

Messenger and Visitor.

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China. That the Emperor of China is dead may or may not be true, so far as the western world is informed, but it is certain that he has been deposed or forced to abdicate in favor of the Empress Dowager, and it is altogether probable that his enemies have brought about not only his abdication but his death. The assumption of power by the Empress Dowager is understood to involve the restoration to power of Li Hung Chang with his Russian proclivities which had made him so offensive to the British Ambassador, Sir Claude McDonald, that Li's dismissal from the Chinese Foreign Office was demanded and conceded. His restoration looks, therefore, like another triumph for Russian diplomacy. This *coup d'état* in China, however, may very probably have far-reaching consequences. It has had the effect of causing great disturbance in Peking. The feeling against foreigners is very strong and the nations which have naval forces in the far east have despatched warships to Tien Tsin, a port on the river on which Peking is situated and about eighty miles from the city. Only gunboats of light draught can ascend to Peking. It is understood that the Russian Ambassador has placed a Cossack guard in Peking and that the British Minister has called in a small detachment of marines from the fleet at Wei Hai Wei. These precautions appear to be necessary for the protection of missionaries and other foreign residents. The successor to the late Emperor, following the regular order, is a young man named Yin. He is said to possess considerable force of character with an inclination toward modern ideas and reforms. Whether this man will, under present conditions, succeed to the imperial throne, is doubtful, and it is improbable that he or any other ruler whom China can produce would be able to preserve the empire from dissolution.

Affairs in the Yukon. For some time past complaints of a persistent, though somewhat indefinite, character have been current respecting the management of affairs by the government officials at Dawson City. The great distance of the Klondike country from the seat of Government, and the lack of any facilities for speedy communication, make it difficult for the government to deal with irregularities, or even to ascertain whether the complaints made have any sufficient foundation in fact. The Minister of the Interior is understood to state, that as no charges having been preferred against the officials of the Yukon district, there was, therefore, nothing on which to proceed. It is also stated, whether officially or otherwise, that such information as the Government has been able to obtain does not go to confirm the truth of the complaints which are current, and it has been thought that a great deal of the agitation against the officials in the Klondike, and their administration of affairs, may have been inspired by American miners who are dissatisfied with the policy of the Government in respect to the Yukon. A letter written from Dawson City by Miss Flora Shaw, a distinguished newspaper correspondent, and published in the London Times of September 23, together with editorial remarks of the Times on the condition of affairs at Dawson, has, however, given the subject much prominence, and it appears to be understood that the Government will proceed to an investigation of the facts. The entire lack of any sanitary arrangements at Dawson City, a town now of 20,000 inhabitants and situated in a swamp, involves a condition of affairs which, always unhealthy, may be expected to result in an epidemic of typhoid. But, besides the unsanitary condition of the town and other evil conditions for which the government officials can scarcely be held responsible, the Times correspondent charges that

there is a wide-spread conviction among the people of Dawson, not only that the laws are bad, but that the officials who administer them are corrupt. Such a sweeping charge, it is admitted, is probably unjust to some who are conscientiously doing their duty, but "there is no disguising the universal dissatisfaction, and innocent and guilty stand condemned together." The Toronto Globe, which publishes the letter to the Times, and the remarks of that journal, says: "The charges put forward by the Times correspondent are exceeding grave, and bring to a focus the complaints which have been made, as to the administration of the Yukon district. An investigation should be instituted without loss of time, and it should be of the most searching description."

Since the above paragraph was written a report has been published from Major Walsh, administrator of the government in the Yukon district. Major Walsh's statements, if accepted, indicate that there is no sufficient ground for the reports of malfeasance on the part of the Yukon officials. He states that, having heard such reports, he sent out requests everywhere asking the people if they had any charges against officials to hand them in to him and they would be thoroughly investigated. "The only responses to this request," it is stated, "were against some of the police for offences of a minor nature, and they were carefully enquired into. Not one charge was laid against an official of the government."

Free Baptists in Conference.

The General Conference of the F. C. Baptists of New Brunswick met this year at Sussex. The report of the Corresponding Secretary, Rev. Dr. McLeod, showed the number of churches in connection with the denomination in the province to be 155, of which 120 have reported to their District meetings. These report an aggregate membership of 9,504. The estimated unreported membership is 2,639, making a total membership of 12,143. Of the 9,504 members reported, 6,744 are resident and 2,760 non-residents. Of the 120 churches reported, 110 had pastoral care during the year. Four new church buildings have been completed and dedicated, and two parsonages have been added to the homes for the pastors. The number of parsonages within the bounds of the Conference is now 14. The total contributions reported are \$26,186; being \$2,770 less than last year. The chief falling off is in the amount paid for church building and improvements—the decrease in this item being \$3,449.97. There is a slight increase (236.43) in the salaries paid; a small increase, also, in the contributions to Home and Foreign Missions; and a slight falling off in the Conference Fund. The number of ordained ministers on the Conference roll is 43—the same as last year. Besides these there are five Conference and six District Meeting licentiates. There is an increase for the year of 335 in the reported membership of the churches. The number of baptisms reported is 76 more than last year. Among the visitors present at meeting of the Conference was Rev. Dr. Chase, President of Bates College, Lewiston, Me., and Hon. G. E. Foster, of Ottawa. President Gates brought the greetings of 14,000 Free Baptists in Maine and 90,000 in the United States, and as a representative of the Maine Conference and the General Conference advocated closer relations with the Free Baptists of the United States. He also pleaded the cause of Bates College as a Christian institution of learning, especially of the Divinity School, and invited the N. B. Conference to select a professor and provide the salary for the chair of Church History in the Cobb Divinity School. This, he urged, would be an advantage both to the School and to the interests which the Conference represents. At a subsequent session the Committee on Education submitted its report, recommending a systematic College education of

Free Baptist ministers, and that the Conference practically aid Bates College. The Conference, however, declined to undertake any financial responsibility in connection with the College, and the clause referring to that matter was accordingly eliminated from the report as adopted. The Conference discussed the matter of religious education in the public schools brought up by a letter from Archdeacon Brigstocke, enclosing a resolution on the matter adopted by the Church of England Synod of 1896. The Conference, however, declined to take action on the matter other than to refer it to the executive. The Conference adopted strong resolutions re-affirming its positions in reference to prohibition of the liquor traffic and the observance of the Lord's Day.

After the Plebiscite.

So far there does not appear to have been published any statement of the results of the Plebiscite vote, which has official authorization, nor indeed any statement which is generally admitted to be approximately correct. The anti-prohibitionists have claimed a constantly increasing majority in Quebec as the more complete returns have come in. Some, we believe, go so far as to assert that Quebec's negative vote will be found to be large enough to wipe out altogether the affirmative majority in the other provinces, while others allow a majority to the prohibitionists in the whole Dominion of about eleven thousand. On the other hand there has been claimed for the whole Dominion a prohibitionist majority of as high as thirty thousand. It is not disputed, however, that six of the seven provinces, and the Northwest territories, have given majorities in favor of prohibition. The result of the Plebiscite is on the whole not very different from what was expected by those best qualified to estimate the issue, although probably there were few who expected that British Columbia would give a majority for prohibition, and, on the other hand, the negative majority in Quebec is much larger than was generally expected. The Plebiscite has demonstrated that the Roman Catholic clergy, as a body, are opposed to a prohibitory law. The French Catholic members of the Government, so far as they took part in the contest, threw their influence against prohibition, and these two facts go far to account for the result. The cities of Ontario, too, have disappointed the expectations of the prohibitionists by going, with one exception, against prohibition. It must be confessed, we think, that, considering the attitude of Quebec province and that of the cities of Quebec and Ontario, the immediate prospect for obtaining a general prohibitory law for Canada is not a bright one. It must be evident that the present situation is an embarrassing one for the Government. It has asked for an expression of the will of the people in this matter, and of those who have recorded their answer, a majority have declared themselves in favor of a general prohibitory law. This majority also includes all but one of the provinces of the Dominion and a large majority of all the constituencies. Certainly such a reply cannot be ignored. On the other hand no government could be expected hastily to ignore the voice of Quebec province, and especially that of the cities of Quebec and Ontario, in this matter. It will also be a serious question for those who represent the interests of prohibition in Canada to consider whether, in view of the conditions which the Plebiscite has revealed, the enactment of a general prohibitory law for Canada would be at present a real and permanent gain to the cause of temperance reform. At a meeting last week in Toronto of the executive of the Dominion Alliance, called to consider the situation in view of the Plebiscite vote, the following resolutions were adopted:

"That the Secretary be instructed to write immediately to the different provincial campaign committees, urging them all to perfect and make permanent their provincial and local organizations so as to unite the prohibitionists in wise and earnest work, following up the advantage that has been gained, until a law of total prohibition is thoroughly enforced in every part of Canada.

"That the chairman and secretary of this executive committee be instructed to make arrangements for a deputation, representing the prohibitionists of the Dominion, to wait upon the Government as soon as practicable after full returns are received, to call attention to the majority recorded in favor of prohibition, and ask for the speedy embodiment of the will of the people in definite and effective legislation."

Omachi and its Gods.

REV. C. K. HARRINGTON.

No. III.

IN OMACHI.

Such are the homes of Omachi, and such, with differences your eye would not notice, are the homes of Omachi's countless sister towns. You would not call them inviting, either without or within. The low gray roof of roughly laid shingles was weighted down with stones; the lattice and *shoji* of the upper storey, the low, dingy rooms opening in the street from the ground floor; it is all very homely and very unhomelike, and the average interior is equally uninviting. The *doba* with its bags of charcoal, bundles of firewood and shelves of such lumber as we relegate to the attic, the kitchen with its primitive utensils and its roof of smoky beams, the little low rooms with their bare walls, yellow mats, lack of ornament or furniture,—after all it is not much more than a hut. It is only the homes of the well-to-do which approach the comfortableness, not to say the comfortable-lookingness, of a laborer's cottage in the towns of the Provinces. No daintily papered walls hung with pictures; no mantel-piece or wall-brackets with their modest ornaments; no bright carpets or rugs; no tidy kitchen with its shining range and shelves of glistening pans; no dining room with its glass and china and bit of silver plate set on its snowy cloth; no cosy sitting room or parlor with its cane rocker, its easy chairs and sofa, its shining piano, perhaps, with its ivory and ebony keys; no bedroom with its immaculate pillow-shams and counterpanes, its snowy towels and doilies fearfully and wonderfully made. We missionaries of course have all these things, or most of them, in our own homes. It is of the native style of living only I am speaking. Whatever approach to comfort and refinement such a house affords will be found in the rear room. This opens on a little yard with flowers or shrubs, or perhaps a patch of vegetables. The mats are bright and clean, and by the low writing table are bright floor cushions. The wall paper is neat or even tasty, and a wall banner or a motto in Chinese relieves the bareness. On a side shelf may be a few books. This is the parlor, and is pleasant enough in a very simple way.

A Japanese family does not require many rooms. The rooms used during the day for dining room, parlor, work room, etc., may at evening be all transformed in a few minutes to bedrooms. At a hotel there is no bar, no office, no baggage room, no reading room, no guest's parlor, no dining room. When you enter and have washed your feet you are taken directly to your room, which will be like an ordinary best room in a Japanese home, and your luggage follows you. There you sleep, eat, and entertain your visitors. When you depart your bill is brought to you. There is however, as before stated, the common wash place, with its wooden sink and copper basin, where the guests of all degrees meet together.

As I said before—and I have to go back on my tracks a little sometimes, to make clear to the gentle reader what is in a large degree so unfamiliar to him—the lower front rooms of most of the town houses are either workshops or stores or both combined, places of business as we should say. We will get some idea of these places of business, and of the aspect which a town street presents, if we take as examples the houses within a stone's throw of our home here on this Upper Middle street of Omachi. Remember that all are wide open to the street, without even plate glass windows to obstruct our view. We will take the houses just as they stand, 12 from each side of the street. Next door to us on the south is an eye doctor, and a glance within will show that he has modern and western appliances. He has studied at Tokio, at the Imperial University perhaps, and is probably, for a country doctor, a fair specialist. He seems to have a good practice, and there are many in need of his skill, and many sightless ones whom his skill cannot reach. Next door below is a barber shop, with western methods if not of western cleanliness. Here you may be shorn for about 4 cents of our money, and shaven for about 2 cents. Japanese men now nearly all follow our method of hair dressing, preferring close crops, but the women, except those under strong foreign influence, maintain the old elaborate style, with its abundance of grease and padding. The barber's next door neighbor is a clothier. His fabrics, in small narrow rolls, are bestowed on shelves around the shop, and he squats on the floor, plying his needle or displaying his goods to the honorable customers who have deigned to augustly ascend. If you want to inspect them he will put a cushion for you on the edge of the shop floor next the *doba*, and bewilder you with countless patterns of the narrow Japanese cotton cloth, chiefly in white or blue. The shop next below is a shoe-maker's if a manufacturer and dealer in wooden *geta* of all varieties can be so yclept. He by the way, after many years study of Christianity, professed to be a believer and was received with the Dutch Reformed church, which is in Japan a branch of the United church. He almost at once fell away however, and now does not scruple to defend the worship of the national and local deities, and, which is at least consistent, has resigned his church membership. Next below him is a druggist or

apothecary, with a stock of native and foreign medicines and chemicals, and probably some tinned goods. In front of his shop depend many banners or cloths, with Chinese characters setting forth special medicines for sale.

Coming back to the preaching place and going north we have first a *tabiya*, a maker and seller of the white or blue foot-mittens which answer to our stockings and socks. The white are for indoor or street wear, for dress occasions; the blue are more durable and are used in journeys. They have a separate place, or thumb, for the great toe, in order to allow the thong of the wooden or straw *geta* and *zori* to pass in between that clumsy member and its more slender sisters. They are fastened at the back, down the heel, by brass buckles passing through thread catches, a sort of hook and eye arrangement. Next door is a *jinrikisha* stand, and if you want to go over to Ikeda, 6 miles south, and are too lazy to foot it in your *tabi* and *waraji*, and are too careful of your bones to risk them in the old rattle trap coach which runs up and down the valley, the *jinrikishi* will set you up in his little baby carriage, tuck a dust cloth around your knees, and getting between the shafts take you over at an easy run for about 30 *sen*, or 15 cents. The missionary and his helper of course do not presume to such extravagance. Our well worn *tabi* make the 12 miles back and forth every Sunday, no matter how high the thermometer may stand. The next shop north is another *tabiya*, and next to that is a tea-house, or restaurant, where the traveller, or the farmer in on business can lunch for about three cents on rice, sea-weed, cucumbers and tea. Very appropriately the next door neighbor is a second class hotel. It is not one where we would care to lodge, but the class of travellers who put up there, find it good enough, and think the 10 or 12 cents they pay for supper, bed and breakfast quite extravagance enough.

Now let us cross the street and take the 12 houses opposite those we have examined. First we have a doctor's office. He is one of the new school of course, has a diploma from the government, and doses his patient's according to the medical law of the west. Next comes the post-office, with the telegraph-office under the same roof. In addition to the letter box in front of the office there are six or seven boxes in different sections of the town, in the nearest house to each of which stamps can be bought, so that one has not far to go to mail his letters. These boxes are cleared thrice a day. Mails are distributed by carriers four times a day, from house to house, and there is no such thing as going for one's mail. Even the remote villages and scattered hamlets have their mail delivered from door to door, at appointed times. The post-office is now found in every town of any importance. That of Omachi is probably used chiefly by the silk dealers. For 15 *sen* (7½ cents) one sends a message of 10 syllables to any part of Japan.

Next to the post-office, and carried on by the same household, is what we would call a saddle and harness shop, where the various rather clumsy equipments of the Japanese horse are to be bought. In this part of Japan every well-to-do farmer has his horse, and a good deal of horse flesh is needed to transport goods on trucks, or pack-saddles, across the hills. The horse is not employed for riding or driving, except as a cavalry or coach horse. It is rare to see the owner on horse back, or sitting on his truck. The saddlery we are looking at is adjoined by a hardware store, where the iron, copper, and tin vessels and instruments of the kitchen, the carpenter's bench, etc., are on sale. The next house is occupied by a farmer, whose ricefields are adjacent to the town, and at present he does not carry on any other trade. Most of the citizens, perhaps, in addition to their shops, are farmers in a small way, with a patch of ground for vegetables, and so forth, near at hand, and some ricefields out on the plain within reach. While some members of the household carry on the in-door business, others, the wife perhaps, or the grown sons, or daughters, or the hired help, plant and garner the rice. Even the preaching place has a little farm at one end of the tiny yard, about as big as a *tutami*, where Mrs. Kaneko has already raised various crops of greens, onions, cucumbers, etc., and now has a promising stand of egg-plants.

The farmer's neighbor is a *getaya*, and next to him is a *tabiya*. It takes a good many makers of clogs and foot-mittens to supply the Omachi market. Then we have a druggist, whose store is right opposite the preaching place. The next door south is a brewery, or distillery, where Japanese rice liquor, *sake*, is made and wholesaled. This is the largest building on this street, and the proprietors are men of means and importance. They are licensed by the government to consume in the production of *sake*, about 500 bushels of rice. This amount of grain, which at present retail prices, would sell for about \$12,000 of Canadian money, is said to produce \$18,000 worth of *sake*. As about \$5000.00 of this goes to the government, the manufacturers would have about \$1000.00 a year, less running expenses, which latter they probably make up by the manufacture and sale of several ingredients of Japanese food. There are four of these *sake* factories in the town, the other three doing a smaller business. Every town of any size has one or more. It is rare to find a Japanese who does not drink, and many drink to excess, but drunkenness can hardly be considered a national characteristic, and *sake* is said to be a purer and better liquor than most of what is dealt across the saloon counter at home. There are many places in the town where *sake* is retailed, the *sake* shop sign being a large ball of cryptomecia twigs, dried and closely bound together. I do not know the significance of this, but it is said to have some semi-religious meaning, a spiritual bearing, as it were. The *sake* factory over the way has one hanging from the eaves, four or five feet in diameter. The distillery has for its neighbor on the south, as well

as on the north, a drug store, the druggists having wisely set themselves where they would be most needed. Then follows a *jinrikisha* stand; then a dealer in beef, and probably also horse-flesh, and not very much of both put together, for very little meat is eaten in Omachi. The next building, and here we will stop, is a silk dealers' office, as nearly as I can translate its title, a sort of silk exchange.

From this score or so of examples, taken for convenience in the immediate neighborhood of our Omachi home, the Gentle Reader may form some idea of what he might see of the business side of Omachi, if he should go through the whole town. He ought also, however, to visit some of the silk-spinning factories, of which there are a baker's dozen, employing a thousand girls, who come from near and far for the season's work. These are the girls whose *geta* go clattering by at four in the morning. Some spinning is still done in the old way by the housewives at their cottage doors, but the factories which dot the country absorb most of the work. I am afraid that the manners and morals of the girls, are not improved by their factory life. The great cotton factories of Osaka, are said to be hot-beds of the grossest immoralities. The civilization of the west will swamp Japan in destruction and perdition, unless the saving power of the gospel works mightily with it.

But time and space would fail me, to tell of all that the Gentle Reader ought to see. In Omachi, of its system of sewerage and water supply; of its fine looking and finely appointed school, really a credit to a place of 5000 "mouths;" of its home life, its social customs, its festivals, its wickedness, and its elements of good. To me, who live so many weeks each year in the midst of it all, and to whom the people are real flesh and blood, with hopes and disappointments, joys and sorrows, and with spiritual natures like our own, it is all very interesting, but it is difficult, even with the use of many words, to picture it forth as it is. In my next letter I hope to tell of "the gods of Omachi," and I think what I have to say will be of general, as well as of missionary interest.

Omachi, Shinano, Japan.

Sights and Sounds in India for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Please get out of the road! My bicycle is old and rheumatic; but this morning it seems to have renewed its youth. Do you see, far away to the south, those heavy clouds? They hang over a little city by the sea, called Bimlipatam. Before we reach that place, we have yet thirty-eight miles to go. On our left, above the tops of the hills, the sky is aglow with streams of light from the rising sun. The best plan is to leave as much of the road as possible behind before the sun gets high and hot. Therefore everything must get out of the way or get run over. Past tall palms, low mud-huts, narrow muddy canals, broad gleaming tanks, broad green rice fields, slow ox carts, and ragged men and women, half awake, half asleep and half naked, trudging along to earn a day's palty wages, by standing in the mire and water from morn till eve, transplanting rice. The awakened wheel, glad to get beyond the caravan and to have the highway to itself, seems to feel the joy of the morning in its aged joints, and breaks the record of its better days. This is exhilarating and—Click! Click! What is the matter? Down goes the brake! Too late! Clank! Snap! Suddenly, all is at a stand in the middle of the road! The chain has slipped out of the driving wheel, and one link has caught on a prong that used to hold the chain guard. Before the brake could stop the wheel there is a break in the chain. One link is bent and wrenched in two, and gives an unwelcome illustration of the old adage that one broken link spoils the chain. The sun is now risen, and his first rays flash upon the glinting spokes of a chainless bicycle. It begins to dawn upon me what a predicament I am in! Our worst enemy in India has already opened fire with his long range artillery, and our destination is still thirty-six and a half miles away to the south! They say that it takes cranks to make the world go around! But here is a good crank that cannot make anything go around; for a crank is no good without a chain. The wallet of tools and repair materials is opened and searched; but there is nothing which anticipated an accident of this kind. Here we are, like a steamship in mid-ocean, with a broken propeller and with no means of repairing it. To make the matter more serious, I am hurrying home because a telegram came last night saying that my sick little girl was worse and longing to see me! Minutes are hours! It seems to me that rather than take a slow ox cart I will attempt to stretch out my arms for wings and fly to the bedside of my child!

Last night, at Bobbili, I said "Good-night" to Mr. and Mrs. Gullison and Miss Harrison, and was taking a walk up and down the veranda before retiring. A white-robed figure glided in from the road like a ghost! It went to Mr. Gullison's door. In a minute Mr. Gullison came and handed me a reddish-brown envelope. It was a telegram, and the figure that I saw coming in from the road was the telegraph messenger. The despatch was torn open and you know already what the message was! I did not sleep that night at Bobbili. Immediately the plans for the journey were laid. My wheel was to be put in Mr. Churchill's *jinrikisha* with me, and we both were to ride until break of day. Then the *jinrikisha* would be sent back to Bobbili, and I would wheel it the rest of the way home. However, it was the season when all the coolies were busy transplanting rice by day and

busy resting by night. I could not work on the morning, not thus engaged. The community had died, funeral by all get them could not find the mission house. The fendish religion, the face of the devil's religion, the fernal darkness! any language, sin and soul of these and children, who day!! There was night for love or with enough me *jinrikisha*. A clock was striking standing on the *jinrikisha*, and The lantern sways shafts which the joggled along or were relieved from hollow, like the snow-drift. The of heavily laden carrying the prostration at Vizianag pits and take such more than eight before we come to it is pretty tedious coach, especially the lantern light eyes, and the ball like the peace of suddenly came to flowing river. The stones, but wide. The coolies over to the other they came back inside. Shallow this bare-footed traveller would find his route every sidered that the altered. The pleasant sound, and enjoy the lush was no time to w mile village, and force. The bicycle the *jinrikisha*, trying to get a stage was reached away before the contained my suitcase filled with egg me by Mrs. Gullison this hearty lunch last watch of the refreshed for the meat and drink that only leaves them. They are nearly two years try them when wholesome. As own hands from vowed them, skin in the orchard at I ever had the plor out peeling; for and the fruit sell habits. Breakfast my luggage in the simplified there share of room; I like the camels last a long journey to Bobbili with All aboard! The shines, and the hot; but the bicycle before the sun ah! What a fine road carts have not ha floor, and as smoo went better. The speed along, mak punkah can produ springs to the gre in his tracks, to s life could be as Clank! Clank! S broken chain! V smooth? We are Bobbili, and thirt

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busy resting by night, so as to be ready for another day's work on the morrow. The washermen of the town were not thus engaged; but a woman of their caste and community had died that day, and they had ended up the funeral by all getting drunk. The man who went to call them could not find one of them sober enough to walk to the mission house. I need say nothing more about their fiendish religion and their need of the only religion on the face of the earth, that is fit to be called anything but the devil's religion! Darkness! Horrible darkness! Infernal darkness! Darkness that cannot be pictured in any language, sits like a brood of demons upon the body and soul of these hundreds and thousands of men, women and children, whom we see and hear and talk with every day!! There were no coolies to be found at that time of night for love or money; therefore at midnight I started with enough men from our community to haul the empty jinricksha. A lantern was tied underneath, and as the clock was striking twelve I left the trio of missionaries standing on the veranda, started the coolies off with the jinricksha, and followed slowly behind on my wheel. The lantern swayed gently with the see-saw motion of the shafts which the men bobbed up and down, as they jogged along over the rough road. The wheel tracks were relieved from monotony by many a cradle-hill and hollow, like the pitches in a road that runs through a snow-drift. These holes are worn by the long caravans of heavily laden ox carts that pass along every night, carrying the produce of the inland farms to the railroad station at Vizianagram. We have to sheer around these pits and take such a zigzag course that we travel much more than eight furlongs in a mile. It is seven miles before we come to a village where we can get coolies, and it is pretty tedious work pedalling behind this slow coach, especially when you are in a hurry. However, the lantern lighted up the way without shining in my eyes, and the balmy night air was soothing to the spirits, like the peace of God. At the foot of a hill, our road suddenly came to an end on the sandy bank of a dark, flowing river. We could hear the water rippling over the stones, but could not see how deep it was nor how wide. The coolies waded through and carried my bicycle over to the other side, for there was no bridge. Then they came back and pulled the jinricksha over with me inside. Shallow rivers are no obstruction in the path of this bare-footed nation. Indeed the hot and dusty traveller would rejoice if a running brook should cross his route every half mile. In fording the river I considered that the coolies were having the best of the fun after all. The splashing of their feet in the water was a pleasant sound, and I was tempted to take off my shoes and enjoy the luxury of a good wade myself; but there was no time to waste. At length we came to the seven mile village, and the new coolies ran at our call in full force. The bicycle and its rider were both packed into the jinricksha. Then for eight miles we were very busy trying to get a night's sleep, and when the end of the stage was reached the darkness was beginning to flee away before the first streaks of dawn. In the bag which contained my sun-helmet was a good sized paper roll, filled with egg sandwiches and guavas, kindly put up for me by Mrs. Gullison. I sprang out of the car, drew forth this hearty lunch and there, on the roadside, in the cool last watch of the night, I ate it with keen relish and was refreshed for the rest of the trip. The guavas were both meat and drink. Some people do not like them; but that only leaves all the more for those who do care for them. They are a cheap looking article, and we were nearly two years learning to like them. I hope you will try them when you come to India, for they are very wholesome. As Mr. Gullison had picked these with his own hands from trees on the Mission Compound, I devoured them, skins and all, as we boys used to eat apples in the orchard at home. They were the first guavas that I ever had the pleasure of eating in this rustic way, without peeling; for at Bimili we buy them from the natives, and the fruit sellers are a class of people of very unclean habits. Breakfast is over, and the stowing of the rest of my luggage in the baggage car of the bicycle is much simplified thereby. A bottle of water takes up a large share of room; but this must be tolerated, as we are not like the camels which can drink enough at one time to last a long journey. The coolies are paid and sent back to Bobbili with the jinricksha.

All aboard! Farmers may make hay while the sun shines, and the blacksmith may strike while the iron is hot; but the cyclist in India must make his pedals whirl before the sun shines, and before the breeze gets hot. What a fine road! It has just been repaired, and the ox-carts have not had time to wear it out. It is as level as a floor, and as smooth as a pavement. My old wheel never went better. The cool morning air grows cooler, as we speed along, making a zephyr of our own, as good as any punkah can produce. The early coolie, hieing to his task, springs to the green bank of the ditch, and stands fixed in his tracks, to see the mysterious thing go by. If all of life could be as smooth and enjoyable as this,—Click! Click! Clank! Snap!—Here we are far from home with a broken chain! What were we saying about life being smooth? We are sixteen and a half miles south of Bobbili, and thirty-six and a half miles north of Bimili.

This is the latitude of the wreck. I think the longitude is about eighty-four degrees east of Greenwich. Now the story is told up to the point where this letter began.

Although bewildered for a moment over the problem of how to reach the desired haven, at the wished for time, my senses soon returned enough for me to remember that I was a Christian, and that the very hairs of my head were all numbered. It became very clear also that the links of my chain, were just as important as the hairs of my head. However small the link might be, and however small the trouble its fracture had caused, it could not escape the notice of my Father, any more than the fall of a sparrow. "All things"—even little things—"work together for good to them that love God, to those who are the called according to his purpose." Our Saviour told Pilate that he could have no power against Him at all, except it were given him from above. Even Satan himself could not go forth to afflict Job, until God had given him permission. And God let him go so far and no farther. He kept his own hand on the reins. To his wicked brothers, who sold him into captivity, Joseph could say, "It was not you that sent me hither; but God!" "You meant it for evil; but God meant it for good!" It was no less sure, therefore, that my chain could not be broken without His permission. Leaning over the saddle, I thanked Him for this interruption of my plans. I was sure that He had some merciful reason in permitting this apparent accident. If Satan and his angels, or my ignorance, or untoward circumstances, had anything to do with it, they no doubt meant it for evil; but God meant it for good. This is one of the wonderful and most gracious things revealed in the Bible, how God overrules all the wickedness of man, and even the ignorance of man, for the good of His children, and the glory of His great name. Does it seem absurd to apply such a big doctrine, to such a little trial. This absurdity is one of the glories of the gospel. Learn this lesson as quickly as you can, and apply the biggest comfort you can get out of the Bible to the smallest troubles of your every day work or play! All these thoughts coursed through my heart, and I was soon glad that my chain was broken, although God only knew what good the accident could possibly do. The cheer which He gave me in this insignificant trial passed over at once into the throbbings of a deeper trial. If my bosom had been a troubled sea, while brooding over the precarious condition of my child; all was now as calm as the hushed lake of Galilee after Jesus had said, "Peace! Be still!" It became clear as the noonday sun that no sickness could have any power against her at all, unless it should receive permission from above. No cobra can bite me, no bolt of lightning can smite me, until permitted by the same voice that called me out of darkness into His marvellous light. I was already repaid a thousand times for the loss of that link that spoiled the chain and crippled the wheel, and brought me this great comfort.

Talk about chainless bicycles! I rode that chainless bicycle that day, all the way home! Two coolies came along the road and I asked them where they were going. They said that they were looking for work. "All right!" I said, "Come along with me!" There was no way in sight, by which they could be of any service; but inside of five minutes, they proved to be just what was needed. One of them tied up the broken chain in a piece of soiled cloth, which he used for a turban or handkerchief or for anything that was demanded by the moment's need. You have seen boys at home run behind a hand-sled, give it a good strong push, and then jump on for a ride. Well, I was light hearted, and simply to make fun of myself, I tried the same plan with the bicycle. Running behind with a hop, skip and jump, I sprang into the saddle and started for home. I laughed at the progress I was making this way and wondered how long it would take at this rate to cover the thirty-six miles. But soon I was laughing in earnest. When the speed of the wheel was nearly spent and it began to reel for its fall, a happy thought came like a flash, and I called out to the nearer coolie to "Push!" He obeyed like a soldier and in an instant was pushing at the back of the saddle. The staggering wheel came into line again, and with my feet upon the foot rests, I was spinning towards the southern cross at the rate of four miles an hour. A shout of victory rends the morning air, as I see my way home, and make what seems, for the moment, to be one of the most important discoveries of the nineteenth century. Others may invent the steam motor and the electric motor bicycle, but I have invented the coolie motor bicycle and render jubilant thanks to God for the timely invention. Why, this is better than a jinricksha; for the rider is all out doors, and gets the benefit of all the breeze. It is light too, and the motor man begins to laugh. Yet he soon complains that his knees are striking against the wheel. I told him to send the other man for a long walking stick. He ran into a mud hut village, which we were just passing, and which was apparently their own village. He returned quickly brandishing a bamboo sapling, about half as long again as a yardstick. One took hold of each end of the stick. Then putting the middle of the stick against the back of the saddle, they ran along, one on each side of the wheel, and we made a fine team. Their feet pattered along the hard road and they laughed at themselves. Now that we are well under way, we may take time to look at our motor men. On my right is the stronger one of the two. He does the most of the talking, and makes it his business to keep the other one straight. He has not found out yet that he is not steering the ship, as well as propelling it. Therefore, when I turn the wheel to any part of the road that does not suit him, he scolds the other fellow and wants to know if he has no more sense than to run the whole thing into the ditch! "Push straight!" he commands, "Push straight!" Then the accused throws back his shoulders, draws in his

breath with great resolution and tries to push straight. It is not long however, before the wheel takes another capricious turn to the right, and then the foreman sings out with redoubled indignation, "Did'n't I tell you to push straight? What do you think you are doing? Push straight, I tell you! Push straight!" The left hand man looks very much ashamed of himself, and promises to try to do his best. I thought it hardly fair for this poor fellow to be blamed for my actions any more. Therefore, I explained that it was all my fault, that I had to pick out the best road, and that it was only their business to push, while I would look after the "straightness" of it myself. The criminal drew a sigh of relief and seemed glad to find out that he was not to blame after all. Around his head he had the cloth tied with the chain in it. Through a hole in the cloth, protruded a shaggy lock of hair, that shook as he trotted along, like a horse's tail. Around his neck, was a string of dirty pink beads. The only clothing that adorned his person was a cotton garment, like a ragged towel, yellow with dirt, tied about his loins. Neither his tailor's nor his washerman's bill cost him much. The most of his money is spent for what he can eat and drink and smoke. The right hand man is arrayed in the same airy style. His feet and legs are a dark blue up to his knees. He has been working in an indigo factory, treading down the indigo plants in the steaming vats. See! Here are half a dozen carts, laden with indigo plants, which are being taken to the indigo factory to sell. On the whole we are a merry trio. The teamsters on the ox carts stare at us as we pass. Women and children run out of the villages to see us go by. But the greatest amazement for the coolies was yet to come. When we arrived at the top of a hill at the bottom of which was a bridge across a little brook, the bicycle silently stole away from them, and multiplying its speed as if taking its last chance to escape from their hands, it left them far behind, staring with gaping mouth at their runaway charge.

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Aug. 26th,

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK).

A Remarkable Sunday School

"Out of and around Bethany School [Philadelphia] has grown, not simply the church and the Union, but a social and industrial cooperative system which reaches several thousand families," writes William Perrine in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "It includes reading clubs, music clubs, clubs for the purchase of coal, an incorporated savings bank with deposits of two hundred and ninety thousand dollars invested under State laws and State supervision; a dispensary, the House of Deaconesses, who look after young women in distress, or in need of employment; a college, in which, at night, languages, music, shorthand, bookkeeping, dressmaking and millinery are taught to several hundred students for a nominal fee; a House of Rest at the seashore for girls, and a uniformed military brigade of stalwart boys. Twelve thousand persons have attended all the various services of the church, the Sunday-school and the Bible Union on a single Sunday. The enrollment of the school is past fifty-two hundred."

"In all the forty years of its existence there has been no superintendent other than the founder, John Wanamaker, and few are the Sundays that he has failed to be at his post. During one half of the year he spends the entire Sunday in Bethany, bringing his luncheon with him, and making himself accessible to any one. When he was the Postmaster-General of the United States he journeyed from Washington to Philadelphia every Saturday night, often preparing his Bible study for the next day on the train."

What I Live For.

I live for those who love me,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my spirit too;
For all human ties that bind me,
For the task by God assigned me,
For the bright hopes yet to find me,
And the good that I can do.

I live to learn their story
Who suffered for my sake;
To emulate their glory,
And follow in their wake;
Bards, patriots, martyrs, sages,
The heroic of all ages,
Whose deeds crowd history's pages,
And time's great volume make.

I live to hold communion
With all that is divine,
To feel there is a union
'Twixt Nature's heart and mine;
To profit by affliction,
Reap truth from fields of fiction,
Grow wiser from conviction,
Fulfil God's grand design.

I live to hail that season
By gifted ones foretold,
When men shall live by reason,
And not alone by gold;
When man to man united,
And every wrong thing righted,
The whole world shall be lighted,
As Eden was of old.

I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heaven that smiles above me,
And awaits my coming too;
For the cause that lacks assistance
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that I can do.

—J. Linnaeus Banks.

The Messenger and Visitor

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Editorial Notes.

—An exchange remarks that church members sometimes grow weary in well-doing; but more frequently they grow weary without any well-doing to cause it whatever.

—A fine example of American humor appears in the remark of Mark Twain that, the reason why there is comparatively little arable land in Spain is because the great majority of the Spanish people are in the habit of squandering it upon their persons, and when they die it is buried with them.

—It appears that Dr. N. E. Wood has reconsidered and withdrawn his acceptance of the presidency of Newton Theological Seminary. The reason given for so doing is the unwillingness of the people of the First Baptist church of Boston to accept their pastor's resignation.

—“There is very little demand in New England or for that matter in any other part of the country or of the world,” says the Boston Watchman, “for third or fourth class ministers, but there is the most insistent demand for first-class ministers—an abundance of places waiting to be filled. The economic law that a demand creates a supply appears to have some exceptions when applied to churches and ministers. And in our own denomination the demand for several first-class College presidents does not create them.”

—The Presbyterians of the United States are engaging in what they call a Twentieth Century Movement, the aim of which is to bring into the Sunday Schools of the denomination a half million new scholars by April, 1901. This is an endeavor worthy of all praise, and, as it is said that not half the children and youth of the United States are in the Sunday Schools, there appears to be abundant room for other denominations to take a part in the movement. A special effort along the same line in connection with our own churches in these Maritime Provinces would doubtless result in much good. From statistics presented at some of our associations it would appear that there are a surprisingly large number of children, connected with Baptist families, who do not attend Sunday School.

—It is well for us to remember that human life in its largest significance means infinitely more than a merely untroubled, happy existence. There is nothing in the world so restless, nothing with such capacity for pain and weariness and despair as the human soul, because there is nothing so great, nothing with such power to feel and do. Its life is so much larger, intenser, greater in quality than anything else we know that there is no comparison with any other life. The soul that is conscious of its greatness does not make happiness merely the goal of its living. The true aim of life is not enjoyment and not sorrow, but fellowship with God. In the light of Christian revelation it is seen that it does not end here. If it did, if this life were all, then we might be excused for expecting that life would be, like an ideal summer day, all full of light and sweetness. But the Christian ideal is far higher and nobler than that. Its aim, as Paul declared it and lived it, is to know the power of Christ's resurrection. And for this it can joyously enter into the fellowship of His sufferings.

—We wish to say a word or two in reference to reports of quarterly meetings, S. S. conventions and other gatherings of the kind, which from time to time are sent us for publication. Such reports, if put in concise form and furnished promptly, we are pleased to receive and to publish. But certainly they should be forwarded immediately after the meetings are held. Very few will care to read the reports of such meetings weeks after they have taken place. The same remarks apply to marriage and obituary notices. We are frequently asked to publish these notices months—sometimes more than a year—after the events which they chronicle occurred. If it is worth while to publish such notices at all, it is certainly worth while to see that

they are written and sent to the paper promptly. Further, we think our readers will agree with us that the denominational paper is entitled to receive the denominational news at first hand, and that it should not be expected to copy reports of meetings, church news, or other like matter from other papers. Of course we do not object to reports being sent to the local press at the same time that they are furnished to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, but we protest in the interest of our readers against being expected to copy from other papers stale news respecting our denominational work.

—Disestablishment is not, of course, the result for which the extreme ritualists in the Church of England are working, though probably there is a not inconsiderable section of them who would be willing enough to sacrifice establishment to sacerdotalism and accept the Pope of Rome instead of the Queen of England as head of the church. But whatever may be the purpose of the sacerdotalists, they are no doubt at the present time effecting more in the direction of disestablishment than all that non-conformists can accomplish by direct effort. England is still too strongly Protestant at heart to submit its neck to the yoke of an established church which is seen to be carrying the country Romeward with constantly accelerated motion. The London Times alluding to this subject recently said: “If the advanced section of the clergy are allowed their present course unchecked, the nation will determine that if the church sanctions such teaching and practices it must be as an independent religious body not speaking in the name of the English people. . . . A point has been reached at which some stand must be made. If the Bishops cannot or will not make it, the people have Parliament to appeal to; and if once an appeal is made to Parliament it must be answered by whatever government is in power.”

—From what appears in another column of this paper it will be seen that we have now two organizations for carrying on Home Mission work in this province. It is to be hoped and prayed for that nothing more unwholesome than friendly rivalry shall exist between the two, and that, provoking one another to good works, the result may be a larger interest and stronger effort on behalf of the home work this year than ever before. But, for obvious reasons, it cannot be for the good of the cause that this condition of things shall continue. One is our Master—even Christ—and we all are brethren. It is the normal and Christian condition that brethren should dwell together in love and work in unity. Surely the present condition of things cannot be more than a passing shadow upon our fellowship. Let it not be forgotten that we are one in Christ for love and for service. If brethren feel that the conditions are such that, for this year, they must work apart, let them not forget Whose they are and Whom they are seeking to serve. Let there be mutual forbearance, let there be no unkind expressions and no unkind thoughts, let their hope and their prayer be for restored fellowship and united effort; and on the part of all the churches let there be earnest and continued prayer that God's Spirit may guide His people into the paths of peace and unity, that whatever concessions it may be necessary to make in love and truth may be made, that whatever needs to be forgiven shall be forgiven and forgotten, and that the Baptist people of this province, whom God has so greatly blessed, may be and remain one, in name and love and effort, to the glory of their Lord.

Ex-Chancellor Rand's Tribute to Dr. Wells

Our Ontario letter, as will be observed, discusses briefly, but with high appreciation, the life and work of the late Dr. Wells. The Canadian Baptist, in its last issue, publishes an eloquent and worthy tribute to its late editor from the pen of Dr. T. H. Rand, who was his classmate at Acadia and a life-long friend. From this article we make such extracts as our available space will permit. Dr. Rand writes:

“While at Patridge Island, Basin of Minas, I learned, on the morning of the nineteenth of September, that the beloved editor of the Canadian Baptist had passed to his heavenly rest on the evening preceding. Life's landscape has not looked the same to me, nor to many others, since that hour. One of its central and characteristic features is gone. The noble pine that ever lifted its green plumes higher and higher into the upper air and whispered down its unceasing messages of the Divine, has been caught away to the fields of light. Dr. Wells was one of the trees of God, and ‘God took him.’

I first became acquainted with him as a fellow-student in Horton Academy, in 1855, and the admiration for his character and life then conceived has grown with the passing years, and remains an undimmed possession of my life.”

[The personnel of the class of 1860 was as follows: Silas Alward, William Chase, Andrew P. Jones, Charles F. Hart, Edward Hickson, William Wickwire, Robert Jones, Alfred de Mille, John Y. Payzant, Theodore H. Rand, James E. Wells.]

“In College, as in the Academy, he was a diligent, careful and rapid worker, an all-around student; yet having special delight in economic, moral, and philosophical subjects. He was an independent thinker, and was prepared to follow where honest thinking led. A Liberal in politics, with Radical tendencies, with unbounded confidence in the capabilities of man for pro-

gress, and a passion for bringing the Sermon on the Mount down into the plains and valleys of human society and life,—such was Mr. Wells in his college days. He had surpassing faith in argument as a means of arriving at practical truth. “Let us reason together” was his process and method. His own conduct was wonderfully regulated by his ideal standard, and was ever the expression of an equable and noble spirit,—a man of principle in all things. He was incapable of any form of trickery or meanness. He was, in short, a Christian. He was the most fair and open-minded student I have ever met, with ethical response as true as the needle to the pole. At our graduation, in 1860, the class elected Mr. Wells to be its valedictorian. The parting words of the venerable and beloved President, Dr. Camp, “Quit you like men!” produced a profound impression upon members of the class, and Dr. Wells recalled with deep affection many of these words in a conversation with me less than a year ago.”

After suitable reference to the leading events in Mr. Wells's life,—his marriage to Miss Chase of Wolfville, “a gifted and elect spirit,” his successful educational work at Woodstock, the death of Mrs. Wells in 1879, and his marriage later to Miss Moule, “an accomplished lady of London, Ont.,” his editorial work in connection with the Educational Journal, the Toronto Globe, the Week and the Canadian Baptist, with other important literary work, in all of which Dr. Wells faithfully used his large gifts, and rendered to his denomination and to the world, invaluable service, Dr. Rand proceeds:

“Dr. Wells's life was characterized throughout by the same elements and qualities which appeared so strongly in his undergraduate life—fuller, clearer, diviner, perhaps, but rooted always in the Sermon on the Mount, and in the life and deeds of Him who uttered it. He was a lover of liberty, of the Roger Williams type. Simple as a child, tender, compassionate, his spirit had a divine sympathy for the ills of men and almost as markedly for those of the brute creation. An utter stranger in practice to double-dealing, either in business and the relations of life or in discussion and argument, all who came in touch with him knew him as one of the children of light, of the day—a lover of the truth, ever buying it at any cost, and selling it not; but he cared little to obtrude himself or his name upon public attention. In ways congenial to him he lent his powerful influence to the promotion of our denominational enterprises.

It was he who first suggested to Dr. Fyfe, that it was both desirable and feasible, that we organize an independent Foreign Mission. Every forward movement which promised benefit to the people at large had his support. The higher education of women, found in him an early and strong advocate. He frequently entered the field of the publicist, and always with commanding success. One of his papers in the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, on Tyndall's “prayer gauge,” stands unrivalled as a reply to that distinguished scientist.

His articles on the Manitoba school question, were unapproached in Canada for their keen analysis and logical conclusiveness. His exposition and defence of the policy of our New Testament churches, and the spiritual mission and freedom of the churches, as opposed to state churchism in any form, were always noble and adequate. His treatment of sociological questions, was sometimes startling to many, but always Christ-like, and the direct outcome of the form of Christianity which he embraced in his college days. To him the Sermon on the Mount contained Christ's own summary of the laws of the Kingdom, which he came into the world to establish.

In accordance with these principles, individual Christian citizens are to govern themselves in worldly, as well as religious matters, in all the relations of everyday business, social, industrial, and national life. The columns of the Baptist have borne testimony to his convictions in this matter, and disclosed the fact that his conception of Christianity in this respect was, somewhat different from that which today occupies the field. So deep was his feeling in this matter, that it was his purpose to write a volume in answer to the question, “Is Christianity Practicable?” Alas! death came to him before his thoughts of a lifetime on this subject were committed to paper. He often talked with me respecting it, and I am sure the readers of the Baptist would find suggestive even the rough outline that I can supply of his contemplated book. I shall therefore, a little later, ask space for the purpose.

I cannot close without a reference to Dr. Wells as an educationist. No sounder thinker in this great department ever occupied the editorial chair of a Christian periodical. I may bear personal testimony to the great service rendered by him in our struggle to establish an independent and Christian University. He believed with all his heart in such an institution as affording the highest conditions for the noblest type of university work and life, and his influence was freely used in support of the desired end.”

Business-like Religious Life.

BY ALEXANDER MCLAREN, D. D.

Joash was Jehoshaphat's great-grandson. The interval between them was a time of confusion and of return to idolatry. Jehoram, Jehoshaphat's son and successor, married Athaliah, the daughter of Ahab, and the inheritance of Jezebel's fierce masterfulness. Probably it was by her instigation that her husband followed the example of many heathen kings and made herself safe, as he thought, by the murder of all his brothers, a practice which survived to a recent period in the Turkish dominions. The weakened Davidic house was further reduced in numbers by an invading force of Philistines and Arabians, who killed all Jehoram's sons but one. Ahaziah, who became his successor. He was his mother Athaliah's tool and at her bidding allied himself closely with the house of Ahab, and shared

in their ruin, Athaliah a free and blood-stained usurper royal. One the courage a wife of the 1 Joash. If we seems to have from the glen brave priest great risks, child for six bers attached reigned, the few worships deep marks character of daring devo his debt by hands. But drawn by t religion go, tion of the religion. H external wor his own fai restore temp are engaged of God,” an God who d wardly to C spell of som soon as that We do not his reign Ju temple; but this,” place birth of som assume that to work. T version of Jo They were t ance,” and, scattered th the cities

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in their ruin, being slain by Jehu. His death left Athaliah a free hand, and she soon made it a heavy and blood-stained one, for she ruthlessly established her usurped reign by "destroying all the seed royal." One infant only escaped, who was saved by the courage and devotion of an aunt, who was the wife of the high-priest Jehoiada. This child was Joash. If we take 2 Chronicles 22:11 literally, he seems to have been actually picked out by his aunt from the ghastly heap of dead. At all events, the brave priestess and her husband must have run great risks, and used great caution, in keeping the child for six years hidden somewhere in the chambers attached to the temple. Perhaps when Athaliah reigned, the temple was the best hiding-place, for few worshippers went there. This early training left deep marks on the somewhat weakly, impressive character of Joash. He owed life and throne to the daring devotion of the priestly pair, and he repaid his debt by putting himself entirely in Jehoiada's hands. But when the strong influence was withdrawn by the high-priest's death, Joash let his religion go, and fell back to idolatry. His restoration of the temple was no proof of real, personal religion. He had learned from Jehoiada to render external worship to Jehovah, but we hear nothing of his own faith or devotion. It is easy to build or restore temples without being devout. Many of us are engaged in "the outward business of the house of God," and have small love for, or trust in, the God who dwells there. Many of us adhere outwardly to Christianity as long as we are under the spell of some strong personality, and throw it off as soon as that ceases.

We do not know how soon after the beginning of his reign Joash set about preparing to restore the temple; but the vague date in the lesson, "after this," places it subsequent to his marriages and the birth of some of his children. We may reasonably assume that he was twenty when he set the priests to work. The account in 2 Kings supplements the version of Joash's instructions to them, in the lesson. They were to collect "every man from his acquaintance," and, as the priests' and Levites' homes were scattered through the land, they could reach all "the cities of Judah," and "gather of all Israel."

Joash was in a hurry, as young kings and young beginners of all great works usually are. And he had the experience which all such initiators have, of finding it impossible to whip up other people to go at their pace. "Howbeit the Levites hastened it not." Certainly that is a mild way of putting it, since, according to 2 Kings, nothing has been done to the temple by the twenty-third year of Joash's reign. The priestly tribe can have had no very ardent desire to see the work carried out, if they dawdled thus over it. The temptation to an official class is always to resent outside stimulus to their zeal. Priests have seldom been leaders in religious reformation. Men who "live by the altar" are tempted to think that their living is the main purpose of the altar, and that, if that is secured, nothing else is far amiss. No doubt Joash's collectors had their ardor checked by a fear that what was given for the king's scheme would be deducted from what came to them; and we can fancy their saying to one another: "All this comes out of our pockets at last; we need not push it much."

But whether there were interested motives at work or not, the dilatoriness betrayed indifference, if nothing worse. "He that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster." Wherever "taking it easy" may be permissible, it is sin in God's service. The work is too great, and the time too short, and our powers too small, to allow us to go at half speed. The Christian life is a race—not a leisurely promenade. Every effort should be filled with strenuous effort, which should be as far removed from flurry and raw haste as from trifling and delay. "All things are full of labor;" and if we are laggards, "doing the work of the Lord negligently," we shall leave dreadful arrears undone when the end comes.

So Joash and Jehoiada jointly struck out a new plan, which spared the sums meant for temple restoration, took the collection out of the priests' hands, and secured that the contributions should be used for their legitimate purposes. What a long line of successors that chest, with a hole in the lid, bored by Jehoiada, has had! We may take example of the right way of handling money for religious purposes from the simple arrangements made by Joash and Jehoiada. Note that the contribution was emphatically declared to be a religious act, both by the place of the collecting-box and by the terms of the proclamation which called the people to bring it "for the Lord." A contrast to the motives too often appealed to now, to draw money from reluctant givers! Note, further, that the contributors were glad to give: they "rejoiced, and brought in." Further, the stream of liberality thus evoked flowed steadily, "until they had made an end;" that is, had secured sufficient. It was no spasmodic burst, followed by more closely shut purses, like a winter torrent, that dries in summer heat, but a perennial stream, that did not stop till it had filled the reservoir. Further, we note the precautions taken against misappropriation. The chest was only opened by two responsible officials, one acting on behalf of the king and the other for the high priest, and each being a check on the other. The simple

elementary rule of action is too often neglected. But any man who appeals to the public for money for religious purposes, and handles it without some one standing by to see that none of it sticks to his fingers, is, *ipso facto*, an object of suspicion. Paul was nervously anxious to have another associated with him in dealing with the collection for the poor Judean Christians, "that no man should blame" him; and every wise man—may we not say every honest one?—will refuse to touch other people's money, unless some kind of audit of his accounts is in operation.

The priests had been entrusted with the repairs as well as with the collections, and now both were taken out of their hands; for verse 12 tells us that the money went to "such as did the work of the service of the house of the Lord," who were evidently officers appointed for the purpose, probably experts who knew more about building than priests did. Practical common-sense accompanied religious enthusiasm in the case of Jehoiada and his royal pupil. The holiest enterprise cannot dispense with business-like arrangements. But it is remarkable that there is no trace either of such popular willingness to work as has marked the erection of the tabernacle, or of the forced labor by which Solomon built the temple. The artisans worked for wages, and, apparently, would have built temples to any gods the king chose if they had been paid for their work. There are too often people who will only do Christian service if they are paid for it. Such mercenaries get their reward, and have no claim for any other. Joash and Jehoiada, and every humble giver, are counted by God the true restorers of the Temple, while the men that actually did the work have no title to be recognized as such because they did it only because they were hired to do it.—Sunday School Times.

Ontario Letter.

REV. P. K. DAYFOOT.

As the readers of the MESSANGER AND VISITOR know ere this, we have met with a severe loss in the death of DR. J. R. WELLS editor of the Canadian Baptist. Dr. Wells was a gift to us, of the Maritime Provinces; and were he the only man who has come to us from the east, that would be sufficient to put us under perpetual obligation to our sea-side brethren. The facts of Dr. Wells' life have been already published in this paper, but the writer would pay a grateful tribute to his memory. It was my good fortune to sit four and a half years in Prof. Wells' class room in Woodstock College, and listen to his expositions of English and Greek literature, and I have never heard them surpassed. A man who can make an oration of Demosthenes or a play of Shakespeare fascinating to a room full of half grown lads and lasses, knows how to teach; and that was what J. E. Wells did year after year, for seventeen years. I have heard other men in larger institutions than Woodstock college, but I have not met one who possessed the literary faculty in a larger measure. Moreover, Dr. Wells was a kindly man. No one can estimate the spiritual benefit to successive generations of students, of sitting daily under the tuition of one who in every thought and deed was Christlike and noble; but the student who failed to be uplifted into manliness and uprightness by daily association with such a preceptor, must have been indeed slow of heart and dull of spirit.

As a journalist Prof. Wells was distinguished. "The Week" was a high class magazine, but he was fully equal to its requirements. The "Toronto Globe" had his daily article for months. The "Educational Journal" was a valuable publication while he owned and managed it, and it has fallen flat since he left it. The Canadian Baptist was never better edited than during the nine years of his connection with it; and we were not a little proud when we would see his articles quoted by other papers. Our Heavenly Father has called him home, and his death removes the last of the old Woodstock college staff.

THE PLEBISCITE

is past. The most unique campaign in history, in which a whole nation faced the Temperance Question regardless of politics, religion, or race, is a matter of history. So far as this Province is concerned, the campaign was quiet and most orderly. It was on both sides a campaign of literature. The Dominion Alliance alone published 10,000,000 pages of tracts and leaflets. The Royal Templars and other institutions did proportionately. On the "anti" side, there were hand bills and pocket cards in abundance; but the principal publications were the letters of Dr. Grant, and Dr. Goldwin Smith. The vote in Ontario would certainly have been larger, but for two causes. First, the Plebiscite of 1894, was not followed by any practical result, and many doubted if any forward movement would come from this one. Second, many Liberals refrained from voting because they feared that the Laurier government would be embarrassed if the majority were sufficiently large to make Prohibition a matter of legislation. The result, which has already been made known to the readers of this paper does not in any way affect the Temperance Question. That is just where it ever has been, we will still need to emphasize it, and the very gratifying progress made toward total abstinence during the past twenty-five years, by hundreds of people, will go right on. We have no need to be disheartened. We know where we are, and what we have yet to do.

OBITER.

Rev. J. F. Barker, has resigned at Victoria Ave., Hamilton. The church has called Rev. W. J. Hoyt of Aylmer, and he has accepted.
Rev. T. W. Charlesworth goes from First Houghton to Wallaceburg.
Rev. G. I. Cliff has gone to Quebec city.
Rev. R. Routledge and wife are the latest additions to the missionary staff in Bolivia. They were farewelled at their home in Walkerton, Sept. 12th.
Rev. S. J. Farmer, brother of Prof. Farmer, of McMaster University, has gone to Windsor as pastor.

Rev. Mr. Corkery, late of Windsor, is supplying Brantford First, during the absence of Pastor Spencer in British Columbia.

Dr. Newman will deliver the opening address at McMaster University, on the evening of Friday, Oct. 14. His topic will be, "Graeco-Roman Civilization as a preparation for Christianity."
Fort Hope, Sept. 30th.

The Forward Movement.

Many of the friends of the movement will be anxious to know what progress has been made, and how matters stand, now that we are so near to November 1st, which date marks the time limit set by the conditions of Mr. Rockefeller's pledge.

Nothing has been done by myself since the convention. The unremitting labors of last year, and of this year up to convention time, made it imperative that I take a few weeks of rest before facing the duties of a new college year. Our good brother the Rev. W. E. Hall has, however, been diligently at work at Sackville, in parts of Cumberland county, and elsewhere, and the pledges in hand now towards the sixty thousand dollars which we must raise in order to secure Mr. Rockefeller's gift, aggregate something over \$50,000.

There is yet \$10,000 to be raised. Indeed, if we would actually, as well as technically, complete the work, we must raise not less than \$15,000. Some of those who have given pledges in all good faith will not live to fulfil them. Others will suffer reverses and will be unable to make good their promises. It is inevitable that there will be some shrinkage. Wisdom dictates that this should be provided against while the campaign is on.

As to the prospects of securing this balance, we have unwavering confidence that it will be done. Fortunately we are not to be held to the original time limit. Before deciding to take the respite which seemed to be imperative for the preservation of health, I wrote to the Secretary of the American Baptist Education society, through which society Mr. Rockefeller's promise reached us, and obtained an extension of time until January 1st, if necessary. We have therefore nearly three months in which to complete the canvass.

Plans are already in operation to this end. Bro. Hall has just started for Yarmouth county, to canvass the country churches of that section. Through the generosity of the First Church, Truro, its pastor, the Rev. H. F. Adams is setting out on a three weeks' canvass of the country churches of Colchester county, the college supplying his pulpit during this time. This week the Rev. J. A. Gordon crosses to Prince Edward Island to direct the completion of the canvass there, which was so well begun at the time of the Association. We ourselves resume the work in the Annapolis Valley by visiting Canard and Canning next Sunday. Thereafter, Berwick, Cambridge, Kentville, Biltown, Lawrencetown, Digby, and other places will be visited. Canso also, which slipped from our programme in the summer, will be a point of interest. Later, Main St., St. John, Fairville, Carleton, St. Stephen, St. George, and other churches in New Brunswick, will expect to see representatives of the movement. We trust also, that any individuals who have held back for any reason during the earlier stages of the canvass will now come forward and help in the final effort.

I have expressed confidence that the issue will be a successful one, believing that the churches and committees yet to be visited will display the same loyal feeling towards the institutions in the present crisis, as has been displayed by those which have already been tested. Should there be an unexpected with-holding, it is possible even yet to fail of the goal. May I again bespeak a large generosity on the part of those who have not given, and the prayers of all friends of the work.

T. TROTTER.

P. S.—As I am writing, you will probably expect some word about the opening, which took place two days ago. We opened with a good attendance, and the work of the year has been promptly begun. It is too early to give numbers with certainty, as there are always some late arrivals for this or that reason. We have registered between thirty and forty for the Freshman class. Several have yet to arrive, and forty is the probable number which this class will reach. Six new students have already registered, whose qualifications admit them to the Sophomore class. The aggregate number when all the classes are complete, will give us a fine school.

Wolfville, Oct. 7th.

T. T.

Home Missions in N. B.

The committee, appointed by the Convention at its meeting in Amherst, to carry on Home Mission work in this province, met in this city on the 4th inst. and after careful deliberation organized for work for the current year. Rev. J. A. Gordon was appointed chairman; Bro. E. M. Sippell, Treasurer; and the undersigned, Secretary. An Executive Committee, consisting of the members of the Convention Committee, resident in St. John, together with Revs. A. H. Lavers, J. D. Freeman, A. H. Hayward, J. G. Belyes, E. C. Baker, and Bro. H. H. Ayer, was also appointed.

The churches in New Brunswick, desiring to keep in close connection with our convention in its entire work, will kindly take note of our action, and seek to uphold the hands of the committee in every way possible. We desire that contributions for Home Missions be sent to the Treasurer of Denominational Funds, Rev. J. W. Manning, St. John. This will insure the churches being reported in our Year Book. We hope, because of the needs of many of the weaker interests in this Province, that increased amounts for Home Mission work will be regularly remitted.

To churches needing help, we will be glad if they will report to us, through our secretary. Blank forms will be forwarded to be filled out for needed information, and so far as we can we shall cheerfully seek to aid.

In behalf of the Committee,

J. A. GORDON, Chairman.
G. O. GATES, Secretary.

St. John, Oct. 6th.

* * The Story Page. * *

The Pratt Baby.

"What's to be done with the Pratt baby?" That was the question which was stirring the small village. Answers of various kinds were attempted.

"Mis' Peters says she'd be glad to—"

"But she couldn't with her poor health."

"Mis' Bates might."

"But she won't."

"Mis' Lane's got her hands full a'ready."

"Mis' Dr. Miller hasn't a thing to prevent her doing it."

"Not a chick nor a child—"

"And plenty of money."

But with all the cleverness displayed in fitting duties for other people, the Pratt baby remained homeless, although kindly looked upon as a sort of village protegee.

Its father had been run over and killed a month after its birth. The mother took it hard and wilted out of life, so that by the time the baby was eight months old, it looked out on a world in which it was absolutely without possession, yet with eyes as bright and blue, and cheeks as fair and rosy, as if it had been the child of an empress—perhaps more so.

For the present the baby was "staying on" in the family of Mrs. Garvey, in whose house Mrs. Pratt had rented a small room. Mrs. Garvey had six children of her own, but there was still room in it for another.

"A blessin' 'twould bring to anybody, the sweet cratur! wid its eyes laughin' and dancin' at ye the day long. An' it's meself would niver let it out of the house, but for havin' nobody to stay wid it when I'm out washin'."

During such absences Billy Garvey was detailed as nurse, an arrangement which suited the small boy well, for he hated school and loved the baby. It was his care day and night. Billy knew no joy greater than lay in the touch of its clinging little hand, and its merry laugh, as he performed for its amusement every antic known to boys.

When the first snow came Billy bundled up the baby, and took it out on his sled. The baby and Billy both enjoyed this, though it had its drawbacks. If Billy rounded a corner swiftly the baby rolled off; if he started up suddenly, the baby tipped over backwards. Consideration of these difficulties led to a bright thought on Billy's part. He nailed a soap box on the sled. This he filled with hay, and when he drew it out with his blue-eyed charge no child of the empress was ever lovelier or more tenderly smiled on, no charioteer prouder than Billy.

Up and down the two or three short streets he trotted one mild afternoon. It was market day, and a number of farmers were in from the country. Billy varied his sport by hitching his sled to the backs of the sleighs, thus securing a ride for himself, mounted on a narrow ledge in front of the soap box. Quickly he sprang from one vehicle to another as they came and went, during which capers only the tender Providence which guards the helpless saved the baby's innocent life from being trampled out.

The short winter afternoon was closing in—too soon, for neither Billy nor the baby were tired of the fun. Teams were scarcer, and after a ride behind a homeward-bound farmer, Billy quickly detached his sled and as quickly fastened it to one going the other way, with prospect of another spin. But disappointment waited, for just near the edge of the village the sleigh stopped.

Billy waited, for it was nearly at the foot of a long hill. His adroit scheme was to get himself hauled to the top of this and then take a run down, excited to a wild rate of speed by the delighted crows and shrieks of the baby.

The farmer stayed a long time, and Billy grew tired. Nothing but the prospect of this latest rush down the hill would have kept him. He saw some boys at play a little way back on the street, and went to see what they were doing.

And just in the unlucky moment when his attention was fully engaged, Farmer Crofts hurried out of the store and jumped into his box sleigh. His horses, with the sleigh, had been turned diagonally toward the store; the baby in the soap box was just beyond range of his sight as he came. And in the gathering twilight no one chanced to see the precious morsel of a craft sailing along after the big sleigh, as the horses, tired of standing, sped, not up the hill as Billy had anticipated, but down another road winding out of sight at once.

With one glance Billy had seen the baby safe, with the next his scared eyes saw only vacancy before the store door. With a wild cry he dashed toward where he had left his treasure.

"My baby! Where's my baby? Bring him back—bring him back!"

But sleigh, soap box, and baby, had melted completely into the shadows. Billy ran first up one road, then down the other, at last with a heart full of misery, carrying home his sorry tale.

He could not tell to whose sleigh he had tied the baby,

could not tell in which direction it had gone, did not know how far it might go.

Quickly through the village ran the tragic news.

"Billy Garvey's lost the Pratt baby."

Tears sprang to more than one pair of eyes.

"I—wisht I'd taken it."

"I might 'a,' just as well as not."

"I was just thinkin' of it."

"I would in a minute, if—"

But there were no conditions in the matter now, no prospect of a return of lost opportunity. The Pratt baby was lost, and the village mourned.

Farmer Crofts' horses stepped briskly along in the early evening. The increasing cold and steady motion made the baby drowsy, and like a sensible baby (he was one of the kind who always seemed to do the right thing, in the right time and place—perhaps that was his inheritance in lieu of any other,) he cuddled down into the straw and went to sleep. The farmer did not know of the unusual attachment to his sleigh, until he had put his horses in, and was unloading it of things he had bought. Then he stumbled over the soap box and nearly fell, scattering bundles of groceries about.

"What's this?" Mr. Crofts lifted a lantern he had lighted. The baby held up his head and gave a little gurgle of pleasure at sight of the light.

"Well, I am blessed!" Mr. Crofts holds the lantern closer, then jerked it away as two small balls of hands made a clutch for it. Then he put into another shape his exclamation, the truth contained in which he so little realized:

"Well—if I ain't blessed!"

A look of blank bewilderment came over his face.

"How did you git here?"

If baby and soap box had fallen from the skies, it could not have been a greater surprise. His surprise was none the less when he saw the string and realized how his unexpected visitor had come. What was he to do?

"Well, seein' you be here, I s'pose you can't be left out in the cold."

Not knowing what else to do, he picked up sled, soap box and baby, and carried them into the house.

"Here, Maria," he said, setting his burden on the kitchen floor, "look what somebody's sent you."

Mrs. Crofts gazed in amazement, then in displeasure.

"Jacob, what do you mean? You don't mean that you've let somebody put something on you—"

"No, indeed, I don't. You may get as mad as you like with somebody; but not with me. The sled was hitched onto the back of the sleigh, and come all the way from Bentley."

"Well, I declare! A little mite like that out in the cold. But you see how 'tis—a game of somebody's to put that child on us. They'll be fooled, though."

"Yes. I'll take it over to the poorhouse to-morrow. They can look for it there if they want it."

"They won't look for it. Well" as small grunts and sniffs arose from the box, "seein' it's here, I s'pose we can't let it starve."

"Anyhow, it's a purty little creatur."

The baby had by this time, after much winking and blinking, accustomed his eyes to the lighted room, and was now giving signs of being restless. As Mrs. Crofts approached him with much the look with which she would have regarded a stray kitten (she not liking cats), he, being accustomed to go to everybody, held out his hands with a look of gracious readiness to be pleased if well treated.

"Well, it is kind o' bright."

The baby took eagerly the warm milk brought for him, then settled back into Mrs. Crofts' arms with a look of perfect content with the existing state of things. Mrs. Crofts laughed.

"I can't set here holdin' a baby. You take him while I set things on."

She held him while the meal was eaten, then again passed him over to the farmer. Baby made a dash for the busy, half gray whiskers, burying his laughing, dimpled face among them with crows and coos, which plainly invited a game of romps of the baby order. This was, however, soon over.

"He's goin' to sleep."

There was something pathetic in the peaceful trust with which the lids closed over the blue eyes as the pressure of the small head became heavier on the arm. It went to the heart of the Pratt baby's new caretakers.

"It's a cold day, Jacob," said Mrs. Crofts the next morning. "I've got a conscience, if I am set agen' bein' put on, and I don't like the idee of that little creatur takin' a long ride such a day. Tomorrow 'll be milder, may be."

To-morrow was milder, but Mr. Crofts remarked:

"A day or two won't make no difference, now he's here."

On the third day a boy rushed into the house with a cry:

"O, my baby! I've found you—ain't I? How came

I ever to let you git away from me?"

And the Pratt baby pulled Billy's hair and poked into his eyes and rubbed his pink cheeks against the freckled ones with such little crows and squeals of delight as brought a distinct pang of jealousy to Mrs. Crofts' heart.

"Is he your'n?" she asked Billy.

"Yes. Leastways—I mean—he's the Pratt baby. He lives to my house. I've come for him. The sled's right here. I'll soon fix him up." Setting the baby on the floor, Billy made a rush to the shed and soon brought in the soap box.

"Stop," said Mrs. Crofts, as Billy spied the small hood hanging on a nail, "if that baby's got to ride into Bentley to-day he ain't goin' in a soap box, Jacob," she called into the back yard, "I want you to hitch up and drive into Bentley. This boy's come for the baby. Says it's his'n," with a slight quiver in her voice, "and if he's to go he's got to go comfortable."

"Who'd 'a' thought anybody'd ever be wantin' the poor little chap." The farmer's surprise was complete when his wife appeared wrapped for the ride with the baby in her arms.

"I'm goin' to see him safe with them that has the right to him," she said, firmly. Adding, with some severity: "And that won't let him go cavortin' over the country in a soap box on a winter day."

Billy wilted at this, but was sustained by his joy in the recovery of the baby, comforting himself by little pokes at the soft bundle covered up in Mrs. Crofts' arms, to make sure it was safe there.

Its warmth reached the innermost recesses of her heart—a pain with it at thought of the lonely house to which she would go back without it. It had been but a few hours in which the strange, unlooked-for, unwelcome visitor had been under her roof; and yet day and night the little presence had borne a growing sweetness. How its baby voice had filled the silent house to which she shrank from returning!

The return of the baby was heralded by triumphant shouts from Billy.

"He's back! He's back! I've found him! We've got him!"

Men came to the store doors to listen, and women ran out of small houses with shawls over their heads. A small crowd had gathered by the time Mrs. Garvey's door was reached.

It was Billy's intention to snatch the baby and rush in with a wild whoop. But Mrs. Crofts held on to it and walked with dignity into the house.

Mrs. Garvey seized the baby and wept over it a torrent of Irish fondling, while the other women waited their turn for a hug as a babel of tongues arose.

"I'm willin' to say I'm ready to take that blessed baby—"

"I'd decided to do that myself—"

"—I'm able to do well by him, and—"

"—I was with his mother to the last, and I've the best right—"

Mrs. Crofts looked about on the clamoring women.

"Which of you is the mother of this child?" she asked.

A blank silence for a moment, broken by Mrs. Garvey. "It's meself would have been glad enough to take the darlint when there was no one else to do it, but for—"

"I'm ready to do it now—"

"I can give him a good home."

"Well," Mrs. Crofts arose, and with an authoritative air took the baby from the hands of the woman who had just then chanced to be caressing it, this baby came to me, all unbeknown, ridin' by itself in the winter night. If the Lord didn't send him I'd like to know why. If anybody else wanted to care for him it's a pity they didn't find it out before. I'm goin' to take him home and keep him, and if the town authorities wants to interfere they'll know where to come for him."

She strode toward the door, but stopped at sound of loud sobs from Billy, her face softening into a beaming smile. "You come and see him whenever you want. He's to be your'n yet, all the same."

The town authorities never saw fit to find fault with the home which Billy had found for the Pratt baby.—N. Y. Advocate.

* * * *

Goethe's last words, when his sight was failing, are said to have been, "Open the shutters and let in more light." More light is what every son and daughter of Adam needs to-day, and we can have it by coming closer to Him who is the light of the world.

Happy are we who live in an age when "names and creeds and altars fall, and our Christ is all and all." For He and He alone brought to the world emancipating truth; He is the universal solvent; the search-light of the mind, and the dynamo of that love which is the only inexorable force of which we are aware.

All the really best things in human life are as accessible to the poor as to the rich.

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The Apple Woman.

TO MY FRIEND B. N. B.

It seemed years since she had first come there, the grey old woman who sold apples from a small handcart on the corner, such a dirty corner, of one of the dirtiest streets of the great crowded city. To the business men, who turned the corner to go to their offices, she was merely a feature of city life. They never bought of her, and had she been gone, but few of them would have missed her. To the pale, dirty faced, street arabs, she was just the old woman who sold them small worm-eaten apples, 3 for a cent, when they had stolen, begged or earned a cent. Poor waifs of humanity. How did they know that her apples were wind-falls. Probably in all their miserable half starved lives, they had never seen any other kind of apples.

They never stole from her, perhaps because her voice was harsh, and her eyes had a bitter look in them. Perhaps though, they had never seen the bitter look that was there, or perhaps it never came into their small wicked hearts to grab an apple and run, and then she could tell the "cop," and the cop on that beat, was a terror to small boys.

So the years went by, each one finding the old woman older and harsher, and the gray hair got white, and the faded skin got yellow, and the bitter look in the eyes went out. The boys grew up to fill their many places in the great city of poverty, and sin, pride and plenty. Some found them in the saloon, some at the gambling tables, and some few of them, who had a spark of manliness, that had been fanned into a flame, worked for honest bread. But the most of them preferred the dens of vice. Had they not been brought up in them? Other youngsters grew up to buy the 3 for a cent apples, and wonder sometimes why the old woman at the apple stall was so cross, and one of the brighter ones, with eyes that saw everything once said, "she had awful ugly eyes," and didn't like "kids." Oh there had been a time when she loved them, there had been a time when the white hair, had been a glossy brown, and the thin sharp face, had been round and plump, when her lips had been full and red, and there had been a wonderful light in the clear brown eyes, the holy light of motherhood, a deep sacred light, when she looked on the child at her breast, his child and hers. He never came now, but the child was left, and the light in her eyes shone clear, and she waited, sometime he would come, he would want to see it, the beautiful fair-haired baby was a link between them.

But one day the link was broken, and baby went to be with the beatified, and the holy look went out of the earnest brown eyes. The hope had gone, he would never come now. Long years after he came to the old apple woman, an old man, with the marks of the sinful city, dropped a few pennies into the trembling thin old hand, and took a few worm-eaten apples. The light came back to the old eyes, as they watched him till he went down, and out of sight, watched him, then she sat down by her stall, and the light left the eyes again, and the bitter look came back, and her voice was harsher than ever, when the children from the alley came to buy her apples. What had that dirty old man to do with her child now? Did he look as though he could claim one of the bright angels of the kingdom? And his child, and her's was in the other City. She wheeled her cart away that night with a firm, quick step, and when she got to the three-flight attic room, that was home, she went to the piece of broken glass, that was nailed to the wall, not for use, because she never used it, but all houses have looking glasses. No, why would he think that the brown eyed, rosy cheeked girl, and the faded, yellow-skinned, old woman, who sold him apples that day, were one?

The next morning the bitter look had gone out, and the harsh voice was still, and as his child and her's met her at the gate of that City, the beautiful look of holy motherhood, came back to her face, and the bitter look that was in the eyes of the old apple woman, at the dirty corner, of one of the dirtiest streets, of the great crowded city, never could be in the eyes, from which God had wiped the tears.

NADIE.*

* Miss Hattie Nade Blair Heard, who was early called above.

A Little Girl's Letter.

Queen Victoria received from a little girl a petition which was quite irresistible. The letters addressed by unknown persons to the queen do not usually meet her eye, as their number is great, and their character often indicative of unsound minds; but the epistle from this child the queen's secretary deemed worthy to be brought to her attention. It began thus:

"DEAR QUEEN: I let my doll fall into a hole in the mountain: and as I know that the other side of the world belongs to you, I wish you would send some one there to find my doll."

The little girl believed the hole went clear through the earth, and that the queen could easily have the doll hunted up on the other side.

The queen was much amused at this petition; and though she was unable to grant it, she could send a new doll to the little girl, and this she proceeded to do.—Our Sunday Afternoon.

The Young People

EDITOR, J. B. MORGAN.

Kindly address all communications for this department to Rev. J. B. Morgan, Aylesford, N. S. To insure publication, matter must be in the editor's hands on the Wednesday preceding the date of the issue for which it is intended.

Prayer Meeting Topic—October 16.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Gospel in Isaiah, Isa. 54:4-6.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, October 17.—Isaiah 55. "Come unto me—and your soul shall live," (vs. 3). Compare Matt. 11:28. Tuesday, October 18.—Isaiah 56. Others to be gathered to him, (vs. 8). Compare John 10:16. Wednesday, October 19.—Isaiah 57. With whom God dwells, (vs. 15). Compare Psa. 138:6. Thursday, October 20.—Isaiah 58. The vanity of mere fasts, (vs. 3). Compare Mic. 3:14. Friday, October 21.—Isaiah 59. The law of recompense, (vs. 18). Compare Rom. 2:16. Saturday, October 22.—Isaiah 60. "The light is come," (vs. 1). Compare Mic. 4:2.

The Bible in the Prayer Meeting.

Topic, Oct. 16: The Gospel in Isaiah. Isaiah 53:4-6. Yes, the Gospel, for what is the Gospel save a message of free grace for sinful men because of the atoning death of Jesus Christ? Not only is the tragedy of Calvary the central point of history, it is the central point in God's message of love, that which makes the Gospel of Jesus an evangel indeed unto poor, dying humanity.

And how much, and how clearly does Isaiah teach of the atoning work of Christ! Why, in the passage before us there is so clear an explanation of this great doctrine, that, if the gospels were lost, and simply this fifty-third chapter of Isaiah left, we are persuaded there would be enough left to save souls.

There are three interested in the work of the atonement—God, Jesus and man. Man's part was to fall into sin and thus be in need of a Savior; God's part was to have compassion; Jesus' part was to die that man might live. Now see how clearly these three elements are distinguished in the lesson before us.

"All we like sheep have gone astray." "He was wounded for our transgressions." "Our iniquities." Alas! Man's part in this great work is too well known for us to speak further of his pitiable role. Sin, the cause of all woe; sin which nailed the Saviour to the cross; sin, which has ever exerted itself to make men and women miserable, entered the world through man. In him it made its abiding place. And like the viper in the bosom, it has ruined the one who gave it entrance. It has changed man, perfect from the hand of God, into a creature of vilest imperfection. It has separated between man and God. It has separated man within himself, and set a raging war within his members. It has weakened man and killed him.

"Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows . . . he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities." It is said that Handel, while composing the "Messiah," was found bathed in tears as he was setting to music the words: "He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." And well he might, for he was face to face with the story of the most poignant grief in the history of woes.

See the price Christ paid for souls. Follow him from the upper room in Jerusalem to the grave of the Arimathean, and see his suffering at every step. Human friends fail him, and he rushes like a wounded hero from them to his father. Heaven hears not his cry, and Jesus upon the cross is forced to exclaim, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

Why such great grief, such heart-wrenchings, such horror of black darkness in the soul of Jesus as he wept and prayed in Gethsemane? Other men have gone bravely to death. Why not he? Isaiah tells us. He was "smitten of God and afflicted." "The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all." Compare with this the saying of Paul in 2 Corinthians 5:21: "Him who knew no sin he made to be sin on our behalf." Jesus was made to be sin—this thing he hated with the utter abhorrence of his soul. For the once God was to forget that he was his Son, and was to lay upon him the "chastisement" the "stripes," the "sorrows" due our sins. Thus was he "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." Jesus' suffering in Gethsemane and upon Calvary was not external; it was internal. Under the great load his great heart broke. He died, literally, for us. Thus we see Christ's magnificent estimate of the worth of a human soul.

We see more. We see God's great love for a lost race, for his part in this drama was no less magnificent than that of Jesus. He loved. He pitied. He had compassion and great mercy. For the moment, he wrought the miracle of forgetting his Son that he might remember

sinners. "The Lord hath made to light on him the iniquity of us all" is the beautiful and literal statement of Isaiah. He turned a deaf ear to the Son, and caused for a few brief hours to rain upon the Son of Mary all the pent-up wrath of outraged deity due a world of sinners from the fall of Adam to the end of time. This beautiful world, with all its glory, is not such a proof of the love of God as the death of Jesus Christ.

All this, the old evangelical prophet teaches, and this, and much more, is the gospel in Isaiah.—Junius W. Millard, in Baptist Union.

October Conquest Meeting.

The fascinating story of the twenty-five years of Baptist missionary effort in the "Sunrise Kingdom," is being most delightfully told in the Baptist Union, by Rev. T. P. Poate of Sherman, N. Y., a former missionary among that far-off people, under the caption "Leaders and Triumphs in Japan." His articles possess the charm of the story book, while they are rich with the spirit of apostolic Christianity. They deserve to be read by every Maritime Unioner, that we may know what our American brethren have been accomplishing, during the last quarter of a century, in the land of the Mikado. With them and the other material, available in the Baptist Union and elsewhere, at our command, the October conquest meeting ought to be one of thrilling interest in every church. If you have never attempted this work, the present time is most opportune for a beginning. This first topic of the new year's course, if carefully pursued, will we are satisfied inspire you to further effort. Begin at once to reap the reward of enlargement of knowledge, sympathy, and life, which is incident to increased acquaintance with our world-wide missionary enterprises.

In addition to the sources of information mentioned in the Union of September 17th, we are pleased to be able to say, that the following leaflets, upon work in Japan, can be obtained from the W. B. M. U. Bureau of Missionary Literature, by addressing Miss Margaret Wood, Amherst, N. S., and enclosing stamp, in addition to prices quoted: Japan for Christ, 2cts; Trip to Morioka, 5cts; New Japan, 2cts; Some curious things about Japan, 2cts.

Kings County, N. S., B. Y. P. U.

The B. Y. P. U., of Kings Co., will meet in annual convention at Waterville, on Monday, October 24th. There will be sessions in the afternoon and evening, and probably in the morning also. A splendid programme is in course of preparation, of which a detailed announcement will be presented next week. Let every Baptist Young People's Society in the county, see that its delegates are duly appointed and duly sent. And let us pray also for the blessing of the Holy Spirit:

"Ye are God's husbandry." A farmer is known by his farm; fences, field, stock, buildings tell the story of drunkenness or sobriety, shiftlessness or economy, idleness or labor. Different sections of America tell the story of different immigrant life by the style of farming. "Ye are God's tillage." The world judges Him by us. Broken down fences, shabby buildings, run down stock, weed burdened gardens in Christian character, reflect upon God's care of us. "Ye are God's buildings." Architects and builders are known by their work. National life expresses itself in and through buildings; We judge men and nations by buildings; character shows itself in work. Every Christian life is a plea for, or condemnation of, God. Do you give God wood, hay, stubble, or gold, silver, or precious stones for material, in following out God's plan? Do you take heed how you build? Christ is the vine, and we are the branches, God is the Husbandman. Christ's life in us, God's care for us shows itself in but one way: fruit. Not only the branch, but the Vine and the Husbandman are judged by the fruit. The only witness the world can have is the fruit. The only way the world can know the Spirit is by the fruit of the Spirit borne and ripened by Christians. Paul, as God's witness commended himself to the consciences of men; not to their sense of beauty, nor to their artistic tastes; but to their consciences. The witness who commends himself to the consciences of the jury carries conviction. Do we as witnesses for God commend ourselves to men's consciences: do they trust in us, believe in us? then will they come to trust God.—Gifford.

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently or imperceptibly as we wake or sleep, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—Canon Westcott.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR:

"We are laborers together with God."

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.

For a revival of missionary zeal among our pastors and churches in the home land, and a great outpouring of God's Spirit upon our missionaries and native helpers, that this year may witness many won to Christ

Pandita Ramabai.

(Abstract of her letter to "Bombay Guardian.")

The purpose of the Lord in sending me to America was to teach me some very precious lessons. While taking notes on the teaching of the Swami (Hindu) visitors to America, and its effect on certain minds the Lord showed me very clearly that the world will love and honor what is its own—that as long as I have any part or compromise with the world I shall not be used of God as a witness of His truth; the Lord also revealed to me—that even with the open Bible in one's hand, if one does not prove the religion of Jesus Christ to be the religion of heavenly life by experimenting on it, the scripture may become a dead letter. The great need in every land is that followers and preachers should live a supernatural life, looking ever unto Jesus and implicitly following his commands.

SCHOOL-TEACHER—MISSIONARY.

Although I have been much interested in mission work, I never felt called to be a missionary. While in America I realized as never before that the last command "Go ye," was not meant only for the apostles but for all the disciples. No amount of education or anything else can save poor India. In the Gospel of Christ which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," is her only hope. So I asked the Lord to send me back to my country a very different woman from what I was when I left home. I went away as a school teacher, but now I am glad to tell you that the Lord has filled me with an intense love for my people and sent me home a preacher of the Gospel to win some lives for Christ.

GLAD TO GET BACK.

I had a great deal of time to pray, and thought much about my people, and the prospect of returning home made me feel very glad, and when at last I saw the dim outline of India's shores, I thanked God. A young Hindu who was returning home after a year's residence in England said, "Why, you look as if you were glad to get back," I said, "yes, I am very glad"—and asked him if he were not glad also. He said, "not particularly." These two words express the feeling of the great majority of my countrymen. They like their country in a way, but one never knows what true love is till one's heart is filled with love to God. The false philosophies which teach them to be indifferent towards everything and the devotion to unfeeling, unempathetic gods have taken away all beautiful feelings from the heart of my people. The words of that young Hindu made me feel very sad and as the sky grew dark and the rain pelted, I prayed God to pour down heavy showers of his Holy Spirit, so that our land may be flooded, washed and cleansed of all its sins and idols.

PRAY FOR 200,000 NATIVE EVANGELISTS.

About six weeks ago the Lord put a new thought in my heart—that I may pray God to raise 100,000 women from among the native Christian people, to so fill them with the Holy Spirit and with the Word of God, that it may become as a burning fire shut up in their bones so that they may be consumed with the holy zeal of telling the way of salvation to their neighbors. When I presented this petition at the Keswick convention, the Spirit of God said to me, "Why don't you ask for 100,000 men evangelists." Two hundred thousand native evangelists in one year! This may seem impossible to us; if so let us believe that God is as able to perform a miracle to-day, as He was two thousand years ago. The Foreign Missionaries have done a hundred years faithful work and the Lord has blessed their labor of love with nearly a million converts and their children. But the Holy Spirit has convinced me long since, that a great duty rests upon the Christian natives of this country—that of carrying the blessed Gospel to their heathen brethren and sisters sitting in the region and shadow of death.

"THE TIME IS NOT YET COME."

A few months ago the President of U. S. made a call for volunteers—in a few weeks an army of 120,000 was raised, and more than six hundred million dollars was readily given. This fact made a great impression on my mind. The call of one great Captain has gone forth for volunteers to preach the Gospel and to lay down their lives for their brethren and if some of us answer the call, we think we have done something very great. It requires a great deal of time and thought for us to decide to obey the call of our Heavenly Ruler. "The time has not yet come," or "I do not know that I am called at all to be a missionary," are some of the excuses which the devil presents, when conscience begins to prick us on the question of preaching the Gospel to every creature. "This people say the time has not yet come." Is it time for you, O ye, to dwell in your ceiled houses, and this house be waste. Therefore thus saith the Lord of Hosts "Consider your ways."

Have only touched upon the main points of Ramabai's long and inspiring letter. Sisters, hear you not the

battle cry! "Forward!" the call! Send along your best equipped to lead this campaign! Can it be true that America sends to the foreign field only twenty-one out of each one hundred thousand of her church members? Can it be true that her average contribution to the expenses of the battle is less than eighty cents per member? Can it be true that while you have a minister to each seven hundred people, India, with its almost three hundred millions of perishing, perishing souls, has hardly one preacher, native or otherwise, to each one hundred thousand of her population.

In the Ashanter rebellion, when the commander of a certain English troop was unwilling to personally select the given number of men to undertake an extra hazardous task, he said he would turn his back and ask every man who would volunteer to step out behind him one pace from the line. When he again faced them the line was unbroken. "What!" exclaimed he, "is there not a man among you ready to volunteer in the hour of your country's need?"

"If it please you, sir, the whole company has volunteered and every man is a pace forward from the line on which he stood before!" This is the obedience which Christ expects and which he will assuredly bless. Now! now! let us fall into line! Who would wish to stay the blessing?

Chicacole, Aug. 30.

MABEL ARCHIBALD.

The Baptist Hants Co. Convention held its quarterly meeting at Lockartville on Sept. 13, 14. Tuesday evening was given to the W. M. A. Societies. The half hour devotional meeting led by Mrs. Burpy Shaw of Falmouth was opened by singing, "Blessed Assurance." The 50th Psalm was read and nicely commented on by the leader. The time was very profitably spent in praising and asking God for His blessing on our meeting. Mrs. Nalder then took the chair and the meeting was opened by singing "Rescue the Perishing." Rom. 10 was read and prayer offered by Pastor White. Minutes of convention at Rawden was read by the Secretary. It was voted that letters of sympathy be sent to Sister Young's friends at Falmouth and Mr. C. H. Burgess of Chiverie. These two dear sisters since our last convention have been called to a higher service. "They rest from their labors but their works do follow them." Prayer by Mrs. Robbins. Echoes of Amherst convention by Miss Laws, also a financial report of the W. B. M. U. for last year. A letter was read from Pandita Ramabai by Pastor Huntly. Mrs. Nalder gave a financial review of seven years for Hants Co. In 1898, the sum raised was \$380.66. She then gave a very interesting address telling many thrilling incidents. Music by the choir "Launch out into the deep." Pastor White of Hantsport gave an excellent address on our work in the North West; highly extolled the work of our pastors there. While "Speed away" was being sung, a collection of \$3.50 was taken for the North West.

B. A. REES, Sec'y.

Nictaux Falls.

The "Sunbeam" Mission Band gave us a rich treat on Sept. 25, which was enjoyed by all present. It was a season that lifted us above the common levels on which our every day life is spent, and gave us mountain visions, of the heights our boys may attain, in service for their Master. These enlarge the boundary of our horizon. They kindle the glow of enthusiasm, yet they will mean little to us, after all, if the vision does not bring a new sense of duty we owe to our dear boys and girls and those around us. This society is, I believe, doing good effective work, under the energetic leadership of its President, Miss Abbie Cohoon. The programme was one of unusual interest, and can be secured from the President. We shall hope to hear again from the "Sunbeam" Mission Band.

MRS. J. W. BROWN.

Foreign Mission Board.

Our Foreign Mission Work.

DEAR FELLOW WORKERS.—Two months of our convention year have come and gone. It is natural, though not at all fitting, that there should be some let up of effort at the close of the year. Pastors are taking their vacations, and the churches are given time to breathe, before again taking hold of the Lord's work in downright earnest. It must be borne in minds however, that this work goes right on, summer and winter, the needs are the same, and recur with constant regularity. There is no let up in this work for the Master, and there can be none until the kingdoms of this world, become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ. Now that churches and pastors, are settling down to the work for another year, and are we keeping in mind the needs of the millions beyond our sight, who have never heard of a Saviour, and His love for lost men? These have the greatest claim upon the best energy of brain, and heart, and hand. Mighty reasons exist why this should be so, the greatest and most potent of them all is, that the Lord who bought us with His blood, demands that we should give to others, as soon as possible, what we have received ourselves.

This is a time for earnest prayer, and continuous effort. Every three months with persistent regularity, the Foreign Mission Board must send to the workers on our mission field, at least \$3000. There should be at least one prayer meeting every month for this work. Our Young People should observe their Conquest meeting, and make

it, as they can, the best meeting of the month, and every member in all our churches, should be given the opportunity to do something, to give the gospel to those who are living without a single ray, to gladden heart and life.

We are living in a time that calls for the best there is in us all. The forces of evil are on the alert as never before—God's people ought to be as wise and active in their day and generation. Brethren, in this warfare, we must be united, and stand shoulder to shoulder.

Never was our Lord's command more strikingly important than now, "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." The Lord has greatly blessed His people in their Foreign Mission work, during the past year, but not any more so than in previous years. The seed has been sown, it takes time to germinate. Before there can be the full corn in the ear, there must be first the blade. Brethren, the march of divine providence, opening wider and wider the doors of all the earth, that "the righteous nation, which keepeth the truth, may enter in," is a challenge of our God to His people, whether they will be true to Him, whether they will have fellowship with His thought and purpose, whether they will follow where He leads.

From our mission fields, as well as from all others, come tidings of blessings upon our work, and appeals for greater help to meet the appalling needs. Our missionary periodicals, which bring the freshest and most inspiring facts, should be read by all our people. Pastors, Sunday School officers, and B. Y. P. U. leaders, should be constantly instructing those under their charge. The work demands this, because the people so soon forget.

Constant reminder, is a necessity, if we would have the largest and best results. Brethren of the churches, the Foreign Mission Board invites your co-operation, your sympathy, and your prayers. The work is not ours alone, it belongs to the Baptists of these Provinces, to every member of our churches. We are simply your agents, in carrying on the work. We depend upon you, and look to you under God for the needed help. We invite the closest examination, of what we try to do for the Master. To Him we look for grace and strength, and His smile is our reward. Your Secretary invites correspondence upon any phase of the work, he desires to be helpful in every possible way, in the cultivation of the missionary spirit—which is the Christ spirit; and to the best missionary results in all your churches. Brethren if you want his help, be kind enough to let him know.

Your fellow worker,

J. W. MANNING, Sec'y-Treas. F. M. Board.

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"Some years ago my hair began to fall out and I became quite bald. I was advised to try



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and had used it but a short time when my hair ceased to fall out and a new and vigorous growth made its appearance. My hair is now abundant and glossy."
THOS. DUNN,
Rockville, Wis.

P. E. I. Conference.

A small but interesting meeting of the P. E. Island Baptist Conference was held at Bedeque, Sept. 26 and 27th. The subject of Temperance naturally occupied the first evening, and Pastors Brown and Grant gave earnest appeals for greater zeal on the part of those still indifferent. The reports from the churches received on Tuesday morning were most favorable. All the fields have been manned for the summer and all but two have pastors for the winter. One of these we hope to see soon occupied. Baptisms were reported by several of the pastors. The subject of shortage in the treasures of the denomination was discussed, and the feeling seemed to prevail that with the fields so well manned, we could raise the \$1,000 asked by the convention. A committee was appointed to apportion amounts to be recommended to each church. This committee will send to each pastor the amount to be raised by his church.

Much regret was expressed at the loss of Pastor Corey from our number and resolution was passed with regard to him, expressing the highest appreciation of his many Christian character and his work as pastor, preacher and advocate of temperance and other moral reforms. Mr. Corey has always taken a deep interest in the denominational gatherings and has contributed largely to their interest and success. Both he and Mrs. Corey will be greatly missed and long remembered on the Island. The prayers of their brethren is that they may be greatly blessed on their new field of labor. Many kind things were said of Pastor Corey in support of the resolution. He leaves the Island much loved by pastors and people, over its entire extent.

A communication from Dr. Trotter showed that the canvass for the Forward Movement had not yet been completed. It was thought best to have some agent of the college visit the remaining fields and co-operate with the pastors. It is hoped that Rev. J. A. Gordon will visit the Island and complete the work next month. Pastor Warren, who has lately returned from his trip to England and Scotland, entertained us with a description of some of the preachers he saw and heard while abroad. He is full of information and will doubtless give us many treats in the coming months.

Conference meets in December with the Clyde River church.

C. W. JACKSON, Sec'y.

New Brunswick Convention Receipts.

Collection at Convention, \$52.24; President G. G. Ring, \$50; Brussel street ch, \$17; 2nd Harvey ch, \$5.75; Alma ch, \$3.75; 2nd Moncton ch, \$2.50; Leverett Estabrooke ch, \$3; Havelock ch, \$2.24; Shediac ch, \$4; W. E. Nobles, \$5; H. Price, for Danish Mission, \$1; York and Sunbury quarterly meeting, \$7.66; Rev J. W. S. Young, \$10.74; Mr. John Hetherington, \$2; Miss Hattie Turner, \$1; Miss R. A. Powell, \$2; Gibson church, \$5; Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska quarterly meeting, \$6; M. S. Hall, collected for annuals, \$3.91; 2nd Moncton church, P. M., \$2; York and Sunbury quarterly meeting, F. M., \$3.84; Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska quarterly meeting, F. M., \$6; Mrs. E. A. Brunster, H. M., \$1. Total \$200.63.

J. S. TITUS, Treasurer.
St. Martins, N. B., October 1.

Notices.

The regular sessions of the Queens County Quarterly meeting and the Queens County Baptist Sunday School Convention will meet with the New Canaan Baptist church, Friday, October 14, at 2.30 p. m. Large delegations are requested from the churches and Sunday Schools.

F. W. PATTERSON, Sec'y-Treas.

The Queens Co. N. S. Quarterly meeting will convene with the North Brookfield Baptist church on Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 25th and 26th next. First session opens at 7.30 p. m., on Tuesday. A large delegation desirable.

W. L. ARCHIBALD, Sec'y.

The next Session of Yarmouth Co. Baptist Sunday School Convention will be held with Temple church, Thursday, Oct. 27th, at 9.30 a. m. A special effort is being made to have this session one of unusual interest and helpfulness to all Bible School workers. Will every Baptist Sunday School in Yarmouth Co. begin now to pray and to prepare for this session of our Convention, and be sure to be represented in it? A "question box" will be one feature of the excellent program being prepared. State your difficulties and perplexities in writing, and bring them to the Convention. Send me the names of your delegates by Oct. 25.

W. F. PARKER,

Oct. 4th Chairman Executive Com.

Disordered Kidneys.

Perhaps they're the source of your ill health and you don't know it. Here's how you can tell:— If you have Back Ache or Lame Back. If you have Puffiness under the Eyes or Swelling of the Feet. If your Urine contains Sediment of any kind or is High Colored and Scanty. If you have Coated Tongue and Nasty Taste in the Mouth. If you have Dizzy Spells, Headaches, Bad Dreams,—Feel Dull, Drowsy, Weak and Nervous. Then you have Kidney Complaint.

The sooner you start taking **DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS** the more quickly will your health return. They've cured thousands of cases of kidney trouble during the past year. If you are a sufferer they can cure you.

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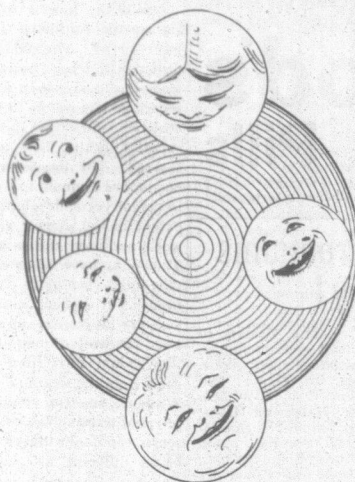
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6.25M Yankee-week days—for Fredericton,
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Montreal and all points West, Northwest and
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treal, and Dining Car to Mattawamkeag. Pull-
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Montreal; 7.30 p. m.; Boston 8.00, X 7.45
p. m.; Portland, 7.00 a. m., 11.00 p. m.; Bangor
4.30 a. m., 2.05 p. m.; Woodstock, 6.20 a. m., 4.18
p. m.; Houlton 6.35 a. m., 4.30 p. m.; St. Stephen
4.40 a. m., 4.40 p. m.; St. Andrews 5.50 a. m.,
U 7.20 a. m.; Vancoboro 8.52 a. m., 6.05 p. m.;
Fredericton 8.00, 9.20 a. m., 7.20 p. m. Arriving
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Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Cure Nervous Headache, and Make Life Worth Living —They Remove the Cause of the Trouble, Quickly and Completely.

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Simply by removing the cause of the trouble.

In nine hundred and ninety nine cases out of every thousand, Nervous Headache is caused by bad digestion.

Make the digestion perfect, and the Nervous Headache will vanish just as surely as a scaffold falls when its supports are removed.

Now Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets make digestion perfect. They themselves digest the food.

That's how they cure Nervous Headache. Try a box, and be convinced. To try them is to be cured; to be cured is, surely, to be convinced.

No Gripe

When you take Hood's Pills. The big, old-fashioned, sugar-coated pills, which tear you all to pieces, are not in it with Hood's. Easy to take

Hood's Pills

and easy to operate, is true of Hood's Pills, which are up to date in every respect. Safe, certain and sure. All druggists. 25c. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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It may be a sign of some serious malady fastening itself upon the vital parts.

Puttner's Emulsion

will dislodge it and restore the irritated and inflamed tissue to healthy action.

Always get PUTTNER'S, it is the Original and BEST.

Travellers

Should always carry with them a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

The change of food and water to which those who travel are subject, often produces an attack of Diarrhoea, which is as unpleasant and discomforting as it may be dangerous. A bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in your grip is a guarantee of safety. On the first indication of Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea or Dysentery, a few doses will promptly check further advance of these diseases.

It is an old, reliable remedy, with over forty years of cures to its credit, whose merit is recognized everywhere and one that the doctors recommend in preference to all others.

Sold by medicine dealers everywhere at 35c. a bottle. Always insist on the genuine, as many of the imitations are highly dangerous.



Physical Training for Women.

One of the lessons to be learned from the results of athletics for women is not hard to read. The sudden attacks of acute disease which have overcome some of the women who have been most successful in securing honors in tennis and other athletics, show that the coveted prize of superior health has not always been secured. The diseases which have hitherto been more common to the sterner sex have in recent years, developed to an alarming extent among women who go out in the world and meet the same strain as men. The young have fallen victims to diseases that should belong to old age and decayed tissues. If women, with weaker muscles and inferior physical strength, are driven to do the work of men, it is inevitable that they should suffer from the diseases that come from the wear and tear of such work. While no one can doubt the value of a physical training for women, no one in his senses can doubt that their training should be as different as possible from man's training. To preach co-education on such lines is to preach absolute folly, as every medical man and unprejudiced medical woman knows. The fact that some women have been eminently successful in some athletics which have belonged to men hitherto proves nothing. These women may have been overtrained—that is, developed to accomplish certain things physically at the sacrifice of the general strength. Cases of overtraining among college students and others are not uncommon. The high standard of athletics maintained among the students of certain colleges makes necessary a regulation diet and general regimen. The folly of women attempting similar sports without any regulations in diet need not be dwelt on. At best such training among women would be only a makeshift affair. Why, therefore, attempt it at all? Let a woman's physical training in school be as thorough as possible and calculated to develop the womanly form on the most perfect outlines, but therefore as diametrically different from the training of a man as possible. Physical trainers who exhibit angular, undeveloped bodies as a result of training are poor exponents of their art. The trainers who fitted women for the stage and the old-fashioned dancing master did better. The developed a higher type of womanly form. It is expected that training for women will go far beyond what they did. Let all parents who desire what is wisest and best for their daughters as for their sons speak and act decisively on the subject of training. It is a vulgar fad at present for women to attempt masculine sports. It is also a dangerous fad, which all refined, wise people should emphatically discourage. Women will best prove their right to all the advantages which they now enjoy in coeducational institutions by maintaining a high standard of womanliness, which has always been the highest ideal of the wisest and noblest women.

French Sauces.

In addition to the multitude of delicious sauces that owe their excellence to ope of the two foundation sauces of French cookery, there are several sauces that stand alone by themselves, and are dependent on no foundation sauce, either dark or light.

One of the most important of these is maitre d'hotel butter. This butter is simply mixed with lemon juice, seasoned with salt, if the butter is saltless, and finished with a little chopped parsley. Yet how few cooks can mix a tablespoonful of butter with the juice of half a lemon so as to make them in an even mass! Add the touch of salt needed and the teaspoonful of fresh parsley, and thus prepare the sauce so that it brings out the flavor of the broiled meat or fried fish on which it is used without asserting its own flavor. This sauce is one of those used on delicate meats or fish.

A Hollandaise sauce is the best of fish sauces, and one seldom used on meat,

suitably used on some rich, boiled vegetables, like cauliflower or kohlrabi. To prepare this sauce, slice one small white onion, add half a dozen whole peppers, half a bay leaf, and let the whole fry in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, and when it froths add three cups of chicken or veal broth, or, if these are not in the house, water will do. Mix well, add a teaspoonful of salt, and let the sauce cook slowly for half an hour. Meantime beat the yolks of three eggs with the juice of a lemon. Add this mixture slowly to the hot sauce by first adding a little of the sauce to the yolks of the eggs, and then stirring it with the remainder. Do not let the sauce boil any longer, but continue stirring it. Add a tablespoonful of butter, and mix well. A pint of this sauce is sufficient to serve with fish for six persons.

A Bearnaise sauce is used with beefsteak and other broiled meats. Chop fine two shallots or two small white onions. Put them into a saucepan with two tablespoonfuls of tarragon or chervil vinegar and five whole peppers crushed a little. Reduce the vinegar until it has been nearly absorbed, and beat six yolks of eggs with the mixture left, after cooling it beat them well in. Add a tablespoonful of salt and twelve tarragon leaves chopped fine. Set the saucepan containing the ingredients of the sauce in a larger pan of boiling water, and beat it until it thickens; then add a tablespoonful of beef extract, strain the sauce, and use it at once.

Tomato sauce is made without a foundation sauce. First fry two tablespoonfuls of chopped carrots and white onions, a pinch of minced ham, a spray of parsley, a spray of soup celery chopped fine, half a bay leaf and six peppers, using two tablespoonfuls of butter. Add a quart of ripe tomatoes or a can of tomatoes, and let the sauce cook for forty-five to thirty minutes according to whether fresh or canned fruit is used. Strain the sauce through a sieve. It is used on fried chops, broiled cutlets and occasionally on fried fish. The directions for making a mayonnaise sauce are familiar. A tartar sauce, which is excellent on broiled chicken and on fried fish, is a mayonnaise sauce with a chopped cucumber pickle, a small onion grated, an extra teaspoonful of mustard, and a teaspoonful of capers added to the regular rule.

Hollandaise sauce is often the foundation of other sauces which are used with fish. To make a lobster sauce, color a pint of Hollandaise with a lobster coral and add a cup of chopped lobster meat. An oyster sauce may be made by adding twelve oysters to a pint of Hollandaise sauce. Shrimp sauce is used by adding a teaspoonful of shrimp butter to half a pint of Hollandaise sauce, to color, and flavor it by adding the meat of twelve shrimp tails.

A Pretty School Dress.

New Creations from Discarded Materials.

In every young girl there is a natural and inherent desire to look pretty and attractive, and nothing gives greater delight to the ordinary school miss than an occasional new dress.

Before the advent of Diamond Dyes, the large majority of our school girls had to content themselves with two dresses a year—one each for summer and winter. Now, with the magical virtues of Diamond Dyes, mothers in even very moderate circumstances are enabled to send their girls to school as neatly and stylishly dressed as the daughters of well-to-do families.

A little feminine tact and skill that all women possess, with the aid of a ten cent package of Diamond Dyes, will do wonders for our school girls.

Every mother has put aside one or more dresses too old and faded for herself or daughters. It is a mistake to imagine that these dresses are worthless. With a little simple work in coloring and re-making you can have really artistic effects and results.

Take one of the old dresses and try your skill. First remove all grease spots and stains, then prepare your bath of Diamond Dye—the color most becoming to a miss who is to wear it—and dye according to the simple directions on the envelope, and you have a creation in new material, which, when made up, your daughter can wear with pride and satisfaction.

A new and pretty dress at a cost of from ten to twenty cents is always your reward when you make use of the Diamond Dyes.

Thin in flesh? Perhaps it's natural.

If perfectly well, this is probably the case.

But many are suffering from frequent colds, nervous debility, pallor, and a hundred aches and pains, simply because they are not fleshy enough.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites strengthens the digestion, gives new force to the nerves, and makes rich, red blood. It is a food in itself.

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* The Sunday School *

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

Fourth Quarter.

ISAIAH CALLED TO SERVICE.

Lesson IV. October 23.—Isaiah 6:1-13.

Read Ezekiel, Chapters 2 and 3.

Commit Verses 5-8.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me, Isa. 6:8.

EXPLANATORY.

I. ISAIAH AND HIS TIMES.—I. His Name means "The salvation of Jehovah."

2. His Home was in Jerusalem.

3. His Lineage. We only know that he was the son of Amoz (1:1). The Rabbits have a tradition that he was cousin to King Uzziah, and of the royal blood.

4. His Wife is called the prophetess. "From this we must infer," says Professor Sayce, "that she also, like her husband, was endowed with the gift of prophecy."

5. His Children. Two children are named, and both names were given as prophecies to the people; Shear-jashub, "A remnant shall return," and Maher-shalal-hashbaz, "Speed-spoil-hurry-prey."

6. His Writings. In addition to the book which bears his name, he was the author (2 Chron. 26:22; 32:32) of a history of the reign of Uzziah, and of a work containing an account of the reign of Hezekiah.

7. Period of Prophesying. Isaiah prophesied during the reigns of Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz, and Hezekiah (1:1). If he began in the last year of Uzziah (6:1), B. C. 758, according to the common chronology, and lived into the first year of Manasseh, B. C. 697, then his prophetic ministry extended over sixty years. If we can accept the Assyrian chronology, and make Jotham for most of his reign contemporary with his father, then Isaiah's ministry extended from B. C. 737 to 686, fifty-one years.

II. ISAIAH'S VISION.—Vs. 1-4. I. IN THE YEAR THAT KING UZZIAH DIED. He well remembers the date of his spiritual birth. Isaiah, to enforce the previous prophecies, refers back to his call to his work, and shows how he came to be a prophet, and his authority. I SAW IN A VISION, in the court of the temple, looking within; at least the temple furnished the framework of his vision. But soon, "the veil of the temple falls away, and everything behind it. No ark nor mercy-seat is visible, but a throne and a court—the palace of God in heaven, as we have it also pictured in the eleventh and twenty-ninth Psalms." THE LORD SITTING UPON A THRONE. "Isaiah describes no face, but only a presence and a session." HIGH AND LIFTED UP. Far above all things, all nature, all powers and principalities, in goodness, in power, and in glory. AND HIS TRAIN. His royal robes, resplendent and flowing, as an expression of his glory.

Compare (1) the vision of Christ as seen by John in Rev. 1:13-17; (2) the vision of Ezekiel (1:26-28); (3) of Habakkuk (3:3-6); (4) of Daniel (7:9, 10).

2. ABOVE IT. Around it, above and around this Royal Presence. STOOD THE SERAPHIM, "flame bearers," "burning ones." Compare the cloven flames of the Day of Pentecost, the symbol of the Holy Spirit who sent out the disciples to convert the world. EACH ONE HAD SIX WINGS. Suggesting their readiness and swiftness to carry God's commands. So in Psa. 104:4 are the ministers, or servants, "a flaming fire." WITH TWAIN HE COVERED HIS FACE. In reverence and awe, for the divine glory was too bright for even the eyes of "seraphic love," to gaze upon. WITH TWAIN HE COVERED HIS FEET. The whole lower part of his body, in the same feeling of reverential fear. AND WITH TWAIN HE DID FLY. According to Delitzsch, holding himself in his place by the hovering motion of his wings, as the stars are balanced in the sky, or as an eagle floats in the air.

3. AND ONE CRIED UNTO ANOTHER. HOLY, HOLY, HOLY. This is called the "Trisagion," or thrice holy. The word is repeated for emphasis, to express the superlative of holiness. "In God is found the final degree of exalted, limitless, inexhaustible excellence, in the whole universe." THE LORD OF HOSTS. Of the whole universe, organized as into nations, workers, armies, and choirs; all angels, all stars and worlds, all forces, all principalities and powers. Jehovah is Lord of lords, and King of kings. THE WHOLE EARTH IS FULL OF HIS GLORY. Or as in R. V. margin, "The fulness of the whole earth is his glory." Every part shall manifest his glory to the utmost corner.

4. THE POSTS OF THE DOOR. "The foundations of the thresholds. MOVED AT THE VOICE. Trembled, vibrated, as we have felt in a great church at the sound of

the great organ. THE HOUSE WAS FILLED WITH SMOKE. Not of cloud and mystery, but of the incense of praise, kindled on the altar of incense by the seraphim songs.

III. CONVICTION OF SIN, AND FORGIVENESS.—Vs. 5-7. 5. WORK IS ME, FOR I AM UNDONE. "I am lost." BECAUSE I AM A MAN OF UNCLEAN LIPS. His words, the natural expression of his heart, were sinful. I DWELL IN THE MIDST OF A PEOPLE OF UNCLEAN LIPS. He partook of the nature and the sins of his people, even when he did not sin by direct act. The slime of the streets in which he lived, clung to his garments. FOR MINE EYES HAVE SEEN THE KING. His conviction of sin arose (1) from the contrast of his own soul with the thrice holy King. Comparing himself with others around him, he might feel that he was quite good. His light shone brightly among other smoky lumps. But when he placed it in the light of the sun, it was darkness rather than light. He now had visions of goodness inconceivable before. He never even dreamed of such possibilities of excellence. (2) He felt the contrast between himself and the singing seraphim. Even they veiled their faces before the King, how much more should he! (3) The light shone through him, and revealed his own heart, with all its imperfect motives and thoughts. (4) He was in the presence of "the fiery fact that God's whole nature burned with wrath towards sin." God hates sin with his whole being.

Compare Peter's experience when Christ wrought the miracle of the fishes.

6. THEN FLEW ONE OF THE SERAPHIM. God's messenger, as Evangelist to Bunyan's Christian. HAVING A LIVE COAL, or "a glowing stone."

7. HE LAID IT UPON MY MOUTH. His unclean lips, on the sin. THINE INIQUITY IS TAKEN AWAY. The assurance of forgiveness from God accompanied the visible expression of forgiveness, not only for himself, but in behalf of the whole people of unclean lips to whom he was to be sent. AND THY SIN PURGED. Cleansed away. Seraphic love, the *me plus ultra* of love, consumed his sin, as fire burns up refuse.

IV. THE CALL.—Vs. 8. Having been cleansed, he was prepared to listen to the call of God, and carry, as the seraphim to him, the altar coals of sacrificial love and forgiveness to his nation. 8. WHOM SHALL I SEND? To show the vision of God, and the way of salvation. "God wants volunteers, not conscripts." THEN SAID I, HERE AM I; SEND ME. The whole vision not only prepared him to do the work, but inspired him to yield to the call. It was blessed to serve such a God, with the seraphim and angels. It was blessed to impart to others his own sweet experience. It was blessed to show his love and gratitude by making God known.

V. THE DISHEARTENING WORK TO BE DONE.—Vs. 9-12. 9. GO, AND TELL THIS PEOPLE. This is not to be his first message to them, as his prophecies show, but is to be his message when they have rejected God's word; a frequent message, but always after they have hardened their hearts

to the offers of mercy. HEAR... BUT UNDERSTAND NOT. Go on as you have been doing, hearing the warning as a sweet song, and seeing the signs of coming evil, but only as a dream, a fiction.

10. MAKE. By preaching the truth, by urging to repentance, by proclaiming the true God, just as God hardened Pharaoh's heart by the works of mercy and power intended to "soften his heart." Go on and do your duty even though these effects follow. THE HEART. The source of feeling; the seat of conscience and the moral nature. FAT. Dull, covered up so that outside things will make no impression. THEIR EARS HEAVY. Dull of hearing. SHUT THEIR EYES. From a word signifying "'to spread thickly," "to smear over," to do to any one what happens to diseased eyes when their sticky secretion during the night becomes a closing crust." "Spiritual sight, spiritual hearing, spiritual feeling, are to be taken from them, their eyes becoming blind, their ears deaf, and their hearts covered over with the grease of insensibility."

11. LORD, HOW LONG? Will this be the only result? When will there come something better? UNTIL THE CITIES BE WASTED. Describing the captivity which was to come upon Judah one hundred and fifty years later. The declension had already begun when Isaiah began to preach, and all he could do would not prevent it.

Why was this sad picture of failure presented before Isaiah at the very beginning of his ministry? (1) To keep him from being disappointed and discouraged when

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



"PUBLIC OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

An important department in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, a weekly magazine founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728.

It will give the story of important current events the world over in a condensed form. It will explain and interpret; it will throw light on many puzzling questions, on the meaning and relations of events that come to the general reader. The newspapers do not usually tell the beginnings of national and international troubles—there are usually "missing links" in their story. These lapses the *Post* will fill out.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST as it is To-day

A good magazine is a good newspaper in a dress suit. It should have all the brightness, interest, enterprise and variety of the newspaper, with the dignity, refinement and poise of the magazine. The *Saturday Evening Post*, the oldest periodical in America, is a high-grade illustrated weekly magazine, equal in tone and character to the best of the monthlies.

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

From the Churches.

BURLINGTON, KINGS CO., N. S.—On Oct. 2nd it was my privilege to baptize one happy believer in Christ, Mr. Frank Colwell. We expect to visit the baptismal water again soon.

GEO. L. BISHOP.

HAMMOND, HILLSDALE, KINGS CO., N. B.—On Sunday last a young woman was baptized by Rev. R. M. Rynon.

CHURCH CLERK.

NEW CANADA.—The New Canada Baptist church is very happy in the Lord's work. Last Sabbath three more were added to our number by baptism. Others are inquiring the way. Last Sabbath an unusually large number met at Communion. A blessed season of fellowship was enjoyed.

D. W. CRANDALL, Pastor.

Oct. 7th

NEWCASTLE, NORTHUMBERLAND CO., N. B.—Four more were received into the church at Newcastle, on Sabbath, Sept. 25th, two by baptism, and two by letter. The work goes steadily forward over the whole field. We hope to send encouraging reports from both Whitneyville and Lytleton, in the near future.

Oct. 4th.

E. C. BAKER.

NEW GERMANY.—As we are about settled on our new field of labor, I thought a few words to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR would be opportune. It was no easy matter to leave the kind friends at Sydney, who showed us much kindness even to the last moment. May the Lord reward them. But on coming here we are thrown again among warm-hearted friends. They are ever on the alert to do us every kindness. Our congregations are large and attentive. The church is deeply interested in all church work, and we trust that a united effort will avail much. We have not yet visited much of the field, but in so far as we have associated with the people, they have a large place in our hearts. There is breathed forth in their prayers and testimonies, an earnest expectancy for a rich and lasting blessing. That this may be fully realized, is our humble prayer.

Oct. 3rd.

H. B. SMITH.

KINGSTON, N. S.—For sixteen months I have been serving the Lower Aylesford church. From the inception to the close of the pastorate nothing but harmony prevailed. We have to record very pleasant happy work with this church. Only the pressing call from the H. M. Board of B. C. caused this step to be taken at this time. In our leave taking we desire to express our gratitude to all the members of the church and community, for all the kindnesses shown us during our stay. It is gratifying to know that the pastorate work will go on without any interruption. Pastor Josiah Webb has been called to this work and is already on the field. The past records great blessings given to this field, and much of good the devoted membership has done in the world. May it be that a larger blessing and service shall come to pastor and people in the days to come.

Oct. 7th

H. H. SAUNDERS.

Pastors and Parents Attention!

Many young men and young women are continually coming from the Provinces to Boston, to make it their home. Many of them come to meet strange faces; to quickly forget, among the attractions of a large city, the influences of a Christian home.

THE FIRST JAMAICA PLAIN BAPTIST CHURCH—Centre Corner of Mytre Street, Rev. Ralph M. Hunt, Pastor, desires to meet these young people, and therefore asks your aid. Jamaica Plain is one of the pleasantest suburbs of Boston, where one can live cheaply and be removed from the vices of a large city. If you will send the name and address of any coming to this part of Boston, they will be visited and invited to our services.

N. B. Home Missions.

The Board met in St. John, on the 4th inst. Brethren present: Revs. S. D. Irvine, C. N. Barton, G. W. Springer, W. E. McIntyre, E. C. Corey, S. H. Cornwall and J. H. Hughes and Bros. N. B. Cottle, T. Hetherington, M. C. Macdonald, M. D., F. W. Patterson, M. S. Hall, W. E. Nobles, E. L. Strange, E. W. Elliott, T. H. Hall and J. S. Titus.

Communications and reports were pre-

sented from Revs. W. J. Rutledge, N. P. Gross, C. C. Burgess, J. W. Gardner, T. Todd, H. G. Colpitts, J. W. S. Young, M. Neales, P. O. Rees, Geo. Howard, F. C. Wright and Wm. McGregor and Bros. A. T. Hicks, I. Tingley, W. E. Carpenter, H. G. Colpitts and G. Hammond.

The following grants in aid of fields were ordered by the Board: To Tobique Valley, \$100; Lower Woodstock, \$25; Canterbury, \$50; Nashwaak and Glencoe, \$50; Queensbury, \$100; Cardigan, \$25; Keswick, \$50; Doaktown, \$100; Baillie, \$100; Greenwich, \$100; Tabernacle, \$100; Fairfield, \$50; Harcourt, \$100; St. Marys and Buctouche, \$100; Shediac, \$50; Calhouns, \$35; Cape Tormentine, \$100.

The request of the late Rev. Benjamin Jewett, amounting to \$500 which comes to swell the present year's receipts, will materially aid the Board in the operations of the year. We trust many others who have the cause of God in New Brunswick at heart will in like manner remember it.

Rev. J. W. S. Young was appointed general missionary, beginning October 1st. A committee on Colportage was chosen, consisting of Revs. S. H. Cornwall, S. D. Irvine and Bro. W. E. Nobles, and it was resolved that they be instructed to employ one colporteur at once, and another by January 1st. These brethren will be employed to visit the families and Sabbath schools of the different sections, distributing our denominational literature wherever possible.

With the success of past years before us the Board has been encouraged to widen its operations during the present convention year. The churches, aid societies and Sabbath Schools of the province are urged to continue their support as liberally as in previous years and with the blessing of God we trust great good will be done. All funds intended for this work are requested to be sent to the treasurer, Bro. J. S. Titus, St. Martins. W. E. McIntyre, Sec'y. Chipman, Oct. 6th.

Forward Movement Fund.

Geo W Wallace, \$5; N N Bentley \$50; J W Oakes, \$10; Mrs P Sanders, \$10; W Foster, \$1; Thos. Gay, \$5; J A Paulkner, \$5; H C Creed, \$10; Estabrook Bros., \$5; H F McLeod, \$1.25; Geo E Coldwell, \$1; Lucie Corbett, \$1; John N Steves, \$1; J S Faden, \$1; Mary Jackson, \$10; W H Allan, \$2; T S Rogers, \$25; D R Ross, \$2.50; S J Cann, \$2.50; Thos. C. Frost, \$2.50; F H Silver, \$10; Mrs F H Silver, \$3; Edgar Silver, \$5; L M Smith, \$250; Mrs A Smith, \$100; A S Cochran, \$1; Antoinette Wyman, \$2.50; J A Thompson, \$5; W H Newcomb, \$2.50; C W Magee, \$1; S Mosher, \$5; B Witter, \$2.50; B J Hubley, \$1; A H Weir, \$1; Mrs A B Falis, \$1.25; Miss C Robinson, \$1; Mrs M S Pineo, \$5; Mrs Wm. Borden, \$1; Mrs D H Martin, \$2; S H Mitchever, \$5; Mrs R Caldwell, \$5; S J Baker, \$5; W C Moir, \$5; Miss L Read, \$1; Mrs B C Corten, \$1; C McGrant, \$50; Waters Cook, \$2; S Cook, \$2; Spurgeon McMillan, \$2; Ira L Giffin, \$1.25; Mrs Wm. McMillan, \$1.50; Ira Fenton, \$5; A C Giffin, \$2.50; A E Soulis, \$3; H. Spidle, \$5; Rev E P Churchill, \$3; R. Newcomb, \$2.50; H O Dodge, \$1; J E Manning, \$1; R N Beckwith, \$6.25; W L Eaton, \$1; Mrs J C Morrison, \$1; Mrs H G Esty, \$2.50; E D King, \$25; H E Haley, \$15; J D Manuel, \$2.50. Total \$707.50.

S. B. KEMPTON,

Dartmouth, Oct 6th.

Personal.

Rev. J. W. Tingley, Pastor of the Hebron church, is spending in New England a well earned vacation, which is proving to be very pleasant and profitable to him. Having visited the charming town of Hopkinton, N. H., where he was pastor of the first Baptist church for two years previous to coming to Hebron, he was tendered a grand reception by his many friends in this town together with the people of his former charge, who on this occasion presented him with a purse of money sufficiently large to more than pay all his vacation expenses. He is very thankful to God for such loyal and generous friends. Mr. Tingley is now in Providence, R. I., visiting one of his brothers.

The associates and instructors in Newton Theological Seminary, of the late Winfield Scott Redden, of Windsor, N. S., have united in adopting resolutions expressing their high appreciation of his character, their sense of loss at his removal and their sympathy with the bereaved family.

Rev. Josiah Webb has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Lower Aylesford church and is about entering upon his labors there. May this union of pastor and people prove to be a very happy and prosperous one.

ROYAL Baking Powder

leaves neither acid nor alkali in the food.

In raising food in the old-fashioned way, with cream of tartar and soda, there is either an acid or an alkali remaining. The cream of tartar and soda bought from the shops vary greatly in strength, so that no one but a chemist after analysis can use

them in the proper proportions to obtain a neutral result. A little too much cream of tartar, and there is an acid residuum. A little too much soda, and there is an alkaline or soapy taste left.

Royal is compounded by expert chemists who determine by analysis the quality of all ingredients and admit none but the most highly refined. The result of its work is accordingly pure, sweet, wholesome food which can be eaten without discomfort by those of most delicate digestion. The Royal saves labor to the housewife amounting to more than its cost.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

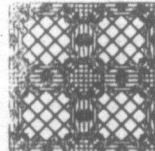
Rev. H. H. Saunders has resigned the pastorate of the Lower Aylesford church to go to British Columbia. We can assure our brethren in the West that Mr. Saunders will prove a valuable acquisition to their ranks. We are heartily sorry to have so valuable a man go from us, but, as it is so ordered, we trust that Bro. Saunders may enjoy happiness and large success in his work in the Pacific Province.

We much regret to learn that we are about to lose the services of one of our ablest and most esteemed ministers, in the person of Rev. J. H. Foshay, who, we learn, has resigned the pastorate of Zion church, Yarmouth, and accepted a call to Middleboro', Mass. It is stated that the condition of Mr. Foshay's health makes it necessary for him to seek, for a time, a somewhat easier field of labor. We are sure that all the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR will hope that Mr. Foshay's health will soon be sufficiently restored to enable him to return and to give many years of fruitful service to the denomination in these provinces.

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METALLIC CEILINGS and WALLS?



They are beautiful enduring, don't need renewing, and don't get shabby like other styles of interior finish.

They can be easily cleaned without hurting the decoration and in addition are fire proof and hygienic.

If you care for an estimate send outline showing the shape and measurements of your walls and ceilings.

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Mrs. Catherine Doleman will be agent for the MESSENGER AND VISITOR for Lockeport and Lydgate Post Offices, for the remainder of the year 1898 and 1899.

Tuesday evening about five o'clock as a special C. P. R. freight train was running near Hartland a fearful accident occurred, the running over and killing Edward Culbert, a boy about 15 years of age. He had been out to a dance the night before and going up the track sat down to rest and fell asleep. The body was terribly mutilated.

If you buy for cash

you naturally look for the store with the best values. Not the lowest price goods—it has been proven over and over again, that it is poor economy to buy a cheap article. It has always been our policy to sell a good article at a reasonable price, and to never—knowingly—handle trashy and unreliable stuff. On this basis we solicit your business. We have a long-established reputation for Black Suits—every quality from \$20 to \$40.

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Merchant Tailor.

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The use of the recently invented office labor saving methods and appliances. The course of study which has qualified our students to take and to hold almost every important position in St. John, not to mention success abroad.

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59 Garden St., St. John, N. B.

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BIRTHS.

KEITH.—On the 2nd inst., at Hartland, to the wife of W. D. Keith, a son.

ALLABY.—On the 5th inst., at the parsonage, Mahone Bay, wife of Rev. E. A. Allaby, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

WOOD-PATTEN.—At Oxford, Sept. 28th, by P. D. Nowlan, Nathan W. Wood, to Mable F. Patten.

SIMPSON-RUSHTON.—At Oxford, Oct. 1st, by P. D. Nowlan, Robert C. Simpson, of Mount Pleasant, to Ruby E. Rushton of Kolbec.

McMILLAN-GIFFIN.—In the Baptist church, Isaac's Harbor, September 28th, by the Rev. J. W. Manning, B. A., William H. McMillan, and Constance E. Giffin, all of Isaac's Harbor, N. S.

DUNHAM-FOSTER.—At the residence of George Foster, 101 Victoria Street, on the 21st ult., by Rev. J. A. Gordon, M. A., Malcolm Dunham, and Nellie Foster, both of Johnston, Queens County.

COLLINS-HUGHES.—At the parsonage, on the 21st ult., by Rev. J. A. Gordon, M. A., Benjamin B. Collins, and Jessie E. Hughes, both of Houlton Maine, U. S.

MILLS-REYNOLDS.—At the residence of the bride's father, Granville Ferry, N. S., on Wednesday, Oct. 5th, by Pastor G. J. Coulter White, assisted by Rev. J. B. Giles, Robert Mills, jr., and Blanche Reynolds, daughter of Capt. T. W. Reynolds.

GRANT-GREEN.—At the parsonage, Lawrence town, Wednesday Sept. 21st, by Rev. L. F. Wallace, Clarence Grant, of Williamston, N. S., and Bessie Green, of Bricon, N. S.

MURRY-ROBINSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents Penobscot, Sept. 28th, by Rev. E. C. Corey, Lewis Murry, to Miss Mary M., eldest daughter of Daniel Robinson, Esq., all of Cardwell, Kings Co.

BROWN-DEBOW.—At the residence of the bride, by Pastor R. M. Bynon, W. O. Brown, of St. Martins, to Mrs. A. DeBow, of Uppertown.

ANDREWS-COOKE.—At Vancouver, Sept. 27th, by Rev. W. F. Stackhouse, Edward Andrews, of Vancouver, to Bertha Cooke, youngest daughter of J. P. Macdonald, Acadia mines.

DEATHS.

JONES.—At Jordan River, Shelburne Co., Sept. 30th, Thomas N. Jones, aged 38. For some time he held the post of Quarter Master on the Steamer Yarmouth of the Yarmouth S. S. Co. where he was a universal favorite. A wife and two small children mourn, but not without hope of a joyful meeting.

SABEAN.—At Port Lorne, July 28th, Ruthanna, beloved wife of William H. Sabean, aged 57 years. Sister Sabean had a strong assurance of her acceptance with God, and died submissive to his will. She leaves a large family, to whom she gave wise counsel, and who have the comforting assurance that she has entered the heavenly rest.

HAY.—At Fredericton, N. B., Sept. 30th, Mrs. Phoebe J. Hay, relict of the late George H. Hay, aged eighty-nine years and eight months. Mrs. Hay professed religion in early life, and for upwards of sixty years, was known as an exemplary Christian. Two years ago her husband, with whom she had lived happily for sixty-one years, preceded her to the spirit world. Since then she has been listening for the summons that would call her to meet him, in the presence of their common Lord.

BENJAMIN.—Much sympathy is felt for Mr. S. P. Benjamin and family, of Wolfville, N. S., in the loss of their eldest son, Aubrey E., who died Oct. 2nd. He was a promising young man, greatly beloved by his friends. Some years ago he professed faith in Christ, and joined the Baptist

church. His faith proved his great comfort in the closing hours of life. His latest words were, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," and, behold, "he was not, for God took him."

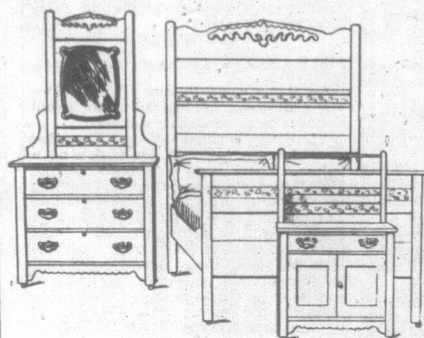
MARSHAL.—At her home in Williamston, N. S., after a painful illness, Mrs. Calvin Marshal passed away on the 11th of July, aged 68, she left her husband and ten children, who mourn the loss of a faithful wife and loving mother. It was a sight seldom witnessed, to see her ten children follow their mother to the grave. During her suffering she was patient and resigned to the will of her Saviour, whom she had served for 21 years. She was baptized at Port Lorne, by Rev. J. W. S. Young, during a revival under his labors in the spring of '77. The funeral was conducted by her pastor, assisted by Rev. Isa. Wallace, and was attended by a large number of friends and neighbors, by whom she was held in high esteem.

ARMSTRONG.—At Forest Glen, Victoria Co., N. B., entered into her rest, Sept. 23rd, aged 83, E. Ann Armstrong, wife of the late Sutton Armstrong, who preceded her to the spirit land fourteen years from the day of her burial, she leaves five daughters, eighteen grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren. Truly she was a mother in Israel. She professed faith in Christ, and was baptized by Rev. Charles Henderson, and joined the Forest Glen church at its organization, in 1878. She ever manifested a deep interest in all religious work, the prayer and conference meetings being her chief delight, until disease and age prevented her from attending the house of God. The funeral was attended by Pastor D. F. Millin, the text chosen was II Cor 5:6. A large gathering was present, to pay their last respect to one who is safe in the arms of Jesus.

BISHOP.—At Baltimore, Albert Co., Sept. 22nd, William Edward Bishop, aged 68 years, passed to his eternal rest. During his illness he suffered very severely, but seemed to bear it with Christian patience. Bro. Bishop was baptized some 49 years ago, by Rev. Mr. Marshal, and united with the Baltimore church, of which he remained a member until death. For a number of years he was clerk of the church. He leaves a sorrowing widow, three children, five brothers, and one sister, to mourn the loss of one much beloved. The attendance at the burial clearly showed that the departed had a large circle of friends, and was respected by those who knew him. May the Lord bless and comfort the sorrowing widow, and children, and may all who are connected with the family be prepared, when death shall come, to enter into the rest, to which we trust our departed brother has gone.

BENTLEY.—At Upper Stewiacke, N. S., Tuesday, Oct. 4th, Deacon William Bentley, aged 65 years. On the preceding Saturday, while loading grain, Bro. Bentley fell from the load to the ground, sustaining injuries which proved fatal. When about twenty-three our brother was led to trust the Lord Jesus for pardon, under the faithful labors of the late Rev. T. H. Porter, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Upper Stewiacke Baptist church. Bro. Bentley was constitutionally unpretentious, and retiring, but possessing more than ordinary intelligence, and talents, was soon appointed to the deaconship, and performed its duties faithfully and well, and to the entire satisfaction of his brethren. He was deeply interested in all that pertains to the welfare of the cause of God. He was eminently a man of grace and prayer; the pastor and church can never forget his prayers, always reverent, earnest, and powerful, bringing us very near to the throne of the Eternal. He loved the church and her institutions. I think it can safely be said, that from the time he gave his heart to God, that he never willingly missed a service in the Lord's house. He loved the courts of the Most High; and now in the house not made with hands, he is always present. He was very decided in his views of Christian doctrine and ordinances, and yet liberal in his views and feelings toward others. While naturally and strongly, attached to the church and denomina-

BEDROOM SUITES



We are now showing a splendid range of low priced BED ROOM SUITES, well made and finely finished in every way. Illustration above shows our \$10.50 Suit, Fancy Shaped Mirror 16x20 in. Write for Catalogue

Manchester Robertson & Allison

Notice of Sale.

To Christopher J. Weldon, Eleanor F. Weldon and Emma G. Philips, and all other persons whom it may or doth concern:

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage, bearing date the Fourth Day of May, A. D. 1891, and made between the said Christopher J. Weldon, therein described as formerly of Doncaster, in the Province of New Brunswick, but now residing at Pasadena, Los Angeles County, in the State of California and United States of America, Gentleman, and Eleanor F. Weldon, his wife, of the first part, Maria A. Street and Louisa E. Street, both formerly of St. Andrews, in the County of Charlotte, Spinsters, of the second part, and duly registered in the Records of the City and County of Saint John in Libro 38 of Records folio 541, 542, 543, 544 and 545, said mortgage having been duly assigned by said Maria A. Street and Louisa E. Street to the undersigned Alexander M. Phillips, there will for the purpose of satisfying the moneys secured by said mortgage, default having been in the payment of the principal, interest and other moneys secured by said mortgage, be sold at public auction on SATURDAY, the TWELFTH day of NOVEMBER, next, at the hour of Eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at Oubay's Corner, so-called, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, the lands and premises mentioned and described in said Indenture of Mortgage as follows, namely: "All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in that part of the City of Saint John, in the Province of New Brunswick, which was formerly called Portland, heretofore leased by one Ann Simon to one John Gregg, by indenture of lease bearing date the first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty-six, and therein bounded and described as follows: 'Commencing at the junction of the Indian town Road (now Main Street) and Douglas Road, thence running westerly along Indian town Road thirty feet, six inches, thence southerly and parallel with said Douglas Road one hundred feet, thence easterly and parallel with the said Indian town Road thirty feet, six inches to Douglas Road, and from thence northerly along the western line of said Douglas Road to the place of beginning,' together with all buildings, erections and improvements thereon being, and the rights, members, privileges and appurtenances thereto belonging or in any manner appertaining, together also with the leasehold interest in said lands and premises mentioned and described in said mortgage and assigned to the undersigned Alexander M. Phillips by said mortgagees."

Dated this fifth day of August, A. D. 1898. ALEXANDER M. PHILLIPS, Assignee of Mortgagees.

AMON A. WILSON, Solicitor to Assignee of Mortgagees.

To make Good Butter



one must have good milk and this comes only from healthy cows. The blood must be kept clean and pure, and the digestion good to ensure this result. There is nothing so good for this

purpose as Dick's Blood Purifier. This preparation is specifically made for milch cows and possesses real merit and power to do what is claimed for it. Given regularly with good food it will convert a mere hide and bones structure into a profitable member of the herd.

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25 and 50 Cents a Package.

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Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

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for electric, gas or oil, give the most powerful, softest, REFLECTORS, cheapest and best light known for churches, halls and public buildings. Send size of room, book of light and estimate free. Don't be deceived by cheap imitations. I. P. FRINK, 551 Pearl Street, New York.

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on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St. Montreal

News Summary.

The Yarmouth Woollen Mill property was sold Monday to Mr. S. A. Crowell for \$3,200.

Partridges are reported very plentiful all over the province and many are being shot.

A special despatch from Shanghai says the announcement of the death of the Emperor is confirmed.

It is announced at Madrid that Admiral Cervera will be appointed a life senator.

At Halifax, Sunday, E. W. Lindsay shot himself in the head on the Bedford Road. He was 25 years of age and lived at Bedford.

The international commission in session at Quebec will adjourn on Monday, Oct. 10, and resume its sessions at Washington on November 1st.

Halifax lobster packers and merchants interested in the lobster industry held a meeting Saturday to demand representation on the commission appointed to investigate the lobster industry.

Judge Van Wyck has announced his acceptance of the Democratic candidacy for Governor of New York, and on Saturday resigned his office as a justice of the Supreme Court of New York.

Fire Saturday afternoon destroyed the Antler Hotel, Newton Lumber yards, U. P. D. and R. G. depot and freight house and many other buildings at Colorado Springs, Col. Loss, \$1,000,000.

Two negroes were killed outright and a third fatally wounded at a political meeting Tuesday night at Miller's Court Ground, Georgia. Speeches were made and the debate finally degenerated into a free fight with fatal results.

Lieut. Governor McClellan, Premier Emerson, and other visitors at Sussex, inspected the Grammar school there Wednesday and addressed the scholars. His Honor was presented with an address of welcome.

At Fredericton Junction, Wednesday, before Col. Alexander, convictions for violation of the Scott Act were registered against Reuben Boone and Chas. Dewitt, and each fined \$50 and costs.

Molson's bank branch of Winnipeg was robbed of \$62,000. Of this \$37,000 is in bills and \$25,000 in unnegotiable notes. The robbery is a most mysterious one, and was discovered at noon on Tuesday.

Joseph McLaughlin, of Onslow, was instantly killed recently while tending a hay press in operation in C. P. Blanchard's barn, Bible Hill. He was 35 years of age and leaves a wife and four children.

An orderly demonstration took place in Cork on Sunday upon the occasion of the laying of the foundation stone by the Mayor of the city of a monument in memory of the Irish revolutionists of 1790, 1804, 1848 and 1867. Several Irish members of the House of Commons were present.

George J. Gould, by a decision of the Court of Appeals, will be compelled to pay to the State the sum of \$132,784 as a tax on a \$5,000,000 bequest left him by his father, the late Jay Gould. The decision also declares that the estate of Jay Gould was not appraised \$10,000,000 in excess of its actual value, as was contended by his executors.

The Canadian Pacific Railway will establish another trans-Pacific line almost immediately. The steamers Tartar and Athenian, of over 4500 tons each, will be run between Vancouver and Vladivostok, terminus of the trans-Siberian line. The Athenian will sail first, loading here with lumber and rails for the Siberian line, and then proceeding to Seattle and Portland, where grain will probably be placed aboard for famine-stricken Russians.

Boston Herald: The document that is now being sent out by the professor of physiology at Cornell University is something unique in its way. It politely requests the recipient to provide in his will that his brains be given to the university for scientific purposes when he departs this life. Accompanying the request are printed forms, showing how the bequest can be legally made. It deserves to be added that these polite requests are being addressed only to those who have demonstrated that they possess a generous quantity of the article desired.

An estimate of the amount of provisions in the Yukon River indicates that there will be no need of a government relief expedition this winter. The two big transportation companies have at least 20,000 tons at various points on the river. The North American Trading and Transportation Company is credited with these figures: At Dawson, 4,000 tons; Fort Cudahy, 1,500 tons; Circle City, 1,500 tons; Fort Yukon, 1,500 tons; Rampart City, 1,000 tons; Eagle City, 1,000 tons; Perry City, 100 tons.

The Alaska Commercial Co., has about the same amount on hand, except at

Dawson, where it has about 7,000. Trading posts have recently been established by the two companies on the Koyuk River, the Alaska Commercial Co., locating at Arctic City and the North Ann Trading and Transportation Co., at Perry City, five miles above.

BIBLE LESSON—Continued from page 11.

these things come to pass. (2) To show him that it was not his fault that he did not have more immediate success.

VI. FINAL SUCCESS.—V. 13. Then God shows him that, after all, his work is not a failure. There is to be success, though afar off, and in a different form. IT SHALL BE A TENTH. A tithe, a small portion. The remnant often referred to in Isaiah's prophecies. IT SHALL RETURN. From the exile, as the second part of Isaiah so fully describes. AND SHALL BE EATEN. Destroyed again as before, referring to successive captivities, and perhaps looking forward to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. Yet this is not the end, for it shall be AS A TRIL-TREE. Terebinth or turpentine tree. "A common tree of Palestine, having the general appearance of the oak, but not attaining so great size. From it is obtained an aromatic resin called Chio turpentine." "These trees were selected on account of their peculiar facility for springing up again from the root, even when they had been completely felled."

The failures in the Dominion last week numbered seventeen, against thirty-four in the corresponding week last year.

Mr. Joseph Bishop, formerly of Bishop Bros., carriage builders, Dorchester, has moved his family to Wolfville, N. S., where he will assume control of Chipman Hall, in which a large number of the students of Acadia College board.

Barrington, Nova Scotia, has among her oldest residents a centenarian, viz: Mrs. Susan Smith, aged 101 years. Mrs. Smith is a wonderfully smart old lady, and is quite well known through the whole country.

Proof for Sick Men

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Them Well and Strong.

The One Reliable Medicine for Young and Old.

Mr. Brown says: "I give your medicine all the credit for my restoration."

WELLS & RICHARDSON CO.

Gentlemen:—I am truly thankful for the good results I have obtained from the use of your Paine's Celery Compound. For a long time I have been a sufferer from general debility and indigestion and have made use of many medicines, but none have given me the grand results as far as improved health is concerned, as has your wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. It has done wonders for me, and though I am 65 years old, I have been able to do light work for the past six months, and have not lost a day. I give your medicine all the credit for my restoration.

JOHN H. BROWN,
Truro, N. S.

DEAR SIR:—I was for seven years a sufferer from Bronchial trouble, and would be so hoarse at times that I could scarcely speak above a whisper. I got no relief from anything till I tried your MINARD'S HONEY BALM. Two bottles gave relief and six bottles made a complete cure I would heartily recommend it to any one suffering from throat or lung trouble.

J. F. VANBUSKIRK.

Fredericton.

BUY
Coleman's Salt
THE BEST



A KINSELLA
FREESTONE

GRANITE

MARBLE

WORKS.

Wholesale and Retail.

(next I.C.R. Station)

ST. JOHN, N.B.

Having on hand a large stock of Monuments, Tablets, Grave-stones, Baptismal Fonts, Mantel and Plumbers' Slabs, will fill orders received now at Greatly Reduced Prices. He guarantees satisfaction with his work and delivers and sets up free of charge. (June 29-sept 29)

'TIS CLAIMED

AS BEING

A PURE CREAM OF TARTAR
BAKING POWDER.

Devoid of all injurious ingredients. Will invariably give satisfaction.

The American "Journal of Health" says: "We have had a careful examination made of this product. Its worth has not been overdrawn."

Testimonies are overwhelmingly complimentary to

WOODILL'S GERMAN
BAKING
POWDER.

GATES' CERTAIN CHECK CURES

DIARRHOEA
DYSENTERY
CHOLERA
CHOLERA MORBUS
CRAMPS AND PAINS
and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS.
Children or Adults.

Sold Everywhere at

25 CENTS A BOTTLE.

C. GATES, SON & CO.

MIDDLETON, N. S.

FRED. De VINE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, PUBLIC, Etc.

Office: Chubb's Building

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SAINT JOHN N. B.

CONSTIPATION.

In the summer especially should the bowels be kept free, so that no poisonous material shall remain in the system to ferment and decay and infect the whole body. No remedy has yet been found equal to B.B.B. for curing Constipation, even the most chronic and stubborn cases yield to its influence.

"I cannot say too much in favor of Burdock Blood Bitters, as there is no remedy equal to it for the Cure of Constipation. We always keep it in the house as a general family medicine, and would not be without it." MRS. JACOB MOSHER, Pictou Landing, N.S.

B.B.B. not only cures Constipation, but is the best remedy known for Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease and Blood Humors.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ESCAPE.

Saved from being a Nervous Wreck

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

For the benefit of Canadian mothers, who have daughters who are weak, pale, run down or nervous, Mrs. Belanger, 128 Rideau Street, Ottawa, Ontario, made the following statement, so that no one need suffer through ignorance of the right remedy to use: "My daughter suffered very much from heart troubles at times. Often she was so bad that she could not speak, but had to sit and gasp for breath. She was so extremely nervous that her limbs would fairly shake and tremble. Frequently she would have to leave school; and finally she grew so weak that we were much alarmed about her health. I gave her many remedies, but they did not seem to do her any good."

Then I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and got a box of them, and they have indeed worked wonders with her. I can recommend them very highly as the best remedy I ever heard of for complaints similar to those from which my daughter suffered."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to do good. They cure palpitation, faintness, dizziness, smothering sensation, weakness, nervousness, sleeplessness, anemia, female troubles and general debility. Sold by all druggists at 50c. a box or three boxes for \$1.25. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ontario.

LAXA-LIVER PILLS act on the system in

an easy and natural manner, removing all poisons and impurities. They cure Constipation, Sick Headache, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach, Jaundice and Liver Complaint. Price 25c.

Cruel Consumption Can be Cured

Most people believe that consumption is incurable. Not so with that eminent scientist and chemist, Dr. Slocum, who stretches out the hand of help to those who suffer from this king of diseases and the kindred evils that belong to the consumptive family. Heretofore, wealth has been a necessary part of consumption cure, wealth to take you to far distant climes and expensive sanatoriums, but now, under the Slocum Cure, all have an even chance to be saved from the clutch of consumption, la grippe, lung or throat troubles. The Slocum Cure builds up the tired and worn out bodies of those who suffer. It drives out the germs that are living on the vital strength. It makes rich, red, rosy blood; and rich blood means health and strength. The Slocum Cure is fully explained in a pamphlet containing many testimonials, and will be sent to all persons suffering from consumption, lung or throat trouble, general debility or wasting away, with three free sample bottles of this remarkable cure. Just send your name, full address and express office to the T. A. Slocum Co., Limited, 186 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, and mention the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, and the free samples will be sent to you at once. Don't delay, but give it a trial.

Persons in Canada seeing Slocum's free offer in American and English papers will please send to Toronto for free samples.

Pain-Killer

(PERRY DAVIS')

A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint is

Pain-Killer

This is a true statement and it can't be made too strong or too emphatic.

It is a simple, safe and quick cure for

Cramps, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Neuralgia, Diarrhoea, Group, Toothache.

Two sizes, 25c. and 50c.

Keep it by you. Beware of imitations. Buy only the Genuine—Perry Davis'.

Sold Everywhere.

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The Farm.

Buying Pure-bred Fowls.

The farmer who buys a trio or more of fowls in the fall will make no mistake, and if he prefers to get the eggs in the spring all will be well, but he must expect to be ridiculed by some of his neighbors for paying \$1 or \$2 for a male or hen. Nevertheless, the same farmers and neighbors will promptly come forward and request to "change eggs" with him when they desire to hatch chicks in the spring. If a farmer buys eggs of the pure breeds he buys "stock," the eggs being simply the embryo chicks. The farmer who desires to improve also goes too far sometimes. Instead of depending on one breed he begins with two or more. His interest will be sufficiently strong for a year or more to keep his birds separate, but in the course of time he will undertake to save labor by turning all the breeds out together. Then the down grade begins, and in a season or two his fowls will be all crossbred and mongrels, with no uniformity or fixed characteristics. If the farmer desires to improve, let him begin with purebred males if he does not wish to purchase a trio, but he should stick to one breed. If he gets a male every year, let it be of the breed he originally selected. In two or three years he will have the flocks uniform, and they will be better and better every season, and at a cost that is almost insignificant. If his neighbors desire to improve let them co-operate with him in purchasing pure breeds, and if they refuse then he should compel them to pay him for his enterprise when they call with a setting of eggs from mongrel hens to be exchanged for something better. A dollar or two invested in pure breeds will make a difference in the quality of the stock and the number of eggs laid of more than ten times the cost of the birds purchased. —Farm and Fireside.

Farm Notes.

When potatoes are harvested in warm weather we favor storing above ground in a shady, airy spot rather than in a pit or cellar, says a writer in The Farm Journal. Cover them with hay or straw and let them remain in this state until cold weather sets in when they may be transferred to cellar or pit with safety. The writer has much better success since adopting this plan. Although it evolves extra labor it pays. Those who are planting trees obtained from agents or nurserymen should remember that these trees, in all cases, should be very sharply cut back. As a rule remove all limbs, or at least but two or three stubs at the top. While cutting these, leave the last bud pointing outward, in the direction that you wish the limb to take when grown. As the tree begins to start its buds, be careful to rub out all that start on the body of the tree, allowing it to put its full force into these buds you have specially reserved. A tree planted with a lot of bruised and broken limbs will waste its growth for the first year, if it survives at all. I know of orchards which have been planted for five or six years, and having had no attention or direction as to growth, might as well be cut up now and burned. Use a sharp knife, cut smoothly and cut deeply.

We are very scientific in these days and talk of bacteria, bacilli, micrococci, pasteurizing, etc., and there is danger that we shall forget that scientific dirt is just as bad as the common variety. Dirt under a Latin name is just as dirty as it is in English, and requires just as much soap and water, hot water, scrubbing brush and elbow grease as the old variety that our fathers used to wrestle with before the days of washing powder and concentrated lye. We need no special sterilizers or pasteurizers to keep the milk cans clean; leave all these complicated machines to the scientific fellows, and go to the cans and dairy vessels in the old fashioned way, as if bacteria and bacilli had never been heard of; use plenty of water, soda, sunshine and fresh air. Have your milk vessels clean first, and think of bacteria afterwards. If your butter or cream are off

flavor, nine times out of ten, the trouble is that your stable, cow or dairy is dirty, just plain dirt that doesn't need a microscope and a chemist to find it; only a thorough cleaning, and the trouble will vanish. The tenth time you may need the help of the expert, but don't ask till you have got rid of the common dirt; then you may look for the scientific variety. —Hoard's Dairyman.

Count the Cost.

In conversation with an intelligent farmer from Western Ontario recently he stated that some years ago he had an opportunity of renting his farm and going into some other line of business. Before deciding definitely in the matter he concluded to experiment a little while and find out what he was really making out of his farm. He accordingly kept track of every item that was spent upon the household and what it cost to live, with the result that his farm was not rented, and he has had no desire to leave it since. Though offered a good rental, and in addition a good salary to travel in the agricultural implement line, this farmer concluded that he would make more money to remain on the farm.

There is a valuable lesson in this for every farmer in the country. A great many, who leave the farm to engage in other pursuits, never stop to compare the cost of living on the farm and away from it. As a rule the farmer does not miss what he and his family eats, as the bulk of it is grown on the farm; but if cash had to be paid out for every item of food as well as clothing, many a farmer would be more contented with his lot than he is at the present time. The man living in the city, even on a fair salary, is not as well off as the average farmer if everything is taken into account. Rent, heat, water, light, food, etc., have all to be paid for in the city, while the farmer can get the larger share of these without any cash outlay. It would be well, therefore, if everyone who contemplates leaving the farm would stop a moment and count the cost. —Farming.

Berry Culture.

Every farmer should raise enough berries to supply the family all the year. There is nothing more delicious and healthy than strawberries, raspberries and blackberries, and no other crop on the farm pays as well for the small outlay and the land they require. September is the month to plant them, and when this is properly done a good crop can be grown the first year.

A northern slope that will drain well is best. A great many make the mistake of getting the soil too rich for strawberries, and get a big crop of vines with very little fruit. Land that will grow a good crop of corn is just right, and when properly planted and cultivated will always produce plenty of fine berries. The soil should be cleared of all weeds and rubbish, well pulverized with disk or cultivator and harrow, and then ploughed deep and thoroughly pulverized after ploughing. Mark rows three feet apart, and set the plants in deep, putting a half pint of water with each plant, and packing the dirt firmly around the roots. Late in the fall they should be mulched with clean straw, marsh hay or corn stalks. In the spring hoe or cultivate shallow, but not after a plants begin blooming, as it will cause them to rust.

For raspberries the soil cannot be made too rich, and should be ploughed or spaded to a depth of at least fourteen inches. Set the plants four feet each way, and keep the young canes pinched back to three feet, which will make them branch out. In the fall mulch with manure.

I have tried both spring and fall planting in different States, and I much prefer the latter. Farmers are not pushed with work as they are in the spring, and are thus able to devote more time to preparing the soil and getting the plants. Then, too, the plants get nicely settled, and will nine times out of ten produce a good crop the following season. Don't neglect the berry patch; it will pay, and pay well. —R. T. Patterson, California, Mo.

The delicious "twang" of **Monsoon** ^{Indo Ceylon} Tea is one of the attributes of its peerless quality. The scent and pungency of most fancy package teas are as near like the natural flavor and "twang" of **Monsoon Tea** as the lifeless glitter of a paste diamond is like the flashing sparkle of a real stone. Test MONSOON with a trial.

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Selling off SURPLUS STOCK

Great Bargains Offered in Pianos and Organs
New and Slightly Used

Also in NEW RAYMOND, NEW WILLIAMS and WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINES. USED SEWING MACHINES AT HALF PRICE DON'T KEEP BACK because you cannot pay more than \$3.00 per month on a PIANO, \$2.00 on an ORGAN and 50c per month on sewing machine. WE SELL so we can SELL to your friends after we have sold to you.

MILLER BROS., 101 and 103 Barrington St., HALIFAX, N. S.

BERRIES

Should be plainly addressed.

Drop a Postal Card to the Up-to-Date

COMMISSION MERCHANT

D. G. WHIDDEN

HALIFAX, N. S.

And he will mail you SHIPPING CARDS.

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A Baptist Family Journal, will be sent to any address in Canada or the United States for \$1.50, payable in advance.

The Date on the address label shows the time to which the subscription is paid. When no month is stated, January is to be understood. Change of date on label is a receipt for remittance.

All Subscribers are regarded as permanent, and are expected to notify the publishers and pay arrearsages if they wish to discontinue the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

For Change of Address send both old and new address. Expect change within two weeks after request is made.

Remittances should be made by postal, or express, money orders—payable to A. H. CHIPMAN—or registered letters. Send no cheques.

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People

of refined musical taste buy their Pianos and Organs from the W. H. JOHNSON COMPANY, Ltd., 157 Granville Street, Corner of Buckingham, Halifax.

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

The news has been received at Victoria, B. C., of a robbery of \$36,000 from three miners on their way out from Dawson City via Dalton trail. One: Ike Martin, was found with his throat cut. Chilcot Indians are suspected.



IN some parts of the world fire is yet produced in this difficult and arduous way.

In Canada the people produce fire by the use of

E. B. Eddy's Matches.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best remedy that I know of for La Grippe."

Rev. J. K. CHASE,
South Hampton, N. H.
Medical Advice Free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

VIGOROUS OLD AGE

MR. WM. ELLIOTT TELLS HOW TO
OBTAIN IT.

He Has Been Subject to Fainting Spells
and Cramps—Was Gradually Growing
Weaker and Weaker.

From the Echo, Plattsville, Ont.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have attained a most enviable reputation in this community. Probably no other medicine has had such a large and increasing sale here. The reason is that this medicine cures. Old and young alike are benefited by its use. Recently we printed an account of a remarkable cure of a well known lady of this place through the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since publishing that we have heard of another similar case. Mr. Wm. Elliott, a farmer living near Bright, is a well known figure there. Although an old man he almost daily walks to the village, a distance of nearly a mile, for his mail. Many years ago he came from Scotland to the farm on which he now lives and cleared it of forest. In conversation with him, he related to an Echo reporter the following: "I am 78 years of age and strong and healthy for an old man. Mine has been a vigorous constitution and up till six years ago I hardly knew what it was to have a day's illness. But then my health began to fail. I became subject to cramps in the stomach. I was treated by doctors, but received no benefit. I gradually grew weaker and as I was past the three score and ten I thought my time had come. Next I took fainting fits and often I would have to be carried back to the house entirely helpless. The doctors said my trouble was general weakness due to old age and advised me to carry some stimulant with me to use when I felt a faintness coming on, but this I refused to do. I had read in the papers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and thought they would be specially adapted to my case. I tried one box but they did not seem to help me. In fact I thought I felt worse. I decided to continue them however, and after taking four boxes there was a marked improvement. My strength returned and I was no longer troubled with fainting spells. In six months time with this treatment I gained fifteen pounds, taking in all eight boxes of the Pills. To-day I am a well man and I owe my complete recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatica, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex; restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and fallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good." See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, New York.

Home in Florida

Is there an individual in your family to whom the rigor of our climate is a merace and who would be benefited by a residence in the South? I can offer a good house with 120 acres of land, about three acres of Orange trees, a large Scuppernon Grape Arbor in full bearing, shade and ornamental trees, borders on a small but beautiful lake. Will sell or exchange for good property. Address, Box 75, St. John N. B., where photograph can be seen.

News Summary.

A large wild cat has been seen in Hampton several times lately.

Ex-Mayor Oakey Hall died at New York Friday night of heart failure, aged 73.

Rev. Dr. Cumming Geikie, the well-known religious commentator and historian, is dead.

The station master at Evans, near Dorchester, on Thursday shot a deer running along the track.

By militia general order issued Friday, field officers and adjutants are given until 1899 to qualify in equitation.

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

The residence of Gilbert Steeves at Petitcodiac was totally destroyed by fire Friday morning. No insurance; loss about \$400.

It is reported that a seam of coal, said to be of an especially good anthracite quality, has been discovered at St. Mary's ferry, near T. Biden's stone quarry.

A few miles east of Truro, on the Picton Branch on Thursday, a freight train struck a moose. The animal was found by the side of the track still alive, but was soon killed.

Joseph Landry, 26 years old, son of Captain Augustin Landry, of Shediac, was drowned by falling off his father's vessel in Philadelphia. His body was recovered and interred at Philadelphia.

Fire on Sunday at Hankow, China, destroyed over a square mile of the city, including the government buildings and temple. It is feared that a thousand lives were lost.

Another lucky Cape Bretonian, who made his fortune at Klondyke, arrived home a few days ago in the person of Joseph Curry, of Grand Mira, who left for Klondyke some years ago. He is said to be worth over \$100,000.

The Rev. Alexander Connell will probably be the successor of the late Rev. Dr. John Hall. Dr. Connell is a brilliant pulpit orator, 31 years old, a Scotchman by birth and now filling the pulpit of Regent Square Presbyterian church, London.

The Halifax Chronicle says: There is on exhibition at Mitchell's, George street, a branch of a raspberry bush, three feet long, literally covered with ripe raspberries. It was picked yesterday afternoon in Frank James' garden, Dartmouth. It is an unusual sight for the 8th of October.

Cushing's mill is now a scene of great activity. It runs night and day and is sawing an immense quantity of lumber. Three barques and one ship are being loaded by Messrs. A. Cushing & Co. The mill is lighted by electricity and the scene of the mill from the suspension bridge at night is a pretty one.—Globe.

The fact that Gen. Miles has sent a personal telegram to the commanding officers of all the regiments of United States soldiers at Santiago asking their opinion as to the uniform best adapted for service in Cuba in all seasons of the year, is regarded as significant by the American officers at that place. It is thought to mean American occupancy and control for a long time.

A St. John's Nfld. despatch says: Mr. Parsons, editor of the Evening Telegram of this city, and Mr. Herder, its proprietor, were sentenced to 30 days imprisonment for contempt of court in publishing strictures upon the judges of the Supreme court. No such penalty has been inflicted in Newfoundland during the last 40 years.

A cable message date, Pekin Oct. 7, from H. H. Lowry, president of the American University in China, denies the truth of all the present stories as to the suicide or assassination of the Emperor. No one has been killed in Pekin, the message says, except six natives, who were beheaded for attacking Europeans. The Emperor has been deposed. The Empress Dowager reigns.

The Picton Advocate says: "As a result of the awful mistake which caused the accident on the I. C. R. near Stellarton last week Conductor McLeod, the two brakemen on his train and Acting Agent Wilson, have been dismissed from the service. Public sympathy will undoubtedly be with these men, but the management had no other course open to them in view of the verdict rendered by the jury investigating the case."

Mr. Joseph Conrad is known to most novel-readers as the writer of the extraordinary study of sea life called "The Children of the Sea"—a book which has both imaginative and realistic qualities of the highest. The same qualities are found in the curious and fascinating story called "Youth: A Narrative," which appears entire in The Outlook's Magazine Number for October. (\$3 a year. The Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.)



Thrifty people look for low cost and high value when buying Soap.

Surprise is hard, solid, pure Soap. That gives the highest value in Soap.

Surprise is the name of the Soap. You can buy it at any grocers for 5 cents a cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

Winter Clothing

That's what you'll be searching for soon. You won't have to search long if you come to Frasers', you'll find stacks of it. A good long warm black ulster will cost you here now only \$3.75. You can't afford to be without one at this low figure.

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A GREAT BARGAIN IN CLOAKINGS
AND JACKET CLOTHS

Our buyer was fortunate in attending one of the trade sales in a manufacturing centre, to secure an immense quantity of very desirable and stylish cloakings and jacket cloths.

He got them at about half their regular price.


Curl Cloths, Beavers, Fancy Tweed, Two Toned Astrachan Cloths, all 54 inches wide at \$1.00 yard. The regular price of these cloths are from \$1.50 to \$2.50.

They are suitable for Jackets, Capes, Ulsters, Children's Coats, and Reefers.

SEND FOR SAMPLE.

FRED. A. DYKEMAN & CO.

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