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The War. The news from South Africa during the week has been for the most part pleasant reading for the enemies of Great Britain only. It has been long indeed since the nation has had to pass through an experience so bitterly humiliating as the week has brought. Reverse has followed reverse to the British arms and in circumstances in which success was almost confidently expected. Following the severe repulse suffered by General Gatacre at Stormberg on Sunday, General Methuen met a serious check and heavy loss in an attack upon the Boers at Magersfontein, just north of the Modder river, on Monday; and on Friday General Buller, advancing to the relief of Ladysmith, suffered a still more serious check at Colenso. The present situation in South Africa is one to put British determination and endurance strongly to the proof. It is not easy for a nation to keep calm and brave under such exasperating experiences. But of course there will be no flinching from the task to which the nation has set its hand. Reinforcements of men and equipments will be forwarded. The additional contingents which Canada and Australia have offered will probably be accepted, and the nation will steady itself in grim determination for a more strenuous effort. Meantime there must be the gravest anxiety as to General White's little army at Ladysmith, which has held out bravely for so many weeks, while the situation for General Methuen and the British cause in northern Cape Colony is also such as to justify alarm.

Stormberg. General Gatacre's repulse at Stormberg, of which a brief account was given in these columns last week, was a very unfortunate affair, and has naturally called forth sharp criticism of the British commander. Very possibly some of the criticism has been unjustly severe, for General Gatacre has enjoyed the reputation of being an able as well as an experienced officer. He is blamed for not having employed scouting cavalry to ascertain the position of the enemy before moving a body of infantry against him. But the fact seems to be that General Gatacre was not furnished with the necessary cavalry for this purpose. He was also at the serious disadvantage of operating in a country with which he was not well acquainted, and among people whose sympathies were with the Boers. His guides, whether intentionally, or, as General Gatacre believes, unintentionally, gave him incorrect information as to the distance and led him by a circuitous way, so that when he came unexpectedly upon the Boers occupying a strong position, his men, worn out with their long march, were taken at a double disadvantage, and under the circumstances disaster was inevitable. We quote from General Gatacre's own account of the affair: "The Boers commenced firing from the top of an unscalable hill and wounded a good many of our men while in the open plain. The Northumberlanders tried to turn out the enemy but failed. The Second Irish Fusiliers seized a kopje near and held on, supported by the mounted infantry and Cape police. The guns under Jeffreys could not have been better handled, but I regret to say that one gun was overturned in a deep nullah and another sank in the quicksand. Neither could be extricated in time to be available. Seeing the situation I sent a despatch rider to Molteno with the news and collected and withdrew our force from ridge to ridge for about nine miles. The Boer guns were remarkably well served. They carried accurately 5,000 yards." A report from Boer sources states that eight officers and 480 men of the Northumberlanders and Irish Fusiliers were taken prisoners. The total loss to General Gatacre's command was probably not less than six hundred officers and men, besides three guns and two ammunition wagons. The repulse suffered made it necessary for the British Commander to fall back to a strong position at Bushman's Hock.

Magersfontein. Just what General Methuen's position is and the situation with which he is confronted it is not easy to gather from the despatches. As we understand the matter, the British force, about 11,000 strong and well-equipped with artillery, occupies a favorable position just north of the Modder river, while the Boers in greater numbers are very strongly posted a few miles away to the north or northwest. On Monday, the 11th, after the Boers had been subjected to a vigorous artillery fire on the two preceding days, General Methuen sent Major General Wauchope to move on the Boer position with the troops of the Highland brigade. A march of four or five miles was made through rain and darkness, and at twenty minutes past three in the morning, General Wauchope's troops were surprised by a terrific fire delivered at the close range of 300 yards. The Brigade lost heavily and was compelled to fall back until supported by artillery. Then, at daylight, the British artillery, consisting of 31 guns, began a bombardment which lasted throughout the day, the howitzers as before using heavy lyddite shells. The Boers made no serious attempt to reply with their guns, but their rifle fire was so persistent, concentrated and well-directed that it was absolutely impossible for the British infantry to take the position by assault. In the course of the forenoon the Gordon Highlanders were sent to the front by General Methuen, and advanced with the utmost gallantry to attack the Boer centre, close to where lay their dead and wounded comrades of the Highland Brigade. The Boers were, however, so well entrenched that it was found physically impossible to carry the position and the Gordons were also compelled to retire. General Methuen then gave up the attack, and on Tuesday morning both sides occupied the positions held before the fight. As the Boer trenches were still strongly held, General Methuen withdrew his forces to their former position. The loss on the British side was heavy. A revised list gives the number of casualties at 963, including 70 officers. The list of killed is headed by Major-General Wauchope, one of the bravest and best beloved Scotch officers in the army and a special favorite with the Queen and the Prince of Wales. His death is a heavy loss, and the loss of so many men, both at Magersfontein and Stormberg, of the very flower of the army, constitutes a serious disaster. The loss on the part of the Boers is believed to have been still heavier. The British shells in some instances caused great destruction, though it is said the general effect of the lyddite howitzers was not so great as had been anticipated. It is stated that cannonading was resumed on Tuesday. Beyond that there is no definite information, and whether or not General Methuen is in a position to make another forward movement until reinforced is uncertain.

Tugela River. The result of the battle at Tugela river on Friday last in connection with Lord Buller's attempted advance to the relief of Ladysmith is the most bitter disappointment of the war. The nation had braced itself to endure with equanimity the reverse suffered by Lord Methuen and General Gatacre in the confidence that Lord Buller's advance, which had been so long in preparation, would turn the tide of victory, and, by establishing British prestige, would discourage the growing disaffection among the Dutch colonists of Natal and Cape Colony and put new heart into all loyal British subjects in South Africa. But instead of a victorious march to Ladysmith, General Buller has met at the outset with a severe repulse and suffered heavy loss both of men and of artillery, losing eleven guns and nearly a thousand men in an unsuccessful attempt to cross the Tugela river near Colenso. There were two fordable places, about two miles apart, and, at one or both these places, General Buller expected to force a passage in the face of the enemy. General Hart was to attack the left drift, General Hilyard the right, with General Lyttleton in the centre to support either. General Hart, finding it impossible to force a passage, after attacking with great gallantry, was directed to withdraw, and General Hilyard's brigade was ordered to advance. At this point it would seem somebody blundered. The artillery force under Col. Long advanced to a position which was so commanded by the enemy's

rifle fire that it was wholly untenable. The horses being shot down, the guns could not be extricated from the position, and after a number of heroic but unsuccessful attempts to do so, ten guns had to be abandoned. One other gun was disabled. This loss of artillery so crippled General Buller that he was obliged to desist from further efforts to cross the river. The loss of men was also very heavy according to General Buller's report, the total reaching nearly a thousand,—the figures being as follows: Killed, 82; wounded, 667; missing, 384. Nothing since the days of the Indian Mutiny has caused such consternation in England as the war news of the past week. The sneers of enemies abroad and the rejoicings of the turbulent Irish element at home are most exasperating, but the most serious element in the situation lies in the effect of these continued reverses on the Dutch population of Cape Colony and Natal. A state of civil war in these colonies seems inevitable. Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor of Cape Colony, has asked that martial law be proclaimed. The reverses suffered will, however, only cause the war to be prosecuted with greater vigor. A fifth division now on its way will probably reach South Africa during the week. A sixth division is about to embark. These reinforcements will bring the British military force in South Africa to 75,000 or 80,000. General Roberts is to go out at once as Commander-in-Chief, with General Kitchener as his chief of staff. A seventh division is to be mobilized at once. It is expected that the second Canadian contingent, offered some weeks ago, will now be accepted. So far as can be gathered from the despatches the Canadian regiment is still at Belmont, as part of a force charged with the duty of guarding General Methuen's connection with his base of supplies. It is not known that they have yet been in action. Private Chappell, whose native home was Pt. de Bute, N. B., has died of tonsillitis. The Canadians are praised for their efficiency in the performance of duties assigned to them.

Germany Proposes to Double her Navy. The Government of Germany has come to the conclusion that its navy is insufficient for the nation's needs, and the Imperial Chancellor has announced in the Reichstag that estimates looking to the doubling of the present number of warships will be submitted. The understanding between Great Britain and the United States and Germany, whatever it may involve, is not regarded by the latter as any reason why she should not make preparation for contingencies. On the contrary, in the words of Count Von Buelow: "Just because the external position is now favorable, we must use it to secure ourselves for the future. I wish that our future may be peaceful. Whether it will be so no one can say." Alluding to the war-like changes and revolutions of the last few years, Count Von Buelow says: "I cannot yet believe a new partition of the earth is imminent. We wish to interfere with no foreign power, but neither do we wish to let our fleet be trodden upon by a foreign power, nor let ourselves be pushed aside either politically or economically. We cannot but be mixed up with the future, the prospects of which have been considerably modified during the last two years, because we have now interests in all parts of the world. The powerful vitality of the German people has involved us in the world's administration and drawn us into the world's policy. In the presence of a greater Britain and a new France we have claims to a greater Germany, not in the sense of conquest but in the sense of a peaceful extension of our trade and points of support. We cannot, will not, suffer that a people shall pass to the order of day over the heads of the German people. We have always, hitherto, come to an easy and willing understanding with France in isolated colonial conventions. In this respect also we have found friendly obligingness in the case of Russia, to which we have fully and wholly responded."

Milton's Ideas of Freedom.

GRADUATING ESSAY JUNE, 1899.

It has been said that Milton's prose or controversial works have been buried in a merciful oblivion. This is a superficial view. The dust has returned to dust, but the spirit, the soul of the master-teacher, that wrought upon the chaos and night of mediæval superstition, that began the transformation process which has resulted in the splendor of this strange new day, still lives and breathes in "Milton's Ideas of Freedom." Like stars that embroider heaven's stole they have illumined, do now and will continue to illumine the page of Anglo-Saxon story in every clime.

So essentially have they become constituent parts of the Saxon's individual and national life that he has ceased to enquire for their origin, and has become almost unconscious of their presence and influence. For him they have brought to light a fuller life, and not only have they made him heir to the best of all that has been, but heir to the best of all that will be, by crowning him king of himself and of men in every quarter of the globe, and by placing within his reach the horoscope which reveals and the sceptre of thought which must control the world's great future.

Though the favored child of the muses Milton did not always dwell apart from his contemporaries on the sacred heights of his native Parassus. Their struggle for personal liberty and the removal of a Stuart tyrant from the British throne were achievements accomplished by the energies of an English peasantry aroused, directed and inspired by Milton's Ideas of Freedom. But the battle for liberty of thought he fought alone, because he alone among the hosts enchanted by the Circean cup of servitude, saw that truth was supreme, that it must be free. He alone understood the importance of freedom of thought as the fundamental principle of national life and individual liberty. His ideas are too comprehensive to admit of bounding him by any class or age, but are comprehensive enough to include all. Into them he has garnered the best of all the past, his present and ours they embody and we wait for the future to fill out in action the prescribed page of Miltonic theory. In him we find the Puritan uprightness, fortitude, tranquillity and inexorable resolution without the Puritan's life-annihilating asceticism, the nobility of the cavalier without the servile degeneracy of the court lackey, the liberty of the free thinker without the pedantic ignorance of the agnostic.

The freedom of the human will, regarded by him as the only possible foundation of true morality, government and justice so forcibly expressed in his "Immortal Verse," should be accepted and retained not as a meaningless formula but as a vital fact by every man who would become master of himself and of his circumstances. Of man the Creator says,

"I made him sufficient to have stood but free to fall, Within himself the danger lies yet lies within his power, Against his will he can receive no harm, But God left free the will for what obeys reason is free and reason he made right."

His ideas of the liberty of the subject and the rights of the sovereign were first brought forward in his defence of the people of England against the charge of regicide for which they had been indicted by the monarchs of Europe. Here he appears as a true democrat. The king as ruler has a right to the obedience of his subjects, this is guaranteed by their oath of allegiance, as long as he is true to his coronation oath, when this is violated his subjects are free because he is no longer king; the king rules by the "grace of God" and must therefore submit to the ruling of the King of Kings, whose rule he violates when he usurps the God-given liberty of subjects; it then becomes their duty to dethrone the tyrant.

Nature decrees that no man has a right to rule unless he excels all others in wisdom and courage; she does not appoint fools to govern the wise, nor wicked to rule the good, so that they who remove the government from the hands of such act in accordance with nature.

Here we have the note struck so often by Carlyle, the principle that must be universally endorsed by Christendom ere we reach that ser's ideal state, a government manipulated by nature's true born kings, who are kings by right divine. The king's duty is to protect; the holy things of the church are in the hands of him who purchased by his death our life, and who established our Christian liberty by sending his free Spirit to dwell within us. This liberty he must defend as it requests defence. To dictate to the church means bondage, because it makes thought impossible and the church becomes the prison not the liberator of the mind as was intended by its Divine Founder.

But the emanations from this liberated mind Milton saw must remain isolated from their proper spheres of action until the liberty of the press was established. He began the agitation that about half a century later resulted in its absolute freedom. This was the grandest achievement of England's prophet statesman, who in the gloaming of this present brighter day gave to the world a conception of liberty as liberal as any now existing. Without liberty to express his ideas he believed

and taught that no man could be free, and from his lordly treasure house of Grecian lore he gave to the waking world its long lost and long sought conception of freedom.

This is true liberty when free born men, Having to advise the public may speak free, Which who can and will deserves high praise, What can be juster in a state than this.

Here we have a statement of the broadest creed, one which has some defects that exist in spite of rather than because of the liberty granted. Would we institute a censorship of the press practically unknown until the mind of Christendom was imprisoned by pagan Rome? Would we limit the liberty that has given us the life of the ancient world embalmed in immortal story? Shall we attempt to reform the defects that accompany free publication by allowing any individual or organization of individuals to dictate to the author what he shall think and what he shall express! To each of these questions Milton replied with a universal negative. The apostle's injunction, "Prove all things, hold fast that which is good," he accepts as the standard given by divine and human reason, the standard that must establish truth because of its divine nature, that must overthrow falsehood because of its inherent weakness. Reason God left free. Reason God made right. Man must choose. This thought presents itself as we consider the initial chapters of sacred story. Adam and Eve in Eden were surrounded by all that the eye could wish or the imagination desire. In the midst of the Garden stood the tree of life and beside it the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Why, we ask, did conscious Omniscience place before unconscious weakness the possibility of sin? and in doing so we ask the question of the ages, whose only answer is, true virtue can only be developed by rejecting and overcoming vice, all other, such as developed in the cloister, is a blank virtue. All the faculties that make the man a man are perfected in strife. Wisdom and judgment are the quintessence distilled from processes of discriminating and selecting, by proving all things and holding fast that which is good. This is God's plan for releasing man from the captivity of a perpetual childhood of prescription and irresponsibility.

Free publication is further sanctioned by reason, her first question is who are to be the judges of the work suppressed? who knows the mind of the author producing or the minds of the people who are to read? "Nature never repeats herself," we are told, therefore no two individuals can view any book from the same standpoint, nor can any be equally satisfied by the same books. Personal experience suggests that the idea expressed by Emerson admits of universal application, "I go to the Bible and if it has not a message for me I will go to Plato."

The universal mind of humanity is composed of an almost infinite number of divergent units. These cannot be supplied by the universal mind much less than by any fraction of it. Literature would be impossible if the author's end in view while producing was to meet the requirements of even the most liberal licenser; his work would not bear the impress of his character, it would not give us the life of the man, which, however eccentric or seemingly absurd, is all he has worth giving the world, and all the world will permanently receive. It is actual life we thirst for. This is the essence that has made some books the treasures of the centuries.

Cross sections of life, real being are these, in whose veins the pulse of immortality ever throbs, whose power is sufficient to transform the mind that long has remained its own prisoner in Castle Thoughtlessness, and fit it to receive and enjoy the priceless treasures bequeathed to it by the thoughts of the ages. Suppression would eliminate this element of life and cause the disease to prove fatal which it attempted to cure.

Milton's views of divorce, which have brought upon him the opprobrium of "the many," we can only mention. These have led some to speak slightly of the man who never slighted anything, who was so constituted that he could not be insincere. The first thing in the world pronounced by God "not good" was man's loneliness. Angels conversed with him, beasts made sport for him, yet until woman came in the language of the Eternal man was alone. This loneliness is solely and entirely a mental state, and the marriage that does not remove this state is recognized as a legalized partnership, not as a marriage by nature and nature's God. Congenial natures by these united cannot by law be separated, and uncongenial natures that refuse by them to be united must in spite of law ever remain separate.

This, in brief, is a statement of Milton's views of divorce without his elaborate defence. Would they, if adopted, smooth some of those destructive billows whose ceaseless roll endangers life on the social sea? or would they usher in a social chaos? The latter, perhaps, we fear, and having urged our obligations against his system, we await his reply. But this great teacher of the ages still silently speaking, refuses to listen to our objections, still seeming to say, "Have patience thou toward a child of time." Wait, and time, "greatest innovator," will fulfill those prophecies you now doubt. Intervening centuries have seen the liberty of the subject established, the liberation of the mind and a federation of the world

achieved through the freedom granted to the press. And must we doubt that the remaining views of England's greatest prophet may be fulfilled when Milton's ideal man assumes control? In him Milton sees the nation, sees all that must be defended, all that requires liberty, he sees that it is of individuals that society is composed, that society must be ruled by them. This is the note of individual importance first struck by Christ, re-echoed by Luther and Milton, and is the central and crescent thought in all modern literature. The guiding spirit seems to say, "Give a proper value to the individual as a unit of society." Teach him that he is not a worm of the dust but a child of the Eternal, place upon him his God-given responsibility, grant him in full his birthright of personal liberty; then having the inherent germ of divinity developed by these principles, need we fear the social chaos that some predict would follow an endorsement of the full cycle of the "Miltonic Ideas of Freedom."

Milton's politics were the politics of the individual. His method of reform was moral rather than legal suasion. To this ideal we are gradually approaching, and this makes him a lawgiver of the present and future as well as of the past, so that to dismiss without careful consideration any of his views means that we must stand condemned before the bar of universal reason. We must remember that he was ever a sincere thinker; that he stood first among those who for Saxon liberty, by untrammelled thought and its fearless expression, rent the veil that long had prevented light from penetrating darkness, thought from annihilating superstition, liberty from abolishing servitude, that he made possible the noblest achievements of the noblest race, in the noblest age this old world has yet known.

If those achievements by us would be retained, and used as "stepping stones" on which to rise to a still higher plane, a still nobler race, a still grander age, we must make our own the soul that inspired and that comprehends those ideas,—the soul that breathes into each new age the breath of life, the soul whose power Milton has expressed so tersely in a few immortal lines which he has polished and set as a royal diamond that will forever reflect the life-giving rays of the Sun of Righteousness.

"Mortals—
Love virtue she alone is free,
She can teach ye how to climb,
Higher than the spery chime,
Or if virtue feeble were
Heaven itself would stoop to her."

This embodies the soul of our hero's ideas of freedom, the heirloom bequeathed to ages yet to be by the "genius and virtues of John Milton, the poet, the prophet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the pride of the English nation, the champion and martyr of English liberty." EDWIN SIMPSON, '99.
Belmont, P. E. I.

Education.

"The object of education, then, is not a diploma, or a better social standing, or a means of livelihood, but life, a more abundant life. It is as desirable for women as it is for men; and not only for those who teach and lecture, and write books and advocate "causes," but for those who keep house and cook bread and darn stockings. True education never separates us from our God-appointed tasks, never makes them seem common and beneath us; rather it sheds the glory upon them, enabling us to fulfill them in the best manner and the noblest spirit. In the case of women, therefore, it never belittles the home as a sphere of activity and influence. The education which treats a career in the home as secondary to any other on earth is established on a wrong basis. It forgets that the home is the first church and the first state, and the great questions which from time to time agitate society have their origin and their settlement in the home.

"To educate is to quicken, cultivate, direct in accordance with nature's laws, the growth of a living being. Access to knowledge and acquisition of knowledge are necessary to this growth, but only as sun and air and rain and the juices of the soil are necessary to the growth of a plant. We possess not what is piled up around us or over us, but what we assimilate by the action of our powers into the living fibre. We increase, not by accretions from without, but by a living energy working from within. The direction is evermore 'from within outward.'"
REV. S. V. COLR.

"Good Will Toward Men."

Luke 2:14.

Sweet, sweet is the message the shepherds receive.
The message of comfort for all that believe!
The music of Heaven thus sounds o'er the earth,
While telling the story of God's human birth.

The Lord of all glory from glory descends
And with our sad nature His pure nature blends:
The Father's good purpose, revealed in the Son,
On earth is established—the work has begun!

With loud hallelujahs ring forth from the skies,
All peoples and ages send back glad replies.
United thanksgiving—returning God's love,
In rapture that rivals the angels above.

First thousands, then millions, then millions again,
A host beyond number pass under His reign.
The church of our Jesus, His Presence in Time,
Restores and makes perfect, Eternity's chime!

—ADDISON F. BROWNE.
North River, P. E. I.

Feeble Mind and Faint Heart.

SERMON BY REV. J. G. GREENHOUGH, M. A.

"And it came to pass when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell from off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake and he died, for he was an old man and heavy, and he had judged Israel forty years."—1 Sam iv: 18.

We know this man Eli chiefly in connection with the early life of that far greater man whom he trained, the prophet and ruler, Samuel. We see them together, the old man and the little child, linked in strange companionship; and it is the presence of the child in the lonely house which makes the only bit of sunshine that the old man knows for years. Except that, there was no light for this man in the evening time. His sun went down in deepening clouds, the whole horizon heavy and black with brewing storms. He had lived too long, lived until he was weary of life, lived until every desire had failed and every hope deserted him and then the end came suddenly, like the blow of a thunderbolt, in a climax of tragedy and despair. There is no more pathetic picture in the Bible than the story of Eli's last day. We see him sitting outside his house waiting for tidings of the battle. In that battle the fate of everything that he loves is involved; the destinies of the nation are at stake; the lives of his two sons, nay, the more momentous interest of religion, for he thinks that if the ark of the covenant be lost, God will be lost. He waits trembling and watching with dim eyes for the coming messenger. He has nothing but forebodings, sorrow and ruin are at hand; at last the dreary suspense is broken, the fateful message comes; all that he feared has happened; the army has been routed with great slaughter. The Philistines are masters of the land, his two sons are among the dead, and the ark of God is taken. He hears each terrible item of disaster until that last and worst comes, and then he fell back paralysed, spiritless, heart-broken, and dies. And he had judged Israel forty years. Far too long for the good of Israel, and perhaps for himself. It was a sad end; but it was well that the end had come. Let us look at the man for a moment, especially in the light of this last scene. He is a strange mixture of qualities, some lovable and some pitiable; a mixture of goodness and feebleness, faith and superstition; the sort of man we like, but would like far better were he otherwise.

I.

A TYPE OF FEEBLE MIND.

Yes, I think he would be described fitly by the words tender-hearted and feeble-minded. A well-meaning man who let things drift because he had not energy enough to control and guide them. An amiable old gentleman who allowed his children and everybody else to do exactly as they pleased. I should think everyone liked him. They could not help it. He was so full of the milk of human kindness, he would not hurt a fly. There was no guile in the man, he was innocent and simple as a child, quite free from envy, for he saw Samuel preferred of God, and growing up to push him out of his place, without the least resentment. He was a man who never got angry, never relieved his feelings by an explosion of temper. He said his prayers every day, and tried to do what was right, and wished others would do likewise. Children, I doubt not, loved him. Ladies called him a nice man, and evil-doers had nothing to say against him, except, perhaps, that he was a harmless old simpleton. But, alas! nobody feared him. He was too lenient to punish, too soft-hearted to be just. When those two hopeful sons of his took the way of scamps and rogues, he did nothing but mildly expostulate. He never got further than: "You ought not to do this thing, you know, but if you will do it there is nothing more to be said." He shuddered at the thought of using a rod. Wrong-doing he disliked, but the infliction of pain he hated. And the people of the land followed each his own bent and did that which was right in his own eyes. It was the golden age of the coward, thief, and adulterer, the paradise of the scragrace and the rascal. The judge looked on with meek, sorrowful eyes, but could never summon up moral wrath enough to sentence, condemn, and strike. He let things take their course, hoping, Micawber-like, that they would turn out well, and, alas! as might have been expected, they turned out hideously ill. In fact, he was a good man in the wrong place. He ought to have had charge of a nursery instead of the headship of a nation, and he would hardly have been fit for the nursery unless all the children in it had been gentle, obedient, and sweet as little Samuel. Indeed, I know of no place in this world of evil-doers which can be well filled by good men of Eli's type—no place unless it be the lowest place in a monastery. If such men have to rule others, the result is not Heaven but Bedlam. Amiable sentimentalism and hysterical mildness are, in the long run, as bad for a state as cruelty and injustice. It is better even that the good should suffer a little than that evil-doers should be allowed to go scot free. The world is not kept in order by jam and honey and buttered words. The gospel of persuasion needs backing by the Sinai of terrors, for the Millennium has not yet come, and universal soft-headedness is not the thing to hasten it.

It becomes a judge to be merciful, but the mercy which is not enfolded in justice is the devil's soothing syrup, and not God's medicine. You expect a policeman to be tender-hearted, but if he is too tender-hearted to arrest anyone, you had better pension him off, or send him to a nunnery. Elis are out of place in this world; they are only fit for the society of angels. Place one of them over a business. Oh, he is such a good man! trusts everybody, dismisses nobody, lets every knave and idle fellow about the premises play tricks with him. By and bye the end comes, and you spell it with ruin. Such a dear, well-meaning man, and so unfortunate; you all pity him. Yet such men are to be pitied, but mainly because they are so weak and easy-going. Good men, but not fit to be at the head of anything. Not fit to rule a kingdom or a lunatic asylum, or even a church, and perhaps, least of all, a home. It is a pity, when domestic government gets into their hands. Such nice men! such angelic women! But, alas! they make a pitiable business of it if they become fathers and mothers. "Sweet darling," they say, "you really must be good," and then they smother the sweet darling's naughtiness with jam and kisses. It is always jam and kisses, and mild expostulations and weak yieldings to the naughtiness; and presently from those homes go forth in full career of wickedness Hophni and Phineas. And then the world wonders and condoles. Such dear good parents, and to have such sons! Yes, it is sad enough, but not surprising. And the world will always see such things, and many like them, so long as Elis live, indulging where they ought to govern, and mildly letting things go wrong because they have not justice and severity enough to make them go right. A good man with no backbone. Amiability making mischief—that is what we see in Eli, Mr. Feeble Mind.

II.

A TYPE OF FAINT HEART.

Look now at the religious side of the man! There is something really beautiful, and something also not very beautiful. The mixture comes out once in shadow and light; faith and superstition. His piety was unmistakable. His religious thoughts were the thoughts which lay both deepest and uppermost in his mind, and the fear of having the land forsaken and forgotten by God weighed on him more than all other terrors. We read that as he sat by the wayside he trembled for the ark of God. And when the messenger came and told the doleful story, the old man bore blow upon blow without breaking down, heard of the army's shameful and ruinous defeat, of his own crushing bereavement in the death of his two sons; and it was the final word that killed him, "The ark of God was taken." That was the cruellest stroke, the overwhelming loss which left nothing worth living for, which quenched the last dim hope. He died of heart-break, because, as he supposed, religion had suffered an irreparable blow. God's church had staked itself in that last fight, and been overthrown; heathenism had triumphed over the elect and beloved nation, and God had for ever deserted his tabernacle. Yes, there is no doubt whatever that the thing which this man loved best of all was the favor, presence and protection of God; all, in fact, that we sum up in the word religion. With that gone, everything was gone. And I call that beautiful. It was what all the best of men feel, and none others. They feel that the religion of a land is more than its wealth, glory, and honors. The cause of religion is dearer to them than all their private interests; they would rather see everything else fall than the church and its saving truths; and a land without God is to them a land on which every foot of ground bears the inscription, "Ichabod, the glory is departed." But while we admire the religiousness of the man, we pity him for his faithless fears; the Philistines had not captured God, they had only carried off a chest of wood. It was not religion that had been overthrown, it was only a bit of religious furniture which had been roughly handled. Poor Eli! he had come to love that ark of wood as if the very glory of God were boxed up inside it. It was the symbol of God's presence. It was the visible embodiment of the invisible. It was supposed that God was present wherever that was present, Eli had been the appointed custodian of the sacred treasure. His house was glorious in the eyes of the people, because the ark rested there; they came there to worship it, and he had cherished it so long and so tenderly himself, that it had grown into his own heart as a worshipful thing; divinity was in it, miracle working and God himself. And that is not a thing for laughter. It is too pathetic. Do you never feel something like that about the stones of a building—about the very wood-work of the sanctuary in which you worship? It is true that there is no consecration in walls and furniture, no holiness in any inanimate thing. But these things become symbols to us of the eternal and divine. We associate them with our highest thoughts and hopes. The very walls become salvation, and the gates praise. The church, the very building in which you spend your heavenly hours, in which you think God's thoughts and commune with him, ought to be dear to you, dearer than any other spot. I have no great respect for the worshippers who can scatter their affections indiscriminately everywhere; who have no attachment to any one religious house; who go wherever

there is a star preacher or something sensational; who love all churches equally, and none of them very much. We can do with a little of Eli's tender clinging to his ark. But the pity of it was that he mistook the symbol for the reality, the bit of gold-laid wood for the imperishable glory of the Eternal, and thought that the very heavens had fallen because his pet shrine had vanished. Mr. Faintheart! These foolish misjudgments and faithless fears are always coming in to torment God's people. They see a bit of wood-work stripped off, or even a piece of stucco from God's building, and they tremble as if the whole structure were tumbling to pieces. They fancy that if some of their pet notions go, the whole church of God will be shaken to its foundations; that if a single article of their creed is taken from them, Christ will vanish, and everything they have loved and believed in will presently disappear; and the priest believes that if his orders and ordinations are lost, the whole church will be left a heap of ruins; and the sacramentarian thinks that on her sacraments the whole kingdom of God turns as upon a pivot; and millenarian is sure that if his views of the second coming be overthrown the church and the world will be given to the Philistines and the devil. What poor weak creatures we are to fret about our little ark, as if God's feet were planted on it and everlasting truth involved in its fall.

Nay, are we not always fearing concerning other things that God and the whole world are slipping from us, because some earthly thing that we prized, loved and worshipped is gone? We tremble for our precious ark, and well nigh break our hearts when some cruel fate bereaves us of it. Perhaps it is some loss of fortune, or the disappointment of an ambition, the taking away of some coveted place of honor, or, perhaps, it is the death of a lover, friend or child. We say everything is lost! The world is dark; all the joy is gone from it; our hearts are chill and heavy with an awful despair. We write Ichabod, and we see that fateful word written upon the heavens above and all things below. But really, it is only that dear gold-covered ark that is gone. And if God himself be left there is still everything to live for and to hope for. Eli broke his heart in vain. If he had lived a short time longer, until the coming prophet grew to manhood, he would have seen another battlefield in which God's cause was triumphant, and on which a glad people set up their Ebenezer, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."

The ark, the symbol, the passing treasure, goes and comes, but the presence of the Lord abides, and where there is trust in him there is rock and fearlessness, and always light in the evening time. The Lord is very pitiful towards the faint hearts, and they need his pity, for they suffer so much from imaginary fears, and sit in darkness even in the midst of God's light.—The Baptist Times.

The "Preaching-Pits" of Cornwall.

Scattered throughout the length and breadth of Cornwall are innumerable disused mine shafts, as might be expected in a country whose mining industry has existed for considerably over twenty centuries. When the lodes of tin and copper gave out, or became too poor to pay for the working, the mines were abandoned, leaving either innumerable yawning chasms or shafts hundreds of fathoms deep to scar the face of the country. In time the wood-work, which had been placed as a lining to the shafts to support the sides rotted away, and as a result the sides caved in and fell into the shaft, and so formed a pit. In many cases the "run-in," as this caving in is termed, formed a perfectly circular pit in the shape of an inverted truncated cone, sometimes measuring over a hundred feet in diameter at the surface, and from thirty to forty feet in its greatest depth. When the great religious revival under Wesley and Whitefield took place, Cornwall was one of the counties in which the movement took deep root. Chapels sprang up very quickly; but until these were built the revivalist looked about for places in which they might worship without molestation. Some genius saw great possibilities in these "run-in" mine shafts, and so the "preaching-pit" became an accomplished fact. The bottoms of the pits were leveled, and on the sloping sides rude seats were formed by cutting the earth into tiers of steps and covering them with turf. A high bank was raised at one side for the preacher, and an opening was cut to give an easy access to the pit. In these rude, improvised amphitheatres, eminently suited to the rough, emotional nature of the Cornish miner, revival services were held, and hundreds of converts were "brought in," as the Cornishman terms it. With nothing but the blue sky above and the green grass below, the pit is crowded tier above tier with solemn-faced religionists, listening with bated breath to the denunciation of the sinner and the exhortation to flee from wrath eternal; the young, dark-haired, blue-eyed lads and maidens sitting hand in hand, as is the custom with Cornish lovers, and their elders nodding and shaking their heads as they agree or disagree with the remarks of the preacher occasionally emitting a groan or an "Amen;" while over all, the gathering gloom completes the solemnity of the scene, and makes it a fit subject for the brush of a Rembrandt. Then, when the hymn, rolling from a thousand throats and echoed from the pit sides, had been sung, followed by the prayer, in which the entire spirit of the suppliant was poured forth with violent gestulations and contortions of body, to the accompaniment of "Amens," groans and "Hallelujahs" of the believers, mingled with cries and shrieks from the "unsaved," it would seem as if the spirit of the ancient Druids had survived through the centuries in this remnant of Britain's ancient people. These "preaching-pits" are all situated in West Cornwall. That at Gwennap, near Redruth, is the largest and best known. It is forty-seven yards in diameter and will accommodate ten thousand people. The pits are not now used as places of worship; but on bank holidays special services are held in them, and they are used also on the occasion of a Sunday School treat. At such times they are well worth visiting.—Chambers Journal.

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Christmas.

Again the Christmas season is at hand, and to all its readers, old and young, the MESSENGER AND VISITOR presents a cordial greeting, wishing heartily that with this gracious season there may come to them much of wholesome and innocent enjoyment.

There is certainly much that is gracious and attractive about the Christmas time. This is true if one regard it merely in its social or holiday aspect, as a season when the tension of business is somewhat relaxed, when the home puts on its best adornments, when parental affection finds expression in some more than ordinary provision for the enjoyment of the children, and when each member of the family seeks by some token of goodwill to add to the happiness of the others. It is a time of family reunions. It brings back the boys and girls from the colleges and seminaries, it brings together again brothers and sisters who have gone out from the old home into the great world of life and business and who may be in danger of forgetting the bonds and fellowships of their childhood. By these joyous reunions and innocent festivities of Christmas the bonds of home and family life are strengthened, and this makes for the promotion of patriotism and gives a wholesome strength to national life.

The Christmas season with its associations and its fellowships should turn our minds back to that event, so significant in the world's history, and to that gift of divine love so great and precious that even God could not bestow a greater on mankind. It was of "Peace and Goodwill" the angels sang as they heralded the advent of the Christ, and peace and goodwill should be the dominant note in all our celebration of that day. Let peace dwell in the home, in the church, in the community, and let the goodwill that dwells in every Christian heart find appropriate expression. If anywhere there have been strife and bitterness among brethren or neighbors, let bitterness and wrath and malice cease, and let the true Christmas spirit—the spirit of peace and goodwill—prevail. If God had not loved the world, if no Christ had come, then might men stumble on in their sin and darkness, living the lives of brutes or of demons toward each other. But how shall men hate each other when they know that the Son of God has come into the world with messages of peace and goodwill—with gifts of mercy and love and eternal life for men?

We are sadly reminded that the day of universal peace and goodwill for which the church of God has prayed so long has not yet been ushered in. It is awful to think that at this very season men who, according to their profession of faith, are brethren in the Spirit, men who call upon the same God as Father of all and trust in the same Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour, are meeting on the bloody battle fields of South Africa and seeking to destroy each other with all the terrible enginery of war which modern military science has produced. It is long since the people of the British nation have seen so sad a Christmas season. In how many British homes of both high and low degree is there bitter sorrow for those who have fallen in the war and sharp anxiety for those who are still exposed to its awful perils! And all the nation, from the Queen upon the throne to her humblest loyal subject, shares in the general sorrow. And we in Canada can understand, as we had never understood before, what it means to a people to be engaged in war. On many a Canadian home there rests a cloud of sadness. Many a heart trembles with apprehension because of a husband, a son or a brother who has gone to prove his love for his nation in defence of its flag on the battle field. War demands great sacrifices.

It inflicts great sorrow. The heart of Canada is moved to-day, as the heart of a mother, for her sons who are laying down their lives for the nation's sake in Africa. Christ came that men might have life. He died that the world might have peace. But the world is slow to learn the meaning of his advent.

Immanuel.

The spirit of Isaiah is buoyant and optimistic. No prophet indeed was more sensible of the evils of his time and the sins of his people. The iniquities of Israel and the consequent judgments of God are terrible to him. The blind ingratitude and unfaithfulness of the people, their refusal to recognize the hand of the Lord or to hear his counsel, their idolatries and rebellions against their God fill the heart of the prophet with deep sorrow and indignation, and he is constrained to utter predictions of terrible judgments to come upon the land and its inhabitants. But the prophet is never wholly overwhelmed by the evil that is present or approaching. In the darkest hour there is ever a gleam of light that to his prophetic vision gives promise of a brighter day. Of the desolate and captive nation he sees a remnant which shall return. From the root of the fallen tree a shoot of glorious promise shall spring up, and out of the chastised and humbled Judah there will arise one who shall bring counsel and government, deliverance and peace.

The optimism of Isaiah shines forth grandly in the passage which constitutes our Bible lesson this week. To what degree in this and other similar prophecies Isaiah grasped the future which he foretold, how definitely the things foreshadowed took shape in the consciousness of the prophet, we cannot tell. One thing is certain that Isaiah had an assured conviction that, despite all the darkness and the gathering storm about him, there was yet to come, by the grace of God, great joy and blessing to Israel and to the world. It was a part of his conviction, too, that this blessing should come through Judah and through David's line. Through someone born of woman the blessing and the deliverance were to come. And yet so majestic and glorious does this personage appear to the prophet's eye that the names by which he hails him seem quite beyond the measure of the sons of men. He is "Immanuel," He is "The Everlasting Father" and "The Mighty God." Whatever questions there may be as to what was in Isaiah's thought or as to other lesser fulfillments of his prophetic words, we cannot but feel that there is only one historical personage to whom these epithets can be fittingly and reverently applied. The supreme revelation of the Everlasting Father is in Jesus Christ His Son. He only of all the sons of men worthily bears the name Immanuel.

That ideal Messianic reign which Isaiah foretells is a reign of peace. The titles of the King—Counsellor, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace—all tell of this. The day that is to arise out of the darkness is not to be lurid with tempests of war and terrible with the din of conflict, but a day bright and glad with peace and assured prosperity. The trappings of the warrior and all the implements of war are to be for fuel of fire. For according to the prophet's vision the world sweeps on into a larger, better day, leaving the gory battle-fields behind. It is no longer the rule of the warrior that he sees. It is the rule of wisdom and of righteousness, the rule of the Counsellor, the Father, the Prince of Peace. It is evident that Isaiah's vision has not yet its complete fulfillment, else whence come these wars and rumors of wars among "Christian" nations? If there had been in Spain and the United States, in Great Britain and the South African Republic less of that spirit which finds expression in the armed warrior, the tumult of battle, the garment rolled in blood, and more of the spirit of wise counsel and Christian philanthropy, these wars would not be. It is of course a truism to say that when the counsels of the Prince of Peace shall control the policies and diplomacies of the nations, other means of settling international questions than the terrible arbitrament of war will easily be found.

While we rejoice in so much as we have seen of the fulfilment of Isaiah's prophecy—and we have seen much—there is still need to cultivate his wise and heaven-inspired optimism. The darkness is not all gone yet. There is still sin, and still punish-

ment falls upon unbelief and iniquity. What lies in the future we do not clearly discern. But it is as true today as in Isaiah's time that there are better days—a better age—to come. The World's Light will not wane but wax. The Prince of Peace is King. The great victories are not to be won and the great questions are not to be settled by armored battle-ships, by howitzers and lyddite shells and Mauser bullets. As in the day of Midian, pitchers and lamps are the symbols of true warfare and the battle-cry of faith is "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon."

Editorial Notes

—A despatch from Calcutta tells of the heroic work of Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, and of Lady Curzon, his wife, on behalf of the plague-stricken people of India. They left Simla when the plague invaded the central provinces, and after having been inoculated, made a tour of the stricken district in the face of awful danger. They lived among the sufferers, distributing relief, restoring confidence and advising the men charged with the weighty task of controlling the scourge. Hundreds of Englishmen, it is said, in these plague-ridden provinces have lost their lives by taking such risks as those undergone by Lord and Lady Curzon. The heroism required for this work of saving life is no less real and is of a rarer type than that which inspires the soldier on the battle field.

—Mr. Edwin Simpson's essay on "Milton's Ideas of Freedom," which appears on another page of this paper, is worthy of its famous subject, Milton was a man of marvellous powers of thought and of expression, and the world is deeply indebted to the Puritan poet and thinker. But there is a greater than he. And when John Milton's teaching antagonizes that of Jesus Christ, as it certainly does in respect to the subject of divorce, there is no question in our minds as to whose word is entitled to the greater consideration. Nor do we think that the advancing race is likely to outgrow the doctrine of Jesus Christ in respect to the relation of the sexes. It would be a very blessed thing for the world if it would get abreast of that doctrine.

—The letter from Rev. D. E. Hatt, of Rochester Theological Seminary, which will be found on another page, indicates one source of supply for our pastorless churches. Some of those mentioned by Mr. H. we know to be first class men and we have no doubt that they are generally of that character. Some weeks ago the writer had the pleasure of meeting at Newton a number of our Maritime young men who are studying at that school of the prophets. There are good men there, too, who will be ready to enter upon pastoral work in the spring. As a general thing we find that our young men of American Seminaries would prefer to return to their own country to settle rather than to remain abroad. Let our churches who are looking for ministers make a note of these facts.

—In the death of Dr. Foster MacFarlane, which occurred last Thursday evening, the medical profession in St. John has lost one of its most valued members, the community has lost a most honorable citizen, Germain Street church has suffered a loss which will be keenly felt, and the family of Dr. MacFarlane has been very sorely bereaved. The number of persons is very large who will experience much more than a passing feeling of sympathy with the relatives in their sorrow. The kindness of Dr. MacFarlane's nature, his integrity of character and unflinching courtesy, his ability in his profession, his devotion to duty and his genuine Christian manliness had won for him the esteem and friendship of many who will feel his death as a personal bereavement. Very suddenly he was called away. Up to Thursday noon he had been visiting his patients and attending to other duties, apparently in his ordinary health. Early in the afternoon he was seized with illness which soon developed alarming symptoms, and at eleven o'clock in the evening he breathed his last. The very large number of persons—including between thirty and forty of the medical men of the city—who attended the funeral services on Sunday afternoon, testified to the very general high esteem in which Dr. MacFarlane was held. We desire to express sincerest sympathy with the bereaved family.

"Should the Old Clergymen be Shot?"

The above interrogation stands at the head of an article in the Ladies' Home Journal for this month, from the pen of the celebrated Ian MacLaren. While its infallibility may be reasonably questioned, this article explains from a certain stand-point, some of the difficulties attending the aged pastor's official life. "He is getting old." "He is impervious to new ideas." His preaching is without the addition of new thought, and not in close touch with the age. "He comes to be a brake on the church," not a motor. He bids good-by to youth and isolates himself from young people. "This is the penalty of growing old, or even passing middle age." He must be gotten out of the way. One suggests that a

minister who is past the prime of life be shot; but the idea of an ecclesiastical "knacker's yard" must be abandoned. "If he had any sense of propriety he would die." In his younger days he used to say that he would not continue in the ministry after his leaf had become yellow; he wondered how old men could not see that their day was past. But now he is old and declares he never felt younger in his life, and more fit to preach. "At times he grows heroic, and declares that as long as he can crawl he will mount the pulpit stairs, and that he will die in harness." To add to the difficulties of the situation, "foolish people, (mostly old ladies,) will tell him that he never preached so ably as he did last Sunday." He listens to this little circle of admirers, and rejects the counsel of sensible men, who suggest to him that he should resign. So the sad tragedy is seen, of a man scattering a congregation he has gathered, and flinging away the reputation he once won. What can be done with the old minister? He must not be shot. He would die, nor will he resign his charge or give up work. "To suggest a colleague does not please." "There is trouble when he consents to have a colleague." "Forcing the old minister to retire" after long and faithful service is a disgraceful business—What then?

Our author suggests that each denomination organize a retirement scheme with two conditions. First, that every minister be removed from active work at the age of say, sixty, the second condition would be that he receive a retiring allowance of not less than half his salary. The article concludes with the assertion that "aged ministers in active duty are a hindrance."

Now what do the Baptists think of this subject? What do we propose to do with our old pastors? We all want to do the best thing—the right thing. As there has been of late some reference to this in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, I have a mind to say a few words—With respect to Dr. Watson's article in which there is so much that is true plainly stated, and improvements worthy of serious consideration suggested, the Dr. seems to stand where a deep shadow is cast on the most potent factor of a true Christian minister's life. The calling which is of God and the purpose of God in the calling—the spiritual forces that are to be reckoned with in the gospel of the Son of God, appear to find slight recognition. Indeed it seems to be social and secular life rather than spiritual life, which is in this case set up as the purpose of the Christian ministry. If it be true that "the average man of middle age in bidding good-by finally to youth himself, also largely isolates himself from young people," does this disqualify him for ministerial success even with young people? It seems to ever have been the uniform experience of God's messengers, who have been most successful, to have lived in advance of the people to whom they were sent. Besides real spiritual life and a truly spiritual minister, of any age, will take even children in arms and bless them as the Christ did; and these young people as they find opportunity, will sing praises and bless both Christ and his minister. After an experience of forty years in the Christian ministry, in a very small way, and with the opportunities afforded for observing the trend of things, I am not among those who complain of the hardships of advanced years in the work. I am inclined to the belief that ministers, either old or young, are subject to the law of demand and supply, and that it is in the minister's line of action to do much to regulate this law. So far as I have seen, our churches are about as much inclined to do right by our old pastors as they are by our young men; and that as long as we are able to work and willing to work, we shall find something worthy of the Christian minister to do. We should not forget that the common law of sowing and reaping applies to the clergyman as it does to other people. Every year of the minister's life has trials peculiar to his age. For an old man in the pastorate to undertake the work of a young man, is a folly that only finds its equal in the attempt of one just entering upon this work, to do all the service for which advanced experience alone can qualify. No doubt for a wise purpose, there is granted to ministers, at all ages, as to all successful professional men, a superabundance of human conceit, and will power. With this the world is more than pleased. For this many in our churches praise us. Because of this the Christian minister should often be found in the "watch tower"—often in the "closet"—much of his time in the study, lest these carnalities be his chief equipments. J. H. SAUNDERS. South Ohio, Yar. Co., Dec. 6th, 1899.

Ontario Letter.

Looking over the map of Ontario one cannot help being impressed with the number of old world names scattered here and there. Among the counties those of Kent, Essex, Middlesex, Oxford, Norfolk, York, Durham and Northumberland recall many a page of English history, and many a struggle with a certain uneasy geographical list. The great capitals of Europe,—London, Paris, Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, Brussels, Dublin—are here in miniature, beside lesser lights like Dresden, Florence, Verona, Hanover, Heidelberg and Warsaw. London, too, is on the Thames, and there is a Stratford-on-Avon, though the other towns are not so particular as to situations. The memory of battlefields, ancient and modern,

is kept very much alive by such towns as Agincourt, Bannockburn, Minden, Lucknow, Blenheim, Corrunna, Alma, Inkerman, Sebastopol and Waterloo. Noted men of every age and country have their namesakes here. Bismarck, Walpole, Peel, Luther, Melancthon, Fenelon, Burns, Byron, Faraday, Palmerston, Marlborough, Tennyson, Shakespere and Raphael bloom anew amidst fields of wheat and rows of garden vegetables, or languish beside the stumps of some forest clearing. In one fertile district Augusta, Maria, Sophia, Charlotte, Frederick, and other members of the large and interesting Hanoverian family, have put their heads together with an eye to the fate of the land, just as of yore. But lest any one should judge the first colonizers of the Province to have been wanting in originality, it is only fair to give a few names of another class. The following are the choicest of a miscellaneous assortment: Artemisia, Amaranth, Asphodel, Jones, Utopia, Novar and Scotiar. The last two, however, must have been named by a wandering Down Easter who had just come from Boston and had a lot of r's he wanted to get rid of.

In the town of London the attachment to old world associations is still more marked. The street topography, I am told, was formerly modeled very closely after that of old London, though it is gradually being changed. But there still remain Richmond, Oxford and Westminster streets, Piccadilly and Pall Mall. There is also a Westminster Bridge, a Blackfriars Bridge, a St. Paul's Cathedral, a Crystal Palace and the market place rejoices in the name of Covent Garden.

The parallel ends—without detriment to smaller London, be it said—with the names. To a passing stranger this town is doubtless a mere collection of dull-hued brick, frame and plaster houses, carefully deposited in rows on either side of a colorless, meek-looking stream of water. But after a short acquaintance with the place certain of its features seem to stamp it with a very decided individuality of its own. To begin with there are the trees. Other towns may have trees, but not in such lavish profusion as here. The desire to plant them must have taken the form of an epidemic. On one small lawn I counted twelve trees where there was actually not space for three of average size. Everywhere there are rows of maples that raise their pinched arms skyward, as if appealing for room to spread them in. Some of them have turned sulky and refuse to put forth their leaves, while the grass beneath has become utterly discouraged. However, it is a sin to grumble in the midst of so much real aylvan beauty. In summer the houses are ennobled in veritable bowers of overhanging green. The streets seem like the aisles of some pruned and highly decorous wood that is striving to forget its wild bringing up. At night one walks through long reaches of trembling, awe inspiring shadows, and the electric lights are nothing but helpless stars in the gloom. Even after the season of falling leaves, London still bears some resemblance to a forest. Next to maples evergreens seem to be the favorite trees, and pines, firs and cedars are to be seen in nearly all the grounds, somewhat relieving the winter desolation that usually overtakes a place half city, half country. Many of these evergreens, it is true, have been trained to be sorry they were just plain, common trees, and to put on the airs of funeral urns, soup tureens, feather dusters, setting hens and other appropriate ornaments for a front lawn; but the passer-by is still grateful for the enlivening green.

Another London characteristic is the prevalence of the cottage. By cottage a Londoner means a house of one story only. The typical one shows a low, flat, narrow front to the street, and runs backward to a length that baffles computations as to the relative arrangement of living rooms and bedrooms. It is tastefully verandahed and bow-windowed. It has a lawn or flower garden in front, and its whole air is that of solid everyday comfort. The newest ones are of white brick with dark green or black trimmings, and one can see faint aspirations after an "upstairs" in their gabled roofs.

"How much easier your work must be," you say to some one who lives in a cottage.

"Indeed it isn't!" comes the answer. "There's twice as much dirt to clean up."

"It must be very warm in winter," you venture next.

"Yes, and so are the coal bills. It takes three base-burners to run our shanty and Mrs. F. has five!"

"But your rooms do look so cosy and homelike," you persist determined not to have all the romance taken out of "those sweet little cottages."

"Oh, I don't know, I'd like to have room enough to swing a cat in if I wanted to."

And so it goes; while the inmates of the big houses toil up and down, and groan under their cares, and wouldn't have it otherwise for worlds. B. B. Harding Hall, London, Ont., Dec. 10th.

Letter From Rev. George Churchill.

Will you allow me a little space for a few parting words to the friends in the homeland, we have so lately left behind. The work of packing up, and the distractions connected with our getting off, prevented me from writing sooner. We are now in the Mediterranean, just losing sight of Italy. And now thus far on our voyage, it is only natural that as we look forward to our work in India, we should also look backward to our visit to the homeland and recall our experiences there.

And for myself, I am glad that I have so many pleasant memories of the many friends I have met in all the places I have been permitted to visit. To all whom I have thus met, I wish to express hearty thanks for all their kindness and help both in word and deed. The lack of time prevented me from visiting many places to which I would gladly have gone. And to all the friends in such places who are thinking of us and our work, and whom I would gladly have seen if possible I also send best wishes and a hearty "good-bye." Especially do I wish to make mention of the hearty welcome and kind words, accorded me by the pastors of our churches I have been permitted to visit. To one and all I tender hearty thanks for all their kindness and help. And while thus thanking them, if I could at the same time

say a word that would help them in their work, I should be very glad.

As I have moved about from place to place, I have been impressed as never before, with the burden that most, if not all our pastors are trying to carry, especially the pastors of many of our country churches. As I have learned of the travelling needed to visit their different meeting places, of the number of services to be held each week, and of the amount of pastoral visiting demanded, I have felt it was impossible for our pastors to do themselves justice.

To find time to study and read in order to acquire new material, and then to put such material when gained into such fresh and strong and stimulating forms of expression as would satisfy many, at least, of their congregations is simply an impossibility. And to feel as some do that after doing their best to accomplish the task set before them, their efforts are not appreciated but harshly criticized and barely tolerated for a short time, the wonder is how so many hold on at all and do as well as they do. If any word I could write would make the work easier and the burden lighter for many of our overworked pastors how glad I should be.

And now in closing what can I say of the work to which we are returning? In speaking of it at home I have tried to present it as it has appeared to us, as well in its needs as in its encouragements. If in any way I have failed to put it before our people as the Master would desire, may he forgive the fault and may his blessing in the future rest more richly than in the past upon the work among the Telugus in India as also upon our work in our homeland. G. CHURCHILL. Mediterranean Sea, Nov. 25th.

New Books.

Missions in Eden. Glimpses of Life in the Valley of the Euphrates, by Mrs. Crosby H. Wheeler. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price \$1.00.

The author writes of missionary life in the East, from the standpoint of one who for forty years was a missionary of the American Board in Harpoot, Eastern Turkey. A number of illustrations help the reader to a more vivid comprehension of the scenes and events which the written page describes. There are thirteen short chapters, each dealing with something of special interest in connection with the mission work.

Strawberry Hill, by Mrs. C. P. Fraser. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Company.

This is a handsome little book of half a hundred pages, finely printed on heavy paper. The story of a boy's life in the country is pleasantly told. An appropriate Christmas or birthday gift for a boy.

Lyrical Echoes, by Catherine A. Clarke. Toronto: William Briggs. Price \$1.00.

We have here, in 157 pages, nearly as many short poems. The printer's art has given the author's verse a pleasing setting, and the verse also is of a pleasant and morally wholesome kind. The quality may be judged of by the following entitled

Happiness.

I sought for Pleasure all the hours,
And everywhere I missed her;
I could not grasp her golden fowers,
I then turned to her sister
Plain Duty—living not for one,
I sought for others' pleasure,
When lo, I found that I had won
True happiness and treasure.

Gospel Seed for Busy Sowers. Furnishing materials for Preachers, Evangelists, Sabbath School Teachers, and Lay Workers. Compiled by J. Ellis. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company. Price 50 cents.

By way of commending this little thought-saving expedient, the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse says: "Though the spring be full, yet there are times when the pump needs a little water to be poured down in order to fetch much water up. They who lack a subject and have little time to seek one, will find here something for which to be thankful." But if the spring is really full of water it would seem wise to have the pump put in condition to bring it to the surface, and use such adventitious aids as little as possible.

John and His Friends. A Series of Revival Sermons by Louis Albert Banks, D. D., Pastor First M. E. Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Cloth, 12 mo, 347 pages, gilt top. Price \$1.50. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

This is the fourth volume of the series of revival sermons by Dr. Louis Albert Banks. It is a companion to the preceding volumes, "Christ and His Friends," "The Fisherman and His Friends," and "Paul and His Friends." Revival literature has seldom if ever received so large a contribution from one man. This volume, "John and His Friends," contains 33 sermons which were preached in the First Methodist Episcopal church, Cleveland, Ohio, during January, 1899, in a series of evangelistic meetings. The themes had been selected long before, and illustrations had been gathered from time to time; but each sermon was finally outlined and dictated to a stenographer on the day of delivery. The author says in his preface: "A very gracious revival of religion was awakened by their delivery, and a large number of persons were converted and received into the church as the result. The other volumes of this series have received such a widespread welcome not only in this country, but throughout the English speaking world, that I am encouraged to hope that the present volume will be at least as valuable as any that have gone before it in suggestive and illustrative material, for those who count it their greatest joy in life to win souls to Christ." The original and practical character of these sermons is seen even in the titles. Here are some of them: The Bright Heart of the Universe; Life Fellowship and Purity; and the Peril of Self Delusion; A Confessing Sinner and a Forgiving Saviour; The Sinner's Attorney in the Court of Final Appeals; Christ Standing in Our Stead; Doing Keeping Pace with Knowing; A Passing Lust but an Abiding Soul; Meeting Christ Without Shame; The Manner of God's Love.

* * The Story Page * *

"A Christmas Awakening."

BY HATTIE E. SPIDELL.

It was a glorious night on Christmas Eve. The moon shone with dazzling brilliancy on the well-trodden snow. Though it wanted but two hours to midnight, hurrying feet still passed to and fro along the narrow streets of the small manufacturing town of L—. There were happy hearts in happy homes that night, where sorrow and want and the death-angel were shut out, and there were too, even in that little town, sorrow, and death, and gloom, which not even the coming birthday of the Prince of Peace could take away.

Down in the hollow of the town's one long hill, seemingly shut out from the bustling noise of Christmas Eve, the low, dingy tenements of the factory people stood. Cold and deserted, unbeautiful even by the moonlight, they formed a striking contrast to the well-lit, well-built, business part of the town. Only here and there a light glimmered faintly, where some pale watcher sat by the bed-side of her child; for scarlet fever, which had long raged its fearful havoc, had not yet numbered its victims. It was want, the doctor said, want of proper food, and clothing, and warmth, that had aided the fever in its terrible work, and had almost filled the church-yard with little graves. Since the young owner's death, and the mill, still owned by his widow, had been placed in the charge of a superintendent, wages had been reduced, and still reduced, till the poor operatives could scarcely live. But hoping for better times they had been patient, till the fever came. Then stung almost to madness by the sight of their loved ones dying, when they might have lived, resolved to do something to benefit their condition, even if they had to die. So tonight, instead of in their bare, comfortless homes, we find them congregated in a secret place, listening eagerly to their leader, as he unfolds a plan for their relief from oppression.

While these scenes are passing in the town below, far up on the hill, in the late mill-owner's mansion, a young woman paces restlessly back and forth in her apartments. Her face is worn and pale with suffering, and her hands clasp and unclasp themselves in nervous agony, as she never ceases in her hurried walking up and down the room.

"O God," bursts from her pale lips, "thou has dealt very bitterly with me. Orphaned at an early age, I have scarcely known a parent's love. Only three short years ago thou hast bereft me of my husband, and now,"—her voice falters ere she finishes the sentence, and leaving her room, where the nurse had persuaded her to go to rest, she entered the wide, costly furnished front hall, and once more gazed upon the dead face of her only child. Then falling upon her knees beside the little casket, prayed in agony:—

"O Father in heaven, pity me, do pity me, she was all I had."

The slight form shakes with sobs, and tears which had been so long denied her, came like God's messenger, to ease the strain of her overburdened heart. Thoroughly exhausted, she once more sought her room, and for a time found forgetfulness in sleep.

Perhaps it was because she had been wont to tell her child tales of the Christ on Christmas day; perhaps it was God's way of sending his message to her wayward heart. Be that as it may, she dreamed she saw the Christ, not as the babe in Bethlehem's manger, but as her child had best loved to hear of him; the Christ among the multitudes, teaching them, healing their sick, all day long administering to their wants, tired, faint, and hungry, yet with his brow, so soon to be encircled with a crown of thorns, wearing an expression of profound peace. "It is the peace of which the angels sang," she murmured in her sleep, "earth has no such peace."

Then the scene changed, and she saw herself and child in their own luxurious dining-room enjoying their Christmas cheer. The child, turning from the luxurious viands, pointed to the window without, and the mother looking saw again the multitude, sick and hungry as before, but the Christ was not among them. "I can do nothing for them," she said, and turning away she encountered the sorrowful gaze of the Christ, but she sought to forget his pleading look in the joy of the luxury before and the pleasure of her child, but lo, her child was gone! And looking again she saw her in the arms of the Christ, and the little dimpled hand as well as the nail pierced one, pointing again to the sorrowful multitude, and then upward, vanished from her sight.

With a sob the mother awoke, but the dream remained with her awakening thoughts other than her grief, thoughts of her past life wholly devoted to pleasure, forgetful of the vows to serve the Christ, she had taken upon herself in early youth. Once more she wept, but this time tears of repentance.

"O Christ," she murmured, "didst thou have to take from me my last treasure to unlock my selfish heart?"

Give me but thy peace, and henceforth I will follow in thy steps."

But hark! What was that sound of heavy feet, and rough, rude voices in the hall below. The two servants, the only two who had remained with their mistress when the dreaded fever came, awakened by the noise, rushed with the frightened nurse, unsummoned to their mistress' room.

"It is the mill men ma'am," whispered one of the servants hoarsely, "They say the new manager oppresses them, and they look desperate enough to do anything. O what shall we do."

But the mother had but one thought, and that was for the little pale sleeper in the hall below. "My child," she murmured, and hastily throwing on her dressing-gown, with her bare feet and her long hair falling like a veil around her, she hastened down the stairway, hearing no one, seeing no one, till she gained the little casket's side. Then with white, set face, gazed upon the scene before her.

The hall was already filled with rough, rude men, but what meant the strange stillness which had fallen so suddenly upon them? They had come at the instigation of their leader, to plunder, to take from the "Great House" what they said justly belonged to them. They had come armed to fight if resistance were given them, but they stood now strangely quiet, though the woman they had come to threaten stood before them, her only protection the little casket with its still, waxen form. Ah, they were not so hard, but the sight of that little dead face filled their hearts with pity. In nearly every one of their own homes there had been a like pale sleeper, and the sight recalled bitter memories, and touched the gentlest chords of their natures, so they stood silent, with uncovered heads, till the silence grew solemn as a funeral. Then one of the women's voices broke into a sob which was instantly hushed, as if the silence was too sacred to be disturbed. Thus they stood till the hall clock slowly struck the hour of midnight. As the last stroke died away, the mother with a silent prayer for help, lifting her bowed, tear-stained face, thus addressed them:

"Dear friends, just now has been ushered in the birthday of the Prince of Peace, and I pray God it may be the beginning of peace and good-will between us. I have heard of your poverty and sorrow, but wrapped up in my own pleasure, I have selfishly unheeded it, but sorrow which finds its way into the homes of the rich as well as of the poor, has changed my selfish heart, and tonight I not only ask God's forgiveness, but yours. On this day, this birthday of the Christ, I resolve to walk henceforth in his steps, and from this day forward you shall know no want or sorrow, which is in my power to relieve."

The trembling voice died away in silence, and then from voices husky with emotion, came instead of the imprecations and blame they had come to bring, the murmured words,—"God bless you." Then more silently than they entered they passed out in the street, and left her alone with her dead.

Alone, yet not alone, for the angel of his presence stood by her, and the peace for which she prayed, and of which the angels sang, came and filled her heart that Christmas day, and ever afterward, for no longer living unto self, but ever reaching out even as the Christ, hands of help, every day found her near to the baby hands and those pierced ones, who pointed out to her the blessed heavenward way of the Cross.

Dear readers, if you too, would know, and help to spread the peace which nineteen hundred years ago Christ came all the way from heaven to earth to bring, you, too, must deny yourself, and, taking up your cross, follow him.

* * * * *

-A "Box" Experience on the Frontier.

I remember a day during one winter that stands out like a boulder in my life.

The weather was unusually cold; the people's part of our salary had not been regularly paid, and it did not meet our needs when it was paid. My husband was away travelling from one district to another most of the time. Our boys were well, but my little Ruth was ailing, and at best none of us were decently clothed. I patched and re-patched, with spirits sinking to their lowest ebb. The water gave out in the well, and the wind blew through the cracks in the floor. The people in the parish were kind and generous, but the settlement was new, and each family was struggling for itself.

Little by little, at the time I needed it most, my faith began to waver. Early in life I was taught to take God at his word, and I thought my lesson was well learned. I had lived upon the promises in dark times until I knew, as David did, who was "my fortress and deliverer." Now, a daily prayer for forgiveness was all I could offer.

My husband's overcoat was hardly thick enough for October, and he was obliged to ride miles to attend some

meeting or funeral. Many times our breakfast was Indian cakes and a cup of tea without sugar.

Christmas was coming, and the children expected their presents. I remember the ice was thick and smooth, and the boys were each craving a pair of skates. Ruth, in some unaccountable way, had taken a fancy that the doll I had made was no longer suitable. She wanted "a nice large one," and insisted in praying for it.

I knew it was impossible, but oh! how I wanted to give each child its present. It seemed as if God had deserted us; but I did not tell my husband all this. He worked so earnestly and heartily that I supposed him to be as hopeful as ever. I kept the sitting-room cheerful with an open fire and tried to serve our scanty meals as invitingly as I could.

The morning before Christmas, James was called to see a sick man. I put up a piece of bread for a lurch—it was the best I could do,—wrapped my plaid shawl around his neck, and then tried to whisper a promise as I had often done, but the words died away upon my lips. I let him go without it.

This was a dark, hopeless day. I coaxed the children to bed early, for I could not bear their talk. When Ruth went, I listened to her prayer. She asked for the last time most explicitly for her doll and for skates for her brothers. Her bright hair looked so lovely when she whispered to me, "You know, I think they will be here early tomorrow morning, mamma," and I thought I could move heaven and earth to save her from disappointment. I sat down alone and gave way to the most bitter tears.

Before long, James returned, chilled and exhausted. He drew off his boots, the thin stockings slipped off with them, and his feet were red with cold. "I wouldn't treat a dog that way, let alone a faithful servant," I said. Then I glanced up and saw the hard lines in his face and the look of despair, it flashed across me, James had let go, too.

I brought him a cup of tea, feeling sick and dizzy at the very thought. He took my hand, and we sat for an hour without a word. I wanted to die and meet God and tell him his promise wasn't true; my soul was full of rebellious despair.

There came a sound of bells, a quick step, and a loud knock at the door. James sprang to open it. There stood Deacon White.

"A box came for you by express just before dark. I brought it around as soon as I could get away. Reckoned it might be for Christmas. At any rate, I said, they shall have it tonight. Here is a turkey my wife asked me to fetch along, and these things I believe belong to you."

There was a basket of potatoes and a bag of flour. talking all the time, he hurried in the box, and then, with a hearty "Good night," rode away. Still without speaking, James found a chisel and opened the box. He drew out first a thick red blanket, and we saw that beneath it was full of clothing.

It seemed at the moment as if Christ fastened upon me a look of reproach. James sat down and covered his face with his hands. "I can't touch them," he exclaimed, "I haven't been true; just when God was trying me to see if I could hold out. Do you think I could not see how you were suffering, and I had no word of comfort to offer? I know now how to preach the awfulness of turning away from God."

"James," I said, clinging to him, "don't take it to heart like this. I am to blame. I ought to have helped you. We will ask him together to forgive us."

"Wait a moment, dear; I cannot talk now." Then he went into another room. I knelt down and my heart broke. In an instant all the stubbornness rolled away. Jesus came again and stood before me, but now with the loving word, "Daughter!"

Sweet promises of tenderness and joy flooded my soul. I was so lost in praise and gratitude that I forgot everything else. I don't know how long it was before James came back, but I knew he, too, had found peace.

"Now, my dear wife," said he, "let us thank God together," and then he poured out words of praise, Bible words, for nothing else could express our thanksgiving. It was eleven o'clock, the fire was low, and there was the great box, and nothing touched but the warm blanket we needed. We piled on some fresh logs, lighted two candles, and began to examine our treasures.

We drew out an overcoat, and I made James try it on. Just the right size! and I danced around him, for all my light-heartedness had returned. Then there was a cloak, and he insisted on seeing me in it. My spirits always infect him, and we both laughed like two little children. There was a warm suit of clothes also, and three pairs of woollen hose. There was a dress for me and yards of flannel, a pair of arctic overboots for each of us, and in mine was a slip of paper.

I have it now, and I mean to hand it down to my children. It was Jacob's blessing to Asher: "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be."

The Young People

In the gloves, evidently for James, the same dear hand had written, "I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee."

It was a wonderful box, and packed with thoughtful care. There was a suit of clothes for each of the boys, and a little gown for Ruth. There were mittens, scarfs and hoods.

Down in the centre was a box. We opened it, and there was a great wax doll! I burst into tears again. James wept with me for joy. It was too much. And then we both exclaimed again, for close behind came two pairs of skates.

There were books for us to read, some of them I had wished to see. Stories for the children to read. Aprons and underclothing, knots of ribbon, a gay little tidy, a lovely photograph, needles, buttons and thread. Actually a muff, and an envelope containing a ten dollar gold piece. At last we cried over everything we took up.

It was past midnight, and we were faint and exhausted, even with happiness. I made a cup of tea, cut a fresh loaf of bread, and James boiled some eggs. We drew up the table before the fire. How we enjoyed our supper! And then we sat talking over our life and how sure a help God had always proved.

You should have heard the children the next morning. The boys raised a shout at the sight of their skates. Ruth caught up her doll and hugged it tightly without a word, and then she went into her room and knelt by her bed. When she came back she whispered to me, "I knew it would be here mamma; but I wanted to thank God just the same."

"Look here, wife; see the difference."

We went to the window, and there were the boys out of the house already and skating on the crust with all their might. My husband and I both tried to return thanks to the church in the East that sent us the box, and have tried to return thanks unto God every day since.

Hard times have come again and again, but we have trusted in him, dreading nothing so much as a doubt of his protecting care. Over and over again we have proved that "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Selected.

The Adventures of a Gray Cat.

BY L. B. JOHNSON.

Did you ever hear of a cat playing scarecrow? And a stuffed pussy, too, at that? Not very long ago a lady who loves her garden very much was greatly troubled because of the flocks of hungry sparrows which came in families and companies and picked up all the little grass and flower seeds as fast as they were sown. They were bold, saucy little fellows, not easily frightened away, and the lady was in despair.

"Why not have a cat?" some kind friend suggested; but, no, a cat would kill the little birds. Then a bright idea came to the lady's mind, and, to her family's amusement, a sleek looking gray flannel pussy mounted guard over the precious seeds.

How the sparrows twittered and complained, but not one of them dared brave that fierce looking sentinel!

All day long puss sat in the middle of the garden, but late in the afternoon she mysteriously disappeared, and the watchful birds were quick to discover her absence; so that the lady was obliged to start out on a search for the missing guard. Not very far from home, there sat Miss Pussy on a neighboring porch, looking as dignified as ever. She was seized upon with great satisfaction, when a door opened and out came Mrs. Neighbor with a very merry smile on her face.

"I must tell you how completely I have been deceived," she exclaimed. "You know how very much afraid of cats I am? Well, my dear friend, I have been standing at my window for some time, clapping my hands and crying, 'Shoo! Scat!' to that very life-like animal, and feeling much disgusted that I could not frighten it away!"

Both ladies had a hearty laugh over the funny circumstance, but it was yet to be explained how puss managed to get away from the garden. It was not long, however, before another funny story came to the Garden Lady's ears. Another neighbor, out for a stroll with her baby and two pet dogs, was startled to see one of the dogs dash past carrying by the neck a large gray cat, and shaking it violently as he ran.

Mrs. Mother dropped her baby and started in pursuit, crying, "You shall not kill that cat! You shall not!" Can you imagine her surprise when she found that she had rescued a puss made of gray flannel and stuffed with cotton?

She could not guess its rightful home, so she left it on the step where the dog had dropped it, whence it came once more into the hands of its owner, and at last accounts was sitting in quiet dignity under the watchful eyes of the disappointed sparrows.—The Outlook.

The corpse of a bird is a stiff, unsightly disfigurement to the headgear of women, recalling the slaughter field to the mind of the beholder.

EDITOR, R. OSGOOD MORSE

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

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U.—Our Royal Brother, Hebrews 1:1-9; 3:6. (A Christmas Meeting.)

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, December 25.—Leviticus [3], 4. Sin offering. Compare Heb. 7:26, 27.

Tuesday, December 26.—Leviticus 5:1-6; 7:[8, 30] Sins of ignorance are sins (vs. 17). Compare Luke 12:47, 48.

Wednesday, December 27.—Leviticus [7], 8. Set apart for the Lord's service. Compare Acts 13:2, 3.

Thursday, December 28.—Leviticus [9], 10. Swift judgment on disobedience (vs. 2). Compare Num. 16:35.

Friday, December 29.—Leviticus 11 [and 12]. Meats fit for us. Compare Lev. 20:25, 26.

Saturday, December 30.—Leviticus 13:1-17. [18, 46]. 47-59. Law for leprosy. Compare Luke 17:12-14.

Prayer Meeting Topic.—December 24.

Our Royal Brother, Heb. 1:1-9, 3:6.

We sometimes sing,

"I'm the child of a King!
The child of a King!
With Jesus my Saviour,
I'm the child of a King."

He who is of Royal blood is our brother. As such He is the fulfilment of the dream of the past. The prophetic dispensation is dissolved into the filial. For centuries God has been leading His people up to this. "At sundry times" or in many parts, no one of which contained all the truth. The "time past" was a time of shadows. We teach our children letter by letter, syllable by syllable before they come to the word. So by the "many parts," now history, then prophesy; by proverb and by imagery; in "divers manners," in direct communication, in dream, in vision—God spelled out, or helped His people spell out, the Word—"the Word became flesh and dwelt among us." Our Royal Brother is the disguised hero of the Old Testament. His kingly power is sung in the second Psalm, much more his kingly glory in the forty-fifth. Loyal heralds proclaim Him. Noah, a barefooted footman, speeding over a dusty road, heralds the glory of the coming King. Abraham, the conqueror of kings and father of the faithful, also a footman in the dusty way, proclaims Him. Grand old Moses, the oracle of wisdom and law, the uncrowned king, also a footman for the King. As we catch their cry and look, we catch the sheen of His diadem, and hear the rustle of His royal robes. He is now here, the "Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." The beloved disciple can now say, "We beheld His glory . . . full of grace and truth."

We talk of the mountains, we think perhaps we know something about them, but not until we saw the Rockies with their glittering glaciers and desolate waste of eternal snows, did we know anything of the sublimity of the meaning of the word mountain. Even so it is that while we may have thought we knew by what we have heard we never knew what Jesus is to mankind until we beheld His glory, and we were able to say, my Lord and my God.

Our Royal Brother. Bethlehem's manger reveals to us the Son of God. The Divine Son. Many there are who would take away the halo of glory from around the head of our Royal brother. But we will allow none to take his crown of divinity without our strong protest. He is of royal birth and a King in his own sight. May as well attempt to prove to me by mathematical calculation that the light of the sun is sufficient to dispel the darkness of earth. I know it for I see it so, and that is sufficient. He is God, all sufficient to the blood-bought soul. He raises the dead, gives sight and hearing, relieves of heavy burdens, helps up the hills of life. He is my Way, my Truth, my Life. Our true dignity comes from our connection with our Royal Brother. There is nothing great but man. There is nothing great in man but the Christ that is in him. Through Him we become kings and priests unto God. When rain and snow sink into the earth they appear again in the purple flood of the vine; when phosphates gather around the root of the stalk of wheat they appear again in the ripened grain to supply the wants of the famished multitude; the iron and carbon in the earth appear in enlarged form in the sturdy oak or majestic pine, and later in the magnificent building, the handiwork of man. It is when the common life of humanity sinks into the life of the Christ that it is lifted up and made partakers of the heavenly calling and joint-heirs with Him "whom he hath appointed heir of all things—and is set down on the right hand of the Majesty on high."

Let the conditions of our elevation by the Royal Brother be not forgotten. "If we hold fast the Christian's hope as a cheerful confidence and subject of boasting firm unto the end," 111:6.

This final word, in this filial dispensation, means much to all. It means everything to those who are the dwelling place of Christ. It is "Christ in you" which gives us the hope of eternal glory. F. M. YOUNG.

Three weeks have passed since any reports have been received from the Unions. Such things ought not to be. If you are doing anything report it to these columns. If you are not doing anything it is time you were doing something that you may report it. We asked a few weeks ago that the Unions report especially any Home Mission work they are doing. We know there is a good deal of ground for such work, but we fear very little is being done. There are comparatively destitute sections within ready reach of strong churches in these Provinces. The young people should go into these places, conduct cottage meetings, Sunday Schools and carry Christ into the homes of these people. The blessing obtained would be two fold, both the helpers and the helped sharing therein. We speak from experience. We have done and are doing the work we urge upon others. We know the blessings which have come from it. Go and do likewise and you too will share the blessing. Report such work to these columns.

When we assumed the conduct of this department we undertook to get some things said that need to be said but are not being said. We asked a number of persons, whom we thought were qualified to say these things, to say them in our columns. We have worked hard at this as we were not content to fill our space with what everybody was saying, even though much of it has been said a thousand times. We have written over fifty letters in quest of what we wanted but the results have been sadly disappointing. The pioneer's path was never yet strewn with roses. However, we believe in the perseverance of the saints as a principle of action and shall continue our efforts along this line. We have the certain promise of some valuable work in the near future, work which we expect will repay us for many a fruitless effort. It is passing strange how enthusiastic some persons can be over our work at Conventions but when asked to do something to help the work, which requires some careful thought and subjection to possible criticism, always find an excuse. Could we oil each request with a "V" it would probably be more fruitful. And this suggests an important matter. Our Young People's work will never be what it should be until our Unions are willing to put some hard cash into it. We need this in order to secure the most inspiring and helpful thought as a stimulus to the movement. We need it in order to provide a course of missionary study adapted to the needs of the Baptists of Canada. And right here we are inclined to believe that should the MESSENGER AND VISITOR and the Canadian Baptist unite to provide such a course of missionary studies the expense thereby incurred would be offset by additional income. Here and there one gifted with his pen may be found willing to contribute his work—work which costs him much thought and labor—gratuitously, but after all, we ask, is it right for us to accept it thus.

What is a Christian?

1. In faith, a believer. Mark 16:16
2. In knowledge, a disciple. John 8:31.
3. In character, a saint. Romans 1:7.
4. In influence, a light. Matthew 5:14.
5. In conflict, a soldier. 2 Timothy 2:5.
6. In communion, a friend. John 15:15.
7. In progress, a pilgrim. Hebrews 11:13.

Aiming and Shooting.

"A man may have noble aims, and be a very poor shot," says a shrewd paragraph writer. Selecting a good mark is one thing, but acquiring the skill that enables one to hit it is a different and much more toilsome matter. Many persons seem to think that if only they have chosen a target which is above criticism, any amount of poor marksmanship may be condoned. "I aim to do right," is a phrase frequently heard from persons whose careless, self-filled days seem to be flying very much at random. "His intentions are good; he doesn't mean any harm," we hear of many a one whose ill considered words and deeds seem to be going very wide of the noble mark aimed for.

A purposeless life is a life without value, but to have a worthy aim means far more than having some hazy ideas of usefulness, and firing an occasional arrow of effort in their direction. The marksman gains his skill by patient, tireless practice, and we need not flatter ourselves that we are really aiming at anything which we are not resolutely determined to reach, which we are not willing to give earnest effort to attain. We accomplish nothing by boasting of our target while we are indolently content to be "poor shots."—Selected.

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 DECEMBER.

For Bimlipatam, its missionaries and schools, that God would raise up faithful native preachers and Bible women, and bring those to confess Christ that have so often heard of him.

Query.—How many husbands will gladden the hearts of their wives, by presenting them with a Life Membership in the W. B. M. U. for a Christmas gift? All who will, send \$5 to Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N. S., for a Certificate of Life Membership. Some thoughtful ones have already done this.

North River, P. E. I.

Last Sunday evening, Dec. 3rd, our W. M. A. S. held its annual Thank-offering service. The church was well filled in spite of the state of the roads, which were doing their best to keep up the quality and quantity of our famous P. E. I. mud. The service began with a roll call, to which the society and other contributors responded. There was a beautiful exercise on Bishop Heber's great hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," which was exceptionally well rendered by eight young girls. The pastor's address was on the word "Missionary," its derivation, meaning, history, and the hardships and privileges, responsibilities and promises connected with it. A good choir gave appropriate music. The opening of the envelopes is always the feature of such a meeting. The selections contained were suited to the occasion and time, and were fresh from the hearts of the contributors, although taken from such an old, old book. The contents of the envelopes with the collection amounted to \$18.45.

Since our visit from Miss D'Prazer, our Mission Band have had it on their hearts to endow a bed in the Chica-cole hospital. To that end their president has started them on an autograph quilt. The work is going forward with an energy and an earnestness which must command success.

Hantsport W. M. A. S.

As our Society has not sent any report for some time, I will just say that we are still working away, adding our little to the good cause. Our Thank-offering meeting held in the church on Nov. 16th, was a success financially and otherwise. Our pastor, Mr. White, led the meeting for us. The programme was good, and the music was enjoyed by all. The violin solo by Miss Lela Lockhart, with organ accompaniment by Miss Eva Margeson, was very good indeed. A double quartette by the ladies of the choir, deserves honorable mention. Then Mrs. Higgins, Wolfville, gave us a bright, interesting, missionary talk, describing our missionary field in India, and telling us of some of its needs, discouragements and encouragements, also giving us eight excellent reasons why we should be interested in missions. A report of the year's work of the Society was then read, after which the offering was taken up by four of the sisters, who opened the envelopes, counted the contents, and read the passages of Scripture which were enclosed with the offerings. The January meeting will be a roll call. The offering that evening, and what has since been handed in for Foreign missions was \$23.

B. MITCHNER, Secretary.

The W. M. A. S. held their quarterly session in connection with the Hants Co. Convention, in Windsor, on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 5th and 6th. Our business meeting was held in the vestry of the new church on Tuesday, at 3 p. m. Meeting opened by singing and prayer by the president. Minutes of the two last sessions at Summerville and Rawdon, read by the secretary. The following Societies reported, Windsor, Falmouth, Hantsport, Avondale, Scotch Village, Walton, Lochartville. These reports were very encouraging. During the quarter, two life members were made, viz., Mrs. E. A. Bancroft, by her S. S. class, in Walton, Miss Cochran, by the Aid Society in Windsor. Also three public missionary meetings were held by the Co. Sec'y., at Falmouth, Avondale and Lochartville. Mrs. Archibald, (our returned missionary,) gave a short address and answered several questions, which added greatly to the interest of the meeting. Our public meeting was held in the audience room, on Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, President, Mrs. Nalder in the chair, opened by singing, Scripture selections in Acts, by Mrs. W. O.

Taylor, Falmouth; prayer by Mrs. Baker, Falmouth, An address of welcome on behalf of the Aid Societies of Hants Co., was given to Mrs. Archibald by Mrs. Rees, also one by Mrs. Nalder, on behalf of Windsor. Mrs. A. replied very feelingly. Music, "The Lost Chord," by "the Ladies Quartette" Address by Mrs. Archibald. When she was introduced by the president, the congregation gave her the "Chautauqua salute." She said she was glad to get back to tell them about India. Went out about 27 years ago. Was deeply shocked and used to weep bitter tears over what she saw, but as she came into the work this gradually left her. The feeling came over her, how could the heathen be saved? they were so steeped in sin. This impression so grew upon her that it was the means of breaking down her health in '95. When she told them of God and his Son, they asked, how can God have a son? and similar questions. Gave several thrilling incidents of the famine which she witnessed. Concluded by saying, Keep your hands on the plough and your faces towards God, stand by your missionaries like men, watch them as you do the generals in the South African war. Anthem by the choir. Pastor Baker then very effectively sang, "When the Roll is Called up Yonder," the choir joining in the chorus. Meeting closed by silent prayer and prayer by the president. Offering, \$6.81. B. A. REES, Sec'y. Newport, Dec. 11th:

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

Sometimes it is asserted that the church of Christ is failing in her duty to the great heathen populations that are in the world and some pretty strong words are used along that line, perhaps none too strong when the tremendous needs are borne in mind. Missionaries should be greatly multiplied. Millions of money should be lavished where now but thousands are bestowed. But all the same such considerations must not be suffered to blind our eyes to a few facts which tell us what has actually been undertaken for the kingdom and also what has been accomplished by the grace of God.

It must be remembered that the real determined, systematic beginning of Christian Missions was not made until just about a hundred years ago. It is something considerable and by no means insignificant that more than 12,000 consecrated men and women are now engaged in the foreign field, and that reinforcements have been steadily going forward at the rate of nearly 500 a year. More than a third of these are ministers of the gospel, to whom are joined as many more ordained natives and enough of other native helpers to raise the aggregate of toilers to upwards of 60,000. Not less than five-sixths of this large missionary force has been converted and trained upon heathen soil. In the 20,000 mission schools at least 1,000,000 children are receiving Christian instruction, in the churches there are more than 1,000,000 communicants, while nearly, if not quite, 4,000,000 have turned from their idols and have put themselves under distinctly Christian influences. The increase of church members is going on at the rate of eight an hour, 200 a day, 1,500 a week, 6,000 a month, 75,000 a year, 1,000,000 in thirteen years and nearly 4,000,000 in a generation. And this means that every twenty-four hours renewed souls are gathered into fellowship sufficient to form a church of 200 members, and that the membership of the mission churches equals in number all the Lutherans of the United States, or the Episcopalians, the Congregationalists and the German Reformed combined, or the Reformed (Dutch) with the Presbyterians both North and South. It means also that there are native Christians enough to more than fill a Province as populous as Ontario. Besides the income of the 300 Societies exceeds \$15,000,000 and is increasing at the rate of nearly 1,000,000 a year.

These figures would be sufficiently remarkable and full of inspiration if they represented results gathered evenly from all parts of the entire country, but they rise to the rank of phenomenal when the fact is taken into account that they stand rather for the result of labor bestowed for the most part within the limits of the last fifty years, and that the bulk of the growth belongs to the passing generation; yes, even to the last two and a half decades. The time of blossoms did not arrive until a few years ago, and we are but just entering upon the season of harvest. Until quite recently women had no especial calling in the foreign field. A generation since the native pastors were but a handful. Nearly two-fifths of the missionary societies have come into being since 1850. It is only since that very recent date that the modern period began. In order to abundantly justify this statement it is only necessary to call attention to the great expansion of the kingdom within the last twenty-five years. Before, with a single important exception, assault was made only on the outworks of the great kingdom of

darkness. The Oriental churches were taken in hand; the islands with their slight populations were visited by the messengers of peace, or they simply clung to the coasts of the continents, and so only touched the circumference of the tremendous task. Actual contact with the innumerable hordes of the earth's perishing ones was yet to be made.

Take India for example, which has been most aptly termed "Satan's stronghold," and which Carey entered a full hundred years ago—why is it that after so long a period so little has been accomplished? Well for twenty years after this noble apostle of modern missions set foot in Calcutta, Christianity was a contraband article, *religio illicita*, to the East India Company. Nor did the gospel begin to have free course until the year before Carey's death, in 1834. Nor even then, for as yet almost half of India was ruled by native princes, either Hindu or Mohammedan. The earliest mission in a native state, dates only from 1841. Indeed the affirmation is easily established that the work of evangelization did not make the transition from ancient times to modern, from infancy to adult years until after the terrible shock of the mutiny in 1857. Then for the first time was the British conscience aroused, and ever since have the forces which make for righteousness and piety been held at least somewhat in honor.

The perhaps 700 missionaries of six and thirty years ago have increased to twenty-five hundred, including perhaps 800 unmarried women, the native pastors from fifty to nearly 1,000, the pupils in the mission schools from 80,000 to nearly 400,000, the communicants from 20,000 to more than 250,000, and the native Christians from 105,000 to at least 750,000.

It is evident then that the past century has been mainly consumed in waiting for the doors to open, in entering the boundless spaces, filled with abominations of heathenism, in gaining actual contact with the masses which are perishing in their darkness. Who can estimate the strength of faith and love and zeal which has been expended, in explorations, in clearing the way for foundations, in laying the foundations themselves, before any stone could be added for erecting the structure itself? Translations of the Scriptures by the hundred have been made. A native ministry numbering thousands in the various grades have been carefully trained. And, most difficult of all, in each one of the older fields a generation has been reared in some fair measure free from the blight and curse of heathen influences, and so with hearts and consciences apparently undefiled.

In the pursuit of any worthy project, in the performance of any important task, time is an indispensable factor. Patient toil and long waiting are required. At the end of ten years Judson had baptized but eighteen converts, while Gilmour waited fifteen years in Mongolia for his first convert. In the Sandwich islands the tedious process of planting and watering went on for eighteen years before the six years of most remarkable ingathering were vouchsafed from on high. For a whole generation the Telugu mission was more dead than alive, but then of a sudden came the marvellous descent of the Spirit so that within six weeks 8,691 were baptized, 2,222 in a single day, and now that field contains its tens of thousands of Christians. And just such phenomenal harvests may we reasonably expect in due season to behold in all these newer fields if we falter not.

The statement of the Treasurer, made in the MESSENGER AND VISITOR of last week, included only receipts to Dec. 1st. But it is fair to say that after the statement was in the printer's hands \$250 was received from the Treasurer of Convention for N. S., sent by him Dec. 9th and received on the 11th inst.

SOME SPECIAL OFFERS TO NEW AND RENEWAL SUBSCRIBERS MESSENGER AND VISITOR

FOR ONE YEAR AND	
"Travis Reference Line Studies,"	\$2.75
or 1,000 Free Will Offering Envelopes, (printed)	2.60
or Oxford Teachers Bible with "Torry Helps,"	2.50
or "Black Rock," By RALPH CONNOR	2.40
or "Sky Pilot," By RALPH CONNOR,	2.40
or Five of Sheldon's,	2.00
or Friendship, By HUGH BLACK,	2.50
or Torrey's "Divine Origin of the Bible,"	1.90
or "Christian Science and Other Superstitions,"	1.90
BUCKLEY,	1.90
or "Kingship of Self Control," JORDAN,	1.75
or "Hidden Years at Nazareth," By J. CAMPBELL	1.70
MORGAN.	1.90
or "Life's Problems," By MORGAN.	1.90
or "Search Lights on Christian Science," A SYM- POSIUM.	1.90
or "Remember Jesus Christ," By ROBT. F. SPEER.	2.10
or "20th Century New Testament."	1.90
or Moody's "Anecdotes."	1.75
or Moody's "Men of the Bible."	1.75
or "For Christ and the Church," By SHELDON.	1.75
or "Christian Science Examined," By HENRY VAR- LEY.	1.80
or "Did a Hen or an Egg Exist First," (A hard nut for evolutionists and agnostics.)	1.75
or "Why I am not an Infidel."	1.65
or "The Shepherd Psalm," F. B. MEYER, (\$1.25 edition.)	2.50
or "Afterwards and other Stories," By IAN MC- LAREN.	2.50

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow-storm.

No need of this snow-storm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ayer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation. It has still other properties: it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more: it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed.

DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

schools in the province, 880; number open all the year, 543; teachers and officers, 6151; of whom 5867 are church members; number of scholars enrolled, 45,415; number in home department, 2988; average attendance, 34,246; number joined the churches from the schools during the year, 1084.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Albert County quarterly meeting met with the Salem branch of the 1st Hillsboro church on the 5th inst. Rev. Truman Bishop led the conference meeting which was largely attended and much enjoyed. Pres. Rev. John Miles took the chair and formally opened the quarterly. Five pastors and quite a large number of "lay" delegates were present. Rev. J. E. Tiner preached the quarterly sermon to a full house. His subject was "responsibility" Text, Romans 14: 7. The discourse was deeply impressive and will do good. Missions, was presented by Rev. Truman Bishop, on Wednesday morning in an able address. All the sessions were well attended and the discussions participated by a large number of brethren. Some of the churches within the bound of this quarterly have enjoyed revivals during the past three months. Pastor Townsend has been laid up with a severe cold but is able to again take up his work. The next session of this quarterly will convene with the 1st Harvey church in March.

F. D. DAVIDSON, Sec'y and Treas.

Cash on Forward Movement of Acadia University.

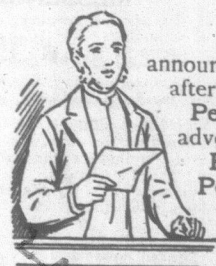
- Maybew Eaton, \$5; N. E. Butler, \$5; C H Denton, \$2; Lemuel Wood, \$2; Benj Bezanson, \$10; Des H D'leman, \$2; Mrs John C Redding, \$2; Isaac L Ogilvie, \$2; Wm Mullen, \$1; Miss Laura Sabean, \$2; Dr G E De Witt, \$25; Dr A DeW Baras, \$25; Rev E M Kierstead, D D, \$20; John McMillan, \$12.50; Albert Trefey, \$2.50; Busby Gates, \$1; E Hart Nichols, \$10; Abraham Nichols, \$15; Rev E Quick, \$5; Rev D Price, \$5; B W Howatt, \$5; J W Newsom, \$5; W B Howatt, \$2.50; McDonald Boulter, \$2.50; Webster Boulter, \$2.50; W B Calback, \$2.50; Capt J G Fairrow, \$5; Wilfred Boulter, \$1.25; Mildred Newsom, \$1.25; John Gamble, \$1.25; "Friend" Bonshaw, 25c; Thomas Gamble, \$1.25; O L Price, \$15; W C Denton and family, \$5; Benj P Crandall, \$10; Mrs Emma Hubley, \$2; Richard De Long, \$1; F W Morton, \$2.50; Nathan Wentzel, \$1; W R Baras, \$5; Horace Baras, \$1; Lennie De Long, \$1; N P Freeman, M D, \$5; Burpee Dodge, \$1; Geo H Hurst, \$5; J W Grant, \$6; R H Jenkins, \$10; Mrs L B Wood, \$1; E D Sterns, \$5; John A Webster, \$2; Mrs W W Rood, \$2; Miss M C Currie, \$1; T E Hankerson, \$1.25; Henry Lovitt, \$5; Mrs Henry Lovitt, \$1; S A Cook, \$5; Mrs A E McLeod, \$5; Elizabeth C Secord, M D, \$5; Mrs Jas Lovitt, \$25.

FRIENDS OF ACADIA.

As before stated we needed to collect \$4000 this month to secure Mr. Rockefeller's second payment. The month is nearly half gone and we have only \$371. Shall we have the rest and so secure Mr. R's or not? That is for us as friends of the College to say. Enough is owing, but who will pay? Some are dead and cannot. Will not some take the places of those called home and give though they have not pledged before? Will any advance a payment though not due? Will some whose subscriptions are small pay all and be done with it? Will not all friends and pastors see what can be done on their fields? If any pastor not willing to speak to his people about the Lord's money will kindly write me so in confidence, I will visit his church at once if possible. If any desires a list of his field with a view to collect and will name the sections, I will send it. Yours truly, 93 North St. Halifax. WM. E. HALL.

Lecture in Amherst.

Last evening a large audience greeted the Baptist pastor, Rev. W. E. Bates, as he appeared before them to lecture on the subject, "Self-made Cripples." The lecture was given in the auditorium of the Baptist church. Mr. H. J. Logan, M. P., the gifted representative for Cumberland, occupied the chair, and presided with rare tact and ability. Miss Elsie Hubley, an accomplished vocal soloist of Halifax, gave great pleasure by her exquisite rendition of several pieces. The talented artist was vigorously encored. This was Miss Hubley's first appearance in Amherst, her return will be eagerly anticipated. For over an hour, Mr. Bates dealt with the "Cripples" in a most interesting manner. The learned and comprehensive



A Pastor

announcing, from the pulpit, a committee to look after the cleaning of the building, called it "The Pearline Committee." That is the kind of advertising that has swelled the sales of Pearline. It's from people who know Pearline, and are using it, and who think and speak of it as the one thing necessary in any matter of cleanliness. Talk with some of these people, if you

have doubts about Pearline. Cleanliness is next akin to Godliness.

treatment given the subject, cannot fail to stir to thorough appreciation anyone at all studiously inclined. The amount of research which the lecture revealed was enormous. Forty-four cripples, all more or less eminent in their several fields, passed suggestively in review. The address was packed with sound sense, clear logic, true philosophy, and abundant information, and through it all there sparkled many a gem, literary, wise, humorous. The deductions drawn from the facts of life were full of profit for every listener. The lecture was pleasing in every respect, but it was also a lecture with a point; it is calculated to stimulate to a sweeter, truer, nobler life. RETSOF. Dec. 14th.

Notices.

The Baptist Sunday School Convention for the Parishes of Kars, Springfield and Studholm will hold its next session in the Baptist church at Hatfield Point, Springfield, Kings Co., on Thursday, Dec. 28th. The first session to be held at 2 30 p. m. We hope to have a large attendance of delegates from the Sabbath Schools and would request that written reports of Schools be presented. W. A. TOOLE, Sec'y.-Treas.

Having given up the Buctouche field, I am now open to an engagement as pastor. Any church wishing a supply may secure my services by addressing me at Dorchester, N. B. R. BARRY SMITH, Dorchester, Dec. 1st.

The next District Meeting for Lunenburg County will convene with the Lunenburg church, January 8th and 9th. Let all the churches and W. M. A. Societies send their delegates and reports. Written reports from churches desired. Mrs. Archibald, returned missionary, will speak on Tuesday evening. A good programme for all the meetings being prepared. E. P. CHURCHILL, Sec'y.

The Rev. A. C. Chute still has on hand some copies of Dr. Cramp's life, by Dr. T. A. Higgins, his son-in-law. What better present can friends make friends than this life of Dr. Cramp, a \$1.50 book which Mr. Chute will send to any one for sixty cents. Address Rev. A. C. Chute, M. A., B. D., Halifax, N. S.

The Executive Committee of the Maritime B. Y. P. U. will hold its regular mid-year meeting at the office of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, St. John, January 3rd, 1900. W. C. CROSS, Sec'y.

In the German Reichstag Monday Prince Hohenlohe, the imperial chancellor announced that the federal government had come to the conclusion that the present navy was insufficient for the country's needs and that an estimate for doubling the present number of warships would be submitted.

ST. JOHN NOW

New Brunswick's Big Sea Port Fortified by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The Banisher of Backache in on the Bay of Fundy—W. H. Bowser reported to have been Rescued—Dodd's Kidney Pills' Victorious Campaign.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Dec. 18.—The despatch from Zealand last week and from Antigonish the week before announcing the rescue of Mr. Mills and Mr. Spears of those two places respectively, has been triplicated here by the announcement made by Mr. W. H. Bowser, of this city. Mr. Bowser is a knight of the grip, being one of the best known commercial travellers in the Maritime Provinces. He is a jovial good-hearted fellow and justly

popular wherever he is known. It greatly gratified his many friends when they learned he was taking Dodd's Kidney Pills for the kidney trouble from which he was known to be suffering.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have such a reputation in this province both as a cure for the formerly incurable Bright's Disease and Diabetes and all those other forms included in Rheumatism—Dropsy, Sciatica, Lumbago, Urinary and Bladder Complaints Women's Weakness, and Blood Disorders, that nobody had any doubt of the result. And the result has justified their faith, for Mr. Bowser has given out the following letter for publication:—

"Re Dodd's Kidney Pills I beg to state that I have used them for pain in the back and kidney trouble and have found them to be all they are recommended, namely a positive cure for kidney troubles. I believe them to be a splendid tonic—good enough for me anyhow."

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company is said to be making preparations to run its line across Great Salt Lake instead of running around it. The lake is so shallow as to be easily piled, and the piles would be so pickled as to be practically indestructible.

FRUIT and HAY FARM

FOR SALE at Smith's Cove, Digby County, N. S. Situated in close proximity to good School, Churches and Railway Station.

For particulars apply to J. A. GATES & CO., Middleton, Annapolis Co., N. S.

Equity Sale.

There will be sold at Public Auction, at Chubb's Corner (so called), in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of St. John, in the Province of New Brunswick, ON SATURDAY, the Tenth day of February next, at the hour of twelve o'clock, noon, pursuant to the directions of a Decreeal Order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on Tuesday, the twenty-first day of November, A. D. 1899, in a certain cause therein pending, wherein Michael Ryan is Plaintiff, and Lawrence McGrath, Christopher Kane and James McGrath are Defendants, with the approbation of the undersigned Referee in Equity, the Mortgage Premises described in said Decreeal Order, as:—

"All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the Parish of Simonds, in the City and County of St. John, and bounded and described as follows: Beginning on the western side of the road leading from the City of St. John to Little River, so called, at a point distant from the lands owned by the Commissioners of the Poor for the City and County of St. John, eight hundred and one (801) feet; thence along the said road southerly two hundred and twelve feet to the line of land owned by the heirs of the late John Cotter (Garrett); thence south seventy-three degrees west by cotter's line five hundred (500) feet to high water mark; thence along the back or shore of Courtney Bay to land owned by one Peter Dean, junior, one hundred and ten (110) feet, more or less; thence north sixty-one degrees fifty minutes east five hundred and twenty (520) feet to the place of beginning, containing by estimation one and one-half acres, more or less, being the same lot of land and premises heretofore sold and conveyed by one Patrick Gallagher and Catherine, his wife, to the said Lawrence McGrath by deed dated the third day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, together with all and singular the buildings, fences and improvements thereon, and the rights and appurtenances to the said lands and premises belonging or appertaining, and the reversion and reversions, remainder and remainders, rents, issues and profits thereof, and all the estate, title, dowry, right of dower, property, claim and demand whatever, both at Law and in Equity, of them, the said Defendants, or any or either of them, of, in, to and out of the said lands and premises and every part thereof."

For terms of sale apply to the Plaintiff's Solicitor. Dated this Twenty-ninth day of November, A. D. 1899. HUGH H. McLEAN, Referee.

AMON A. WILSON, Plaintiff's Solicitor.

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The Home

God Save the Red Cross Flag!

Who's that calling?
It comes from far away,
The voice of a brother o'er the sea.
It says: "Am I a stranger,
That you leave me in my danger?
Oh, my brothers, you will stretch a hand
to me?
Send us the flag!
The red cross flag!
Send us the banner that we love!
We long for it, we sigh for it.
To live for it, to die for it—
God save the red cross flag!"

Who's that calling?
It comes from far away,
The voice of a brother in the west,
"We are loyal. We are true.
We are flesh and blood of you.
We are coming with our bravest and our
best.

Bearing the flag,
The red cross flag,
Bearing the banner that we love.
And is it stormy weather?
That we sink or swim together.
God save the red cross flag!"

Who's that calling?
It comes from far away,
A voice from the far Pacific main.
"And shall we be behind,
When the banner's in the wind.
And the old game is playing once again?
We're for the flag,
The red cross flag,
We're for the flag that is our own.
Do you ask a heart to care for it,
A hand to do and dare for it?
God save the red cross flag!"

Who's that calling?
The old sea-mother calls,
In her pride at the children that she bore:
"Oh, noble hearts and true,
There is work for us to do,
And we'll do it as we've done it oft before.

Under the flag,
The red cross flag,
Under the flag our father's bore.
They died in days gone by for it,
As we will gladly die for it.
God save the red cross flag!"

—(A Conan Doyle in the London Daily News.

Indian Summer Preserving.

The period of fine weather which is generally expected after the first autumnal rains is generally known as Indian summer. It usually begins somewhere near November 1, hence it was called by pious Catholics All Saints' summer. It usually extends over Martimas, November 11; hence it was also called St. Martin's summer. After this period we may confidently expect winter, though in some seasons ice and snow are delayed until after the beginning of December.

A great many old fashioned housekeepers delay making their last preserves until Indian summer. Quince and apple preserves can be delayed until this time and are all the better for it. Barberries, which, like the persimmons of the South, are not ripe for use until they have been touched with frost should not be made into jelly or spiced fruit until this season. The barberry is better for jelly than for any other purpose. It is so "seedy" a fruit that it is not fit for any purpose where the seeds cannot be strained out. The juice of the barberry strained and bottled, using half a pound of sugar to every pint of juice, makes an excellent tart drink for invalids. Dilute it with three or four times its bulk of water or merely use a tablespoonful of the juice in a tumblerful of iced water.

All vegetables must be canned that are to be put up before this time. Chowchows and some mixed pickles, in which chopped cabbage forms the bulk, can be put up at this season, and will keep all the better if they are not carried through the "soft" fall weather that comes before this time. The period just preceding the middle of November is the season when all potted, corned meats, headcheese and similar preparations for winter food are prepared. Thanksgiving Day thus finds the larder stored with abundance of the fruits and vegetables of the earth as well as stores of meat laid down for winter. This seems to have been the season when the Indian hunter prepared for the winter, and it is the natural period when such work should be done. It is too early to do it before and too late afterward.—Sel.

Autumn Soup.

The autumn is the season when meats of all kinds reach their highest point of excellence. The feast of Martinmas in honor of that saint who presided over a full larder, fell on November 11th. Game of all kinds now crowding the markets. Beef, mutton and poultry are now fatter and better.

Autumn soup reflects the richness of the market. There are some game soups that are good. A soup, as a rule, however, should be made of fresh killed meats. Game always hangs a considerable time to put it into the proper condition for food, and is for that reason too old to be made into a soup. Sometimes game quenelles, or forcemeat balls of game, are used as a garnish to a clear soup of beef.

There are also certain soups that are peculiarly characteristic of autumn, because they are especially associated with poultry or game dinners. A cream of celery or cream of rice soup is a most excellent introduction to a dinner of roast poultry.

There are certain November days when nothing is so acceptable as an old fashioned oxtail soup, rich and gelatinous, thickened and seasoned as only a Huguenot cook of old knew how to season and thicken it. This soup should be well flavored with mushrooms, as other beef soups should that are used in autumn, when the meadow mushroom, the chief variety of our market, is cheap and abundant enough to be used on poor men's tables.

The simplest rule for the baked Indian pudding of New England, calls for a pint of milk, scalded thick and stirred into a pint of cold milk, in which ten even table spoonfuls of the sweetest yellow cornmeal has been mixed. Add a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of butter and a small cup of molasses. When the pudding has baked an hour, add a cup of cold milk, and when it has baked an hour longer another cup of milk. Let it bake about two hours longer, or, in all, four hours. It should be the rich, dark color of molasses cake, but moist and creamy.

Scraple is a Philadelphia dish, made of the head of a pig or of scraps of fresh pork. Wash the meat, boil it in salted water till it drops off the bones. Strain the water in which it was cooked and put it one side while you free the meat from the bones. Chop the meat fine and return it to the strained broth. Put the whole over the fire to cook. When it boils, stir in yellow Indian meal until the mass is the consistency of thick hasty pudding. Add a seasoning of thyme and sage and of salt and pepper. Put the scraple away to cool in suitable form so it may be cut in slices and fried for breakfast.—N.E. Paper.

Fatten your Turkeys.

Not all the young turkeys are raised for Thanksgiving, and by far a larger portion of the supply find a market in the winter season after this holiday. Turkey meat is cheaper than beef in winter, and the demand for them is increasing. The trouble with many dealers is to rush their young turkeys to market for the Thanksgiving trade whether they are ready for it or not, thinking that if they miss that they will not get the highest prices. That is a mistake, for turkeys will sell for the Christmas holidays frequently at as good prices as for Thanksgiving, and sometimes better. What is particularly needed, however, is to fatten the birds into prime condition, even if it takes until the middle of February, and then send them back to market.

Owing to the fact that so many breeders are anxious to sell the turkeys early, collectors go about in some sections, and buy the poor, lean birds up, and then fatten them for the later markets. They make considerable at this, and indirectly rob the farmer of the best fruits of his labor. By shutting the birds up and fattening them the poorest will be in fine condition for selling in a month or two. Let the feed be liberal and carefully selected, and do not let the birds get bruised in any way. They will eat a great deal in confinement after having run about the range all summer, but if the food is properly assimilated it will more than pay for any expenditure in this direction.—(Anne C. Webster, in American Cultivator.

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The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

Fourth Quarter.

REVIEW.

Lesson XIV.—December 31.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.—Psa. 103: 2.

On this last day of the year it may be well to review ourselves as well as the class, for the sake of its influence on the year to come.

1. Have we been as faithful as we might have been? Note down definitely the particulars wherein we might do better.

Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinboro, in an address before the Free Church Assembly, in May, 1898, spoke earnest words to ministers that are equally good counsel for teachers:

"Take your texts and your doctrines out of Holy Scripture, and then heat and salt and season your sermons out of your own souls, and your enchanted people will go home blessing your names and saying"

that they who forsake such preaching forsake the truest salvation and the truest joy of their own souls."

2. Could we have done better if we had had a teachers' meeting, and what can we do toward having one of some kind?

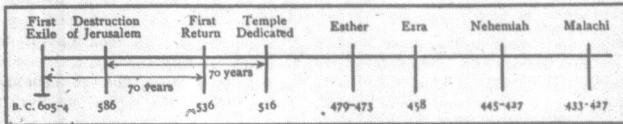
One reason why there is no better work done in the average Bible school is because many workers think they 'know it all.' If there was a more general confession of ignorance and a seeking for knowledge, a vast improvement would be noted in many directions, because there never was a time when so much was done to instruct all grades of workers as is now being done. 'We seek knowledge.' Let this be our motto."

3. Have we learned all we could about the best ways of reviewing, so as to make our review Sundays the most interesting, attractive, and helpful of all the Sundays of the quarter?

"Hardly any department of the teacher's work is of greater importance than that of reviews; yet hardly any has received less attention in treatises on Sunday School teaching, or in actual Sunday School practice."

4. Have I been a good pastor to my class?

GENERAL REVIEW.



Fix these dates in the mind and associate each one with the cluster of events which belong to it.

PERSONAL REVIEW.

The events of the half century covered by our studies are associated with "four leading persons."

ESTHER. Other persons—Xerxes, Vashti, Haman, Mordecai.

Events.—The feast of the invasion of Greece, Haman's plan for destroying the Jews, Mordecai's experiences, Esther's heroism, the deliverance.

EZRA. The return, revival, reforms, Ezra's work as a scribe, the Scriptures.

NEHEMIAH. Persons—Malachi, Artaxerxes, Sanballat, Gashmu, Tobias.

Events—Goes to Jerusalem; takes large treasure; rebuilds the walls; institutes religious services. A great

Bible meeting, reforms, especially of social life and the Sabbath.

MALACHI. The last prophet associated with Nehemiah, preaches reform, helps establish the law.

REVIEW BY PLACES.

The events and the persons cluster around two great cities:

1. SHUSHAN (or Susa). Note all the transactions recorded in the lessons which took place here, with their bearing on the course of history.

2. JERUSALEM. The changes that took place in this city. Note all the events studied during this quarter which centered around Jerusalem, and their bearing upon the progress of the kingdom of God.

NORMAL STUDY.

No. 6 THE PENTATEUCH.

The five books first in order in the Old Testament are usually classed together, and are termed "the Pentateuch." That word is from the Greek, and signifies the five fold volume. These books are the foundation of Scriptural revelation. They were regarded by the Jews as one book. (Ezra 8: 6, Neh. 8: 1, Deut. 31: 26) From earliest times these books have been attributed to one author, and that author Moses. (Josh. 23: 6, 2 Chron. 34: 14.)

"The English names (of the five books) are taken from the Greek version, and indicate in part the subject of which they treat."

I. Genesis.

The word Genesis means generation, and the book deals with the origin of things. Let us call it the "Book of beginnings." In it we have recorded the beginning of the present-ordered universe, (Gen. 1: 1-8); of the animal creation (1: 20-25); of the human family (1: 26-28; 2: 7, 18, 21-24); of temptation and sin in the world (3); of death (2: 17; 3: 19; 4: 8; Rom. 5: 12-14); of worship (4: 3-5, 26); of different races and nations (9: 18, 19; 10 and 11 chap.); of the chosen people (12: 1-3; 13: 16; 17: 5-8; 35: 9-8); of the redemptive seed (3: 15; 12: 3; 22: 18; Gal. 3: 16; 4: 4, 5; Coloss. 2: 15; Heb. 2: 16) This book embraces a period of about 2369 years.

II. Exodus.

The title of this book means "a going forth." We may call it the "Book of the departure." Our Lord refers to it as "the book of Moses," (Mark 12: 26.) It was probably written gradually, as circumstance after circumstance occurred, (24: 4.) It covers a somewhat uncertain period—not less than 200 years, and not exceeding 400 years.

We have herein narrated the departure of Moses from the Egyptian court, (2:

11-22; Heb. 11: 24-27); the departure of Israel from Egypt (3-14.) It contains the story of Israel (1) enslaved, (2: 23, 24; 3: 9); (2) redeemed, (12: 13, 23); (3) delivered, (14: 30, 31); (4) sanctified, (13: 2; 19: 5, 6); (5) instructed, (chap. 21-23); (6) led, (40: 36-38; Rom. 8: 14.)

For spiritual lessons (see 2 Cor. 6: 17, 18; John 1: 17.)

III. Leviticus.

Its name indicates that it pertains to the sacred tribe of Levi. It deals more specifically with the duties of Aaron and his sons. It might be called "The Manual of the Levitical Priesthood; or man's guide in his approach to God."

"It embraces the history of only one month." Its contents are as follows:—Offerings, (chap. 1-7); consecration and initiation of the priests, (chap. 8 and 9); clean and unclean meats, (11); defilement and purification, (chap. 12-20); feasts and holy days, (chap. 23, 25); divers directions, warnings, and promises, (chap. 25-28.)

This book teems with spiritual teaching, the key to which is found in the Epistle to the Hebrews. We may sum up its blessed significance to us in the words "Boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus." (Heb. 10: 19)

IV. Numbers.

Its name is taken from the numbering of the people, of which it gives an account, (chap. 1 and 26) We will term it "The Book of the Census." It is noteworthy that only those were counted who were "able to go forth to war," (1 chap.) If church statistics were given upon such a basis how much smaller our returns would be!

The earlier part of this book deals with the degrees and duties of the Levites, (chap. 3, 4, 8, 18); it gives a diary of Israel's march through the wilderness, with the sad story of rebellious and consequent wanderings, (chap. 10-33); it follows the plan for the division of Canaan,

and the appointment of the cities of refuge, (chap. 34-36.)

The events in this book are comprised within a period of 38 years and 3 months.

For spiritual lessons (see Pa. 87: 6; Luke 10: 20; Phil. 4: 3; Heb. 3: 6-19; 6: 18-20; Pa. 95: 8-11.)

V. Deuteronomy.

The title of this book virtually means "a repetition or recapitulation of the law."

Let us call it "The Book of Retrospect and Review." Here we have the last words of a wonderful man, and he appears especially in the character of a prophet, (18: 15-18; 34: 10.) Most of this book was spoken, hence its hortatory style. It consists principally of three addresses. The first in chap. 1-4; the second chap. 5-26; the third, chap. 27, 29, 30.

The law is repeated and enforced. So prone is man to forget the claims of God that line must be given upon line, and precept upon precept, (Isa. 28: 10.) Doubtless Moses felt what Paul afterwards expressed, (Phil. 3: 1.)

In the closing chapters we have the valedictory charge of Moses, (chap. 31); the song of Moses, (chap. 32); the final benediction of Moses, (chap. 33) The last chapter, (34,) was written after the death of Moses, probably by Joshua. The discourses in this book were given in the 40th year after the exodus, and occupied in delivery less than a month.

Note: From this book our Lord quoted those Scriptures which he used to repel the tempter in the wilderness, (chap. 8: 3; 6: 13; 16; Matt. 4) Also observe the remarkable prediction concerning Christ, (18: 15-16; John 5: 46; Heb. 3: 2-6.)

The Scriptural references in the above lesson are taken from the books treated, except when otherwise stated.

C. W. TOWNSEND.

Jowl is a Southern dish. It is prepared from the cheek of the pig or the entire side of the head of pork. It is salted and cured like bacon. It is boiled like ham, after being soaked over night in water. Serve it with a dish of greens in the spring. Slices of the cold boiled jowl may be dipped in milk, then in flour, and fried brown for breakfast.

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CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS

From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

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

MARYSVILLE, N. B.—Baptized another happy believer yesterday, Sister Annabel Collings. H. B. SLOAT.
October 11th.

LITTLE RIVER, CUMBERLAND CO., N. S.—I am holding some extra services in the above place. With some success and a good degree of encouragement for the future. Last Sabbath two sisters, heads of families, were baptized. We expect to visit the river next Lord's day again. A. F. BAKER.
Dec. 15th.

TRKALI.—One more Savara for Christ. Last Sunday we had a baptism in one of the small tanks among the lovely Savara hills. It was about sunset and the scene impressive. Then the Lord's Supper was observed in the presence of a number of heathen Savaras. Miss Archibald is spending a fortnight in tent on those hills and is evidently greatly delighted with the experience. She reports that the Savaras gather daily at the tent in large numbers. We hope there may soon be others converted. W. V. HIGGINS.
November 14th.

CLEMENTSVALE, N. S.—Since last writing eleven happy converts have been baptized and received into the church, making twenty-four in all received by baptism since the good work began. Others have accepted Christ and will unite with the church in the near future. The whole community is stirred and many are inquiring the way of salvation. We give God all the praise. Brethren, pray for us. L. J. KINGLEY.
Dec. 11th.

NEW CANADA, LUN. CO., N. S.—Having received a call to the New Canada Baptist church in Lunenburg County, N. S., in September, after considering the matter well I accepted the call and took up the work in the field the first of December. I moved my family and furniture from Barton, Digby Co., last week into the neat comfortable parsonage. We are now settled in our new home which we like very much. We have met with a very warm hearted kind people here. The St. Mary's Bay Baptist church is now vacant. Please note that my future address will be, New Canada, Lunenburg Co., N. S. JAS. A. PORTER.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.—The annual business meeting of the church was held on 14th inst. Finances are reported satisfactory as to local expenses. While a large amount is contributed to denominational work through various channels, comparatively little of it is credited to the church directly. An effort is to be made to increase the amount raised on the Convention plan. The pastor presented an elaborate report full of suggestions of value. During the year death has claimed a number, among whom may be named Mrs. Crawley, widow of Rev. Dr. Crawley, and Mrs. J. S. Morse, widow of Deacon J. S. Morse. These were excellent women and devoted Christians.

Mrs. Crawley was a noble wife to one of our ablest and most revered Baptist leaders. In personal character and the religious spirit she was beautifully strong. Mrs. Morse was gentle in spirit, helpful, inspiring, kind and hospitable, helpful to every good word and work. Of both it may be said indeed, "The memory of the just is blessed."

NEW MINAS, N. S.—The church here is well served by Bro. H. G. Colpitts, Lic., a member of the Senior Class at Acadia. His conduct of the business of the church is energetic and wise, and his ministrations of the Word acceptable and profitable. On 9th and 10th inst. special meetings were held. The roll call was interesting. Letters were read from former pastors, including Dr. Kempton, Rev. H. S. Erb, Dr. DeBlois, Rev. G. P. Raymond. A history of the church was read by Burpee Wallace. This was carefully prepared and is to be preserved. Mr. Wallace was appointed clerk of the church. On Sunday there was a special sermon by Dr. Keirstead, a woman's meeting conducted by Mrs. J. L. Read and Mrs. D. H. Simpson, and a meeting directed by the Young People. At the last service a number expressed their desire to be saved.
December 15th.

TABERNACLE CHURCH, ST. JOHN.—Baptized three young men and one young woman on Sunday, Dec. 17th. Have received twenty more into the church since the last report. Forty-five have been added to our membership in the last seven weeks, thirty-six of these being by baptism. About 100 people have manifested a desire to lead a new life since the special services began. Some of the city pastors have given us valuable help in meetings. We are now in the eighth week of special meetings and the interest seems to be as great as when we first began. Every Sunday evening the house is so full that many are turned away. Expect to baptize again next Sunday. "The Lord has done great things for us whereof we are glad." P. J. STACKHOUSE.

Missionary Forward Movement.

A meeting of a special committee of the Foreign Mission Board, and a similar committee of the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick, was held in the Foreign Mission rooms, St. John, on 12th inst., to consider the proposal to raise a Twentieth Century Missionary Fund of \$50,000. Rev. J. W. Manning was chosen chairman, and Rev. W. E. McIntyre, secretary, after which the brethren present discussed freely and at some length, the advisability of making an attempt to raise such a fund. There was a general agreement on the part of those present warmly indorsing the suggestion, and on motion of Dr. Gates, seconded by Rev. Ira Smith, the following resolution was unanimously passed:

"In the opinion of this joint meeting representing the Foreign Mission Board of the Maritime Provinces, and the Board of Home Missions of New Brunswick, an effort should be made to raise \$50,000 by August, 1901, as a Forward Movement in the interests of Home and Foreign Missions, and we would urge that the cam-

aign be undertaken as early as possible." Of this amount the Baptists of New Brunswick are to be asked to raise \$20,000; said fund is also to be over and above the ordinary contributions given annually for the objects of denominational work.

The secretary was instructed to communicate with the secretary of the Maritime H. M. Board, to complete arrangements for making a general appeal throughout the Maritime Provinces. The meeting adjourned until the second Tuesday in January.

W. E. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

The P. E. I. Conference.

The P. E. I. Baptist Conference held its thirty first session in Charlottetown on Monday and Tuesday, Dec. 11th and 12th. All the pastors of the Island were present, excepting Rev. A. H. Whitman of Alberton who sent a letter of greeting and expressing his disappointment at not being able to be present. Dea. N. J. McDonald of Montague was present and also Brother Schurman of Bequete. On Monday evening there was a public meeting at which the following programme was given: Foreign Missions, Rev. C. W. Turner of Montague; Home Missions, F. P. Dresser, Lic., of Tyne Valley; Education, Rev. W. H. Warren of Bequete; Grande Ligne, Rev. A. C. Shaw of Annandale; North West Missions, Rev. E. A. McPhee of East Point. All the addresses were carefully prepared, excellently delivered, and much appreciated.

On Tuesday morning the conference convened for business. The chairman, Rev. E. J. Grant of Summerside, presiding. The election of officers resulted in the choice of Rev. A. C. Shaw for chairman, and Rev. G. P. Raymond for secretary. The following applications for aid from the Home Mission Board were received, carefully discussed and endorsed. (1). Alberton and Springfield group of churches \$100 for one year beginning June 5th, 1899 (2). Tyne Valley field, at present supplied by F. P. Dresser, Lic., \$200 for one year beginning Nov. 19, 1899. At the afternoon session there were present a number of the members of the Charlottetown church. The time was taken up with verbal reports from the churches and a prayer for God's blessing on all our fields during the winter season in which many pastors will hold special services.

A resolution of sympathy, presented by Pastor Warren, was adopted by a standing vote followed by earnest prayer, expressing our sincere and heartfelt sympathy with our esteemed brother, Rev. J. W. Kierstead in the recent loss of his dear wife and child, with the earnest prayer that a loving Father may graciously comfort and sustain our brother, and also the father and mother of the deceased, Mr. and Mrs. Angus Bruce, of Grand View, P. E. I., in this sad bereavement. Brother Kierstead was present at the conference. Pastor Warren was also requested to send an expression of our sympathy to the afflicted homes of J. C. Clark and Mrs. William Simpson of Cavendish.

Tuesday evening a most excellent sermon was preached by pastor D. Price of Tryon, from Isa. 27: 5. "Or else let him take hold of my strength, that he may make peace with me, yea, let him make peace with me." A helpful testimony meeting was led by Pastor Brown of North River, after which resolutions of thanks were given to the people for their kindness in entertaining the delegates, and to the choir for their helpful assistance at both evening services. This session was to have been held at St. Peter's Road, but owing to the uncompleted condition of their church building, which is being thoroughly repaired, they were not able to entertain the conference this month.

G. P. RAYMOND, Sec'y.

Sunday School Convention.

The Albert County Baptist Sunday School convention met in its regular session at Salem, Dec. 6th. After 30 minutes spent in devotional exercises led by Rev. John Miles, in which a goodly number participated, Rev. F. D. Davidson proceeded to open the convention for regular work. The secretary being absent the office was filled pro tem by Rev. T. Bishop. There were fifteen schools reported to the convention. Many of the reports were both stimulating and inspiring. A number of conversions were reported. After some discussion bearing upon our work, the business of the session being disposed of, the convention adjourned until 7 p. m. The evening session took the form of a platform meeting and was addressed first by Rev. John Miles, The use and abuse of Lesson Helps; the second speaker, Rev. Truman Bishop, The true purpose of the Sunday School; the third speaker, Rev. F. D. Davidson, The relation of the Christian to the Sunday School. The speakers all seemed at home with their themes; no doubt good impressions were made. The question box and collection were features of the session, the former being satisfactorily answered by Rev. J. E. Tiner. The convention then adjourned to meet with the School in Harvey in March next.

T. BISHOP.

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MARRIAGES.

MOSEHER-LEVY.—At the Baptist parsonage, Lunenburg, N. S., Nov. 25, by Rev. E. N. Archibald, Joseph Mosher, of Tancook, to Bessie Levy of Little Tancook.

MCLAUGHLIN-LAYTON.—At the home of the bride's parents, Great Village, N. S., Dec. 13th, by Pastor O. N. Chipman, Donald E. McLaughlin and Alberta E. Layton.

TIBBETTS-O'NEILL.—At the parsonage, Digby, Dec. 7th by Rev. B. H. Thomas, assisted by Rev. J. E. Goucher, M. A., Mr. Kingsley H. Tibbetts, of Plympton, to Miss Augusta O'Neill of Barton, Digby Co.

McKINNON-McCONNELL.—At the Baptist parsonage, North River, P. E. I., by Rev. Addison F. Browne, Nov. 22nd, Hugh McKinnon, of North River, and Matilda E. McConnell of Long Creek.

GOOD-OAKLAND.—At North River, P. E. I., Dec. 7th, by Rev. Addison F. Browne, Samuel J. Good, of Winsloe Road, and Martha Ackland of North Wiltshire.

BENNETT-HERWOOD.—At Parrsboro, Dec. 2nd, by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie, Samuel Bennett, of Fraserville, Cumberland Co., to Bertha Henwood, of West Bay, Cumberland Co., N. S.

STEEVES-EDGETT.—At the Baptist parsonage, Sussex, N. B., Dec. 13th, by Rev. W. Camp, Prof. Frank J. Steeves to Mrs. Annie B. Edgett, both of Hillsboro, Albert Co., N. B.

HARNISH-WAMBOLT.—At Baptist parsonage, Port Medway, Oct. 12th, by Rev. Frank E. Bishop, B. A., Charles Harnish and Francis L. Wambolt, both of Port Medway, N. S.

TRIMPER-ROSENCRANTS.—At the parsonage, Clementsvalle, N. S., Dec. 13th, by pastor L. J. Tingley, assisted by Evangelist J. A. Marple, Chas. S. Trimper, of Victory, N. S., to Olive Rosencrants of Back Line, N. S.

MASON-WENTZELL.—At the home of the bride's parents, Dec. 14th, by pastor L. J. Tingley, Irving C. Mason, of Springfield, Annapolis Co., N. S., to Ida May Wentzell of Bear River, N. S.

DAVIS-HENDRY.—At Wickham, N. B., on Dec. 13th, by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, Oscar E. Davis, Esq., of Springfield, and Marianna Hendry, eldest daughter of the late Thomas Hendry, Esq., of Wickham.

BENTLEY-MARSHALL.—At Middleton, Nov. 15th, by Rev. C. W. Corey, Fred E. Bentley to May E. Marshall, both of Middleton, N. S.

DEATHS.

VERNON.—At Harvey, on the 8th inst., Mary, aged 71 years, relict of the late Gideon Vernon, Esq.

TUTTLE.—At Salem, Cumberland Co., Dec. 1st, the infant daughter of Seldon Tuttle, aged 5 weeks.

FAIRWEATHER.—At Cumberland Bay, Queens Co., N. B., on 11th inst., Hilyard Fairweather, aged 62 years.

LOYD.—At Cambridge, N. B., on Dec. 1st, J. Hanford Loyd, aged 41 years, leaving a widow and one child. He was a member of the 1st Cambridge Baptist church, and a respected member of the community where he lived.

BOUTLIER.—At Indian Harbor, on the 4th inst., Mrs. John Boutlier, leaving a husband, two sons, and four daughters to mourn their loss. Sister Boutlier professed faith in Jesus a number of years ago. A quiet and inoffensive neighbor, a devoted wife and mother. Death came suddenly but found her ready for the summons.

SHANKLE.—At Hubbard's Cove, on the 4th inst., after a long and painful illness, Rebekah, beloved wife of Malachi Shankle, leaving a husband, one daughter, and three sons, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, which was her gain. The funeral sermons on each of these occasions were preached by pastor A. E. Ingram, to attentive congregations.

BISHOP.—At Hopewell Hill, Dec. 7th, Jessie Bishop, aged 32 years. Our sister had been in the United States for the past summer, and about two months ago came home to die. The cause of death was consumption. Her father died of the same disease less than one year ago. She was an only child, and the widowed mother is left alone to mourn. She however has the comfort of knowing they are at rest. The funeral Sunday afternoon was very largely attended. Services conducted by pastor.

DUSTON.—At Belfast, Me., Dec. 8th, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. M. W. Rich, Hannah, relict of the late Farnum A. Duston, formerly of St. George, N. B., aged 94 years and 2 months. Deceased had long been an exemplary Christian, having been baptized into the fellowship of the Second Falls Baptist church more than sixty years ago, by the late Samuel Robinson. Her life has been that of a faithful and consistent follower of Christ. She leaves a family of two sons and four daughters, one of whom is Mrs. C. F. Clinch, of Clinch's Mills, N. B.

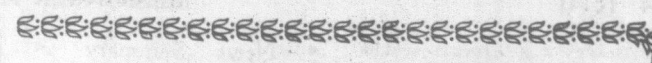
JACQUES.—At Wilmot, N. S., Dec. 2nd, Mrs. Gilbert Jacques, age 16. She leaves a husband and five children to mourn. In March last she accepted Christ, and with her husband and two sons was baptized, and united with the church. Spiritual growth marked her life from the beginning of the "good work." She awaited death in the quiet calm of Christian submission. We cannot understand why a mother so much needed should be removed. We can only trust. May divine comfort be ministered to the sorrowing family and friends.

PATTERSON.—At Lunenburg, N. S., Dec. 6th, very suddenly, Ida Gardener, wife of Charles Patterson. Our dear sister was beloved, and is now lamented by her large family, her husband, her friends, and the church, of which she was a worthy member. Her cheerful spirit illumined by her bright Christian hope, sustained her under the peculiar trials of rearing so large a family. Her great comfort and hope of meeting her loved ones, was that her God was the hearer and answerer of prayer. And now she rests from her labors and her works do follow her.

MESSENGER.—At Messenger's Island, Lunenburg Co., Dec. 9th, of consumption, Minnie, daughter of James and Rebecca Oxner, and beloved wife of Gabriel Messenger, aged 30 years. Our dear sister through protracted suffering, by her patience and submission to God's will, proved to all the reality of her religion. She was converted at Chester Basin, under the labors of God's sainted servant, Rev. Joseph Kempton. Her touching testimony and baptism had a great influence over her father and brother, who both soon came out on the Lord's side. They had the great sorrow of losing their two children, the last only 5 months ago. As she was the only daughter she is greatly missed in the old home circle. Her excellent husband, whose attentions were most devoted, is indeed bereaved. But his comfort is great in the sure hope of meeting her in that land which the Lord has promised to them that love him.

FREEMAN.—At East Amherst, Dec. 1st, Mrs. Herbert Freeman, after a lingering illness, aged 33 years. Deceased leaves a husband and six little ones—sadly bereft, besides father and mother, brothers and sisters and many friends. During her entire illness the utmost patience was manifested and her death was a triumph of the Christian religion. She was as confident of departing to be with Jesus in the home of many mansions as ever she was when she looked forward to a visit to her father's home in Amherst. The sermon preached by her in the hour of supreme trial was indeed a most powerful and eloquent one. Mrs. Freeman was a Methodist, yet at her request the Baptist pastor, Rev. A. F. Newcomb, made appropriate remarks at the funeral exercises from John 14:2. Very deep sympathy is felt for the mourning home.

KEIRSTEAD.—At the home of her parents, Grand View, P. E. I., Dec. 5th, Florence Bruce Keirstead, aged 26, beloved wife of Rev. J. W. Keirstead, and daughter of Angus Bruce, after a lingering illness fell asleep in Jesus. "Her last words were, 'now let me rest.'" Our sister was converted under the ministry of the Presbyterian church, to which her parents and relatives belong. She attended Acadia Seminary for one year. While there she united with the Wolfville Baptist church, of which she continued to be a member until death. Her reliance on and love for her Saviour grew stronger as she drew nearer the heavenly home. Gentle in disposition and faithful in all the relations of life, she was beloved by all who knew her. Her husband and parents, and brothers, and sisters, mourn deeply her early departure from earthly scenes. Less than a week before her death, their infant son, Angus Bruce Keirstead, aged six months, was taken to the home above. Our brother and the bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of all, in this their time of severe trial. That the comforts of the gospel may sustain them, is the prayer of their many Christian friends. Funeral services were conducted for the child on Saturday, the 2nd, by pastor Spurr, assisted by pastor Turner, and for the mother on Friday, the 8th, by the same, assisted by pastors Turner and Carter and Rev. Mr. Sutherland, (Presbyterian.) The loved forms were borne away to the Valleyfield Cemetery, where they were laid side by side to await the resurrection morn.



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

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Florence Bruce Keirstead, aged 26, beloved wife of Rev. J. W. Keirstead, and daughter of Angus Bruce, after a lingering illness fell asleep in Jesus. "Her last words were, 'now let me rest.'" Our sister was converted under the ministry of the Presbyterian church, to which her parents and relatives belong. She attended Acadia Seminary for one year. While there she united with the Wolfville Baptist church, of which she continued to be a member until death. Her reliance on and love for her Saviour grew stronger as she drew nearer the heavenly home. Gentle in disposition and faithful in all the relations of life, she was beloved by all who knew her. Her husband and parents, and brothers, and sisters, mourn deeply her early departure from earthly scenes. Less than a week before her death, their infant son, Angus Bruce Keirstead, aged six months, was taken to the home above. Our brother and the bereaved family have the heartfelt sympathy of all, in this their time of severe trial. That the comforts of the gospel may sustain them, is the prayer of their many Christian friends. Funeral services were conducted for the child on Saturday, the 2nd, by pastor Spurr, assisted by pastor Turner, and for the mother on Friday, the 8th, by the same, assisted by pastors Turner and Carter and Rev. Mr. Sutherland, (Presbyterian.) The loved forms were borne away to the Valleyfield Cemetery, where they were laid side by side to await the resurrection morn.

ience in the pastorate and three of them are already ordained. The services of our men from the Maritime Provinces are in good demand in this and other States, but it is to be hoped that an early call from some of our home churches will insure the return of these naturally and spiritually gifted young men to their own land. We are without representation in the Junior Class, and there is but one blue nose in the Middle year. Next fall ought to see a large delegation from the Provinces to take advantage of the superior privileges of this up-to-date institution. All our men who are here are well pleased with the Seminary, and any of us will gladly answer correspondence from any one who may be thinking of a course here. Living in Rochester is very reasonable, making it especially advantageous for a man who has a family.
D. E. HATT.
Trevor Hall.

Spurgeon's Tabernacle Rebuilding Fund.
Received in cash and promises. Previously acknowledged, \$72; Hon. H. R. Emmerson, \$5.—\$77.
C. W. TOWNSEND.
Hillsborough, N. B. Dec. 13th.

Important to Agents.

A New Book on the "WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA" is now in preparation by competent writers and will be issued in due time. Sample prospectus will soon be ready. This book will cover the whole field of the great struggle between Great Britain and the Boers, historically and otherwise. It will be profusely illustrated. We want agents for it in all parts of Canada. Best terms guaranteed. Full particulars on application. As this book will be new and fresh it will pay agents to handle it instead of the old "African War" books that are now on the market. Address
R. A. H. MORROW,
59 Garden Street, St. John, N. B.

Rochester Theological Seminary.
The attendance at this institution is very full this year. The Junior Class numbers 39, the Middle Class 25, and the Senior Class 41. Among those who will graduate in the spring are four from Nova Scotia, Messrs. A. H. C. Morse, C. R. Freeman, L. M. Denton and A. J. Archibald. All these men have had considerable exper-



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"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."
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The Treasury of Religious Thought for December, 1899, contains sermons and outlines of sermons by the Rev. Daniel H. Overton, Dr. David Gregg, President C. C. Hall, Dr. Lyman Abbott, Dr. Howard Duffield, and the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, of London, besides a Christmas sermon, in his own vein, by Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage. The first sermon introduces a new contributor to The Treasury, Rev. D. H. Overton, whose portrait is the frontispiece, and whose new church in Brooklyn is pictured and described. In the next number The Treasury will begin the series of "Palestinian Papers," from the notes and photographs furnished by Mr. T. J. Alley from his long residence in the Holy Land. A series of able sociological articles by Prof. Walter Rauschenbusch, of Rochester University, will also run through the year, together with other series of special papers by other able and well known contributors. Annual subscription \$2. Single copies, 20 cents.

E. B. TREAT & CO., Publishers,
241-243 West 23d St., New York.

Digby will soon have telephone communication with Nictaux. The Valley Telephone Company is extending its line to that point.

I WAS CURED of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAGUE, Sydney, C. B.

I WAS CURED of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER, Yarmouth.

I WAS CURED of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. BURIN, Nfld. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

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Have their blood enriched, their heart strengthened and their cheeks rosy by using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.

Insufficient quantity or poor quality of the blood is one of the evil results that usually follow any derangement of the heart.

If the heart becomes weakened in any way it cannot pump the blood to the lungs as it should, there to be purified and impregnated with the life-giving oxygen.

As a result the blood deteriorates. It loses its nourishing, vitalising, health-giving qualities. The face becomes pale, thin and waxen, the lips bloodless, the hands and feet cold.

There is weakness, tiredness, shortness of breath and palpitation. When those suffering from thin or watery blood start taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills they are assured of a cure. Every dose acts on the heart itself, causing it to beat strong, steady and regular.

Every dose, too, introduces into the blood those vital elements necessary to make it rich and red.

Soon the pale cheek takes on the rosy hue of health, there is strength instead of weakness, energy and activity take the place of tiredness and lassitude.

Miss M. Skullion, 50 Turner Street, Ottawa, Ont., says: "I was greatly troubled with my heart, together with extreme nervousness for many years. These complaints brought about great weakness and feeling of tiredness. My blood was of poor quality, so much so that I became pale and languid. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cured me after all else failed. They built up my system, enriched my blood, strengthened my nerves and restored me to health."

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W. H. SNYDER, Manager.

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News Summary

Thomas N. Hart, the Republican candidate for mayor, of Brston, was elected by a plurality of 2,084, his total vote being 40,878.

Ferdinand Lemieux, ex-accountant of the Banque Ville Marie, Montreal, was arrested Monday night on the charge of stealing \$173,000 of the bank's funds.

A fire at Regina, N. W. T., Monday morning, resulted in the death of three of the sons of Constable Saunders. Their mother barely escaped with her life.

Three senators are said to be very ill and not likely to take their seats again. They are senators Gowan, of Galt; Sullivan, of Kingston, and sir Frank Smith, of Toronto.

During 1898 the sum of \$13,086,150 was given to American colleges by bequests or donation. So far this year gifts of like nature reach the impressive total of \$83,584,174.

Senator Mason in the Senate on Monday moved his resolution for an expression of sympathy for the Transvaal republic in its war with Great Britain. The resolution was referred to the foreign relations committee.

According to a preliminary statement issued by the board of agriculture, the total wheat yield in Great Britain for 1899 is estimated at 65,529,325 bushels, as compared with 73,028,856 bushels last year.

Lucius R. O'Brien, the eminent artist, died at Toronto on Wednesday night in his sixty-eighth year. He was ex-president of the Royal Canadian Academy and had, on various occasions, been commissioned by the Queen to paint Canadian scenes.

In celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of his professorship, Professor Virchow, of Berlin, said he owed his scientific reputation almost entirely to his American and Japanese pupils, who continued his researches.

Adelbert S. Hay, son of the Secretary of State and the newly appointed United States consul at Pretoria, has sailed from New York. Mr. Hay denied that he had received any instructions from the government looking to a settlement between England and the Boers.

There is considerable doubt whether or not the negotiations regarding the Anglo-American railway between Hankow and Canton will be carried to a successful issue. Russian and French agents are credited with producing a charge of front on the part of the Chinese.

The Victuallers' Association of Moncton is not satisfied with the returns in the Scott Act election, and have asked for a recount. Judge Wells issued an order for the same. The alleged grounds for the application are that in Salisbury parish more votes were polled in some boxes than there were voters on the list.

The council has decided that the \$1000 grant to the New Brunswick contingent fund shall be paid into the central fund at St. John to be disposed of by the committee in charge of the same, it being understood that the provincial secretary shall represent the government on such committee.

The new electoral bill giving proportional representation passed in the British Chambers of Deputies Monday. The Catholic party will be unable to elect more than seven deputies in Brussels, instead of eighteen as heretofore. The Liberals assert that they will have a majority in the elections next June.

At Moncton Wednesday a convention of temperance people was held to take steps for the better enforcement of the Scott Act in Westmorland. Committees are to be formed in different parishes and Inspector McCully is to be backed by the convention in proceedings with second and third offences. Eight Scott Act cases against the Brunswick Hotel were dismissed in the police court.

A special cable from London says the Princess of Wales through the columns of a woman's weekly newspaper sends a message of sympathy to the women of England. The Princess's words are:

"My heart bleeds for the poor widows and fatherless, whose loved ones have met glorious death in fighting for their Queen and country. May God help and comfort them in their saddened Christmas and give them that peace that passeth understanding."
(Signed) "ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales."

"Boys and Girls" for the juveniles and "Young People" for the older youth, both published by the American Baptist Publication Society, 1420 Chestnut Street, present a very inviting prospectus for 1900. Great pains and care have been taken to obtain bright, choice, new material. The aim is to make these papers high-class in every respect, instructive as well as entertaining, pure and sweet on every page, and thoroughly helpful. Short stories will be a strong feature this year and all the regular features which have been received with so much satisfaction will also be retained.

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Will cure many common ailments which may occur in every family. It is strictly a family remedy. For INTERNAL use, as much as EXTERNAL use. Originated in 1820 by an old Family Physician. Could a remedy have existed for nearly a century, except for the fact that its virtue and excellence have won the public favor to a remarkable degree? You can safely trust what time has indorsed.

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SOMETHING FOR NOTHING ABSOLUTELY NO CONDITIONS

APRIZE

FOR EVERY CORRECT ANSWER, DON'T SEND ONE CENT.

Deal who can find in the accompanying Picture Admiral Dewey's head in outline, mark it and send to us. We will send at once, without further conditions, a Heavy Pated Carb Chain Bracelet, with padlock and key, or a genuine Solid Gold Shell Beadlet Birthday Ring. To all who answer this within three days from when first seen, we send with your ring or bracelet a Pearl Bangle Gold Finished Initial Stick Pin. This is a fair, open and honorable proposition. No double meaning or juggling of words; simply interpret our puzzle and we will send your prize at once. We pay the duty and postage on perfumes sent into Canada, making their delivery absolutely free. Write immediately; don't put off till to-morrow what can as well be done to-day. Mention this paper.

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Do not awarded a pin we send also 15 packages of perfume to sell for us. If you can, at 10 cents each. When sold return our money, and we will give you free for this service your choice of a Heavy Pated Carb Chain Bracelet, with padlock and key, or a genuine Solid Gold Shell Beadlet Birthday Ring. To all who answer this within three days from when first seen, we send with your ring or bracelet a Pearl Bangle Gold Finished Initial Stick Pin. This is a fair, open and honorable proposition. No double meaning or juggling of words; simply interpret our puzzle and we will send your prize at once. We pay the duty and postage on perfumes sent into Canada, making their delivery absolutely free. Write immediately; don't put off till to-morrow what can as well be done to-day. Mention this paper.

NATIONAL SUPPLY CO., 46-50 WEST LARNED ST., DETROIT, MICH.

It is said a big trust, backed by English and United States capital to the extent of about five millions, is after all the knitting factories in Canada and that the trust has the option on the Eagle Knitting Company's concern in Hamilton, Ont.

The residence of S. A. Bertrand at St. Boniface, Manitoba, was burned early on Friday, together with the stables and adjoining buildings. The loss is about \$10,000. Mr. Bertrand was elected on Thursday as the Liberal member for St. Boniface. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

In the French Chamber of Deputies, Dec. 7th, there was a lively discussion on the subject of the credits for the ministry of public worship. The Socialists opposed the various credits. M. Bernard, Nationalist, moved the separation of church and State. The Premier, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, opposed the motion, which was defeated by 328 to 128 votes. M. Chauviere, Socialists, then proposed to suppress the entire credits, which was rejected by 338 votes to 180 votes, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau's motion to re-establish the credits for the stipends of the bishops and clergy was then adopted by 322 to 194 votes.

"Some devil is inside of me, tickling my throat with a feather," said a good deacon with a sad cough. "Well, this is the holy water that will cast the devil out," said his wife, as she produced a bottle of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balm 25c. all Druggists.

Pyny-Pectoral

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

Very valuable Remedy in all affections of the THROAT or LUNGS

Large Bottles, 25c.

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WHISTON'S Commercial College

Mr. Whiston wishes the public to know that there is now no connection between his College and the institution managed by his former partner, Mr. Frazee, which is announced to be closed in December.

The Halifax Commercial College, so long and successfully conducted by Mr. Whiston, promises to be more successful than ever. The attendance has recently so increased as to necessitate the enlargement of the classrooms. The coming winter season is confidently expected to be the most successful in the history of the College.

S. E. WHISTON,
86 Barrington St., Halifax, N.S.

The Farm.

The Provincial Exhibition of Nova Scotia.

DEAR SIR:—The Legislature of Nova Scotia in 1896 provided for the holding of a provincial exhibition every year at Halifax, the cost of establishing which was to be borne jointly by the city and province. The exhibition itself was to be managed by a commission consisting of a member of the provincial government, four appointees by the provincial government, the Mayor, four men appointed by the City of Halifax, and two commissioners to be appointed by the Farmers' Association. That commission was appointed early in 1896 and proceeded at once to perform its duties. A suitable site was acquired and elaborate buildings at a total cost of about \$110,000, have been erected, and the whole carefully and thoroughly equipped for an up-to-date exhibition.

The importance of a Provincial Exhibition is so great and should be so universally recognized that I cannot feel that argument is necessary. No community at this stage of the world's history can keep abreast of the times and make satisfactory progress without exhibitions, and the community that ignores the element of exhibitions is bound to drop behind. Every other portion of the continent of North America has its State, Provincial and Local fairs, and Nova Scotia must maintain hers or drop behind the race.

The objects aimed at by these exhibitions are so excellent and patriotic that it seems to me an extraordinary incident that one single note of hostility or indifference should be heard from one end of the province to the other. The commissioners are giving their services gratuitously to the arduous and responsible work of making these exhibitions contribute to the material well-being of Nova Scotia. The third exhibition, although only two years from the date of the first, indicates a marked, indeed, a wonderful progress in some of the most important features of agriculture. The development of the number and quality of the thoroughbred stock of the province has been little short of marvelous.

Most of the newspapers in Nova Scotia have been very friendly to the exhibition, and have contributed freely to advertise its advantages and creating public interest. Some have, for reasons which I suppose they consider good, been unfriendly. Criticism we must expect, but criticism on such an institution should, I venture to think, be always offered with the sole view of producing better results and not of discouraging efforts that are being made.

I have such great appreciation of the power which the newspapers of a country exercise upon public opinion, that I am taking the liberty of sending this communication to every newspaper published in the Province, and with it I am going to make a respectful appeal to every editor to gravely consider the character and claims of this Provincial Exhibition, and, unless some sound and patriotic reason can be given for a contrary course, that it should receive at all times the warm and cordial aid and assistance of the journal which he represents and controls.

Yours very truly,
J. W. LONGLEY,
President N. S. Exhibition Commission.

A Winter Storehouse.

The cellar, barn or any outhouse is usually the storehouse on the farm, where potatoes, apples and other fruits and vegetables are stored, and they are considered all right by most farmers because nothing else has been tried. I have no faith in the average cellar, because it is generally damp, always poorly ventilated, and a bad place for keeping fruits and vegetables. In order to keep any of these articles we need an even and dry temperature. If this can be secured we are sure to keep the articles well. They will show less tendency to decay or sweat than in the cellar.

My idea of such a storehouse is to build it up above the ground on stilts about two feet above the surface. I believe three feet would be better so the mice could not jump into it. I have inverted tin pans on the upper part of the legs so that mice cannot get in this way. The storehouse might be mistaken for an old-fashioned corn crib, but the inside is very different. This house should be built with double

walls all around. First build the outside or inside flooring and siding with scutlings laid on crosswise, and cover thoroughly one side with tar paper, taking good care to keep it tight and uniform. Then put on the other wall, repeating the same operation as with the first. I am in favor of leaving the space between the two walls filled simply with air, but others have done well with sawdust. Dry, still air is a good non-conductor of heat and cold, and will answer the purpose well. The space between the walls should be at least a foot. A door should be cut into the middle of the storehouse and one or two good windows, according to the size of the building. These windows are needed for ventilating the place in summer when the house is empty.

Good tight shutters should be supplied for the windows, and a double door for the front, so that the storehouse can be closed tight. A ventilator in top should be provided. I have used such a storehouse with great effect for several years. Apples, pears, potatoes and other things stored there keep well. They can be held until spring if carefully sorted out and put away properly. It is moisture and changes in climate that make our perishable fruits and vegetables decay early, and the more effectively these conditions are prevented the longer will the articles keep. A storehouse such as this will keep cool in the middle of summer, so cool, in fact, that it takes the place of an icehouse for many things. Fruits and berries picked late in the day can be kept in good condition for shipping if simply stored away in this place, where the cool, even temperature prevents them from decaying.—(C. S. Waters, in Massachusetts Ploughman.

* * *

Farmers' Meetings.

Farmers' institutes.—Grange meetings and other places of gathering farmers and their families together to compare their methods of work and their results should be attended whenever possible. We cannot all take a course of study at an agricultural college, but we are not too old to learn from others what they have learned there, or at the experiment stations, or by actual experience in the fields. No one man has learned all the science of farming yet, but the man who has made a special study of some one branch should have learned many things that the rest of us have not. And if there is not such a one to instruct us we can pick up some points from even those who have had less experience than we have, but who have had something different from that which has fallen to our lot. Go to them not only to learn, but to tell others what you have learned. And if you neither learn nor teach, the few hours of social intercourse will be most valuable and pleasant to those who live, as many farmers used to live, and as some yet live, almost isolated from any companionship but their families. Man is a social being, and to place him where he is alone so many months in the year brings him down to the level depicted in Markham's poem, "The Man with the Hoe."

If that man had taken his hoe out to a lively farmers' meeting he would have learned to brighten it up and sharpen it up, and he would have found it working so much more easily that he would have straightened up his shoulders, looked ahead with hope instead of despair, and he would have been, both in poem and in picture, a man with a purpose, a mission to do, with strength and courage to do it, even if no higher than destroying foul weeds.

The man depicted there may be a type of the farm laborer in some European countries, but the intelligent farmer of the United States is no longer in that class, if he ever was. He is the man with the sulky cultivator, the mowing machine, reaper and binder and team thresher, who does the thinking while the horse or engine furnishes the power.—(American Cultiva-

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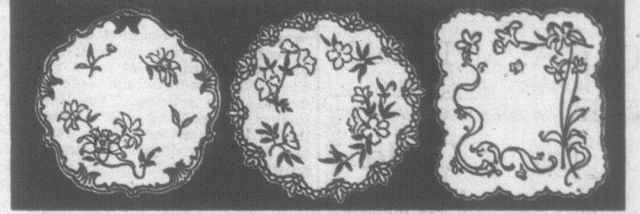
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News Summary

The failures in the Dominion last week numbered twenty eight, against thirty-two in the corresponding week of 1898.

Some special offers to new and renewal subscribers are given in another column. They should interest many of our readers.

The Fisheries department is shipping half a million Fraser River salmon eggs to the New Zealand government, a present from the Dominion government.

Angus Curtis, 50 years old, of Biddeford, Me., jumped from his prison cell in the third corridor to the stone floor below and broke his neck Friday, death resulting instantly.

China drew the largest check on the Bank of England of which the bank has any record, in settlement of the Japanese indemnity. It was for £11,008,856, 16 shillings and 9 pence.

An order in council has been passed and approved by Lord Minto commuting the death of Paul Sabourin, an Indian, for the shooting of his sis'er-in-law at Edmonton, N. W. T., to imprisonment for life.

The imperial authorities have telegraphed to the governor of New South Wales accepting the offer of a further Australian contingent for South Africa, and suggest that the men should be mounted and good shots.

The general belief among Transvaalers and others who have been in the Boer country, is that the Boer women will arm and fight, says an Antwerp despatch. Reports are in circulation that they are willing to take the field and are already arming and practicing, being greatly encouraged by the Boers successes.

James Eads How, of St. Louis, who has given his fortune of \$1,000,000 to the poor, said he was influenced to do this by the incident of the rich young man related in the tenth chapter of St. Mark's gospel. Mr. How is the grandson of James B. Eads, the famous engineer who built the great Mississippi bridge at St. Louis.

The War office has authorized the state-that arrangements would be made for the early despatch of the sixth and seventh divisions, and for replacing the losses of artillery. Fifteen transports are due to arrive at Cape Town between Dec. 17 and Jan. 8, with about 15,000 troops of all arms, but unless Gen. Buller is about to renew the attack, which is exceedingly doubtful, the British generals will be compelled for another fortnight or more to remain practically on the defensive.

General French reports successful skirmishing on Wednesday last with a force of 1,800 Boers in the vicinity of Naauwpoort, Cape Colony. The enemy retired with a loss of forty killed and wounded. The British loss was 1 killed, 7 wounded and 2 missing. A sortie from Ladysmith of 500 men under Colonel Metcalf surprised a Boer force on a Copje and destroyed a big gun. But returning the British had to cut their way through a superior Boer force and lost about 50 men in killed and wounded. It is reported from Medder River that on Friday morning the British guns shelled the Boers for a couple of hours. The Boers did not reply until the British were retiring. The Boers are further entrenching and strengthening their old defences with the evident intention of fiercely disputing control of the railway.

Personal

Pastor J. Clark of Westchester Station, N. S., has been seriously ill for eight weeks, and it will likely be an equal period before he is able to resume even lightly the duties of the pulpit. The best way to speedy recovery is for his many friends to send him a word of cheer and of a practical sign of Christian love. He has worked hard for the Master.

We regret to learn from Pastor A. E. Ingram that Mrs. Ingram's protracted illness has recently taken a more serious turn, so that by the advice of physicians she has gone for treatment to the hospital in Halifax. Mr. Ingram informs us that he will accordingly remain on his present field, St. Margarets Bay, through the winter. We trust that the more favorable conditions for treatment which Mrs. Ingram will enjoy at the hospital may result in her restoration to health.

Rev Dr. Gates went to Canso, N. S., where he was announced to preach on Sunday and to lecture on Monday evening. The Germain St. pulpit was supplied in his absence by Rev. Mr. Manning, of the F. M. Board.

Rev. H. F. Waring, of the Immanuel church, Truro, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Brussels St. church, St. John, and is expected to enter upon his work here the first of the year. We are sure that Bro. Waring will receive a very cordial welcome from his brethren in St. John.



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