

# Messenger and Visitor.

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VOLUME LII.

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## A WORD TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Please write names of persons and places plainly. Always sign your name when you remit money. In ordering changes of address for your paper, be sure and give your last address in full, as well as the post office, to which you wish your paper sent. There are so many places with one name that it is all but impossible to mail papers correctly unless the county, and in many instances the Province is named. Write only on one side of the sheet all matters you wish published.

**HONORED AGAIN.**—Progress, we are informed, is again being called the Messenger and Visitor bad names. We esteem ourselves greatly honored by any abuse from that quarter.

**GRANDS LIGNE.**—We gladly insert the following, which explains itself. The Grand Ligne committee in Montreal, acting in conjunction with the special committee appointed at the recent Maritime Baptist Convention, has appointed Sunday, December 1, as the date for a special collection throughout the churches of the Maritime Provinces in the interest of Grands Ligne mission. This collection will be toward the running expenses of the mission. It is hoped that all the churches which have not already taken up collections may do so on the date named, or thereafter.

**THOS. BANGOR, Special Agent.**  
**AT WORK.**—We have received a goodly number of letters from brethren who are preparing to press the canvass for subscribers for the Messenger and Visitor with vigor, and already a goodly number of names have been sent in. This work cannot be done too soon. It is an inspiration to the management of the paper to know that the pastors generally are in such earnest sympathy and are ready to co-operate so heartily. For the sake of the good paper might do in families having no religious paper, we hope that all pastors and agents will help on this good work, and do it at once.

**MORE FORCE.**—The Directors of the M. B. Publishing Company take great pleasure in announcing that they have secured the services of the Rev. J. H. Saunders as an assistant to the editor in editorial and other work. Bro. Saunders needs no introduction to the most of our readers. He has long been one of our most trusted and honored pastors. He has an earnest soul behind a keen and analytic mind, and yields, withal, a vigorous and trenchant pen. He brings to his new work treasures gathered through many years of study and experience. The editor of the Messenger and Visitor is very glad to have this respected brother as an adviser and helper, and will say in advance that when readers find anything especially good in the editorial department of the Messenger and Visitor, they may be pretty sure it is from his pen. Do not forget to remember us both in your prayers that the paper may grow in power and usefulness.

**A SUCCESSFUL MISSION.**—At a recent meeting of one of our southern associations, the Rev. A. G. Diaz, the "Baptist Apostle" of Cuba, gave the following cheering report of the Lord's work in the stronghold of Romanism. The Central Baptist reports him as saying:—

The first church was organized in Cuba three years ago, and since then 1,570 believers have been baptized. There are 2,288 in the Sunday-schools. A lately converted Episcopalian minister, named Cova, is working well. He finds it a little slow to come to our form of worship, but he is learning to come close to the people. In the small towns hundreds come for miles to hear the preaching and to witness baptism. In Regla is a native preacher who has a church and six stations. These workers are scattered all over the island. A tent was used to carry about from place to place. There are women who act as missionaries, teachers and nurses. The eager converts need training. When volunteers were asked for the office of deacons, all stood up, men and women. Twenty want to come to the United States Seminary for instruction. A teacher has now been secured to teach them at home. Persecution continues. The bishop does not get tired. His first trial was a bid of \$20,000 for the Baptist cemetery on condition Diaz would leave. In the next place, the Bishop's secretary professed conversion, but he proved to be only a spy. He got his letters mixed and betrayed himself. Next he tried to frighten us away. He burned Diaz's picture and excommunicated him. Next an appeal was made to Spain to close our cemetery. A month ago while Diaz was sick, a man came into the house and stole his baby; Diaz followed and recovered the child. It was all instigated by the bishop. The work is prospering beyond all expectation, despite persecution.

**THE DRIES OF THE HORN.**—In another column will be found a call for a Maritime Convention at Moncton, on the 13th inst., to consider ways and means by which the liquor traffic may best be

stayed in its present deadly work. Doubtless this movement will take the color and shape which the medium through which and the standpoint from which it is viewed by the different interested parties. It will be well if all Christian people regard this matter as their professions of righteousness, and the highest good of mankind dictates. Political parties, and the people who are interested in the perpetuation of the traffic, cannot be expected to fairly represent a pure Christianity in the settlement of this question. Christian principle is a factor in this commonwealth of ours that is not to be trifled with, if it can but be properly organized for political action. This principle is being badly slandered and our holy religion disgraced by the common affirmation (political) circles to-day, that the sentiment of our people, who are all but universally professed Christians, is not in favor of a law so righteous as the law for the prohibition of the liquor traffic, with all its known and multiplying curses in the commonwealth. There is only one way for the lovers of righteousness to move in the premises, and that is to remove from the position of representatives all those who deal in these slanders, and so misrepresent the purest and most righteous sentiments of their constituencies. As righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a curse to any people, so we should see to it that the former be the corner-stone of our body politic, and that it have a broad place in the platform of the political party commanding our franchise. The time for debating as to the moral character of the liquor traffic has long since passed. It has received all but universal condemnation. The time for direct assault, with a fixed purpose to remove this foul curse from our fair dominion, has come. We are fully equal to this work if we be but united and determined.

**A GOOD WORK.**—It is reported in the secular press that some women connected with the Salvation Army are by very quiet and unostentatious methods doing a successful work in the way of rescuing fallen women, and providing for them the ways of a better life. Such a work as this must commend the best wishes and co-operation of all true Christians. Work in this way carried on ought to suggest with much force ways of usefulness to all the sisterhood of our churches. In no way can we give to the world a better proof of the superiority of our faith in Christ than by lifting up into a pure life the debauched and sin-cursed. The opinion which now controls social and public life, and to a large extent our church life, makes it far more difficult for a debauched and impure woman to reform and gain a hopeful position than it does for a debauched man to do the same thing, although the woman may be by far the more excusable sinner. This order of things should be changed, not only for the benefit of these victims of vice, but that the spirit of Christ may have in our churches a better representation; and that His Word may have free course and be glorified. Our methods of church work in all its departments should be shaped by the glorious and gracious fact, that it is not the Father's good pleasure that any of these little ones should perish. It is not simply well organized methods, but the Spirit of Christ in their efforts that gives them sufficiency of power to insure success in these otherwise most hopeless cases. The salvation of lost ones was never yet accomplished, and never can be, by sensational methods which only appeal to the lower senses, thereby fostering a sensuality already surcharged with vice. The sin-cursed of every grade, from the young in our Sabbath-schools to the lowest and lowest Magdalene, and her most degraded confederate, can only be reformed and saved by being brought into personal fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ in all that is pure and holy. As in the days of the Nazarene, so now, this work can be accomplished by the power and grace of Christ.

**JAPAN.**—The first Protestant church was organized in Japan in 1876, with a membership of 16; now there are 250, with 25,000 members. In four years the number of Protestant missionaries in Japan has increased from 240 to 443. The number of native preachers from 50 to 142; of licentiates and helpers, from 160 to 287. But best of all the church members in five years, from 1883 to 1888, grew more than five-fold, from 5,000 to 25,514. Buddhist priests are in danger of being driven to work to avoid starvation. The popular faith in Buddhism is about dead, and instead of the vast sums formerly spent on temples, it is estimated that not more than \$200,000 are expended.—*Missionary Review.*

## Just Commendation.

One who has lived, says the *Congregationalist*, for over half a century in close intimacy with preachers of the gospel, has a right to bear ringing testimony with regard to their worth. The following extract from a sermon preached last July to his old flock at Wethersfield, Conn., by the Rev. A. Adams, repays reading:—  
"Ministers, as I have known them, are honest men, men not lacking in ability, and laboriously endeavoring to meet the demands of the work in which they are engaged. They are men who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and in His church and kingdom, and give their thoughts and hearts each in his own way to the work of its advancement. They are men, I think, a little free from self-seeking, and a little more ready to merge self-interest in the public weal, and a little more willing to encounter opposition and reproach for the truth's sake and for the public welfare, than any other class of men that I have been acquainted with. Pity for the churches and pity for our Christianity if it were not so; for ministers are the ripe fruit of the churches. They are such as the churches have set apart for God's special service. If they are but weaklings, or bad men, then the churches have put upon God's altar the lame and the blind, and have kept the best for themselves and for the world's service; but I do not believe the churches have done this.

"I wish it were possible for me to reproduce in your minds the feeling I have in respect to some whom I have known, alike men of higher and of humbler gifts, and to have you see them and feel them as vividly as I do now, after the lapse of many years. One venerable man, for example, whose hands were laid upon my head in the ordination service; a true minister of the Word; a living epistle of it, known and ready of all men during a ministry that stretched on from his young manhood to eighty-five years; calm, earnest, incorruptible; patient toward all men, yet fearing no man; standing firm and undisturbed amid storms that, in certain parts of the world, raged around the ministers and churches fifty and sixty years ago; embodying in his life and teaching the older theology at its best; all men recognizing him as a man that came from God and went to God, his flowing locks of silvery white seeming as if an anticipation of the crown of glory he has now gone to wear—this man, so dignified in person, so positive in conviction, so large in heart, so bold in utterance, was one of them. Another, whom Connecticut gave to our Bangor Seminary fifty-two or three years ago, clear of spiritual insight, compact in thought, vivid in imagination, hating against the enemies of God and man single words as from a catapult, and yet withal meek and lowly and loving, the seal of God upon his brow, and his look, as on a Sabbath morning he rises in the pulpit, as of a man that had just come forth from the secret place of the tabernacle of the Most High. How his preaching seemed to make the invisible real, and almost every Sabbath day a fresh coronation of the King of kings! How the sense and the remembrance of him has been to many of us, his pupils, as a real presence attending us through a life-time, as if watching and inspiring and making almost every sermon somewhat truer and more fervent and more spiritual than it would have been without him.

"And still another, whose glory can never be dimmed in the minds of those who knew him by that of his more brilliantly endowed son; whose soul was on fire with a passion for saving men; who cared nothing for philosophy, nothing for theological systems; his own or other men's—nothing for eloquence, but only as that helped his grasp upon men and his success in bringing them to God, and the trophies of whose work in city and in country, at the East and at the West, were as the drops of the morning. Of all the journeys of my life, I account the fourteen hundred miles I went to put myself for a little while under the instruction of that man the most rewarding. One more, who from thirty years old to eighty swept over the north Middle States, and some parts of New England as well, in the spirit and power of Elijah; his convictions deep-rooted and immovable, clear in statement, irresistible in argument, impassioned in appeal; a man that would have been a leader in the United States Senate in its palmyest days. Every-where he went the Spirit of the Lord went with him; and the people, and many times the leaders of people, were moved under his preaching as the trees of the wood are moved by a mighty wind. In private, a mild, tender, as the tenderest woman, simple as the simplest child.

"Such are some of the ministers whom I have known, and other such there have been, known, some of them, to you and me alike. Many more, less widely known; some that were fellow-students, or later, pupils of my own, since faithful ministers at home or missionaries in foreign lands—in China, in India, in Turkey, in Persia, in Africa, in the Pacific Island. What good men they were; what heroes, some of them, in the holy war! How one's heart burns within him at the thought of them with an interest, an affection, an admiration that is incommunicable!"

## Providence and the Prayer-meeting.

Sometimes Providence is so very striking that you cannot doubt or fail to see the wisdom and goodness of God in the matter. The following is as clear an instance as I have seen for some time: A person from one of the islands called to see the writer, in deep anxiety about his spiritual state. He had been much tried for some time back, sometimes driven near the point of despair by the terrible assaults of the wicked one. Now and then he had glimpses of light and comfort, but he was still in considerable distress about himself. I told him I was just going to the prayer-meeting—a meeting I enjoyed better than any other in the town; and that I believed it was just the one for him, and asked him to go with me. He was very reluctant, preferring to have a quiet talk with myself.

However, after a little he consented, and we went. He was unknown to any one present. The pastor had not seen him before, and knew nothing of his state of mind. But on coming in, after a few moments of silent prayer, he gave out the hymn:

Arise, my soul, arise!  
Shake off thy guilty fears,  
The bleeding sacrifice  
In my behalf appears.

Two verses were sung, and he led in prayer. And, being in earnest and spiritual, we were drawn into sweet fellowship with the Father of our spirits and with His Son Jesus Christ. The other two verses were sung, and two of the brethren were called on and engaged in prayer; and the burden of all the petitions was for a present blessing—that God would graciously give us a time of spiritual quickening, and times of refreshing in His presence. And truly the services were both quickening and refreshing. Then were sung the first and last verses of the hymn:

What a Friend we have in Jesus,  
All our sins and griefs to bear!  
What a privilege to cry,  
"Everything to God in prayer!"

After singing the pastor said he would do little more than read a few passages of Scripture, as his friend, the writer, had promised to say a word. The passages read could not have been more suitable to the case of sore and deep soul trouble—"Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee"; "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you"; "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your heart's request be made known unto God. And the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Having quoted two or three more passages on the same subject, he made a few very pointed remarks on the great burden of sin, and the constant and varied burdens of household and personal cares; and how the Great Burden Bearer was infinitely able and willing to meet all cases; adding that the special thing needed was faith in God, and, in personal application and appropriation of the truth and promises of God. All seemed to enjoy the remarks made with so much earnestness and deep feeling. The verses of the hymn—

Thou my everlasting portion,  
More than friend, more than life to me,  
were then sung; and the writer pointed out how striking the whole services were—hymns, prayers, passages, and remarks—all seemed as though they could not have been more appropriate, or perhaps so appropriate, had all who had taken part known all about the condition and circumstances of the friend who was with me. He was much struck with it himself, and felt encouraged by it. And though still somewhat tired, after a short talk with the pastor he came away greatly relieved of his burden.

No doubt many instances of the same striking nature have occurred when little or no notice have been taken of them. God is always present with His people, "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders." It is our blessed privilege to mark His hand in all His gracious dealings with us. It not only strengthens our own faith and brightens our hope, but will lead others to enjoy God in everything. Alienation of heart from God is the sure precursor of endless misery. Whatever tends, directly or indirectly, to remove this alienation must be a blessing of supreme importance. O! for more sweet and blessed fellowship with God, our Father, and His Son, our Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ.—*James Wood, in the Freeman.*

## W. B. M. U.

"He is steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

## William Carey.

The following article by Jas. M. Ludlow, D. D., East Orange, N. J., is from the *Missionary Review*, and comes in most appropriately, after our brief outline of the introduction of Christianity into India.

One hundred years ago this sign hung over a cottage in a Northamptonshire village, "Second hand shoes bought and sold. William Carey." Within sat a cobbler, twenty-eight years of age, careworn, burdened with the support of himself and a sickly, half-crazed wife. On a pile of leather chips, the leaves held open by last and awls were books in Hebrew, Latin, Greek and French, which languages he was trying to master. On the wall was a map which he had rudely drawn and scribbled over with the statistics of the world. Some years later Lord Wellesley, the English Governor-General of India, hearing this man, commend his course, said: "I esteem such testimony greater honor than the applause of courts and Parliaments." The evolution of such a life from insignificant obscurity to world-wide influence and renown is a subject of study for this age. It was an evolution, not a change through environment, for we can detect the germ of that great after-life in its earlier years. Carey was born in 1761, the son of a poor weaver. His early education was such as, with his marvelous powers of observation, he picked up from men and things. When a mere lad, his garret-room was stocked with specimens of bugs and bonnets. As Solomon in more elaborate address, so the ragged boy, whose genius for discovery led his playmates to call him "Columbus," "spoke to them of trees, even unto the flower that springeth out of the wall; he spoke also of beasts, and of fowl, and of creeping things and of fishes." He devoured the books that came in his way. For language he had such a natural gift, that he learned to read French in three weeks from a French translation of an English work, and without grammar or dictionary. But though a genius, he had no natural endowment of piety. He learned to lie, and once he stole. He was converted at eighteen, married at twenty, cobbled, peddled shoes, and studied during the week days; opened a school at night for those poorer than himself, and preached for the Baptists on Sunday.

There were no Foreign Missionary meetings, magazines, or interest in those days. But, bending over his Bible and his last, the cobbler studiously felt himself swayed by the conviction that the church must go to the heathen. At a meeting of preachers he brought up the subject. The presiding officer, as wise as his age in these matters, rebuked him: "You are a miserable enthusiast; nothing can be done before another Pentecost, when an effusion of miraculous gifts, including the gift of tongues, will give effect to the commission of Christ as at first." But the Pentecostal effusion was already in Carey's soul, and it almost took the form of the gift of tongues, such was his marvelous facility for the acquiring languages. He sent out from his cobbler shop a pamphlet, which, as it was the first, is still about the best missionary prospectus in the English language. Its chief suggestions were *united prayer and a penny a week*, from every communicant. His genius in putting the matter and his devotion to the Hexaemeron won him some grand friends, among them the distinguished Andrew Fuller. They at once started the "monthly concert" of prayer for missions, which is still observed so largely in England and America. In 1792 Carey preached a grand sermon, a direct result of which was the founding of the Baptist Missionary Society. As the chief projector of this grand scheme, the devoted man did not hesitate to offer himself as its first missionary. He studied his maps. India with its hundreds of millions seemed to be the most needy, and at the same time, the most promising field accessible, in that the English flag was already there. Full or eloquently described the meeting where Carey volunteered. "We saw there was a gold mine in India, but it was as deep as the centre of the earth. 'Who will venture to explore it?' 'I will go down,' said Carey, 'but remember you must hold the rope.' 'We solemnly engaged to him to do so, nor while we live shall we desert him.' This was the pledge with which the little band practically launched the scheme of modern English missions.

Taking John Thomas who had once been in India as a medical helper, Carey sailed in 1793. The vast land was then without a ray of clear Christian light except that which lingered with the remembrance of the German Missionary Schwartz, and the glimmers in the homes of certain English army and civil officers. The land was divided between the various forms of Hinduism in its densest superstitious, its most horrid cruelties and the equal bigotry of Mohammedanism. The British influence being that of the camp, the teaching station, or the political office, showed the vices of Christian life rather than the virtues of Christian life. The East India company dreaded the attempt to evangelize the land, lest it should awaken the religious prejudices of the people and imperil their gains. Such was the stupidity of even English merchants that the missionaries were denied passage to India in an English boat, and sailed in a Danish ship. Arriving at Calcutta they were not allowed by the East India company to engage in religious work. For five months they lived in abject poverty. Carey finally went inland, built a bamboo house in a neighborhood infested with tigers, hired out as an assistant in an indigo factory, and while thus engaged studied the Bengali language, talking the gospel in it as fast as he learned the equivalent of sacred words. He set up in a corner of the factory a rude printing press, to which he was so devoted the natives thought it was his God whom he worshipped. On this he printed portions of the Bible as he translated it.

(To be continued.)

## Sketches of Native Helpers.

BY MRS. C. H. ARCHBOLD, CHICAGO, ILL., INDIA.

**Mary.**  
Sister of Jacob, and part of her story, is inseparable from his. She has been in the Boarding School a number of years, and is a fair-looking girl; is slow to learn and cares little for her school work; seems very well, and is likely to make a respectable house-keeper, if looked after.

She was baptized about a year and a half ago, and though her Christian life is as good as that of many, we would be pleased to see improvement. She is likely to be married to Bannavannah, son of Balla Gurnah, next January. The match is one of Jacob's making, and not altogether satisfactory to the missionaries, as most helpers are needed in Boddipahere Bannavannah is a preacher, and he probably could have found one who could have been more of a helpmeet. But match-making is common here, and though the first principles of true marriage are lacking, they are rarely missed.

## Literary Notes.

*The Home's Review* for November presents a varied and highly interesting mass of matter in all its departments. Dr. J. B. Thomas leads off with a vigorous paper on *The Kind of Preaching best Adapted to the Times*. Dr. Murray, Dean of Princeton College, writes on *Bowtell's Edition—Hints from the Christian Minister*. The Egyptian article in this number is highly curious and instructive. C. E. Hubbard, D. D., on *The Law of Marriage* is timely and able, and deserves a careful reading by every preacher. Dr. Philip's Gems from Dr. Thomas Guthrie are rich and suggestive. The sermons, seven in all, are nearly all by our most distinguished preachers, among whom are Storrs, Talbot, Leason, Dixon and Webster. But the marked feature of the Sermon Section is a long and powerful sermon to young men by the late Dr. Christie, of Bonn, translated for *The Review*. The prayer-meeting topics are treated with great skill by Dr. Wayland Hoyt, Dr. Chambers, Dr. Howard Crosby, Dr. Tryon Edwards and Prof. W. H. S. Beecher make the Evangelical Section extremely valuable; and Dr. Stockenberg, of Berlin, continues to make the European one of the most valuable features of *The Review*. Then the Miscellaneous and Editorial departments contain a score or more of papers, each and all catering to the wants of our ministers. We know not where they can find so much that is inspiring and helpful in their work as in this *Review*. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, 18 and 20 Astor Place, New York. \$3.00 per year; 30 cents per single number.

—To a young infidel who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, a saintly man once said: "Did you ever hear an apostate made because an infidel went astray from the path of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then, don't you see, that by expecting professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus you pay it the highest compliment in your power?"

THE CONSTRUCTION OF DEAD SOULS.

BY ALAN BATHURST, D. D.

And, when I look in my heart, for the great... I should like to see the soul of a man...

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make, viz., that the Divine love, great, patient, wonderful, unrepelled by... I should like to see the soul of a man...

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The Way We Helped Our Minister to Write Good Sermons. BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

One evening (it was Monday) I stopped at the post-office after the school was out... I should like to see the soul of a man...

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"Still," said the doctor, "I do not see what we are to do. You are not going to tell him, I suppose, that we propose to interfere in his sermon-writing." I do not read (or hear), but I have seen one... I should like to see the soul of a man...

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HOTELS.

ALBION HOUSE, 22 Neckville St., HALIFAX, N. S. Conducted on strictly Temperance principles. Jan 1 P. F. ARCHIBALD, Proprietor.

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ELLIOTT'S HOTEL, 28 to 32 Germain St., SAINT JOHN, N. Modern Improvements. Terms \$1 per day. Tea, Bed & Breakfast 75c. E. W. ELLIOTT, Proprietor.

HOTEL STANLEY, KING SQUARE, ST. JOHN, N. B. J. M. FOWLER, Proprietor. Thoroughly Renovated and Newly Furnished. First-class in all its appointments.

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YARMOUTH HOTEL, MAIN STREET, YARMOUTH, N. S. W. H. S. DAHLOREN, Proprietor. Jan 1

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SHAND & BURNS, (Successors to CURRY & SHAND) WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FLOUR, MEAL AND GROCERIES. Also, Blasting Powder and Fuse. Horse and Cattle Feed a Specialty. Vessels supplied at lowest rates. WINDSOR, N. S.

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Graduate of Harvard Med. College
and the N. Y. Polyclinic,
58 HOLLIS STREET,
HALIFAX, N. S.

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UNIV. NEW YORK,
Office: Main Street, - YARMOUTH, N. S.

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GERMAIN BLOCK,
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A. C. HARDING, D. D. S.,
Graduate Philadelphia Dental College,
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YARMOUTH, N. S.

DR. DELANEY,
DENTIST,
HALIFAX, N. S.
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MONCTON, N. B.
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Physician, Surgeon & Accoucheur,
Office and Residence, corner Gerrish and
Grey Streets, WINDSOR, N. S.

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DENTIST,
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College,
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Jonathan Parsons, B. A.
Morris L. Beckwith, B. A. Jan 1

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Solicitor in Equity, Conveyancer, &c.
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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

Fourth Quarter.

Lesson VII. Nov. 11. 2 Sam. 23: 1-7.

DAVID'S LAST WORDS.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure." - 2 Sam. 23: 5.

EXPLANATORY.

I. THE CLOSING YEARS OF DAVID'S LIFE. The serene beauty of a summer sunset shed its gentle rays over David's closing years. "And the end of that man was peace."

Very few incidents are recorded of David in these years, and many think that the famine and the pestilence both took place before the rebellion of Absalom. There was a famine, which lasted three successive years, as a retribution for some past neglect of justice (2 Sam. 21). For some wrong state of feeling and living on the part of the Israelites (2 Sam. 24: 1), the Lord permitted Satan (1 Chron. 21: 1) to tempt David to "number" Israel and Judah. This was not a mere census, for it took David nine months and twenty days to accomplish it. For this sin a terrible pestilence raged for three days, and 70,000 people perished. These did not suffer for David's sin alone. It is expressly said that it was for the sin of Israel (2 Sam. 24: 24). David in agony prayed that he might die in place of the people. David offered sacrifices and prayers, and the plague was stayed. On this spot the temple was afterwards built. David seems to have spent much of his time during the later years of his life in gathering materials and workmen and treasure for the temple which Solomon was to build, and in perfecting the organization of the army, the religious services, and the kingdom generally. Just before David's death, Adonijah, imitating Absalom, attempted to obtain the succession to the throne in place of Solomon; but the rebellion was quickly quelled, and Solomon was made king.

II. DAVID'S LAST WORDS TO THE PRINCES OF ISRAEL. The princes and leaders of Israel were assembled just before David's death, and David told them what he had done for the temple. They gladly followed his example, and brought willingly great treasures for the same purpose. It was a day long to be remembered, and was followed by a joyous festival.

III. DAVID'S LAST WORDS TO SOLOMON. David, on his dying bed, called Solomon the young king, and gave him a most solemn charge to show himself a man and to walk in God's ways. Following this was his last hymn, our lesson for today, which gives David's true feelings.

IV. DAVID'S LAST WORDS TO THE WOMAN. This is a short hymn, and "seems to have been uttered in connection with his final words to Solomon." At least it was his last public utterance.

THE PALMIST. 1. The man who was raised up on high. His exaltation from a lowly shepherd to one of the greatest and most influential men the world has ever known he attributes to a higher power than himself. The anointed of the God of Jacob. Appointed to his place and work by the true God; the covenant God of his fathers. He was part of a grand plan of redemption, the promise of which was made to Jacob. The sweet palmist of Israel; literally, he that is pleasant in Israel's psalms; i. e., by the composition and arrangement of Israel's liturgical songs he was entitled to be called "pleasant."

2. The Spirit of the Lord (Jehovah) spake by me. A direct claim of inspiration, to which Christ himself bears witness (Matt. 22: 43).

3. The God of Israel said. The true and living God who had created the nation worked wonders for them, guided and taught them, and made them his peculiar people. The prophecy about Israel comes with peculiar power from the God of Israel. The Rock of Israel. God is called a rock because (1) he is immovable and unchangeable, like the everlasting hills; no power can overthrow him. (2) He is the defence of His people. (3) He brings shelter and rest, as "the shadow of a great rock in a thirsty land."

3. He that ruleth, etc. Leave out the italics, and read: A ruler over men - righteous; a ruler in the fear of God. There are only six words in the original. Such a one the palmist sees in the far future. The ideal was fulfilled in Jesus Christ.

FIRST EFFECT. 4. And He shall be as the light of the morning. His appearance will like the life-giving sunrise of a cloudless morning; blessings will follow him as verdure clothes the earth from the united influence of sunshine and rain. Even a morning without clouds; with nothing to interfere with the full power of His rays. This is the ideal of the influence of a good ruler upon his people. This description of the ideal which should be before every successor of David was completely fulfilled in His Son Jesus Christ, "the Son of Righteousness, with healing in his wings."

SECOND EFFECT. 4. As the tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining after rain. In order to appreciate the force of the figure, it must be borne in mind that verdure is not perpetual in Palestine, as with us. This is a picture of the new life which Jesus has brought into the world by the converting and life-giving influence of the Holy Spirit. We see examples of it in the thousands converted on the day of Pentecost, in every revival season, and in the renewal of the individual soul.

THE ASSURANCE. 5. Although my house be not with God, as such a fate as the sun is a rise to-morrow morning. It never failed; it never will fail; and I think it is worth knowing. Never touch liquor in any form. That is the plan and it is not only worth knowing, but it is worth putting in practice.

6. Know ye not to drink now, and it seems to you as if you never would. But your temptation will come, and it probably will come in this way: You will find yourself, some time with a number of companions, and they will have a bottle of wine on the table. They will drink an ounce or two to you. They will regard it as a manly practice, and very likely they will look upon you as a milkop if you don't indulge with them.

etc. The thorns must be torn up with the axe. Will you say "No, no; none of that stuff for me? I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your own conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that all excuse has to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all his life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

And there are other temptations just as ruinous, and you know what they are. The Book of Proverbs was written for young men. Study it, for the world is just as it was then, as regards the evils, and that book will show you a way out of them all.

You all need healthful amusements and recreations, they are as necessary as food to the young. But don't be up late nights, losing the good body restorer, sleep, which at your age you so much need. A strong, healthy young man can win these battles of life, much more easily than a weak, broken down one can.

Take care of your health, make your body a strong, clean temple for the Lord to dwell in. Get a home in some church as soon as possible, and don't get in a way of lying in bed Sunday mornings until it is too late to go to church, because you have been working hard through the week.

Choose your associations composed of Christian young men and women. Seek acquaintance among those who will influence you for good. Be very careful of your example among your young friends. Example is a great deal better preacher than precept. Our influence for good or evil is unlimited. Don't let any weaker brother stumble because of your wrong influences. Be faithful in all the little details connected with your business life, and study the interests of your employer. While your good fathers and mothers are praying for your safe escape from the things that destroy, and pleading for your success in life, not only as business men, but as servants of the Lord Jesus, pray also yourselves, and watch that you may be delivered from the evil of the new life on which you have entered. God's grace is sufficient for us all, and it is just when we need it most, that He is ready to give it. - Eccl. xxi.

Twelve Golden Rules for Boys. Hold integrity sacred; observe good manners; endure trials patiently; be prompt in doing your duty; keep your acquaintances; shun the company of the idle; dare to do right, fear to do wrong; watch carefully over your temper; never be afraid of being laughed at; fight life's battle manfully; bravely you leisure moments for study; sacrifice money rather than health. These "golden rules" were found copied in a little memorandum book, which had fallen out of a young man's pocket. It would be well for every young man to have a copy of these rules, read them carefully every day, and try to live up to their requirements. But here comes the thought, no matter what our teachings may have been, nor what our rules for living are, unless we are a law unto ourselves. We cannot acquit ourselves as true men and women; we must regulate ourselves.

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Then what will you do? eh, what will you do? Will you say "No, no; none of that stuff for me? I know a trick worth half a dozen of that!" or will you take the glass with your own conscience making the whole draught bitter, and a feeling that you have damaged yourself, and then go off with a hot head and a skulking soul that all excuse has to make apologies for itself, and will keep doing so during all his life? Boys, do not become drunkards.

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Choose your associations composed of Christian young men and women. Seek acquaintance among those who will influence you for good. Be very careful of your example among your young friends. Example is a great deal better preacher than precept. Our influence for good or evil is unlimited. Don't let any weaker brother stumble because of your wrong influences. Be faithful in all the little details connected with your business life, and study the interests of your employer. While your good fathers and mothers are praying for your safe escape from the things that destroy, and pleading for your success in life, not only as business men, but as servants of the Lord Jesus, pray also yourselves, and watch that you may be delivered from the evil of the new life on which you have entered. God's grace is sufficient for us all, and it is just when we need it most, that He is ready to give it. - Eccl. xxi.

Twelve Golden Rules for Boys. Hold integrity sacred; observe good manners; endure trials patiently; be prompt in doing your duty; keep your acquaintances; shun the company of the idle; dare to do right, fear to do wrong; watch carefully over your temper; never be afraid of being laughed at; fight life's battle manfully; bravely you leisure moments for study; sacrifice money rather than health. These "golden rules" were found copied in a little memorandum book, which had fallen out of a young man's pocket. It would be well for every young man to have a copy of these rules, read them carefully every day, and try to live up to their requirements. But here comes the thought, no matter what our teachings may have been, nor what our rules for living are, unless we are a law unto ourselves. We cannot acquit ourselves as true men and women; we must regulate ourselves.

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Messenger and Visitor

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1889.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

We give some notes of our trip west, in hope that they may be of interest to the readers of the MESSENGER and VISITOR. No one should visit

OTTAWA

and fail to go through the Parliament building. They are a credit to the broad Dominion they, in a way, represent. They are said to cast those of the United States, at Washington, in the shade. Of course the most interesting room is the chamber of the House of Commons. Like that of Great Britain, at Westminster, it is small, and will probably have to be enlarged, before very long. Its acoustic properties are not good. It is very hard for members on the back benches to hear what those on the front benches are saying. The chamber is evidently intended for work and not for ornament, as it is one of the plainest in the building. The government supporters and the opposition face each other on rows of seats on an upward incline from the centre space between, occupied by the speaker and the tables for the officials. The leaders of the opposition and the members of the government are not more than ten or twelve feet apart. We noticed that Mr. Foster, Minister of Finance, and Sir R. Cartwright confront each other and are thus at very close quarters. We pity the men who have to sit, week after week, and listen to discussions which are high interminable. How strange it is that so many are so very solicitous to get a seat on these leather chairs.

The library building is a splendid piece of architecture. It is, however, already too small to hold the increasing number of volumes which come pouring in, and there is talk of a larger building, or the enlargement of the present edifice, if that be possible, and not destroy its symmetry and beauty.

It was our full purpose to visit Moulton Ladies College; but circumstances prevented. It was our privilege, however, to have a conversation with Miss Cooley, the Principal. She is enthusiastic in her work and over the prospects. Last year the attendance taxed the capacity of the building donated by Mrs. McMaster. This year a large new building was erected, and now there are more than enough applications to fill it, and it will be necessary to adopt some principle of selection to prevent overcrowding. There seems to be no doubt in the minds of any as to the propriety of having a Baptist Ladies' College in Toronto. It has established its own need by success. There is, however, very much doubt in many quarters whether it ever can supply all the need, and whether it may not be necessary to have another in the west of Ontario, or rather, to re-establish the ladies' department at Woodstock. Time is a great reclaimer, and to those who have the patience to wait, a clear course usually opens.

We are also sorry to have to record the serious illness of Bro. Denovan, pastor of Immanuel Baptist church. He has visited parts of our Province, and has won respect and esteem because of his ability and sturdy loyalty to the truth. He was on the way to recovery, but began to preach too soon and brought on a relapse. He has felt it to be his duty to resign his charge, and the resignation has been accepted. He, also, has a claim upon the sympathy and prayers of all good men and women.

The method of operation which has had such fine results in Toronto, has been for each church to establish missions at many available points as possible. The beginning is usually in a Sabbath school. Then a prayer meeting and a preaching service are established. Other churches assist in the building of a house, and finally a church is organized which grows to be self-sustaining. Without this earnest purpose to start new interest, even at the loss of workers from the home church, no such progress could have been made. Neither could new interests have been sustained and pressed forward, had not the more wealthy in all the churches given liberally to interests other than their own. If our people everywhere should be but wide awake to occupy the growing centres, and self-sacrificing in support of work at hopeful points, our growth would be much more rapid.

We were much interested in a visit to McMaster Hall. It is a splendid structure, and well adapted to its purpose. The time of our visit was missionary day. Dr. Judson, who had been at the opening of the Walmer Road house, and was holding services there the following week, addressed the students in the morning. He urged the students most earnestly to choose the hard places and not the easy ones. In the afternoon Dr. Fulton spoke of his trip to Europe, especially his observations of the doings and condition of Romanism. His address was full of humor, but also revealed a large heart and an earnest spirit. It was our privilege to follow with a few words. The students seem to be an earnest, hearty lot.

It was a sad delight to see Principal McGregor. Although he has been stricken down, and his lower limbs are helpless, his mind is as alert and his heart as large and warm as it ever was. We were so glad to find him sustained by loving trust in the goodness and wisdom of his heavenly Father, and by a willingness to accept what such a Father sees to be best. It seems so mysterious that his brilliant and useful career should be arrested. At the same time, it is hoped, and God is being besought earnestly by multitudes, that it may please Him to raise him up to his work with an enriched experience to help him do even better work during a long life.

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PASTORLESS CHURCHES AND CHURCHLESS PASTORS.

This is an old theme, but yet of so much importance to us in the present condition of our churches of the Maritime Provinces, that further discussion is called for. The number of pastorless churches reported to us from work to week by far outnumbered unemployed pastors. Why these churches are pastorless, and why, under these circumstances any pastors should be churchless, demands careful thought. If a remedy is within our reach it ought most certainly to be sought out and applied. It may not be possible to find any one remedy for a disorder so firmly seated and chronic in our churches that will at once and entirely remove it; but there may be found some remedies suggested by the symptoms which, if known and wisely used, will do much to regulate the spiritual health of our churches.

The Religious Herald of Richmond, Va., in discussing this theme, says some things so important and applicable to our churches that we quote them. The editor says:

We most steadfastly believe that the chief cause of all this church and ministerial idleness is found in the growing disposition to underestimate the sacredness and importance of the ministry. If this view is correct, then the real remedy is to be found in exalting to its proper place the work of the gospel preacher.

We must teach with increasing emphasis that the ministry is not a mere profession, to be chosen as one chooses law or medicine, and to be abandoned whenever discouragement and difficulties begin to multiply or when some more comfortable and lucrative vocation offers itself. If we believe that God calls men to this work, then we ought not to agree that he revokes the call, unless the voice of Providence is perfectly clear and distinct on that point. The minister himself must feel, at the beginning and through his work, that he is under necessity to do this very thing. "I must work," said Christ, and his disciple ought to be under the tremendous power of that little auxiliary.

We have been insisting so long and so strenuously that the preacher was not a priest, and that he was one of the people, that preachers and people are beginning to look upon the work of the ministry just as they do upon the profession of civil engineering. We must stand where we have always stood in protesting against priestcraft, but we must teach more clearly the Bible doctrine that God calls men into the ministry just as they do upon the profession of civil engineering. We can see how, by pressing this doctrine upon the hearts and consciences of people and preachers, something real and permanent may be accomplished.

Churches in which this view of the preacher's work prevailed would hesitate to break the pastoral bond. They would not change pastors as we do shoemakers—simply because there was an occasional misfit. Regarding the preacher as a messenger of Jehovah, they would look upon their relation to him as somewhat different from that of the client to his lawyer.

There can be no question that we now have a fatal facility in severing this sacred tie. Now and then preachers hold their position too long, but the rule is otherwise. We are quite certain that if our people held that high view of the preacher's work which they ought to hold, they would not be so capricious and whimsical as to trivial matters and would set proper value upon really important things. There would not, where such views prevailed, be any talk of a "dead line." One of the most noticeable examples of the low view of the ministerial calling, of which we complain, is in the disposition to ignore old preachers. Men well fitted naturally, with powers unimpaired, and with experience in religious work which ought to be invaluable, are severely left alone, while youths without experience are eagerly sought after. Would this be true if the churches thought of the preacher's work in its true light? What high regard they would have for one who held the conviction from Christ? Even if his voice should become a trifle shrill and cracked, and his form bowed, and other signs of age and infirmity should show themselves—he would be to them the representative of one whose youth is immortal.

But we must now begin to notice how such exaltation of the work of the ministry would affect the preachers themselves. We do not mean to charge that the ministry in general hold low views of their work and calling. We simply mean that many of the preachers who fall out of their regular work, do so because they have very imperfect and inadequate conceptions of the sacredness of their vocation. And we hold that if, by persistent and emphatic teaching, we could fasten in the minds of the congregation that when they begin to preach they must continue to preach, then these lapses into secular employment would grow "small by degrees."

THE WEEK.

The past week has been remarkable for the number of utterances by the great leaders of the political parties of Great Britain. It is evident that the results of the recent bye elections have alarmed the Unionists. They show most plainly that those who were led away from the Liberal ranks by Hartington and Chamberlain are flocking back again. The latter has done much to justify Morley's taunt that he had swung from the extreme of Radicalism to the extreme of Toryism. The blue blooded gentry of England who control this latter party are sure to adopt him, and he has signed past forgiveness against his old friends. In an address at a caucus of his friends he spoke very despairingly, and expressed his desire to retire into private life. It may be that he sees the hopelessness of his position, and feels that he has wrecked his political prospects. Hartington continues to be bitter against Gladstone. The Unionists have been pressing the Gladstonians to declare a definite and decided policy; but Gladstone is too old and astute a politician to leave the vantage ground of criticism of the policy of the government to expose his party to that of his opponents before the time has come when such a declaration becomes imperative.

Churchill has also issued a manifesto, in which he outlines what he regards as the legislation which should be taken up by the next parliament. His programme shows that he has swung to the extreme of Radicalism. In it he makes a strong bid for the support of the laboring and tenant farmer class.

The Parnell Commission seems nearing its close. Michael Davitt has concluded

his address and was thanked by the presiding judge, which fact may be significant. Sir H. James is now speaking for the Times. It seems impossible for the Commission to decide against Parnell. There are rumors of further revelations, but these are probably but rumors. It is also said that Parnell has asked the speaker to devise a way by which he can show the complicity of the government in the action of the Times.

The following fact is significant: Since the Tories came into power, there have been 84 bye-elections to the British House of Commons. Of these twelve have been won by the Liberals from the Tories, who have taken but one from the Liberals in return. If there should be a similar gain for the Liberals in all the constituencies, at the next election, it would give them a large majority.

Since the great exposition has ceased to be the great topic of interest in France, the press, as might have been expected, has become more beligerent. It is said that with Russia as an ally, all Europe need not be feared. Such boasting may be very harmless; once, however, it brought upon France the greatest humbling she has ever had since English armies held possession of her fastnesses.

There has been an insurrection in Guatemala, and it has been crushed out in a very sanguinary way, all prisoners being executed as soon as taken.

Spain should be happy; there has been a surplus of receipts over expenditure.

Home Missions.

Have just completed a tour of twenty days among the weak churches of York, Carleton, Victoria and Madavaska Counties.

After spending two days with the brethren assembled in quarterly meeting at Wakefield, Andover and Grand Falls churches were visited, and after preaching the Word, the ways and means of securing a pastor were considered. A brother has been asked to visit the churches with a view of remaining with them at least for a time.

DEDICATION AT ST. FRANCIS.

Sunday, the 29th inst., was spent at St. Francis, assisting Bro. Henderson in dedicating the little Baptist meeting-house. Bro. H. has so changed the old house that it has all the appearance of an entirely new one. To use the words frequently heard from others, he deserves much praise for his energy and perseverance in this matter. This is the only Protestant house of worship above Edmonstone, on either side of the St. John river. There are but few Protestants, and these are much scattered, but a church of fifteen members has been gathered.

Monday evening was spent with the Forest Glen church, on the Tobique river. This church has made considerable progress since I visited them a few years ago. They now have a comfortable church home, an "evergreen" Sunday-school, a prayer-meeting when they have no preaching service, and pay in full the amount they promise for pastor's salary. They have been without a pastor since Bro. Irvine's health failed last spring. Plans for supplying them are being considered. Accurate information was gathered concerning the other interests of the Tobique field.

The remainder of the week was spent in visiting the churches of the Queensbury group, preaching every evening except Saturday. There are five churches in this group, viz, Upper Queensbury, Dumfries, Springfield, Temperance Vale and Birch Ridge, besides two outstations. Most of them have comfortable places of worship, but the working force in each church is small, and there are some peculiar hindrances. Pastor Porter is about leaving them, and we are trying to find a successor. But before much can be accomplished, the brethren must realize that there is work for them to do in building up the churches.

Sunday, the 27th, was spent with the Canterbury and Lower Woodstock churches. These churches, encouraged by the generous offer of Bro. Asa Dow, are moving in the matter of calling a pastor. A good man, who can preach three times a Sabbath, is needed. There is much to be done and it needs to be done soon.

Benton was visited on Monday evening. This church formerly belonged to the Canterbury group, but is now cared for by pastor T. Todd. It appears to be in a healthy condition. The brethren are earnest and liberal.

As we have moved about among the churches two thoughts have been uppermost:

1. Our home missionaries need and deserve sympathy. Their fields are large, requiring long cold drives by day and night, their helpers are few, their congregations small and consequently uninspiring, and hindrances to success numerous. Brethren and sisters of the mission churches, if you cannot give your pastors a large amount of financial support, "esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." But we would have these brethren feel that they have the sympathy of the whole body. The best way to make them feel your sympathy is by generous giving to the Home Mission treasury, so that the Board shall

be able to give the missionaries adequate support.

2. We are suffering from lack of pastors. We need men willing and able to endure hardships as good soldiers—men of heart and brain—men qualified to instruct and guide the churches, to set forth the truth and defend it. There are fields now weak that could, by the blessing of God, soon be made strong if they could have the treatment they need. Many are running to and fro, and error, as we think, is being increased. I am surprised and delighted to find that, to such a good degree, our churches are standing steadfast, but they are feeling as never before the need of a wise pastor. The harvest truly is plenteous, but oh for more laborers to gather it!

A. CONOCH, Hebbron, Oct. 31. Cor. Sec'y.

Manitoba and Northwest Missions.

That was a welcome MESSENGER and VISITOR which told us of the hearty interest in our work, manifested at your last Convention. The renewal of your pledge for this year stirred our hearts with gladness and thankfulness, and gave us strength and hope to press forward. We cannot express to you the joy with which we all have indication of growing interest and liberality toward our missions. In this new and extensive field our work has been limited only by the means at our command, so that every increase in our resources makes possible the entering into openings that have been long neglected, and the responding to calls that have been often repeated. We are now trying to calculate some of the results of the

SUMMER WORK.

But how far short all our estimates fall of what has really been accomplished! Our young missionaries have labored with untiring faithfulness, counting no labor or sacrifice too great, if only souls could be reached. Over eighty were baptized, while the whole number that professed faith was much larger. Two churches were organized. Special services were held at many points. Twenty-one were baptized in connection with one church. A young brother who was converted on one of the fields during last year's work, was engaged to aid in evangelistic services, and, as the result of work in which he assisted, seventeen were baptized on one field, and not less than twenty-five were led to faith in the Saviour on another. Fifteen fields in all were occupied, and yet many desirable places, which pressed for the services of a missionary, could not be supplied.

ENLARGEMENT.

Our country is making marvellous advances, worldly enterprises are being pressed forward with surprising vigor. Railroads are pushing out in all directions. Hundreds of miles have been built this year, and still the work goes on. Great undertakings are projected for next year. The Province of Manitoba is becoming well furnished with railway facilities, and the vast districts of the Northwest Territories are being entered, and made inviting to settlers. This is surely a trumpet call to us to move forward with all promptness. These new districts, rapidly opening, ought to be entered by us, and yet our work is not adequately provided for in older places.

Fields which have had to depend upon temporary provision for work, are needing, and calling for pastors; and new places must be opened by student labor. We are settling a number of pastors this fall, but we are only beginning to meet the demands of our work. The needs of our work in Manitoba alone are still very great, and the vast Northwest, with its area of over two million and a half square miles, is barely touched. A year ago we were doing nothing in the Northwest. This year we occupied three points, and one of these—Calgary—is to have a permanent pastor. In all that vast stretch of country, which is rapidly opening, its rich resources of soil and minerals, we have only a single pastor. West of Brandon, as far as the Rockies, (on the main line of the C. P. R.) a distance of nearly 1000 miles, Calgary is the only place that has a permanent missionary, while Regina, the capital of the Northwest, and other promising towns, remain unprovided for.

OUR APPEAL.

Brethren of the Maritime Baptist churches, is it not a grand privilege to have a part in forming the character of such a country? Is not the Lord holding out to us a great opportunity, and laying upon us the obligation to build into the structure of this new land those truths, for the preservation and dissemination of which we are organized as a denomination? If we are to make an abiding impression upon the religious life of this country, if the full gospel truth, is to find a large home here, and penetrate deeply the hearts of the people; then, during these youthful years of the country's life, is the time for energetic effort. We who are on the field stand ready for action, and eager to reach out to the work, at any cost of toil and sacrifice, and will "count it all joy." But we cannot go forward as we ought without your aid. With every increase of liberality on your part will follow enlargement in our undertakings. Our people are longing to see the work advancing,

and becoming established in all directions; our missionaries labor with enthusiasm and hopefulness; but your gifts will decide what the limits of the work shall be. It seems that the Lord's work waits for the offerings of the people.

I am not saying too much, I think, when I state that you can easily raise the amount pledged, if all will take hold and help. "Let something from every one,"—every church, be the motto. Let it be said everywhere, we ought, we can, we must do something for the great, growing work in the needy Northwest, and we shall have the thousand dollars and more. The amount contributed by each church may seem small, but how much the "many lilies" will mean to us! Just think of it—about \$1,000—the sum that you have pledged, made possible the employment of the sixteen laborers upon our summer fields. Who can calculate the streams of blessing that will flow down through the years of this country's history as the result of that work? To the various churches who contribute, the offering made may seem a trifle; to us it means a thousand dollars or more; to the missions and churches in Manitoba and the Northwest it will mean blessings incalculable.

We need your help, brethren, we must have it, in order to be faithful to the people, and to the trust committed to us. We ask not large gifts, but "something from every one." This rule followed, will give the Baptist churches of the Maritime Provinces no small part in the work of establishing, in this land churches which shall be faithful witnesses to the truth entrusted to us for the blessing of every people.

J. H. DOOLITTLE.

A Nova Scotia Pastor on Vacation in New York.

No. 2.

Among the many objects for sight-seeing in and about New York, "God's acre"—the cemeteries—are not the least important. "God's acre," says Dr. Trement, "is the German name for a burial-ground, and once was our own, though we unfortunately have nearly, if not quite, let it go. What a hope full of immortality does this little word proclaim, how rich it is in all the highest elements of poetry, and of poetry in its noblest alliance, that is, in its alliance with faith, able as it is to cause all loathsome images of decay and dissolution to disappear, not denying them, but suspending, losing, absorbing them, in the sublimer thought of the victory over death, of that harvest of life which God shall one day so gloriously reap even there where now seems the very triumphant place of death." We spent a day in Greenwood Cemetery, as it was the largest and most important, and also on account of tender association through buried kindred. We could best say—"Fond memories bring us here, but faith points upwards to the sky." Greenwood is situated in the city of Brooklyn, in the town of Flatbush, about two and one half miles from Brooklyn bridge. It is nearly a mile square and contains 474 acres. There are four public entrances—north, south, east and west. The cemetery has over 22 miles of substantial stone-bedded avenues, and 20 miles of concrete paths. It is supplied with water from the Brooklyn City water works, by 26 large hydrants and 36 small ones, for drinking and irrigation.

It has eight lakes of various sizes, in seven of them are fountains supplied from two large reservoirs. The cemetery is drained by subterranean sewer pipes, making in all about 21 miles in length. There are 1,183 basins connected with the sewer pipes to carry off the surface water. The cemetery was chartered in 1838, but was not formally opened until 1840, since which time up to the first of April, 1887, there have been 25,680 burial lots sold of various sizes, and 239,487 interments made. The surface of the ground retains its natural contour, of mountain terraces and deep basins, in which sparkle the little lakes of water, while the hillsides are studded with vaults, built of the most beautiful and costly marble and adorned with the finest and richest form of sculpture. Time and space forbids a description of the beautiful and costly monuments; but one for its beauty and cost must be mentioned, namely, that of John Matthews. Upon a richly sculptured sarcophagus lies the full length recumbent statue of deceased. Above this rises a canopy and spire of richly decorated stone to the height of 36 feet, resting upon a tablet of sculptured marble, the lower side or ceiling of which is covered, representing Mr. Matthews at the age of 21 years leaving England for America. On the tablet under the canopy is a veiled female figure seated in a richly carved chair, gazing grief; surrounding the angles of the tablet are four grotesque gargoyles, or monsters, with open mouths, through which the rain water falling upon the roof is discharged. The monument was designed and executed by Prof. Carl Muller at a cost of \$30,000. The Greenwood cemetery is held and managed by trustees as a public trust. The funds for the improvement and permanent care of the cemetery now amount to about \$800,000. Lots are sold at prices varying according to size and location, from \$125 to \$1,000. These facts have been gathered from observations during a day spent on the grounds, and from Appleton's Dictionary of New York, and its vicinity.



**HE LEADETH ME.**

In pastures green? Not always. Sometimes the Who-knoweth best, in kindness leadeth me In many ways, where heavy shadows be. Out of the sunshine warm and soft and bright, Out of the machine into darkest night. I oft would faint with sorrow and afright, Only for this—I know He holds my hand. No, no, he led in green or desert land, I trust—although I may not understand. And by still waters? Not always, so oftentimes the heavy tempests round me close. And o'er my soul the waves and billows go. But, when the storms beat loudest and I cry, Aloud for help, the dear Lord standeth by. And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!" Above the tempest wild I hear Him say, "Beyond this darkness lies the perfect day; In every path of thine I lead the way."

So, whether on the hill tops high and fair I dwell, or in the sunless valleys where The shadows lie, what matter? He is there.

And more than this, where'er the path may lead, He gives to me no helpless broken need. But, his own hand, sufficient for my need. So, where He leads me, I can safely go; And in the best hereafter I shall know Why in His wisdom He hath led me so.

**Selected Serial.**

**HOW THEY KEPT THE FAITH.**

A Tale of the Huguenots of Languedoc.

BY GRACE RAYMOND.

**CHAPTER VI.—Continued.**

A GAME OF SKILL.

Captain LaRoche turned once more to the door, but before he could lay his hand upon the latch, M. Renau asked quietly:

"Whether now, Henri?"

To the preaching in the Huguenot temple? The young man turned and faced his kinsman with a look which said plainly: "I am not to be laughed out of it."

The elder man threw up his hands with a whimsical gesture of dismay.

"You will be denouncing a preacher in the desert nest. What new spell is on you, mon ami?"

"The spell that controls the actions of such men—a pair of handsome eyes, I fancy, the young abbe interposed, with a rough twinkle in his eye. "Captain LaRoche has probably found out as I have, that his lovely inamorata attends service in the Huguenot temple every Sabbath afternoon."

Captain LaRoche would evidently have denied it if he could, but there was no hiding the "bright" of sudden laughter that "disrupted in his swarthy cheek."

"You appear to be well acquainted with her movements, M. Fabbe."

"I use my eyes and ears, as others do, M. LaRoche."

The soldier laughed merrily.

"Then you are probably also aware that I have no time to lose if I would not be late for service. Cousin Renau, I see you are reassured since you find that the spell that draws me is of the earth, earthly. Au revoir, gentlemen. I give you good luck at your game."

The door closed behind him, and the two, left alone, looked at each other and smiled.

"Is it the game or the stakes that most interests you now, monsieur?" inquired the priest.

"The game still, though the stakes are certainly worth playing for. It is to my interest to keep the lands of Beaumont free from encumbrance, and to do this Henri must marry wealth. His father has seriously embarrassed his property by the way in which he has incurred through his devotion to the Reformed Church, and mademoiselle, as I understand, will inherit large estates at her marriage."

"So madame has repeatedly whispered to Natalie and myself. She has even gone so far as to intimate to my sister that M. Laval is likely to make his pretty young ward his heir. But that is under the rose. He certainly dotes upon her. But it is not clear to my mind, monsieur, how this golden draft is to be drawn into the net of the Church. Captain LaRoche appears devoted to his faith."

"As he would be to a hardly-pressed banner as a losing cause in a fight. It is the reckless energy of youth, Louis, not the stolidness of a fatherly man, that I assure you. My kinsman would never consent to the marriage of his son with a Catholic, and I can but congratulate myself that the fair Huguenot who has seduced our lethargic invincible soldier, is not one of the plain-sinners, puritanical kind, but a gaily butterfly, eager to wander from flower to flower, for whom the world and its pleasures have endless attractions. Let me but plunge the two into the whirl of glittering court life, and bring my cousin under the personal fascination of the king, and we will find these hereditary scruples melt like wax in the fire. Hearts can be taken by stratagem, mon ami, that can never be stormed."

"Then your game is already assured, monsieur. The young captain gives every evidence of his grand passion."

"He is bewitched by a pair of handsome eyes, undoubtedly; but it is on that point I feel most uneasy. Let Henri discover too soon the identity of his fair unknown, with the betrothed of his friend and our scheme miscarries at once."

"But I understand from madame, the aunt, that the betrothal is not a formal one, only a family understanding."

"All the more binding on one of Henri's temperaments. His honor is his religion. If he learns the truth before he is thoroughly enslaved, our game is

up. Are you sure madame can be depended on?"

"Madame is in raptures at the prospect of such a brilliant alliance for her young kinswoman. She will hold her tongue, I promise you."

"But how about the old nurse? Is she still laid up?" She would prove a sad marplot just now."

"She still keeps her room, monsieur, and is likely to do so for some time, from all I can gather. It is madame's own maid who accompanies mademoiselle in her walks."

"Very good once more. Now let us have our game."

There was silence while the cards were dealt, and then the abbe glanced up once more.

"You appear to have overlooked one possibility, monsieur. Suppose the young lady herself proved unmanageable?"

M. Renau compressed his thin lips in a way that was not pleasant to see.

"The young lady has nothing to do with it. She will marry as her elders think best."

"On the contrary, monsieur; there is some prejudice in the family against a marriage 'de convenance. Madame assures me that the young lady's inclination will be for her father all that will decide the question."

"Be it so. Is my cousin a man likely to woe unheard."

"But there may be a previous attachment. Madame admits she had much ado to comfort the little demoiselle for her separation from the Chevalier at the first, and that her foster brother's name was on her lips even in her sleep."

"That was five years ago, and done were both children. Madame has and they her work ill if the girl hesitates between reigning as mistress of Beaumont or leading an obscure, perilous existence as the wife of a Huguenot physician. I believe it was to that the boy aspired. You appear to overlook, Louis, that the proffer of my cousin's hand is an honor for which mademoiselle, in her position, could not have looked."

"I do not, monsieur, and that brings me to my last misgiving. The sieur LaRoche—how is he likely to regard the match? Will the mysterious hints which madame does not let us of the young lady's gentle birth and high connections satisfy his aristocratic demands for his only son?"

"I would I were as sure of the cut of my new cloak, mon ami. My kinsman, I happen to know, is as well acquainted with mademoiselle's lineage as madame herself, and a chance word of Henri's years ago betrayed to me that the silence was a matter of religious policy. When our pretty demoiselle is once united to a Huguenot husband able to protect her, I fancy there will be no longer any need for secrecy. But even were it otherwise, I believe it would suffice M. LaRoche that the girl is the foster-child of the Chevalier, whom he seems to think have had a patent of nobility straight from Heaven."

The abbe lifted his eyebrows. "I see you have thought of everything, monsieur. Your position seems impregnable, and I am your most obedient servant henceforth."

They resumed their cards, and silence once more fell upon them.

In a beautiful grove of elms about a quarter of a mile southwest of the old city, stood the large stone structure to which the Huguenots had long been accustomed to resort for public worship.

For many years the Protestants of France had only been suffered by the Catholic rulers to erect their temples outside the corporate limits of a town; but in the present instance, the love and industry of the worshippers had done much to soften the disadvantage. The church itself was built on the slope of a gentle hill, commanding a fine view of the town and a glimpse of the distant sea. The road thither was paved with stones, worn smooth by the going and coming feet of many generations, and bordered on either side by stately chestnut-trees. The edifice, though as scrupulously devoid of ornament as the worship within, was, like it, not without a grand and simple beauty, and the hoary lichens and trailing vines with which time had mantled it, softened the austerity of its rigid outlines.

The service was beginning when Henri LaRoche, after a hurried walk, mounted the steps, and the stately old beadle, who stood on the threshold holding the ponderous staff of his office, advanced, with as much haste as his dignity would permit, to show the young officer to the place. That young gentleman, however, intimidated by a gesture that he was not yet ready to enter. His quick glance had caught sight of two figures coming up the avenue; one of them, a slender girl dressed in simple white, with her head bowed, and her small feet, like a young queen's, and a step as light and quick as a breeze when it pricks its way across a summer sea. His heart began to tremble like a leaf. He drew back hastily into the shadow of the entrance and waited, smiling at his own folly, yet unable to resist the spell that was on him. Two weeks before, changing to go out early one morning, and turning a corner lastly, he had jostled against a young girl coming from the opposite direction. The collision sent the basket of roses she had been carrying tumbling to the ground. He had only time to catch sight of a small, rosy mouth, pouted like a bud, as he stooped in confusion to gather them up. In a moment they were replaced in the basket, and the basket in the hand outstretched to receive it—a pretty hand, white as snow and dimpled like a child's.

"A thousand pardons, mademoiselle."

"A thousand thanks, monsieur."

The next moment she had passed on her way, followed by her chattering maid. But it was not by fate, or something sweeter still, that left one of those crimson roses lying on the stones at his feet? He snatched it up and went home with his brain in a whirl. There are no roses in which love at first sight is impossible, but his was no ordinary love. He did not try to analyze his feelings; introspection was not one of his characteristics; but all that day those merry eyes looked at him from every book he picked up, and at night followed him into his dreams, and made his blood ring like a bell. He had seen, bright and sweet—eyes that had graciously smiled upon him and wooed him shyly, and into which he had thought it pleasant to look for an hour, but none that had ever haunted his solitude like these. Early the next morning he was out on

the boulevard once more, pacing slowly up and down, with a red rose fastened in his coat. His vigil was soon rewarded. A far off he saw her coming; his heart already singing her out in the crowd and catching sight of the tower in his tower, he turned and turned away. Every morning since had found him on the boulevard, fully satisfied, if after an hour or two of loitering, that M. Renau compressed his thin lips in a way that was not pleasant to see.

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long enough to hear it read, but at its conclusion they burst into another hoarse, indignant roar, which, instead of spending itself, seemed every instant to grow louder and more threatening. The old minister, who had resigned himself unresistingly to his captors, now endeavored with outstretched hands and streaming eyes to induce them to do the same. But his voice was lost in the tumult, and the people misunderstanding the gesture, and thinking he appealed to them for rescue, answered him with fiercer threats and cries. Every moment the uproar became more appalling. At a signal from their captain the soldiers brought their prisoner down and placed him in the centre of the squad. Cool and undismayed they stood with sabres drawn and eyes fixed upon their leader, ready at his word to cut their way out. The incensed Huguenots far outnumbered them, but they were unarmed and without discipline, and the war-worn veterans of Louisiana knew well what would be the result of such an unequal contest. Maddened with grief and fear the people, however, would certainly have made the vain effort to stay their progress, and blood must have flowed, and there not appeared a prodigious man at this moment an individual destined to turn the tide of events. The captain had turned to his men and was about to give the order for which they waited, when a young man stepped hastily forward from the crowd, and addressed him. He wore the plain dress of a soldier, but his frame was tall and powerfully built, his eyes piercing, and his speech had a strong Southern accent.

"If you are Frenchmen, and do not wish to stain your hands with the blood of your countrymen, I would earnestly speak one moment to the people without interruption."

Without waiting a reply, he sprang upon the pulpit steps, and turning his pale, set face toward the surging multitude, with gestures commensurate with the audacity and unhesitating pectness of the act, he chained the arms of the dragons, and startled the people into silence. All eyes were turned toward the pulpit. Those of the Huguenots who had been loudest in their threats, began to press toward it. Perhaps here had come the leader who would organize their resistance and help to rescue their wronged minister. All waited with eagerness to hear what he would say.

The stranger who had succeeded in gaining this momentary foothold, lost not an instant in using it. Before the multitude had time to recover from that second of startled quietness, he was pouring out in a mighty voice that made itself heard to the remotest corner of the building, a rapid, earnest appeal for prudence and forbearance.

"Resist, and you give our persecutors the opportunity for which they long; submit, and you deprive them of the voice with which to accuse you. Attempt to rescue your pastor by force, and you not only fail, but rivet his chains. Suffer his arrest patiently, and do for him all that man can do by proving how sincere and unwavering is the loyalty he has taught you. It is the delight of our enemies to represent to his majesty that his Huguenot subjects are continually in a state of insurrection; and if that is true, they love to goad us into acts of which they may afterward accuse us. Disappoint them. Prove to your king the fidelity of your charges, by showing him with what humility and patience you can sign your names to the expression of his royal will."

Such was the argument on which he rang the changes of his appeal—bold, impetuous, but shrewdly practical. The people listened, disappointed, sullen, wavering, but they listened, and at length the speaker paused, apparently satisfied with the impression he had made, and he died out of his face, his head drooping as if his breath; he seemed to feel himself unworthy to utter the words, which he knew well were all the people now needed. Bending low over the pulpit railing, he addressed the captive pastor in a voice of exceeding reverence and love.

"My father, they will hear you now. Speak to them, and the work is done."

The spell that was upon the people seemed to have fallen on the dragons also. Without remonstrance they suffered the aged minister to step forward and extend his arms in farewell and in blessing toward his smitten flock.

"My children"—the voice, though trembling with emotion, was now distinctly audible in the hushed assembly.

"My little children, I address you, not by my own words, but in the words of Him who endured the heaviest burden of sinners against Himself, and 'when He was reviled, reviled not again; 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice, inasmuch as ye know that the reward of your Father which is in heaven.'"

He ceased speaking, and throughout the vast building, which a few seconds before had echoed to the shouts of a raging mob, was now heard only the sound of sobs and murmured prayers.

The captain of the dragons saw his advantage, and seized it. A whisper to his men, and they closed once more about their prisoner, and crowded toward the door. The people gave way before them, sorrowful but unresisting. At the temple door the officer glanced back.

"Where is the young man that quieted the people?" he demanded. "There was a man here, and he was said, and he seemed to have much influence among them."

But the young man had disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

"Caught up, and smuggled away in the crowd," muttered the soldier angrily. "Could not one of you have had an eye to him?" But had the truth been known, he would have discovered that the congregation knew no more of the stranger than he.

The pastor crossed the threshold of his temple to re-enter it; the people poured after him, the great oak doors were closed, and stamped with the royal seal.

Another shadow had fallen from the night now rapidly closing around the Huguenots of France.

(To be continued.)

**But Twelve Hours Long.**

The great Indian Rajah Montji, it is said, had but one son, to whose education he gave much time and thought, in order that the boy might be fitted for his high place. Among his devices for the wise training of his son was the placing near him an old man whose duty it was to say to the prince, whenever he was enjoying any pleasure keenly, "The day hath but twelve hours, and to-day, each man will have found his place for himself. There are among our readers, too, many plain, unattractive girls, who find themselves neglected while their prettier companions are admired and courted. Their suffering is not a thing to smile at; it is real and sharp. They are at the age to which beauty and grace are fitting, and they have neither wisdom nor experience to bear disappointment coolly.

But they should remember that there are other and more potent charms than pink cheeks and bright eyes, which will tell in the long run.

The night, however dark, but twelve hours long; with each morning comes fresh chances and possibilities for all of us.—Selected.

Hill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

—A story is going the rounds about a jurymen, an Irishman, who cleverly outwitted a judge, and that without injury. He came breathlessly into court: "Oh, my lord, if you can excuse me, pray—I don't know which will die first—my wife or my daughter." "Dear me! that's sad," said the innocent judge; "certainly, you are excused." The next day the jurymen was met by a friend, who, in a sympathetic voice asked, "How's your wife?" "She's all right, thank you." "And your daughter?" "She's all right too. Why do you ask?" "Why, yesterday you said you did not know which would die first?" "Nor do I. That is the problem which time alone can solve."

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for attacks of bilious headache, and it always gives immediate relief," says J. White, flour and feed merchant, Riverside, Toronto.

**BRISTOL'S Sarsaparilla.**

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**NESTLE'S FOOD**

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It requires no milk in preparation, and is very effective in the prevention of

**CHOLERA INFANTUM.**

Zieman's Cyclopaedia of the Practice of Medicine, Vol. VII., says: "In Cases of CHOLERA INFANTUM, NESTLE'S MILK FOOD IS ALONE TO BE RECOMMENDED. Because the best nourishment for the infant is cow's milk in a digestible form. Cow's milk produces a coagulated mass of curd and whey, which is indigestible for infants; food requiring the addition of cow's milk PAUL, as a diet in hot weather."

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SONG HARMONY (50 cts., \$1.00 doz.) by L. O. Mason, a new and original collection of songs, which will suit you for your winter's Singing Classes. Also an appropriate and good book for High Schools.

SONG MANUAL (Book 1, 20 cts., 30 cts., or Book 2, 25 cts., 35 cts.) Admirably adapted to the singing of school boys, with plain instructions and best of music.

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