

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

VOLUME XLIX.

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1885.

THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR,

VOLUME XXXVII.

NO. 10.

—Over 80 per cent. of the children of drunkards, it is said, die drunkards at last. What a terrible showing is this? How great must be the inherited appetite, when, with all the warnings of the parent's fate, and all the revulsion from the habit which destroyed him, the child is dragged struggling down the same dreary way? What reason there is to be active in the suppression of the traffic which puts the temptation before those who have inherited this thirst.

—The near approach of Lent is throwing some into a whirl, and the young people are crowding as much enjoyment as possible into the intervening time.—*Atlanta Journal.*

Lent is usually between two "whirls." Before this time fashionable Christianity ("whirls") as much as possible in view of the forty days abstinence to come. At the end the appetite is whetted up for a greater "whirl" to make up for lost time. The devoutness of fashionable people between such "whirls" it is to be hoped is better than nothing, but there is reason for doubt.

—Bishop Ellicot thinks that ritualism is on the increase in the Church of England. He says: "Practices are now being quietly introduced, compared with which lights and vestments are innocence itself. These things," he adds, "are digging the grave of the Established church."

—A certain Col. Irredell, has obtained an order from a magistrate in England, restraining a Roman Catholic priest from all communication with his 16 year old daughter, on the ground that the priest was attempting to proselyte her, against parental authority.

While we have no sympathy with the underhand ways in which priests often attempt to gain proselytes to their faith, we do not believe a sixteen year old child is to be prevented from choosing her own faith in that fashion. If instruction in Protestant doctrine does not avail to prevent the child from becoming a pervert to Romanism, neither parental nor national law has a right to step in and prevent freedom of action in that which ought to bind the conscience. The way to meet error is with the truth, where the age of accountability is reached. We should protest against such means to keep a Catholic from becoming a Protestant, why not equally when the reverse is the case.

—The Church Review comments thusly on what it is pleased to call Mr. Lambert's "escapade" in preaching in a Baptist chapel, which we referred to last week:

"If there is to be any reprobation between Church and Dissent, it must be conducted on lines which recognize that Dissent is schism, and that willful persistence in schism, the heresy, has been set before the separated, is sin; that outside the Catholic Church there are no valid sacraments, because no valid orders or jurisdiction; and that, if union be desired, there must first be submission to the authority of the Church."

Such pretensions to us on this side of the water, seem little less than absurd. Such a lecture from the pope to our Episcopal friends would be much more seriously.

—It is said in favor of the skating rink, with its round of carnivals and races, that it empties the saloons. But there is another side to this advantage. Does it speak well for the amusement that it suits the taste of saloon goers so well that they prefer it to the saloon itself? If they do thus prefer it, then all who go to rinks associate with the class who frequent the saloons. Are there not many parents who would rather their pure daughters and growing sons should share neither the taste nor the company of the habits of the saloons? Think it over, parents.

—The Independent finds in about two dozen of its exchanges, for a single week the record of more than 28,000 conversions. This, of course, is only a partial report, but it indicates the fact that thousands of converts are entering the evangelical churches of the United States. We rejoice in the glad tidings from many of our own churches. Where there is a church unblest let there be deep searching of heart, and no rest until the saving power is poured out.

—The annual Conference of the College Y.M. C.A. of New England has been held with the Society of Christian Brethren at Harvard. We are glad that such a society exists at Harvard, and hope it is an indication of greater religiousness there. There is great need.

—Advance subscriptions to the *Messenger and Visitor* are coming in right merrily, the last few days. We can stand a great deal of this kind of thing just now.

—Will our correspondents kindly condense as much as possible. Our articles are in danger of becoming too long and heavy. We want a sprightly paper. Keep us well posted each week with the good news from the churches, please. This always stirs christian hearts, and stimulates to seek a like blessing. We cannot have too much of it.

—We intend to give our readers a surprise next week. Of course we shall not tell them what it is. We may say it is something that will last. There are many who would like to share in the surprise, we are sure. Let us have a large number of new subscribers this week.

—Let those who have paid to Dr. Saunders or Mr. Selden for the last two months of 1884, or any part of 1885, examine the list we are publishing from week to week. This week we publish the names from "F" to "L." If any omissions or errors are seen, write to us, and we will refer the matter to Dr. Saunders or Mr. Selden for correction.

—He is not the most successful gardener who sets out the most plants, but who raises the most and the best fruit. If he becomes so absorbed in setting out new plants that he neglects to cultivate and prune the old, he certainly will have little fruit, and poor at that. So the church that gives its whole attention to gather in converts, and does not concern itself with the training and discipline of the members already in its fold, will assuredly destroy its own hope for the future. Attend to the quality of christian life in the church, and her growth will take care of itself.

—In his correspondence Bro. Bars says that "Many things have been done" in the union of the *Messenger and Visitor* "which did not appear open and honest." We are as well acquainted with the course taken by our company as any one else. All we can say is that there was a controlling desire to do right, and we are not afraid of the severest scrutiny of its action. We can only have the success, we desire, by God's help, and we have sought very carefully so to act as not to forfeit it.

—We are securing our correspondents abroad, the reader can see. We hope to have regular contributions from New York and Chicago in time.

—The problem how to make baptism signify and symbolize the same thing in the case of the infant and of the adult, has been solved by a writer in the Christian at Work. He holds that baptism is to symbolize regeneration, and we agree with him. He declares that the infant offspring of believing parents are to be baptized because they are *presumptively* regenerated. We thought there was a passage in John 1. 13, which reads: "Which were born not of blood . . . but of God." Now it appears after all that regeneration goes *presumptively* in the line of natural descent from believing parents. Our pedobaptist friends had better give it up. Every attempt to bring it into line with the New Testament puts the New Testament out of line with itself.

—Help us to bear the burden, to toll up the last hill; and at the end may our only ailment be weariness that will soon be healed. May there be no sin to heal, no guilt to cure, no unholiness to destroy; but, at the last, may we be simply weary, worn, quite tired, the journey all behind us, and our eyelids trembling because we want to sleep. Then will come the one touch of peace that will make us forget our weariness for ever. Amen.

Indebtedness of Human Knowledge to Missionary Endeavor.

BY REV. W. S. MCKENZIE.

No. 4.

Such brief articles as these cannot comprise anything like an ample presentation of what has been wrought by missionary endeavor for the science of Philology. The work done in this direction by missionaries not only brings blessings to the people for whom their labors are directly performed, but also contributes to a branch of human knowledge which is coming to be regarded of very great importance in tracing the history of mankind. "By whom," asks a recent author, "has the great work of modern times in the science of philology been done?" He answers: "Commerce has not done it. Neither literary interest, or governmental influence, has ever done it." But christian missions have added it. Our author might have added it was to be expected that they would do it. For, when men, with the object which missionaries have before them, go into foreign countries, they must first of all set themselves down to a patient and thorough study of the languages with which they are to work and win success. No mere smattering of linguistic knowledge will meet the necessities and the aims of a missionary. He must master languages, if he would preach and teach intelligibly and effectually. In many cases missionaries find the languages they need to use in their labors written, and without any existing literature to aid in the acquisition of those tongues. In such cases by the ear a list of words must be caught and formed. They must be reduced to order and placed under fixed rules. Some system of orthography must be framed. Grammars and lexicons must be constructed, and a literature must be prepared for successful missionary service. How much of this kind of work missionaries have had to do every one knows, and in the doing of it they have not only given written languages to the nations and tribes they would evangelize, but also added immensely to the linguistic learning of the world.

"Missions," says one, "enable the German scholar in his closet to compare more than two hundred languages." In 1869, Professor Tyler, whom I have already quoted in another connection, prepared for publication an elaborate paper on "Philology and Christian Missions." In that document he shows, I, the great service performed by missionaries, since the beginning of the present century, in the interest of philological learning; and, 2, the importance of that service to the elucidation of other leading divisions of human knowledge. My limits will not permit me to make the citations I should like to offer from that very instructive essay.

It is not simply the acquisition of some venerable languages, such as the Arabic, the Sanscrit, and the Chinese, or the mastery and the making into shape of numerous unformed tongues, and which prepare missionaries to make contributions to the philological lore of the world, but in all this kind of study, conducted as it must be, with an exhaustive thoroughness, many new facts are discovered, and many fundamental principles are discussed. These facts, and principles, drawn forth out of linguistic studies, are made available in expanding and rectifying other branches of knowledge. It is well known that experts in the science of Comparative Philology have detected linguistic affinities which have led to the discovery of the origin of nations. One writer tells us, that it was in this way that the track of our own English ancestors was traced, at the distance of three or four thousand years, to the neighborhood of the Caucasian mountains and the Black and Caspian seas. There are many questions relating to the origin of races not yet answered. But it is predict-

ed that when they come to be answered, the result in no small degree will be owing to the discoveries made by missionaries in tracing out affinities in the languages of the earth.

Before missionaries had mastered the venerable and dead languages of the East, and had gained access to the ancient native literature which these languages were supposed to contain, many extravagant notions were prevalent in regard to the copiousness and value of what was denominated "Oriental Learning." Sir William Jones and those associated with him did something in the way of correcting the ignorance which fostered the current illusions respecting the "vast learning" of Eastern nations. But the larger and more accurate knowledge brought to light by the researches of missionaries has done much more in that same line. The author of an article published in the "Princeton Review," for 1866, demolishes the exaggerated and absurd notions entertained and propagated by some relative to the literature locked up in the dead languages of Eastern nations. He points out some of the corrections which have been made by the more searching scrutiny and the more thorough acquisitions of missionaries. I can here refer to only one or two of these corrections, giving the main points merely, and that chiefly in my own words.

It was once confidently believed that much valuable wisdom lay hid from mankind in the ancient sacred literature of the Hindoo. Infidels were accustomed to say that if those sacred books, called the *Vedas*, could be translated, and their hidden significance made known to the world, it would be found that they surpass in value "the Christian's Bible," and it would very much modify the reverence cherished for this "over-honored book." The *Vedas* have not been translated, only in part, for the reason that when the scholars among missionaries had acquired the linguistic ability to read and translate them they found that the *Vedas* were not worth translating. They have, however, been read and mastered. The world has long since been apprised of the nonsense, the contradictions, the exaggerations, the puerilities, and the indecencies which those *Vedas* contain. Thus has been scattered the conjecture that the hidden treasury of Brahminical wisdom could be made to bring the sacred scripture into contempt.

Again, the Chinese Philosopher and Lawgiver, Confucius, was for a long time magnified in the imagination of men as the incarnation of all wisdom, and his countrymen were justified in paying him divine honors. The words of Confucius, unfortunately for the reputation of Confucius, have been translated, and what little wisdom there was in his treasured sayings has been revealed. The learned missionary Morrison has raised this Chinese philosopher from his long burial in the darkness of a once unknown tongue. And now that Confucius is made to stand up denuded before the world, with the light of reality shining around and upon him, it is seen that a comparatively inferior mortal is this Chinese prodigy—this Moses and a Solomon in combination. Infidelity reveals ignorance as well as depravity when it is seen that even the most learned Chinese philosopher from his long burial in the darkness of a once unknown tongue. 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Epistles.

I wear my heart out, and am lone,
While round cold crag and sullen stone
Moss clings and Lichens press.
Death's touch is kindly, men have proved:
But death is hard to souls who love.

They pass not in distress.

God loves in heaven, I make no doubt,
But only saints can do without.

The passionate hot thrill
Of hearts that seek not clay or clod;

And I am human, O my God,

And have a human will.

We wandered those happy days
Of summer life and pastoral ways.

Apart from face of friend

Our pulses beat too quick to keep
Our measure, waking or asleep—

Why look unto the end?

We kissed too closely for our calm—
Unheeding that fate's icy palm!

Crept slowly in bewixt

Our warm red lips, and crooked the smile

That shone within our eyes the while,

With sad tear stains umixt.

Fate has out stripped us, I am spent

After the race; too faintly run

The current of my blood.

Draughts drunk at love's hot, seething

spring

Has scorched my heart to withering—

Root, leaf, branch and bud.

Now must love's pulses beat no more,

Dull be the nerves that thrilled of yore;

Life shrinks to its last bound;

Spent is the passion, spent the storm,

Oh God! to cold hearts graves grow warm;

Gather me under ground.

A new friend for the quiet dead,

Quiet as—po speech, no tread,

See! pleasant shows the sod,

Starred with white daisies on the green;

Who rests below sleep well, I ween.

So they but sleep with God."

Halifax.

The Voices of the Women.

BY MISS EMMA J. CUMMINGS.

"There is so much work at home that interests me, I really cannot pay much attention to foreign fields. To tell you the truth, I am not interested in missions, they are too far off."

Such was my reply one stormy evening to the patient collector, who for half an hour had been trying to arouse my sluggish sympathies for the benighted peoples and earnest workers across the seas. She left me and I returned to my crazy chair and glowing fire wondering why she need have disturbed me in my rendering, and told me so many disagreeable things. I preferred pleasant thoughts, or if I must go out in of those, it suited me far better to breathe a gentle sigh over the woes of an Evangeline than to seriously consider the needs of other lands, and sympathize with the disgruntled wretches who after all were incapable of such depth of feeling as my delicate self.

But the disagreeable items so gratuitously bestowed by my caller partook of her persistence and I tried in vain to dismiss them from my mind, until I finally left my book and fire, saying pettishly, "I'll see if a good night's sleep will restore my balance."

But in my dreams the thoughts pursued me, and the monotonous drip of rain from the eaves resolved itself into the steady tread of feet, and I seemed to be standing on a high platform with a wondrously fair woman, whose stern eyes fastened accusingly on me made me quail, while a seemingly endless procession of women approached us. As they came near I saw that they were divided into companies. The first division stopped in front of the platform and looked earnestly at me. They were small and dark-skinned, dressed in white jackets and striped skirts, while many hued saris gave the brilliancy of the tropics to the scene. I was about to ask my companion, despite her austere look, what they were, when one of them pointed at me and said with intense scorn:

"Women of Siam, behold this woman! She claims to love the Saviour who made her what she is; she says she is grateful to him for her sheltered, potted life, but she has no interest in us. We are taught that our very existence is a curse for misdeeds in some former state. The happiest are sold to be one of many wives, the most wretched are gambled away as slaves by our own mothers. We are brought up in profanity, in lying, in brawl, in filth. For us is no heaven, only a dreary hope of purchasing from our gods merit that shall secure for us a happier state in our next transmigration; but she is not interested in us. Degraded, ignorant, despised at home, she too despises us and calls herself a follower of the meek and lowly Nazarene. He cares for us, and commands his children to bring us good tidings, but this child of his grudges a single

half hour to hear of our needs; she even refuses us her prayers because she is not interested in missions."

Overwhelmed by this sudden address, I glanced at my companion, only to cower before her piercing eyes fixed so severely upon me. But the procession moved on, and lo, another division stood before me. They were gaily dressed, but the eyes beneath the white veils were very sad. With mournful mien and voice, one of them spoke:

"Syrian women, here stands one who was welcomed at her birth, who has had many advantages, who claims the great Allah of America as her own, whose hope of heaven is bright. She says her Allah cares for all and she is like him, but she is not interested in us. When we were born forty days of mourning were observed. Our Allah has no care for us. We are only women; we may never enter a mosque; our brightest hope is a paradise by ourselves to be gained by obedience to our husbands. They must ignore us abroad, at home they beat us. We reckon ourselves as the wild beasts. We are deceitful, debased, but, how can we be any better, if they who know a more excellent way have no interest even to listen to our story, or send us help?"

She waved her hand and her followers fell back, leaving a space before me which was immediately filled by the most sorrowful figures that had yet appeared. There were no jewels, nor silks, but scanty cotton garments, uncombed hair, and eyes heavy with woe. Their spokesman stepped forward and tremblingly said:

"We are widows. When our burbands died our ornaments were stripped from us and we became slaves to all about us. We may never change our condition, but must live on, sleeping on the floor with but a mat beneath us, eating but one scant meal a day, fasting twenty-four hours once a fortnight, eating apart from others, forbidden even to see others happy. We must have no society, and no one must show us a kindness. Blows and curses are our portion, and death our only release."

As her voice ceased she, too, waived her followers back, and instantly my platform was surrounded by little girls, the oldest under six. Such drawn, pitiful, wan faces I hope never to see again. They lifted pleading hands and raised beseeching eyes to mine, as they begged:

"O, Christian lady, pray your God for us. We are widows already, and this woe is ours for life. Look at the petted children of your land, think of the curly heads you love and the laughing eyes in your homes. Look at our tired feet and bruised arms and remember how tenderly you hold the tiny hands and guide the dainty feet of your darlings. We beg you, spare one thought, utter one little prayer, for us, for we number eighty thousand, under six years old."

Eighty thousand pairs of eyes looked wistfully into mine for a minute; but suddenly a voice said, "It is useless; her Saviour said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' but she is not interested." The faint hope died out in their faces and they all vanished.

Noting the tears on my face, one at my side asked, "Need I do more to interest you in missions?"

"You?" I stammered. "Who are you?"

"I am your conscience," she replied, "and I stand here to tell you that your vision of to-night is no disordered dream. I have brought truth to your door, shall it knock in vain? I gave you an elevated position, for you are above the sisters whom you have seen, but the platform that raises you is the Rock Christ Jesus. Will you be content to stand there alone, or have you at last interest to spare for the nations lost in the dust at the feet of Allah and Bramah? Will you help them up, or will you choose to hear your Redeemer say to you, 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me?'

For all answer I fell on my knees, and conscience left me satisfied to have brought me to my God, knowing that she could trust my waking with him. To a pitiful Saviour I confessed all my pride and indifference, and he forgave me; then I slept sweetly and refreshingly.

The next morning I hastened to the house of my friend, the collector, took back my heart's words of the night before, and gave her double the amount she had asked. That morning was the beginning of a new life to me, for I promised my Saviour that henceforth his cause should be mine, and that I would give to the women of other lands as freely as I have received from him. And I pray God to keep me from ever again being so fast asleep as I was the night I was asked to contribute to Foreign Missions.—*Zion's Advocate.*

"Would you like to know our story? We were born in far-off India. We were all married before we were three years old. We were taken to our husband's home to be slaves to his mother, to cook his food

Our English Letter.

No such profound stirring of the national feeling has occurred in the life of the present generation, as now agitates England in connection with the fall of Khartoum and the probable fate of Gordon. And it is the personal question which intensifies the interest in the public disaster.

No man has taken such a powerful hold of the national affections as Gordon, since the days of Nelson;

the heroism of both men is indisputable; they both possessed genius;

they have both brought honour to their country by their great public services; but Gordon's name possesses an element of interest which is unhappily wanting in that of Nelson; he is not only a soldier but a Christian.

Notwithstanding some fantastic ideas

which he appears to hold on some religious subjects, hischildlike simplicity of faith, his unquestionable love of his Saviour, his chivalrous devotion to duty, his utter negation of self, all show him to be, beyond all

controversy, a Christian of the highest type.

This, it is, which has irresistibly seized upon the imagination

even of worldly and irreligious men, and which has drawn out a universal and profound expression of sorrow for his probable fate, such as no man of the present generation has witnessed.

What the ultimate issue of the fall of Khartoum may be no one even pretends to conjecture. When Napoleon had stood for a long time in profound silence watching the conflagration of Moscow, he at length turned to his staff and uttered the words which afterwards proved terribly true, "This is the sure passage of a long series of disasters."

And these words seem to express the sense of undefined dread of future calamities which now weighs heavily on the nation, but which, irrespectively of all party considerations, they are determined to employ the whole resources of the Empire to avert.

In the midst of all this anxiety however the great stream of philanthropic and Christian work goes on uninterrupted. Probably at no period in the past history of the nation has so much been done to ameliorate the condition of the destitute at home, or to evangelize the heathen abroad, at the present time. Notwithstanding the disturbed state of China owing to the French aggressions, there is more interest felt by Christians in its vast heathen population than at any previous period; and more men and women, animated with a true missionary spirit, are offering themselves for that distant field of labour than have ever previously presented themselves.

A fierce, passionate refusal arises

to the woman's lips. But her sad eyes move slowly toward the distressed vessel; she thinks of the many

loved ones in jeopardy within it;

thinks, with a sudden pang of agonized pity, of many, dear homes in peril of bereavement; she turns to her boy, and her voice is calm and courageous as his own:

"Go, my son. And may God Almighty go with you, and bring you safe back to your mother's heart."

Hurriedly she leaves the beach, hurriedly seeks her desolate home and along she wretches with the pain of her old sorrow and her new fear.

Morning dawns again. Sullenly the waves are tossing their haughty heads, but the sea's worst fury is over at last. A gallant vessel has gone down upon the waters, but the Dymouth life-boat has nobly fulfilled its noble task, and all hands on board the vessel have been saved.

Why does Will Carew linger in

hesitation outside his mother's door?

Bravest of the brave he has shown himself throughout the night. Why does he shrink from the proud welcome that awaits him from the heart nearest to his own?

Besides him stands a tall, worn man; a man whom he has rescued from a watery grave. Around the two throng Dymouth villagers; many hands are thrust toward the man in high recognition.

A fearful storm had overtaken him upon the sea one day, not many months ago. He was observed and saved by a foreign vessel. The vessel was outward bound. Away from home, from wife and kindred, the man was forced to sail; and by wife and kindred he was mourned as dead. He arrived at the vessel's destined port, only to set sail again with the first ship bound for England. Last night he found himself within sight of home; but a wild storm was raging on land and sea; and once more the man stood face to face with a terrible death. Help came in his need; help, God-sent, God-directed.

Who will tell the wife and mother?

Her boy clasps her hands convulsively

in his, and his voice comes only through his thick sobs:

"Mother, darling, try to bear the happy truth. When your brave heart which, in the midst of its own sorrow could feel for the sorrows of others, sent me forth last night to the succor of the distressed, you knew not—how should you know?—that you sent me to the rescue of my dear father's life. God gave him to me. God has given him, mother, back to our grateful love."

A step is heard; the rescued man

stands by his own fireside, remembering

with deep emotion, that his place

was there such an overwhelming and continued outburst of applause, that he was quite overcome, and covering

his face with his hands remained silent until the demonstrations had subsided. A very interesting feature

of the meeting was the presence of a

party of forty undergraduates from

Cambridge who had come up to take

leave of their fellow students

before their departure to China. One

of the party, as spokesman for the

rest, in bidding adieu to the outgoing

missionaries, expressed a hope

that some of them would ere long follow their good example. Surely Mr. Moody must rejoice, when he reads the account of this remarkable meeting, that such blessed results have flowed from his mission to the University of Cambridge.

Exeter Hall has been the scene of many remarkable gatherings in the days that are past, but it has never witnessed a more stirring scene than that of last week, nor more fraught with hopeful promise for the future.

10 Feb., 1885. VIATOR.

A Storm at Sea—The Resusc.

"Mother, will you let me go?"

A terrible storm is sweeping along the wild coast of North Devonshire. The Dymouth life-boat is prepared

to make its way to a foreign vessel

which, at some distance from the land, is showing signs of dire distress.

The life-boat crew is complete, with

the exception of one man. Young

Will Carew, Dymouth fisher lad

and expert sailor, is offering to fill

the vacant place. At first he bends

down gently to a woman, who stands

beside him on the dreary shore, and

it is his clear brave voice that we

hear above theraging of the storm.

"Mother, will you let me go?"

The mother has been a widow only

six short months. Her husband was

a fisherman; he put out one bright

day last spring, for the last time, in

a fishing boat, upon a delusively calm

sea. A sudden squall came on; broken

fragments of the boat were seen next

morning on the beach, but the fisherman

returned no more to home and

to sleep well, I ween.

So they but sleep with God."

Halifax.

The Voices of the Women.

BY MISS EMMA J. CUMMINGS.

"There is so much work at home

that interests me, I really cannot pay

much attention to foreign fields. To

tell you the truth, I am not interested

in missions, they are too far off."

Such was my reply one stormy

evening to the patient collector,

who for half an hour had been trying

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for the benighted peoples and earnest

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those, it suited me far better to

breathe a gentle sigh over the woes

of an Evangeline than to seriously

consider the needs of other lands,

and to-day I am still incapable of

such depth of feeling as my delicate

self.

Before I could have spoken, if I

had desired, they had passed even to

the sea's depths.

But the collector had not given up

hope, and told me so many disagreeable

MARCH 11

MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

3

A HOME DRUGGIST

TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from my bed or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which cured the two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your Sarsaparilla, and it is now very popular. The results of this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine known."

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

FROM PELLOUET'S SELECT NOTES.

First Quarter.

Lesson 12.—March 22. Acta 26: 19-22.

PAUL VINDICATED.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue until this day.—Acta 26: 22.

I. OBEDIENCE TO THE DIVINE CALL. Ver. 19. **Whereupon.**—This is one of the grand points of instruction and personal application in Paul's whole career. He began on the instant, where he was, to obey. He sought on the instant and ever afterward (for now twenty-four years) to know and to do the Lord's will.

20. First unto them of Damascus.—Immediately after his conversion (Acta 9: 20-22). Then after two or three years of probable retirement he returns to Damascus and preaches again (Gal. 1: 17, 18; Acta 9: 23, 25).

And at Jerusalem.—For a brief time, going there from Damascus (Acta 9: 26-29; Gal. 1: 18). He also visited there, and of course preached at other times. **Throughout all the coasts of Judea.**—Dr. Hackett suggests that this part of the work of Paul was carried on when he went to the Holy Land at the time of the famine (see chap. 11: 30), or while he was at Jerusalem, between his first and second mission to the heathen (see chap. 18: 22).

II. THE SUBJECTS OF PAUL'S PREACHING. Practical. **That they should repent.**—Repentance is more sorrow for the consequences of sin. It is a hatred of sin as sin. Judas is an example of false repentance, Peter of true repentance. **And turn to God.**—Hating sin or even turning from it is not enough. There must be a turning to God, against whom we have rebelled, to be his obedient and loving subjects and children. **And do works meet for repentance.**—The works which are the natural fruit of true repentance. The fruit is the proof of the tree.

21. For these causes.—Not because he had done wrong, but (1) because he called on these Jews to repent. He troubled their consciences. (2) Especially because he delivered the message to the Gentiles. The unpardonable sin of Paul in the eyes of the Jews was that he had preached the free Gospel to the Gentiles. **The Jews caught me in the temple** (chap. 21: 20-31). This which took place over two years before, and was the occasion of his present imprisonment.

22. Having therefore obtained help of God.—The memories of Lydia and the rain of cruel stones, the persecutions of Philippi, of Corinth, and of Berea, the danger in the theatre of Ephesus, and the later deadly peril he had escaped at Jerusalem (see also 2 Cor. 4: 7-12 and 11: 23-27), prompted this expression of sure trust, of calm, unshaken confidence. **Witnessing.** To small and great.—The poor, the ignorant, the obscure, the despised; as well as to kings and princes, to the rich and honored. Saying none other things. Out of the Old Testament he showed that the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Christ were in exact accordance with the predictions and types of Moses and the prophets.

23. That Christ should suffer.—This was in general disbelieved by the Jews; they believed in a triumphant and victorious Messiah, and the sufferings of Jesus were a great obstacle to their receiving him as the Messiah. And that he should be the first that should rise from the dead, and should show light.—The Rev. Ver. gives a better representation of the original, thus, "and how that he first by the resurrection of the dead should proclaim." Christ was the first fruits of them that sleep. His resurrection was an earnest of the general resurrection. Thus life and immortality were brought to light.

III. FESTUS AND PAUL. Much learning doth make thee mad.—The tenants of a mad-house often think all others deranged but themselves; but there is no madness so great, nor delirium so awful as to neglect the eternal interest of the soul for the sake of the poor pleasures and honor which this life can give.

25. Most noble Festus.—The reply of Paul is unsurpassed as a model of Christian courtesy and self-command. If great and good men who meet with rude and insolent treatment in the defence of the Gospel would learn to behave with such

moderation, it would be a great accession of strength to the Christian cause. **Truth and soberness.**—From Festus' standpoint, that of worldliness, the words of Paul were the fancies of a crazy, unbalanced brain; but from Paul's standpoint, that of eternal life and spiritual life, they were simply true and earnest.

IV. AGrippa and PAUL. 26. **For the king.**—That is, Agrippa. **None of these things are hidden from him.**—That is, what he had been quoting from the Hebrew sacred Scriptures, as foretold about the Messiah; and the hopes and expectations of the Jews; and also the facts which were the fulfilment of these prophecies and hopes.

27. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophet?—The inference is, that if he believed the prophets, he must see that Jesus was the Christ, the King of Israel. **I know that thou believest.**—Agrippa's was a dead, not a living faith. But intellectually, he accepted the Jewish Scriptures as true.

28. Then Agrippa.—He did not answer the question, but changed the subject. **Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.**

There are three leading interpretations:

(1) Some render them, as in our English version, "Almost thou persuadest me!"

(2) Others render the clause, "With little labor, or with few words, persuadest thou me to become a Christian!" As if he had said, Do you think to persuade me with such reasonings as these?

(3) Others render the clause, "In a little time thou persuadest me;" which may either be understood as spoken in earnest, or in irony, "Thine to persuade me with such reasonings as these?"

Moreover, said Proverb Will quietly, to the listening folks:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity. Much sugar may spoil a good dish. Vinegar is wanted on every table. Butterflies make a poor dinner. Cold winds clear the blood. You cannot conquer without fighting. The righteous know this and are content to suffer, to endure, to wait, to fight, to pray without ceasing. They have their reward. The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him. God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore, friend,

"Commit thou all thy griefs And ways into his hands, To his sure truth and tender care, Who earth and heaven commands."

"Put thou thy trust in God, In duty's path go on; Fix on thy word thy steadfast eye, So shall thy work be done.

No profit canst thou gain

By self-consuming care; To command thy casus, his ear Attends the softest prayer."

Remember, said Will, a great deal of rust needs a very rough file. The finest Diamond must be cut. The heavy scaly parts the corn from the chaff. God uses the rod that he may not use the sword. Wrung linen is all the whiter, and frankincense put into the fire maketh all the richer perfume. David's sorrows tuned his ten-stringed harp to lofter strains than his pleasures could. The man who never wept knows little of life, and less of God. Crosses make crowns. Therefore, be patient and be true to duty and duty's Lord, and wait for the morning. See, friends and neighbours—

"He that has light within his own clear breast May sit in the centre and enjoy bright day; But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts Benighted walks under the midday sun."

Rich gems and shining pearls are not the true riches. Misers eat their bread with quaking, and drink their water with carefulness. The fine pot for silver, and the furnace for gold, and the heart for Christ. As cold water to a thirsty soul, so is His love to the weary. Apples of gold in pictures of silver will not cure a broken heart, but Jesus can do that in a moment. By His stripes we are healed. His presence is music. His love is endless life.

Yea, continued Will, in a soft, low, mellow voice—

"His grace on fainting souls distills, Like heavenly dew on thirty hills."

Poverty, sickness, worry, fear, losses, and dark death itself are made less burdensome and terrible where Jesus is. He is the Righteousness of the righteous. He is the Redeemer of the lost. He is the Lord of the Church. He is the Life of the dead. His nerve is wonderful. Therefore, and one, all things are good—the world, life, death, things present, and things to come.

Blessed! What a word, said Will,

that is. Then he repeated slowly—

Blessed is he whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord.

Blessed are the pure in heart.

Blessed are the dead, that die in the Lord.

Here he said, I must make an end.

He that runs fast will not run long.

So I will cease my talk by reminding you that, whereas the blessedness of the righteous is made perfect in the heavens,

"There are wanderers in eternity, whose

dark drives on and on;

And anchored never shall be."

When Proverb Will sat down, a deep sigh filled the place. It came from one who was sitting far in the shade, and who prayed in his heart,

"Lord, give me this blessedness,"

and it was given, and the sigh was heard no more—no, never shall be heard again.—Geo. W. McCREA.

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John, N. B.

Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1887.

A STRONG CHURCH.

The church which has wealth, social influence, a fine place of worship, and a large congregation, is not always strong. A church which has none of these is not always weak. Indeed, the church, in general, has been the strongest when poor and despised, while the serve and sinew they gained, have been relaxed in the days when the rich and the noble have been reckoned on her side. And it is not true to-day that, denominations and churches which have a monopoly of social influence in any place, are tempted to rest satisfied with this lower strength and success? Even among those who are most evangelical, there is a temptation to be at ease, so long as the services of the church are well attended, and the church takes a leading place in the community.

We cannot keep too prominently and too persistently before our eyes the great object Christ is in the existence of a church, and the strength by which alone this object can be attained.

This object is not to gather men as adherents to the tenets of our denomination, merely; it is not merely to gather what is called a flourishing Sunday School, and draw a large congregation to the Sabbath services; it is to lead them to the Saviour, to secure for them deliverance from the curse and power of sin; it is to train up the saved to such a character and life as shall make men most pleasing to Christ, and profitable to men. With such an eternity as is facing each soul, with its weal and woe, anything which stops short of the salvation of the lost, and the saving of the saved to the highest service of our Lord and to men, could only be the chief aim which the Crucifix has for his people. Let us then have his clearly before us in all that we plan. When we call a pastor, when we propose an entertainment, when we adopt methods, let us never lose sight of the fact that the divine object of our existence is to help on the redemptive work of Christ, to save men, and train the saved to rescue others. O that such a consuming thirst after the salvation of the lost might possess all our churches, that no rest could be had but as souls were pressing into the kingdom.

THE CHURCH'S POWER.

But what is the power which is to accomplish this great end of the existence of the church here on earth? We all know it is the power of God, —of his Spirit. The first step up toward strength is a sense of utter dependence upon God. When reliance is had upon the eloquence of the pastor, upon the wealth, and social standing of the membership, upon the attractiveness of religious services, or even upon the interest of the prayer meeting, except as the prayers of the people take hold on God, the church shuts herself in to her own weakness. But this utter dependence upon God is not all. It is possible to use self-abnegation as a saving soul, as an excuse for inactivity. God does not usually, if he does ever, work without means. He intends to save men through human agency. The next step toward strength is gained when a church recognizes the need of its own agency and is in a condition such as makes it possible for God to send forth his power through her. Through what medium then does God act, and how can a church be the medium through which he sends forth his power to men?

THE TRUTH.

In the New Testament the truth is that which conveys the saving and sanctifying power. "Born again," says the apostle, "by the word of truth." "Sanctify them through thy truth," says our Lord. The church then to be strong must make known the truth.

How much is depending upon correct belief, and the preaching of the whole truth, now but God can know.

But the truth is proclaimed in other ways than by the lips. If it were only this with which the saving power of God is associated, it would not belong to the church at large to as great an extent as it does. There is a truth of life and action more forcible than truth on the tongue. When we act as though Christ was worthy of all love and service, and men in need of all importance and aid to lead them from fearful danger into glorious safety and possession, it is the most effective way to enforce truth, and so of all that pertains to the teaching of God's Word, whether relating to Christian experience, the graces of the Spirit, the hopes of the gospel, the love of Christ, the danger of the lost, the yearning after the perishing. The church can have its full power only as life, its character, and the exhibition of its emotions, are in harmony with the truth and fact, as declared by our Lord, and those inspired by him. If there is not this truth in the life, corresponding with the truth from the Word of God and the lips of the preacher, there will be inconsistency, and the error of the life may neutralize the truth of the word. But where there is harmony between the two, the church is in a position to be used of God, and with dependence upon him for the effectual help, must be a power to lead men to Christ.

There is encouragement here for churches weak in numbers and wealth. They may be strong in faith and in power to win souls. Let this lead to searching of heart, when there are no displays of saving power. May it not be in this care that the life of the church generally is untrue to the Word of God, and so does not afford the medium through which God chooses to work. Considering all that is depending upon the power of the church let us all strive to be true, Christ-like, —so that we may do our power to transmit his power to men.

QUESTIONS OF CONSCIENCE.

By this expression we do not mean questions which are left to the decision of conscience, because there is no definite Scripture teaching upon the subject. We refer rather to those numerous cases in which one is not fully persuaded whether a certain action is innocent, under all the circumstances, and allowable, or whether it is the reverse. What course to pursue, in such a case, whether to give conscience the benefit of the doubt, and abstain, or whether to give the action or amusement the benefit, and proceed, is a question of no little importance.

GIVE CONSCIENCE THE BENEFIT.

In the first place, it may be said that in most cases, if not in all, conscience is more likely to be over-obtuse than to be over-sensitive. Both the presence of sin in the nature and the practice of sin in the thought and life, always make conscience callous in proportion to its own power over both nature and life. This process is still further hastened by the law that conscience utters her decisions less and less loudly the oftener her call is ignored or her demand resisted. Then in this time especially, when so many attempt to justify what the sensitive consciences of holy men have rejected, there is danger lest sophistry may prevent a fair presentation of the question before her tribunal.

Now as there are none who can say they have been free from either of the three first helps to render conscience measurably obtuse, even if there be any who can say they are not subject to the last, it seems very clear that the probability is that we are not so much in danger at being over-scrupulous, as of taking too much license, and therefore that conscience, in every case, should have the benefit of the doubt, when there is any question.

We plead for this course on other considerations. Conscience is to warn us of moral danger, of violation of God's law, of what will injure our character, and help thus to wreck our happiness. It is a correct rule of conduct to keep away from danger further than we need, rather than run the risk of approaching so near as to be injured. We cannot be too safe from any danger, most of all from moral, when the risk can bring no gain. If a man has any question about the plague being in a house, he had better give it a wide berth. If he has the smallest suspicion that an amusement or an act is not right, under all the circumstances, let him

give that also a wide berth, for he cannot be too safe.

But beyond all this there is another reason why conscience should have the benefit of the doubt. To do otherwise would be taking unwarrantable liberties with her. She has a royal place in the soul. If we only had the slightest suspicion that the Queen had spoken, we would esteem it only becoming to give heed. Besides, because of the law that inattention to conscience lessens the beneficent power she has over us, we should account any other risk less than that which comes from forming a habit of inattention to her slightest whisper. If we give the benefit of the doubt against her, we render her voice less audible in the next case, and so we grow to permit what once was condoned by a distinct decision of conscience, and thus the awful progress toward a seared conscience goes on.

HELPFUL RULES.

We believe there are rules which might be helpful to us, in cases where there is a doubt about the propriety of some act or course of action.

If our inclination is toward the action, and we only concern ourselves to bring up considerations to silence a doubt in our minds, we need have no hesitation in deciding nay. The more sinless and given up to Christ a man is, the clearer must be the shining of the light in his soul. If, therefore, the decision of the best men is against, while the irreligious, and the godless, and the worldly portion of professed christians are for, there need be no doubt. If in the times of our highest experiences of love and devotion to Christ, we thought a thing wrong, and it has been only when we have gone down to lower ground that we considered it permissible, depend upon it we had better abstain. The nearer heaven a man is, the clearer the voice of God is heard. If an amusement spoils interest for God's service, and destroys the enjoyment of the means of grace, do not indulge as you love your soul and your usefulness. If it is anything a revival in a church makes it members discard, abstain. If indulgence makes the heart less free with God in prayer, and casts a shadow over his smiling face, be sure it is wrong. There are many other tests which we might mention, but we forbear.

APPLICATION.

Now, dear reader—young christian reader, especially in these days, when dancing, rinks, games of chance, which are associated with gambling and open avenues of temptation to the unwary—when these and other things too numerous to mention are pressing their way into the Church as innocent, or even as serving a good purpose, apply these simple rules, and be sure and always give conscience the benefit of the doubt, when there is any doubt. And suffer us to entreat you to live for that world which is nearing us every hour. What great possibilities you have of making the world better, and eternally happier! Do not then live a frivolous life, while all this power to effect the eternal good of others, and thus please him who has died to save you, is within your reach.

Rev. A. V. Timpany.

The death of the above named missionary, to which reference was made in the columns of this journal two weeks ago, has removed from the church militant to the church triumphant a most earnest and faithful Christian worker. By this and sweat the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec have sustained loss of a most serious and lamentable character, the full extent of which it is difficult now to clearly realize. As much as any one we have ever known, his continued presence and activity in the position which he filled seemed indispensable. How mysterious the providence which has taken him from us while still in middle life and in the noon-tide of his usefulness! His loss cannot but awaken very general sorrow and regret among all who knew him either personally or by reputation, and especially among those interested in our work in India. His relation to that work was such that, so far as now appears, his removal cannot but seriously hinder its progress for years to come. But we must not murmur. We can only bow in unquestionable submission to the will of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and

who is infinitely more interested in the progress of His Kingdom on the earth than any of His servants can be.

From the writer's knowledge of our departed brother, he feels prompted to say that no truer-hearted missionary ever left his native shores to labor in the foreign field. With strong faith, fervent piety, unflagging zeal, quenchless enthusiasm, and intellectual endowment of a high order, he was admirably adapted to the work to which he was called; and, as might be expected from one possessing such qualifications, he achieved extraordinary success. His junior brethren looked up to him as a wise leader, and profited greatly by his judicious counsels, which seemed based upon an intimate knowledge of every phase of the subject of missions, and of all kinds of mission work. He not only stood high among those with whom he was more closely associated, but outside of his own mission he was widely known and honored as one of the leaders of the Lord's host in India.

In attempting to give a brief sketch of his life and labors, it may be proper to say that, as our personal knowledge of Bro. Timpany does not extend back more than nine years, the statement of events previous to this period, based on the recollection of various conversations, may not always be strictly accurate, but will be as nearly so as we can make it.

Bro. Timpany was born in 1840, in the western part of Upper Canada (now Ontario). His parents, who were Nova Scotians by birth, had emigrated from Digby county to Canada in early life. He grew up amid agricultural pursuits, was converted while a youth, felt himself called to missionary service, and, to prepare for his life-work, entered upon a course of study at the Canadian Literary Institute, at Woodstock. He completed both the Literary and Theological courses provided at that institution, his studies extending, if our information is correct, over a period of five years. Meanwhile he had an abiding and growing impression that it was his duty to become a foreign missionary. He communicated his views and feelings to his brethren, and sought in public and in private to stir up their minds in regard to their obligation to give the Gospel to the heathen. As the result of his agitation of the subject, the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec was organized and he was appointed its first missionary. In October, 1867, at a meeting held in Brantford, he was publicly designated to the foreign work, and shortly after, in company with his wife, the eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Bates, he sailed from Boston for India. In those days the Suez Canal had not been opened, and the missionaries had to sail around the Cape, the journey occupied about six months. They landed at Madras, and proceeded immediately to Nellore, about a hundred miles to the northward, where they settled down and spent the first year of their Indian life in studying the Telugu language. In accordance with a previous arrangement, they began their foreign service under the direction of the American Baptist Missionary Union, though supported by contributions from their Canadian brethren. After a year or more spent at Nellore, Mr. and Mrs. Timpany removed to Ramapatanam, a village on the coast some thirty-five or forty miles north of Nellore, and there opened a new station. Suitable buildings were secured, and he was able at once to enter upon evangelistic labor. The work of gathering soon commenced, a church was organized, converts were received from time to time in considerable numbers, and by the time Bro. Timpany closed his first term of service in India, the membership of the church had increased, if our memory serves us, to about 700. While at Ramapatanam, in addition to superintending the evangelistic work of the station, he founded and carried on for two or three years the Ramapatanam Theological Seminary—a school for training native preachers and teachers—which has been a source of inestimable blessing to the Telugu people.

In 1880 Bro. Timpany with his family returned to Canada, closed his connection with the American Baptist Missionary Union, and made arrangements to connect himself, on returning to India, with the independent mission which his brethren had undertaken at Cocanada. During his sojourn at home he did a valuable work in advocating the formation of Women's Missionary Societies. Our Baptist sisters responded to his appeals, and organized themselves into two societies, one in the western, the other in the eastern section of the home field, these societies being represented in the churches by mission circles. As he foresees, a large amount of work has been done in raising money, diffusing intelligence and awakening interest, by these auxiliary organizations. He also persuaded some of our Baptist women in Toronto to undertake the publication of the "Missionary Link," which has thus far had a very prosperous and useful career. He spent considerable time in studying medicine, and acquired an amount of knowledge in that science which almost entitled him to be regarded as a medical missionary, as it certainly brought to him, after his return, no small addition to his labor, in the treatment of the sick who came to him for relief. This work was performed, of course, as a labor of love.

Near the close of 1878 he returned to India, and settled at Cocanada, taking charge of that station, and relieving Bro. McLaurin on the return of the latter to Canada. From that time till the end, when not disabled by jungle fever, of which he had occasional attacks, he prosecuted the work on the Cocanada field with great zeal and vigor, and with encouraging success. During his residence at Cocanada, a large chapel and various other buildings have been erected on the mission compound, the south-western part of his district was set off and is now known as the Akidie field, evangelistic work has been carried into many new sections, the membership of the Cocanada church has been largely increased, and every department of the work has shown marked advance. His great desire for years was to see a Theological Seminary established for our Canadian mission, and it was due in no small measure to his influence that it became at length an accomplished fact. As a Telugu scholar he ranked high, and did much valuable work as a member of committees for revising the Telugu Scriptures.

A

And here we must close this imperfect outline. Our brother has accomplished a grand work, and left a noble record. Though dead, he yet speaketh, and the memory of his faithful and self-denying service will long be a blessing and an inspiration to those who come after him. G. F. C.

British Columbia Correspondence.

I take up my pen on ministers "Blue Monday" to tell you how we are in Vancouver's lonely Isle.

Our two old friends, the Messenger, and the Visitor, have suddenly deserted us, and in their place a new face appears. Oh! no, I am mistaken. It is no stranger that crossed the vast continent and has entered our door; it is rather a union of the same old welcome acquaintances who are "no longer twain" but "one flesh." Some, we hear, have been forbidding the bans, and certainly many things have been done that, to say the least, did not appear open and honest; but, nevertheless, the union has been finally effected, we believe that it is of God, and "what God hath joined together let no man put asunder." On financial, literary, as well as typographical grounds, I heartily believe that such a step was a "consummation devoutly to be wished." I am fully satisfied that the choice of editor has been a wise one. The conservative tone of the editorials, especially in reference to the delicate question of denominational union, shows that we have a truly man at the helm, and augur well for the safe conduct of the enterprise.

THE WRATHFUL.

This usually stale topic actually deserves mention. We have had a great deal of the commodity called weather. Dame Nature has apparently been playing some queer pranks. It would seem as though Nova Scotia and Vancouver's Island had been exchanging their bills of fare. The letters and papers received from the far east represent the weather almost like "Mild, ethereal spring," whereas we have had almost the direct opposite. Quite a number of "eldest inhabitants" inform us that this has been the severest winter they have ever experienced.

For nearly four dreary weeks the Northern Pacific R. R. trains were snow-bound in the Rockies. Day after day we read in the Post Office the melancholy picard "No Canadian mail." Christmas and New Year's passed away without bringing us a home letter paper to relieve the monotony. Finally on one memorable day early in January the delighted crowds that thronged the Post Office received all their mail matter in the lump. Many explanations of the unusual weather have been suggested. Among them was the theory that the great number of immigrants from Winnipeg and other cold regions of the east had brought their weather with their baggage. A more scientific individual suggested that the deep cuttings through the Rockies for the C. P. R. permitted the cold breezes to sweep through, thus changing our genial climate; but be it as it may, the cold snap has passed over (the greatest cold being only ten degrees above zero) and since the first week in January the weather has been quite balmy and we are anticipating an early spring. At this date the vegetation is already far advanced, the mild weather having caused everything to spring up and bud; crocuses and hyacinths, appearing above the ground; the fruit trees are beginning to bud, and lilacs, honeysuckles and roses are showing signs of returning life.

MORAL STATUS.

In this city, so "beautiful for situation," the tide of morals runs at a very low ebb. By substituting "Vancouver" for "Ceylon" in the second stanza of Bishop Heber's missionary hymn, a fairly correct picture of our city is given. Here, "every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Within the city precincts is China-town, with about four thousand heathen inhabitants; across the harbor is the Indian Reservation with its population of dusky aborigines; in the very midst of us the liquor traffic, gambling, and the "social evil" have been allowed to pursue their wicked courses with almost no interference. Yet even here are found many names "which have not defiled their garments;" and these are putting forth noble efforts to stem the tide of wickedness. The Women's Christian Temperance Union, besides performing strictly temperance work, do good service in the hospital and jail, besides distributing a considerable quantity of religious literature. Through their efforts, a numerously signed petition to restrict the liquor traffic has been placed before the Local Legislature now in session. A Y. M. C. A. so long needed has been at last started in this city under most favorable auspices. Rooms have been secured in a central location, the various committees are now in harness, and a secretary has been engaged who devotes his entire time to this work. There are probably here more young men in any city of similar size in America, the majority of whom are away from home influences and restraint. Now the genial secretary welcomes them to a cheerful room well supplied with newspapers and having the nucleus of a library. Here also they are brought under the religious influence of the Gospel, social meetings being held both on week nights and on Sunday evenings.

BAPTIST INTERESTS.

The Victoria church is "inchin' along." We are doing foundation work "sowing in tears," hoping ere long to "reap in joy." Building operations are retarded by reason of the difficulty of obtaining site which is agreeable both to our purse and purposes. The church prefer to wait a little, rather than purchase an unfavorable property. Ten have been received by letter since our arrival here, the present membership now being thirty-nine.

The church at New Westminster, after long waiting, has now a pastor of its own who is supported largely by the American H. M. Society. Rev. Robert Lesslie and family passed through Victoria, two weeks ago en route to the Royal City to take charge of the church there. Brother L. comes well recommended from Dundas, Ont., and preached for us acceptably on Lord's day evening. He will be obliged to toil patiently to build up the cause there, seeing that the membership is only five and there is no home of worship. Bro. Lesslie's labors will not be confined

exclusively to N. B. He will exercise a general rounding territory Coal Harbor, stations.

The future promises possibly excellent spring up at the C. P. R. Port Moody, as repeated, the term be several miles of land over. The Syndicate have weeks, making the obtaining of little delay has been secured. Here who claim the territory will probably be the present House, and the Syndicate the of land they deposes. Here to secure a good property is compassed of coming in two is generally the denominations in this direction are slow in following. "There is a tide in men, which take on to fortune."

Victoria, B. C.—The tables show churches in Novem- ber, 1886, 121 church- ship of 12,977; 24 churches which has a mem- 300, or more. But there are 180 churches returns less than figures clearly in some care and weak interests may languish; but the sufficient strength abilities of the Com- be confessed, but strength is not equal to the ob- Though it is a year since 1879 the number of the churches \$4,396 to \$16,156 is that the contri- exceptionally low cannot pause while the combin- the year do not week for each of Home Mission Board \$10,000 a year. The other Board of funds. We responsibilities now less than \$30,000 count might be which the Conven- for the raising of fully applied. The in the habit of mak- tions to the cleas- It is probable lay in the public Book encourages as we all need the making our plans reports are not the churches until gone, naturally to con- vention Funds in half of the year. The Reports indicate progress fields of labor, means increasing men, and service a stage in our movement is a p- retain what we mean- ness of views awakens distrust, document of pestilence.

The tables of mis- ciples present in Most of the char- appears that 39 Scotia and 42 in not contribute to

exclusively to N. W., but he will exercise a general oversight of the surrounding territory, e.g., Port Moody, Coal Harbor, and Fraser River stations.

COAL HARBOR.

The future great city of B. C., and possibly exceeding Victoria, will spring up at the western terminus of the C. P. R. R. Instead of being at Port Moody, as was formerly expected, the terminus will doubtless be several miles farther west, on the tract of land overlooking Coal Harbor. The advance agents of the Syndicate have been here for some weeks, making final negotiations for the obtaining of the property. Some little delay has been caused by parties who claim prior right to a portion of the territory. These matters will probably be straightened out at the present session of the Local House, and the Province will give the Syndicate the six thousand acres of land they desire for R. R. purposes. Here the Baptists should secure a good lot, at once while property is comparatively cheap instead of coming in twenty years behind as generally the case. Other religious denominations are taking steps in this direction and we should not be slow in following suit, remembering "There is a tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

Yours Faithfully,
WALTER BIRNS.
Victoria, B. C., Feb. 2, 1885.

The Year Book For 1884.

The tables show that there are 179 churches in Nova Scotia, with a membership of 24,270; in New Brunswick, 131 churches, with a membership of 12,977; in Prince Edward Island 24 churches and 1,645 members. Of the churches there are 58, each of which has a membership of 200 or more, and 28, each of which reports 300 or more. But on the other hand there are 80 churches, each of which returns less than 50 members. These figures clearly indicate the need of some care and superintendence that weak interests may not be left to languish; but they also indicate sufficient strength for all the responsibilities of the Convention. It must be confessed, however, that this strength is not yet developed and applied to the objects of the body. Though it is a gratifying fact that since 1879 the annual contributions of the churches have increased from \$4,396 to \$16,156, yet the probability is that the contributions of 1879 were exceptionally low, and certainly we cannot pause for self-gratulation while the combined contributions of the year do not average one cent a week for each church member. The Home Missions Board is calling for \$10,000 a year. The Foreign Mission Board asks for an equal sum. The other Boards need an increase of funds. We cannot carry the responsibility so resting on us with less than \$30,000 a year. This amount might be reached if the plan which the Convention has approved for the raising of funds were faithfully applied. The weakness is largely in the habit of leaving the collections to the close of the year, instead of making them quarterly or monthly. It is probable, also, that the delay in the publication of the Year Book encourages this procrastination, as we all need the official records in making our plans, and, when these reports are not distributed among the churches until half of the year is gone, naturally the collection of Convention Funds is left for the last half of the year.

The Reports of the Mission Boards indicate progress in the different fields of labor, but this advance means increasing calls for money, men, and service. We have reached a stage in our work where a forward movement is a necessity, if we would retain what we now hold. Marrowness of views and inertness will awaken distrust, and cause the abandonment of posts which might be easily held by a little faith and courage. We have been perfecting our machinery for united and energetic action, and now there is imperative need of such action on the part of every church and every church member.

The tables of the Finance Committee present many suggestive facts. Most of the churches contribute to the objects of the Convention, but it appears that 89 churches in Nova Scotia and 42 in New Brunswick did not contribute last year. It is evi-

dent that many of the churches ought largely to increase their contributions.

These successive Year Books contain a large amount of valuable information. It is probable that not one in fifty of the church members reads them. Might it not be a wise use of the pastor's time, if he would occasionally present to his people the contents of these reports and papers? The needed information would be more widely diffused, and, as a natural consequence, a much larger number of the people would be ready to co-operate in pressing on the benevolent work to which the body has been called.

A. W. S.

Another Landmark Scene.

We are reluctantly compelled to know that very soon there will not be left out of the old Baptist pioneers of those Provinces, the men who through three quarters of a century, have watched the growth and development of Baptists interests, in this country. And although as they put the harness off from their drooping shoulders and drop the sword from their nerveless fingers, they leave us a heritage, broad and fair, won by God's blessing through their instrumentality, it makes us feel that increased responsibility is ours because we have not only our individual responsibilities, but we have a sacred trust, won by the toil and the prayers of others, committed to our safe keeping. On the morning of Feb. 21st, Andrew Goudie, late of Yarmouth, now in heaven, peacefully passed away to his eternal rest, at the age of 85 years. Born in Yarmouth and converted while a youth, he was closely identified with the Baptist interests of that town and country through his whole lifetime. Waiting the summons of the Master, whom he expected at any time for some years past, he was wont to gather around him the members of his family, or the friends who visited him, and recount the struggles of the past, the conflicts and the victories, the trials and the joys of the Master's service, when settlers in the country were few and the now stately Baptist cause was but an infant beset with foes.

He and his aged partner beloved who passed away to heaven about five months before him, found joy in sitting down together and singing some of those old hymns that have disappeared from our modern hymn books, set to music now little used, but which was once the mighty instrument of God's power in awakening sinners. As he felt the end drawing near he would look back and say "Well, God has been with me all the way through and I know he will not forsake me now!"

On the morning of Feb. 21st, after an uncomfortable night, he quietly fell asleep and wakened in heaven. He was the "friend of everybody and the enemy of no one." What the church on earth has lost, the church in heaven has gained.

J. B. W.

Halifax Correspondence.

This year we have had a literary winter in this slow-going city by the sea. Many names which would in themselves be evidence corroborative of the above statement, being omitted for want of space, it will suffice to mention the three lectures and a sermon by that soul-stirring faith-dealer, Joseph Cook, the temperance addresses of Hon. Jno. B. Finch of Nebraska, the "wit, humor and philosophy" of Eli Perkins, lectures by Dr. Mill, Dr. McCrae, of St. John, etc. But the pursuit of knowledge and intellectual pleasures does not wholly engross the attention and time of the good people of this city. Rinks, both roller and ice, carnival theaters, the dry dock question (which now seems to be high and dry by the three month's heat given it in our venerable legislature), Scott Act, education, diplomas, its causes and its prevalence, and other things come in for a share of our attention.

You will pardon me saying a few words on our common schools, our intermediate and higher institutions of learning, believing that the education of our young folk is a matter of the highest importance. Since the appointment of A. McKay, Esq., formerly of the High School, to the Superintendence of the city schools, a most gratifying and pronounced step forward has been made. The personal of the teaching staff has

been greatly improved, and the most efficient organization and the best methods of teaching have been sought. The Board of School Commissioners have adopted in the appointment of teachers a principle of first importance, viz.: that teachers whose record and attainments are superior shall receive the appointment. Personal or other considerations are waived. There is now a Bill before our legislature, which if passed, will put the High School in the same relation to the county, that other county academies hold in their respective counties. At present the school is partially supported by fees (a fee of \$40 being charged for any pupil residing outside the city limits) and taxes on the city. Its staff do not draw any government allowance.

If the present Bill passes, the school will be opened to girls. The means of obtaining an education above the common school curriculum offered to our girls by the city have been the past of a very meagre and special kind. Certainly the same opportunities for obtaining an education, that is now offered the boys, should not be denied our girls, a girls' high school proper equipped and officered, cannot be afforded by our city fathers; then the present High School building which is abundantly large enough to accommodate the youth of both sexes, should be opened alike to both.

(Conclusion next week.)

Religious Intelligence.

NEWS FROM THE CHURCHES.

RDN. BANK.—Since arriving among them I have been greatly strengthened in my faith and love for the Master in all things. We have not yet had any additions to the membership, yet the cause is hopelessly advancing. The members are taking an active stand for the truth. Some who were struggling along in doubt and fears, are daily drawn to the guidance of the Master, to the service of God, much to the encouragement of their pastor. Our prayer is that God will hasten the time, when we shall see sinners leaving the ways of Satan, and coming to us to the help of the Lord again in mighty numbers.

The pastor Rev. E. G. Grant is at Master Hall, but expecting to return in May. Meanwhile Rev. M. P. Freeman occupies the pulpit.

P. T. MILLER.

THE VALLEY.—The weather has been so unfavorable this season, as to prevent any very extended special religious services; indeed it has been with difficulty that the ordinary appointments have been kept. The pastor, however, has tried to make the best of the situation, and the people take advantage of a fine Sunday, and fill the churches with worshippers, indicates a healthy appetite for the "bread of life." Last year was a reaping time among the churches in this place; converts were recruited by hundreds. It is to be hoped that those who were in the past are undergoing such a training in the Christian life and work, as fit them for present and future usefulness in the church and world. The great present need is live Christians.

The church at Canning is in the midst of a precious work of grace. The church which served as a tabernacle has returned and sinners have been received.

Bro. Robinson lives in the affections of his people, and is much encouraged by these tokens of the divine favor. He has been conducting special services for converts who have outside help, with the exception of two sermons by Bro. Bradshaw, of Bilton.

The Cambridge church is still without a pastor, but not without preaching.

Bro. Brown, who came to us from the church of their master, Mr. Buckland, we have had prayer meetings during the past week, and as a result three have given their hearts to the Saviour, and yesterday put Christ in by a public profession, "being buried with Christ in baptism." Others are seeking the Saviour.

F. D. DAVISON.

KENT CO.—The new Baptist church of worship at McLaughlin Road, Dundas, Ontario, has now been completed. The day roads were all that could be done. The house was well filled, the opening sermon was preached by the Rev. J. W. Carpenter from 1 Cor. 2: 20, and was a well directed sermon. Rev. John Gammon preached an able discourse in the afternoon, and the services were preached with good acceptance in the evening. By the praiseworthy efforts of the church and congregation, and also the liberal collections on the day of opening, the house is free from debt.

It is a creditable work, and reflects much credit on the worth of the place.

We are holding some extra meetings. These have already effected some apparent good. May the good Master condescend to hear our feeble petitions to the salvation of precious souls.

MARCH 3rd. M. M. NORMANDY.

SATURDAY.—On Saturday evening, I buried with Christ in baptism" two more rejoicing converts. Others are on the way. A week ago I was forced to lay by, but the brethren continue the meetings, and I expect to be with them again shortly.

L. M. W.

BILLINGFOLD.—Assisted by Mrs. March and Mrs. Spencer, who came to us from their master, Mr. Buckland, we have had prayer meetings during the past week, and as a result three have given their hearts to the Saviour, and yesterday put Christ in by a public profession, "being buried with Christ in baptism." Others are seeking the Saviour.

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MARCH 3rd. M. M. NORMANDY.

SAINT JOHN'S.—On Sunday evening, I buried with Christ in baptism" two more rejoicing converts. Others are on the way. A week ago I was forced to lay by, but the brethren continue the meetings, and I expect to be with them again shortly.

L. M. W.

ST. JOHN'S.—Assisted by Mrs. March and Mrs. Spencer, who came to us from their master, Mr. Buckland, we have had prayer meetings during the past week, and as a result three have given their hearts to the Saviour, and yesterday put Christ in by a public profession, "being buried with Christ in baptism." Others are seeking the Saviour.

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"Guilt or Not Guilty?"

She stood at the bar of justice,
A creature was and wild,
Is form too small for a woman,
In feature too fair for a child;
For a look so worn and pathetic
Was stamped on her pale young face,
It seems long years of suffering
Must have left all silent trace.

"Your name?" said the judge as he eyed
her...

With kindly look, yet keen,
"Ie--" "Mary Maguire, if you please,"
she.

"And your age?" "I am turned fif-

"Well, Mary"—and then from a paper
He slowly and gravely read—

"You are charged here—I am sorry to
say it—

With stealing three loaves of bread."

"You look not like an offender,
And I hope that you can show
The charge to be false. Now, tell me,
Are you guilty of this, or no?"

A passionate burst of weeping

Was at first her sole reply;

But she dried her tears in a moment,

And looked in the judge's eye.

"I will tell you just how it was, sir;

My father and mother are dead,

And my little brothers and sisters

Were hungry and lacked for bread.

At first I earned it for them.

By working hard all day,

But soon how the times were hard, sir;

And the work all fell away.

"I could get no more employment;

The weather was bitter cold;

The young ones cried and shivered

(Little Johnnie's but four years old);

So what was I to do, sir?

I am guilty, but do not condemn;

I took—O it was stealing!"

The bread to give to them.

Every man in the court room—

Graybeard and thoughtless youth—

Knew as he looked upon her.

That the prisoner spoke the truth,

Out of their pockets came kerchiefs,

Out of their eyes sprung tears,

And out from old, faded wallets

Treasures hoarded for years.

The judge's face was a study,

The sturdiest you ever saw,

As he cleared his throat and murmured

Something about the law.

For one so learned in such matters,

He seemed, on a simple question,

Surely puzzled just then.

But no one blamed him, or wondered

When at last these words they heard:

"The sentence of this young prisoner

Is for the present deferred."

And no one blamed him or wondered

When he went to her and smiled,

And tenderly led from the court-room

His "guilty" child.

Selected Serial.**SHILOH:**
ON
WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

BY W. M. L. JAY.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

For a moment I looked at Mala; then she somehow disappeared. There is this peculiarity about these strange companions of mine, that whenever I regard Mala steadily, trying to see her as she is, she always vanishes, grows vague, and vanishes; whereas the longer and more searchingly I look at Bona, the brighter and better defined she becomes. The first is most powerful when I do not recognize her for herself, when she pushes me from behind, or allures me from before, hides under a mask of self-respect, custom, expediency, necessity, and I know not what beside, for she has more shapes than Proteus. Bona's efficiency, on the contrary, is greatest when I seek her out; entreat her help, and consciously put my hand in hers. If I grow careless, and off my guard; Mala is nearly certain to be at my elbow, ordering my goings; but there is little drifting, or going blindfold under Bona's guidance; she compels me to use my reason and my will.

I now turned to her, and exclaimed, "Oh! Bona, if I could always look at Nature through your eyes!"

"Your own will serve you well," she answered, gently, "if you have the right spirit in your heart. Nature is like a dream; it has different aspects for different beholders; one sees in it little beside the reflection of his own face; another, looking closer, discerns the form of its waves, and the grasses, flowers, and other minute objects that float on its surface; still another discovers fish playing in its depths, and pebbles and roots at the bottom; a fourth is ravished with its graceful curves, its sparkle and play of light, its soft concords of colour; a fifth floats into dreamland on its liquid music; a sixth, feeling somewhat of its sentiment, as well as of its beauty, finds out subtle analogies to human life; but the divinely-inspired heart of a seventh, while it loses none of them

effects, swells with rapturous thought of the peace that 'shall flow as a river'; or, like St. John in Patmos, looking on the Nile, beholds in vision the River of Life, 'clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb.' In Nature to-day, you have found a bit of mythology, some analogies, many artistic effects, and a type of your own life. Suppose, now, you seek for the goodness of God it?

Amused by the quaint speech and merely smile, I sat down on the rock, the more comfortably to pursue the conversation.

"The place seems to be amply supplied with water without the help of the hollow," I remarked, prompted by the sight of the aforementioned, well sweeps rising into view, one on either side of the house, and looking much like an enormous pair of fishing poles. "May I ask how it happens that you have two wells in such close proximity?"

"Ask all the questions you like," returned Uncle True, benignly, "they're the short road to learnin' and save makin' mistakes. As for the wells, the one behind the house was dug first, and the water turned out to be so hard and brackish that they concluded they'd try t'other side; an' that's the best water in Shiloh, cool as if it had just come out of an iceberg, an' soft an' sweet as if it had been stirred up with a rosebud before it started."

"That seems strange," observed I, inasmuch as there is only the length of the house between them."

"Sweet an' bitter waters are nigher together than that sometimes," said Uncle True, sententiously; "I've known 'em both to come out o' the same spot."

It was plain that his mind had wandered from wells in fact to wells in metaphor.

"Besides," he continued, after a pause, "though, as you say, there's nothin' but the old house 'twixt 'em, yet that may stand for this world an' all its consarns. An' jest as the old house ain't much compared with this whole hillside an' valley, as far as you can see, so life isn't much, neither, when you look at the eternity afore it an' the eternity arter it; but there's just that, an' nothin' else, 'twixt the bitter waters of earth that we all begin to drink as soon as born, an' the river o' life in heaven. Wall,

No question but that he understood! At the first words he pricked up his ears and looked at me earnestly, inclining his head to one side. At the last he sprang up, waggling his tail, gave a bark of joyous acquiescence, and bounded forward.

He guided me home by a shorter route. It led through a shady, turfy lane, traversed by deep cart ruts, and a sunny bit of road, bordered by that queer tangle of creeping, climbing, prickly, vagabond vegetation, which always accumulates by roadside stone-walls in the country, sowing its own seed and reaping its own harvest, with some little help in the latter task, from stray cattle and loitering school-children. I soon came upon the Divines' woodpile, a domestic institution which, in Shiloh, has the habit of establishing itself by the roadside, in convenient proximity to the house gate, by way of saving the enclosed land, and allowing the wood-chopper to keep *au courant* des public affairs. There I found Mrs. Divine's silver-haired bachelor brother, who is so universally addressed and spoken of as "Uncle True." That it seems like unnecessary particularity to mention that he has a claim, by baptism and birthright, to be called Truman Hart. He was sitting in an ancient-looking arm-chair, chopping wood, with a barrier of logs before him and a plentiful sprinkling of chips all around. A huge mass of rock jutted up near him, in the top of which was a deep depression, or cavity, half full of water. I looked at it curiously, and inquired if it was an artificial or natural basin?

"It's history and mine's pretty much the same," replied he, laying his hand on his arm with a certain fondness. "Me and my old chair's kept company for nigh unto fifty year, and I guess nothin' but Death will part us now. Indeed, I've some thoughts ofakin' to be buried sittin' in it; I've read somewhere that old Ben Johnson (he's poet that used to be read when I was young more'n he is now) was buried standin' straight up in—in—wall—you know where I mean—in that fine church in England where they bury their great folks."

"Yes; in Westminster Abbey," said I; "but it is painful to think of a man on his feet so long; and though sitting may be an easier posture, I advise you not to make the request. The thought of your sitting upright till the end of time would scarcely be otherwise than wearisome to your friends. Moreover,

it seems fitting that a man should lie down in his grave as he does in his bed, resigning himself into God's hands, and trusting to Him to take care of his awakening."

"So it does," said Uncle True, heartily; "I declare I never thought o' that! Wall, anyhow, me an' my old chair'll jog on together as far as the grave. To be sure, it's a good deal rusty an' creaky (like myself), an' it's been mended two or three times (which I hain't, as I know on), but I guess it'll last my time. I hope so; I shouldn't like to try a new un, this has been leg an' seat, an' carriage an' travel, an' tavern for me so long."

"Why! you do never go without it?" I asked, in surprise.

"No more'n a snail goes without his shell. You see, marm, when I was a young feller, about sixteen years old, I was flung out of a wagon, an' lamed for life. Wall, first I tried crutches, but I couldn't sit on 'em when I got tired, an' that was poory often. Then I took to shovin' this old chair about ('twas new un then down jest where an' when I liked. Besides, it's got a drawer here, under the seat, you see, where I keep the things I want to use commonly." And Uncle True opened it, and displayed its contents. "Here's hammer an' nail, an' gimlet an' screws; them's for tuikerin' round the place; wherever I see a board off, or a hinge loose, or anything out o' kilter, I fix it. Here's an' awl, waxed ends, so that I can mend old harness, an' boots an' shoes. Here's a needle an' thread; it's easier to sew on my buttons or mend a tear sometimes than 'tis to travel clear into the house to get it done. Here's a trowel to dig up weeds—with by the way, I make out to do most o' the garden work. Here's some old linen an' salve, for doin' up cuts and bruises; I git a chance to use them, on myself or somebody else, about every week. An' here's the last newspaper, to read in the shade when I get tired o' choppin'. An' now—"shutting up the drawer—"I'm agoin' to cut up that log over yonder, an' you can see how I manage."

So saying, Uncle True stuck his axe through some leather straps at the side of his chair; raised himself slowly by a firm grasp of its arms, and turned about, shifting hands as he did so from one side the other. Then he lifted it by the arms, set it forward a step, dragged one foot after the other slowly up to it, set it forward again, and so proceeded until he reached the point indicated, when he twisted himself into it, resumed his axe, and set to work.

I looked on with interest, and something like pity mat have shown itself in my face also, for the old man, after looking at me keenly once or twice, said quietly, "It's a dull sort of a life to lead, maybe you think; but it isn't quite a useless one, you see; and I've grown so wonted to it that I guess I shouldn't care to have it any different now, if I could."

I recalled Mr. Warren's emphatic assertion, "Life is sweet to them all," and felt its truth; yet what a dissimilarity in the two men! Uncle True's placid, sensible face was full of the glow of a kindly and contented spirit, shining through the dust and rigour of his circumstances like sunbeams struggling through a dusty, discoloured widow-pane. The little light in Mr. Warren's face resembled rather the chill reflection of sunbeams from ice, which freezes all the harder to-day because it thawed a little yesterday.

To be continued.

"Your chair has a most suggestive look," I said, at length; "it seems unctuous with long absorption of life's familiar knowledge and homely interests; ha sit a history?"

"It's history and mine's pretty much the same," replied he, laying his hand on his arm with a certain fondness. "Me and my old chair's kept company for nigh unto fifty year, and I guess nothin' but Death will part us now. Indeed, I've some thoughts ofakin' to be buried sittin' in it; I've read somewhere that old Ben Johnson (he's poet that used to be read when I was young more'n he is now) was buried standin' straight up in—in—wall—you know where I mean—in that fine church in England where they bury their great folks."

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HERMAN PHILLIPS, Glover, Vt., states the cure of Hereditary *Serofulosis*, in three generations of his family, by

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PROMPTLY relieves from General Debility, Neuralgia, Paroxysms, and Dernage of the Vital Organs.

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AMERICAN DRUGGISTS, *Brunswick, Me.*, retired sea-captain, was cured of a Cancer by

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The attestations of a myriad of unimpeachable witnesses may be cited, were it necessary, to prove the almost miraculous cures effected by this only really Blood Purifying Medicine.

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INVIGORATING SYRUP

Cures Dyspepsia, Coughs, Colds, Headache, Worms, acts as a gentle Physio, and should be kept in every household for all emergencies.

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Cures Diphtheria and Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Quinsy, Cuts and Pains of all kinds, as well as all other diseases of the skin and breast.

NERVE OINTMENT

Is truly a household necessity, and is used externally and internally for the Lungs, Piles, Colds, Cuts, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Lips, Ulcers, Skin, and Breast.

VEGETABLE PLASTER

Cures Bolts, Cuts, Cracked Hands and Lambe-Back; being put up in tin boxes it is the third largest of those ready made besides being so much cheaper.

CERTAIN CHECK

Cures Cholera, Diarrhoea and all like complaints in children and adults.

EYE RELIEF

Cures all forms of Sore Eyes, Piles and Children.

The above preparations are manufactured by

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Daily expected per ship Nettle Murphy: 5,500 SACKS LIVERPOOL SALT.

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25cts. PER QUIRE,

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"I Have Suffered!"

With every disease imaginable for the last three years. Our Druggist, T. J. Anderson, recommends "Hop Bitters" to me, I used two bottles! An entirely cured, and heartily recommended Hop Bitters to every one. J. D. Walker, Buckner, Mo.

I write this as a token of the great appreciation I have of your Hop Bitters. I was afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism for nearly Seven years, and no medicine seemed to do any good!

Until I tried two bottles of your Hop Bitters, and to my surprise I am as well day as ever I was. I hope "You may have abundant success" In this great and valuable medicine:

Anyone! I wish to know more about your Hop Bitters. Can learn by addressing me, E. M. Williams, 1103 10th street, Washington, D. C.

I consider you remedy the best remedy in existence For Indigestion, kidney Complaint, And nervous debility. I have just returned from a fruitless search for health, and find that your Bitters are doing me more Good!

Than anything else; A month ago I was extremely fatigued!!! And scarcely able to walk. Now I am Gaining strength! And "Flesh!"

And hardly a day passes but what I am complimented on my improved appearance, and it is all due to Hop Bitters! J. Wickliffe Jackson,

Wilmington, Del.

None genuine without a bunch of green hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, dangerous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A Broken Hearted Father.

An affecting scene—one of the saddest—occurred last week at the visiting window of the jail in this city. A boy about eighteen years old was incarcerated, awaiting transportation to Dennewars prison where he is to serve a six years sentence. The prisoner was a fine-looking young fellow. His father—an aged minister—had come to visit him. The son stood with shamed face on one side of the grating, and the grief-stricken father on the other. Drink had been the cause of the boy's troubles. The father pleaded earnestly with his child to reform while in prison, to read his Bible, and improve all spare time in study.

"Son," continued the father, "if you had the grace of God in your heart you wouldn't be here. If those cursed grogshops were swept away, I'd have been spared all this. Let it be a lesson to you, boy. This is the last time you will probably ever see me. I am old, and probably won't live to see your six years out. O, my boy, promise me to give yourself to God, that I may see you over yonder."

The boy promised, and the old man went his way.

While this father returns to his home to go down to a premature grave in sorrow, the man who ruined his son is now engaged in ruining other sons. Which shall we have, "the home or the saloon?"—Our Home Work.

A Word to the Boys.

Water is the strongest drink. It drives mills; it's the drink of lions and horses, and Samson never drank anything else. Let young men be teetotalers if only for economy's sake. The beer-money will soon build a house. If what goes into the wash-tub went into the kneading-through families would be better fed and better taught. If what is spent in waste were only saved against a rainy day poor houses would never be built. The man who spends his money with the publican, and thinks the landlord's bow and "How do ye, my good fellow?" mean true respect, is a perfect simpleton. We don't light fires for the herring's comfort but to roast him. Men do not keep pot-houses for laborers' good; if they do, they certainly miss their aim. Why, then, should people drink "for the good of the house?" If I spend money for the good of the house let it be my own and not the landlord's. It is a bad well into which you must put water; and the beer-house is a bad friend, because it takes your all and leaves you nothing but headaches. He who calls those his friends who let him sit and drink by the hour together is ignorant—very ignorant. Why, red lions, tigers, and eagles, and vultures are all creatures of prey, and why do so many put themselves within the power of their jaws and talons? Such as drink and live riotously, and wonder why their faces are so blotchy, and their pockets so bare, would leave off wondering if they had two grains of wisdom. They might as well ask an elm tree for ears as look to loose habits for health and wealth. Those who go to the public house for happiness climb a tree to find fish.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Too Good to Keep.

A New Zealand girl was brought over to England to be educated. She became a true Christian. When she was about to return some of her playmates endeavored to dissuade her. They said: "Why do you go back to New Zealand? You are accustomed to England now. You love its shady lanes and clover fields. It suits your health. Besides, you may be shipwrecked on the ocean. You may be killed and eaten by your own people. Everybody will have forgotten you."

"What?" she said, "Do you think I could keep the good news to myself? Do you think that I could be content with having got pardon, and peace and eternal life for myself, and not go and tell my dear father and mother how they can get it too? I would go if I had to swim there! Do not try to hinder me, for I must go and tell my people the good news!"

"No. But you called me 'my child' one day. I'd like to do something for you, sir. I thought before that I was nobody's child."

Christian men and women are too apt to feel when they subscribe to organized charities, that they have done their duty to the great army of homeless, friendless wife around them. A touch, a kiss, a kind word, may do much towards saving the neglected little one who feels it is "nobody's child;" teaching it as no money can do, that we are all children of one Father.

When Christ would heal or help the poor outcast, he did not send him money; but he came close and touched him.

Give Yourself.

Said a mother to me one day, "When my children were young I thought the very best thing I could do for them was to give them myself. So I spared no pains to talk to them, to read to them, to pray with them, and to be a loving companion and friend to my children. I had to neglect my house many times. I had no time to indulge in many things which I should have liked to do. I was so busy adorning their minds and cultivating their heart's best affections that I could not adorn their bodies with fine clothes, though I kept them neat and comfortable at all times. I have my reward now. My sons are ministers of the gospel; my grown-up daughter a lovely Christian woman. I have plenty of time now to rest, plenty of time now to keep my house in perfect order, plenty of time to indulge myself in many ways, besides going about my Master's business whenever he has need of me. I have a thousand beautiful memories of their childhood to comfort me. Now that they have gone out into the world I have the sweet consciousness of having done all I could to make them ready for whatever work God calls them to do. I gave them the best I could—*Our Young People.*

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Foods Rich in Phosphorus.

Among vegetable foods, the following is their order as to richness, in food for the brain: Southern corn, beans, barley, oats, sweet potatoe, and peas.

The following is the order in which the meats stand as to their capacity for supporting the brain: beef, veal, mutton and lamb. Pork has about nothing for the brain.

The following is the order of the fishes: salmon, codfish, haddock, smelt, lobster, halibut.

Among the foods in common use, abandoning the above classification into vegetable, flesh and fish, the following may be relied upon as the natural order in richness of brain nourishment.

The first article of food named is the richest in phosphates or brain nutriment, and as we go down the list they grow poorer, and poorer; but all that are named in this list may be regarded as ranking well among the brain foods:

Salmon, codfish, haddock, smelt, lobster, beef, veal, Southern corn, mutton, lamb, beans, barley and oats.

At a collection made at a church fair on the west side, an evening or two since, a lady offered the plate to a wealthy man, well known for his stinginess. "I have nothing to give," was the surly reply. "Then take something," she resumed; "I am begging for the poor."

"Do you know me?" he asked at last.

The wretched little Arab laughed.

Can't Rub It Out.—"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on the window.

"Why not?" "Because you can't rub it out." Did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out?

You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You whispered a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now; you can't rub it out.

—Many good purposes lie in the church yard," says Philip Henry. That is because they were murdered by neglect.

What is this Disease that is Coming Upon Us?

Like a thief at night it steals upon us unawares. Many persons have pains about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sticky slimy colic also attacks the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a walk in the air, at first dry but after a few months it is attended with a greenish coloured expectoration. The afflicted one feels tired all the while, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, and gloomy, and has evil forebodings. This is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation that the bowed up suddenly. The bowed become obstinate; the skin is dry and hot at times; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the urine is scanty and high-colored; the bowels are obstructed; a sediment is standing. There is a frequent spitting up of the food, sometimes with a sour taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart; the vision is impaired with spots before the eyes; there is a feeling of great contraction and weakness. All these symptoms are turned present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. The cause is unknown. It is really what the disease is of these organs makes it difficult to find a remedy, and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Seigel's urative Syrup acts like a charm in this class of complaints, giving almost immediate relief. The following letters free from chemists of the country to the community where they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield. I can confidently recommend it to all who may be suffering from liver or stomach complaints, having the testimony of many persons who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. W. Bedford, 141, York Street, Belfast. I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it to be.

I have always great pleasure in recommending the urative Syrup, as it has never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover—I have always taken a great interest in your medicines and highly commend them as I have found numerous cases of cure from their use.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland.—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicines than any other.

D. Darroll, Clun, Salop.—All who buy it are pleased, and recommend it. I For sale by Geo. Frost, Druggist, John N. B., and by A. J. White, Limited, branch office 67 St. James Street, Montreal, P. Q.

John's, Newfoundland, Nov. 16th, 1853. To PUTNEY Bros. As prepared by you, I have found it very efficacious in the diseases of children, especially diarrhoea.

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