

THE CHRISTIAN.

"FAITH COMETH BY HEARING, AND HEARING BY THE WORD OF GOD."—Paul.

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The Christian.

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WE SOON will have wending their way through this and the adjoining city, the street cars. Work on the streets commenced June 30th.

BRO ISAAC ERRETT, after an absence of five months in the East, reached his home, Cincinnati, on Tuesday morning, 7 a. m. The trip seems to have done him good.

THE presence of Bros. MacDonald and MacLeod at the P. E. Island meeting, notice of which is given under Church News, will, without doubt, add much to the interest of the meeting.

WE ARE sorry to see that Brother and Sister Gates have been called to part with one of their little ones. These brethren know the source from whence cometh all needful blessing and have in mind and heart the consolation of the Gospel.

GEORGE T. SMITH, known to many of our readers, is spending a few months in the States, before returning to his field of labor in Japan. It may be that he will come this way to view the home of his departed wife.

THE Churches that have neglected sending their usual amount of support to Home Mission would do well not to defer the matter any longer, as it is desirable to have all accounts settled up by our Annual.

THE *Christian Evangelist* has an item that will be of interest to our P. E. I. brethren:

"H. A. MacDonald, President of West Kentucky College, delivers an alumni address at Kentucky University, June 8th. He expects to visit New York and probably Prince Edward Island during the summer."

IF THE orthodoxy of any system is to be judged by the number of its adherents, then the Pagans carry the day—numbering as they do, 850,000,000; then comes the Roman Catholics, claiming 275,000,000; Mohammedans, 170,000,000; Protestants, 116,000,000, and the Jews, 8,000,000.

THE progress of christianity among the heathen is one of the marvels of this century. Something over a hundred years ago Voltaire declared in a room in Geneva, "that before the 19th century christianity would have disappeared from the earth." And now this very room is being used for a Bible repository.

FROM the Coburg Street notes it is seen that the Annual Meeting of our Brethren in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will be held in St. John. The meeting commences the Friday before the first Lord's-day in September. As to rates and routes of travel full particulars will be given in the August CHRISTIAN.

SOMETHING worth telling—an example worthy of all imitation. A brother in the States, after enumerating the cost of the various papers coming to his address, and feeling that retrenchment was necessary, writes, "and then the secular papers foot up quite an item. But I have concluded not to begin retrenching with the religious papers, so I enclose one dollar."

IN THE House of Commons, a motion to repeal the Canada Temperance Act was defeated; 37 for repeal, and 145 against it—nearly four to one in favor of the Act. An effort was made to amend the Act so as to permit the sale of wine and beer, but this too was defeated—48 for the amendment and 136 against it. The question of Prohibition then came up for discussion, and the vote being taken, it was lost—70 supporting Prohibition, and 112 against it.

IN two or three of our exchanges we find the statement of the following fact. We need not remind our readers that such acts are few and far between, or, in other words, they are not of daily occurrence!

"A merchant, once asked by a clergyman for help, gave him a check for £10. The post immediately brought news that one of his large vessels had gone down with her costly cargo. Telling the poor clergyman of his loss, he added: 'I must ask you to give back that check.' The poor man ruefully handed it back, when the merchant cancelled it and immediately gave him another for £50, adding, 'I must give you while I can, for God is warning me that some day I may not have it to give.' That merchant was Mr. Thornton, the first Treasurer of the Church Missionary Society."

MORGAN MORGANS writing to the *Christian Standard*, presents in the following extract a fact or two worthy of being remembered.

"I took the B & O. at Washington, crossing the Potomac River at Harper's Ferry. While crossing this beautiful, serpentine river, rushing along the foot of the green clad mountains of the 'old Dominion,' I thought, here in the Jordan of America, George Washington, 'the father of our country,' was buried in baptism. Though brought up in the faith of the church of the mother country, when he learned his duty, in the presence of hundreds of his soldiers he willingly and cheerfully complied with it. There is a remarkable similarity between the dying words of Washington and Garfield. The former said, 'I cannot last long, doctor, but I am not afraid to go; of the latter when assassinated, 'tell me the worst, doctor, for I am not afraid to die.'"

THE 19th, 20th and 21st of June have come and gone, and St. John has celebrated the Queen's Jubilee, and she did it well. The weather was perfect, the number of visitors immense, and, as the crowds eager to witness the various sights, surged this way and that way, the people unceremoniously pushed, jostled, and bumped against each other, and at times trod upon each others corns, still every one seemed to be in a good humor and accepted everything as part of, or necessarily connected with the Jubilee. The programme prepared

by the various committees was to all intents and purposes—all things to all men: Sunday—Religious services of various kinds; Monday—Boat racing, children's procession, music on the squares and on the streets, oratorical and musical festival in the evening; Tuesday—Polymorphian procession, military parade, unveiling of bust of Queen Victoria, base-ball match, grand illumination and fireworks in the evening.

The whole affair passed off in first-class style, and the people of St. John have every reason to feel proud of their effort to honor the Queen.

THE Mayor of our city seems determined that only one door to bars or taverns in the city shall be permitted. The bar keepers have been notified to close up the second door. Some of them not complying with the demand were summoned before the Police Magistrate to answer for their conduct. These violators of the law, promising to comply with the demand, were given a few days to fulfill their promises.

A POSTAL from Evansville, Indiana, dated June 21st, says:

"Dear Bro. Capp,—I start (D. V.) for home (P. E. I.) next Monday. If I go by way of St. John I hope to see you. It will be a sad and lonely trip for me, but I feel it is a duty to go and see the folks at home. * * * *

Very truly your Bro.

NEIL McLEOD."

Something like seven years ago Bro. McLeod, with his wife, paid a visit to the Island. But death has recently taken from him his beloved wife—reference to which has already been made in the columns of the CHRISTIAN.

THE resolution of Bro. Freeman to give himself to the work of the Lord will be received with delight by the brethren throughout these Provinces. We have two young men in St. John that have made the same resolution. Now let us do all we can to encourage these young men in their work of faith and labor of love. Let us pray that they may be kept from falling; that they may have that wisdom that cometh down from above; that utterance be given unto them that they may open their mouths boldly to make known the mystery of the gospel. Now, the Mission Board proposes to help these young men, not only by prayer and words of encouragement, but financially. And if the brethren would carry out practically the suggestion made by Bro. Messervey in the last CHRISTIAN—"that each brother and sister send at least \$1.00 to the Board," a good work could and would be done. Brethren and friends, let us hear from you in this matter. Send to T. H. Capp, box 106, St. John, N. B., and credit will be given in the August issue of the CHRISTIAN.

N. B. AND N. S. MISSION.

RECEIPTS SINCE LAST REPORT.

Church, Lords Cove, D. I.,	\$15 98
Church, Leonardville, "	6 50
Mrs. Annie Cook, "	1 00
Mrs. Geo. Leonard, "	1 00
Mr. Geo. Leonard, "	2 00
Mrs. H. Leonard, "	1 00

Total, \$27 48

T. H. CAPP,
Treasurer.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS OF TRAVEL.

BY ISAAC ERRETT.

After lunching at the fountain we proceeded to Bethany, now known as el-Azeriyeh. It is on the eastern slope of Olivet, and not at all imposing in appearance. The ground about it is rocky, though in ancient times it was probably terraced and cultivated, and abounded in olive and fig trees. Within a short distance is a cluster of houses called Bethphage. We were shown the house of Simon the leper, and the remains of the house of Lazarus, Mary and Martha. The latter was a small house such as a poor or small family would be apt to live in. We descended also to what is called the tomb of Lazarus, but we had not sufficient confidence in the identity of the spot to share in the enthusiasm with which some of the very credulous of our party regarded it. We were more concerned with touching and beautiful memories of the peaceful home in which our Lord found a retreat from the angry noises and tumult of Jerusalem; where Mary sat at his feet, and Martha busied herself with the rites of hospitality; where Jesus wept over the griefs of these pious sisters and raised their brother Lazarus from the dead; whence, through this resurrection, a thunderbolt darted to Jerusalem smiting the corrupt rulers with dismay, and filling the city with a strange excitement; and whence, also, Jesus proceeded on his journey to Jerusalem from Perœa, where the multitudes met him in the way and conducted him in triumph to Jerusalem, crying "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of Jehovah!" We thought, too, of the solemn pause on the way, where Jesus wept over Jerusalem, and bewailed the unbelief of her doomed population, and of that supreme moment when the risen Jesus led his disciples, after his resurrection, as far as to Bethany, and blessed them, and in their presence ascended on high to sit upon his heavenly throne and reign over earth and heaven. It has always seemed to us as if, among his last farewells, would be those to Lazarus, Mary and Martha. The whole rude scene around us was thronging with sacred and loving suggestions of His presence.

Then we rose to the crest of Olivet, and caught that view of Jerusalem which we would rather have had at first. The whole city lay before us, and we could readily trace its main divisions and leading objects. We may almost certainly fix upon the spot from which Jesus beheld the city and wept over it. From the minaret at the village of Tur, on the summit, a splendid view is obtained of Jerusalem and its environs.

Descending the mount—which, indeed, is nothing more than a ridge—we come to the garden of Gethsemane at its base. This, if not the actual site of Gethsemane, must be very near it. There are still some very old olive trees—three of them with three trunks or main branches each. These are called the Tree of the Agony, the Tree where Judas betrayed his Master with a kiss, and the tree under which the three disciples slept. All this is, of course, fanciful. Olive trees live to be a thousand years old. Indeed, however often the branches and trunks may die down, the roots still live, and a new and vigorous life may again shoot forth. It is not impossible, therefore, that these trees are, at the roots, the same as those in the shade of which our Lord prostrated himself in his agony, but it is not probable. But under some such trees as these, and somewhere near here, that remarkable agony took place.

In Gethsemane the tears flowed unbidden, and it was difficult to suppress an overwhelming gush of emotion. The venerable olive trees, the moonlight and shadow deep down here under the lofty walls and frowning battlements of Jerusalem—the Man of Sorrows in his baptism of suffering—the

sleeping disciples, the piercing cry, the bloody sweat, the approaching mob with Judas at their head: all this came before us, and the "strong cryings and tears" of the lone Sufferer, as billow after billow of despair rolled over him and submerged him, the strong angel that came down to fan him with his wings and nerve him with courage, appeared as if it were going on before our eyes, and we entered into "the fellowship of his sufferings" as never before. We were compelled to turn away to hide our emotion. Blessed Jesus! how thy pure heart was wrung with anguish for sins not thine own! How chill the shadow of death that here passed over Thee! How terrible the temptations which Satan made to swoop with tempest-power over Thee! How fearful the battle that was fought with the powers of darkness, and how glorious the victory won! and all this that, through thy dread sacrifice, the world that scorned Thee might be redeemed! Mighty strife—glorious victory! The "Leader and Commander" who here faced the terrors of death and hell that he might open the way through the thickest darkness and mightiest opposition for the redemption of guilty man, and bear him out of darkness into light, out of death into life, and would not be driven back even by the terrors and shame of the cross as it cast its terrible shadow over His spirit—what do we not owe to Him? how can we even speak his praise as we ought? We plucked a few twigs of the olive trees by permission, and turned away from the garden with chastened heart.

Our visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, while it was interesting, was disappointing and provoking. It was not that here we were pointed with all assurance to the spot where our Lord was crucified, buried and rose again; for however erroneous this judgment may be, it is not without plausible arguments in its support, and is approved by many men of learning who have given to the question much patient investigation.

We have said that there is much that is plausible, especially in ancient tradition, in favor of this as the site of the crucifixion. Our dragoman, unusually well informed on the whole question, is decidedly in favor of this site, although not ecclesiastically connected with any of the sects that hold the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in possession. He is a Protestant. His theory is, that each of the divisions of Jerusalem—Moriah, Zion, Akra, etc.—had its own wall; that at this point, where these walls approached each other, there was an open space outside all the walls, and therefore *without the city*, where Jesus was crucified, and he promised to prove this to us if he could gain access to a spot immediately adjoining the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where the remains of one of the ancient walls could be seen turning at this very spot, and leaving the site now occupied by this church, *outside the wall*. Through the courtesy of the American Consul, Mr. Gilman, and the Russian officials, he secured permission for us to visit this spot—a privilege, he gave us to understand, accorded to but few. We found there the unquestionable remains of a very ancient wall, bearing the marks of Phœnician masonry. But, on examination, we discovered that the outer facing of the wall was on the wrong side—on the *inner* side, if this was indeed the outer wall of any division of the city. The remains looked as if there might have been a tower here, and these stones a part of the inner wall of the tower. It did not appear to us to warrant the conclusion our learned dragoman and others drew from it.

The New Testament may almost be said to cast contempt on times and places; at least, it attaches very slight importance to them. The very year of the birth of Jesus, and the month and the day; the precise spot of the nativity, the home in which He was reared, the precise place of His baptism, the mounts of temptation and transfiguration, the place

of His trial and condemnation, of His crucifixion and resurrection, are all dealt with by the sacred writers vaguely. May we not conclude that it was divinely intended that men should not be encouraged to waste on *times and places* that devotion which is rather due to Him whose person and work are so clearly set forth, and to the truth and righteousness he taught? We think so.

We are especially interested in visiting the Haram esh Sheriff, whose walls enclose the site of the Temple of Solomon. We were disappointed in the Mosque of Omar. It is not at all so imposing as we had supposed. Yet this Dome of the Rock possesses peculiar interest. Here, it is said, Ornan had his threshing-floor; here Abraham offered up Isaac; here David interceded in behalf of his plagues-stricken people, and here was builded the Temple of the Lord. The Haram is enclosed by a wall 1,601 feet long on the west, 1,530 on the east, 1,024 on the north, and 922 on the south. The octagonal building known as Omar's Mosque, or the Dome of the Rock, 68 feet long on each of its sides. The Dome is 98 feet high and 66 feet in diameter. The pavement is of marble mosaic. That which most attracts attention is the Sacred Rock immediately beneath the dome. It rises above the marble pavement from one foot to nearly five feet, and is about 60 feet long and 45 wide. The Mohammedans find no necessity to cover up this rock, as the church of the Holy Sepulchre covers up the rock of the crucifixion and resurrection. It is simply railed in, for no detection of imposition is feared. There is a circular opening communicating with a cave below. Descending to the cave below, we are informed that when Mohammed ascended to heaven from here, the rock started to follow him, but it was held back by the angel Gabriel, and the prints of his fingers are still shown in the rock! The guide points out to you the praying places of Abraham, Elijah, David Solomon and Mohammed. There is a slab in the center of the floor, covering the Well of Spirits, into which all spirits descend. You can see the footprint of Mohammed, hairs from his beard, a slab with three nails and a half standing in it—all that are left of the original nineteen, the rest having been driven by the devil into the stone! When what are left disappear, the end of the world will come! Let no Christian laugh at this nonsense until the sacred places of Christians are purged of shams, and frauds vastly more mischievous.

Leaving the mosque, El-Aksa, by the eastern door, we go to the south east corner of the Haram, where we descend by 32 steps to what is called the Cradle of Christ, where Simeon dwelt, and still lower down to what are called Solomon's Stables, where it is said he had his 40,000 stalls of horses (II. Ki. iv. 36). That they were afterwards used as stables by the Knights Templars is pretty certain; but that they were Solomon's stables is not so certain. The pillared and vaulted avenues may as likely have been for the storing of provisions. Going to the east wall of the Haram, one obtains a fine view, especially of the valley of Jehoshaphat. Proceeding northward, we come to the Golden Gate, or "Beautiful Gate," of the temple, where Peter and John healed the lame man (Acts iii), and soon you are shown the Throne of Solomon. Not to consume too much space in recording idle traditions, let us say that between the Dome of the Rock and El-Aksa is a marble fountain called El-Kas, or the Cup, beneath which are immense reservoirs, hewn in the solid rock, into which the water from the Pools of Solomon is said to have been conveyed.

I. E.

Damascus, April 11, 1887.

THE sages and heroes of history are receding from us, and history contracts the records of their deeds into a narrow and narrower page. But time has no power over the name and deeds and words of Jesus Christ.—*W. E. Channing.*

*The Family.**PEACE.*

How sweet that word to those who love
To tread the heavenly way,
It charms the ear, it calms the heart,
And spreads a blissful ray.
How blest are those who look beyond,
The fleeting things of time,
Whose peace is made secure above,
To taste the joys sublime.

What blessed hopes are ours to share,
By God the Father given,
To those whose peace is made with Him,
And sealed by love in Heaven.
O, happy home beyond the skies,
Where we shall meet and rest,
Where peace forever reigns supreme,
Eternal ages blest!

O, blessed peace! what can compare,
With all the priceless joy,
Throughout eternity to spend,
In bliss without alloy.

The crown to wear, sweet bliss to gain,
Are worth the toil we give,
In this great vineyard of the Lord,
Where souls, though dying, live.

—F. A. P., Bermuda.

THE LARGEST IDOL.

Few are aware that the largest idol in the world is in Mexico, and very significantly, it lies prostrate at the foot of Popocatepetl. It is constructed of stone, the hardest of granite, and is indeed immense in its proportions. Mr. Joaquin Miller, who recently visited this wonder of the Mexican mountains, thinks that Rev. J. W. Butler, of the Methodist Mission, and himself, are the only two Saxons who have ever looked upon this monster idol. He took its measurement, which is thirty-six feet long and eighteen feet from shoulder to shoulder, and eighteen feet through from front to back. Its estimated weight is one hundred tons. As to when it was constructed and by whom we have no certain knowledge. It is supposed to have originally occupied its place in a temple, higher up the mountain, and to have been displaced by the Spaniards at the time of the invasion of Mexico, who also defaced the image, chiseling and battering its face, and breaking off a portion of the left hand and left foot. It now lies sprawling on its back, its head down hill, in a most desolate place on the mountains. On the head of the huge idol is a basin which would hold many barrels of water, demonstrating it was the great rain-god of the ancient Aztecs.—*Journal and Messenger.*

WE MUST LEAVE THEM BEHIND.

A story is told of a robber named Akaba, who lived in Arabia. He was the captain of a robber clan which by its depredations, had filled his tent with gold and many precious things. But he was not happy. His mind was greatly disturbed because he realized that his wealth had not been honestly gotten.

He went to a religious teacher living at the foot of a mountain, and asked him how he might win heaven. He said:

"Five hundred swords obey my nod; innumerable slaves bow to my control, my storehouses are filled with silver and gold; but now I wish you to tell me how I may add to all these the hope of eternal life."

The old hermit pointed to three great stones, and told him to take these up and carry them with him to the top of the mountain. The man went to them, but it was as much he could do to lift them.

He could scarcely move a step when they were all laid on his back. So the hermit told him to follow him to the summit without this load.

One by one they were cast aside, and the ascent was easily made.

"My son you could not climb this hill until you had cast away the burdens which you at first took upon your shoulders. Let me say to you now, you have a threefold burden to hinder you from climbing the road to heaven. Dismiss your robber band, set free your slaves, give back your ill-gotten gains. Sooner could you climb the mountain, bearing these heavy stones, than reach heaven or happiness in such power, lust and wealth."

So must we cast aside every sin if we would advance heavenward.

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"Tell your mother you've been very good boys to-day," said a school teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh!" replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father. you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning and after he comes back at night. He's a house painter; but there isn't very much work this winter, so he is doing laboring till spring comes. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off; and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories and plays on the fife, and cuts out beautiful things with his jack-knife. You ought to see our father and our home, they are both so beautiful!"

Before long the teacher did see that father and that home. The room was a poor attic, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was at first glance only a rough, begrimed laborer; but, before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes, the room became a palace and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were poor, nor were they so with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them. This man, whose grateful spirit lighted up the otherwise dark life of his children, was preaching to all about him more effectually than was any man in priestly robe in costly temple.

He was a man of patience and submission to God's will, showing how to make home happy under the most unfavorable circumstances. He was rearing his boys to be high-minded citizens, to put their shoulders to burdens rather than become burdens to society in the days that are coming.

He was, as his children had said, "a beautiful father," in the highest sense of the word.—*Echange.*

ESQUIMAUX ENDURANCE.

"The amount of cold these northern nomads can endure," says Lieutenant Schwatka, "borders on the phenomenal. I have seen the little babies, two and three years old, play, perfectly naked, for hours at a time, on the reindeer robes of the bed in the igloo, the temperature, as I have said, being constantly below freezing; and in the fall I have seen them naked, playing and splashing in a pond of water, long needles of ice forming in the quiet places. I once saw an Esquimaux baby boy taken from its mother's hood, and naked, made to stand on the snow until she found its reindeer clothing from the sledge, a fairly strong wind, sufficient to drift the loose snow along with it, blowing at the time, the thermometer minus thirty eight degrees, the only protection it had being behind a sledge

loaded about three feet high, around and over which the wind poured. Its exposure was thus a good minute, and to appreciate this one must take a watch in hand and see that length of time drag by, a time that a not unconscientious but sensational writer might readily jot down as five or ten minutes. And I have known a naked man, surprised asleep in his igloo by a polar bear, grasp his gun and pursue his enemy 200 or 300 yards in the snow, the thermometer fifteen or twenty degrees below zero, and slay him. These Esquimaux rub slushy snow, dipped in water, on the bottom of the runners of their sledges, the thermometer being from zero to twenty below when I have known it to be done. I have seen an Esquimaux traveller throw himself on the snow and rest comfortably for half an hour, the thermometer seventy-one degrees below zero, or 103 degrees below freezing, and probably doing some work with ungloved hands. The Kinnoptoo Esquimaux, who seldom build over the small fires of the native stone lamp in their igloos during the very coldest weather of winter, are probably the hardiest of all these boreal tribes in withstanding low temperatures, and sit around in their cold, cheerless houses with only their undergarments on (the Esquimaux has two suits of reindeer skins; the outer with the hair turned outward, and the inner with the hair turned toward and resting against the body), their arms withdrawn from their sleeves and resting on their bare bodies across their breast, chatting all the while pleasantly about various matters, the thermometer often being below zero. In fact, the only warmth the snow house has is that given off by their bodies. I have known one of these Kinnoptoo to take an undressed reindeer hide that had been soaked in water to remove the hair which was frozen stiff as a plate of rolled iron, put the same against his naked body, and not only hold it there until it was thawed out, but until it was perfectly dry, so as to use it as a drum-head (keo-low-tee) in their peculiar savage rites. In fact I might say that I have been naked myself in a temperature of minus sixty-eight degrees, during the short time, it took to undress, roll my reindeer coat in a bundle for a pillow, and crawl into my sleeping bag; but, my movements partook more of the character of a small boy going to a base-ball match than one sawing wood.—*Selected.*

A HELPLESS GOD.

A missionary, accompanied by a Christian native, visited a grand heathen temple lately in India, at a place called Rossrah. There was a huge brass god here, weighing more than half a ton, which used to be covered with precious jewels. The visitors found no worshipers, but the temple door locked. The priest in charge, on being asked the reason of this, said, "To keep the god from robbers."

"What! did any one rob the god?"

"Yes," said the priest; "some time ago a Brahman who came here to worship, stole all the jewels which the god had on his right arm, and now we have to keep the temple locked lest the other arm be stripped too."

You may be sure that the missionary was not slow to declare that a god who could take no better care of himself than this was hardly worth trusting in.

Telling an untruth is like leaving the highway and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wildwoods. How much better it is to tell the truth at all times!

Man loves what is lovely, but God loves what is unlovely, to make them lovely.

The Christian.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY, 1887.

EDITORIAL.

CHRIST'S LIKENESS AND ALSO HIS SUPERIORITY TO MOSES.

For Moses truly said unto the Fathers: A prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you, of your brethren, like unto me. Acts iii. 22.

For this man was counted worthy of more glory than Moses, inasmuch as he who hath builded the house hath more honor than the house. — Heb. iii. 3.

The first of these passages was spoken by the Apostle Peter to the unsaved; the second was written by Paul to Christian Jews. The first expresses Christ's likeness to Moses; the other His superiority to Moses. Infidels place Jesus among the great men of the ages; they even acknowledge him to be the greatest of them all—to be a greater conqueror than Alexander, Cæsar, or Napoleon, and a wiser teacher than the most renowned philosopher. Why, then, would the Apostle argue for His superiority to Moses? It was true that Christ was counted worthy of more glory than Moses; but it seems like the admitted truth that heaven is higher than the earth. The importance of affirming and confirming this truth is apparent, when we consider the Jews' great veneration for Moses. He was their leader and law-giver; their prophet and mediator. To him they looked, and "We are Moses' disciples" was the highest boast of the teachers of Israel. To hint that any teacher was superior to their teacher, or any laws better than the laws of Moses, they held to be a criminal offence against the God of Israel. It was to prevent his Jewish brethren from being drawn away by the fallacy of Jewish teachers, and to establish them in the faith of Jesus, that the Apostle wrote this grand epistle to the Hebrews. This is why he compares these two mediators—one of the Old Testament, the other other of the New—and to all earnest students of the Bible the comparison is exceedingly interesting:

1st. The history of Moses and the history of Christ are strikingly alike. When Moses was born he was hidden three months of his parents, to save his life from the malice of Pharaoh, who had decreed that all the male children of the Hebrews should be cast out to die as soon as they were born. He was jealous of the growth and prosperity of Israel, and resorted to this means to destroy the nation. But God, who had a great work allotted for Moses, preserved his life when other innocent infants were slain.

So, when Jesus was born, He was preserved from the wrath of Herod, who sent forth his army and destroyed all the children in Bethlehem under two years old. His life was saved by a miraculous flight into the land of Egypt, the very country where Moses was preserved, and like him at a time when other infants were slain. He who had pre-ordained that both of them should be deliverers, delivered them in helpless infancy from the designs of their enemies. But He who strikingly resembled Moses was in all points worthy of more glory than Moses.

2nd. We read but little of Moses during his minority. But when he was come to years he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. Heb. xi.

Josephus tells us that this daughter was Pharaoh's only child, and she had no children; and when she adopted Moses he became heir apparent to the throne; which also the apostle intimates in describing Moses' choice when "he esteemed the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of Egypt." What a wonderful choice! made at a time when worldly ambition burns most fiercely in

the human breast!! When he was come to years he was offered the highest throne on earth and the greatest power with all the pleasures that could flow from the treasures of Egypt. But he calmly turned from this to be a partner in the poverty, affliction and reproaches of the children of God. No matter if they should be beaten by taskmasters for not performing an impossibility. No matter if their children were put to death. He resolved to share their hardship and weep with them that weep.

We read but little of Jesus from His childhood till He began to be about thirty years of age, except that at twelve He was in the temple hearing the doctors and asking them questions, astonishing all with his understanding and answers. And also that He was subject to His parents and grew in stature and in favor with God and man. But when He had come to years the great enemy offered Him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Moses was offered one kingdom; Jesus was offered all the kingdoms of the world and their glory. Moses turned from his offer to share affliction and reproach; Jesus despised the offer made Him and determined on a course of poverty and sufferings which culminated in the death of the cross. In making his choice Moses had respect to the recompense of reward. He looked across death for an eternal reward and "endured as seeing Him who is invisible." So with Jesus, who shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied. The joy of redeeming from all iniquity a great number whom no man can number out of all nations and presenting them without spot or wrinkle before the throne of His Father's glory is something which can be known only by Him "who loved us so." For this joy which was set before Him He endured the cross despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. (Heb. xii. 2)

They resembled each other in their disposition of mind. Although Moses was Israel's best earthly friend, when disappointed and impatient they were ready to stone him to death. But he meekly bore their treatment and only pled with increasing earnestness to God for their forgiveness. Who ever loved mankind like Jesus? Still no one was so intensely hated by men as He. He was accused of every crime and mocked and blasphemed; but when He was reviled He reviled not again. He loved His enemies, blessed them who persecuted Him, and His very life was breathed out in prayer and apologies for those who were shedding His blood. He was worthy of more glory than Moses.

They were alike in the offices they held. No mere men ever held so many and such important offices as did Moses. He was God's Ambassador, come directly from His presence to Israel to carry His messages and treat with them in the Lord's name. So Jesus came from His Father's presence to reveal His character and deliver His messages to man. He was God's Ambassador. He who obeyed Moses, obeyed God; and he who despised Moses, despised God. He who sees Jesus, sees the Father. He who hears Jesus, hears God; and whoever disbelieves Jesus and despises Him is guilty of positive rebellion against God. He is the very image of the invisible God—has all authority in heaven and on earth.

Moses was sent as a leader and a commander to the people, to lead them from Egyptian bondage to the land promised to their fathers. Christ is given as a Leader and a Commander to the people, to lead them from the love and practice and slavery of sin, on to the rest which remaineth for the people of God. He has more glory than Moses, because He delivers them from a worse than Egyptian bondage, and leads them to heaven itself. Both went before the people: Moses led his people; and Jesus sets the example in all He commands His followers to do. His sweet, encouraging address is "come." To have a perfect leader and commander is everything we need.

Moses was a great mediator. Sinful man needs a man to stand between him and a pure and just God. Israel felt this when the Lord came down to deliver His law amid thunders and fire and smoke. They pled with Moses to stand between them and God, when the "sight was so terrible that even Moses said, I exceedingly fear and quake." Moses was the between man, or mediator. When Israel so grievously sinned that the Lord was about to destroy them and make Moses the head of a new nation, Moses reasoned and pled for them. "Wherefore should the Egyptians speak and say—For mischief did He bring them out to slay them in the mountains. Remember Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Thy servants, and the promises Thou hast made. If Thou spare not Thy people, blot out my name from Thy book." Ex. 32. What power Moses had with God. He said, "Let me alone, that my anger may wax hot against them and consume them, etc." But he would not let Him alone; but confessed their sins and reasoned and pled until, like a priest, he had power and prevailed with God. But Jesus is a greater mediator than Moses. He pleads for men—for all men. He died for all. God's law declares that the soul that sinneth, it shall die; and such would be our certain doom but for the death and intercession of Jesus. The sublime Isaiah reaches the climax of a Saviour's dying love, in declaring that He "made intercession for the transgressors." (Isa. liii. 12.)

Moses loved the nation to that degree that, in the event of the Lord destroying them, he prayed that he might share their fate, and have his name blotted out from His Book. But Jesus loved us, and actually gave His life to save us, which makes His intercession intensely earnest. When this is duly considered by the sinner, the arms of rebellion fall from his hands, and he gladly accepts the salvation of such an Intercessor who is worthy of more glory than Moses. Moses was a man. But Jesus is a divine man, related both to God and us, and having as much regard for the honor of the throne of His Father as He has love for His brother man. What a perfect mediator! Moses pled on earth; but Jesus pleads in heaven.

But, though Jesus loves us so, and died for us, and so earnestly pleads for transgressors, He will not plead against the course of justice. For those who reject every offer of mercy, stifle conscience, and grieve the loving spirit of God, He will cease to plead. They shall be destroyed without a remedy.

But Jesus "maketh intercession for the saint, according to the will of God." Though weak and unworthy of themselves, they confide in their Advocate, give all into His care and keeping, and He is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them. D. C.

(Concluded in our next.)

Original Contributions.

THE HOME OF STEPHANAS.

It seems by the reading of 1 Cor. xvi. 15, that the home of Stephanas was a home for the Saints—a sort of a Saints' rest. "They were given to hospitality." It was not simply complimentary with this household to invite the stranger brother home, but they were "addicted to the ministry of the Saints." They devoted themselves to serve the Saints. They considered it not only a duty, but a gracious privilege, to make their home a home for the Saints.

It was very fortunate for the church in those days that there were such kind, hospitable homes. It was a great comfort to Paul and to his preaching brethren to have a home where they would be welcomed and encouraged in their life work. Paul never failed to mention such kindness from the hands of his brethren. His affectionate regard for

the humble service and gentle ministration of this household, is a mirror that reflects the tender, refined and social character of the Apostle. The grace of hospitality, though rare, is a gift of the highest order, and is a mark of genuine love and interest in the cause of God, and challenges our best and deepest appreciation.

How pleased we are, when among strangers, to meet Bro. Stephanas. How easy it is to pick him out from among strangers. If you are at the meeting, you will notice as soon as meeting is out he will not hang around the door waiting for some one to invite you home, but he is the first to meet you with a warm, hearty shake of the hand, and instead of asking you to come and see him before you leave town he makes you promise to go home with him. You are pleased to get an invitation, but more than pleased to get it in such a good, earnest, warm-hearted way. When you enter his home you find the family are all chips of Stephanas. You are made to feel at home in spite of your native diffidence. You say in your heart, "The Lord bless this home, for they have refreshed my spirit." You can say with Cowper, that it is not true "That only shadows are dispensed below, and earth has no reality but woe." It should not be thought a strange thing if you found yourself glued to this family, and very slow in changing it for another. We are not surprised when we find others just a little jealous of the household of Stephanas.— But they ought not to be. Let them follow the example of Stephanas, and they will find plenty who would gladly avail themselves of their hospitality. But, when the milk of hospitality is soured, or turned to curd, it will never find a market. The household of Stephanas will never have any reason to complain because the friends do not visit them. If he thinks he is overburdened with his friends, he has none to blame but himself. Let him stop inviting them and pressing them to come and they will soon leave. Cruden says, that the primitive Christians made one principal part of their duty to consist in the exercise of hospitality, and they were so exact in the discharge of it that the heathens admired them for it. It has always been held in high esteem among civilized people. We are commanded "to be a lover of hospitality," and to "use hospitality one to another without grudging." It is the test of our standing in the day of assize. "Depart from me . . . I was a stranger and you took me not in. Inasmuch as you did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only, he shall in no wise lose its reward." H. MURRAY.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONDEMNATION.

There are many passages in the scriptures which evidently teach the condemnation of the wicked, and the punishment of the impenitent sinner.

Christ says, Matt. xxv. 46, of a certain class of persons, "And these shall go away into eternal punishment." Again He says, Mark xvi. 16, "But he that believeth shall be condemned." Paul says, Rom. ii. 8, 9, "But unto them that are factious and obey not the truth, but obey unrighteousness, shall be wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish, upon every soul of man that worketh evil, of the Jew first, and also of the Greek." And again, II. Thess. i. 7, he speaks of the Lord Jesus from heaven, with the angels of His power in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God, and to them that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus: who shall suffer punishment, even eternal destruction from the face of the Lord and from the glory of His might, etc." These statements are corroborated by many other passages which might be quoted. The message they bring is a startling one. It awakes us to the fact

that there is a most awful fate awaiting the rebellious sinner. It is no less than an eternal destruction from the face of the Lord; and that destruction is represented by the Saviour as a punishment for his sins.

These awful facts are variously treated by men. Many do not believe them at all. The Infidel laughs them to scorn and classes them with the rest of the book in which they are found, as ingenious fables, invented to frighten the credulous. The Universalist endeavours to explain away their force. He argues that it is not consistent with the goodness of God, and with the statement—"God is love"—to suppose that God could punish any of His creatures endlessly. If He admits any punishment at all after death, He claims that it is only disciplinary, and intended to correct and restore the sinner; and that finally all men will be holy and happy. And many of what were once called orthodox people, are cherishing, either secretly or openly, those views. The recent trials at Andover, grew out of the fact that certain professors in that school, held and taught views concerning future punishment and probation which were in conflict with the creed on which the college was founded. Those doctrines are very comforting, certainly, if one can believe them. But they have one serious fault. They are evidently not true. But if we hold to the view, that punishment for sin is real, and endless, how can we dispose of the objection that such a view is inconsistent with the goodness and love of God? We have but to consider the question from a natural and common-sense point of view. Man is a compound being. He is a resident of a compound universe. He is subject to the laws which hold sway in the different spheres of the universe in which he dwells. Man has a body. Around him is the physical universe, of which his body is a part. His body, his physical frame, is subject to the laws of the physical world. It is a physical law that heat will burn. Man, as a physical thing, is as much subject to that law as anything else. It is a law in the physical realm that animal organisms must have food, and drink, exercise and rest. Man must conform to that law.

An infraction of any law of the physical world brings its penalty. Man breaks a law, and he suffers for it, perhaps dies in consequence. He refuses to eat; he suffers hunger—and dies of starvation. He refuses drink, he dies of thirst. He neglects rest and sleep, he becomes a maniac, and dies of exhaustion. What are these consequences of man's transgression against nature's laws? Are they not punishments? See that invalid, covered with sickening sores, a foul disease eating inward toward his vitals; his countenance distorted; his limbs warped out of shape; his whole frame in a quiver of agony; death staring him in the face. Who is it? You look into those eyes, and, despite the grim gloom of death which is gathering over them, you recognize the expression. You knew him a few years ago, as a bright and promising young man, with ruddy cheeks and robust constitution and an apparent lease on life which you thought good for half a century. But what has befallen him, that he now dies in such a state? Ah! he has been fool hardy enough to defy the laws of nature, and live in outright rebellion against her government. The wine cup and the brothel have made him deaf to her warnings, and he has been compelled to reap as he has sown. He sowed into the flesh, and out of the flesh he is reaping this harvest of corruption which you see. And what is this? Is it not in the physical realm what Paul predicts in the moral sphere, "wrath and indignation, tribulation and anguish" upon the evil doer? Now we attribute this to nature in the exercise of her laws, and we do not call nature cruel or capricious, because she thus vindicates the majesty of her laws and punishes the offender. We say that the man simply suffered the consequences of his

own misdeeds. But suppose we put God in the place of nature, for indeed, we too often put nature in the place of God. Let us call the power which lies behind the laws of the physical world, and operates them, God. Let us say that God rules the physical world, for He does in truth. Then let us think of God as dealing with this offender against His government in this sphere, and bringing this punishment on him. Then what can we say? Is it inconsistent with God's goodness, through which man enjoys an existence; a physical structure "fearfully and wonderfully made," and physical pleasure uncounted, that such a punishment should be visited on the offender. We dare not so charge. The man has sinned, and he but suffers the consequence of his transgression. It was not because God was not good, nor that God did not love him, that this fate overtook him. God's goodness provided an abundance of legitimate enjoyment, he despised that goodness and perished in spite of it. God's love warned him of his danger. The first twitch of pain, and the first flush of fever, were the red lights on the track to warn him to go no further. And they were but the natural protest of that wonderful mechanism, with which God endowed him against this suicidal course. But in spite of this he rushed headlong to his fate. Behold him then, in spite of the goodness and mercy of nature's God, reaping what he had sown, in this awful death!

Man has a mind. About him is a mental realm, governed by laws. Man obeys those laws, and lives in peace and happiness. He transgresses them and suffers untold torments. He commits an offence. He knows he has done wrong. His conscience gives him no peace. His mind has no rest until the offence is atoned for.

He overstrains the mind. It gives way, and he wanders a maniac, the penalty of his sin. He carelessly takes the life of another. His intelligence teaches him the accident could have been avoided. The knowledge of that haunts him like a specter, a great cloud of sadness rolls over his sky, and his remaining days are irremediably saddened. Is God unkind because these things are true? Must we attribute to nature, if we choose to name it that, whose laws have been violated, a malicious vengeful spirit that delights in the suffering of the sinful, because these things are so? We are not guilty of such childishness as that. We recognize that in these spheres, sins must be atoned for, and transgression receives a just penalty.

But man has a moral nature. He was made in the image of God. And, though that image has been much defaced, it is there still, and capable of restoration. And there is a moral universe in contact with which man lives. There are also laws which hold sway here. Now can we suppose for a moment that man can violate, and ignore, the laws of the moral world without suffering the consequence? Is it only in the physical and mental realms where man must obey, or suffer? Certainly in this sphere, as well as in the others, man must submit to be governed, and every transgression and disobedience will receive a "just recompense of reward." The same God who gave to man his tenement of clay, created the tenant which inhabits it. And the same hand which ministers justice to every transgressor against physical law, holds the balance in which all moral actions are weighed. It is, then, no more inconsistent to think of punishment for the rebellion of the soul, than for the transgression of the body. In either case we transgress against law, in either case transgression brings penalty, and in either case the power behind the law is the power of God. If, then, God can be just, and merciful, and good, and yet allow the sinner against physical laws to suffer awful torments of disease and death; can he not be as just, and merciful, and good, and permit the transgressor of moral law to pay the penalty of his guilt?

Now the scriptures represent all men as sinners against God. Hence, all men are made condemnation, and sure to suffer for their sins, unless the condemnation is removed, and the consequences of their sin averted. Condemnation is not a thing reserved for the future as a punishment for a life of sin. It is upon a man now, because the man has sinned. The moment I am against the laws of my being, I am under condemnation to suffer the penalty of my sin. And unless the condemnation can be removed, I must suffer the consequences. If I drink poison I am condemned to die unless I procure an antidote. The death may come sooner or later, but the condemnation is upon me from the time I drink the poison. So John speaks of men who will not believe on the Son of God, being condemned already. And again he says "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." We are condemned to suffer the penalty of our sins against the laws of our moral being. We have drunk the poison and death is before us. But God has provided the antidote. He is all merciful and infinitely good; and so far from taking a delight in seeing us suffer for our sins, He desires that we shall escape their consequences. So He has provided a remedy. Christ is the great Physician; the Gospel is the heavenly antidote for sin; and God urges us to take the medicine. If we do so we are saved. The condemnation is lifted up and taken away; the consequences of our sin have been averted, and we escape the punishment. But suppose we refuse to accept God's offer? We die in spite of His law, we suffer the penalty of our sin notwithstanding His goodness. It is not because God did not love us, but because we did not love Him; it was not because God could not save us, but because we would not allow Him to. We have refused the only means of reconciliation, and hence must remain where our sins have placed us, away from God. We have refused the only offer of life which was ever made us, and hence have lost it eternally. And we go to a future from which all light, and life, and joy, are forever shut out, and which presents nothing but blackness of darkness, and unrelieved torment forever. This is not because God is unkind, but because we are unwise and rebellious. May God help us to shun the path of destruction and lay hold on eternal life.

M. B. RYAN.

WHAT ARE WE DOING?

Are we simply chasing bubbles, only to have them perish at our touch?

Are we simply gathering pebbles, only to throw them away after a moment's gaze?

Are we simply chasing phantoms which continually elude our grasp, leaving us bewildered and disappointed continually?

Are we doomed to continual disappointment in this land of death and change, where all things perish with the using, and is this the end?

Is there no great beyond? Is there no land of reality, where phantom forms allure not, only to disappoint and bewilder? Is there not a home provided by the great all-Father, where the substantial and eternal may be found, and where the word transitory forms no part of the language; where the soul may be (will be) perfectly satisfied, all fears of shipwreck, desolation, or change, being laid away with the frail garments of mortality, never to be taken up again?

If there is a home "over there"—if there is a mansion of light—if there is the permanent—if there is a city which hath foundations whose maker and builder is God—if Jesus has gone to prepare a place for the weary, sorrowing, weeping ones of earth, and if He will come again to gather them home—if He has richly provided garments suitable for those who may inhabit the land of beauty, and if He has said, whosoever will may don those beau-

tiful garments, in every instance a perfect "fit" being guaranteed (to the willing wearer), would it not be well for all who love the permanent, desire to possess the substantial, to cease chasing the bubbles, leave the shining pebbles to dazzle still the eyes of the indifferent, chase the shadows no more, fit on the beautiful garments so richly provided, and be ready when the great benefactor comes, as they only who have the garment properly fitted, and are ready, will receive the final invitation?

Why are we so careless? Why so indifferent? If now is the sowing time, and if the reaping time is over there, and if the reaping in eternity will perfectly agree with the sowing in time, should we not now be careful about how we spend our time—about what we are doing? O. B. EMERY.

MISSION NOTES.

We did not remain in Halifax as long as we first intended. The work in the city demands a preacher all the time. To work a few weeks, until a good interest is secured, and then leave it, is not the wisest thing to do. We hope the time is not far distant when a preacher can be sustained there all the time. The little time we have labored there is sufficient to convince us beyond a single doubt that we have no better field for a permanent work. There are many in the city who have no religious home, who are seeking rest, but finding none. Although the Church of Christ in Halifax has a changeable and unsettled record, which of course destroys the confidence of the people as to the possibility of anything permanent, yet there is no trouble in getting a congregation of intelligent people in any suitable place of worship. The people are ready to hear the truth, and would receive it when they saw the apostolic order of the gospel permanently established among them. If the church in Halifax will continue steadfastly in faith and love and unity, and hold up the light of primitive christianity in their weekly worship, and more especially in their daily conducts, they will establish confidence in the minds of the people, that they mean business and have come to stay. This will lay the foundation for a successful work, when the time comes to settle a preacher among them.

Our work on Deer Island was in the busy season of the year. The men were engaged in tending their weirs, which gave us a small attendance at our evening meeting. The church in Leonardville is in a good working condition. They are blessed with a number of young people who are active in the meetings. We had some very interesting prayer meetings here. Bro. William Murray had been with them, and also Bro. Capp, and during their meetings two persons received the hand of fellowship. This church has received considerable help from the preaching brethren, for which they are very grateful, and are doing what seems to be in their power towards the support of the gospel. The times are very hard there now; in fact the whole Island is suffering from the failure of the sardines, or young herring, which is about the only business of the Island. Our financial report will show that these brethren, as also the brethren in Lord's Cove, have not forgotten the mission work. They expressed their regret that they were not able to do more. If business revives there, which we expect will before many months, they will do still more to help along the mission cause.

The church in Lord's Cove have decided to finish their new house. The agreement is to have it completed in October. The success of the church here depends largely on the completion of the church-home. Their old house is not suitable for meetings. When this house is finished they, with the church in Leonardville will be in a good condition to settle a preacher among them. They will be able to support a preacher, and the preacher

will be able to accomplish a grand work. There is as great a need of a preacher on that Island as any place known to us.

The church in Lord's Cove keep up the Lord's day worship against many discouragements; but we feel assured that when they get into their new house the day of prosperity will be given them.

We saw in the St. John Sun that two were added to the Methodist church in Lord's Cove. This is a mistake. There is no Methodist church in Lord's Cove. They have two small churches on the Island, one at Cummings' Cove and one at Leonardville.

H. MURRAY.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

The following items are taken from two letters written by Bro. Burr—one written at Port Williams, the other at West Gore:

Parting with the church at St. John, the next morning Bro. Capp accompanied me to the docks, where I took the steamer for Annapolis. The ride across the Bay of Fundy was very interesting to me. The day was quite calm, notwithstanding a number of the passengers became seasick. I was, also, for the first time in my life, nearly retching, and was compelled to spend a good share of the time in one of the berths. Sleep, however, banished the sickness from me, and I was enabled to reach my destination greatly refreshed and invigorated. I believe it is considered that the waters of the Bay of Fundy are among the worst in the world to produce seasickness.

I reached Port Williams by rail the same evening, and had the pleasure of meeting Bro. E. C. Ford, pastor of the church, Bro. Dwyer and others, and enjoyed together with them a social meeting at the home of Bro. Jackson. I was very much pleased with the Annapolis Valley. The country is most beautiful, and will compare favorably with the finest portions of America. I thought of Longfellow's Evangeline, and my mind involuntarily went back to the time when the Acadians lived here in this Province. Traces of them are still visible on every hand, and we continually link the present with the past. As we look around we see the old French dykes, apple trees, now hoary with age, some three feet in diameter, and the foundations of old dwellings, cellars and burying grounds. Change is everywhere visible. How true the words of the Psalmist, "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh." In fact we can truly exclaim—

There peers not a star through the evening's gloom
For which our fair earth could not number a tomb.

There is not a breeze that flies o'er the heath
But it bears on its pinions the sigh of death.
And kingdoms and cities have passed away
Where the coral bends and the billows play.

The church in Port Williams is not large, and much work is needed to bring it into a flourishing condition. Bro. Ford is well liked, however, and will doubtless be equal to the emergency. Parting with them, Bro. Ford kindly accompanied me to the depot, and in a few minutes I was aboard the train for this place. I certainly had a pleasant trip, and reached my destination in safety. I have been preaching every evening but one since my arrival, and the outlook has been and still is quite cheering. I am now engaged in a protracted effort at "Variety Hall," Highfield. The interest is good and a very kindly welcome has been extended to me by all classes in the community. Even the Methodist minister, Mr. Moore, last evening invited me to preach for him in their church, which is situated near the hall where we are holding our meetings, and at the close of the services, prayed fervently for the Lord to abundantly bless our labors in the gospel. What is needed is some one to labor continually. I have enjoyed very much

the society of my brethren here. A more kind and affectionate people will seldom be found anywhere. Every act of courtesy is extended that kindness can suggest. But the church here is very much scattered. Nevertheless, I shall endeavor to stir them up. A good live hornet will stir up a whole camp meeting. You know the Apostle Paul exhorts us to provoke each other to love and good works. Dear brother, how important it is that we should be true to ourselves, true to our fellow-beings, true to our brethren, and true to our God. Then will we be enabled to pluck success from the spear-proof crest of rugged danger, and rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory. But I must close, wishing you unbounded happiness and prosperity—

Kind friends to love you dearly
And honest ones to chide,
And dearest friends to cling to you
Whatever may betide.

WEST GORE, JUNE 9TH.—I concluded to address you this morning while all around is dark and dreary and the rain is falling fast. I am now in this place in the midst of a very pleasant meeting. The Macedonian cry all around is, "Come and hold a meeting for us." I have averaged considerably over preaching once a day since I came to this county. I baptized two here since I came, but I have only been here a few days. I baptized two at Highfield. I have enjoyed myself very much since I came, and the kindest treatment has been extended to me, not only by the brethren, but also by the members of the various denominations. The harvest is indeed already ripe. Our congregations here have been good, and the probability is in two weeks time we will organize a church in Highfield. I do not know yet whether I shall take my extended trip as was anticipated, but I think of remaining to build up the churches in this county till I return home.

Yesterday was spent with our dear brother John B. Wallace, and had a very happy day. You will, doubtless, remember their dear daughter Edith. She is sinking rapidly with the consumption, but in her decline she is beautiful, while a halo of glory sits gently on her brow. Bro. Wallace is a most excellent man. W. K. BURR.

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

At the International Sunday School Convention, held in Chicago, Dr. John A. Broadus, of Louisville, Ky., speaking on the subject of Sunday-schools, said:

"I think it may be said that the Sunday-school work, which had a very small beginning and very limited expectations, has come to be one of the greatest and best elements of civilization. Now when anything is great and good, the best thing we can do is to improve it. I intend to point out what I consider to be the faults and faulty tendencies of the Sunday-school work of to-day. One great danger is to forget that it is a Sunday-school in which teaching is to be done. Too many of us teach by wholesale, like machines, and very often there is very little opportunity for valuable personal contact with the scholar. The superintendent naturally thinks most about running the machine, about those things which the school does as a unit, and very often overlooks what the teachers do. I know one superintendent who actually preferred to cut the teaching time down to twenty minutes, simply because some teachers got through before the others. Now, the Sunday-school is a school, and the teaching done is the noblest that is done outside of the chamber where the mother instills the first ideas of virtue into the mind of her child, and the divine lessons taught in the pulpit.

"A minister, to teach effectively from the pulpit, needs to have personal piety, a knowledge of the Scripture and a knowledge of human nature.

"All those things are essential to the Sunday-school teacher as well, and he should take every opportunity to qualify himself for his high work.

"An English preacher was attracting great

crowds in New York, and I asked a friend what it was that took him from his business to hear the man. He said: "I find that the preacher knows just my spiritual wants, and, when he has shown them to me, he does not tell me what he thinks about them, but turns to God's word and reads me his truths about them, pours his divine balm into my wounds, and I go away healed and strengthened. This is an epitome of the business of a preacher and of a teacher. We should give all possible opportunity to those who are devoted to the great work of teaching, and should do all we can to bring together the teacher and pupil with all the advantages which can be given them to accomplish God's holy will."

News of the Churches.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN.

One young man confessed the Saviour and was baptized since last report.

An increased attendance at our various services is noticed. On Lord's day especially we are having an increased interest.

Our Sunday-school is also sharing in increased prosperity. Last Lord's day we had the largest attendance for years.

Carpenters are at work repairing our meeting house, which, when completed, will be more comfortable and attractive.

At a large meeting of the church held last evening, it was unanimously resolved to hold the "Annual" in St. John this September. The deacons were appointed to make suitable arrangements.

P. E. ISLAND.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Christian Association of P. E. Island will be held with the Church at New Glasgow, commencing Saturday before the second Lord's day in July, business closing the following Monday evening.

Persons coming from Nova Scotia or New Brunswick to attend this Association, will, on the boats, be required to show certificates from their several churches, showing that they are delegates to the meeting. This will entitle them to tickets for one first class fare, which will, with the certificate of the Moderator, give them a free return.

On the P. E. Island Railway, it will be necessary to mention at the station of purchase of tickets, that the persons are delegates, and then they will be allowed to retain their tickets on the cars, which, with the certificate of the Moderator, will entitle them to return.

The Secretary, Bro. Robert Stewart, Lot 48, will give through the papers, all information about reduction of fares on lines of travel.

O. B. EMERY, Moderator.

NOTES.

A word to my friends in the province might not be amiss. I am at New Glasgow, P. E. I., with Bro. Crawford. He, with two of the brethren at Charlottetown, were at the wharf when the steamboat arrived, and gave me a hearty welcome.

For some time doubts have lingered in my mind concerning the advisability of my preaching the Gospel of Christ, but the way has been made clear, and to-day I rejoice in the fact that one more laborer has given himself to the glorious work of spreading the "good news" in the earth. The idea of taking a medical course has, after long hesitation and due consideration, been laid aside. If it is God's will, the remainder of my life will be spent wholly in His blessed service.

Bro. Murray has not failed to encourage me in the "fight."

After the closing exercises at the college, Bro.

Ford invited me to his new home at Port Williams for a few days. Those were happy days. Their kind and encouraging words were not only heard on earth, but they certainly reached the "heavenly portals." May the Lord bless the efforts of Bro. Ford and family in advancing the kingdom of Christ.

Your brother in Christ,
T. S. K. FREEMAN.

Married.

CAMPBELL-STEWART.—At the residence of the bride's father, Peter Stewart, Esq., June 14, 1887, by O. B. Emery, Mr. George D. Campbell, Montague, and Miss Minnie M. Stewart, Commercial Cross. All of Township 59, P. E. I.

Died.

AOKLAN.—At his home, near York River, P. E. I., on the 17th of December, 1886, Bro. Richard Aoklan, in his 80th year. In early life he, with his beloved partner, came from England to this Island, where they have since remained, bringing up a family in industry and respectability. Many years ago Bro. and Sister Aoklan united with the Baptist church. Over thirty years ago being convinced of the scriptural position of the Disciples, they cast in their lot with them. Our brother had a clear head and an honest heart, and could not be satisfied with anything religious which he could not learn from the Bible. He died peacefully, resting on the merits of Jesus, leaving his aged companion in poor health, but strong in the faith and hope of the gospel. May a merciful Father sustain her till called away to be forever with the Lord.

ANDREWS.—Bro. John Andrews died at his home near New Glasgow, P. E. I., on the 23rd of May, 1887, in his 90th year. He had an earnest love for the truth as it is in Jesus, and Jesus and His love was his theme to the last. He was a native of England, but spent most of his life on this Island, and was for many years a zealous member of the church of Christ, and peacefully passed away in the faith of Jesus, blessed with sound and vigorous mind to the last. D. C. 4

GATES.—Affliction is the common lot of all. The messenger in his sable robe has visited our dwelling, and our hearts are all filled with sorrow, as we miss the prattle of dear little Ethel. It seems hard to say "The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." God has taken her home. O that we may meet her there. She died on Sunday morning, June 5th, of diphtheritic croup, aged three years, five months and twenty-eight days. May God comfort us in our sorrow. J. A. GATES.

Woodville, June 27, 1887.

BARKER.—At her home, 291 Germain street, on Friday morning, June 10th, in her 31st year, Anna E., wife of H. W. Barker. She was the youngest daughter of our highly esteemed and beloved Brother and Sister J. J. Christie, both of whom survive her. Although all hope of her recovery had for some time been given up by her friends, still she clung to life and hoped, till within a few days of her death, to regain her health. During her sickness every thing that loving hearts and willing hands could do was done for her recovery. Being of a cheerful disposition she had a kind word and smile for all. She was an earnest Christian, a devoted wife, a kind mother, and a sincere friend. To use her own words, "I want to live, not that I am afraid to die, but I feel as though my mission on earth is not finished." On the morning of the 10th, as the time of her departure drew near, she stood around her bed a grief-stricken family,—her husband, two dear children, father, mother, three sisters and a few others. She bade them all farewell, sent messages of love to others, "And tell them," said she, "to meet me in heaven." A day or so before she died, being requested to write something in an autograph album, she wrote, "God is our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble." May God's richest blessing rest upon her loved ones, and lift their thoughts and aspirations heavenward, that their names may be written in the Lamb's Book of Life and at last meet in that beautiful home the where wife, the mother, the daughter is not lost but gone before. T. H. C.

HENRY ROBERTSON.

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 They are the best laying, the most easy, most comfortable,
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 durable, the cheapest and the easiest repaired. Most
 adjustable, as it fits all bedsteads without regard to width
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 to lie on the same level. On all points of merit we
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 All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
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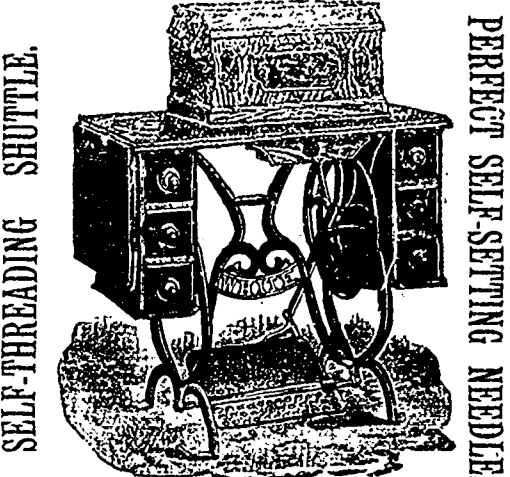
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For lameness in horses it stands pre-eminently above
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 should have a supply of the Essence in his Stable.
 S. T. GOLDING, Livery Stables, St. John.
 St. John, N. B., Jan. 18th, 1882.
 Messrs. T. B. Barker & Sons:
 DEAR SIRS, - I have used Fellows' Leeming's Essence for
 several years past with great success, and therefore must
 cheerfully recommend it as one of the very best remedies in
 use in all cases for which it is prescribed.
 J. B. HANN, Proprietor of Sale and Livery Stables,
 St. John, N. B.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 27th, 1881.
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 tion a great remedy for many cases for which it is prescribed
 I have used it successfully for a series of years, and I know
 of many others who speak of it in the highest terms as a
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 A. PERKINS, Proprietor of Victoria Livery Stables,
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