's ownership and its accompanying responsibilities. Nay; these would be fundamental facts. Divine ownership would be a first principle in Christian life, and human stewardship an incontrovertible inference. What we need today is not more logic to argue out our duties, but rather more love to enforce our obligations. Argument inclines toward compromise, love toward implicit obedience. In questions relating to obedience, first rather than second thoughts are best; and first thoughts, be it remembered, are the impulses of a loving heart.

But while the New Testament has comparatively little to say concerning the divine ownership of the churches, I would not leave the impression that there is any uncertainty upon this point. There is not. What is lacking in quantity is compensated for in a few positive assertions that allow no questionings whatever. In writing to the Romans, Paul declares that "having been made free from sin we have become servants of God"—literally bondservants of God. According to the institution of bondservitude, the slave was the fixture of the soil. When the land changed owners, the slave had a new master. He had no abode, no task, no time that was strictly his own. He had rights, but only those of property. The Christian has become God's bondservant. He is a slave doing God's work. However harsh this may sound, there is no evading of the fact that it is the truth.

Paul, moreover, is not alone in using this harsh word. Jesus Christ resorts to the same rigid term. There are two great words denoting service *Pais* and *Danlas*. The former derived from the loving relations of the home, where child obeys parent, allows more latitude than does the latter. It is very remarkable that upon every occasion where service is considered Jesus uses the harsh term, *Danlas*, rather than the loving word *Pais*. This fact is more striking when I add that Jesus as a servant is, without a single exception, designated *Pais* rather than *Danlas*. The Christian as a servant, is never granted the latitude of a *Pais*, while Christ, filling the same capacity, is never restricted to the limitations of bondservice. Dear friends, do we err when, in this sentimental, shilly-shally age, we emphasize that the Christian is not his own? I think not. I am well aware of the fact that Jesus has called us his "friends," but it is rather significant that subsequent to the giving of all these names, Paul and Peter never declare themselves to be the "friends" of Jesus Christ, but always his "bondservants."

I now direct your attention to a more agreeable truth. That God owns us may sound unpleasant, but in very truth, this fact opens wide the door to magnificent possibility. The character of the possessor largely determines the beauty and bounty of the possession: Egypt of today is vastly different from Egypt of a year ago, not because her resources have been enriched in any material respect, but because her possessors—or to be very accurate, her protectorate have changed. Lives, that under the control of men, are given to wanton prodigality and profligacy, in the hands of God are transformed into channels of immortal good. God sees all our possibilities. No gold deposits of human ability are allowed to lie in seclusion, but in the hour of need are unlocked and placed upon the mart of service. The Christ that looking upon Peter, looked through him and gave him the name, Cephas, so singularly suggestive of the disciple's latent possibilities, that Christ looking into the innermost recesses of our hearts, places in our hands the stone with the new engraving, and sends us forth to a discipline calculated to develop, and to a sphere calculated to utilize our resources of mind and heart and treasure.

But my contention is challenged by the sceptic, who reminds me of the abundant failure—so characteristic of Christian life. We must admit that possibilities in believers' lives are not being realized despite the fact that the Omnipotent, Omniscient God is owner. By means of illustration let me attempt an explanation. Sometime ago while driving, I had occasion to notice rather care-

fully, a dilapidated farm residence. The fences were broken, the lawn was a meadow, the barn was a wind-swept skeleton, and the house was most uninviting. No school-boy ever passed that way without smashing a window-pane. It was the target of a life-time. Not long after my first observation of this home I was agreeably surprised to see an entire change. The lawn was smiling with flowers, and the home presented every appearance of domestic comfort. Upon inquiry I learned that this residence had been mortgaged and that its foreclosure had been legal for some time. With the considerate leniency of the mortgagee the mortgagor had struggled hard to redeem himself. But in vain. After weary hours and heart aches, after glimmerings of hope obscured by added reverses he had evacuated this scene of struggle. The rightful owner had then entered and beautified his property. There is a spiritual parallelism in these facts. God has a mortgage on all our lives, a mortgage that has long expired. With pride of heart we are struggling on. Everything is a shack. Some of us, however, have given up the struggle and all is an Eden. Dear friends, it is not a question of ownership; God owns us, admit or deny it as we choose. It is a question of occupancy. In the interests of our success as stewards would that we would move out and let God in. Let us cease the desperate struggling and let the Christ come in. He will beautify the ruins and develop the latent resources. If you will let him in, my friend, I repeat these important words. God never forecloses a mortgage or enters by forced possession. We have wills upon which God does not encroach. "Our wills are ours," and until they become His they arrest His purpose. At the door of the heart that Christ owns, he stands waiting for the soul's welcome. Wondrous spectacle. Unite them and divine ownership blossoms into a beautiful possession.

We have reached the second phase of my subject, "Human Stewardship." It is the volitional element in human possessions that make us stewards as well as bondservants. Were we devoid of volitional freedom we would be bondservants, and bondservants only. Inasmuch as we have the willing faculty the Master has gone away committing to our care his own treasures. He has granted us the latitude of a steward because the time is coming when, as moral beings, we shall have to render an account of all his trust to us.

To some he has given five talents, to others two, but to all one. The more numerous the entrusted talents the more onerous is the responsibility. While desiring the best gifts let us remember the accompanying obligation. In Retsch's illustrations of Faust there is a scene in which demons are attempting to drag Faust into the pit of destruction. With eager eyes and bated breath angels from above witness the mad struggle, and plucking robes from Eden's bowers fling them down upon the heads of their fiendish foes. As these robes fall, passing into the sulphurous atmosphere of the pit, they are transformed into burning souls that, descending upon the demons, scorch and blister and torture. God's blessings, though they leave the skies as roses, falling upon the disobedient and ungrateful may become blighting curses. The flowers of opportunity may become the coals of condemnation. In very truth "the first may be last."

If, however, God has given five talents to some and two to others, I would emphasize that he has bestowed a single talent upon everyone. No one has been slighted, not even in the apparently partial distribution of the talents. God has given to each according to his several ability. The measure of God's endowment is conditioned by man's investive ability. If one steward receives a small amount while another is the recipient of much, it is because the former cannot, with proportionate returns, invest so much as can the latter. Considering our several ability the inequality of divine endowment is another expression of God's fatherly consideration. What would be our predicament were we held responsible for five talents when the investment of two was the limit of our ability! Let us look at both sides of the problem of distribution. If there is inequality there is also the consideration of a God who is love. If God is partial it is not in his giving to one more than to another, but in his creating one with abilities to use more than can another.

God gives everyone as much as he can invest. Up to this point all is clear. But why one can invest more than his neighbor is a mystery, part of the mystery of creation, inscrutable in the last analysis, but rendered bearable when we believe that God is love, and recognize that we are mere clay in the hands of a Sovereign Potter.

Go then, Christian, deal seriously with what God has given you. If you have many talents you have grave responsibility, if only one you have as much as you can invest. Do not depreciate your abilities. Believe me, more of the world's failure accrues to the tendency of underestimating the one talent—the possession of the many—than to that of overestimating the five talents—the endowment of the few. The disastrous crime of today is not false pride but false humility. Significant is it that the unprofitable servant was he that had the one talent, and yet true to life, for this steward is peculiarly liable to underestimate and consequently misuse what God has given him. If Paul has said, "Let

no man think more highly of himself than he ought to think, " may not some oracle add, " Let every man think as highly of himself as he ought to think."

" Then, moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful." In stewardship success is a question of fidelity rather than of amount. " Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee the crown of life." The steward of five talents and that of two were welcomed to identical rewards because the proportion of their returns to their capital was the same. Fidelity expressed itself in proportion, and proportion requires diligence. In another parable equal distribution earns unequal reward inasmuch as the diligence was more intense in some cases than in others. In the last analysis reward is based upon diligence. To be successful is to be diligent. The diligent steward is never overshadowed by the rich. Diligence is never overlooked. In the race of life some are seriously handicapped by others, but it is well to remember that the laurel is given to him that, considering everything, ran well. Good running is never obscured by a good start, or by a faster contestant. The prize is for him who ran hard irrespective of all other features of the contest.

Permit me now to refer very briefly to a few of the talents of human stewardship. First, there is the talent of natural ability. Upon some God bestows a keen intellect, capable of digging deep into the mines of truth; upon others the gift of utterance, with which to declare the lights and shadows that play upon the hidden soul; a few have the gift of song, a gift so often obnoxious to the idols of vanity and pride. These and other endowments are included in the talent of natural ability.

For these gifts we must give an account. To expend these upon self is to be untrue; to use them for the Giver is our task. Will these rosy gifts that have come from above become burning saws of condemnation. In these days of Laodicean ease and luxury let us fear the repetition of the napkin scene. Forbid that this should be so! We know better than neglect God's talents. Knowing this truth may we be blessed in obeying it.

Second, there is the talent of money. The kingdom of Jesus Christ requires the mint. The cause demands money. This need lays tribute upon everyone that can respond. In the ninth and tenth centuries the mint of England was entrusted not to the sovereign but to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. In their names and with their image coining was done. The associating of the divine with our coining still remains. The superscription of American coins reads, " In God we trust." What our governments have joined together let Christians not put asunder. If anything must be offensive in the nostrils of humanity, it is the flagrant hypocrisy that prays, " Lord thy kingdom come," and refuses to sacrifice financially for our mission enterprises. That every fashion can be worshipped, and every palate tickled, and every whim gratified when millions are crying for bread and salvation and Christ is a crying shame that should bring the blush to every cheek. But how remedy the evil? Not, let me say, by appealing to the charity of Christendom, but to the principle of justice. Our economists are contending, that in the sphere of social amelioration, it is necessary to recognize the social claims of justice rather than the impassioned appeals to brotherly love. We must admit the wisdom of their policy. When we have enthroned justice, with the uplifting of her magic wand, the various forms of decrepitude and disease that prey upon the social institutions will flee away. The same laws obtain in the religious sphere. Money will be forthcoming when we recognize that giving is not charity to an impoverished Christ but justice to an absent Owner who has created us stewards. It is rather significant that in the days when a righteously indignant prophet charged the people with the crime of robbing God, in their failure to present the required tithes, there was an abundance in the Lord's treasury which is sadly lacking today. Changing Scriptural precedent in substituting charity for justice, we find ourselves in the pitiable condition of having men anxious to turn to the Gentiles but hindered from realizing their life desire through a lack of denominational funds. Surely it is time that we recognized God's ownership and gave what rightfully belongs to him. The call of the hour is for a more vivid realization of the stewardship of money. Young men, go into business to make money for Christ's work. It is my firm conviction that the greatest need of the hour is for the consecration of business ability. A Christian man, endowed with business ability, has the richest opportunities that this age presents. The church of Jesus Christ is waiting for a consecrated business man more (shall I say?) than for a preacher. In this noon of enlightenment and enterprise and opening doors of illimitable possibilities await the preacher and the business man. Young men, if you will enter your business stands in the same earnest, consecrated spirit in which we as preachers approach the sacred desk, you can do what is an impossibility for us, viz., relieve the complications of our present affairs. Young men, eager for wealth, I have no war to wage with you. The days of monkish ranting against wealth have passed away. I reach out my hand and bid you work for Jesus Christ by making money for his work. If you are faithful to this vocation you can add as many voices to the redeemed choir as can the most eloquent ambassador of truth. The next great revival must strike her roots into the soil of the business world. It must sanctify commercial abilities, laying these under tribute

to God's service. When it comes, then, oh, Foreign Mission Boards and Home Mission Boards and burdened treasurers you will lift up your heads in exultant song.

Third, there is the talent of truth. God has sent forth his servants as stewards of truth. " Let a man so account of us as ministers of Christ and stewards of the mysteries of God." Baptist Young People it is our glory that, as stewards of truth, we have been faithful. The justification for our distinctive existence has been our loyalty to truth. Recognizing that truth is God's and that the church is Christ's, we have refused to compromise and we have preferred to stick. Believing that truth is a stewardship and not a possession we have pinned our faith to revealed truth rather than to substituted tradition. Our past has been glorious. It has been trodden by the most heroic and saintly men of God. Our present is inspiring. Our banners are being unfurled on every land. With resoluteness of heart and tenacity of purpose we are taking the land for truth. The Baptist is here to stay. He is a " survival of the fittest." Since " truth is immortal," as declared the heroic Hubmaier, we, the stewards of truth, are immortal. We have been needed in the past. We are essential to the solution of the gigantic problems of the future; essential only because and in so far as we are faithful stewards of the truth. In the heated controversy and haughty dogmatism of the modern higher criticism we are called upon to champion the infallible Word of God. In the midst of namby pamby sentimentality it is ours to declare that God's voice is supreme. Every syllable of divine command must be heeded. Were truth a possession it might be compromised, but as a stewardship it must be regarded with inviolate sanctity. Young people let us go forth in the spirit of noble Socrates who, regarding himself as the commissioned advocate and steward of truth, would not in the face of death renounce his testimony to truth, but even while the ballot was being cast boldly reiterated his undying allegiance to the inward monitor.

Lastly, There is the talent of time. Time, like eternity, belongs to God. Every day, every hour, every minute belongs to the Ancient of Days. When eternity has its sunrises and its sunsets, its cycles and its seasons, it is Time, upon which, as the divisions of eternity, God has sovereign claim. Let us therefore deal honestly with the moments as they come. To waste them is to scorn the Giver. To neglect them is to prove unfaithful as stewards.

Our stewardship in Time is limited. There cometh a day when reckoning must be made. There sweeps across our vision the hand-writing that readeth the numbering of our days. The transiency of our lives lends impressiveness to their every hour. It is because stewardship is so short that it is so serious. Life is significant in opportunity because it is so insignificant in time. Had we a mortgage upon eternity we might be spendthrifts of Time. Time, it is true, is only the " parenthesis of eternity," but let us not remove the parenthetical marks until we have learned the meaning of the parenthetical clause.

George Eliot has given us a suggestive picture of the dawn of the conception of death:

" In Cain's young city none had heard of Death Save him, the founder; Thus generations in glad idleness thrrove, Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;

Time was but leisure to their lingering thought, There was no need for haste to finish aught;

Till hurling stones in mere athletic joy, Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy, And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,

The generations stood around those twain Helplessly gazing, until their father Cain Parted the press, and said, ' He will not wake; This is the endless sleep.' And a new spirit from that hour came o'er The race of Cain: soft idleness was no more,

Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn, And Work grew eager and Device was born. It seemed the light was never loved before, Now each man said, 'Twill go and come no more.' No budding branch, no pebble from the brook, No form, no shadow, but new earnest took From the one thought that life must have an end."

Is this poetic license? Not so. Everything has a new meaning since stewardship must have an end. Owned by God, the stewards of natural ability, money, truth and time, let us go forth in the intense spirit of him who said: " I must work the works of him that sent me, for the night cometh when no man can work."

African Baptist Association of N. S.

The African Baptist association convened in its 46th annual session with the Weymouth Falls church at 3 p. m., Sept. 2nd, Rev. Edward Dixon, Moderator, in the chair. After devotional exercises the election of officers was proceeded with, resulting as follows: Moderator, Rev. John A. Smith; Asst. Moderator, Rev. F. Randolph Langford; Sec'y-Treas., P. E. MacKerrow; Asst. Sec'y, Thos. Langford; Sessional Treas., J. R. Johnston. Committees were appointed as follows: Arrangements—Revs. F. R. Langford, Dr. J. F. Robinson, J. A. Smith, E. Dixon, J. E. Jackson and W. N. States; Letters—J. R. Johnston, W. B. Thomas and Wm. Johnston; Ministerial Education—Rev. Dr. Robinson, Rev. E. Dixon and J. R. Johnston; Missions—Revs. Jackson and Langford, Deacons Flint and Glasgow, Bro. J. Kelling, Lic.; Systematic Beneficence—Rev. Dr. Robinson, Deacons Butler and Langford; Obiuary—Rev. W. N. States, Deacons Clements and Flint, Bro. Powell; Sabbath Schools—Bro. J. R. Johnston, Rev. W. N. States, Deacons P. Butler, T. Langford and J. Francis; Temperance—Deacons Butler and Thomas, Rev. States; Denominational Literature—Bro. J. R. Johnston, Rev. Robinson, Deacon Glasgow; Finance—Bros. Wm. Johnston, W. B. Thomas,

A. Cromwell, Revs. Langford and Dixon. Rev. W. N. States was appointed to report the business of the Association. The Committee of Arrangements reported and the meeting adjourned with prayer and the benediction by the Moderator.

Saturday, 7 p. m.—Conference meeting held, which was very largely attended. Meeting was led by Rev. J. E. Jackson, with addresses by Pastors Robinson, Smith and others, which proved a spiritual blessing to all present.

Sunday Services.—8.30 a. m., Prayer and praise meeting conducted by Deacon Peter Butler. 11 a. m., Preaching by Moderator, Rev. J. A. Smith, from Luke 7: 2, " The Centurion's Faith "; Prayer by Rev. E. Dixon. 3 p. m., Associational sermon by Rev. Dr. Robinson, Matt. 5: 17, " I am not come to destroy, but to fulfill "; Prayer by Rev. R. Langford. 7 p. m.—Preaching by Rev. E. Dixon, John 14: 1. Prayer by Dr. Robinson.

Monday, 10 a. m.—Meeting opened with devotional exercises conducted by the Moderator; Prayer by Dea. Flint. Letters from the several churches were read and received for discussion. Voted that the Secretary respond to the words of welcome expressed in the Weymouth church letter, which he did in appropriate terms. Adjourned with the benediction by the Moderator.

Monday, 2.30 p. m.—Opened with prayer by Bro. Geo. Middleton. Continuation of reading of letters. Secretary's report was read and adopted. On motion of Bro. MacKerrow, Dr. Robinson offered prayer for the families bereaved by death during the past year.

Monday, 7 p. m.—Missionary meeting. Speakers for the evening were Revs. Dr. Robinson, E. Dixon, J. E. Jackson and F. R. Langford. They all spoke of the needs of the field and made very valuable suggestions as to how best they shall be met.

Tuesday, 10 a. m. Opened with prayer by Bro. Ed. Langford. Bro. J. R. Johnston moved that the moneys now taken for delegates' expenses be hereafter placed in the hands of a Missionary Board to assist in the support of a missionary on the field. A prolonged discussion ensued, the general opinion being that this was the best kind of a beginning. The resolution was unanimously adopted. Resolved that ministers of five years' standing in the association become life members. Benediction by the Moderator.

Tuesday, 2.30 p. m.—Prayer by Dea. Thomas. On motion it was decided to accept the invitation of the Digby church to meet with them next year. Report of the Committee on Systematic Beneficence received, discussed and adopted. The Committee on Ministerial Education recommended the encouragement of more young men to enter the gospel ministry, and strongly urged that all aspirants to this high calling, in order to be thoroughly equipped, avail themselves of the opportunity of higher education now afforded them, preferably at the Baptist institutions at Wolfville. The report was unanimously adopted. The report of the Committee on Obiutaries was adopted. The Committee on Denominational Literature also reported, adopted. Meeting adjourned with prayer and benediction.

Tuesday, 7 p. m.—Mass Temperance meeting. Opened with devotional exercises conducted by Rev. F. R. Langford. The report of the Committee on Temperance endorsing the stand taken by the Maritime Convention was read and unanimously adopted amid great enthusiasm. The speakers of the evening were Rev. W. N. States, Rev. J. A. Smith and J. R. Johnston. They all joined in denouncing the government for refusing to carry out the expressed will of the people at the polls on the prohibition question. The meeting was a grand success.

Wednesday, 9 a. m.—Prayer by Dea. Butler. On motion Dea. Steele was invited to take a seat in the Council and gave a few remarks. Dr. Robinson was appointed a delegate to the National Baptist Convention at Nashville, Tenn. Missionary Board appointed for the ensuing year: Revs. Dr. Robinson, Dixon and Jackson, Bros. MacKerrow, Flint, Glasgow and Butler. A discussion arose over the action of the council at the Ingleswood church in ordaining W. N. States to the ministry without a letter of dismissal from the Halifax church, of which he was a member. A vote was taken disapproving of the said action. Votes of thanks were extended the moderator, secretaries and other officers for efficiency, also to D. A. R. for reduced rates, to the choir and chorister, etc. Rev. Dr. Robinson was appointed delegate to Maritime Convention, Rev. E. Dixon to be his alternate. A collection was taken up for the Convention which realized the sum of \$10. Report of Finance Committee adopted. Association closed to meet with the church at Digby Joggins the first Saturday in September, 1900.

J. A. SMITH, Moderator.
F. R. LANGFORD, Asst. do.
P. E. MACKERROW, Sec'y.

Once I was playing at the seaside, and one of life's joys in the evening was to see the fishing-boats come home. They used to wait outside until the tide rose high enough to enter the harbor. It was pleasant to see them come up in the setting sun and the men go home to the cottages. One night a boat missed the entrance. They were careless or they did not tack properly. The others were all inside. A feeling of pity for that boat came over me just as if it had been a living creature. I rose at night to look out of the window. There it was. It had missed the tide. Men and women, the greatest tide that runs is the tide that carries us into the kingdom of God. And the most splendid effort of wisdom within a man's power is to seize the tide when it is at its flow.—Rev. John Watson.

Messenger and Visitor

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Pastoral Visiting.

This is a necessity. No strong church can be built up without it. While it is true that the pulpit is the preacher's throne, it is also true that the homes visited give him a place in the hearts of his people that he cannot get otherwise. To preach well he must visit well. Newspaper and magazine reading may make his preaching fresh and crisp, but after all it is the man whose spirit is saturated with Bible lore, that grips his people and makes a lengthened pastorate possible. For a minister to succeed he must not only be in his study and known to be there, he must also be among his people. He must keep in touch with the lives of his members. Each one must be made to feel that his pastor is his friend, and that he has a personal interest in him. A shepherd must know his sheep one by one. If his flock is too large for this, then it is too large for him.

There are many ways in which this can be done. There are no royal roads or easy ways of working. To some, pastoral visiting is a gift, an accomplishment. It is a pleasure and a delight. To others it is difficult and not at all to the liking. Some other features of pastoral work or life would be much more attractive. That may be, but whether delightful or otherwise it ought never to be neglected. A pastor should set himself to its performance just as resolutely as he sets himself to the task of his pulpit preparation. It ought never to be perfunctorily done. If it is, its effectiveness is lost. Love must lie at the root of this service as of all service. Given a heart overflowing with love for his people, ready to serve them in any and every possible way, and you have all that is needed to make a good pastor. To assume an interest that is not felt, is hypocrisy. And no hypocrite should undertake to shepherd the flock of God.

It takes time to do pastoral work. It does. That is true of all you do. And it is true of all that is worth doing. Where can you employ your time to better advantage? Ought you not to try to become acquainted with the people of your charge? To do them good must you not know them, their wants, temptations, trials, difficulties, everything in fact that is peculiar to their daily lives? How can you know them unless your life touches theirs at every point. No, no, brother minister, get close to the heart of your people in their homes, if you want to reach them from the pulpit and do them the greatest good. This surely is your aim. A grip of the hand, a cheering word, a loving interest in the daily task, a kind enquiry of a fellow workman may be all that you can do, but do it, and keep on doing it, and you will get such a hold of your people as will fill you with glad surprise when you and they meet. Suppose you do spend some time in this vital work, it is not lost time by any means. To spend and be spent in your God-given employ is that to which it is taken for granted you have given yourselves. Spend therefore and be spent. It is not at all necessary that you should read the latest novel nor the newest thing in Biblical criticism, but it is important that you should reach the ear of your people in such a way as to lead them to Jesus Christ, and help them to be a power for good in the community where you and they live. Brother minister do not neglect this work of pastoral visiting. The people never needed it more than they do today, especially in our growing towns and villages.

A Living Church.

In a recent address upon this subject in Scotland Dr. McLaren, among other things, said: "You remember there is a very striking and instructive

illustration of this in the Acts of the Apostles, where Barnabas was sent down to undertake to see into the strange new thing that was going on then in Antioch, and which the people up in Jerusalem were by no means sure about. They had been lifted out of the mire of heathendom, but the smell was still clinging to them, the fetters were still on their arms, their souls were scarred, if not stained, by the vices of heathendom, and their knowledge was of a most elementary character. What did Barnabas say to them? I'll tell you what some people would have said, "Oh, this is dreadful, this is terrible! We must at once set to work and lick them into proper ecclesiastical shape, and have ordained priests and sacraments duly administered." And some would have said, "Dear! dear! this will never do. We must draw up some brief manual of Christian doctrine and instruct them in the articles of the faith."

Well, Barnabas did not say the one thing or the other. He exhorted them all that "with purpose of heart they should cleave to the Lord," and if they did that, then the manual of doctrine would come all in due time, and all the ecclesiastical arrangements would duly evolve themselves. And if they did not do that, they might have three surplices instead of one, and a dozen sacraments instead of seven, and thirty-nine hundred articles, and a longer as well as a shorter catechism, but it would all have been of no use. The secret of a living church is "cleave to the Lord." Did you ever see a limpet sticking to a rock? That is the metaphor that is suggested by the strong words that Barnabas uses. Formulas of doctrine are good and useful in their place. Forms and ceremonies may be all right for some minds. But neither can take the place of a living Christ, loved, served, honored and obeyed. And what is true of the unit is true of the mass.

Receiving Members.

There is ground for fear that some of our churches are receiving numbers into their fellowship of unconverted persons. There is a strong temptation, to both pastor and people, to add to the numbers more than to the graces of the churches, to make a fair show in the flesh by the addition of members and a fair show with figures in statistical reports, as if a church could prosper by an increase of members without an increase of spiritual life. Membership in a Christian church is one of the most unfortunate positions in the world for an unconverted person to occupy. Supposing himself all right, comparing himself with others, he will neither make an effort himself, nor welcome any from others, to improve his condition.

In order that the kingdom of God may grow and advance, make way against the forces of evil that oppose, there must be men of deep conviction and undoubted piety, who are engaged in the conflict. The piety must be of the sturdy type, not of the jelly fish variety. If the churches as a whole occupy no higher moral ground than decent unsanctified society about them, they will be impotent to draw men to the Cross or to lift the world up to God. Churches that are nominally founded on Christ, the Chief Cornerstone, and presumably built of living stones, while really the spiritual edifice is honey-combed with dead, decaying material, are utterly useless in the great conflict that is now on between truth and error. Our members should be rooted and grounded in the truth. They should know whom they believe and why they believe. They should have a clear conception of what the church of Jesus Christ stands for, and why they have enlisted in the service of the Great Captain.

Hidden Forces.

In every church there is a dormant power, like steam in water, electricity in the atmosphere, and heat in the buried coal. Is there any way to bring it out? For a church to be actively and growingly aggressive, it must be brought out, and herein lies the wisdom and skill of the pastor. He sees the hidden forces and studies how best to marshal and develop them for service. What a force would the vast membership of the church of Christ become if the hidden and unemployed power of personal faith were made available.

It must not be supposed that it is sufficient for the Christian to confess in one single act his

allegiance to Christ in order to secure growth and strength. There must be a steady cultivation of the graces of the spirit if he is to become strong in the Lord.

On any dark and tempestuous night one may see the sky aglow and a shaft of flame rising from the top of a lofty chimney. No wind puts it out, no rain extinguishes it. It shines brighter in the storm, because the clouds reflect its gleam. Far down beneath, in the great unseer furnaces, is a power which makes hard steel flow like water. The Christian who lets his light shine, and confesses Christ in his character, kindles a flame which no opposition nor ridicule can quench. Such a man has within him a living fire which has melted his heart. The epistle to the Hebrews indicates exactly the source of that strength which made martyrs triumph over torture and death. "They endured as seeing Him who is invisible."

Power for Service.

Thomas Edison is one of the most widely known men of today. He has revolutionized the whole world by his marvellous inventions. Mr. Edison has not discovered a new force, but has learned by close study and dogged tenacity how to appropriate electricity by invention. God has given to this wonderful man knowledge and understanding, which has given him the control of a vast physical realm. Edison making eighteen hundred experiments before he discovered the proper substance for the incandescent light and six thousand experiments before he solved the problem of preparing the products of the great iron mills for the blast furnace, is a most striking example of a man seeking to come into touch with nature's great force. Mr. Edison believes in the power of electricity. The world laughed at him for wasting time on the experiments of transferring the product of the iron mills to the blast furnace. He showed his faith by putting into the experiment one million dollars. He succeeded. God honored the man who believed in the marvellous power of electricity.

Power belongs unto God. Our strength of service is of the Lord. The most striking illustration of this great fact is Zechariah's vision of the candlestick, the olive trees, the bowl, and the two golden pipes. The word of the Lord which came to Zerubabel is for us, "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord of hosts." To enter into the fulness of the life of faith and trust is a great privilege. It is also a great duty. There are few Edisons in the world. There are also few men in such loving touch with Jesus Christ as to be mightily used by Him in the upbuilding of His kingdom here on earth.

"Come Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove;
With all Thy quickening power;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours."

Baptisms Throughout the World— 1898-'99.

"Dr. John Clifford says: 'There is no better antidote for denominational pessimism than an occasional half-hour with the 'Year Book.' Statistics may be said to be the account book of the denomination for ascertaining its affairs.'

The figures announced in the "American Baptist Year Book" for 1899 are of an encouraging nature. Let us examine them: The world has a grand total of 50,143 Baptist churches, 33,553 ordained ministers, 4,910,456 members. The baptisms for the past year numbered 242,646—hard on a quarter of a million of souls brought to Christ in one year by the instrumentality of Baptists. The baptisms throughout the world average 7 1/2 per each ordained minister.

Profit may be derived by dissecting these gross figures, and get to see what each country has been doing as its share in the hard work. The United States claims the first place. Of the 242,646 baptisms in the world, the exceedingly large number of 203,296 are credited to the United States of America. In round numbers, five in every six baptisms in the world take place in the land of Roger Williams."

The above is good reading. It is not necessary for Baptists to be continually calling attention to their growth and development. It is a good thing, however, for our young people and those multitudes that come to us every year from other denominations, to know that their lot is cast among a people whom God has signally honored. The Baptists of the world are a vigorous, growing, aggressive body of Christians. There are none more so. We have no reason to be ashamed of our lineage. Believing as we do and what we do the future of the Baptists, especially in America, is bright with promise.

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October 25, 1899.

Editorial Notes

—Newspaper articles to be useful must be condensed. This is true of all articles for the press. It is especially true of the religious press. Of late some communications have been sent to this paper with a request for publication, which are too long for a newspaper article. We have published them. We do not want to offend. We desire to please. We study to do that. But with a smile on our face we say that these long articles are a weariness to the editorial flesh, and he has not enough to spare for that purpose. Brethren will you take the kindly hint. The editor is under his post of duty and so we write the more freely. We expect that he will thank us upon his return for this paragraph, if for no other.

—Those who were not present at the recent Convention in Fredericton may not be aware that a resolution was passed at one of the sessions of that body endorsing the work of the Manitoba and Northwest Baptists, and encouraging the Superintendent, Rev. A. J. Vining, to make a canvass of the churches in these Provinces by the sea, in the interest of the work under his supervision. Mr. Vining has arrived and has entered upon his work with his accustomed energy. He has mapped out for himself an extensive programme, a part of which will be found in another column. A change has been made of which the pastors will take note. Mr. Vining will also put himself in communication with the pastors. We hope his visit will do good by arousing a deeper interest in our work both at home and abroad.

—The Independent says: "The Christian and Missionary Alliance has held its convention and gathered in its pledges, according to the reports, to the amount of about \$64,000. There are the usual reports of great interest and claims of hearty support. Among the pledges was one reported for \$100,000. This Mr. Simpson declined to include in his assets, as he said that he had reason to believe it was not altogether sincere. This convention closes, we believe, the series, and it should be possible for the Alliance to "foot" up its entire assets, and let the public know what it has to depend upon for the coming year. We have waited in vain to see the promised statement of the expenses of the past year. The report presented last spring, it was announced, was simply preparatory; the complete has not been received. We trust that before long it will appear and be satisfactory. There are some readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR who will be pleased to see such a full and complete statement as shall satisfy the most critical. For a body of Christians that appeal to the public to help the work of mission through this particular agency, to withhold a statement of its receipts and expenditures is, to say the least, somewhat strange.

—In uniting with a church the question is seldom asked, "Why do you wish to unite with this church?" In too many instances the answer would not bear the light of close scrutiny. We fear that the reason is not always the best. Here are two churches side by side, the one strong in men and money. Large congregations attend its services. Everything is done by the members to catch the crowd, and they catch them. Yonder is a church weak in men of wealth and social standing. It has to struggle to maintain its services. It offers no attractions to those seeking for positions and social standing. The gospel is faithfully preached by an earnest, faithful minister of the Word, and opportunities for usefulness, second to none, are afforded to all who desire them. Which of these churches shall a man join? In too many cases it will be the former without question. One reason for this condition of things is the wrong ideas that men have of the church and her mission to men. And this leads many, especially among the young, to "join" a man or a "coterie" in the church instead of the church. How few persons take a broad and comprehensive view of things and say, "Other things being equal I must go where the need is greatest and where I can be of most help to the cause for which the church stands." Pastors change, friends die or move away, but the church remains always to be the active power in the community in proportion to the piety, zeal and devotion of its individual members.

—The greatest curse of the church today is morbidity and indifference. The tendency to self-

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examination, good, if not carried to extremé, is baneful when it is allowed to be too large a factor in our Christian experience. To dwell upon one's faults and foibles is not a mark of a well balanced mind. It tends to pessimism of the worst sort. A robust, vigorous life looks out of, and beyond itself and sees the mark set up and strives to reach it. Take the average church and how few of its members are engaged in its work and service. How few attend its prayer meetings, are interested in its Sunday School, give of their means for the extension of the kingdom of their Lord, and are found on the list of the committees of the church. The indifference to the welfare of the spiritual Zion is an alarming tendency of the times. There are fraternal organizations which present their claims. Some of them are most excellent in aim and spirit, but none of them have "the right to be" of the Christian church. And yet what pastor's heart has not been saddened by seeing many of his own spiritual children turn their backs upon the church and give their time and strength and means to societies which would never have been if the church of Jesus Christ had not made their existence possible. Indifference to the work of the church and the needs of men is an awful sin.

Bobbili Notes

The many friends at home who have been making special prayer on my behalf, that health might be restored, will be pleased to know that their prayers have been answered. About six weeks ago we returned from Coonoor, a hill station some thousand miles from Bobbili. It was farthest from our desire to leave the field for so long a period, just as our tongues were getting loosened so that we could make known a little of the great gospel message in the Telugu tongue. But in the opinion of the district surgeon, it was necessary for me either to spend the hot season on the hills, or to leave the country entirely. A prolonged change was imperative in order to get the malaria out of my system.

For the first two or three weeks after our return, I was in constant fear lest I should again fall a victim to that much dreaded foe, malaria. Almost daily I had all its symptoms, now too well known to be misjudged.

But already a month and a half of the most trying weather has passed, and thus far I have escaped its cruel grasp. True, the utmost caution has been exercised, but I firmly believe that God, in answer to earnest prayers, has interposed his protecting power and stayed the ravages of this, my merciless enemy.

During our absence Miss Harrison stood at the helm of affairs at the station, and exercised a wise and masterly oversight of all the work of the field. It was a great satisfaction to us when we returned to Bobbili, to know that the work had not suffered because of our absence. This certainly would not have been true had Miss Harrison been unwilling to assume the responsibilities and burdens, which no person but the missionary in charge know anything about. She was alone and had some rather trying experiences, but the Lord sustained her, gave the victory again and again and got honor and glory unto himself. One event well worthy of note, and I think will interest the "rope-holders" at home. It relates to the beating of Bro. C. David, one of the preachers.

Pedda Penki is a large village about twelve miles from Bobbili. In April last, Bro. David took up his abode in this village to do work for the Master. At first he was well received. The people all seemed pleased to have a Christian teacher come among them. But it was not long thus. A young man of the Goldsmith caste, Chriahnamurti by name, became interested in Christ as his personal Saviour, studied the Scripture with David, and soon asked for baptism. This embittered and enraged the people of his caste. The young man was threatened and beaten. Then the preacher too was threatened with a beating, if he continued his Christian teaching. But he was not to be intimidated by their threats. None of these things moved him. He kept on fearlessly and faithfully doing his duty, though the people were becoming more angry each day. Finally, one morning as he was returning from a certain street where he had been preaching, the Goldsmiths met him, and for once in their life they were true to their word, for immediately they laid violent hands on the preacher. When they had finished their beating business David was quite badly bruised. The next day he made his way to Bobbili and talked the matter over with Miss Harrison. The magistrate said it was a clear case against the Goldsmiths, and promised to deal justly with the offenders if the case was put in his hands. After careful and prayerful consideration, Miss Harrison thinking it best that they be made to realize the heinousness of their offence, and that an example be made of them, placed the matter in the magistrate's charge. Again and again the Goldsmiths came to the mission

house *en masse* and by deputation, confessing their sin, pleading forgiveness, and making promises without number to conduct themselves more circumspectly in the future. But, until the day of the trial came, and judgment was about to be pronounced Miss Harrison remained as relentless as their greatest foe. Then, when their hope was almost gone, she offered to withdraw the charge on condition that they pay all the expenses, and sign in court a written statement, to the effect that they would never again molest a Christian. Most gladly and thankfully did they accept this offer. Since then they have treated David with all due respect, and have visited the missionaries frequently.

But what about Chriahnamurti? David was in to Bobbili a few days ago, and told us that the young man had been removed to a distant village in order to get him away from all Christian influence.

How mightily the devil uses these poor blind people in his efforts to frustrate the purpose of God. In very many instances I believe that the Hindu parent would rather see his son or daughter a corpse than a Christian. If their silver tongue of crafty persuasion fails to turn the seeker after truth away from Christ, they resort immediately to the limitless resources of their devilish deceit, and cruel, brutal, fiendish force. Happily for the poor native Christians, and for the missionaries, too, the people have a good wholesome fear of the authorities of the land. Were it otherwise, many who now refuse to be dissuaded from an acceptance of Christ, would have to meet a hundred-fold more of persecution than they suffer at the present time. Already in the history of our little mission, men of intellectual power who have persisted in becoming Christians, have been so poisoned with drugs given by their relatives, that they will never be anything but wrecks of what they were, both mentally and physically. If the Hindus dare do such things in spite of the law which opposes and punishes all such crime, what would they not do in the absence of all such law. We heartily thank God for the British government of India, and cannot but believe that the Allwise One, in a marvellous way, is using the sovereign power of Great Britain to accomplish his own good purposes for the heathen, and to hasten the coming of the Lord. Long live our gracious Queen, the Empress of India; and may the sceptre of the English throne ever be what hers has been, a sceptre of righteousness, an emblem of religious liberty, and an assurance of fair play to all her true and loyal subjects.

R. E. GULLISON.

In tent at Madepilli, 17 miles from Bobbili, Aug. 14th, 1899.

New Books.

George Müller of Bristol, by Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., London: James Nisbet and Co. pp. 462.

This book has a mission. He who reads it discerns why there has not been more of power and blessing in his own life hitherto, and just how a new and more honorable chapter may be opened. In these days of multiplied machinery, of strange methods for the furthering of religious work, of confidence in human patronage and human ingenuity, we do well to turn to such a record of Bible study, of prayer, of faith, as is here afforded in this biography of George Müller. What gigantic labors were his,—preaching, building orphanage after orphanage, managing the huge concerns of these institutions, circulating the Word of God in various parts, and going upon extended missionary tours to different portions of the world. And all the immense outlay of money, which kept growing from year to year, was met without calling for any assistance from any quarter, except the invoking of divine aid. We get in this remarkable history a confirmation of the words: "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." These pages tend to turn us back to apostolic simplicity, apostolic faith, and apostolic fruitfulness. It can be said of Müller, and with rare emphasis, that he cultivated faith. What marvellous deliverances he had in times of extremity. It was an oft-recurring thing to have but a handful of meal in the barrel, but just as often, in answer to the trustful cry, was there multiplication according to the necessity. The God upon whom George Müller called wrought upon the hearts of those who had means, so that there was always enough. The Orphan Houses at Ashley Down are a great monument to a prayer-hearing God. Is it wonderful, is it strange, that the Lord should hear prayer as he did in the case of this servant of his? So it seems to "blind unbelief" which is "sure to err." Though we are in different spheres, it can be with us as with this friend of orphan children. How often we forget that the work is God's. How anxious we get. But "where faith begins anxiety ends; where anxiety begins, faith ends."

The life story of this great benefactor is noteworthy and instructive from first to last, from the baseness and perversity of the period which preceded conversion, to the end of his very long, and very arduous and very glorious services for the cause of the Redeemer. It utters forth, in clarion tones, a message of hope, sweet hope, sure hope, for those yet under the dominion of sin; and it calls all lovers of God to that higher and holier, that more trustful and more joyous and more fruitful career which, in Jesus, is possible to us all. To read Dr. Pierson's "George Müller" is to be made more hopeful while made more humble, and after the pages have been once gone over, there is a desire to keep the volume nigh at hand, that fresh stimulus may be received therefrom in the direction of a life of faith. This book is adapted to produce a revival of pure religion in individual hearts, and therefore in the churches of Jesus Christ.

A. C. CURRY.

* * The Story Page * *

One of the Least.

There were three of them on the train—two young girls and a young man—and they were evidently on a "lark" as well as on a journey. The three occupied two seats, the girls sitting together and the young man facing them, with their one valise on the seat beside him.

They had looked out of the window until they were tired of that, had chafed the newsboy and asked the brakeman nonsensical questions until they had earned a sharp answer from each, and were now left with only the other passengers to furnish material for fun.

Their keen eyes roved about, finding little in the quiet, well dressed crowd to excite comment. The bridal party and the baby, those fruitful sources of amusement on the train, were missing, and wit languished.

At the next stop, an old man came in—a shabby, old man. He took a seat near the young man, and they seized upon him as a legitimate object for sport. He took off his battered old hat, and they giggled over the wren on the top of his head, over which his straggling gray hairs were carefully combed. They found material for fun in the whisp of gray beard on the aged face, and in everything he wore, clean down to the cracked shoes on his feet, from which a knitted blue sock was trying to peep.

The old man's eyes were bleared and red, and he leaned heavily on his cane as the conductor came in. His voice was cracked, and shrill, too, as he asked questions, while the official punched his ticket and looked at him as if he would gladly send him into the second class car if his ticket were not first class.

The roar of the train dulled his hearing, and he held his trembling hand behind his ear to catch the conductor's answer, which was crisp and unsatisfactory. The poor get little of that ready courtesy which well-to-do people exact as their right from train officials; and even the silly young man with his high collar and low stock of good sense, met with more respect from the conductor than this aged man.

The old man was intensely funny to the trio on the lookout for amusement, and wit, such as it was, circulated freely at his expense.

The young people were to change cars at the next station, riding a few hours on a branch road, and the train was slowing up. They pushed rudely past the old man, who was evidently preparing to change, too, acting as if time were of the greatest importance. They stood on the platform as he descended from the car, going toward the baggage car with feeble steps.

A little, old fashioned, hairy trunk, studded with brass nails, stood in the baggage car, and the baggage man gave it a vicious fling out upon the platform. The old winced as the trunk struck the platform, and he hastened his steps as if to protect it. Too late! Like the old man, it was weak with age, and its sides parted at the shock, and the cover flew up from the back as the hinges broke.

A groan burst from the old man's lips, and with trembling hands he began to fumble helplessly at the garments, which loosened from their close packing, had rolled out upon the platform.

"That your trunk, daddy? Sorry I busted it for you; but Tad there, he'll fix it up for you good as ever," cried the baggage man. He was not a bad fellow, when he was not in a hurry, and was really sorry.

"Going up the branch, hey?" said the station master at the office. "Well, just you wait a minute—there's plenty of time—and I'll get a rope. Jim's a little too fresh when he gets hold of an old piece of baggage, but we'll have it all right in a jiffy."

The young people stood by, quite convulsed with merriment, as the old man bent over his scattered property, tears of distress stealing down his aged face. A woman's faded wrapper, an old bonnet with black satin strings, each carefully rolled up and pinned, and a pair of shoes even more worn than those upon the old man's feet, lay on the platform, and he was trying to fold up a faded plaid shawl when the baggage man came back with the rope.

"Here, let me do this, pappy," he said, kindly. "You're all unstrung, and I'm used to this kind of business." He would have taken the shawl, but the old man resisted.

"I can't," he said, his cracked voice trembling with emotion. "Mother had it round her shoulders when she died. You're kind, mister; but it seems like I can't let nobody touch her things but me. We lived together forty-nine years; just one more would a been our golden wedding, though we ain't never had much gold or silver in our lives; but the good Lord took her, and these clothes is all I've got left of her. We took this trunk with us on our wedding journey, and I thought it would last to carry her things this last time. Seemed like 'twouldn't be all right to put 'em into a new, strange trunk that didn't know her."

The merriment had all gone out of the faces of the two

young girls, and the young man turned away and walked to the end of the platform.

"Going to live with somebody, sir?" asked the baggage man, wiping his eyes, apparently on account of a cinder or something of the kind, which had lodged there.

"Yes. I've a daughter, sir; just like her mother, and her husband is kind, too. I'm taking these clothes to her, and she'll vally 'em beyond everything. He had the faded bonnet in his hand and was patting it tenderly.

"I remember, sir, the day I bought this 'ere bunnit. She hadn't had a new one in five year, and, sir, she was so pleased when I brought it home that she kissed me. Yes, sir, kissed me, and we'd been done with that sort of thing for years. Not that we didn't love one another, but seems like our love run so deep that there wa'n't no froth nor bubbles on the surface; no need of kissing and such, you understand."

The baggage man nodded. He wondered if his love for a bride of a year would ever run so deep that it would not seek outward expression, and he waited patiently while the old man folded and tucked the worn garments into the little old trunk.

"There you are, sir," he said, respectfully, after the strong cord was wound round and round and the trunk was made as secure as possible. "There's half an hour yet to wait. Come in to the lunch counter and have a cup of hot coffee with me."

The young girls walked away, arm in arm. "I never felt so ashamed in my life," said one, as she wiped away a tear with her embroidered handkerchief. "That poor old soul, and we laughing at him!"

It happened that the four were seated near each other again in the train going up the branch. The old man was weary, and he tucked his old hat into the corner of the window frame, and, drooping his head upon it, was soon asleep.

Though the day was chilly, he had no overcoat. One of the gay young girls—she who had had the grace to be ashamed—slipped off her handsome fur-trimmed cape, and, rising, gently laid it around his shoulders.

Her companion did not even smile, nor did the young man; and the train rattled on toward its destination.—Youth's Companion.

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The Nodding Chinaman

BY IDA T. THURSTON.

"Rachel, it is time for you to go," said Rachel's mother, gently.

The child was curled up in the wide window seat absorbed in a book of fairy stories. When her mother spoke she closed the book and, with a long sigh, slipped down from the window.

"I wish I didn't have to go, mother," she said soberly.

"But since you do, run up stairs and put on your clean gingham. Aunt Elizabeth won't like you to be late."

Rachel went up stairs, but she did not hurry. Her mother heard her moving about in her room, and presently she came slowly down. She had brushed her hair and put on a fresh blue and white checked gingham, with a sunbonnet to match.

"Good-by, dear," her mother said as she tied the bonnet strings under the round chin and then kissed the sober little face. "We must always do what is right you know, even if we don't really want to."

"Yes'm," answered Rachel, gravely.

Through the window her mother watched the little figure as it went slowly down the road.

"She doesn't intend to get there too soon," the mother said to herself, with a smile.

But, though she walked so slowly, it seemed to Rachel only a few minutes, before she came to a big white house set quite a distance back from the road. She went up the path and around to the kitchen door. As she opened the door she smelled the sweet, sickish odor of boiling fruit. Mary, the "hired girl," was doing up preserves. She looked up as the child entered.

"Oh, its you, is it?" Your aunt is in the sitting-room."

Rachel walked silently across the big kitchen and through the hall to the sitting room. Aunt Elizabeth sat in the big rocking chair by the window. She was a tiny old lady; with snow-white hair and very black eyes that seemed to Rachel as sharp as needles.

"You're late," she said, as the child pushed open the door. "Why didn't your mother send you earlier?"

"She did. I—I—guess—I didn't walk very fast," answered Rachel, her cheeks getting very hot.

"Well, well, now you are here take off your sunbonnet and get the book and read to me. There it is on the table."

With a sigh the child obeyed. She knew what the book was—it was Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Rachel hated it. She would not look at the dreadful pictures,

but she stumbled on through the reading, her aunt frequently correcting her pronunciation.

At last the old lady said, "There that will do. I must go and see if Mary is cooking the fruit as it ought to be." She rose and, glancing about the room, added, "You can look at the china in the cabinet there while I'm gone, but remember not to touch a thing."

"Yes'm," answered Rachel, softly. She put the big book back on the table and walked over to the cabinet. It was full of queer cups and plates and vases from China and Japan. Rachel had often seen these things. She did not care much about them. If she could only go into the parlor, she thought, and see the funny nodding Chinaman, in the big cabinet there.

Then her eyes opened wide in delighted surprise, for there on the second shelf stood the nodding Chinaman himself, only he was not nodding at all; but he looked as if he wanted to, Rachel thought, and she knew just how to make him do it. She stood up on her tiptoes and reached out her chubby forefinger and gently touched the bald china head. Instantly it began to nod, the tiny pink tongue had begun to waggle, and the little china hands to dangle up and down in the funny way she remembered so well.

Rachel laughed delightedly. When the Chinaman's head had almost stopped she touched it again. She had quite forgotten that she had been forbidden to touch anything in the cabinet. She had just reached out to touch the mandarin for the third time when she heard her aunt's voice in the hall. It startled her so that her hand slipped, and the next moment the Chinaman lay on his back, his hands waving helplessly in the air, while his queer bald head rolled off by itself, the little pink tongue feebly quivering for a moment before it disappeared in the open mouth.

For an instant Rachel stood staring with terrified eyes at the headless body of the queer little nodding man, then she turned, snatched up her bonnet, and dashed through the front hall as fast as her feet could carry her.

But as she ran up the road her pace began to slacken—the run became a walk and the walk grew slower and slower until at last she stopped short and threw a hasty glance over her shoulder towards the big white house.

"Oh, I can't!" she moaned, her heart beating hard and fast. "I don't know what she'd say."

She stood in the middle of the road, her frightened blue eyes shining out of her little white face, the sunbonnet, which she had forgotten to put on, dangling from her hand.

Suddenly her mother's words seemed to sound again in her ears, "We must always do what is right you know, even if we really don't want to."

Rachel shivered. "I can't!" she whispered, and two big tears rolled down her cheeks, and made two wet dark spots on her clean gingham dress. But after a moment she drew herself up and set her lips together hard.

"I's'pose—I must," she said aloud, and then turning she ran back as fast as she could go. She didn't dare go slowly for fear her courage would fall.

Once more she pushed open the kitchen door and, unheeding Mary's amazed, "For the land's sake!" burst into the quiet sitting room. Aunt Elizabeth was in her big chair again, and her eyes looked harder and sharper than ever, Rachel thought.

"Well, well!"—she began, sternly but Rachel interrupted her, speaking in the little frightened gasp.

"Oh, Aunt Elizabeth—I broke—the nodding Chinaman and—I'm so sorry. I didn't mean"—Then the troubled voice quavered into sudden silence.

The old lady peered through her glasses at the trembling little figure and the white, frightened face. Without a word she rose and walked over to the cabinet and looked at the mandarin lying on the shelf. Rachel had followed her. Aunt Elizabeth picked up the mandarin and set him on his feet, then she picked up his head and slipped it into the hole between his shoulders, and, lo, there was the funny little man nodding away as if nothing had happened to him.

Aunt Elizabeth turned with a stern reproof on her lips, but the sight of the joyful relief in the little maid's face hushed the words on her tongue.

"There, there, child," she exclaimed, hastily, "I guess you won't touch my china another time."

And Rachel was very sure she never would.—The Congregationalist.

* * * * *

The Cuckoo in Jamie's Pocket.

"What has happened to my clock, Jane?" cried Mrs. Peck.

Jane, the housemaid, came running into the library. The little Swiss clock that hung on the wall was trying to strike eleven with a hoarse, rasping sound. The small door, from which the bird used to make his appearance, crying, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo!" eleven times at this hour, was open; but no bird was there. "Deed, and I'm 'fraid them boys have been after it."

Just then a little boy came bounding into the room. "Mamma," he said, "Aunt Anne came by the gate in her victoria just now, and took Charlie up on the driver's seat. They are going to Cold Sulphur Springs, and won't be back till night; but she said she knew you wouldn't mind."

"Do you know where the cuckoo that belongs to my clock is, Jamie," asked his mother.

"No, maamma," he answered opening his blue eyes very wide. "I didn't know that it was gone."

The Young People

"Master Jamie," said the housemaid "what's in your pocket?"

Jamie pushed both hands into the pockets of his short trousers, and drew forth the little painted wooden bird belonging to the clock.

There was a stillness in the room for a minute, and then Jamie's mother said sweetly: "I can trust you, my boy, you never told me a story in your life. We will find out how it happened some day."

And so they did. When Charlie came home he owned at once that he had been playing with the clock and had broken it.

He had not meant to do it, and he was very sorry. "But why did you put it in Jamie's pocket?" asked his mother.

Charlie laughed and Jamie joined in merrily enough. "That's what comes of our being twins," said Charlie. "Jane never can tell us apart. She calls us both Master Jim Charlie; and although my clothes are marked with a big 'C,' she hangs them on the foot of Jim's bed half the time, because she doesn't know which is which."

Charlie had to pay for mending the cuckoo clock out of the pocket of his own short trousers, as a punishment for meddling; but to Jamie's ears the little burring sound was always sweet—as sweet as his mother's voice when she said, "I can trust you, my boy."—(Christian Uplook.

"Cutting it Fine."

You will hear men say that business is impossible without the temper they call "sharpness" or the habit they call "cutting it fine." But such character and conduct are the very decay of society. The shrinkage of the units must always and everywhere mean the disintegration of the mass. A society whose members strive to keep within their duties is a society which cannot continue to cohere. Selfishness may be firmness, but it is the firmness of frost, the rigour of death. Only the unselfish excess of duty, only the generous loyalty to others, give to society the compactness and indissolubleness of life. Who is responsible for the enmity of classes, and the distrust which exists between labor and capital? It is the workman whose one aim is to secure the largest amount of wages for the smallest amount of work, and who will, in his blind pursuit of that, wreck the whole trade of a town or district; it is the employer, who believes he has no duties to his men beyond paying them for their work the least that he can induce them to take; it is the customer who only and always looks to the cheapness of an article—procures in that prostitution of talent to the work of scampering which is fast killing art, and joy and all piety for the bodies and souls of our brothers. These are the true anarchists and breakers-up of society. On their methods social coherence and harmony are impossible. Life itself is impossible. No organism can thrive whose various limbs are ever shrinking in upon themselves. There is no life except by living to others.—George Adam Smith, in Expositor's Bible, on Micah. 6: 9-12.

Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me.

Miss Gertrude sat by the window; her hands had dropped into her lap, while her sewing had fallen to the floor; she seemed lost in thought, her brow looked troubled and the tears came to her eyes. "There are times" she murmured, "when we don't know, we can't tell what is best;" then the tears came faster.

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me, Over life's tempestuous sea."

came from the kitchen where Martha was doing up the morning work. Martha's face was dark, but she had a beautiful white heart washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

"Unknown waves above me roll, Hiding rocks and treacherous shoal."

As the song continued Gertrude leaned back in her chair and listened:

"Chart and compass come from thee, Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

"Ah, chart and compass have I none," she repeated as she began slowly to pace the floor.

"As a mother stills her child, Thou can'st hush the ocean wild."

"My mother! how often has she prayed for her erring girl." The words of the song called up the face of one long departed.

"Boisterous waves obey thy will, When thou say'st to them, 'Be still.'"

From the depths of her heart Gertrude prayed

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me."

Martha, busily engaged in her work had paused in her song, but broke out again in tones more soft and sweet than before.

"When at last I near the shore, And the fearful breakers roar, Twixt me and the peaceful rest, There while leaning on thy breast, May I hear thee say to me, 'Fear not, I will pilot thee!'"

Gertrude arose, the boisterous waves had been calmed. She went about her day's work with a rest of soul she had not known before. All day the words seemed to echo in her ear:

"Fear not, I will pilot thee!"

— Endeavorer.

EDITOR, R. OSGOOD MORSE.

All communications intended for this department should be addressed to its Editor, Rev. R. Osgood Morse, Guilford, 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.—Conquest Meeting: The New Testament basis of missions.

Alternate Topic. An Old Time Missionary, Jonah 3: 1-10.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, October 30.—Genesis 31: 1-32: 2. Met by angels (32: 1). Compare Gen 19: 1.

Tuesday, October 31.—Genesis 32: 3-32. Wrestling with an angel (vs 24). Compare Hos 12: 4-5.

Wednesday, November 1.—Genesis 33 [and 34]. Brothers reconciled (vs 4). Compare Gen. 45: 14, 15.

Thursday, November 2.—Genesis 35: 1-20, [35: 21-36: 43]. Jacob's Bethel (vss 9-12). Compare Gen. 28: 12-14.

Friday, November 3.—Genesis 37 [and 38]. Envy's work (vs 28). Compare 2 Sam 3: 23-27.

Saturday, November 4.—Genesis 39: 1-6, [7-18], 19-23. Joseph's integrity (vs. 21). Compare 1 Sam. 18: 5.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—October 29.

An Old-Time Missionary, Book of Jonah.

In some respects Jonah as a missionary must be regarded as unique. His message was a peculiar one in that, instead of its being good tidings, it was simply the proclamation of doom. The purpose also of his mission is believed to have been to secure the safety of Israel from Assyria, and not primarily to effect the good of the Ninevites. We cannot, therefore, consider him in the role of a missionary as furnishing much instruction in what we regard as missionary activity today. His experiences and conduct with reference to the will of Jehovah, afford us, however, very valuable lessons; and our present endeavor is to find out what those lessons are.

1. Jonah was divinely called to a specific work. When this special call came to him he was a busy man. He was an intense and comparatively successful "Home Missionary." He was the popular prophet under Jeroboam II, (2 Kings 14:25), and no small degree of the success of that king is attributable to the enthusiastic co-operation of Jonah. Now, when his work is telling upon the prosperity of his own people, and when his services are regarded by them as indispensable, there comes to him the strange call from Jehovah that he go to Nineveh and proclaim its doom. Now wonder that the prophet's mind is confused, and that he finds it difficult to adjust himself to the new mission. It means the tearing of himself away from a work of absorbing interest, and the launching out upon a sea of uncertainties. Busy men, always find it hard to accept new commissions. And yet it is the busy man to whom the Lord's call generally comes. Moses tending Jethro's flocks; David shepherding his father's sheep; the fishermen busy at their work; Matthew at the receipt of custom. In the faithful performance of present duty men receive the divine call to new work.

2. Jonah tries to evade duty and gets into trouble. He attempts to flee from the Lord's presence by taking ship for Tarshish. But a foreign ship, manned by strangers on the trackless sea, will not give cover to the fugitive from duty. God's hand is upon the prophet, and if the attitude of the latter towards that hand is not submission, then must suffering result from opposition, and the very elements shall fight against the rebellious spirit. Let us learn that to shun duty is to run away from the divine presence; and that disobedience to clearly-defined duty brings to men most of their sorrows. "The way of the transgressor is hard."

3. Jonah's troubles bring him to repentance and submission. Read the second chapter again. The afflictions are recognized as the chastisements of the Lord. They were at first taken to indicate that the prophet was cast out of the Lord's sight. This latter thought could not be tolerated, so that in the depths of repentance he cries, "Yet I will again look toward thy holy temple." And later he promises to pay the vows that he had made, and commits himself wholly into the hands of the Lord, saying, "Salvation is of the Lord." The lesson had been learned that to disobey is harder than to obey. When God has a mission for a man to perform the "sea" of trouble into which the man's obstinacy throws him holds also the "fish" of his deliverance. "Though he fall he shall not be utterly cast down." But how unnecessary much of our suffering is. And again how beautiful our sorrows when they lead us to repentance and reconsecration. O ye recreant Jonahs and denying Peters and wandering prodigals, bow your troubles are being multiplied upon you! but see them only as the harsher means a loving Father and Lord must use to bring you back to home and fellowship and duty.

4. Jonah restored, and submissive, hears again the divine call and obeys. The Lord is Sovereign. "I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more." "Woe to him who contendeth with his Maker." The difficulties of the mission are no longer to be considered. "Tis safer to walk with God in the dark than to go alone in the light." "Ours not to reason why ours but to do and, if need be, die." O, the liberty and joy of obedience! "The willing and obedient shall eat the good of the land." Let us as Christians learn this lesson well.

5. And behold the results of one man's obedience to God! Nineveh, a city full of wickedness and violence, probably intent on invading the borders of Israel, brought to respect Jehovah and his people, to renounce their schemes and deeds of violence, and to taste of the graciousness and mercy of Israel's God. Israel also is made to dwell in safety through the reformation of her threatening neighbor. Account for Jonah's disappointment as we may, certainly the results of his obedience were grand. It pays to obey God. Eternal issues hang upon our obedience. Shout it again, "Loyalty to Christ." Goldboro, N. S. W. J. RUTLEDGE.

The Permanence of Christianity.

"It was the saying of Voltaire that Christianity would not survive the nineteenth century. But what has the nineteenth century not done for Christianity? It has sent the Gospel anew into all the world. It has gathered in the islands of the South, and shaken the mighty pagan faiths of India, China and Japan! It has stirred up its missionaries from the far West to preach the old faith in Egypt and in Palestine, and where the disciples first received the Christian name! It has devoted its noblest children to face death for Christ in the depths of Africa, which Voltaire never heard of, and it has even employed the press in Ferney that printed his own works—and it may be this very prophecy against the Gospel—to publish in new tongues the true oracles of God!

"I have now," says Thomas Paine, at the end of the first part of his "Age of Reason," written about a hundred years ago, "gone through the Bible as a man would go through a wood, with an axe on his shoulder, and fell trees. Here they lie, and the priests may, if they can, replant them. They may, perhaps, stick them in the ground, but they will never make them grow." Some time ago I wanted a copy of the work from which this extract is taken. I had difficulty in finding one in the capital of Scotland while it is not too much to say that for every Bible that was in Scotland a century ago there are now twenty."—Dr. Cairns.

Begin at Once.

The Christian who is constantly waiting for great opportunities to do good will never be anything more than an unprofitable servant. J. Hudson Taylor tells of a young Christian, who had received Christ as his Saviour, but who said to the missionary that he would wait until he learned more about Him before making a public profession.

"Well," said Mr. Taylor, "I have a question to ask you. When you light a candle, do you light it to make the candle more comfortable?"

"Certainly not," said the other, "but in order that it may give more light."

"When it is half burnt down do you expect that it will first become useful?"

"No, as soon as I light it."

"Very well," said the missionary promptly; "go thou and do likewise; begin at once."

Beyond Price.

Lessons are done. The old room in the college boarding house is full of books, pencil whittlings, papers and tired boys.

"John, I tell you I can't stand this. I'm going down town, or over to the club, or hunt up some fellows. It's always lively down around Mack's lunch room in the evening."

"But," said Stephen "it's too far and too late; besides, I don't like Mack's crowd. Suppose we go over to the Pratts? They always invite us, and somehow they do seem to make a fellow feel so much at home."

Now, that was a long story told in a few golden words.

The Pratts are typical home-makers—no better than thousands. They had moderate means—a Christian father and mother, in middle life, but young in spirit and the joys of doing good daily.

They had boys and girls of their own. They all sang beautifully. Father, mother and children joined around the piano, ever widening the circle with boys and girls whose homes were less inviting or far away.

"A very little thing?" Ah, yes; but John and Stephen found it better, sunnier, merrier and more beautiful than Mack's.

A little "mothering," a little comradeship, and the home ease and comfort going on with simple hospitality. Somehow the homeless get into the way of sitting in the Pratts' parlors, with the boys and girls, join in the songs and hymns of mothers and sisters in far-off praying homes, where every strain is a song of precious memory.

"A very little thing"—but beyond price.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 178 Wentworth Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER

For God's blessing upon our missionaries going to India, that they may have a pleasant passage and the continual presence of the Master. For a revival of missionary zeal among our pastors and churches and a larger ingathering of souls at all our mission stations.

Bridgetown, N. S.

Some time has passed since you have heard from our Aid Society. We are making some progress along the line of missionary work. God has given us many rich blessings. New members have recently come into our Society, using their talents, time and means in the service of Christ. Thursday, Oct. 12th, was observed as Crusade day. In the afternoon we held our prayer meeting in the vestry of the church; the power of the Holy Spirit was manifest. In the evening we held our public meeting. A large number were present. A pleasing and profitable programme had been arranged. Two excellent papers were read, stirring our hearts to more earnest work. The readings, recitations, music and dialogue were selections in line with the subject of the meeting. Rev. E. B. Moore and wife cheered us by their presence as well as their helpful words. Our thank-offering amounted to \$18. We thank the Master for the God-given opportunities of working for him.

"Once, ah, we sigh! but we never can stop;
What is life for but to work till we drop?
Only one thought, to rise to the top,
As the years go by."

A. L. DIXON, Sec'y.

St. Stephen, N. B.

I herewith send you a short account of our public meeting held in the vestry of our church on the evening of Oct. 12th, to observe Crusade day. The meeting was led by our President, Mrs. J. B. Robinson. Meeting opened with hymn, "Jesus shall reign," followed by the reading of the 115th Psalm by Miss Wright, which she said she had read so many times in India; prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Newcombe; singing by a quartette of young men; the president gave a short account of the missionary meeting she had attended at Fredericton; secretary gave the report of the work done by our Society during the past year; Miss Addie Wry sang a solo very sweetly; our pastor gave an historical sketch of our missions. The ladies of our Society served refreshments. We sent invitations to the Methodist and Presbyterian Societies to be present with us, and extended an invitation to the church and congregation. We had a large number present, gained three new members and the collection amounted to \$6.32. We think every one spent a pleasant evening. MRS. C. A. LINDON, Sec'y.

Willing Workers Mission Band.

As there has not been any report from the First St. Margarets Bay Mission Band for a long time, I venture to send the following: We meet as usual, the first Sabbath in every month immediately after Sunday School, and fill out our programme with readings, recitations and dialogues of a missionary character. We have a very small number enrolled, but the few we have well deserve the name of Willing Workers. Our earnest prayer is that our "mothers in Israel" will come in and help us. God grant that we may win them soon. Much missionary information has been given, and our young people are becoming better acquainted with our missionaries and their work. Our offerings for missions are small, yet those of us who know something of the effort that is being made by the people in our village to meet the claims of our Home and Foreign Missions, feel that we have reason to thank God and take fresh courage. We feel very thankful that God has given us some little part in the great work of winning the world for Jesus. We pray daily for more workers, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon God's people in the home land, so that God's work shall have the place he means it to have in the hearts of not only the few but of all.

Yours in the work,
MRS. NEIL MACDONALD, Pres.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF INTEREST. I am sorry to say to all who have seen the above notice that for the present there will be some delay in obtaining photos of Miss E. D'Pranzo, who has won so many friends during her visit among us. H. H. WRIGHT.

Monies Received by the Treasurer of the W. B. M. U. from Oct. 6th to Oct. 17th.

North Brookfield, F. M., \$14; Brockway, Tidings, 25c; Homeville, Tidings, 25c; Wolfville, "a believer in Christ," F. M., \$3; Annandale, F. M., \$2.14, H. M., \$1; Oxford, 10c fund, \$3.14; Little Bras d'Or, F. M., \$4; H. M.,

\$1.75; G. L., 25c; Reports, 10c; Hantsport, F. M., \$2.25; H. M., 73c; Point de Bute, F. M., \$11.50, H. M., \$1.50, Tidings, 25c; Reports, 25c; Clyde River, F. M., \$2.50, H. M., \$2.50; Gabarus, F. M., \$3.20; Greenfield, Tidings, \$1; Osborne, F. M., \$3.18; Dartmouth, F. M., \$13.50; part of this amount is from 10c collections. Biltown, F. M., \$9, H. M., \$2, for Mrs. Sanford's expenses \$2.40. Tidings, 25c; Newcastle Bridge, Tidings, 25c; Milton Queens Co., F. M., \$5.27, H. M., 25c, G. L. M., 20c; Cumberland Bay, F. M., \$3; Cumberland Bay to constitute Mrs. Nathaniel Branscombe a life member, F. M., \$25; Parrsboro, F. M., \$7, H. M., \$6; Morristown, F. M., \$5; Forbes Point, F. M., \$5, H. M., \$2.

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

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

The friends of Missions will be pleased to learn that Rev. George and Mrs. Churchill, with their daughter, sail today from New York for their Bobbili home. Mrs. Churchill passed through St. John on Wednesday of last week, joining her husband in Boston. Miss Bessie Churchill does not go to India as a missionary of the Foreign Mission Board. That she will find something to do for her Master in India there can be no doubt.

Miss Annie Williams, the daughter of Rev. John Williams, of Onslow, passed through St. John on Saturday of last week. She came across the Bay in the Prince Rupert and was in time to catch the train for Boston. She sails with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and is expecting to assist Mr. Hardy in establishing a Christian home at Palcondah or some other station among the Telugus as the Conference may suggest when they meet in January next.

The addition to our Mission staff is quite large. The expense of sending these out this year is a heavy tax on our Mission treasury, as any thoughtful person can readily see. Thanks to the men and women who have made this advance possible. Our next advance must be in men. Two more families are in urgent demand. They are greatly needed. To meet this need certain qualifications on the part of the men to go are required, and advanced contributions from individuals and churches must be made. Oh, how easily this could be done if the many who were not at Convention were to do as some did who were there, and made possible the sending of those who have already left our shores. Easily the money could be forthcoming to send two additional families, one of them for the Savara work and one to break new ground at Sompert. The amount that has already come into the treasury from the Convention pledges and the generous donations from two warm friends of our Mission work have not discharged the indebtedness of the Board. The work must go on. There can be no let up. We have undertaken by God's help to evangelize 2,000,000 Telugus. We want more men to help us. We must have them. We are untrue to the trust reposed in us if they are not forthcoming. Pastors and brethren of the churches give us your most hearty support.

Let me appeal to you with all the affection of my heart in the name of Christ, that you help on this work as never before. Do not fail to teach your people the most important of the "all things" he has commanded. Let me in the spirit of Jesus Christ appeal to the men and women of considerable means, are you doing all Jesus wants you to do to give the gospel to the heathen world? And let the rank and file of all our members do something for this greatest work of the church. In connection with all our work as churches of Jesus Christ there is no needier field. There is none fuller of promise and there is none that will bring in larger returns in the great day when the jewels are to be gathered.

Some churches should support a missionary, others should combine in so doing. Young Peoples Unions could unite in the support of a mission family to the spiritual uplift of all thus engaged. There is nothing to which they could give themselves that would so broaden their sympathies and enlarge their hearts as an intelligent interest in world-wide Missions. Oh, brothers and sisters in Christ, "Lift up your eyes and see the whitened fields." There is room for work in India. No fear of jostling against a fellow worker, or of building on another man's foundation. "Come over and help us" is the cry that is ringing in our ears day and night. Let all respond as some have already done and the will result be most glorious.

The Missionary Axe.

One day a missionary was preaching in the city of Benares. The large crowd was civil and attentive. At length a Brahman said, "Look at those men and see what they are doing."

"They are preaching to us," replied the people.

"True; what has the sahib in his hand?"

"The New Testament."

"Yes; the New Testament. But what is that? I will

tell you. It is the gospel axe, into which a European handle has been put. If you come today you will find them cutting; if you come tomorrow you will find them doing the same. And at what are they cutting? At our noble tree of Hindooism—at our religion. It has taken thousands of years for the tree to take root in the soil of Hindoostan; its branches spread all over India; it is a noble, glorious tree. But these men come daily with the gospel axe in their hand; they look at the tree and the tree looks at them. But it is helpless. The gospel axe is applied daily, and although the tree is large and strong, it must give way at last.

"True," replied the missionary; "but many a poor handle gets worn out, and many a one breaks; and it takes a long time until a new one is obtained from Europe, and until that handle is prepared and shaped."

"Ah," he answered, "if that were all, it would be well enough, and the tree would have respite; but what is the real cause? No sooner does a handle find it can no longer swing the axe than it says: 'What am I to do now? I am getting worn out; I can no longer swing the axe; am I to give up cutting? No, indeed!' He walks up to the tree, looks at it, and says, 'But here is a fine branch out of which a handle might be made.'"

"Up goes the axe, down comes the branch; it is soon shaped into a handle; the European handle is taken out, and the native handle put in, and the swinging commences afresh. At last the tree will be cut down by handles made of its own branches."—Saj.

The Great Company, a History of the Hudson's Bay Company. By Beckles Wilson. With original drawings by Arthur Heming. Published by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto. Price, cloth, \$3.00; special edition in Morocco, \$5.00.

"The Great Company" is without doubt the most important Canadian historical work that has appeared for years, and it is particularly gratifying to those who are inclined to deplore the fiction-loving tendency of the age to find that Mr. Willson has so handled his subject that, without omitting anything of historic value, the very interest of the narrative would satisfy the most dissipated taste.

It is impossible in a brief review to give any adequate idea of the vastness of the task which the Hudson's Bay Company accomplished in shaping the destiny of half a continent for over two centuries. And the fact that so inspiring a theme has remained so long untouched in the field of literature is only explained by the unwillingness of the Company's officers to give access to the Archives, whence alone the bulk of the material for such a work could be obtained. Through the courtesy of the present Governor of the Company, Lord Strathcona, this difficulty has been removed, and every facility granted the author to render the narrative complete.

The result is one of the most fascinating histories ever written. The reader is charmed at the very outset by the romantic career of those two intrepid fur-traders, Radisson and Groselliers, who having travelled far and wide through the great North-West, first realized something of the enormous wealth to be obtained from the furry denizens of this vast region, and then being unable to arouse an aggressive spirit in their countrymen at Quebec, conceived the idea of circumventing French authority by using the Hudson's Bay route, and of turning to the English for support. On failing to find patrons in New England, the dauntless pair set out for Paris, but to meet with no better success. While there, however, they were joined by a certain Colonel Carr, who in Boston, had strongly advised them to go to the English king, and now furnished Groselliers with a letter to Prince Rupert. This adventurous spirit, of whom Mr. Willson paints a most attractive picture, entered heartily into the enterprise, and "The Honorable Company of Merchants-Adventurers trading into Hudson's Bay" came into being, an institution which survived nearly all conditions and all regimes, and for two full centuries existed unshorn of its greatness, and endures still, as Mr. Willson says, the one enduring pillar in the New World mansion.

It is noticeable that, from the very outset, the object of the Company was to make its trade permanent. And in order to accomplish this, the Company from the beginning rejected the plan of seeking to exchange "glass beads and gilded kickshaws" for furs, and endeavored to provide the Indians with weapons for killing or ensnaring the game, as well as with knives, hatchets, and kettles, which were indispensable for dressing it and for preparing pemmican. And to such an extent was this policy successful that within a few years the natives had lost the use of the bow and arrow, and when half a century later Fort Nelson was captured by a French military party not equipped with trading supplies, hundreds of the aborigines died from starvation within twenty leagues of the fort.

Perhaps no part of Mr. Willson's book is more intensely interesting than his accounts of the expeditions of Verandrye, Hearne, and Mackenzie, those intrepid explorers, who with little or no encouragement from others, in the face of terrible difficulties and dangers at every turn, and in spite of the faint-heartedness and treachery of their followers, carried all before them by their indomitable courage, and finally, each in a different direction, reached the utmost limits of this vast country. In describing their journeys Mr. Willson has caught the true spirit of the explorer and carries the reader with him, now despairing, now hopeful, until their object is accomplished. In fact the author's style throughout is rapid, easy and flowing, and he handles his subject in a masterly manner.

A word remains to be said about the appearance of the volume. It is a credit to the publishers and to the book-making art in Canada. It is beautifully and substantially bound and printed, and profusely illustrated. Mr. Heming's drawings are the finishing touch, for no other living artist is so well able to depict the North-West, its scenes and its people, as this young Canadian.

It Hangs On

If it was only health, we might let it cling. But it is a cough. One cold no sooner passes off before another comes. But it's the same old cough all the time. And it's the same old story, too. There is first the cold, then the cough, then pneumonia or consumption with the long sickness, and life trembling in the balance.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

loosens the grasp of your cough. The congestion of the throat and lungs is removed; all inflammation is subdued; the parts are put perfectly at rest and the cough drops away. It has no diseased tissues on which to hang.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster

draws out inflammation of the lungs.

Advice Free.

Remember we have a Medical Department. If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The National Baptist Council.

To Canadian Baptists.

BROTHERN.—You will recall the fact that we are to hold our First National Convention in Winnipeg, July 5th to 13th, 1900. This meeting will be of the nature of a Council for the discussion of all the great problems now before us as a denomination. The meeting has been endorsed by all the Conventions of Canada. Delegates have been appointed by the various Conventions, and by many Associations and other organizations and it is earnestly urged that the attention of our people be directed to this matter.

The benefits of such a national gathering are too numerous and patent to need recounting here. The policy of our various Conventions as to Home and Foreign Missions and education will be reviewed and brought into harmony and unity. Widely scattered sections of the church will be brought into vital touch with each other. Those principles for which we stand as a church will receive fresh and striking emphasis and by the gathering itself will be brought into prominence before the whole country. It will broaden the horizon, quicken the zeal, and vastly strengthen and encourage all who shall be present. It will be a fitting milestone in our national and denominational history.

These are great days for Canada. Our population is increasing with unparalleled rapidity. Our material resources are being developed as never before. Other denominations like the Presbyterian and Methodists with a statesmanship worthy of all honor are seeking to grapple with the new needs and conditions. Is the new Canadian civilization to be material or spiritual in its dominant note? We are to furnish our share of the answer to this question and in order so to do we need to come together and take a survey of the whole field.

Winnipeg, July 5th to 13th, 1900. Every regular Baptist church in Canada is entitled to representation at the rate of one

delegate for each two hundred members or fraction thereof. Churches not having members in attendance at the Convention may appoint members of other churches who shall be in attendance to represent them as delegates. Churches are hereby earnestly urged to plan to send their pastors as their representatives. Pastors are requested to bring this matter to the attention of their people. Young People's Societies are asked to co-operate and to see that their portion of the time is well used.

C. A. EATON,
Secretary of Committee.

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Proposed Meetings to be Addressed by Rev. A. J. Vining.

- Friday, Oct. 27.—Isaac's Harbor.
- Sunday, " 29.—11 a.m., Sydney; 7 p.m., North Sydney.
- Monday, " 30.—Canso.
- Tuesday, " 31.—Guysboro.
- Wednesday, Nov. 1.—Truro (Mass Meeting).
- Thursday, " 2.—Great Village.
- Friday, " 3.—Onslow.
- Sunday, " 5.—Halifax.
- Monday, " 6.—Dartmouth.
- Tuesday, " 7.—Palmouth.
- Wednesday, " 8.—Windsor.
- Thursday, " 9.—Hantsport.
- Friday, " 10.—Gaspereaux.
- Sunday, " 12.—Wolfville.
- Monday, " 13.—Canning.
- Tuesday, " 14.—Waterville.
- Wednesday, " 15.—Berwick.
- Thursday, " 16.—Aylesford.
- Friday, " 17.—Tremont.
- Sunday, " 19.—Nictaux, a. m.; Melvern Square, 3 p.m.; Middleton, 7 p.m.
- Monday, " 20.—Laurecetown.
- Tuesday, " 21.—Paradise.
- Wednesday, " 22.—Bridgetown.
- Thursday, " 23.—Annapolis.
- Friday, " 24.—Granville Ferry.
- Sunday, " 26.—Bear River, 11 a.m.; Digby, 7 p.m.
- Monday, " 27.—Ohio.
- Tuesday, " 28.—Port Maitland.
- Wednesday, " 29.—Hebron.
- Thursday, " 30.—Chegoogin.

★ ★ ★

Notices.

The Shelburne Co. Quarterly Meeting will D. V., hold its next session in Shelburne, Nov. 7th and 8th, '99. A good delegation is expected, especially of the Sisters, as the W. M. A. Societies are to the front in this session. All delegates expecting to attend are requested to forward their names to the undersigned.

G. T. McDONALD, Sec. pro tem.

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Forward Movement Fund, Acadia.

Freeman I. Davison, \$20; Rev. Trueman Bishop, \$5; E. D. Ford, \$5; S. I. Baker, \$5; Mrs. G. B. Carter, \$1; Miss Louise Read, \$1; Raymond Bars, 25c; J. Edmund Bars, \$25; Mrs. C. Hatfield, \$4; R. S. Hatfield, \$2; Rev. E. N. Archibald, \$10; Isaac L. Illsley, \$3.33; Lebaron Goddard, \$2.50; Lizzie M. Dixon, \$2.50; H. M. G., \$25. Instead of Mrs. Barrie Bradshaw in last issue read Mrs. Carrie Bradshaw. Will all those who have money in their hands for Forward Movement please forward and oblige.

Yours truly,
WM. E. HALL.

Father Chinquy's New Book

Forty Years in the Church of Christ, will be issued soon.

Sample Prospectus now ready. AGENTS WANTED AT ONCE. Best terms guaranteed. Those wishing to engage in the canvassing without delay should send 50 cents for outfit and full particulars. Address

R A H MORROW,
59 Garden Street,
St. John, N. B.

Cowan's

Royal Navy Chocolate and Hygienic Cocoa

are always the favorites in the homes. The COWAN CO. TORONTO.

MONT. McDONALD

BARRISTER, Etc.

Princess St St. John

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826 BELLS HAVE FURNISHED 25,000 BELL SCHOOL & OTHER PUREST BEST. MENNELLY & CO. GENUINE WEST-TROY, N.Y. BELLS, CHIMES, Etc. CATALOGUE & PRICES FREE.

Excruciating Paines

THE VICTIM A WELL-KNOWN AND POPULAR HOTEL CLERK.

After Other Medicines Failed He was Cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—Every Dose Counted in the Battle Against Pain.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

There is no more popular hotel clerk in Eastern Ontario than Mr. Peter McDonell, of the Grand Union Hotel, Alexandria. At the present time Mr. McDonell is in the enjoyment of perfect health, and a stranger meeting him for the first time could not imagine that a man with the healthy glow and energetic manner of Mr. McDonell could ever have felt a symptom of disease. There is a story, however, in connection with the splendid degree of health attained by him that is worth telling. It is a well known fact that a few years ago he was the victim of the most excruciating pains of rheumatism. Knowing these facts a News reporter called on Mr. McDonell for the purpose of eliciting fuller particulars. Without hesitation he attributed his present sound state of health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. "I am," said he, "33 years of age, but three years ago I did not expect to live this long. At that time I was connected with the Commercial here and as part of my duties was to drive the busses to and from the C. A. R. station, I was exposed to all kinds of weather and subjected to the sudden extremes of heat and cold. Along in the early spring I was suddenly attacked with the most terrible pains in my limbs and body. I sought relief in doctors and then in patent medicines, but all to no purpose; nothing seemed to afford relief. For two months I was a helpless invalid, suffering constantly the most excruciating pains. My hands and feet swelled and I was positive the end was approaching. My heart was effected and indeed I was almost in despair, when fortunately a friend of our family recommended the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began using them in May, 1896, and had taken three boxes before I noticed any change, but from that time every dose counted. The blood seemed to thrill through my veins and by the time I had finished the fifth box every trace of the disease had vanished. Ever since then I have been working hard and frequently long overtime, but have continued in excellent health. Whenever I feel the slightest symptom of the trouble I use the pills for a day or so and soon feel as well as ever. I feel that I owe my health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and never lose an opportunity of recommending them to others suffering as I was.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post-paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A WEAK STOMACH

often stubbornly opposes the retention of certain remedies essential to the treatment of many diseases. Often a cure is retarded and even made impossible by this opposition. Therefore it is imperative, in order to overcome this obstacle, that the remedy must be acceptable to the stomach.

Park's Perfect Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil is a perfectly emulsified product of Pure Cod Liver Oil combined with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda with Guaiacol. The repugnant odor and taste of the oil is entirely disguised and the preparation rendered palatable and acceptable to the most sensitive stomach. It is all the more valuable in such cases for the reason that it corrects the disorders arising from impaired digestion, which has weakened the stomach. It is a splendid general tonic and tones up the system, producing a normal appetite and producing new strength and healthy flesh.

50c. per bottle. All Druggists.

—Manufactured by—
HATTIE & MYLIUS,
HALIFAX, N. S.

A New Era In History

Not only in British history, but also in the history of the world—marks the departure of the ONE THOUSAND Canadian Volunteers to fight for Queen and Empire in far off South Africa. Under any circumstances Canadians would take the deepest interest in the progress of the hostilities; but now that one thousand of our sons and brothers are going to the front, not only to fight the Boers, but also, perhaps, to take an active part in the still fiercer civil war that may unhappily take place between British and Dutch in the South African colonies, the

Awful Horrors of Modern War

will be brought home to the Canadian people in a manner never before known in this age. Consequently they will be more intensely interested than ever in obtaining the earliest, the most realistic, the most reliable and the most complete report of the battles, and keeping posted on the brave work of the Canadian heroes and the general progress of the campaign. Besides the very full reports of the Associated Press we have been fortunate enough to enter into a special arrangement with the Montreal Herald, by which

The Unsurpassed Special Telegrams

of the NEW YORK JOURNAL, one of the world's most famous NEWS papers, will be published simultaneously in the Halifax Herald and the Evening Mail—and the Herald is the only morning paper in Canada in which this special service will appear. With an unequalled telegraphic news service, graphically written by the most brilliant and experienced war correspondents, and with an equipment of type-setting machines and fast presses such as no other paper in eastern Canada possesses, the Herald can be relied on to present to the people of the Maritime Provinces day by day a panoramas of the world's most exciting events.

The Regular Subscription Price

of the Herald is \$5.00 and of the Twice-a-Week Herald \$1.00 a year; but in order to place it within the reach of every household, we will send the Daily Herald from this date until the 1st of January, 1901—375 issues, containing over 26,000 columns of reading for \$4.00 postage paid; a fraction over one cent a copy; or the Twice-a-Week Herald, during the same period, for 75c. THIS OFFER IS STRICTLY FOR PAYMENT IN ADVANCE, and is solely made for the purpose of saving time and expense of book-keeping and collecting. Send for the Herald TODAY. WM. DENNIS, Managing Director. Halifax, October 20, 1899.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD Have it in the House

For common ailments which may occur in every family. She can trust what time indorses. For Internal as much as External use. Dropped on sugar it is pleasant to take for colds, coughs, cramp, colic, cramps and pains.

I have used your Anodyne Liniment in treating our infant (only six months old) for colic, and our little three year old daughter for summer complaint and bowel disease generally, and found it to be excellent. JOHN L. INGALLIA, American, Ga.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Relieves Every Form of Inflammation. Originated in 1810 by an old Family Physician. No remedy has the confidence of the public to a greater extent. Our book on INFLAMMATION free. Price 25 and 50c. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

Parsons' Pills

"Best Liver Pill made." Positively cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, all Liver and Bowel complaints. They expel impurities from the blood. Delicately women find relief from using them. Price 50c. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

GATES' CERTAIN CHECK CURES
 DIARRHOEA
 DYSENTERY
 CHOLERA
 CHOLERA MORBUS
 CRAMPS AND PAINS
 and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
 Children or Adults.
 Sold Everywhere at
 25 CENTS A BOTTLE.
C. GATES, SON & CO.
 MIDDLETON, N. S.

RHEUMATISM CURED

Sufferers from Rheumatism have found great benefit from using
Puttner's Emulsion
 the Cod Liver Oil contained in it being one of the most effectiver emedies in this disease.

Always get
PUTTNER'S it is
 THE BEST.

Didn't Dare Eat Meat.

What dyspeptics ed is not artificial digestants but something that will put their stomach right so it will manufacture its own digestive ferments.

For twenty years now Burdock Blood Bitters has been permanently curing severe cases of dyspepsia and indigestion that other remedies were powerless to reach.

Mr. James G. Keirstead, Collina, Kings Co., N. B., says:

"I suffered with dyspepsia for years and tried everything I heard of, but got no relief until I took Burdock Blood Bitters. I only used three bottles and now I am well, and can eat meat, which I dared not touch before without being in great distress. I always recommend B. B. B. as being the best remedy for all stomach disorders and as a family medicine."



The Home

Wanted, Men!
 Fearless, valiant, true;
 With a heart for any task
 That brave men ought to do;
 With a will that dare not yield
 To a wrong, how'er concealed
Wanted, Men!
 Men who work for love of Right,
 Men of single aim;
 Men who work for love of Right,
 Not for wealth or fame;
 Men who every day will prove,
 Faithful in the cause they love,
Wanted, Men!

Wanted, men! aggressive men;
 Men of push and nerve,
 To 'beard the lion in his den,'
 And drive without reserve
 A giant demon from our land,
 Whose curse is seen on every hand.
Wanted, Men!
Wanted, men! firm, honest men,
 Who'll neither thaw, nor bend;
 Not like the craven Esau tribe,
 But Daniels to the end;
 Men who will not sell their souls
 To clique, or party, at the polls.
Wanted, Men!

Wanted, men! good, gen'rou, men,
 With the open hand,
 With the large o'erflowing heart,
 That gives to Right's demand;
 Men who work and freely give
 To help their fellowmen to live.
Wanted, Men!
Wanted, men! to help the weak;
 To save a run-cursed world
 That in Death's meshes struggles still,
 Where'er our flag's unfurled;
 While thousands starve and thousands weep,
 And breaking hearts their vigils keep.
Wanted, Men!

Wanted, men! clear-headed men;
 Men of speech and brain;
 Men to teach, rebuke, persuade,
 And all this wrong explain,
 Until our Country frees its name
 From liquor's curse, from liquor's shame.
Wanted, Men!
Wanted, men! true Christian men,
 Hand in hand to go,
 With prayer, with power, each day, each hour,
 To fight our common foe.
 Youths are falling, mothers crying,
 Children starving, fathers dying.
Wanted, Men!

W. MUNRO.

Delicious Chowders and Soups Made of Fish.

Fish soups make an agreeable change from the round of broths and bouillon to which most of us have grown so accustomed that we look upon them as necessary evils for which there is no substitute. They are delicious, easily made, and contain a great deal of nourishment. In answer to a correspondent who begs for something new with which to vary the first course of a simple dinner. I offer the following recipes:

To make a good fish chowder, take a haddock weighing three pounds and cut it into small pieces. Put five or six slices of salt pork in the bottom of a pot and fry brown. Then add three sliced onions on which put a layer of fish. Sprinkle with bread crumbs and add a layer of sliced potatoes. Season with salt, pepper, and the juice of a lemon. Pour over sufficient water to rather more than cover and cook slowly. When nearly done add two quarts of milk and scald. Just before dishing pour in a cupful of tomato catsup.

For Bisque of oysters, fifty oysters, one pint of stock, a teaspoonful of onion juice, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, a pint of hot cream or milk, two scant tablespoonfuls of butter and seasoning will be needed. Put the oysters on to boil in their own liquor and boil two minutes; drain, saving the liquor. Chop the white part of the oysters very fine and press through a sieve. Mix it with the oyster liquor, and return to the kettle and add the stock and onion juice, and a bay leaf if desired. Simmer gently for five minutes. Moisten two even tablespoonfuls of corn starch in a little cold water; stir it into the soup and continue to stir until it thickens. Then add the hot cream or milk, the butter and a palatable seasoning of salt and pepper. Be careful not to let the bisque boil after adding the milk or it

will curdle. Bisque of clams may be made in precisely the same way.

To make clam soup without milk, fifty small clams chopped fine, a knuckle of veal, three pints of cold water, a small onion, a tablespoonful of flour an eighth of a pound of butter and the yolk of one egg will be required. Put the clams and veal on to boil with the onion and water and let boil for two hours. Then remove the meat and stir into the boiling mixture the flour rubbed into the butter, and add some chopped parsley and a little cayenne pepper. Cover tightly and let it come to a good boil. Immediately before serving beat up the yoke of an egg and stir it into the soup.

Soup from canned salmon is easily and quickly prepared. Take half a can of salmon, remove all skin and bones and chop it fine. Simmer an onion in one quart of milk for about fifteen minutes. Take out the onion and thicken the milk with one scant tablespoonful of butter and two tablespoonfuls of flour, and season to taste. Add the salmon, boil up and serve.

To make clam chowder: Two quarts of large clams, chopped; two quarts tomatoes (or one quart can), one dozen potatoes, peeled and cut into dice; one large onion sliced thin, eight pilot biscuits, one-half pound fat salt pork, minced; twelve whole allspice and same of cloves; as much cayenne pepper as you can take upon the point of a knife; salt to taste and two quarts of cold water will be required. Fry chopped pork crisp in a pot; take the bits out with a skimmer and fry minced onion until colored; now put with fat and onions the tomatoes and potatoes, the spices tied up in a bag, the water and the pepper; cook steadily four hours; at the end of three and one-half hours add clams and pilot bread, this last should be broken up and soaked in warm milk; some cooks consider that the chowder is improved by stirring in, five minutes before serving, a teaspoonful of butter cut up in browned flour. It is delicious with or without this final touch.

Some persons who like the flavor of the oyster, but do not care for the oyster itself will enjoy this soup. Wash a quart of oysters and look them over carefully. Put them over a fire in a pint of water. Skim off the scum, which will rise during the first five minutes. Cook for twenty minutes, then pour through a sieve, rubbing the oysters to a pulp. Scald a quart of rich milk with a slice of onion, a stalk of celery, and a sprig of parsley. This may be cooking while the oysters are boiling. Strain and add to the oyster liquor. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter and stir into this three tablespoonfuls of flour. Cook a few moments, then slowly add to it the milk, oysters, etc. Add two teaspoonfuls of salt, a little pepper and paprika. Simmer a few moments, then serve with squares of toasted bread, and salted wafers.

A Lady Misled By a Dealer Who Loved Long Profits.

A lady residing in a flourishing Ontario town recently wrote as follows: "Having some faded cotton goods to dye, I went to one of our stores and asked for two packages of Diamond Dye Cardinal for Cotton. The storekeeper informed me that he was out of that brand of dyes, and recommended strongly another make of package dyes. I unfortunately bought the recommended dyes and carried them home. I used them as directed on the package, but the work was not fit to look at, the color being of a bricky red instead of cardinal. I was obliged to wash the goods so as to get rid of the awful color, and afterward re-dye with Diamond Dyes which I procured at another store. I have used Diamond Dyes without a single failure for many years, and will never again accept a substitute from any merchant. The Diamond Dyes are true to promise every time."

DEAR SIRS,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years. I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured. It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine. ROBERT ROSS. Two Rivers.



Raised on it

NESTLE'S FOOD is a complete and entire diet for Babies and closely resembles Mother's Milk. Over all the world Nestle's Food has been recognized for more than thirty years as possessing great value. Your physician will confirm the statement. NESTLE'S FOOD is safe. It requires only the addition of water to prepare it for use. The great danger attendant on the use of cow's milk is thus avoided.

Consult your doctor about Nestle's Food and send to us for a large sample can and book, "The Baby," both of which will be sent free on application. Also ask for "Baby Birthday Jewel Book."

LEEMING, MILLS & CO., 53 St. Sulpice St., Montreal

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you are seized with an attack of Cramps or doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy you are sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too. You don't want an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which every one knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhoea, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

The Ravages of Consumption.

The White Plague on the Increase.

A Cure Now Within the Reach of Every Sufferer.

The remarkable increase of deaths from Consumption (tuberculosis) within the last few years is now attracting the attention and earnest consideration and study of the leading medical authorities of Europe and America. And the most strenuous efforts are being made to check its further development. Many eminent men suppose that Consumption cannot be cured, but not so with the great scientist and chemist, Dr. T. A. Slocum, who asserts that this terrible malady has never been thoroughly studied in its various bearings, and says that consumptives are constantly being sent to sanatoriums with the hope of prolonging life for a short time, rather than for the purpose of effecting a cure. Dr. Slocum has made consumption a life-long study, and he claims that not only can life be prolonged, but a complete cure can be effected, even in the last stages. The Slocum Cure is not an experimental remedy; but it is the result of laborious study and practice, each ingredient in its composition having been selected for a special and powerful bearing upon the cause of this dread disease. If his remedies (The Slocum Cure) are persisted in for a reasonable time, a perfect and a permanent cure can be effected. If the reader is a consumptive or has lung or throat trouble, general debility or wasting away, do not despair, but send your name, postoffice and nearest express office to the T. A. Slocum Chemical Co. Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, when three large sample bottles (The Slocum Cure) will be sent you free. Don't delay until it's too late, but send at once for these free samples, and be convinced of the efficacy of this great remedy. When writing for the samples, say you saw this free offer in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

Fourth Quarter.

NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER.

Lesson VI. November 5. Neh. I: 1-11.

Read Chapter 2. Commit Verses 8-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant this day, Neh. I: 11.

EXPLANATORY.

I. NEHEMIAH AND HIS BOOK.—Nehemiah ("compassion of Jehovah") was the son of Hachaliah, and probably was of the tribe of Judah. He was "cupbearer" to King Artaxerxes at Susa, the capital. The title "cupbearer" is misleading to us. It really implied that Nehemiah was a councillor, statesman, courtier, and favorite. But it was not a political office. He was a man of great ability, wealth and influence. Herodotus (III., 34) speaks of the office at the court of Cambyses, King of Persia, as "an honor of no small account." "The cupbearers had a special privilege of admission to the august presence of their sovereign in his most private seclusion. The king's life was in their hands; and the wealthy enemies of a despotic sovereign would be ready enough to bribe them to poison the king, if only they proved to be corruptible. The requirement that they should first pour some wine into their own hands, and drink the sample before the king, is an indication that fear of treachery haunted the mind of an Oriental monarch, as it does the mind of a Russian czar today. Even with this rough safeguard it was necessary to select men who could be relied upon.

II. BAD NEWS FROM JERUSALEM.—Vs. 1-3. IN THE MONTH CHISLEU the ninth month, November-December, varying according to the moon. IN THE TWENTIETH YEAR of Artaxerxes. At what time of the year the count begins we do not know, but the twentieth year includes autumn and spring (chap. 2: 1). SHUSHAN. (See "Place.") THE PALACE, or castle. The stronghold and the royal residence, which made Shushan the capital.

2. HANANI, ONE OF MY BROTHERS. His own brother (Neh. 7: 2). Others take the word in the wider signification of relatives. CAME FROM JERUSALEM. AND I ASKED THEM CONCERNING THE JEWS. "Josephus tells us (Ant. II: 6) that as Nehemiah was walking one day outside the walls of Susa, some strangers, making for the city, travel-worn as if by a long journey, were overheard by him discoursing in his own language,—the Hebrew. Nothing touches the heart in a strange land more than one's mother-tongue. He went up to them, therefore, and introducing himself, found that they were from Judah; and one was his own brother. To inquire respecting Jerusalem and its people naturally followed."

3. THE REMNANT (the escaped Jews) THAT ARE LEFT OF THE CAPTIVITY, i. e., "the Jews in the land of Judea as distinguished from those in Babylon and dispersed in other countries. They are described as refugees, or as the children of refugees, who had survived the captivity (cf. Ezra 3: 8; 8: 35; Neh. 8: 17)" ARE IN GREAT AFFLICTION AND REPROACH. "The 'affliction' denotes 'the evil plight' within the walls; the 'reproach,' the scornful attitude of enemies without (cf. Psa. 79: 4-9)." "They replied that they were in a bad state, for that their walls were thrown down to the ground, and that the neighboring nations did a great deal of mischief to the Jews, while in the daytime they overran the country and pillaged it, and in the night did them mischief, inasmuch that not a few were led away captive out of the country, and out of Jerusalem itself, and that the roads were in the daytime found full of dead men." THE WALL OF JERUSALEM ALSO IS BROKEN DOWN. The walls had, doubtless, been partially rebuilt after their destruction by Nebuchadnezzar in 586, one hundred and forty years before this time.

III. NEHEMIAH'S PRAYER FOR HELP.—Vs. 4-11.

First. "The prayer grew out of a deep feeling of need and intense earnestness."

4. WREPT AND MOURNED. Over the evils afflicting his country and his religion, and over the sins which had brought it upon them. CERTAIN DAYS "About four months elapsed between his hearing the news and his interview with the king (Neh. 1: 1; 2: 1). Whether this delay was due to a struggle in Nehemiah's mind, or to lack of opportunity, no one can tell." AND FASTED. A natural expression of deep grief; vain hypocrisy when a mere form, but when the expression of deep grief, humiliation and repentance it becomes an aid to devotion, and a part of the heart's prayer. AND PRAYED. As the mourning, so the praying lasted four

months. This proved his earnestness and his faith.

Second. "There was a plea in the very titles applied to God."

5. O LORD. Jehovah, the self-existing God, the God especially revealed to the Jews. But Jehovah was the GOD OF HEAVEN, the invisible, spiritual God who dwelt in heaven, as distinguished from the visible idle gods which were on earth. THE GREAT AND TERRIBLE GOD. So great as to inspire reverential awe in every worshiper, and unspcakable fear in his enemies. Only so great a God can answer our prayers, for he only controls all the forces and powers which can work out our desires or ward off enemies. THAT KEEPETH COVENANTS AND MERCY. That hath made covenants of mercy and love, and never fails in keeping them. What he has once promised may be relied on forever. FOR THEM THAT LOVE HIM AND OBSERVE HIS COMMANDMENTS. With whom the covenant was made, who fulfil the conditions on which alone the blessings can be given. To reward disobedience and forgetfulness of God is to put a premium on sin and to increase the evil and sorrow of the world.

Third. "Confession of sin."

6. CONFESS THE SINS OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL. He recognizes that the cause of their troubles lay in their sins. BOTH I AND MY FATHER'S HOUSE HAVE SINNED. He had sinned with them in three ways. (1) He had some of the same spirit which led them to outbreaking sins. Good as he was, he was not wholly free from all wrong motive or feeling. (2) Every sin of every kind in his heart was related to the great sins of the people, and partook of the nature of disobedience to God. (3) He may not have done all he could to prevent the sins of the people. Thus are we partakers of the sins of our country. No man stands alone.

7. WE HAVE DEALT . . . CORRUPTLY. Some of these sins are mentioned in Neh. 5: 1-7, 10, 11; 13: 15; Ezra 9: 1; 2 Chron. 36: 14-17. COMMANDMENTS. . . . STATUTES. . . . JUDGMENTS: i. e., the divine law from every point of view,—what God has "commanded," the laws he has enacted and recorded on the statute book, his wise judgments or decisions as to right and wrong.

8. IF YE TRANSGRESS, etc. This is not a quotation, but a reference to the general sense of various passages, as, for instance, Lev. 26: 27-30; Deut. 28: 45-52; 62-67. The fact that God had fulfilled his word of threatening was a proof that he would fulfil his word of promise. So that their very condition of suffering was an argument believing God would help them.

9. BUT IF YE TURN UNTO ME If you will so act as to make it possible and wise to bless. WILL I GATHER THEM FROM THENCE (Lev. 26: 40-45; Deut. 30: 1-10). This had already been fulfilled to as many as were willing to accept the privilege, but the blessing would be in vain unless the land was preserved for the people.

10. THY PEOPLE, WHOM THOU HAST REDEEMED BY THY GREAT POWER. Such as the deliverance from Egypt, victories by Joshua, by Samson, by Deborah, the overthrow of the Assyrian army of Sennacherib, and every triumph God gave them during their whole history.

That God had blessed them before was an assurance that he would again, if they turned to him now as they did then: for he is the same God, keeping the same covenant and changing not. Thus David was assured that God would give him the victory over Goliath of Gath, because he had given him the victory over the lion and the bear. So all our past mercies from God are arguments for our trust in him in present trials.

Sixth. "The prayer was specific, having a definite object." There was nothing vague in his petition. II. PROSPER, I PRAY THEE, THY SERVANT THIS DAY. He proposed to make an effort himself, and he wanted God's blessing upon it. This petition expresses the substance of his prayers for four months, and the culmination on the day he planned to ask the favor from the king. He may have planned to ask it many times, but at last the time came.

A Major-General Who Did His Own Washing.

Gen Charles King contributes to The Youth's Companion his "Recollections of General Crook," with whom he went through many an Indian campaign in the seventies. He says of him:

"He rarely read anything but nature's books, although he had a mathematical gift, and not only school well in scientific studies at the Point, as did Grant, but he helped along his unmathematical roommate, Sheridan. Writing was something Crook abhorred. He could hardly decipher

one of his own pages, and his letters and despatches, like those old "Rough and Ready," Gen. Zachary Taylor, were generally penned by some brilliant staff officer.

"Children he loved and treated with a shy tenderness that was sweet to see, but he had none of his own. His wife was a Maryland girl who won his heart during the war days, while her brother and other enrapturing "rebs" made way with his body, capturing him by a daring night raid into Cumberland.

"Like Grant, he was simplicity itself in speech, rarely lifting up his voice, and only once did I ever hear him speak an impatient word or one that faintly resembled an expletive, but that was in the thick of the Sioux campaign of 1876, and when he had much to try him.

"We had to eat our horses that year to keep alive. We had no tents, and hardly a change of underwear could be found in the whole column. We were wet, bedraggled and dirty when we reached the Yellowstone, but the general was as badly off as the humblest trooper, and minded it less. There we met the spruce command of General Terry, and Terry himself, in handsome uniform, the picture of a gentleman and soldier, came over to our bivouac to call on Crook. I was drying my buckskins a fire as he approached, and stepped forward to salute him.

"Where shall I find General Crook?" said he.

"For a moment I could not answer. Then an old trooper grinned and nodded toward the river, and there, squatted on a rock, well out in the stream, stripped to waist and scrubbing away at his shirt, was our general, and Terry was too much of a gentleman even to look amused at the sight.

"The Indians called him the 'Gray Fox.' The soldiers had their pet names, but we, his officers, who followed him all over the West, from the Mexican border to the upper Yellowstone, spoke of him always as 'the general,' our general. That meant, of course, Crook, the simplest soldier I ever knew. In all the years it was my fortune to serve under him in Arizona, Wyoming, Dakota, Montana, or at his headquarters in Omaha or Chicago, I never saw him in the uniform of his rank until he lay dead in his coffin, his guard of honor grouped about him."

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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. Osborn, Treasurer, Wolfville, N. B. Envelopes for gathering these funds can be obtained free on application to Geo. A. McDonald, Baptist Book Room, Halifax.

ST. FRANCIS.—The work here is progressing slowly. Two worthy members have of late been received into the St. Francis Baptist church and we are expecting others soon. Pray for us.

CHAS. HENDERSON.
Compos, N. B., Oct. 13th.

NEW GERMANY.—The Lord still continues to bless our labors. Last Sabbath at Foster Settlement I had the privilege of baptizing three happy believers. We are earnestly praying for others who seem to be halting. Work on our new parsonage is progressing favorably under the direction of Bro. A. Lohnas. We expect to complete the outside this autumn, and the inside next summer. This will make a beautiful property for the church. H. B. SMITH.
October 19th.

BROOKFIELD, COLCHESTER CO. N. S.—Saturday, Oct. 14th, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of our marriage, a number of our friends having in some way discovered the fact, surprised us by coming in the evening to tender their congratulations. After spending an enjoyable social time, and partaking of an excellent lunch provided by the ladies, they presented us with a purse containing twenty-five dollars, nearly all in silver. This is but one of many proofs of the sympathy and kindness of this people, for which we are deeply grateful. That the Lord may abundantly bless them, is the earnest desire and constant prayer of the pastor and his wife.
J. J. ARMSTRONG.

2ND HILLSBORO CHURCH.—It was our privilege on the 1st Sunday in the month to visit the baptismal waters and bury in the likeness of Christ one more happy believer. Others in the community we believe are seriously impressed in regard to their souls' salvation and we hope will soon see their way clear to follow the Saviour. We have, however, to regret the apparent coldness of many of the older members of the church. Our Sabbath services are well attended and our prayer and social meetings fairly interesting. Still we need more spiritual power. Pray for us that God may yet more abundantly bless us.
S. W. KEIRSTEAD.
Dawson Settlement, Oct. 16.

SMITH TOWN.—A very pleasant surprise party consisting of the members and friends of the Baptist church met at the residence of William B. Smith of Meadow View on Monday, Oct. 16th. After spending a very pleasant evening in music and singing a sumptuous supper was spread, then all repaired to the drawing room where the Rev. J. D. Wetmore in behalf of the members of the church, presented Miss Willa B. Smith with a very handsome album in token of their friendship and appreciation of her services as organist. After singing "Blest be the tie that binds" the company dispersed.

ONE PRESENT.

BERWICK, N. S.—The new parsonage in Berwick completed some weeks ago, and occupied by the pastor and his family, was formally dedicated on Thursday evening of last week. Upwards of two hundred persons were present, filling the house to its utmost capacity. Deacon Charles Sanford presided. An excellent programme of music, instrumental and vocal was rendered. Miss Titus of Kentville sang two solos which were greatly enjoyed. Brief addresses were made by W. J. Burgess, Esq., of Woodville, Mr. L. D. Robinson, principal of Berwick High school, Rev. J. W. Prestwood, of the Methodist church, and Pastor Simpson. The new parsonage is centrally located. It occupies one of the most charming sites in the village. It is beautiful for situation. The building is 30x22½ with an ell 16x16 in the rear. It is two stories in height and is thoroughly finished throughout. It is warmed by an excellent furnace and is quite up-to-date in its appointments. The cost with site is about \$2,200. Great credit is due the contractor, John G. Clark, Esq., of this village, for the thorough and entirely satisfactory manner in which the work has been done.

HOPEWELL.—In connection with the annual roll-call of the Hopewell church, on Sunday the 15th inst, there was an induction service held to welcome Rev. F. D. Davidson to the pastorate. The weather throughout the entire day was fine, and the congregations large. All the services were held in the church at Albert. In the morning Rev. J. W. Manning of St. John preached, being assisted in the services by pastor Addison of Alma and the pastor of the Hopewell church. The roll-call took place in the afternoon at 2.30 o'clock. The roll was called by the clerk of the church, Bro. Wm. A. West. The house was filled to overflowing by a deeply interested congregation, at the close of which the Lord's Supper was administered. The service of induction took place in the evening. Deacon Peck gave the right hand of fellowship to the pastor and his family who were received by letter from the Elgin church. Pastor Bishop of Harvey was present to welcome the pastor elect to the work of the denomination. Resident Clergymen Comben (Methodist) and Boyd (Presbyterian) extended a cordial welcome in behalf of their respective churches, to all of which Pastor Davidson happily responded. The preacher of the morning was also the preacher of the evening, Deacon Tingley presided. The music by the choir added greatly to the charm of the services. All the offerings for the day were given to Foreign Missions, as might well be. Pastor Davidson enters upon the responsible duties of his office among a large-hearted and devoted people, with high hopes and earnest purpose to be useful. He certainly has a fine field for the exercise of all the talents that are his. He has had a happy introduction. The future is before him with all its unlimited possibilities.

ONE PRESENT.

The customary Union Thanksgiving service of the Baptist churches of St. John, was held in the Germain St. church on Thursday morning. The attendance was perhaps as large as it usually is on such occasions, which, however, is far below what might be expected from a people so richly blessed. An excellent and inspiring sermon suitable to the occasion, was preached by Rev. Ira Smith of the Leinster St. church. Revs. J. H. Hughes, D. Long, H. T. DeWolf and M. C. Higgins were present and participated in the service. Regret was felt at the absence of Dr. Gates, pastor of Germain St. Church, who had been called away from the city by a previous engagement.

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New Brunswick Convention Receipts.

First Springfield church, H M, \$3 25
Hampton Village church, H M, \$1 75
plate collections at Convention, H M, \$30
Macdonald's Corner church, H M, \$2
Mill Cove church, H M, \$1 20
First Johnston church, H M, \$3 81
J W Travis, H M, \$5
Mrs J W Travis, H M, \$5
C D Dykeman, H M, \$5
J H Wilson, H M, \$5
Mrs J H Wilson, H M, \$1
Rev A B Macdonald, H M, \$1
Mrs A B Macdonald, H M, \$1
D A Branscomb, H M, \$1
E F Macdonald, H M, \$1
H E Macdonald, H M, \$1
S E Frost, H M, \$1
W W Freeze, H M, \$1
Mrs A Atkinson, H M, \$1
Mrs A P Belyea, H M, \$1
Mrs W H White, H M, \$1
H B Bridges, H M, \$1
L E Wright, H M, \$1
G R Slipp, H M, \$1
Mrs E A Branscomb, H M, \$1
Mrs A Wasson, H M, \$1
Charles Titus, H M, \$1
A Friend, H M, \$1
C F Colwell, H M, \$1
Mrs W J Bridges, H M, \$1
Mrs A B Fowler, \$1
Mrs S Gillchrist, H M, 50c
Miss Maggie Gillchrist, H M, 50c
Miss A E Black, H M, \$1
W B M U collection at Convention, F M, \$4, G L M, \$4, Northwest, \$4
collection at Convention for Acadia College, \$10
Benton church, H M, \$2 50
Rev E C Corey and wife, H M, \$5
Lawyer Bailey, H M, \$2
Norton church, H M, \$12 27
First Grand Lake church, H M, \$5
Second Grand Lake church, H M, \$29 96
First Hillsboro church, H M, \$14
Second Chipman church, H M, \$3
Gideon Bray, H M, \$1
Susan Reid, H M, \$1
Dr Peck, H M, \$1
Henry Burnett, H M, \$1
W A McLean, H M, \$2
Beaver Harbor church, H M, \$4
First Springfield church, by Mrs S Bates, H M, \$2 50, Northwest, \$2 50, F M, \$1
Steeves Mountain section of First Salisbury church, F M, \$4, H M, \$4
Sackville church, H M, \$10
Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska Quarterly Meeting, H M, \$5 50, F M, \$5 50. Total \$225 74
J. S. TRITUS, Treas.

St. Martins, N. B., Oct. 17th.

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New Brunswick Provincial Sunday School Association.

The 16th annual meeting of this Association was held in St. Stephen, Oct 17 to 19. The meetings were of special interest. More stress than usual was given to spirit-

ual equipments of teachers and officers and to the consideration of the aim of Sunday School work—the salvation of the scholars. The statistics of the Sunday Schools of the Province show that additions to the churches from the Sunday Schools are far below what ought to be expected. Mr. Sanford, Secretary of the N. S. Association, and Mr. Alfred Day, of Ontario, were present and added much to the interest of the sessions. Under this Association the Province has been adopting the most advanced methods of Sunday School work, and now with these improved plans let us hope with increased attendance and prayer given to the soul saving efforts of the scholars that during the coming year there may be great gains in this department. Rev. W. C. Goucher has been made President of the Association for the current year, and we feel assured the Association will find in him a most efficient officer.

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S. S. Convention.

The Lunenburg Co. Baptist Sunday School Convention met with the school at Chester Basin, Oct. 11th. The meeting opened at 10.30 a. m. by singing and prayer, the president W. R. Bars, Esq., presiding. The following officers were elected for the coming year: president, W. R. Bars, New Germany; 1st vice-president, Cotman Smith, Chester; 2nd vice-president, George Parker, Lunenburg; secretary, E. P. Churchill, Bridgewater.

The reports from the various schools were read by the secretary showing by statistics that there are twenty-four Baptist schools in the county with an aggregate membership of fifteen hundred and thirty-three (1533) pupils. There are also several Union Schools of which Baptists form a part. Four normal classes have been established, viz., at Chester, Chester Basin, Marriot's Cove and Bridgewater conducted by the pastors. There have been forty-one baptisms from the schools during the year.

The afternoon and evening sessions were devoted to discussions upon live topics "The value and importance of Normal work in the Sunday School" was introduced by Rev. W. H. Jenkins; "The Relation of the church to the Sunday School" was first spoken to by Cotman Smith, Esq.; "How to reach the lapsed pupils" was taken up by the Rev. E. N. Archibald and others; Temperance in the Sunday School was introduced by Rev. E. P. Churchill; "How to make a Sunday School interesting and inviting" was first told us by Rev. W. B. Bezanson. The discussion which followed these addresses was very interesting and many times did the president have to use his veto in stopping the debate, the interest got so high.

A question box conducted by Messrs. W. R. Bars, H. B. Smith and Charles Smith concluded the programme for the day. Altogether the occasion was one of great interest and the crowds which passed into the church together with the enthusiasm with which they voted their thanks for the loyal hospitality shown by the people was a sufficient Amen to remarks of one individual who said, "It is the best convention we have ever held."

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The National Council of Women yesterday elected officers for the year as follows: Advisory president, Countess of Aberdeen; president, Lady Taylor; vice-presidents, Lady Laurier and Lady Thompson; provincial vice-presidents—Nova Scotia, Mrs. F. W. Borden; New Brunswick, Lady Tilley; Prince Edward Island, Lady Davies; treasurer, Mrs. John Hoodless of Hamilton; recording secretary, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, of Toronto; corresponding secretary, Miss Teresa Wilson of Ottawa.

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Have you ever stopped to think why yachtsmen wear blue serge cloth? The reason is there is no tougher or dressier fabric than blue serge of good quality. A blue serge suit is easily cleaned, and when properly tailored retains its shape longer and looks better than any other suit; but its wearing qualities depend largely upon the way it is tailored. Even some good merchant tailors have not yet mastered the art of serge tailoring. You get pretty near perfection in our serge garments, and a satisfactory and safe insurance.

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MARRIAGES.

BEASWANGER-MYERS.—At Port Hillford, Guys Co., N. S., October 7th, by Pastor R. B. Kinley, Theodore Beaswanger of Fisherman's Harbor, to Melinda Myers of the same place.

RILEY-McDONALD.—At Port Hillford, on October 15th by Pastor R. B. Kinley, William Riley of Port Hillford, to Laura J. McDonald of Pleasant Valley.

CROFT-HEBB.—On Oct. 14, at the Baptist parsonage, Bridgewater, by the Rev. E. P. Churchill, Clarence Croft of Wileville to Bertha Hebb of Hebb's Mills.

STADIG-JONES.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mouth of St. Francis, Oct. 11th, by Rev Chas. Henderson, Nelson Lawrence Stadig of New Sweden, Maine, to Carrie A. Jones of St. Francis, Madawaska County, N. B.

JONES-YEO.—At Charlottetown, P. E. I., August 16th, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. J. C. Spurr, B. A., A. Edwin I. Jones of Fownal, to Mabel Alice Yeo.

YOUNG-WHITE.—At Marysville, October 18th, by Rev. H. B. Sloat, B. A., Wilfred Young to Georgie White, both of Marysville.

SABEAN-NEVES.—At Port Lorne, Oct. 17th, by Rev. E. P. Coldwell, Uriah Seabeau of Port Lorne, to Alvaretta Neves of the same place.

WHITNEY-FORSYTHE.—At Billtown, N. S., Oct. 18th, by Pastor M. P. Freeman, Sylvanus Victor Whitney to Edith Alena, daughter of Mr. Harding Forsythe.

SPRINGER-PURDY.—At the Baptist parsonage, Fairville, on the 19th inst., by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Needham Springer, of St. John, to Isabel Purdy, of Jemseg, Queens Co., N. B.

SMITH-O'HARA.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Isaacs Harbor, N. S., Oct. 18th, by Rev. G. A. Lawson, Arthur Smith, of Smithfield, Guysboro Co., to Effie O'Hara, eldest daughter of Captain John O'Hara.

STEEVES-TURNER.—At the parsonage, Dawson Settlement, N. B., Oct. 12th, by Rev. S. W. Kierstead, John W. Steeves, to Mrs. Ruth A. Turner, both of the parish of Hillsboro, Albert Co.

ROBERTS-MULLEN.—At the parsonage, Port Maitland, N. S., Oct. 3rd, by Pastor E. A. Allaby, Wentworth Roberts, of Kemptville, N. S., to Ella May Mullen, of Hectanooga, N. S.

PORTER-PORTER.—At the home of the bride's father, Titus Porter, Esq., Port Maitland, Oct. 19, by Pastor E. A. Allaby, Samuel A. Porter, of Wolfville, to Georgie M. Porter, of Port Maitland, N. S.

EARLEY-FANCEY.—At Kempt, Queens Co., Oct. 18, by the Rev. T. A. Blackadar, Mr. Wallace Earley of Northfield, Annapolis Co., and Miss Addie Fancy of North Brookfield, Queens Co., N. S.

DICKINSON-DOW.—Oak Bay, Charlotte Co., Oct. 18th, at parsonage, by Rev. H. D. Worden, Gordon Dickinson, of the Parish of Canterbury, to Lillie Dow of same parish, York Co.

COLDWELL-McBRIDE.—At the home of the bride, Harborville, Kings Co., N. S., by Rev. D. H. Simpson, B. D., on Tuesday, August 29th, Mr. William Coldwell of Berwick, and Miss Hattie McBride of Harborville.

FULLER-REID.—At the home of the bride's parents, Welsford, Kings Co., N. S., on the 23rd of September, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, B. D., Mr. Harvey R. Fuller, of Cambridge, Mass., and Miss Lalia B. Reid of Welsford.

LEE-LYONS.—At South Berwick, Oct. 17th, by Rev. D. H. Simpson, Mr. Brenton H. Lee and Miss Hattie Lyons, both of South Berwick, Kings Co.

THIBETS-O'NEILL.—At the Baptist parsonage, Digby, Oct. 14, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, David V. Thibets to Eva Blanche O'Neill, both of Plympton, Digby Co., N. S.

STARK-THIBETS.—At the Baptist parsonage, Digby, Oct. 15th, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Haylet A. Stark, of Bay View,

and Rebecca Thibets, of Mount Pleasant-Digby Co.

WASSON-MASON.—At Winter Street, St. John, on the 10th inst. by Rev. J. Coombs, Thomas O. Wasson, of Queens Co., to Matilda Mason of St. John Co., N. B.

DEATHS.

RYAN.—At East Jordan, October 10th, Albert Ryan, aged 21 years. He requested his friends not to mourn as he was happy in Jesus.

BISHOP.—Died suddenly at Canaan, Sept. 26th, of heart failure, Freeman Bishop, aged 60 years. He leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters to mourn their loss.

DARRIS.—At North West, Lunenburg County, N. S., October 11th, Catharine Darris, aged 78 years. She was a consistent member of the Baptist Church here and died trusting in the finished work of Christ. Five children cherish the memory of a loving mother.

BIGELOW.—On Sept. 23rd, at South Alton, Kings Co. N. S., after a brief illness, Mrs. Mary Elison Bigelow passed peacefully to rest, aged 88 years. A family of five sons and three daughters are left to mourn the loss of a loving and much loved mother.

YOUNG.—At Mahone, September 18th, Mrs. John Young, in the 63rd year of her age. She was converted under Father Dimock and remained a faithful Christian through life. Thus the sudden call to the "better land" found her prepared. A sorrowing husband and four children cherish the memory of a Christian mother who was instrumental in leading them to Christ.

AUCKER.—At Oakland, Lunenburg Co., October 3rd, Mrs. Benjamin Aucker, in the 79th year of her age. Sister Aucker suffered much from cancer but bore it all with calm Christian fortitude. She was one of the oldest members of the Mahone Baptist Church and leaves a loving husband, three children and many friends to mourn their loss.

THOMPSON.—At Poplar Grove, P. E. I., October 13th Jane, wife of Ralph Thompson, in her 74th year. Our departed sister has for many years been a member of the Tyne Valley Church. For the past year and nine months she has suffered greatly, but Friday last her pains ended, and trusting in Jesus she passed to her reward. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

BANKS.—At Virginia, Annapolis County, N. S., October 11, after a lingering illness borne with Christian patience, deacon Ezekiel Banks, aged 68 years. He leaves a widow, one sister and four brothers to mourn their loss. Bro. Banks "walked with God," but now he has escaped from the family on earth to the family in heaven, to await the glorious manifestation of the sons of God, when the ransomed of the Lord shall return unto Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads.

MARTIN.—At Eldon, P. E. I., Sept. 10th, Angus Martin, after a lingering illness, fell asleep in Jesus. Brother Martin was converted and united with the Belfast Baptist Church under the ministry of Rev. A. F. Kidson. He lived a consistent Christian life and was wonderfully supported by the presence of the Saviour in severe trial during his last sufferings and in death. He will be greatly missed in the home and community and church, but our loss is his gain. The funeral service was conducted by his pastor, Rev. J. C. Spurr assisted by Rev. McLean Sinclair.

SEARS.—At Ganley Bridge, West Virginia, September 3rd, Edward S. Sears of Cleveland, Ohio, aged 31 years. Edward Sears was the son of the Rev. G. N. Sears who was pastor in New York state for many years. In 1886 he was baptized and united with the Shelby Baptist Church of that state. He attended Rochester University, afterward moved to Cleveland where he entered business as a lumber merchant. In 1897 he was married to Isabella Lyons Bill, at the home of her brother, Rev. I. E. Bill, Jr., pastor of the First Baptist

Furniture.

The newest designs are always to be found in the large stock of Household Furniture maintained in our warehouse.

We make it a point to sell only such goods as are strongly and thoroughly made and that will give the greatest satisfaction, and also at prices which will be found to give the best value possible.

In Bedroom Suits of three pieces, Dining Tables and Sideboards at a low price we are showing exceptionally good values, and it will pay to write for our photos of these goods.

Write us for anything desired in Furniture and we will furnish photographs and prices.

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A good horse deserves good treatment. The handsomest poise of the head is that of pride. Instil pride in both your horse and yourself at the same time by selecting a new set of our handsome Driving Harness, a nice Blanket, or a nice Fur Robe. Our establishment for HORSE FURNISHING GOODS is the largest in the Maritime Provinces. Orders by mail promptly attended to.

H. HORTON & SON, 11 Market Square, St. John, N. B.

Church in Oberlin, Ohio. His wife who survives him is the daughter of Rev. I. E. Bill, who labored many years in the provinces and who now resides in Toronto, Ont.

BANKS.—At Clarence, N. S., on the 8th inst., Mrs. Deborah Banks, in the 86th year of her age. Mrs. Banks during a long life had been unusually exempted from sickness and seemed to be in splendid health up to the very hour of her death. She had been a widow twelve years and during that time had made her home with her daughter, Mrs. William Beals of Clarence. Our sister had been a faithful member of the Paradise and Clarence church 45 years having been converted under the ministry of Rev. N. Vidito. She was a faithful mother and kind friend to all. Two daughters, Mrs. William Beals and Mrs. Elizabeth Fritz, with a host of relatives and friends mourn their loss.

PEERS.—At Springhill, N. S., August 21st, at the residence of her son-in-law, A. G. Purdy, Ruth, daughter of the late Francis Layton of Great Village, and beloved wife of Robert Peers. She was born at Great Village in December 1813, thus dying in the 86th year of her age. She was one of a family of thirteen children. Deacon James M. Layton of Amherst is the only survivor. Her husband, Robert Peers, formerly of Wallace Bay, who had been prostrated on a bed of sickness for over eighteen months, also died at the same place on the 20th Sept. in the 81st year of his age. Thus after a happy married life of over 59 years, the most of which was spent in fellowship with God's people, and highly respected by all who knew them, these aged loved ones were

called away from earthly scenes, and a large circle of relatives and friends to be forever with the Lord. For many years of the last part of their lives they were lovingly and faithfully cared for at the home of A. G. Purdy, Esq., Mrs. Purdy being their only daughter. Three sons survive them, Deacon P. R. Peers of Wallace Bay, James B. and W. Hobles of Arizona. Relatives from Truro, New Glasgow, Great Village, Parraboro and Wallace and many friends in town attended the funeral services, which were conducted by Rev. J. M. Bancroft.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

FALL EXCURSIONS

FROM SAINT JOHN, N. B.

\$10.50 To Boston, Mass., and Return.

\$8.50 To Portland, Me., and Return.

Tickets on sale from September 18 to September 30, 1899. Good to return thirty days after date of issue.

A. J. HEATH, District Passenger Agt. St. John, N. B.



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Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

"The firm of Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., of Dorchester, Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand."

—Dominion Medical Monthly.

A copy of Miss Parloa's "Choice Receipts" will be mailed free upon application.

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1790.

Branch House, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

It is not always easy to find a telling story for the close of the collection speech. A well-known Indian, John Sunday, belonging to the Ojibway tribe, was distinguished for the ability to cast his thoughts into a striking form, and on one occasion closed his speech by saying: "There is a gentleman who I suppose is now in the house. He is a very fine gentleman, but a very modest one. He does not like to show himself at these meetings. I don't know how long it is since I have seen him, he comes out so little. I am very much afraid that he sleeps a great deal of his time when he ought to be out doing good. His name is Gold. Mr. Gold, are you here tonight? Or are you sleeping in your iron chest? Come out, Mr. Gold, come out and help us in this great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature. Ah, Mr. Gold you ought to be ashamed of yourself to sleep so much in your iron chest. Look at your white brother, Mr. silver; he does a great deal of good while you are sleeping. Come out, Mr. Gold. Look, too, at your little brown brother, Mr. Copper; he is everywhere doing all he can to help us. Why don't you come out, Mr. Gold? Well, if you won't show yourself, send us your coat—that is, a bank-note. That is all I have to say."—(The Methodist Churchman, Capetown.)

Mr. Markham's most recent poem, The Muse of Brotherhood, is one of the few really great poems that the closing years of the century have produced. In it Mr. Markham voices a lofty optimism that is at once more impressive and more convincing than the notes of hopelessness and despair that characterize The Man with the Hoe. At the same time he nobly sets forth the principles of that universal brotherhood which says: "My love is higher than heavens where Taurus wheels, My love is deeper than the pillared skies: High as that peak in Heaven where Milton kneels, Deep as that grave in Hell where Caesar lies."

The Muse of Brotherhood will appear exclusively in the Saturday Evening Post, of Philadelphia, in its issue of October 21.

The Companion's New Calendar.

Every new subscriber to the 1900 volume of The Youth's Companion will receive a beautiful Calendar. The calendars given by The Companion to its friends are famous for their delicacy of design and richness of coloring. That for 1900 will surpass any one of former years. It is the last Calendar of the century and the publishers have endeavored to make it the most beautiful one. Those who subscribe now will receive not only the Calendar as a gift, but also all this year's November and December issues of the paper from the time of subscription.

THE HONEST PHARMACIST

Will Tell You That Paines Celery Compound Is a Wonderful Medicine.

Hundreds of Druggists Know of Cures Wrought by the Great Medicine.

Amongst the thousands of professional and business men who speak plainly and strongly in favor of Paine's Celery Compound there are none more sincere or outspoken in their praise than the druggists of Canada.

Our druggists, who are thoroughly acquainted with every prepared remedy, are the special champions of Paine's Celery Compound. Why? Because no other medicine gives such universal satisfaction and health-giving results to ailing and sick men and women, and as a consequence the sales are larger than that of all other combined remedies.

There are hundreds of druggists in Canada who can vouch for marvellous cures effected by Paine's Celery Compound. No stronger or better testimony can be asked for, as these druggists have supplied the medicine and watched its effects.

If rheumatism, neuralgia, kidney trouble, liver complaint, blood diseases or dyspepsia are making life a misery, go to your druggist without delay for a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound. If you have doubts about its efficacy or power, your able and honest druggist will give you the assurance that Paine's Celery Compound will make you well.

News Summary

Rev. Dr. Potts announces that the subscriptions to the Methodist century fund already amount to \$388,167, of which \$251,275 is from Toronto. The mining districts of British Columbia are contributing liberally.

A poem by Rudyard Kipling on the Transvaal crisis entitled "The King," will be a feature of the November number of McClure's magazine. In order to get the poem in time for that number, the editors had it cabled from England.

The German colonial council, it is announced, has unanimously approved the proposal that the Government should undertake the construction of the East African Central Railway. The first section will be to Ukalmo. It is to be built within three years. The cost is estimated at 12,000,000 marks.

The census of Havana is progressing favorably. Many ignorant people, however, look upon the enumerators with suspicion, as, under the Spanish regime, a census invariably meant an increase in taxes. The Chinese are causing some difficulty, as many of them are unable to speak either Spanish or English.

The British Foreign Office asserts that the verbal changes in the terms of the Alaskan modus vivendi are of no practical importance and have been readily agreed to and that it is assumed the United States Secretary of State, Col. John Hay, and the British charge d'affaires in Washington, Mr. Tower, will sign to-morrow.

After the wreck of the Scotsman the log book of the vessel, although saved from the ship, was mislaid. Captain Skrimshire, after arriving in Montreal, instituted inquiries and found the missing volume at M. and A. Allan's. It appears that a passenger brought it up on the Monfort and on going ashore left it at Messrs. Allan for safe keeping.

Mgr. Falconio, the papal delegate, will take up his residence, for some time at least, at the University of Ottawa. He has not yet definitely decided where he will permanently reside, but in all probability Ottawa will be chosen, as the delegate is very much pleased with the capital. He will likely do considerable traveling over the Dominion before settling.

Another bicycle trust is contemplated. It is to be composed of the majority of the 100 manufacturing concerns that were not included in the Spalding combination. Agents of these plants have been travelling about the country making arrangements for the second organization. A meeting will be held in a few days to perfect the preliminary arrangements.

Serious storms, accompanied by floods, prevail in the southern districts of Italy, working widespread damage. At San Giorgie a bridge and twenty houses have been swept away, and it is believed that there have been considerable loss of life there. At Monte-Mezola a church was struck by lightning during mass, three persons being killed and 40 others more or less seriously injured.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook will contribute to the November number of McClure's Magazine the story of his adventures with the Belgian Antarctic expedition of last year. The members of this expedition were the first men to pass the winter in the Antarctic; they were in the south polar ice-pack continuously for thirteen months. Dr Cook's article will be illustrated from photographs taken by himself.

H. W. Treat of New York, who is associated with Mr. Rockefeller in the ownership of many acres of copper mines on Van Anda island, British Columbia, had a desperate encounter with a bear while prospecting a cave on Van Anda mountain. The bear, a large brown one, rushed at Mr. Treat, who shoved a lighted candle in the animal's eyes, then whipped out his revolver and fired in the bear's face. The bear knocked him behind a log but he rose to his feet and after being chased for half a mile, finally killed the animal with a number of shots.

The whole continent of Africa is encircled with submarine cables, and is not likely to be cut off from the civilized world. Most of the news from the Transvaal is now sent up the east coast to Aden at the foot of the Red Sea, thence to Cairo along the Suez Canal, by cable through the Mediterranean Sea to France, by land to Havre, across the English channel to London, across England and Ireland to Canso, Nova Scotia; thence by another submarine cable direct to the office of the Commercial Cable Company in Broad Street, New York. From there it is distributed to the newspapers. The difference in time between Montreal and the Transvaal is seven hours and thirty minutes. When it is noon here it is 7:30 p. m. there. This gives the afternoon papers the whole day's proceedings. News from the Transvaal travels about 12,000 miles.



FREE BOOK ON CATARRH
(WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.)
Showing how this loathsome disease originates. How treacherously it affects the Head, Throat, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys. Telling about Dr. Sproule's treatment.
If you have Catarrh of the Head or any organ
YOU NEED THIS BOOK
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BE SURE and get our BARGAIN prices and terms on our slightly used Karn Pianos and Organs.
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We offer for sale a property in Wolfville situated about a mile east of Post Office. Consists of 60 acres of land, 2 1/2 acres of dyke, has 200 apple trees, cuts 18 tons hay, has fine house, in commanding situation of 8 rooms, besides halls, pantry, etc., good cellar, good barn, stable, wagon house, etc. The situation of this place in close proximity to Acadia College, Horton Academy, Seminary, etc., makes it most desirable. Shall be sold at a bargain.
We also have properties in all parts of Kings County, ranging in price from \$450 to \$6,000.
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Select Notes. A commentary on the Sunday School lessons for 1900. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Illustrated. Cloth, \$1.25. W. A. Wilde Company, Boston and Chicago.
Many men make many books, but once in a while a man makes a book which makes him.
Noah Webster's Dictionary made him known to every student, just as the Select Notes has made F. N. Peloubet known to nearly every Sunday School teacher and scholar. Each book has made the man, because the man was made to make the book.
No book can, however, retain its popularity unless it is constantly improved in every respect, and we have, therefore, inserted in the Select Notes for 1900 several new features.
A New Harmony forms the basis of this year's study on the life of Christ. A chronological chart in seven colors fixes the dates simply and effectively.
The splendid colored bird's-eye view of the Sea of Galilee, with the very carefully prepared Lesson Plan, and the use of the new revised text references are each so helpful that one cannot fail to appreciate their importance.
The volume is printed from new type made for it, and illustrated with beautiful pictures, maps, and drawings. All in all, it far excels its twenty-five predecessors, and makes a handbook to the Gospels, not only for use in connection with the International Lessons, but for handy reference for years to come.

Messenger and Visitor
A Baptist Family Journal, will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for \$1.50, payable in advance.
The Date on the address label shows the time to which the subscription is paid. When no month is stated, January is to be understood. Change of date on label is a receipt for remittance.
All Subscribers are regarded as permanent, and are expected to notify the publishers and pay arrearsages if they wish to discontinue the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.
For Change of Address send both old and new address. Expect change within two weeks after request is made.
Remittances should be made by postal, or express, money orders—payable to A. H. CHIPMAN—or registered letters. Send no cheques.
All Correspondence intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor; concerning advertising, business or subscriptions, the Business Manager.

The Twenty-third Psalm.
BY MRS. JOHN R. MOTT.
"The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."
I shall not want rest. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."
I shall not want drink. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."
I shall not want forgiveness. "He restoreth my soul."
I shall not want guidance. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."
I shall not want companionship. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."
I shall not want comfort. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."
I shall not want food. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."
I shall not want joy. "Thou anointest my head with oil."
I shall not want anything. "My cup runneth over."
I shall not want anything in this life. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."
I shall not want anything in eternity. "And I shall dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

The Farm.

Eggs in Winter.

It is perfectly within bounds to say that summer eggs do not, on the average farm, cost more than two cents a dozen.

A little figuring will show how the matter stands. A well-kept hen of good blood will produce ten dozen eggs in a year.

The summer egg is the one from which the money is made by the farmer. It is the man who takes excellent care of his flock who makes money from winter eggs.

Blighted Celery Not Worthless.

It is a mistake to suppose that blighted celery is not worth putting in for winter use, judging by the following experience with badly blighted crops related in American Agriculturist: About the 1st of October I trim up the plants, leaving only the heart leaves.

How to Gather Apples.

Never shake the fruit from the tree, and never pack for market any apples that have fallen from the tree. Gather every apple by hand and place it carefully in a basket.

Transplanting Wild Plants.

The fall season is the natural period for transplanting wild plants to the garden, as the tops show for certain what is being removed.

Setting Grapes, etc.

Grapes and berries set in the fall are in the best condition to come into bearing at an early age, as they have the whole growing season of the first year in which to prepare for fruit the second or third year.

Pleasing Hardy Shrubs.

Eleagnus longipes, or wild olive, with its bright red fruits and foliage of silvery green, and Clethra acuminata, which has been described as the sweetest of American flowers, are both valuable shrubs.

The Old Hymns.

There's lots o' music in 'em—the hymns of long ago, An' when some gray haired brother sings the ones I used to know

There's lots o' music in 'em—those dear, sweet hymns of old— With visions bright of lands of light, and shining streets of gold;

They seem to sing forever, of holier, sweeter days, When the lilies of the love of God bloomed white in all the ways;

We never needed singin' books in them old days—we knew The words—the tunes of every one the dear old hymn book through?

An' so I love the old hymns, and when my time shall come— Before the light has left me, and my singing lips are dumb

—FRANK L. STANTON.

The Parson's Limit.

From the Boston Courier. He'd been preaching and exhorting For a score of years or so In a portion of the Vineyard

Unrelenting was the ardour He devoted to the cause, And though slowly came the dollars Still he labored without pause,

Then the good man sank exhausted As he feebly made reply, "Don't I pray you, men and brethren, Thus my patience overtry,

Young Christians Adrift.

No one thinks of studying any subject without a text book. But many a young man or woman determines to be a Christian, and unless they get into the word of God, they so often take the wrong road and lose the way, for a short time at least, because they have no guide book.

To meet these needs "Chats with Young Christians" has been published. There are a dozen chats, the reading of each requiring about ten minutes.

It is the only book of the kind published recently, and any pastor putting a copy in the hands of a Christian will be doing him a helpful service.

Published by F. M. Barton, Cleveland, O., 40 cents postpaid.

A suitable gift for any friend at any time is a copy of "the Book of books."

Few stocks give you such a choice of Bibles as are found at our office.

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A Bible of unusual value is the Divinity Circuit Teachers' with the new Torrey helps---one dollar postpaid.

Any of these books will be mailed to any address for examination subject to return if not as desired.

No prices are lower or fairer than those we quote.

Order your Bibles then from the Messenger and Visitor.

Offer extends to any of our readers or subscribers.

A Public Pit-Fall.

Shubenacadie Man Has a Dangerous Experience.

Fooled by an Imitation of Dodd's Kidney Pills—Took Two Boxes of the Spurious Remedy—Found Out His Mistake in Time.

SHUBENACADIE, Oct. 23.—Alfred Miller, of this town, narrates an account of a dangerous experience of his own, which is liable to occur to anyone who doesn't keep the sharpest kind of a lookout. The pit fall into which he fell lies gaping open to be stumbled into by the public at large.

It is a well-known fact that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured those formerly incurable maladies, Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are likewise famous for curing Rheumatism. They have a marvellous reputation for curing Heart Disease, Dropsy, Bladder and Urinary Disorders, Female complaints and Blood Diseases. That anyone could be deceived into taking another preparation for Dodd's Kidney Pills is on first sight incomprehensible, in view of the reputation they enjoy.

This reputation, however, is just the point. Unscrupulous imitators trade on that reputation to push their own nostrums on the public. Read what Mr. Alfred Miller, of Shubenacadie, Nova Scotia, writes about his experience with imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"Having been troubled with a weak back and suffering this long while with severe pains occasioned by some kidney trouble, I purchased two boxes of a pill similar in name to Dodd's. I had determined to get some Dodd's Kidney Pills, but when I asked for Dodd's I was persuaded to take this other remedy. I used them with absolutely no effect. I was about to give up in disgust when it struck me I'd better try the genuine article. I then got a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, refusing to take any others, and that first box cured me completely. So far the pain has not returned."

FARM FOR SALE

On account of change of condition and decline of life, I offer for sale my FARM of 100 acres, admirably situated in one of the most productive and beautiful sections of the Annapolis Valley, 2 1/4 miles from Kingston Station—one of the large fruit centers. Two churches, school and new hall, all within one mile. Description, terms, etc., on application.

JOHN KILLAM,
North Kingston, N. S.

SPRAINED BACK!

Sprains, Strains and Injuries of the Back often cause Kidney Trouble.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS THE CURE.

Here is the proof:—

Mrs. S. Horning, Glasgow Street, Guelph, Ont., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills are grand. I have not been ill since taking them, which was over a year ago last winter, and can give them my warmest praise; for they restored me to health after 25 years of suffering. Twenty-five years ago I sprained my back severely, and ever since my kidneys have been in a very bad state. The doctors told me that my left kidney especially was in a very bad condition. A terrible burning pain was always present, and I suffered terribly from lumbago and pain in the small of my back, together with other painful and distressing symptoms, common in kidney complaints. I could not sleep, and suffered much from salt rheum."

"When I first commenced taking Doan's Kidney Pills I had little or no faith in them, but I thought I would try them; and it proved the best experiment I ever made. I had only taken two boxes when the pain left my back entirely. Three boxes more, or five in all, made a complete cure."

"After 25 years of suffering from kidney disease I am now healthy and strong again, and will be pleased to substantiate what I have said, should anyone wish to enquire."

Laxa-Liver Pills are the most perfect remedy known for the cure of Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Sick Headache. They work without a gripe or pain, do not sicken or weaken or leave any bad after effects.

News Summary

The election of Mr. L. J. Brethaupt, Liberal, for North Waterloo, was voided this morning by Justices Osler and Meredith.

It is reported that Tsung Li Yamen has assented to all of Italy's demands with the exception of the construction of a railway from Peking to Western Hills and the granting of exclusive mining privileges to Italians in Cheklang.

M. Gobier, writer of leading articles for the Dreyfusard organ "Aurore" fought a duel to-day with the son of General Mercier, former minister of war. M. Mercier was pinked in the chest, but he is not thought to be seriously hurt.

A special despatch from Ottawa states that Mgr. Falconio has practically decided to fix his permanent residence in the capital, and that he and his secretaries have taken rooms in the Ottawa University, until a suitable house can be secured.

The arbitrators, in reference to the proposed anti-Chinese special rules and Chinese cases, failing to agree upon an umpire, the Minister of Mines, on application of Inspector Morgan, has appointed Mr. F. W. McCready, of Texada Island, to act in that capacity.

Lord Strathcona has been asked to become a candidate for the lord rectorship of Aberdeen University. This is one of the oldest educational institutions in the kingdom, having been founded by Bishop Elphinstone, of Aberdeen, in the year 1494. The offices of chancellor, rector, etc., have been held by many notable men. Lord Strathcona has expressed his willingness to become a candidate.

Plans have been quietly maturing for some weeks, the "Times" announces, looking to the consolidation of all the paper manufactories of the country grouped in those now independent mills, which manufacture wood pulp board, paper pulp board, and strawboard. All told, some one hundred or more mills are interested in the projected consolidation scheme, and the amount of capital involved is about fifty million dollars.

In McClure's Magazine for November, Mr. A. H. Ford, who has lately returned from China, will describe the miracle in railroad construction that Russia is working in completing the Chinese Eastern—the last section of her trans-continent line; and tell of the invaluable service rendered her by American invention, skill and enterprise. The article will be fully illustrated from photographs secured by the author in his journey.

A resident of Johannesburg says that four thousand British subjects remain in Johannesburg. The Boer Government has made excellent arrangements for safeguarding property there. A strong force of special police, chiefly Germans and Frenchmen, armed with revolvers, patrol the streets. The Government issued a proclamation threatening a heavy penalty upon those caught looting. Nevertheless, the Government intended to search the houses for valuables. It has withdrawn its passports from most of those who possessed them. All British subjects found in Johannesburg after October 20 will be summarily dealt with by martial law. The man says the train on which he travelled was pelted with sand and stones throughout the journey.

Personal

Rev. W. A. Snelling has left N. B. Margaree C. B. and has accepted a call to the Sackville and Hammond's Plain churches, N. S. Correspondents will please notice the change.

Rev. H. T. DeWolfe who has very acceptably supplied the Main Street pulpit for two Sundays, left on Monday morning for St. Stephen where he will remain for a few days, before returning to his home at Foxboro, Mass.

Rev. J. W. Williams of Onslow, N. S., dropped in to see us Monday morning. Mr. Williams came to St. John to accompany his daughter so far upon her way to Boston, whence she sails this week, with Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, on their return to India. The separation from home and friends is one of the severest trials of the missionary's life, and the trial is often as keen, in some cases no doubt keener, for those who stay as for those who go.

Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Archibald have been in St. John the past week the guests of Rev. J. W. Manning. These veteran missionaries have been spending a few days near Andover, the old home of Mrs. Archibald. We are glad to see these devoted missionaries and to hear from their lips of the progress of the work to which they have given their lives. We hope that health and strength may be given to them and that many years service in India may be theirs.

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