

"The United Society of Christian Endeavor."

I have before me "The Model Constitution" and samples of all the literature issued by the above society. The constitution is a copyrighted document, consisting of eleven Articles, with many subdivisions, together with fifteen by-laws, and six or seven printed pages of other rules and regulations.

The United Society of Christian Endeavor is, in fact, a publishing house, whose business it is to furnish the local societies with reading matter, as the following advertised list of publications will show:

PRICE-LIST.

books.

Young People's Prayer Meetings.
By Rev. F. E. Clark. \$0.75
Children and the Church, by Rev. F. E. Clark. \$0.75
Secretary's Membership Record. \$1.50
The Golden Rule (Club Dates \$1.00). \$2.00

LEAFLETS BY REV. F. E. CLARK. Per 100

Model Constitution, \$2.00
Y. P. S. C. E.: What It Is, and How It Works. 2.00
Bible Standard, or the Element of Obligation. 1.50
State and Local Editions, (including forms of by-laws). 2.00
Short History of the Christian Endeavor Movement. 2.00
The Work of the Committees, (single copies). 3.00
Junior Societies. 1.00
Re-organization of a Y. P. S. C. E., by Rev. S. W. Adriance. 1.00

A smaller number of copies of either of the above, or of any of the publications of any kind, and for Society printing of any kind, Address, U. S. C. E., 30 Bromfield St., Boston.

This will give some idea of the kind of machine which it is proposed to bring into Baptist churches, and of the literary paludum which is to be given to our young people.

In my paper already published ground was taken against the principle of organizing societies of any kind for doing the work which Christ has committed to the church.

I was a little surprised, but much pleased, to find that that paper was unanimously and heartily adopted by the quarterly meeting, at which there were present eight ministers and a number of other leading brethren. I do not suppose for a moment that the view there presented will be universally approved; but I believe it will find greatest favor with those who have given most thought to the subject.

I must here confess that when the matter was first mooted five years ago, I was among the first to take up arms in defense of the societies, and the reason was, of course, that I had never given any minister thought to the subject. But at that time the present conviction has gradually grown upon me, that the principle is wrong, unconstitutional, and must in the end work harm to the cause of Christ.

But my object in this paper is, to state why I regard the young people's society of Christian endeavor as specially objectionable.

In the first place, each local society is part of a huge organization which is not only inter-denominational, but also international.

The thing is only about eight years old, and already it has its publishing house, its State conventions, and its national conventions. How are these conventions constituted? By delegates from the churches? Certainly not—and even if they were, they could not be helpful to Baptist churches—they are made up of delegates from local societies, and it is impossible that the churches could in any measure influence or control the work of these conventions.

Who will say where unto the thing will grow? But even if it should always remain what it now is, no thoughtful person can help seeing that the whole tendency of the movement is away from the church.

The Young Men's Christian Association is a time found favor with all denominations, and has no doubt been helpful to many young men. But at the present time, many of those most deeply interested in Christian work, and in the coming of the Lord's kingdom, begin to doubt the wisdom of that organization, and we venture the prediction, that the number of those who shall look with disfavor upon that society, will increase as the years go on.

It is found that only a very small percentage of those professing conversion in Y. M. C. A. meetings, ever find their way into the churches of any denomination.

We do not say, or mean to imply, that any of these societies intentionally draw away the sympathies of the young from the churches, but that such is the inevitable tendency of them all, any one who will give a little thought to the subject will be forced to admit.

But now turning to the rules and regulations of local societies, the first thing we notice is the prayer meeting pledge.

Every active member of the society is required to make a vow for two things. First to attend every meeting "unless detained by some pressing emergency," and secondly to take part in every meeting. Great stress is laid upon this pledge, and is made essential to the existence of the society. The following are the words used in reference to this vow: "These rules concerning the prayer-meeting are imperative; without them there cannot be a true society of Christian Endeavor."

Once a month a special meeting of re-commencement to Christ is to be held, at which meeting special pains are to be taken to see whether every active member has been faithful to his pledge.

In the summary of these rules we find the following: "The essential features of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor are pledged and constant attendance upon the weekly prayer-meeting; pledged and constant participation therein by every active member; pledged and constant work for others through committees."

This then makes clear the stress that is laid upon the vow of membership in the society. Well, what objections are there to such a vow. Many objections. Let me point out two.

1. These vows are constantly being broken in every locality in the land. If you ask me how I know, answer from my knowledge of the weaknesses and imperfections of human nature. Let any pastor who has been endeavoring to manage one of these things for six months,

say whether or not all the members of his society have kept the pledge. You will find a greater number than is in the model constitution: "Better is it that thou shouldest not vow than that thou shouldest vow and not pay." Why so? Because every broken vow leaves a man, or a boy, morally weaker than he was before. Hence every time a member of this society is unfaithful to the pledge, he is thereby morally injured. The inconsistency of imposing such a pledge is seen in the fact that it is assumed by those framing the constitution that the pledge would be broken, and provision has been made for re-obligating members who have proved unfaithful, if they should wish to sign the pledge again.

We sometimes ask men to sign a pledge to abstain from the use of strong drink, and such an act may or may not help men to overcome their craving for that deadly drug. A man desires to keep from doing wrong, and feels he is morally weak, he is not a Christian, and he thinks the pledge would help him to resist temptation; if so, we say, let him sign a pledge.

Christ had foretold the grim ghastly treachery of Judas—that doomed one to whom thirty pieces of silver were more than all the parables and miracles of the God-man. He had foretold this treachery, and now he tells Peter, the impetuous and fiery, the Coeur de Lion of the apostles, how he too will deny his Lord. But between these two mountains of belching flame the Master places the rich flower plain of the text; between these two frowning thunder-clouds he inserts a scrap of blue sky; as He talks of possible, yea, of certain glory, while saying, "If God be glorified in Him, God shall also glorify Himself, and shall straighten His glory." Hm!

It is setting before the young people a wrong motive or incentive to Christian fidelity. Does the signing of a pledge place Christians under a more sacred obligation to work, than does the fact that they were bought with the precious blood of Christ?

Does the fact that the young people have signed a pledge, give the pastor a stronger leverage upon their consciences and affections, than does the fact that they have professed to be children of God? If so, it only shows how sadly they are in need of teaching in regard to the nature of the obligations arising from their relation to Christ.

Would the advocates of this pledge theory think it wise in a father to ask his children to sign a pledge that they would be honest and true in the discharge of the duties of childhood?

Does any intelligent person think that he would be wise for a father to appeal to his children on the ground that they had signed a pledge, rather than on the ground of his love to them, and the desire he has that they should love him?

What kind of character, think you, would be developed in children, who would constantly appealed to on the ground of having signed a pledge. Does God want us to set before His children the lambs of His flock, motives or incentives which we are forced to admit that no wise father would think of setting before his children?

Why should the young be asked to pledge themselves, and bound when unavoidable absent to send an excuse, any thing for the old?

Why not at the end of each month demand from the deacons, and from every member of the church a reason why they were absent, it may be, from every prayer meeting during the month?

Suppose that the church were to make such a demand, would the deacons comply with it? They would soon inform the church that they are responsible only to Christ, all such matters. It seems, then, very much like laying upon the lamb, burdens which the sheep would not bear.

This is a little aside from the real issue. The point is, that the character of Christian service cannot rise above the character of the incentives by which it is prompted. I think the Lord looks quite as much at the motives actuating His people, as He does at the amount of work performed, and it may be that even a little service, prompted by a sense of gratitude for His redeeming love, may be more pleasing to Him than would be a very much larger amount, performed because we had signed a pledge to do so.

What we should aim at, is not to make the young people attend a certain number of meetings, say a certain number of prayers, perform the greatest possible number of external acts, and manifest just so much outward activity, but rather to develop in them so far as possible, the spirit of self-sacrifice, and by teaching them the nature of Christian obligations, and by placing before them constantly the love, helping, soul-moving motives furnished by the life, labor, and teaching of Christ.

If any pastor can succeed better by getting his young people to sign a pledge than he can by teaching them the Word of God, we certainly do not envy him his success.

But this letter is already longer than is desirable, and so I will have to reserve other points of this model constitution for a future letter. J. GRANT.

Woodstock, Jan. 29.

Robert A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery of the United States Medical College. Editor of "Medical Tribune," Author of "Gunn's New Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," says over his own signature in addressing the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure: "I cannot be truthful, yet personal like thou—the Son of the Living God Almighty—mayst consider thy life amid the companions of swine, whence only thyself is available."

"Is life worth living?" is the question. A flash of lightning lighted up the glory of some mighty mansion this text, with great possibility stretching out away down God's long eternity, answers that wailing question with an affirmative, cheerful and loud. It may not seem to be worth living, to him whose highest aim is a competency; whose chief ambition is a little brief authority; whose main hope is to eat and drink heartily, and smoke. But if it is possible for us to glorify the eternal God, and win the "well done" of an applauding Deity in the doom-day, if it is possible for our time-life to cast a brightness into the eternal years, then, as with a gathering

Glorifying God.

A PRAYER-MEETING TALK.

The Apostle John records a remarkable saying of our Lord, which was uttered towards the close of His ministry. "Now is the Son of Man glorified, and God is glorified in Him."

Have you sometimes noticed how, between the dark glooms of a dull morning and a damp evening, nature has inserted a thin wedge of light? Or how a full summer occurs in the dreary drift of the rain-storm, during which interval the robins will shake the wet wings from their plumage and cheerily sing? Or how between the lightning glare tearing the daik clouds asunder, and the thunder jarring the cowering rocks; there is a pause, a moment of stillness and calm? If you have noticed these things you will the better appreciate this passage of Scripture; the better understand the dark setting in which this jewel text is found.

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Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

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Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

STUDIES IN MARK.

Second Quarter.

Lesson II. April 14. Mark 12: 1, 2.

THE REJECTED SON.

GOLDEN TEXT.

He came unto his own, and his own received him not.—John 1: 12.

EXPLANATORY.

1. And He began to speak unto them by parables. Jesus had done all he could and he had said all he could to teach the people the truth about God's kingdom, and the salvation and blessings God was offering to them. He now tries one more method, that of his favorite illustration by parables.

2. God's SPIRITUAL VINEYARD, AND WHAT HE HAS DONE FOR IT.—Ver. 1. The householder. A certain man: called in Matthew a householder, a landed proprietor, owner of an estate. This householder represents God who is the creator and owner of all things.

The vineyard. Planted a vineyard. The image of the kingdom of God as a vinestock with a vineyard runs through the whole Old Testament (Deut. 32: 32; Ps. 80: 8; 96: 12; Isa. 5: 1, 7; 27: 1, 7; Jer. 2: 21; Ezek. 15: 1, 6, 19—10). It no doubt belongs to the diction of the mind, as a standard does, if it is to bring forth richly, require the most diligent and never-ceasing care; that there is no season in the year in which much has not to be done in it. And set a hedge about it. The word "hedge" here means a fence of whatever material made. And digged a place for the winefat: or wine vat, the vat or vessel into which the liquor flows from the winepress. The winepress consisted of two parts:—(1) the press, or trough, above, in which the grapes were placed, and there trodden by the feet; (2) a smaller trough, into which the expressed juice flowed through a hole or spout (Neh. 13: 15; Isa. 53: 2). The smaller trough was often hollowed ("dugged") out of the earth or native rock and then lined with masonry. And built a tower. A watch-tower, sometimes built 40 or 50 feet high, and used for the watchman who guarded the vineyard, and during the vintage as an abode for the workers and a place of recreation. The watchman—sometimes he may be a companion, or it may be his family are with him—remains at his post day and night until the grapes are gathered. This is a necessary precaution, for wild beasts will devour and destroy, and men will steal. And let it out to husbandmen. It is customary in the East, as in Ireland and in other parts of Europe, for the owner to let out his estate to husbandmen; i. e., to tenants who pay him an annual rent, either in money, or, as apparently in this case, in kind. And let it out for a country: rather, as in the Rev. Ver., another country. He went abroad.

3. And killed him: as the Jews did Jesus. They killed him that they might possess; and because they killed them lost.

V. What shall therefore the lord of the vineyard do? Every possible method of leading them to right, conduct had been exhausted. The last hope is gone when we reject Christ. There is nothing left but destruction. He will come and destroy the husbandmen. There was nothing else to do. It was a simple matter of justice. Give the vineyard unto others. Expressed by the apostle when he said, "Lo, we turn to the Gentiles" (Acts 13: 46). The others are the Christian church, which is grafted on to the old tree from which the branches were cut off. Everyone who believes in Jesus becomes a child of Abraham and the inheritor of the promises (Gal. 3: 7, 9, 29). In the Christian kingdom of God are fulfilled the promises made of old.

APPLICATION TO THE JEWS. The VINEYARD represents the kingdom of God which was intrusted to the Jews, planted by God through Abraham and Moses, with the rich and fruitful vines of the knowledge of God, his commandments, the institutions of religion, the care and love, instruction and guidance of a heavenly Father revealed to men.

APPLICATION TO THE JEWS. In the summer of A. D. 70, forty years after this parable was spoken, Jerusalem was destroyed and the temple was burned and laid in ruins by the Roman army under Titus.

APPLICATION TO INDIVIDUALS. If we reject Christ for this world, we are lost for this world. Those who reject Christ from their lives and plans, in order that they may keep possession of themselves, their pleasures and hopes, have taken the shortest and surest way to lose them.

APPLICATION TO INDIVIDUALS. God has intrusted to each of us a blessed and marvellously fruitful vineyard, which we are to cultivate for Him. He has given us our life, our soul. He gives us each a portion of all those things he has committed to the church as a whole. He makes us fruitful by His Word and His Spirit. He gives us every means of grace. He opens wonderful opportunities before us, and he expects good fruit, and much of it, from such a vineyard.

II. The FRUITS GOD EXPECTS FROM HIS VINEYARD. 2. And at the season He sent. At the time when the fruit was ripe, when He would naturally expect to receive the product of His vineyard.

THE FRUIT was obedience, sincere worship, righteous living, intelligence, growth, giving to the poor, teaching the nations about the true God, high character, preparation for the Messiah. He expects the same from us.

III. THE SEASON OF FRUITS was no definite time. The season of fruits with us is the time when God has a right to expect us to believe in Jesus; when good works are rightfully required, more and larger and more perfect as we go on in the Christian life; when there are special opportunities for serving God and man, special trials, special calls, seasons of revival.

THE RENT. We have always to pay rent for every privilege. For every vineyard intrusted to us, every privilege and blessing, God has a right to expect from us the fruits in the seed-time of life. From property we are to use a due portion especially for Him. For the Gospel we are to give continual praise, and seek to make it known to all men.

III. MESSENGERS SENT FOR THE FAULT, AND HOW THEY WERE TREATED. He sent a servant. The servants, that is, the prophets, and other more eminent ministers of God were sent, raised up at particular times, having particular missions. The patience of the householder is thus brought out and magnified,

that it may set forth the yet more wonderful forbearance and long-suffering of God.

3. And they caught Him. The gradual growth of the outrage is clearly traced. (1) The first servant they "caught, beat, and sent away empty;" (2) at the second, they "cast stones, and wounded him in the head, and sent him away shamefully handled;" (3) the third, "they killed."

4. Beating some, and killing some. For an ample historical justification of this description, see Jer., chapter 37, 38; 1 Kings 18: 13; 22: 24-27; 2 Kings 6: 31; 21: 16; 2 Chron. 19: 22-23; 36: 16; and also Acts 7: 52; and the whole passage finds a parallel in the words of the apostle (Heb. 11: 36).

REJECTING GOD'S MESSENGERS. The feeling in which their action had its rise was a wilful selfishness, which wants to do the best of service without the burden of responsibility.

5. They sent to the fault in all of us. Some would like to have all the comforts of the Gospel without being expected to yield the slightest service for them.

IV. GOD'S LAST AND GREATEST WORK FOR THE SALVATION OF MEN. 6. Having yet therefore one son. This was the last and crowning effort of Divine mercy; after which, on the one side, all the resources even of heavenly love are exhausted; on the other, the measure of sin is perfectly filled up. They will reverence My Son. This implies no ignorance of what would be, but is the expression of God's desire that all men be saved, and of what he naturally had a right to expect.

7. But those husbandmen said among themselves, This is the heir. Christ is the heir of all things (Heb. 1: 2). Did the Jewish rulers know that they were putting to death the heir, the Son of God? (1) They were plainly told, and ought to have known. (2) In all probability, the truth did more than once flash upon them. (3) The final resolution to kill him was taken immediately after his greatest exhibition of divine power in the raising of Lazarus (John 11: 46, 53). Let us kill him and the inheritance shall be ours. They were so connected with a system, and with wrong ideas and principles and customs, which must pass away with Christ's realm, that if Christ prevails, they fall. But they imagined that if they could destroy Christ, he could continue in possession of the inheritance, be ruler of Israel, teachers and leaders of the people, the possessors of the nation.

8. And killed him: as the Jews did Jesus. They killed him that they might possess; and because they killed them lost.

V. THE PUNISHMENT WHICH NECESSARILY FOLLOWS THE REJECTION OF CHRIST.

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A SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.

John 18: 1-11; Matt. 26: 57-58.
BY M. S. MCKENZIE, D. D.

For Judas' ravine, in the noon of the night,
With lanterns and torches their footsteaps to light.
A cohort of soldiers, with Judas to guide,
Forth march to the garden on Olivet's side.

The one whom they seek had been pleading
with God,
By cups upheld as the wine-press He trod,

The cup He must drink of its dregs had been drained.

His powers and patience a triumph had gained.

The place of the torches illuminates the gloom;

A tumult foretold the Nazarene's doom;

But countless and calm from the Garden He goes,

Himself to resign to the rage of His foes.

Whom seek ye?" He saith—and His aspect reveals

The Godhead within which His manhood conceals.

The luster that erst on Mount Tabor was seen

Transfigures His form and glows in His mien.

His effluent glories the soldiers appall;

And awed by the brightness as dead men they fall;

There, stricken with terror, before Him they lie,

Not daring to touch Him, yet powerless to fly.

But Judas, whose baseness there's nought can restrain,

Audacious, asthetic, and greedy of gain,

Approaches his Lord with a loyal ad-dress—

Degrades he to treason a loving care!

The kiss of the traitor emboldens the hand;

Then forward they spring, around Jesus they stand;

They seize Him, and bind Him, and lead

Him away,

Insulting their passive and innocent prey.

Then Peter, indignant, impetuous, brave, His Lord from the rudeness of soldiers would save,

But Jesus upholds him, and bids him to yield—

"My servants no weapons in warfare should wield."

The cup of my anguish my Father decrees;

And Hie, not myself, I am longing to please

If safety I seek, then my Father would send

Twelve legions of angels His Son to defend."

The lamblike by ruffians to slaughter is led;

His friends and companions, affrighted, have fled;

"The Shepherd is smitten"—with the Word of the Lord—

The sheep of the flock are now scattered abroad.

—In the Boston Beacon.

Selected Serial.

ONE GIRL'S WAY OUT.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

MERCY AT HOME.

Mercy walked home in the gloaming with a spirit as quiet as the hour. It was such a new thing for her to feel quiet. The way was narrow, and dark with overhanging trees and bushes, but she had been accustomed to it all her life and felt no fear.

At about a half-mile south west from the mill the road turned sharply toward the east, holding in its outer angle, up a little slope to the right, a low, rambling, wood-colored house, known as the "Old Square Tax place." In its palmy days of the past it may have presented a respectable appearance, but its gaudily had long since departed. Its front gate hung by one hinge, and had worn a deep rut in the ground where the outer edge had been pushed along by many hands. The yard was bordered with a straggling thicket of wild-rose bushes; chestnut and hawthorn trees filled every corner. Beside the untrimmed walk were two narrow beds that in the daylight flaunted a mass of gay colors in the face of the sun. Over the small front windows and along the stoop were trained morning-glory and coarse flowering beans; but, do their nest, the hands of women and children could not hide the evidences of neglect everywhere. There were no vines large enough to cover the leaping-brown barn-doors; no trees to shield the broken-topped chimneys; no blossoms to hide the one-sided door stones. Joe Task, the old square's son, was a poor stick, "as the men had said: full of fancies and dreams."

It was not necessary for Mercy to see all this. It was as vivid a picture to her mind in the dark as the light.

She passed swiftly up the walk now to the door. On the step were two or three children.

"Why didn't you come home with us?" chimed Zenas: "made us come way home alone."

"Who was that girl, say, Mercy?" piped a shrill treble. "She looks up to Mrs. Dame, but what's her name? Wasn't her dress pretty, though? Posies all over it; and such a shiny belt. Why don't you get a dress like that, Mercy?" and then "would be made over for me," she added confidentially to Zenas, for the older sister had gone on without answering.

A small kerosene lamp was burning in the "living-room," but turned low as if to save oil, and filling the room with its pale light.

Mercy went straight to the table and turned up the blaze.

"This smell will make your head ache worse, mother," she said.

The room was large, but bare and plain. The low ceiling was rough and flaky with its many coats of whitewash. The wall-paper was of the cheapest, and carefully patched in many places; the furniture of the most common. A

woman sat in a low wooden rocker, in the middle of the floor, trying to soothe a restless infant in her arms.

Mercy went up behind her and stroked the hair back softly from the aching temples; then stooped and kissed the forehead. The mother looked up quickly at such an unusual caress from this girl. Such a sweet, gentle mother-face, care-lined though it was, but lacking the strength of the younger! And baby's was like it; the only really pretty face of the six.

"Are you tired out with him, mother?" she asked.

"Poor little fellow! his teeth are troubling him," was the answer, "and he feels the heat. If we get me a little warm water I will bathe him some. That may quiet him."

"Men don't have everything," returned her sister Serena complacently, from her folded height of two years more.

"Perhaps some don't, but I shall."

"I used to think just so myself," Mr. Task spoke up, "but somehow I didn't."

"I ought not to have stayed so late," Mrs. Dame explained quietly, "but Miss Vane came down to the mill, and asked me to sit down with her, and I did; we had a long talk."

"Do you like her?"

"I do. I never saw any one like her before. If I was rich, I would try to be like her."

"Can't you without being rich?" ventured the mother.

"Perhaps so, in some things." Then she went to the dishes, and after those came a few preparations for the plain breakfast. Then she was free to find her own low chamber, full of aches of aching longing, ambitious dreams, and bitter envies. None of these came in with her to-night. Quietly she turned the wooden button over the latch, placed her tallow candle on the stand covered with a fringed piece of old linen, and brought her Bible to its light. It was not an unfamiliar book, but she had never brought the spirit of to-night to its study. She had liked the Old Testament best heretofore; its stern lessons had seemed her best idea of God. But to-night she turned at once to the promises that had been spoken so softly by Miriam, and studied it long and thoughtfully; and the truth grew plain and sweet—the old truth that unfolds, link by link, as a rosebud opens its fair petals, and lets you at last into its fragrant heart. Her questionings about her own "place" in the world grew still. Her "place" must be God's place for her. If he said, Go out and abound, and be able to help, to wider paths the young brothers and sisters, for whom her ambition was unbounded, she would be glad. If he said, Believe here the frail, loving mother, guide the others, she would be content—because He had loved her.

The covenant was made that would hold for ever. And the girl, who knew her own ambitious heart, could not understand how it was that she was so satisfied, and yet had no promise for the fulfilling of the desires that had made up her life. She was standing in the moonlight, wondering over this, and her new self, when a faint tap came to the door.

"It's mother," the girl thought, turning the button back.

Mrs. Task came in hesitatingly, but, Mercy put her young arm around her, and, leading her over to the window, placed her in a barrell-chair; then, drawing a wooden stool to her feet, crossed her hands in her lap and looked up.

"Now, go on, mother; what is it?"

"I hate to disturb you, dear; but—father is in trouble again."

"What is it?"

"At the store; and Mr. Gresham says, if he does not pay twenty dollars of it by to-morrow morning, he will take one of the cows, as he is wanting one. But what can we do with only one cow left?"

"He can not have it," and very quietly

her rose, unlocked a small hair-covered trunk, and, reaching in to the top, drew out an envelope and laid it in her mother's hand.

The candle had been put out before light, and, reaching to count out its contents. She knew them was just the sum named by her mother. The careful savings of her year of patient, faithful teaching—representing the unnecessary half yards of calico saved, the "choice" when there was a penny to be had.

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Mrs. Task came in hesitatingly, but, Mercy put her young arm around her, and, leading her over to the window, placed her in a barrell-chair; then, drawing a wooden stool to her feet, crossed her hands in her lap and looked up.

"Now, go on, mother; what is it?"

"I hate to disturb you, dear; but—father is in trouble again."

"What is it?"

"At the store; and Mr. Gresham says, if he does not pay twenty dollars of it by to-morrow morning, he will take one of the cows, as he is wanting one. But what can we do with only one cow left?"

"He can not have it," and very quietly

her rose, unlocked a small hair-covered trunk, and, reaching in to the top, drew out an envelope and laid it in her mother's hand.

The candle had been put out before light, and, reaching to count out its contents. She knew them was just the sum named by her mother. The careful savings of her year of patient, faithful teaching—representing the unnecessary half yards of calico saved, the "choice" when there was a penny to be had.

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DON'T MARRY A MAN TO REFORM HIM.

BY LILLIE SHELDON.

Don't marry a man to reform him!
To God and your own self be true!
Don't link to his vices your virtue!
You'll rue it, dear girl, if you do.

No matter how fervent his pleadings,
If not by his promises led;
If he can't be a man while swooning,
He'll never be one when he's wed!

Don't marry a man to reform him.

To repeat it, also, when too late!

The mission of wives least successful
Is the making of crooked limbs straight.

There's many a maiden has tried it,

And proved it a failure at last;

Better tread life's pathway alone, dear,

Than wed with a lover that's "fast."

Mankind's much the same the world over;

The exceptions you'll find are but few;

When the rule is defeat and disaster.

The chances are great against you.

Don't trust your bright hopes for the future.

The beautiful crown of your youth,
To the keeping of ones who holds lightly
His fair name of honor and truth.To "honor and love" you must promise;
Don't pledge what you cannot fulfill!

If he'll have no respect for himself,

Mow surely, you then, never will.

Tis told us the frown of a woman
Is strong as the blow of a man,
And the world will be better when women
Prove themselves a man.

Brown at error as hard as they can.

Make virtue the price of your favor;

Place wrong-doing under a ban;

And let him who would win you and wed you

Prove himself in full measure a man.

THE HOME.

Nagging.

It is not always easy for us to distinguish between what is essential and what is an accident of development in our children. For the former we must have long patient, and judicious training, reaching from infancy to maturity, slowly weeding out elements that are noxious, and as slowly incorporating those that are wanting, just as we graft prunes upon quince roots, or apples on the thorn tree. For the accidental qualities, we have only to wait their outgrowth. Yet these qualities, though, and not the essential ones, provoke nagging, of which mothers, more than fathers, are apt to be guilty.

Tommy Brown is in the life of a boy, and this applies as well to girls, he delights to get into the ink. Look out, then, for stains on the carpet, scribblings in your choice books, and blotches on handkerchiefs, aprons, dresses and table covers; they are almost as certain to come as winds in March, and are almost as trying; but they go of themselves, neither hastening nor delaying their departure. Dampening a chair about on one leg while sitting is another performance that many nervous children go through, and it lasts till they grow into easy self-confidence.

Slamming doors and leaving them open mark another regular stage in the growth of every boy. Life is too short in the juvenile estimation to shut them quietly, perhaps, to shut them at all; and about this time, all long, before and after, he has too much on hand to stop to wipe his shoes when he comes in from the muddy street. What matters a little mud? As he sits by the stove warming his feet and leaving traces of their presence, what more natural that he should whistle or sing a comic song, or a psalm tune tamely? He doesn't mean anything wrong by it. The boy-nature, exuberant, effervescent, overflowing, must work itself off in some manner, or dangerous consequences might ensue, the very worst of which will be ill-health resulting from suppression: Nagging only makes matters worse.

Covet with muddy feet and slamming doors are images in pencil on the boy's finger-nails, on the windowsills, on the frost marks, where there are so tempting as tablets, trials of the now jack-knife on the dining table or the pillars of the front porch; marginal notes on spellers and arithmetic in hieroglyphics that not a Chambellan can decipher; the boy's name in uninformed cursive scrawled in chalk or pencil, everywhere, on the coal-bin, the barn-door, the parlor window, the walls of his sleeping room—all these testify to the presence of the boy in the house. Can he help it? Yes, and no. Are such things to be allowed? By no means. They are to be borne with, kindly rebuked, and the activity that engenders them turned into a channel large enough to absorb it all. A damp cloth will remove the chalk and finger marks, erasive soap will take off the plumbago, tartaric acid obliterate the ink-spots, but what can eradicate from the child's character the effects of perpetual nagging?

The time comes fast enough when there will be no careless little hand to make a mess on the clean table-cloth, no tiny fingers to scatter things around, no clatter of childish feet on the stairway. Fresh paper may cover all the marks on the hard finish or pumice-stone erase them, paint may conceal the ambitious handwriting on the woodwork, but those traces of boyish pranks that still remain, the mother's eye and heart may cherish as sacred to the memory of the dead or absent, as something she would not willingly be without.

In a genial, wholesome, tolerant, loving atmosphere, the boy and girl will go through the various stages of growth from childhood to adult life, dropping whatever is in the nature juvenile while it grows as naturally as the flower drops its seminal leaves, but the forbearance and loving patience of the wise father and judicious mother who, under protestations innumerable, restrained from nagging, will not be forgotten work.

If your cough keeps you awake and restless by night, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and obtain immediate relief. This remedy allies inflammation, heals the pulmonary organs, induces sleep, and restores health. The sooner you begin the better.

THE FARM.

A better orchard fertilizer than wood-ashes does not exist. Save and use all you have, buy all you can, if cheap enough. Don't be afraid to apply liberally. Thus speak the *Orchard and Garden*, and the advice accords with the experience of the Indiana Farmer, which adds: Our pear trees are heavily loaded, so much so that Sylvester Johnson, ex-President of our State Horticultural Society, remarked on seeing them: "We don't need to go to California to see loaded pear-trees." All we did to the trees was to dig up the sod around their roots and apply ashes and other fertilizers. Coal ashes are beneficial, and if wood ashes cannot be had, use the other kind and you will be pleased with the result.

"Where is your little boy Tommy?" asked one of the visitors.

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well." At this the mother laid her hand on the baby's white the tears ran down her thin and faded cheeks.

"What is the matter with him?"

"He was never very strong, and tended to work too hard, carrying water and helping to lift the wash-tub, and things like that."

"Is his father dead?"

"No, he isn't dead. He used to be a good workman, and we had a comfortable home. But all he earns now, and that ain't much, goes for drink. If he'd only let me have what little I make over the wash-tub. But half the time he takes that away from me, and then the children go hungry."

She took the child off her shoulder. It was asleep now, and she laid it across her lap.

"Tommy has been crazy to go to school. I never could spare him till this winter. He thought if he could get a little education he'd be able to take care of Sissy and baby and me. He said he'd never be able to work hard. So I fixed up his clothes as well as I could, and last week he started. I am afraid the boys would laugh at him, but he thought he could stand it if they did. I stood in the door and watched him going. I never forgot how the little fellow looked," she continued, the tears streaming down her face. "His patched-up clothes, his old shoes, his ragged cap, his poor little anxious look. He turned round to me as he left the yard, and said, 'Don't worry, mother; I ain't going to mind what the boys say.' But he did mind. It wasn't an hour till he came back again. I believe the child's heart was just broke. I thought mine was broke years ago. If it was it was broken over again that day. I can stand most anything myself, but O can't bear to see my child suffer." Here she broke down again, and her quiet, thin, arm round her mother's neck. "Don't cry, mother," she whispered, "don't cry."

The women made an effort to check her tears, and she wiped her eyes. As soon as she could speak with any degree of calmness, she continued:

"Poor little Tommy cried all day; I couldn't comfort him. He said it wasn't any use trying to do anything. Folks would only laugh at him for being a drunkard's little boy. I tried to comfort him before my husband came home. I told him his father would be mad if he saw him crying. But it wasn't any use. Seemed like he couldn't stop. His father came and saw him. He wouldn't have done it if he hadn't been drinking. He ain't a bad man when he is sober. I hate to tell it, but he whipped Tommy, and the child fell and stuck his head. I suppose he'd been sick, any way. But O, my poor little boy! My sick, suffering child!" she cried. "How can they let men sell a thing that makes the innocent suffer so?"

A little voice spoke from the bed. One of the ladies went to him. There he lay, poor little defenseless victim. He lived in a Christian land, in a country that takes great care to pass laws to protect sheep, and diligently legislates over its game. Would that the children were as precious as brutes and birds.

His face was flushed, and the hollowed eyes were bright. There was a long, purple mark on his temple. He put his little white hand to cover it, while he said, "Father won't have done it if he hadn't been drinking." Then, in his quiet piping voice, weak with sickness, he half-whispered, "I am glad I am going to die. I am too weak ever to help mother, anyhow. Up in heaven the angels ain't going to call me a drunkard's child, and make fun of my clothes. And maybe if I'm right there where God is, I can keep reminding Him of mother and He'll make it easier for her."

He turned his head feebly on the pillow, and then said, in a lower tone, "Some day—they ain't going to—die."

"Poor father—will be dead—before then. He then shut his eyes from weariness.

The next morning the sun shone in on the dead face of little Tommy.

He is only one of many. There are hundreds like him in tenement houses, slums, and alleys in town and country.

Poor little martyrs, whose tears fall almost unheeded, who are cold and hungry in this Christian land, whose hearts and bodies are buried with unkindness.

And yet "the liquor traffic is a legitimate business and must not be interfered with," so it is said.

Over eighteen hundred years ago, it was also said, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, which believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck; and that he were drowned in the depths of the sea."—*Common School Education*.

It was a dilapidated house in a street near the river. The family lived in the back part of the house, in a frame addition. The ladies climbed the outside stairs that led up to the room occupied by the Brown family. When they first entered they could scarcely discern objects, the room was so filled with the steam of the soap-suds. There were two windows, but a tall brick building adjacent shut out the light. It was a gloomy day too, with gray, lowering clouds that forbade even the memory of sunshine.

A woman stood before a wash-tub. When they entered, she wiped her hands on her apron and came forward to meet them.

Once she had been pretty, but the color and the light had all gone out of her face, leaving only sharpened outlines and hardness of expression.

She asked them to sit down, in a list-

less, uninterested manner; then taking a chair herself she said, "Sissy, give me the baby."

A little girl came forward from a dark corner of the room, carrying a baby that she laid in its mother's lap a lean and sickly looking baby, with the same hollow eyes that little Tommy had.

"Your baby doesn't look strong," said one of the ladies.

"No, ma'am, she ain't very well. I have to work hard, and I expect it affects her," and the woman coughed, as she held the child to her breast.

This room was the place where this family ate, slept and lived. There was no carpet on the floor; an old table, three or four chairs, a broken stove, a bed in one corner, in an opposite corner a trundle-bed—that was that.

"Where is your little boy Tommy?"

"He is there in the trundle-bed," replied the mother.

"Is he sick?"

"Yes'm, and the doctor thinks he ain't going to get well."

At the time of the interview, the

mother had been ill for a week.

"He has been working hard, and

has been drinking a great deal."

"He has been drinking a great deal."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and economy. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the many inferior brands. Royal Baking Powder. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER. 26 Wall-st., N.Y.

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Architects, Commission Merchants,

AND—

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Managers for Nova Scotia of the

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Capital \$1,000,000.

AGENTS FOR

The Phoenix, and The Glasgow and London Fire Insurance Companies.

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BOSTON MARINE BUILDING,

Vermont, N.S.



The Most Successful Remedy ever known, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Read print below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. BYRD,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.
ELWOOD, ILL., NOV. 20, 1861.

Mr. B. J. KENDALL Co.,
Dear Sirs: I do not give you testimonial of my
own, as I do not care to do so, but I have
had many others sent me, and I think it is
best to let them speak for themselves. I have used it
in all my horses, and have found it a sure cure,
and have given directions for its use.

Yours truly, A. H. OLNEY,
Manager Troy Laundry Stable.

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BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 1, 1861.

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KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for \$5, or 15 will be sent
anywhere by mail, post paid, on receipt of price.

Sold by all DRUGGISTS.

Excelsior Packets Dyes
ARE UNEQUALLED

For Simplicity of Use.

Beauty of Color, and
Large Amount of Goods each box
will color.

These colors are supplied, viz.: Yellow, Orange, Fusine (Pink), Maroon, Scarlet, Green, Blue, Purple, Brown, Tan, Olive, Seal Brown, Brown, Black, Garnet, Magenta, Steel, Plum, Blue, Purple, Violet, Maroon, Gold, and Silver.

The above Dyes are prepared for Dyeing silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Paper, Handkerchiefs, Wood, Liquids, and all kinds of Fancy Work.

Only 8 ct. a Package.

Sold by all first-class Druggists and Grocers, and at wholesale by the firm.

WHAT THE LADIES SAY.

We the undersigned have used all kinds of dyes in our markets, and are satisfied that the Excelsior Dyes are the best and cheapest. We find that they will dye more goods to the pound than any other and give a more brilliant color. They are also more durable like those from other dyes. The Excelsior are so simple that a child can use them.

Mrs. L. Morse, Boston, N. H.

Mrs. E. Boardman, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. L. More, Somerville, Mass.

Misses L. and M. Woodward, Lawrence, Mass.

Mr. Edward Weston, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Marshall Williams, Boston, Mass.

Mr. Morison, Natick, Mass.

T. Smith, Charlotteport, P. E. I.

HARRISON & CO., Cambridge,

KINGS CO., N. H.

SOLD WITH LEASE BY

DEARBORN & CO., St. John, N. B.

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"THE GOLDEN GATE"

LIBRARY.

50 volumes, containing an aggregate of 10,000 pages. Has 25 illustrations. Catalogues will begin last of March.

WHO WANTS ONE? Send to

BAPTIST BOOK ROOM, HALIFAX.

News Summary.

Dominion.

The Central railway surveying party expect to reach Fredericton in a few days.

About 200 immigrants passed through Moncton by special train Tuesday night.

There is an active agitation in Dartmouth, N. S., against the admission of colored children into the public schools.

A young man named Seaman, telegraph operator at Sharbot Lake, Ont., jumped from a moving train and died in front of another which cut him into pieces.

Robert Elliott, employed in Brown & Palmer's tannery, Fredericton, was caught in the belting on Friday and had his arm badly lacerated and torn, besides receiving other injuries.

An address and dinner service of silver, costing several thousand dollars, has been presented to Sir Hector Langevin, on the 25th anniversary of his entering into the Privy Council.

It is said the sales of Nova Scotian coal in the upper provinces this season will be about 100,000 tons less than last year, owing to the railways contracting for a large quantity of American coal.

The amount received by the Nova Scotian provincial government last year from royalty on coal was: From Cape Breton, \$65,000; from Pictou, \$32,553; and from Cumberland, \$28,309.

The present outlook is that a very prosperous summer will greet the Campobello people. A Philadelphia entrepreneur is making arrangements to erect a \$10,000 residence and a St. John man has the contract.

The first church in Yarmouth to adopt the electric light was St. John's Presbyterian church. The church was illuminated for the first time on Sunday evening, two beautiful arc lights, of 2,000 candle power each, being used.

At meeting of the executive of the citizens' league at Montreal, Wednesday, it was decided to ask the city council to impose a heavy tax on saloons, as they had a right to do by the city charter, as they could expect nothing from the provincial government.

The last clean-up of the North Brookfield mill yielded three hundred three ounces of gold. This is one of the bonanza mines of Queens Co. This brick comes from about 156 tons of quartz with a ton stamp mill, working about six tons in twenty-four hours.

Employees of the International steamers are warned that if they are discovered smuggling they will be visited with instant dismissal. The company also pledges itself to assist the officers of both governments in bringing parties guilty of smuggling to justice.

Geo. Powell, the young man in priestly garb who was arrested at Toronto, Tuesday, for larceny of watches in Ottawa, and confessed to many other such crimes in England and the United States, has been sentenced by the police magistrate to Kingston penitentiary for five years.

Lady students, who are anxious to study medicine at McGill College, Montreal, are agitating to raise the endowment of \$250,000. It is understood they have \$12,000 in hand, and that the faculty have promised to undertake the work as soon as that amount is made up to \$50,000.

The L. C. R. has purchased from Steven Stuart, Amherst, the right to use a patent guard-rail fastener patented by him. The device does away with the cumbersome block used in railway yards, and holds the guard-rail opposite the frogs so rigidly that it cannot be dislodged, thereby avoiding a fatal source of accidents.

From the edition of Geo. P. Rowell & Co.'s "American Newspaper Directory," published April 1st (the twenty-first year), it appears that the newspapers and periodicals of all kinds issued in the United States and Canada now number 17,107, showing a gain of 779 during the last twelve months, and of 7,882 in ten years.

Last Thursday morning, a Mr. Corrigan was picked up dead on the Johnson road leading from Bath, Carleton Co. It seems as though the man had been ill and had been in to the river for medical assistance; and on his return home he preceded a team upon which he intended to ride, and when overtaken was found dead in the road. It is supposed heart disease was the cause.

Who can estimate the good accomplished and yet to result from the \$50,000 already distributed to widows and orphan children in Canada by the Dominion Safety Fund Life Association, St. John, N. B.? It has preserved the enjoyment of home comforts and furnished the means of education in many cases where desolation and unequal struggle would otherwise have been. Who has the penetration to determine what that may imply?

Quaco, St. John Co., N. B., is agitating for a deep water harbor, which can be secured by building a breakwater on the Lee which runs parallel with the beach at a distance of about half a mile. Inside of this bar the water is deep enough to float a navy. When the ship railway station is built on the gulf it completed, a deep water harbor at Quaco would seem quite indispensable for the business done at that place will be much larger than it has hitherto been.

At present vessels enter the harbor only at high tide.

A terrible fatality occurred at Salt Springs, Kings Co., N. B., on Sunday morning. Mr. Robert Lockie and family were awakened that morning by a strong smell of smoke, and on examination found their dwelling to be in flames. The family tried to save some effects, but the flames made such progress it was impossible to save very much. Mr. Lockie thought of some papers he wished to save, and started back to the house, only to lose his life. He was no doubt suffocated. His charred remains were found; his face being unrecognizable, and both legs and one arm were reduced to ashes. The family have the sympathy of all in their sad bereavement.

It cost \$2.00 to cure Mich. Lebelot of Ankylosis of the eye, and \$1.00 to cure King's Disease. King's Disease, and now says: "I suppose no excuse for suffering when they can't get this medicine." \$1.00 box, all druggists and dealers.

Two Newfoundland servant girls were ejected the other day at the Queen Hotel in St. John's, where they had been living, charged with thieving. On examination of their trunks, various articles of clothing, silver knives and forks, etc., were found, the property of some parties where the girls had formerly lived. They had also been cutting up the bed linen belonging to the Queen Hotel and making it into clothing for themselves.

Mr. Edward Jack has just completed, on behalf of Mr. Alex. Gibson, the purchase of the Scott Fairley mill and residence at Blackville, Miramichi, for \$22,000. It is the old McLagan mill at the mouth of Bartholomew river, and is capable of cutting one million a month.

Robert Elliott, employed in Brown & Palmer's tannery, Fredericton, was caught in the belting on Friday and had his arm badly lacerated and torn, besides receiving other injuries.

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PARKER.—At Westport, Jan. 19, Bro. Frederic Parker, aged 30 years, leaving a young wife and two children, with many friends to mourn for him. Our Brother was baptized on the 25th of January, 1880, by Rev. Isa. Wallace, during Rev. J. E. Ingalls' pastorate here. He was an active worker in the church and Division of the Sons of Temperance; and is much missed.

DIXON.—Suddenly, at Westport, Bro. W. Dixon, aged 67 years. Our Sister was baptized by the late Father Miller in 1863. Her family has lost in her death a faithful, devoted wife and mother; and the church of Christ a very worthy member.

GORMAN.—At Lower Ridge, Havelock, Kings Co., March 18th, Susan, wife of Charles S. Gorman, aged 65 years. This Sister professed religion and was baptized by Rev. M. March, about two years ago, and a teacher in the New Haven, and became a member of the Baptist church in that place. Subsequently, she married Mr. Gorham, and moved to this section of country, where she worshipped chiefly with the Free Christian Baptist Church, her husband belonging to that church. Her death was quite sudden. She leaves a husband and several step-children, to mourn the loss of a faithful Christian. Her sickness was but of short duration, but she has, no doubt, passed to the realms of the blessed.

BURROW.—At Buckfield, Queens Co., N. S., on the 21st January last, Emily Burrow, eldest daughter of Theo. and Ada Burrow of South Brookfield, aged 22 years. She professed religion and was baptized by Rev. S. March, about two years ago, and a teacher in the New Haven, and became a member of the Baptist church in that place.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

—An act passed by the Newfoundland legislature, for the preservation of deer, provides that no person shall kill or pursue except from September 15 to February 15, and shall not kill during that season more than five. Persons not residents of the colony will have to procure a license, the fee for which is \$50. Antler skins cannot be exported without being cleared at the customs, and the flesh and oil must be sent to the port of departure.

—The Baltic timber yard, near Birmingham, has been destroyed by fire. The loss is \$3,000,000. During the progress of the fire a pile of timber fell, injuring a number of men.

—It was discovered that the citizens' league at Montreal, Wednesday, had decided to ask the city council to impose a heavy tax on saloons, as they had a right to do by the city charter, as they could expect nothing from the provincial government.

—The first church in Yarmouth to adopt the electric light was St. John's Presbyterian church. The church was illuminated for the first time on Sunday evening, two beautiful arc lights, of 2,000 candle power each, being used.

—At the Baltic timber yard, near Birmingham, a large portion of the timber was destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$3,000,000.

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