

Messenger and Visitor.

THE CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,
VOLUME LXII.

Vol. XVI.

ST. JOHN, N. B., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1900.

{ THE CHRISTIAN VISITOR
VOLUME LI.

No. 52.

A Railway to Hudson Bay. A railroad to Hudson Bay, an enterprise long talked of, appears now to be in process of realization by the Algoma Central Railway Company. The line starts from the town of Sault Ste. Marie on Lake Superior and will be more than five hundred miles in length. Already thirty miles of the road have been completed and its construction is said to be proceeding at the rate of a mile and a half a day. Most of the capital invested in the enterprise has been supplied by Americans, but the Province of Ontario has encouraged it by large grants of land, and it is said the Company hope to secure a subsidy from the Dominion Parliament. In addition to the construction of the Hudson Bay line, the Algoma Company has other important enterprises in hand, being engaged extensively in mining, lumbering and shipping on the Lakes. One of the objects of the Hudson Bay Railway is to furnish a through route to Europe by way of the Arctic Ocean for the shipment of grain. Whether grain can be advantageously shipped by that route is somewhat more than doubtful. But, apart from that consideration, the promoters of the enterprise appear to have faith that it will pay returns for the money invested. For one thing it will open up to settlement a fertile and new finely wooded region of large extent in Northern Ontario. And the road is said to be yielding a considerable revenue from the very start on account of the rich timber lands which it is opening up. Large quantities of timber are already being hauled down to Sault Ste. Marie. A part of this material, no doubt, will be consumed by the pulp mills there, but the output of lumber will be enormous. The road runs for hundreds of miles, it is said, through forests of birch, maple, balsam, poplar and white pine. Curly birch, which sells for 40 cents a cord along the road, commands \$40 a thousand feet in the United States. Elm wood can be cut for 10 cents a cord there and sold on the American side of the line for \$25 a thousand feet. Thus it will be seen that handsome returns are to be had from the investment from the very outset. The region about to be developed is also rich in mineral resources. There are great beds of gypsum and extensive deposits of iron and copper, representing almost fabulous wealth which in time will be developed. The railway company proposes not only to build suitable hotels at a number of points along the route, but also to establish a first class seaside resort on the shores of the Hudson Bay. Game and fish abound in that part of the world, and will attract sportsmen, and the climate and scenery will present other charms to the tourist. It is said that the road is being constructed in a very substantial manner and its building is expected to occupy about three years.

Furnace Bricks from Glass-works Refuse. The Scientific American states that Dr. Ormandy of St. Helen's, near Liverpool, has recently discovered a process whereby good furnace bricks can be made from glass-works refuse. In view of the very large quantities of this refuse material and the value of the product into which it is proposed to convert it, the discovery, if the results do not disappoint expectations, will be one of considerable commercial importance. St. Helen's, which is only a few miles from Liverpool, is not only the centre of the English chemical trade, but contains a large number of glass-works. The millions of tons of refuse which have accumulated around the glass-works heretofore have been treated as of no commercial value. The refuse consists mainly of spent sand, minute particles of glass and about three per cent of iron from the various processes, and it has hitherto been considered that the presence of the iron prevented the use of the material for the manufacture of bricks. Patents have been taken

out to protect the process and a large firm has engaged Dr. Ormandy's services. After testing the value of the discovery by experiments, the firm is now putting up an extensive plant for the manufacture of the bricks. They are about the color of silica bricks and can be glazed. It is claimed that they will stand a great amount of heat.

Light and Power from Niagara. If the people who lived at the beginning of this century had been told of some of the things which would be connected with the every day life of people living at its close, what fairy tales they would have seemed! If some seer had told the people of that day that their grand-children would be able to cross the Atlantic in a week or less, and then in another week cross the continent to the Pacific coast, and all with scarcely more sacrifice of comfort than one suffers in his own parlor, he would have been judged a fit candidate for a madhouse. And if he had foretold that by the close of the century men would be converting the power of Niagara into electricity and sending that subtle force to cities many miles distant, to light them with a brilliancy almost like the sun, to afford power for the printing presses and many factories and for the carriages in which people would ride to and fro upon the streets, his doom would certainly have been sealed. Yet these and many other things as wonderful have come or are coming to pass in these days. We do not know that Niagara is as yet actually utilized for the running of street cars, at a distance from the Falls, but the matter of employing electricity, generated at Niagara, to operate the street railway system of Toronto is being discussed. The proposal may not be carried into effect, but there appears to be no doubt as to its feasibility. The president of the Toronto Street Railway Company, however, expresses doubts whether power furnished from Niagara would be sensibly cheaper than it is as now produced in Toronto. So also if the power can be furnished cheaply enough, Niagara will light Toronto.

A Great and Growing People. A recent article by Mr. J. H. Schooling in the Pall Mall Gazette, discussing the growth of the British Empire in the nineteenth century, shows that the increase of territory in the colonies and dependencies has been from 2,000,000 to 12,000,000 square miles, and this increase has been made in all parts of the world, America, Asia, Africa and Australia. The increase of population is not less remarkable. In 1800 the population under the British flag, outside the United Kingdom, was about 100,000,000, of which only 2,000,000 were white. Now, at the end of the century, the figures given for the total population outside the United Kingdom are 349,000,000, and 12,000,000 of these are white. The area of the British Isles is now only about one ninety-sixth of that of the whole Empire as against one-sixteenth at the beginning of the century. The acquisition of territory by Germany and France, though large in itself, is far less in proportion than that of Great Britain. The territory under German control is five times as great as the area of Germany, and France, though she has been colonizing as long as Great Britain, has acquired colonial territory only eighteen times greater than her own area. And while Great Britain has been planting great colonies and extending so vastly the area of her Empire in all parts of the world, her domestic population has increased much more rapidly than that of either of her great rivals. The population of the United Kingdom has increased during the century from 15,000,000 to 41,000,000, or 173 per cent, while that of Germany has increased from 21,000,000 to 55,000,000, or 162 per cent, and that of France from 27,000,000, to 39,000,000, or only 45 per cent. When it is considered that this increase has taken place in the face of a large

and continuous emigration which has gone to enrich, not only her own Colonies, but still more largely the United States of America, it must be admitted that these figures indicate an immense vitality in the British stock.

Passing to the consideration of the development connected with the other great branch of the English speaking race, it is found to be scarcely less wonderful. At the beginning of the century the area of the United States and its possessions was something less than 828,000 square miles. At the close of the century, by virtue of successive processes of expansion, that area is approximately 3,700,000 square miles, in both hemispheres and in three of the globe's five zones. The population has in the same space of time increased from less than 6,000,000 to about 90,000,000, the overwhelming majority being, of course, white, and speaking the English language as their native tongue. While the territorial growth of the United States has been therefore less than that of the British Empire, the growth in population has been proportionately much larger. These two great powers then, as the New York Tribune says, easily out rank all others in growth and present magnitude "They do so, each of them, taken separately. Taken together, in a classification of the world according to languages, they have a most impressive supremacy. At the beginning of the century the English language was, in point of numbers, one of the minor tongues. It was used by perhaps 21,000,000 people, and was considerably surpassed by the French, German and Spanish languages, and probably also by the Italian. Today it is the language of about 130,000,000, or of nearly twice as many as any of the others mentioned. German coming next with about 65,000,000, Spanish with 55,000,000, French with 45,000,000 and Italian with 35,000,000. Even Russian, which is scarcely ranked among the cultivated languages, is not used by as many as is English, nor is it at all certain that any one of the various distinct languages used in China and India surpasses English in the number of its users. We shall not incur the reproach of extravagance, then, if we reckon that the English language is to-day used by more people than any other language in the world. When we consider from what a small beginning this fact has been developed in these hundred years, the expectation of a practically universal language within the next century seems by no means overstrained, and when we bear in mind the enormous ethical, social, commercial and political influence of language the future promise of the English speaking race expands beyond all measurement."

South Africa. The news from South Africa continues to be of a very unpleasant character. The Boer General DeWet is making a great reputation as a military leader. He manages to make successful attacks upon British positions, conduct masterly retreats, strike heavy and sudden blows in unexpected quarters, and finally, when cornered, fight his way through the British lines. According to despatches from Cape Town, the Boer invasion of northern Cape Colony has become a very formidable affair and is causing much uneasiness. It is stated that a railway bridge to the south of De Aar has been destroyed and that no Cape mails had reached Bloemfontein for three days. The Dutch element in Cape Colony is said to be much elated over the southward movement of the Boers and to be boasting that the whole district of Victoria West will join the raiders. A dispatch from Lord Kitchener of Dec. 22, expresses the opinion, though not very confidently, that the Boer movement into Cape Colony, has been checked. "Of the two forces which entered the Colony," he says, "the eastern is still north of the Zoutspansberg range, while the one that entered west appears to have been turned in the direction of Britstown and Prieska. Our troops are getting around both bodies and a special column is also being organized, which will be dispatched immediately when I know where its services are most wanted. The Boers have not received much assistance in Cape Colony, so far as my information goes. We have armed some of the colonists, who are assisting our forces. Railway and telegraph communication has been much interrupted by the very bad weather." It is said that the British government is asking Australia and New Zealand to send additional contingents of mounted troops to South Africa, and if this is the case it is not improbable that Canada will be given an opportunity to contribute her quota.

The Value of Cheerfulness.

BY G. R. WHITE.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Prov. 17:22.

Solomon is still wise. For the world has neither need, nor room for a vinegar visage, much less the church of God. Cheerfulness is not a sin, but it is a sin not to be cheerful. Smiles are the sunshine of life, and when other helpers fail us, it may still be possible to "smile the shadows from the heart." Some of the world's holiest men have been good laughers. There must be something wrong with the man who does not possess or enjoy a smile. God can do but little with that person who has bidden farewell to cheerfulness. He is hardly a man who has ceased to smile. There are three things which differentiate man from all other animals, he makes a fire, he handles tools and he laughs. There should be room in a man's make up for the morality of merriment, for the medical value of cheerfulness, and the religion of a joyous spirit. There are some people who think piety should never smile. They always associate the minister with the undertaker, and the one is about as welcome as the other; and as for the mention of religion, it always suggests a funeral, or the judgment day. They think the more religion you have, the more miserable you must be. There are still others who think that a smile is a proof positive that the heart is still unregenerated. Like the lady who very much feared that her niece had never experienced a work of grace in her heart, and when asked why, she said, "I have noticed that she is as much addicted to laughter as ever." But it is possible for one to be serious and smile. A grave lady once took Mr. Spurgeon to do for getting off so many jokes, and the great man said: "My dear sister, if you only knew the number I am holding back, you would not say one word." One may have a sunny soul, and a serious purpose.

There is a difference between cheerfulness and levity. The mind that is much given to levity is least open to cheerfulness. Levity may be the offspring of sin and wickedness, but cheerfulness is the offspring of virtue. There is no genuine cheerfulness where there is a lack of virtue. Mirth and levity have degenerating effect upon the character, but cheerfulness "doeth good like a medicine." For while mirth is an act, cheerfulness is a habit—the act passes, the habit abides. Mirth is like fire struck out of steel hard to get out, and when got out soon gone, but cheerfulness grows out of character and is a fixed possession, therefore give us cheerfulness. It is good, for it is Godlike. We read of the "ever blessed," i. e. the ever happy God. Some may think that a strange adjective to apply to God. Nevertheless he is a happy God, one who delights in all his works and creatures. Addison says: "Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious care and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in perpetual calm." Cheerfulness is what the world needs. It is a grace of prolific growth, and one that will reward careful cultivation. Beecher once said: "If a man has the springs of cheerfulness in him, in the name of God and benevolence let him not stop them. Let him keep them open that they may rather be a source of joy and consolation to his fellow-men." Smile then for God and angels fill your smile! But remember there is an eternal fitness in things; and there is a vast difference between a smile and a chuckle, or a silly grin, which is the product of an empty brain and a thoughtless spirit. There are times and places when even a smile is out of place, and that is just the time when fools have them in abundance. When God is being invoked in prayer, when the funeral procession is marching to the grave, then laughter is out of place. When the prodigal halted before the swine-trough, he was in no condition to smile.

"Nature hath framed some strange fellows in her time: Some that will ever more peep through their eyes And laugh, like parrots, at a bay-piper; And others of such vinegar aspect, That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile, Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable."

Solomon declares there is a time for everything, so there is a time to be sober as well as a time to smile. When the spirit is crushed and the heart sore, God gives tears; but those he can, and does, turn into jewelled mercies, as they give vent to the pent up grief and save the spirit from utter collapse. And it is the giver of smiles who is the giver of tears, and he is the same good God in the gift of either.

A smile to be of value must be of the right kind and in the right place. It must have behind it a noble spirit and a true heart. To laugh at a funeral is idiotic—out of place. One has well said: "To do good laughter must be with and not at others." Never laugh at the misfortunes of others in person or manner. Never laugh at the feebleness of old age, it is wretched humor,—God frowned upon such an act in the days of Elisha the prophet, when he sent two bears and tore forty and two of the scoffers limb by limb. It is the mark of a true man to smile and laugh at proper times and places. You see the fool's laughing muscles have never been properly developed, hence his laugh is only a chuckle

that strikes on the nerve centres like the thud of a hangman's beam when the rope is cut.

We owe it to ourselves to be cheerful. Do not cherish your griefs, "they do but wear out the finer springs of the soul," which belong in the services of God and man.

We must have our times of grief, but let them be short. Some people would make prominent their grief as a religious duty. "Have you not forgiven God yet," said one lady to another who for years had clad herself in crape. God is not unkind in taking our loved ones to himself. We must not criticise the acts of God. "He is too wise to err, too good to be unkind. Cast thy burden upon the Lord, he will sustain you. Be just as hopeful, cheerful and truthful as you can. If God can guide the universe, he can guide your affairs to the best possible advantage. Keep mind and spirit in a hopeful frame in order to do your best. For the "materia medica" of cheerfulness doeth good. Never say a discouraging word while in this sanitarium. You are all here for one purpose," is the motto over the inside door of one of the celebrated sanitariums in the United States. It is the cheerful air and hopeful surroundings of such a place that gives back health rather than the free use of drugs. Be cheerful and nature will do her very best for you and she is a skilled physician. We thank God for the triumphs in medical skill and the improved and kind treatment of the sufferer. The woman in the Scripture suffered much from many physicians. She feared and suffered more from her doctors than from her disease. But the first person we all want when sick is the doctor. And if he be wise, he will come with as much good cheer in his countenance as the exigencies of the case will permit. "For a merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and sometimes better. Smiles and exercise heal their thousands, while frowns and inactively wound many spirits. Many people who are half sick and the other half miserable would be helped mightily if they would take a week off and smile ten times per day, they would find it hard work for the first day or two, but repeated action grows not only easy, but pleasant. The calamity criers in state and church should lock themselves up until they learn to smile, and they would see a new world when they come out. What shall we do with these sad spirits? Here is a recipe: "Take one tablespoonful of cheerfulness three times a day before meals—'shake well before taken,'"—"For a merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Never go gloomily, man with a mind,
Hope is a better companion than fear;
Providence, ever benignant and kind,
Gives with a smile what we take with a tear.

All will be right,
Look to the light.
Morning was ever the daughter of night:
All that was black will be all that is bright,
Cheerily, cheerily, then, cheer up!"

We owe it to others to be cheerful. It is quite evident that God meant that we should smile and cry too. Tears are manly as well as smiles. Tears are no mark of weakness. "Jesus wept"—they reveal a heart of deep-seated sympathy. We are "to rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another." God intended we should do both, hence he has fitted us out with tear glands and laughing muscles, and both are for use. There is a little sack in the human body which, for the want of more light, the physicians call the "appendix," from which we have the new disease "appendicitis." The doctor would slough it off as a useless thing, but more light on the subject will without doubt reveal its real purpose, and that purpose will be worthy of a God, for all his works are for a purpose. Therefore make use of your laughing muscles as well as your tear glands. The easy use of either shows their utility. It is natural, as we say, for some people to be cheerful and smile, while others seem to be under a pressure of about one thousand pounds to the square inch, for every cheerful or hopeful thing they say or do. However, my friend, be encouraged, cultivated fruit is far superior to the natural growth. Therefore give us cultivated cheerfulness, it will spend better. How some women can be cheerful with the kind of men they have to live with three hundred and sixty-five and a quarter days per year, is more than we can tell. They would turn you and me into vinegar in less than three weeks. And the second is like unto the first. How that dear old soul can be cheerful with that little spit-fire of a wife is a puzzle. But he does, God bless him! he smiles on day by day. Be encouraged, my brethren, while we speak without experience, be encouraged; some how be encouraged. "In heaven they neither marry nor are given in marriage." "Grace can change frowns to smiles, because it supplants hate with love." That must be the secret of such patient endurance.

"Fold the banners,
Smelt the guns;
Love rules
Her gentle purpose runs."

But once more, we owe it to God to be cheerful: for when we are not we misrepresent God and Christ. If we are Christians and not cheerful we are a misnomer before the world. God has done his best for us, and we should do our best for him. And no man has done his best who does not strive to be cheerful and make others

cheerful also. God has smiled upon us that we should smile upon others. God has made a good world for us here and now. But, as uncle Eben says, "Folks keep a fiden falt with this here world of our, but jes the same dar's mighty few of them but wishes there was more of it." There is many an one who is standing with his back to the sun and all the while declaring he has not seen him for days and weeks. Turn around and look, my friend, he is still there and shining too. These men walk with their faces turned from God, saying, "where is your God." Get right with Him, front toward Him and as truly as God floods the world with sunshine every morning, so will your soul and life be filled with the health of cheerfulness. Here is a good compass to which a thoughtful soul directs our attention. "Look out, not in; look forward, not backward; look up, not down." But no life is rounded and healthful that smiles all the time. Flush out the tear glands now and again, the health of body as well as soul demands it. God accepts it. In heaven there will be no tears, for "God shall wipe them all away." But here they are still needed, they are God's jewelled mercies to the sorrowful in heart. Here then the conclusion of the whole matter: Worship God, love your neighbor, do all with as much cheerfulness as you can command. Stand in the sunshine of God's smiling face that you may reflect some of His divine cheerfulness upon friend and foe.

"The year's at the spring
And day's at the moon;
Morning's at seven,
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the throne;
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world!"

Wantsport, N. S.

North Carolina Letter.

Some old friends in the Provinces have been asking me to write again to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR. For several reasons I have not been able to comply with their request till this time. I suspect that the editor feels that he gave me more space than I was entitled to two years ago. During the past year I have had more than four hundred church members to care for. In the same territory there are more than three hundred unsaved people. This year I am to have more than five hundred members and I do not know how many unsaved men, women and children. Besides, our Cotton Factory will be opened before many months. In addition to this I have been "under fire" on account of my attitude towards the negroes and the liquor traffic. So hot was the fire at one time that it appeared I must leave Clayton. My warmest friends thought they would have to give me up, but we have triumphed.

There is much that would be instructive and interesting to write about, but I fear its character would be too secular for a sacred paper. The growing of sweet potatoes, the pulling of fodder from the corn stalks to take the place of hay, the planting, chopping, picking, ginning and marketing of cotton would be of interest to many but I refrain.

"The dispensary system" of dealing with the liquor traffic would be more appropriate. We have had a dispensary in this town about eighteen months. The best people in the country, as well as in the town, say that drunkenness has decreased not a little. The liquor men hate it and fight it. An effort was made at our last town election to do away with it. It was then I got the ill will of the "blind tiger" men and their sympathizers. It is claimed that the sentiment in favor of prohibition is growing, but many good men predict today that the saloons will be open here within five years. Eternal vigilance is the price of safety and success with any system. In my opinion the dispensary system is well worth trying when public opinion is not strong enough to enforce a prohibitory law. If any of your readers want more information I shall be glad to give it.

"The Constitutional Amendment" is another topic of interest, and after the recent effort to stir up race and religious strife in the Dominion you may be able to sympathize with us. I should not wonder if the opinion prevails in Canada, as well as in the Northern States, that the amendment grew out of the impious and unreasoning hatred towards the negro. I freely confess that there is such hatred, but I do not admit that it is characteristic of the best people in the South. "The inevitable amendment" was simply an effort to get rid of the ignorant, improvident and vicious vote which retards the progress of the State in all that is good. Many, very many white men would be glad if they could get rid of the ignorant, improvident and vicious white vote as well, but that would hopelessly divide the white people and continue the demoralization of our elections through bribery and bloodshed, intimidation, fraud and force. Our religious leaders now insist that the race issue be dropped at our elections, that better feeling be fostered and that the opportunity to evangelize and lift up the negro be embraced. This has been made very prominent in our denominational organ and by our mission boards. As long as the ignorant and improvident and vicious negro

was made
white Chr
doing and
of the ne
people ha

"The o
than the
it. An in
to tell th
from you
take a
know h
and other
ballot. Y
given us
well as y
it away
The South
fit to rule
well. He
fit to rul
agree wi
vicious ne
ant, impr
that here
what in
rule. If
evangeliz
ment the
Christians
ing pover
a desire,
need of li
are indic
their Sou
Not long
an intelli
our peopl
a thousan
in the his
of the So
them." He
been inve
He was n
done for
of the So
report of
the comm
the South
Home Mi
that the
and spiri
tunity of
will decid
of the Un
way will
and allow
needs in
out this.

Some fo
tion is am
themselves
clined to
cratic par
that.
Clayton

It is th
dows beh
world as
upon the
same thin
sunset sp
it sugges
same thin
trees, the
Think a
fellow st
dark riv
in a siml
through
writes hi
the same
The Peal
him of G
but stone
looks up
but a hi
Whence
Unhappy
things th
tions of t
heart, for
What d
what the
meaning
In the hes

was made prominent in politics it was impossible for the white Christians of the South to do what they had been doing and what they still desired to do for the elevation of the negro, and the result has been that the colored people have deteriorated not only physically but morally.

"The old-timey negroes" are considered more reliable than the rising generation, and it is easy to account for it. An intelligent member of one of my churches used to tell the negroes this: "We want to take the ballot from you for the same reason as a good father wants to take a knife from his own child. The child does not know how to use the knife; he is liable to hurt himself and others with it. You do not know how to use the ballot. You have had it and with it you have always given us bad government and you have brought us as well as yourselves to the verge of ruin. We will take it away in order to protect you as well as ourselves." The Southern white man maintains that the negro is not fit to rule and that history proves that he never has ruled well. He does not hesitate to say that he never will be fit to rule over the Anglo Saxon. We can certainly agree with him that the ignorant, improvident, and vicious negro is not fit to rule, but what about the ignorant, improvident and vicious white man? I may admit that heredity and association with good men are somewhat in his favor, but I cannot admit that he is fit to rule. If peace and harmony and greater freedom to evangelize and uplift have been secured by this amendment the gain to the negro will be great. The Southern Christians are now relieved in a measure from the grinding poverty that followed the civil war and not only feel a desire, but see their way clear to meet the imperative need of lifting the negro to a higher moral plane. There are indications that the negroes are turning for help to their Southern brethren as they have not since the war. Not long ago I heard an intelligent colored preacher tell an intelligent colored teacher, "I look upon the 35 years our people have been looking to the North—to a people a thousand miles away—as thirty-five years thrown away in the history of our race. We live with the white people of the South and must come to an understanding with them." He was not unmindful of the fact that this had been inevitable, but he regarded it as very unfortunate. He was not lacking in gratitude for what the North had done for his people, but he recognized the dependence of the Southern negro on the Southern white man. The report of the Home Board and the recommendations of the committee on Home Missions at the last meeting of the Southern Baptist Convention, and the discussions on Home Missions at our recent State Convention, indicate that the white Baptists are not indifferent to the moral and spiritual condition of the negro and to the opportunity of the hour. It may be that the Supreme Court will decide that the amendment violates the constitution of the United States. Should this take place some other way will be found to eliminate the illiterate negro vote and allow the people to give their attention to pressing needs in other directions. There will be no peace without this.

Some fear that it will not be long before the constitution is amended so as to allow the negroes only what they themselves contribute for their education, but I am inclined to think that such action would divide the Democratic party and the leaders will pause long before doing that.

JOHN LEWIS.

Clayton, N. C., December 13, 1900.

The Soul's Vision of God.

BY ARTHUR C. KEMPTON.

It is the soul that sees. Their eyes are but the windows behind which the soul stands looking out upon the world as a child looks through the window of its home upon the people in the street. No two people see the same things, because no two souls are alike. A glorious sunset speaks to the poet of heroes' deaths; to another it suggests supper time! You say in reply that the same things you see are seen by all—that the river, the trees, the mountain, the seas, are the same to all. Think a moment and you will see your mistake. Long-fellow standing on the bridge at midnight sees in the dark river the symbol of his life; Isaac Walton beholds in a similar river a place to catch fish. Lowell, walking through the forests, sees "God's first temple" and writes his "Forest Hymn"; a lumberman gazing upon the same trees sees nothing but boards and shingles. The Psalmist looks upon the mountains and they remind him of God's greatness; another sees in them nothing but stone quarries. The mighty ocean to one who looks upon it is a picture of eternity; to another it is but a highway for merchandise or a path for war. Whence comes this difference? From the soul, within. Unhappy are the wicked, for in the most beautiful things they shall behold but the blackened imaginations of their own hearts; but "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

What does Jesus mean by "the pure in heart"? Not what the majority of people suppose. The primary meaning of the Greek word is "singleness of purpose." In the heart of him who would see God there must burn

and glow one supreme desire, like the sunbeam in the heart of the diamond, and that desire must be to serve God.

The double-minded Christian shall never behold the divine vision in its beauty. He scarce knows whether to serve God or Mammon. To-day he harkens to the voice of duty, to-morrow he obeys the call of desire. He sings, "I love thy house, O Lord"; but he shows that he loves the world too. Such any one never sees anything clearly. He is like an astronomer looking at the stars but walking in the ditch. His vision of God is distorted and untrue. The double-minded man, as James has said, is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed. What a figure! Have you ever stood upon the seashore on a windy day and watched such a wave? See it out yonder, now sinking, now rising, beaten by other billows, buffeted by the winds, staggering onward, unsteady and unstable, white-capped and black-hearted, reeling ever to and fro, till at last in foam and spray, sobbing as though broken-hearted, it bursts in a myriad of great salt tears upon the shore, pouring out of its wretched bosom the seaweed and driftwood and filth it has gathered on its journey. Such a restless, tossing wave of the sea never beholds the vision of the sun; no more does a double-minded Christian behold the vision of God.

But come with me again to the shore. The waves are gone. The sea is like a mirror. It is as pure as crystal. You peer into its clear depths and see the pearly pebbles lying far below. You look into its heart and there you see the image of the sun. Such pure-hearted waters look ever upward and behold the sun and love his glory. There are Christians like this. Look into their hearts and you see one pure, supreme desire to serve God. Such Christians, looking upward, behold the Sun of Righteousness. He lives in their hearts. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The soul that is blinded with sin cannot see God in nature or in Scriptures, in prayer or in worship. Such an one will see so little of God that at last he will come to doubt if there be a God. Persistent sin breeds blatant infidels. "The fool hath said in his heart, 'There is no God!';" but it is out of the abundance of his sinful heart that the fool's lips speak.

The vision which the beatitude promises is two-fold. Begun on earth, it is completed in heaven. The first part of it is the vision through the glass. "Now we see through a glass darkly," said the apostle. "Now we know in part." God's pure-hearted ones see him, though darkly, in the works of his hands. They hear his step in the thunder-storm. They see his glory in the rising sun. In the blue sky they behold a vision of the peace of God which passeth understanding. The spotless snow is to them his garment of holiness. The golden harvests come fresh from God's hand. Every wild flower has been planted and watered by him. To them all nature palpitates with God, as a coverlet 'neath which a child lies sleeping rises and falls with every breath. But the child's face may be hidden, and God's face is veiled. We behold him "darkly." We know that we are in our Father's house. We hear his steps, and see his works, and feel his presence, and know his voice; but, alas! we do not see him as we see others. Sometimes we feel like crying, "Show us the father, and it shall see us!"

Perhaps the pure in heart catch the most perfect vision of God in his Word. The picture called "The Soul's Awakening" illustrates my thought. There we see a maiden with a face of wondrous purity uplifted from the book which is clasped to her bosom, her eyes aglow with gladness, as though some vision or angels were before her. Her soul had found the face of God! Such visions will be granted to all who peer deeply and reverently into this Book. Here God reveals himself. In the Louvre in Paris you may see the famous portrait of Rembrandt by himself; but here you may see the picture of God by himself. Yet at best we behold it darkly. Like the face of Da Vinci's "Christ at Supper," it is dim and indistinct, though it be the most glorious vision that earthly eyes have seen.

Far better than the vision through the glass is the vision face to face. "For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face. Now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known." Earth's visions are always imperfect; in heaven that which is imperfect shall be done away. Here but few may see God; there all shall behold his glory.

A parable may teach us how much more glorious will be the vision there than here. In the days of chivalry a knight of the cross was wounded in combat and carried unconscious to a castle. There he was cared for by one who was always veiled when she entered his presence. Weeks passed by, and still he had not seen her face, or if seen at all, it was seen but darkly through the meshes of the veil. But her tenderness, her kindness, her devotion, her faithfulness, won his love. At last the time came for him to leave, and he told her all. Then, for the first time, she lifted the veil, and to his joy he found her more beautiful than his fondest dreams. Now he beheld her face to face, and from her he was to be separated no more.

Need I interpret the parable? Here we are wounded by sin. One whose face is veiled cares for us. His kindness, his devotion, his patience, his tenderness, win our love; but never do we clearly behold his face. It is as the apostle says, "Whom having not seen we love." But when the time comes for us to go hence God will lift the veil, and we shall behold him "face to face, and see him as he is." And before that glorious vision we shall no longer wonder why prophets have called him the "Rose of Sharon" and the "Bright and Morning Star;" and poets have sung of him as the "One altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand." When God lifted the veil before the eyes of that pure-hearted woman, Frances Willard, she exclaimed, "How beautiful it is to be with God!" Similar were the words of the dying Kingsley, "How beautiful is God!" "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—The Standard.

Exhortation to Entire Trust in God.

Do not distrust God; provided you do not fail him, he will not fail you, but will give you such help as you need to serve him. Believe God faithful in his promises, and he will give to you according to the measure of your faith. If you were forsaken in an inaccessible desert, manna would fall there from heaven for you alone, and abundant waters would gush from the rocks. Fear nothing then but to fail God, and you must not fear even that so far as to be distressed about it. Bear with yourself, then, as we bear with our neighbor without flattering him in his imperfections. Put aside all your mental and spiritual fastidiousness which you are disposed to display towards God as well as to men. There is a great deal of refined selfishness and complacency in all that. Be simple with him to communicate himself to simple souls. "Blessed are the poor in spirit,"—who have taken the vow of spiritual poverty, who live from day to day by continual aims, and by absolute self-surrender to Providence.—Fenelon.

The Living Wine.

As high as heaven's gate
My soul is reaching up;
I am athirst, and wait
The filling of my cup.

For joy the angels shout
To draw the living wine,
And glowing pour it out
To turn the soul divine.

An ever-growing light
It kindles in the soul,
So hymn thy spirit white,
And trusting lift thy bowl.

The angels answer him
Who bows in meekness low,
And filleth to the brim
His cup, they love him so.

ARTHUR D. WILMOT.

November 28, 1898.

When the Year Goes Out.

BY ETHEL MAY CROSSLBY.

When summer passed, and autumn, clad
In gayest robes, had vanished,
We thought the beauty of the year,
Known when the earlier days were here,
Had with its youth been banished.
"His glory's gone," we sadly said;
The poor old year is almost dead.

We thought, with vain regrets, of June,
So gracious, sweet and tender;
The colors mixed by Hand Divine
On Nature's canvas went to shine.
Were gone with autumn's splendor.
But we forget the Master Hand
Could paint us pictures far more grand.

One night the snow began to fall,
With soft and noiseless dropping,
Through all that starless winter night,
Draping the earth in spotless white,
And never a minute stopping.
When the storm was over, at break of day,
Old things indeed were passed away.

The eastern sky began to glow,—
The herald of the morning;
And a rosy reflection seemed to go
Over the snowy earth below.

The dawn's sweet, silent warning,
Only a minute, then it was gone,
The snow's salute to the early dawn.

Like a temple of old, where no sound was heard
In its building, has arisen
A crystal palace, fair and grand,
Reared in the night by an unseen hand,
Dazzling our human vision.
What summer glories can compare
With this diamond-studded temple rare!

Like the dying year is the dying swan,
Which, when its end is nearest,
Breathes out its life in a sweeter note
Than ever it freed from its living throat,
So the year at its close is fairest,
And Nature has never lost her skill
Because summer is gone, and she never will.

St. John, N. B.

Messenger and Visitor

The Maritime Baptist Publishing Company, Ltd

Publishers and Proprietors
TERMS } \$2.00 PER ANNUM.
 } \$1.50 IF PAID IN ADVANCE.

S. McC. BLACK EDITOR.
85 Germain Street, St. John, N. B.

Address all communications and make all payments to the MESSENGER AND VISITOR.

Printed by PATERSON & CO., 105 and 107 Germain St

A Year and a Century.

We have come now in our mortal pilgrimage to the end of another year and of another century. Our notation of time is of course to a great degree an arbitrary thing. Day and night, months, seasons and years are indeed determined by the movements of our planet and its satellite in the solar system, but there is no reason in the nature of things why our year should begin on the first of January, and certainly there is none why the years should be numbered by decades and centuries. However it has seemed most convenient thus to mark what is called "the flow of time" and indicate the succession of events; and doubtless, it is a wholesome feeling which prompts us at the year's end or the century's end to take a glance backward over the way that we have come and try to gather wisdom from the passing year.

"We take no note of time but from its loss
To give it then a tongue is wise in man."

The year now ending has been in some respects an eventful one for Canada and for the Empire of which she forms a part, though here, in our own land, happily, there has been a continuation of peace and prosperity. We have had, it is true, a "Welland Canal incident," significant chiefly as showing that among our neighbors there are still men so filled with hatred toward England as to be willing to avenge their wrongs, fancied or real, by striking a dastardly blow at her daughter, Canada. Their malicious purpose, we are glad to believe, found little sympathy among any but the worst class of people in the United States and the incident but slightly disturbed the peaceful current of our life. It has been a year of fruitful industry. The labor of those who toil in our fisheries, our forests, our mines, our farms and our factories has been steady and fairly remunerative. The world is taking more account of Canada's abundant resources and a period of more rapid development is at hand. The closing years of the century have been for her years of enlarging trade and increasing public revenues. Her water ways have been improved and her railway systems are being largely extended. Her fertile lands are attracting an increasing immigration. The vast mineral resources of the country are being exploited and developed, and new enterprises of great importance are in process of realization. So far as material conditions are concerned, the people of Canada have come to the close of another year, and of the century, with abundant reasons for thanksgiving in view of their past experiences and their present condition.

But if we enquire as to moral and spiritual development in our country, will the answer be as favorable as it seems to be in respect to its material interests? Does the record of this passing year and of its immediate predecessors justify the conclusion that, in private and in public affairs, the moral life of Canada is becoming stronger and more wholesome? Is the business of the country being conducted on principles that in a moral point of view, bear favorable comparison with those of the past? Is there less of corruption in political life, less of bribery at elections, less frequent appeal to what is despicable and more frequent appeal to what is honorable, less regard paid to prejudice and passion and more to reason and sound judgment? Are great moral reforms making progress in the country, iniquitous traffics being suppressed and horrible pitfalls of temptation removed from the pathway of our unwary youth? Does a healthful spirituality pervade our churches, and does the Christianity of our day repre-

sent a spiritual force which is aggressive and conquering? These are such questions as Christians, possessing any degree of earnestness and intelligence, can scarcely fail to be asking at this time. It is well that they should be asked by us all with great seriousness of heart and with an earnest desire and purpose to do each his part by the help of God to make the answer a strongly affirmative one.

The closing year of the century has been to Canada and to the Empire an eventful one because of war. For while there has been peace within her own borders, Canada has sent many of her sons—eagerly offering themselves—to fight the battles of the Empire in South Africa. Canada has reason to be proud of her soldiers, for they have acquitted themselves like men, and nobly have they upheld the honor of their country on faraway battlefields. Our boys, many of them fresh from the mill, the shop, or the farm, with meagre training and with no actual experience of war, have shown themselves able, in the stern business of real warfare, to march and to fight side by side with the sturdiest and the bravest of the Queen's soldiers. And now some of them have come home, and after enthusiastic welcome, have gone back to peaceful employments; others, as we write, are on their journey home—their arrival eagerly awaited; others, still under arms, are waiting to see the end of the bitter struggle ere they return, and other brave fellows still in hospital, are passing through a tedious convalescence from wounds or fever. And there are some—not a few indeed—who will return no more to their northern homes. Bravely they fell, facing the enemy on the battlefield or no less bravely yielded up their lives to the power of fatal disease. Like all wars, this war with the Boers has been cruel and costly. Britain has surely never seen a costlier one in which the enemy to be conquered was in point of numbers so insignificant. Treasure has been poured out like water, race-feeling has been widely stirred, bitter and long-lived animosities have been aroused, many brave Britons have fallen, many British homes have been darkened with sorrow and the heart of the nation has at times been filled with keenest apprehension. And can any Christian Briton, surveying the present desolation, considering the cost, and forecasting results yet to be realized, fail to ask himself—was there no other way, no better way—than this, to settle the dispute? How strange that a war such as this should find place in the last year of this illustrious century which we had fondly hoped was to witness the ushering in of that era of world-wide peace and good will of which seers have prophesied and poets sung!

During the year—and especially the latter half of it—China has been the theatre of strange events and the eyes of the world have been turned at times with eager and painful interest in that direction. We all easily recall the sad suspense of those midsummer days, when there seemed good reason to fear that the worst had happened at Peking, and that all the members of the legations, the missionaries and all foreigners, with all the native Christians in the city, had fallen by the hands of Chinese assassins. Many brave missionaries in different parts of the Empire have indeed so fallen and won the martyr's crown, and thousands probably of native Christians have sealed with their blood their testimony for Christ. Of the present political situation in China, and of the prospect for the future, we have no space here, if it were otherwise worth while, to write. So many factors enter into and complicate the problem that the wisest men, and those most conversant with the conditions, hesitate to predict, even in the most general terms, what the future has in store for China. Will some understanding be arrived at with the powers now negotiating, and China go on for other decades—perhaps for another half century—much as she has been doing in the past, or will negotiations fail, and China be dismembered and divided among the powers, or will the 400,000,000 people of her provinces, moved by a common sense of peril and a common profound aversion to foreigners and foreign influences, unite their mighty strength to thrust the "barbarians" from their shores? Will China receive Christianity or will she thrust out the missionary with the other invaders and encourage the process of her fossilization by continuing to feed her soul on the outworn precepts of Confucius? Who can tell what the future will bring forth? But it is hard to believe that the progressive impulse that has obtained birth

in China will be strangled, and harder still to believe that the door which has been opened for fruitful Christian evangelism in China will be effectually closed. For us indeed the world has its problems—its mysteries and uncertainties, in South Africa, in China, everywhere—but not for Him for whom and by whom are all things. Let us have faith that out of the present moral chaos order will be evolved, and out of darkness light will emerge; for

— "behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch
above his own."

We have had space to touch upon a few only of the things which have found prominent place in the world's life and especially in the life of our own people during the brief year now closing. It is very inadequate scope that a necessarily brief newspaper article affords for even a review of the year. Any discussion of the century, the years of which are now numbered, is of course quite out of the question here. For such discussions we must refer our readers to the magazines, to the great Reviews and to books. A great and wonderful century it has surely been,—greater and more wonderful in many respects than any that had gone before. Wonderful has it been in respect to the increase in human knowledge in countless fields of research, in important discoveries and the application of increasing knowledge to practical affairs, so that, as never before, the forces of nature have been captured and controlled by man and harnessed in his service. It is bewildering to think of what has been done by means of steam and electricity within the century. It has been a century of exploration, of commercial activity, colonization, marvellous development of material resources and accumulations of wealth. The century has been marked by a profounder and a larger sense of human brotherhood than any previous century had known, a sentiment born of Christianity and nursed by increasing knowledge of the world and its peoples. The rights of man as man have been recognized as never before. The conviction has got some hold upon the white man's heart that a man is a man, with sacred rights of life, and liberty, and happiness, though he be a black man, a red man, or a yellow man; and that even a bad man is still a being made in the image of God. And so the shackles have fallen from the slave, the reformatory idea has obtained recognition in the management of criminals and some attempt has been made to lift up degraded classes and degraded races. Within the religious sphere, and in connection with Christian churches, there has been a developing sense and expression of brotherhood. There has come to be less of contention and more of co-operation. Christians have united as never before in the work of giving the Bible to the world and the results have been great and full of blessing. The foreign missionary work of the Protestant churches of the world has grown from small beginnings until now there is an army of more than 12,000 male and female missionaries, with more than 60,000 native laborers, and more than \$15,000,000 are being spent annually in the maintenance of foreign missionary work. This is little indeed to what the Christian world might do and will yet do when the love of God and man shall have more fully taken possession of its heart. But these things indicate an increasing light. A pessimistic pen might doubtless set down many things against the century—things which would seem to indicate that the world has not grown better—has perhaps grown worse—during the last hundred years. Doubtless there is appalling darkness and sin and pain now as in the past. The creation still groans and travails in pain. The church of God on earth still agonizes, awaiting its deliverance and its victory. But withal, what Christian mind, surveying the century, can doubt that the sun is rising, that the light is broadening, that the word of God is prospering in the thing whereunto he has sent it? Surely it is true that—

"Through the ages an increasing purpose runs
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process
of the suns."

Those whose ears are open to truth and love will be able to see and to sing with Whittier that—

"Through the harsh noises of our day,
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking, calm and clear.

"That song of Love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star!
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse!"

Editorial Notes.

—Lord Roberts' advocacy of temperance in the army has led to the organization in London of the "Bobs' League" a new temperance society which is to be inaugurated by entertaining the distinguished soldier on his return at a public banquet at which there will be no intoxicating drinks. In this connection it may be noted that Mr. Rudyard Kipling is numbered among the prominent men who have become advocates of temperance.

—Most serious-minded persons have a feeling of special seriousness at the time that marks the passing of the year, and it is well that such feeling should be encouraged. There is indeed nothing in the last day of December to make it a more critical time in the history of an individual or a community than the end of any other month. But it should be a very serious consideration for us all that, at the longest, the years of man's life here are few, and every passing year takes one from the number. And no one can tell what a year will bring forth—whether life or death to him. And these fleeting years which we fill with thoughts and endeavors of one kind and another—these years that once gone return no more—are fixing character and determining destiny for us. What are they making of us? Does the year's end find us right with God? Are we growing into fitness for a better life to come?

—One of the best things about our English Christmas is the emphasis that it puts on the home life. It encourages family gatherings and promotes family fellowships. It turns the hearts of the parents to the children, of the children to the parents, and of brothers and sisters to each other, it creates what in years to come will be happy memories and help to keep the thought of home and all its sweet ministries fresh in the minds of those who have wandered far from the scenes and companionships of their childhood. Home means more to the man, the woman, the child because of Christmas. The home life is stronger, kindlier, purer, because of the good-will and the good cheer that finds place and expression at the Christmas season. And whatever strengthens the ties of home and makes its life happy and wholesome thereby brings immeasurable blessing to the nation. The man is every way a stronger and a better man, who has a happy home. It is an inspiration to him in fields of labor, on the sea, in the day of battle, everywhere men will be the braver and the stronger if they have come forth to life's strenuous toil and endeavor from happy homes.

—An expedition under the auspices of a company or society, of which Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, is president, is about to undertake a work of excavation at Mughier, which is supposed to be the Biblical Ur of the Chaldees, the birthplace of Abraham. The work is to be under the direction of Dr. Edgar James Banks, recently United States Consul at Bagdad and an Assyriologist of repute. The work has received the approval of the United States Government, which requested the Turkish Government to grant permission for the excavations to be made. It is proposed to expend \$12,500 a year in the work, and important results are hoped for. Nearly half a century ago some excavations were made at Mughier under the direction of Mr. Taylor, at that time British Consul at Basrah. The walls of an ancient temple—a very fine specimen of Babylonian architecture—were uncovered, and a number of graves were opened, some of which were believed to be more than 2,500 years old. Further research is expected to reveal much of great interest, especially in the way of inscriptions and a library similar to those which have been found at Nineveh and Nippur.

—There continues to be a good deal of discussion as to the value of doctrinal preaching. There can be no manner of doubt that preaching that is worth anything at all is in some sense—and that a very real and important sense—doctrinal. There may be, however, a question whether or not what is generally understood by doctrinal preaching—that is the systematic and formal setting forth and enforcement of the teachings of Christianity in reference to sin, atonement, repentance, regeneration, faith, sanctification, judgment, etc., is the best kind of preaching. To our minds, however, the question of supreme importance in reference to preaching lies back of that, and it is this—Does the preaching accomplish the great end for which the gospel has been given? Does the preacher so present his message as to get hold of the understandings, the hearts and consciences of his hearers, causing them clearly to apprehend their need of redemption, the way of salvation, the power of a new life and the inspiration to holy living as revealed in the gospel of the grace of God. Different preachers will seek to accomplish this in different ways. And it would be a mistake for every preacher to fashion his message according to one pattern. Let each warrior wear his own armor. Let each preacher get the gospel into his own mind and heart and life, and be sure that when he goes forth to preach he has a message from God, and let him speak that word in one way or in another as God has given him ability. Then whether he be a doctrinal preacher, or an expository preacher, or a biographical preacher, his preaching will not be barren of results.

The Late Judge Johnstone.

I write, not to add to what has been so well and tenderly written by the late Judge's pastor, Dr. Kempton, but to bear a word of personal testimony to the sterling worth of the man who is deeply mourned by a very large circle of relatives and friends.

For twenty years he honored me with his friendship; a friendship that grew more close and strong with the passing years. I shall miss his bright, encouraging, kindly letters that have been regularly received for the past twelve years. Only his close friends knew the real fervor of his religious life. But of that I will say nothing, in-as-much as in a farewell note to me a few days before the end came he charges me to say nothing eulogistic of him.

In a letter a few months back his counsel was, "Be

sure you never preach a sermon in which the way of salvation through Christ, is not made clear to any unsaved ones who may be present." That was characteristic of the man. He insisted that every sermon should be a setting forth of Christ as the only hope of the lost.

In his judgment the spiritual death which has characterized the churches for some years, is due to the fact that the pulpit has not aimed more directly at the conscience, and made more prominent the atoning work of Christ. The man who preached 'Christ and him crucified,' however weak the effort, might always count in having in Judge Johnstone a sympathetic and appreciative hearer. My purpose is to speak simply of one trait of character that was very marked in the late Judge and which is I fear all too rare in many of those who hold official place and influence in our churches, i. e., his unflinching loyalty to his pastor. This is, I believe, the unanimous testimony of all who have served the Dartmouth church in the pastoral office during the years that the late Judge served it as deacon. The pastor knew that in his senior deacon he had one who could be counted upon to stand by him with his whole-hearted support. If he could not approve in all respects, the course pursued by the pastor, it never made any difference in his friendship or in his warm-hearted support in the general work of the church. During the eight years that the writer served the church as pastor, there were several occasions when we differed very decidedly as to the proper course to pursue, and the course taken by the pastor was entirely disapproved by the Judge, but he never allowed that for a moment to affect his personal regard or to interfere with his hearty co-operation in the work. He had his own views and held them with a strong grip, but he was broad enough, and generous enough, to fully concede the right of others to hold views different from his own, and he never saw any reason why he should withdraw in the least, his confidence, his personal regard or his hearty support from his pastor, simply because the pastor could not always coincide with his view of things. To him, the welfare of the church; the advancement of the cause of Christ and the salvation of the lost, were matters of such vast moment, that no merely personal considerations must be allowed to hinder the general work.

So long as he believed that the pastor was honestly endeavoring according to his light, to do his duty, however much he might disapprove of the means and methods adopted, the late Judge would stand by him and uphold him. I might speak of other qualities of heart and mind prominent in the departed, that could not fail to win the esteem and love of those who have had the privilege of co-operating with him in the Lord's work. But the one of which I have made mention, is, in those who hold prominent places in our churches, so admirable, so essential to the best interest of the cause of Christ, and the highest efficiency of the churches, that it deserves to be strongly emphasized. There are many who will deeply sympathize with the beloved pastor of the church Dr. Kempton, as well as with the sorrowing relatives, in the taking away of one who was such a tower of strength to the church, and such a constant source of brightness and joy in his own home.

But in the midst of our sorrows we must not forget to be thankful for his busy and useful life, and for that 'we mourn not as those who have no hope.'

E. J. GRANT.

Religious Truths Illuminated in Tennyson's "Guinevere."

BY J. D. F.

I. The Contagion of Sin. Arthur, the stainless king, had sought to bring together, in that fair order of the Table Round

"A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time."

He made them swear to reverence conscience, to obey the Christ, to redress wrongs, and "lead sweet lives in purest chastity." "And all this thrice" before he wedded Guinevere. Then came her sin, which in the court at Camelot was as "the pitted speck in garnered fruit"; for says the broken-hearted king:—

"Then came the sin of Tristram and Isolt;
Then others, following these, my mightiest knights,
And drawing foul ensample from fair names,
Sinn'd also, till the loathsome opposite
Of all my heart had destined did obtain,
And all thro' thee!"

II. The Self-Exposing Nature of Sin. The guilty queen has fled in disguise to the Abbey of Almesbury. But the tooth of remorse rankles in her soul. "The again-bite of in-wit" almost drives her mad. The garrulous little maid, her attendant in the Convent, prattles innocently of court affairs and the sin-haunted queen accuses her of playing the traitress and the spy. But when the frightened child was fled the room, and Guinevere is left alone with her conscience, sighing, she says—

"The simple, fearful child
Meant nothing, but my own too fearful guilt,
Simpler than any child, destroys itself."

III. The Power of Suffering Innocence to Lead the Guilty to Repentance. In the holy house at Almesbury the queen, though sorrowful, continued unrepentant until Arthur's visit. But when her sad lord came and told her of his blasted hopes and broken realm, she grieved at his feet, a penitent. The king's vicarious suffering smote the embers of her guilty passion into white, cold ashes. What her own suffering had failed to do, the thought of the king's waste hearth and aching heart accomplished. With his stripes she was healed.

"He paused, and in the pause she crept an inch
Nearer, and laid her hands about his feet."

IV. The Regal Quality of Mercy. Arthur was ever kindest of men—whether at court, in tournament, or on the stricken battle-field. But his finest display of kingship was there at Almesbury, when he magnanimously forgave his erring queen.

"I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,
My pride in happier summers, at my feet."

Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God
Forgives."

Listen now to the cry that rings after him as his form
vanishes in the mist!

"Gone—my lord!

And he forgave me, and I could not speak.
Farewell! I should have answered his farewell.
His mercy choked me. You, my lord, the King,
My own true lord!"

Thus did King Arthur's mercy shine as something
above his sceptered away.

V. The Sin-exPELLING Force of a Holy Love. Guinevere had never loved King Arthur. From the first her heart was Lancelot's. But when she learned of Arthur's deathless, holy love for her, her heart awoke to him:

"Now I see thee what thou art,
Thou art the highest and most human, too,
Not Lancelot, nor another, is there none
Will tell the king I love him, thro' so late?"

And Guinevere, under the ennobling influence of that love, went up into radiant sainthood. The king had loved her soul from the pit. "I must not scorn myself," she said, "he loves me still." So Guinevere dwelt with the holy sisters:

"Dwelt with them, till in time their Abbess died.
Then she, for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
Was chosen Abbess. There an Abbess lived
For three brief years, and there, an Abbess passed
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

Is there not a mine of suggestion for the preacher in a poem like this?

Horton Academy.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Again I must appeal to you for a little space for Academy notes. As Dr. Trotter's letter of two weeks ago announced, I expect to be canvassing during the Christmas vacation in the interests of the Academy Building Fund. More dormitory room is an absolute necessity, while the need of proper class-rooms is very urgent indeed. The Academy Home is already too much crowded for comfort, and several applications from new students for rooms for the next term have been received. Something must be done and that right early. A building now will mean a great deal more for the future of the Academy than will a building two years hence.

In view of the likelihood of an increased attendance next term, arrangements are to be made to lease and fit up a house situated near the Academy Home to hold the overflow. This building will be made thoroughly comfortable and homelike. Let no one, then, remain away, through a misapprehension that there will not be room for all who come. Parents will be glad to learn that the regulations of the Academy Home will be extended to the Annex, should one be necessary; and that a teacher will be domiciled in the building to see that rules are enforced and that wholesome discipline is maintained.

Quite a large number of applications have been received for admission to the business course. This course has been greatly improved and modernized, and we hope that the number taking advantage of it will be largely increased.

Yours,
Wolfville, December 19.

H. L. BRITAIN.

The Week of Prayer.

The List of Subjects embraced in the programme for the Week of Prayer, published by the London Council of the Evangelical Alliance, is as follows.

- Sunday, Jan. 6. Subject of Sermons—waiting on the Lord. Preaching the Gospel to all nations.
- Monday, Jan. 7.—Topic: The Church Universal.
- Tuesday, Jan. 8.—Topic: Our Own Land.
- Wednesday, Jan. 9.—Topic: Other Nations.
- Thursday, Jan. 10.—Topic: Heathen Lands.
- Friday, Jan. 11.—Topic: The Mohammedan World.
- Saturday, Jan. 12.—Topic: The Jews.
- Sunday, Jan. 13. Sermons: The Second Coming of the Lord; The Multitude of the Redeemed.

The St. John Branch of the Alliance has modified this programme as follows:
Monday, Jan. 7. Confession in Thanksgiving.
Tuesday, Jan. 8. Our own Land.
Wednesday, Jan. 9. Other Nations.
Thursday, Jan. 10. The Bible in the house and in the World.
Friday, Jan. 11. Foreign Missions.
Saturday, Jan. 12. Families and Schools.
The programme as adopted by the Halifax Branch of the Alliance is as follows:—Jan. 6-13. On Sabbath Jan. 6, Missionary sermons are suggested. The topics on successive days are:—1. The Church Universal; 2. Our Own Land; 3. Other Nations; 4. Heathen Lands; 5. Families and Schools; 6. Home and City Missions. The subject suggested for sermons on the 13th is the Second Coming of our Lord.

* * * The Story Page * * *

A Christmas Dream.

BY MARCEL V. JONES.

Of course I was sorry to miss it! What lively young girl of sixteen would not be? Even the children were going, and Uncle Howard's beautiful home in the neighboring city was an ideal place in which to spend one's Christmas. Colds, however, are obstinate things, and mine was no exception. Instead of consenting to face a bitterly cold wind on a five mile drive, it insisted upon being carefully nursed at home, and the doctor would humor it, by permitting it to have its own way.

The rest of the family at my earnest request, had gone, and left me with only the house-keeper and servants, besides myself in the house.

The long, lonely day passed slowly, and seven o'clock found me curled on the lounge by the library fire, with a book and the cat for company. As I heard the fierce howling of the wind without and contemplated with satisfaction the bright cozy scene within, I was forced to admit, that my disappointment was not without some compensation.

The monotonous tick of the old "Grandfather clock," the drowsy crackle of the fire, the contented purr of the cat curled up on the lounge at my feet, grew gradually fainter and fainter, and I slept.

By some mysterious means I found myself in a large, brilliantly lighted apartment, belonging to the headquarters of the far famed Santa Claus. There in the midst of a mass of toys and articles of all descriptions, was the jolly old fellow himself, hale and hearty, with the long white beard, merry blue eyes and the scarlet, fur-trimmed coat in which he was represented in the Christmas books of the children. He did not seem in the least surprised to see me and even allowed me to help him in filling his bags.

"For whom is this? Santa?" said I holding up a large elder-down quilt which he put with a warm, dainty dressing gown into his bag.

"These are for Mary Sumers, a patient young invalid. She had been shut in one room for three years, and her sufferings have often been increased by both cold and hunger, for life has been a bitter struggle to her and an older sister. Presents like these, I know, will be gladly received. I think that such giving as this is what the Master meant when he said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.' I have little pleasure in bestowing costly gifts on those who are already sated with this world's goods. It brings me far greater happiness to give a good, warm coat to a freezing child or a loaf of bread to a starving one. Suppose you go with me to-night to two homes, and later you may see the different ways in which my gifts are received."

In a twinkling we were in Santa Claus' sleigh, packs and all. The six great reindeers sped swiftly through the silent, frosty air, lighted with innumerable stars, and soon the lights of a large city appeared in sight. It was midnight, and as the reindeers passed before the door of a spacious stone mansion, the Christmas bells began to ring, their music echoing and re-echoing through the frosty air, and then sinking into silence as one more Christmas was born upon the earth.

Santa Claus took from his pocket a curious looking key which, he said would fit all the locks that ever had been made or ever would be made.

"The children think I come down the chimney and leave my reindeers on the roof. In olden times when the chimneys were larger and I was younger and not so stout, I did so; but in these days of furnaces and closed fire places, that is out of the question. This little key answers my every purpose," and applying it to the lock, we were admitted to a large magnificent hall. Opening from this by folding doors was the dining-room, furnished in a style which betokened an unlimited purse and fine artistic taste.

The table glistening with silver, fine cut glass, and delicate, costly china, was laid for breakfast. On the walls of the room were rare and beautiful paintings, while from each door hung the rich folds of handsome portiers. Opening from one end of the room by large glass doors, was the conservatory, the odours of rare and tropical plants blending harmoniously with the general beauty of the scene. Hanging from an exquisitely carved mantle over the open fire place were two pairs of children's stockings, evidently waiting for Santa Claus' visit.

On the plates Santa Claus placed a number of valuable presents suited to each member of the family. The children's stockings were taken down, filled and replaced, and several larger presents were laid on each side of the grate.

This done, we stole softly out and re-entered the sleigh. The reindeers sped silently onward until a low "whoa" from Santa Claus again brought them to a standstill, this time before a large tenement house in a poor, obscure quarter of the city.

The magical key admitted us to a small, plainly furnished room, which was evidently, sitting room, dining room and kitchen combined. It contained a table, two

chairs, a stove, a shelf of dishes and a few books. On the table Santa Claus laid the quilt and gown for the invalid; also a fine fat goose, a plum pudding, one or two kinds of vegetables and some fruit and nuts. In an adjoining room, the young invalid and her sister, unconscious of the good things in store for them, were sleeping peacefully.

We went quietly out, and once more the reindeers bore us swiftly through space. The cold frosty air made me strangely sleepy; so tucked up under the thick fur robes of the sleigh I slumbered peacefully, until just as dawn was tinging the eastern sky with its crimsoned glory and Santa's visits had all been made we reached his home.

He insisted upon my breakfasting with him and now for the first time I saw his wife. She was a bright, energetic little woman, the very counterpart of her husband, bubbling over with fun and mirth. The few moments which I passed in her society, revealed to me the tender womanly spirit, that lay hidden under the merry exterior and I no longer wondered that Santa, in spite of the fact that he must in his yearly visits see many things to make him feel sad, was always so bright and cheerful.

After breakfast, Santa Claus took me into a large room adjoining the dining-room the walls of which were honey-combed with curious looking holes, resembling the ends of telescopes. "This room," said Santa, "I call my observatory. By means of these openings I can witness the various ways in which my gifts are received. Each of these holes belongs to tubes something like telescopes, which reach through they are invisible, into the interior of each home which I visit on Christmas eve. The manner in which the rich receive theirs I seldom care to see; but the joy and gratitude of the poor supplies me with sufficient happiness to last the whole year. Indeed wife and I find so many pleasant memories to laugh over during the intervals from one Christmas to another, that I more than half suspect that that is the reason the chimneys now seem so narrow. You know the old saying, 'Laugh and grow fat.' Now if you wish you may have a peep at the first home we entered last night."

I turned the tube which he pointed out and looked through. There before me was the room into which we had entered a few hours since. A bright fire was now glowing in the grate and through the warm crimson folds of the curtains, stole the morning sunshine.

While I was feasting my eyes on the room, which had now taken on a richer, warmer beauty than when seen under the cold, artificial light of the chandelier, the portiers between the dining-room and hall were slowly drawn aside and two little girls still in their night robes, entered the room. They went at once to the fire-place and the elder of the two, drawing one of the chairs in front of the grate, climbed upon it and handed down the stockings to her sister. Seating themselves on the rug in front of the fire they began their work of investigation. They talked for a while in whispers so that I couldn't at first hear what was said. Presently the younger child unwrapping a long, oblong box, brought to view a beautiful doll, dressed in the latest Parisian fashion. Both children uttered exclamations of admiration over it and the younger child clasped it delightedly to her breast. Several other articles were taken out, examined and duly admired, and then the older child unwrapped another doll, smaller and in every way inferior to the other. She sat looking at it for a moment in silence, the sunshine leaving her face and giving place to a deep cloud of dissatisfaction. I had now no difficulty in hearing what was said.

"Santa Claus has made a mistake, Evelyn, and given you my doll. This one is yours. I am the oldest you know, so of course he would give me the largest doll."

"No, no, Santa Claus didn't make a mistake! It was in my stocking and is my doll, so there! Of course he gave me the best doll because I'm the littlest. You're too big for dolls, anyway."

The happy scene had suddenly changed and two angry little girls with very red faces, looked up as the door suddenly opened and their father entered the room.

"What, chicks, you up already?" Then seeing the flushed and angry faces he added, "Why, what is the matter? Has Santa Claus done anything wrong this year?"

Both children began talking at once, their voices growing louder and louder, while the beautiful gifts lay unheeded on the floor.

"There, there, children, that's enough! I wonder that Santa Claus brings anything at all to such naughty little girls. The trouble is you have too many toys. Perhaps if you had fewer you would appreciate these more. Go and tell Nurse to put you to bed again and keep you there until you can behave like little ladies and not like quarrelsome kittens."

Two very disconsolate little figures left the room and their father with a sigh sat down by one of the windows and took up a paper.

Somehow, all the sunshine seemed to have vanished, and I turned away, thankful that Santa had not witnessed that scene.

"And now may I see the other home?" I said.

"Here, my child, look through this tube. I have already witnessed their happiness."

This time the room presented to my view was a far different one; beautiful not with artistic furnishings and details, but made beautiful by the loving, grateful hearts that dwelt within it.

Half reclining on her bed was the young invalid, dressed in the pretty gown and warmly wrapped in the quilt which he thin white hands were fingering lovingly. Through a plain face shone a beautiful soul, sanctified and refined by suffering. I caught glimpses of her sister busily preparing the Christmas dinner in an adjoining room. She was singing snatches of a carol and every now and then presented a bright face at the bed-room door, with a cheery word for the invalid.

I watched them for some time, then turned away with reluctance.

"What do you think of that home, my child?"

"That the true Christmas spirit is there," I said. "May I have just one peep more!"

"Nellie, Nellie, wake up, we are all at home, and here you are fast asleep 'as snug as a bug in a rug!' We've had just a tip-top time, but my, wasn't it cold driving home, though! Jack Frost nipped my fingers pretty severely, I can tell you! It's just too bad you had to miss it."

Thus suddenly transported from Santa Claus' observatory to our library at home, I sat up and rubbed my eyes, feeling somewhat bewildered.

There was my brother Harry, eyes and cheeks glowing from his long, cold drive, warming his hands by the fire; while from the hall the chatter of merry voices and stamping of feet announced the return of the family from the city.

"I was sorry I couldn't go to Uncle Howard's," I said. "Nevertheless, I had a Christmas visit, too; and a much longer and colder drive than you had, in spite of the doctor's orders. But," as the clock struck twelve, "it is too late to tell you about it to-night. To-morrow when I have heard all about your visit I'll tell you of mine, and then if you like, we'll compare notes."

An Old-Time Plantation Christmas.

BY LEIGH YOUNG.

Some one has said that the Christmas tree, like liberty, loves the land where the snow flies. And this is no doubt true, for almost all our quaint and pretty Christmas customs come from the northlands. But for all that, Christmas in the South, in the "befo' de wa'" days, was an experience to be remembered; and no one who had the good fortune to spend the holiday season on Dr. Cabell's great sugar plantation of Cabelldale could ever forget it.

In the early dawn of the Christmas morning we were awakened by the sound of a serenade under our windows; it was not very melodious, to be sure, but still musical after a fashion. We jumped up and ran to the windows, for everything on the plantation was new to the "up the river" cousins and we were anxious not to miss any of the sights and sounds of this, to us, so new and strange a Christmas.

There, on the lawn, were assembled a motley crowd of negroes, from the merest little pickaninny to the oldest uncle of the place, with all kinds of musical instruments they could get hold of—French harps, banjos, accordions, tin horns, and even, for lack of something better, combs with paper stretched over the teeth.

The older ones among them had been up all night, but they looked as wide awake as if they had no need of a bed. No negro on a Southern plantation, in those days, except children, ever slept on the night of the 24th of December. There is a tradition among them that no beast in its stall and no bird on its perch ever closes its eyes on that night; they spend it watching for the star that shone for the wise men and that is supposed to appear at midnight every Christmas eve. And what the dumb beasts can do, say the negroes, they can do also. To be considered old enough to join in the watch-night was considered an era in the lives of the plantation darkeys as important as the coming of age of a young man among the white race.

They keep the watch down at the quarters with solemn ceremonies of singing and prayer, and then at the earliest approach of dawn they come up to the house to waken "the family." As one head after another appeared at the windows they were greeted with "Christmas gift, marster!" "Christmas gift, mistis!" Every one had to come out, and the sooner the better, for sleep was impossible.

"But what are the chairs for?" I asked as we were all assembled on the gallery and I saw that they had brought the armchairs from the hall.

"To ride in," said Uncle Cicero with a grin. "Will little missy sit down, an' we'll give her a ride?"

I looked around and found all the others beginning with grandfather, were seated. Then three men came forward for each chair, settled it on their shoulders, and off the procession started. I was in mortal terror at first for fear I should fall, and caught my breath with no comfortable sensations; but when I became a little more accustomed to my exalted position the motion was not unpleasant, and I enjoyed the novelty hugely. Years afterward, when I came to ride a camel on the desert of Syria, the motion reminded me of the old-time Christmas chairing at Cabelldale. They carried us a circuit of a mile, then deposited us again on the gallery, and after giving three cheers for "marster and mistis and all the chillens!" the crowd went off to drink our health in the hot coffee that Aunt 'Cretis had been preparing in the kitchen, assisted by a crowd of sable attendants.

Days before great boxes had arrived from Memphis, St. Louis and New Orleans, and much we children had wondered over the contents, but after breakfast the mystery was solved.

We had had our own presents in the old Cabelldale way at the breakfast table. Grandmother did "not approve of hanging up stockings—a heathenish way of giving the children their death of cold by getting up in the middle of the night"; nor would she give in to Christmas tree—an old Popish idea which she hated—"Christ-children and Christmas angels!" No! she would have none of them. She would have prayers first and presents afterward. And so we did; for grandmother's word was law. How much we heard of grandfather's prayer, which was always the longest in the year, and in those days family prayers were always matters of time, I would not undertake to say, nor how many surreptitious glances we cast from the corners of our eyes, which were supposed to be closed, upon the table, with its odd-shaped napkin-covered bulges.

When b
we went o
were all t
first and t
of the my
played as
chiefs by
boxes of
strings of
member.
present.
was the c
hot sun i
on Sunda
without

Wh
patriarch
for show
to the big
formally

The de
wraps, a
Cherokee
such a no
seen any
too quick

Grand
when, so
the serv
revelry b
lighted u
come in

The n
bonfire
threw a
negroes
every co

"Bech
next to
her blue
your bea
ing?"

"Law
second c
"The
"The
"just yo
Inside

The cus
plantic
those wh
to accept
So that
gations
places.

A plat
always
musical
bones a
Cabell
given to
gratitude
illness.

They
entered
perfectly
cle were
saw a da
han's, u
ly; that
could ha

But n
dresses
working
they had

Present
appeared
ly they
and we
the plain
time, an
ed as m
ending u
they mig
could ch
with the
parel in
due tim
peared in
her sabb
was enha
red bea
tied up w

"Why
a perfect

"Des
sounding
After a
supper,
ment to
as many
feast was
one when
counter-l
while bel
the plate
empty, a

I don't
that I ev
There w
ditional
as the ou
roast pig
quarters
huge pile
tains of
jelly, an
unexpected
opportu
trifling a
seemed t
in truth
was visit

When
—Journ

The Young People

When breakfast and presents were finally disposed of, we went out on the gallery, and there, drawn up in front, were all the negroes on the place, the house servants first and then the hands.

When the presents had all been distributed, the patriarch of the place, Uncle Demosthenes (called Dem for short), came forward and formally invited the family to the big sugar house, which invitation grandfather as formally accepted.

The delights of playing out of doors without our wraps, and making wreaths for our heads out of the Cherokee roses with which the hedges were white, was such a novel experience to us snowbirds, who had never seen any but a white Christmas, that the day passed all too quickly.

Grandfather and grandmother headed the procession, when, soon after nightfall, we set out for the quarters; the servants had all gone on before. Long before we reached the big sugar house we heard "the sound of revelry by night."

The night was too warm to need a fire for heat, but a bonfire had been kindled of the packing cases, which threw a lurid light over everything. Scores of little negroes were feeding the fire and tumbling about in every conceivable attitude, but inside was the revelry.

"Becky," I said to a little one who chanced to be next to me, "why did you dress up?" for she had on her blue checked cotton working dress.

"Laws, miss!" was the answer, "why them's for the second course."

"The what?" I asked.

"The second course," she repeated, with a giggle; "just you wait and see."

Inside was a motley crowd, besides our own people. The custom was to send invitations to the neighbouring plantations for fifteen or twenty of their slaves, and those who had behaved best during the year were allowed to accept.

A platform was erected for the white family, who were always expected to be present. A little lower down the musicians were stationed, consisting of a banjo, fiddle, bones and French harp; but the crowning glory of the Cabellside band was a genuine cornet, which had been given to one of the negroes by a strolling player in gratitude for having nursed him through a dangerous illness.

They were doing the "double shuffle" when we entered. To those who have never seen it the motion is perfectly indescribable; it is as if every joint and muscle were loose and would fly away from every other. I saw a dancing skeleton once which took its head in its hands, unjointed itself, and every piece danced separately; that was something like the "double shuffle."

But nothing struck me more by surprise than the dresses of the negroes. They all, like Becky, wore their working clothes. Where was the finery that I knew they had?

Presently we noticed that groups of two or three disappeared together, for supper, we supposed. But directly they came back like butterflies, with new plumage, and we found the fashion was to begin the evening with the plainest dresses they had, then to slip out, a few at a time, and make fresh toilets. Some of the belles dressed as many as five times, beginning with cotton and ending with tarlatan, tulle or any kind of cast-off finery they might be begged or purloined; and the oftener they could change their toilets, the more popular they were with the young beaux, who likewise had changes of apparel in gorgeous neckties and soiled white gloves.

"Why, Becky," whispered one of the girls, "you are a perfect harlequin!"

"Deed I is so," she replied, delighted with the high-sounding word.

After a while Uncle Dem came and invited us out to supper, and we found the etiquette was for the entertainment to begin by "Marster's" tasting every dish; that is as many as he could be prevailed upon to touch. The feast was spread in the smallest sugar house, next to the one where the revel was held, and was set out on long, counter-like tables running the whole length of the room, while behind were stationed the oldest aunts, to change the plates and fill up the dishes as soon as they became empty, a post which we soon saw was no sinecure.

I don't think, except at a barbecue I once attended, that I ever saw as many things to eat gathered together. There were great pigs, roasted whole, each with the traditional apple in its mouth, and with as crisp a brown skin as the one into which Hoti plunged with his fingers when roast pig was first discovered. There were enormous quarters of mutton, broods of turkeys, flocks of chickens, huge piles of bread and biscuit, gallons of coffee, mountains of cake, oceans of custard, quivering pyramids of jelly, and, to crown all, great freezers of ice-cream—an unexpected treat, the ice for which the captain of an opportunely passing boat had contributed in return for a trifling service rendered by some of the hands. There seemed to be provisions enough to supply a brigade; and in truth there needed to be for the "freshment room" was visited not once, but a half dozen times, by each one.

When we left at midnight the revelry was at its height. —Journal and Messenger.

EDITOR, J. W. BROWN.

All communications for this department should be sent to Rev. J. W. Brown, Havelock, N. B., and must be in his hands at least one week before the date of publication.

Prayer Meeting Topic.

B. Y. P. U. Topic.—The Old and the New: Your Purposes. Luke 5:30-39. Matt. 13:51-52.

Daily Bible Readings.

Monday, December 31.—Psalm 77. Retrospective (vs. 5). Compare Ps. 143:5, 6.

Tuesday, January 1.—Psalm 78:1-24. Lessons from the past for the future, (vs. 21, 22). Compare Psalm 27:1.

Wednesday, January 2.—Psalm 78:25-53. God's graciousness unrequited, (vs. 40, 41). Compare Eph. 4:30.

Thursday, January 3.—Psalm 78:54-72. Guided by the skillfulness of God's hands (v. 72). Compare Psalm 23:3.

Friday, January 4.—Psalm 79. Let no one ask, "Where is their God?" (v. 10). Compare Ps. 51:13, 14.

Saturday, January 5. Psalm 80. "Quicken thou us," (v. 18). Compare Eph. 4:6.

Bro. Saunders' article on the Prayer Meeting Topics for this month have been heartily appreciated, and we unanimously give him a vote of thanks.

Prayer Meeting Topic—December 30.

The Old and the New: Your Purposes. Luke 5:30-39, Matt. 13:51, 52.

The faultfinders have been comparing the work of John with the work of Jesus, and seem to condemn one or the other. Jesus aptly teaches them that each method of service has its merit because each was based upon true love to God and man. The old and the new have their relative value. The past has always bequeathed a rich legacy for the use of the present. The past century, the past year: what has it given to the world: to us? If in all their gifts to us, we have not received the new life and left the old, the very best has been missed. For the young people, the last quarter of the century has been complete in educational and spiritual opportunity. The Christian church has laid its best talent on the altar of service for the enlargement and expansion of the power of the young people. As the shadows fall around the closing century, nothing in the religious world is more marked than the young people's movement. Hast thou come to the kingdom for such a time as this? Will this child, born of enthusiasm, fostered by love, become a giant to bear the burdens in the crusade of the kingdom in the coming century? Such is the prayer of every lover of Christ. The old days have indeed been freighted with blessings; may the new days be filled with praise.

All that we are has come to us as the gift of the recent past. How large is the debt we owe. What shall be done with our possessions? What purposes will control us? Services rendered is the product of power and purpose.

Spiritual power can scarcely be latent; it must control the purpose, and produce good, spiritual results. Life is the one activity that must of necessity show itself, and spirit is life.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the spiritual life shall be the controlling life as the new century and the new year dawn upon us. Is it possible that any other desire or purpose may dominate the follower of Jesus Christ. He came to seek and to save the lost. The glory of the past and the grandeur of the present will be loudly sung: but the lost will still be on every hand crying madly for help. It is barely possible that nineteen centuries have not led the church to intensify the meaning of the words of Christ. To the end that an abundant blessing be poured out to the world, the two words, saved and lost must be emphasized. A purposeless life is a useless life. Jesus Christ coming into the soul ever changes the purpose and electrifies it in the new way. Be a spiritual dynamo to draw men away from the paths of perdition to the way of life. For self-development in the way, ponder the word of Bishop Brooks, "The high philosophy, which gets its light from God, believes that life as it moves deeper and deeper into God, must move from richness into richness always. All that we believe is the promise of a perfect faith, all that we do is great with its anticipation of complete obedience, all that we are but gives suggestions of the richness our being will attain."

For further meditation read in Memoriam, section 106, in which are these two stanzas:

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

H. H. S.

Preparation for Bible Reading.

In an article in the "Ram's Horn" (Chicago), on preparation for Bible reading, Edward L. Pell says: "I take it for granted that you are in the world's whirl—that you have as little time and as little material equipment for study as the average business man or the average busy housekeeper. You do not hope to be a student—you want to be a fervently interested Bible reader. I shall assume that practically you are without Bible helps.

You may have them in your library, but if you can give but twenty minutes a day to the Bible, they will prove a hindrance rather than a help should you try to use them. The helps to be found in a teacher's Bible are about all that the majority of busy people will take time to handle helpfully. I take it for granted that you have a teacher's Bible—a strong, well-printed, flexibly-bound volume with references and helps—a book that will stand use and abuse and is not too good to be marked with a pen. A ponderous parlor Bible filled with indescribable pictures is valuable as an advertisement of piety—nothing more. A tiny, gilt-edged, gilt clasped volume in agate type, such as you buy for your children, is good to have around as a conscience easier—nothing more. You will never become interested in a Bible in microscopic type; a girl would not acquire a taste for novels if they were printed in such type. But it is well to remember that the possession of an 'Oxford' or a 'Bagster' does not make a Bible scholar any more than the possession of a walking stick makes a gentleman. It is one thing to own a Bible, it is another thing to make the Bible your own. You cannot read the Bible with the greatest enjoyment if it does not fit in your hands. If you have a new Bible, spend some time getting accustomed to the book itself. Learn how to handle it. Familiarize yourself with the position of each book. Practice opening it until you can open at the book you want. Practice turning the leaves until you can find the chapter you want at one or two turns. By and by the exact position of the more familiar passages will be engraved on your mind so that you will be able to turn to them without stopping to recall the chapter and verse.

Nor will your reading prove a pleasure if you do not choose the proper time for it. Like praying, like playing upon a musical instrument, like writing, to read the Bible with delight one must be in an electric condition of mind. You want a bright, fresh hour, when the brain is awake and the heart is hungry. The man who never opens his Bible except at midnight when he is ready to drop from fatigue and drowsiness, simply sees the words on the pages; they do not enter his mind.

Having a Bible which you can handle without your fingers turning to thumbs, and a bright half-hour in which to read it, the next thing you want is a well-defined purpose. You want to know what you are going to the Bible for. Many people read the Book without getting anything in particular out of it, simply because they do not know that there is anything in particular in it. We must want something in particular, and we must feel that the Bible contains what we want. No one is so well prepared to tell us why we should read the Bible as its Author. 'Thou shalt meditate therein day and night,' said God to Joshua, 'that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein.' Not to whet our minds, though the Bible will do that; not to increase our supply of pure Saxon, though it will do that; not to exercise our critical faculty, not to keep posted on the conundrums and curiosities of the Bible, not to enjoy its literary beauties, but that we may observe to do according to all that is written therein.' Jesus tells us the same thing in a different way: 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.'

If you have the right purpose, you do not need to be told that you must approach the book in the right spirit. If I have a letter from my father and I am in a critical mood, I will not enjoy it—I will see too many flaws in it. If I am in an irreverent mood, I will not enjoy it—his words of counsel will bore me. If I am in an impatient mood, I will not enjoy it—his lines will be tedious. But if my heart is full of love and reverence and gratitude, I will read his letter with joy, even if it is not dated, even if the style is antiquated, even if it is full of repetitions, if the sentences are involved, if the news is old, if every word has the palsy. To enjoy the Bible you must open it as a letter from your Father. You must read it with a willing spirit ready to do what you find commanded therein; a spirit that will not reject its mysteries nor stumble at its obscurities. You must read it in a reverential spirit. God does not put himself on a level with men. He does not offer his acts or his words to be passed upon by the creatures he has made. His word is not a proper subject for criticism (in the destructive sense) any more than a father's letter is a proper subject for criticism. You must approach the book with reverence if you expect it to yield up to you its hidden treasure.

You must be tuned up to the book. We are often told that we should read the Bible just as we read any other book, but we do not read all other books in the same way. Every book has an atmosphere or a keynote of its own; to enjoy it we must enter into its atmosphere, we must be tuned up to its pitch. You can enjoy the morning paper on a street car as the morning paper is tuned to the level of every-day life; you cannot enjoy Milton in the counting room, nor 'Puck' in an hour of bereavement. The keynote of the Bible is the keynote of prayer; it is at concert pitch. It is not until we are in a condition to talk to God that we are in the best condition for God to talk to us. If I had but ten minutes to read my Bible I would spend five getting ready. I would go off to some quiet spot—the same place every day if possible—the same place I go to when I would speak to God in prayer. I would shut the door on the world; I would open the window toward heaven. I would be still until the whirl died out; then I would look up. I would look up until I was conscious of his presence—until I could almost feel the breath of his love fan my cheek. And then I would open my Bible and listen for the still small voice of him who neither strives nor cries, neither is his voice heard in the streets. 'But suppose you cannot reach this high pitch—what then?' Then I would open my Bible anyhow. The first few verses will be meaningless, but if I pull through them slowly, they may arouse me sufficiently to grasp those which follow. Sometimes they will not. Sometimes all methods fail. Sometimes I would allow myself to be led by the impulse of the moment. I would dip here, there, anywhere, trying to awaken my appetite. Even then I might fail. What of it? Because I had no appetite at dinner yesterday, will I stay away from the table today?—Ex.

Foreign Missions.

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

Contributors to this column will please address MRS. J. W. MANNING, 240 Duke Street, St. John, N. B.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JANUARY.

For Bobbili, its missionaries, outstations and school, that the seed sown may yield an abundant harvest. For our Women's Missionary Societies that every Christian woman may become interested in missions.

Those who heard me tell at the Women's Meeting in Aylesford, N. S., of the life of the "red-faced woman" will be glad, I am sure, to hear of her public profession of faith in Christ, by baptism. As only a few of the many readers of the "MESSENGER AND VISITOR" were at that meeting, I might tell you something of her life.

I first heard of her through Miss Gray. It was before the baptism of Somalingam, that one day Miss Gray returned from Polepilly and told me of one of the inmates of the home there. She called her the "red-faced woman." This woman, she said, was a terror in that home, that she was an exceedingly wicked woman, and made a great deal of trouble and sorrow for the others in the home. She was married when a child, but her husband died very soon after, so she, according to Hindoo custom, must always remain a widow.

After Somalingam's baptism, when we made regular visits to his house, one very unpleasant feature of our visits there was the coming in contact with this woman. She not only was uninterested in the Christian religion, but she tried to ridicule so that the other women would not care much about listening. She continued to be a source of trouble to us, and caused a great deal of sadness in the Polepilly home. About two years ago, I think, there seemed to be a change in her and she began to show interest in the Bible classes. This interest has grown and an evident change came over her life. She asked for baptism nearly a year ago, but the missionaries were not convinced then that she had really been "born again" but in October last she came before the church and was received. I want to give you a little glimpse into the happy day, that the Bimlipatam missionaries and Telugu Christians spent, when she and four other women were baptized. I do not think Miss Newcomb will object if I quote from her letter to me. The letter was written Oct. 24. She says: "Yesterday was such a memorable day. In the morning about eight o'clock all the Christians, with one or two exceptions, started off either in bandies, (carts), or walking for Polepilly. Such a happy party, there was no distinction at all; all piled into the bandies and seemed perfectly happy. After breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Gullison and I got into a bullock coach and went out joining them about 3 o'clock p. m. Oh, it did one's heart good to see the one family spirit there! Those in Polepilly had got up that morning by 10 o'clock had a meal ready for all that crowd. There were thirty-three went from Bimlipatam. They made such liberal provision that there were three or four pots of rice left. Every one's face was radiant with expectancy. About 3.30 o'clock we went to the Polepilly chapel and filled it. There was no room for outsiders. They had to be content with the windows. Here we had a special church meeting, where the old aunt, (red-faced woman), the Kerman's wife and the wives of Veeracharagahr and Basvirarow were examined and received for baptism. I cannot begin to tell you how rejoiced we were over them. They were so brave and so sweet! Those retiring, modest, little women who never would get courage enough to speak to Mr. Gullison about anything else, just fixed their eyes full on him and answered so distinctly all questions he asked. And the examination for each was so firm. They knew what they would have to go through for they were all at Conference when Adamina was received, and then they felt they never could be strong enough for it. It was one such strong evidence of the work of grace in their hearts. Well, the church was fully satisfied that they were children of God, and they were received. As soon after meeting as all were ready, we went for the first time to the little new baptistery, where a large crowd gathered. They were very quiet considering the circumstances and Mr. Gullison briefly, but most plainly told them why we had gathered there, that it was the blood of Christ, and not the water in the baptistery that washed away sin, and because of what Christ had done for them first, and in obedience to His command, these five women (one previously received) were to be baptized, symbolizing their death to sin and newness of life in Christ.

He read a few passages from the Word and Somalingam prayed. Then the old aunt (red faced woman) right there in Polepilly, where they knew her life, publicly received Christ in baptism. Adamina, and the wives of Veeracharayudu Basvirarow and the Reman followed. They were just as brave and happy as they could be, and we all were full of rejoicing. Oh, it was a great day!

May it be but the beginning! The old mother (Somalingam's mother) was greatly agitated. She came to each one of us and said "How long must I wait before you will baptize me, too?" Dear old mother, may she come too!"

These five women who were baptized are among the number of whom Somalingam wrote in his letter to the Foreign Mission Board. There are still others.

Let us remember them in our prayers. God has answered prayer and he will answer again.

LILLIE P. MORSE.

Berwick, Dec. 6th.

St. Martins.

According to our custom for several years our Society combined Crusade day and the annual thankoffering service. At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of Nov. 28th, a number of the members met in the vestry for a season of prayer, after which the president sent us out two and two to visit first the members who do not attend, afterward others who, we hope, will become members. At five o'clock we assembled to report success, spend a social hour, and take tea together. A number of calls were made, four new names added to our membership roll, and we trust a deepening interest in the work will result. In the evening a thankoffering service was well attended, for which an interesting programme had been prepared. Mrs. J. S. Titus, president, read a particularly helpful and suggestive paper, for which we hope space may be found on our "page."

MRS. BENJ. VAUGHAN, Sec'y.

St. Martins, Dec. 5.

Middleton, Annapolis County.

We always find news from the Aid Societies interesting and helpful. Other sisters might like to know something of what is being done in our "small corner." One-third of our denominational year has passed. At this time funds usually come in slowly. Our meetings are held regularly, average attendance about nine. In October, Mrs. Nalder from Windsor visited our town. Our regular time of meeting was arranged for a thank-offering season. About twenty were present. Sister Nalder addressed us upon the subject of Prayer, and at a public meeting held in the evening gave a most interesting and thrilling account of some phases of her visit to the Ecumenical Council. The offering amounted to nearly fifteen dollars which has since been increased and will be reported later. Sunday evening, Dec. 30th, we intend holding a Christmas Missionary Concert—exercises by the Sunday School. We have every reason to thank God and take courage.

J. W., Sec'y.

Great Village.

At the last meeting of the "Marion Morse" Mission Band, Nov. 24th, a motion was passed expressing deep regret that our president, Mrs. O. N. Chipman, was about to leave us. She organized the Band March 11th, 1899, and was the first president. Under her guidance the Band has gone steadily forward. Lessons have been given on the Telugu country. We have assisted in public missionary meetings, have held two sales, and have sent papers to Miss Archibald for the reading room. Sunday School cards have been sent to Miss Newcomb different times, we are now making scrap books to send to the Halifax Hospital at Xmas, and are also preparing for a Xmas sale. Though it is not two years since our Band has been organized we have made 3 life members and we are glad that Mrs. Chipman will always remain a member of our Band. We feel very much sorrow at her departure, and pray that she may be a blessing to other Bands as she has been to ours.

GRACE BOOMER, Sec'y.

Foreign Mission Board.

NOTES BY THE SECRETARY.

Our obligation to the Foreign Mission Board. This Board is the recognized agency through which the churches of these Provinces undertake to discharge their obligation to the perishing heathen.

The agency may be weak, imperfect and ineffective, that does not affect our obligation one iota. Other agencies may be more to our liking, this too is not a consideration. We, the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces, have undertaken to give the gospel of Jesus Christ to 2,000,000 of Telugus in southeastern India—and the only agency employed to carry out this purpose is through a Board in which all the churches might combine. We have agreed upon this plan—have done all that we could do to make this plan the act of all the churches. Taking this for granted the question forces itself to the front, What are we doing to enable these fifteen gentlemen to carry out the trust committed to them? Not one of them sought the position. It was laid upon them by their brethren. The trust was ac-

cepted in good faith and the brethren try to do their duty by the churches who have appointed them and by the missionaries who have been selected to represent the brotherhood in the great work of winning to the service of the Lord some of those who are dwelling in the darkness of heathen night. What ought these men to receive from their brethren? Loyal and hearty support from every Baptist in the constituency. It is no excuse for some people to say, "We don't believe in Foreign Missions." But the body does and has given expression to this belief and obligations have been assumed which are growing with the passing years, and we are bound in honor, if for no other reason to help these men discharge the obligations which have been laid upon them, as our agents.

Worldly business men are very careful to observe all their obligations. Shall we as Christians be less honorable than they? It is no excuse for us as individuals to say "we never agreed to do all this." Those whom we have chosen to carry on this work have made these agreements and that binds us as effectually as if we had made them ourselves. Do we say that more is being undertaken than can reasonably be expected from the churches and some do say that. But is it a fact? Before God and his brethren the writer does not believe it for a single instant. We could double our offerings for Missions this year, and we ought to do so and we would do it if our hearts were in the work and we believed in it. Not one half of our membership do anything for it, except it may be to be indifferent toward it. The reason why the funds are so slow in coming into the treasury and the amount so small when they get in, is because of negligence, or carelessness. Perhaps it is worse; it may be absolute rebellion against the Saviour's last, plain, positive command. "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Too many say by their acts, "we will not go ourselves, and we will not help send those who are willing to go—even have gone." The Scripture says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." If we refuse or neglect to obey His last and plainest command, how can we call ourselves His disciples?

Do you say "Foreign Missions don't pay." Who says they don't pay? "Oh, travellers say so," and sea-captains say so.—What would these men say about the gospel at home? Are there so many additions to the churches in the homeland, and is there such a mighty wave of blessing rolling over the home churches that these people are lifted off their feet in glad surprise at what their eyes see of God's power to save? Jesus Christ says: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." These travellers say it doesn't pay. Whose disciple are you? Jesus Christ's or whose? Will you follow your Lord and Master, or will you repudiate him and listen to these men who have no eyes to see nor ears to hear anything, except it shall express itself in "how to buy and sell and get gain"? Who was it that said—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Do you say, "Let the rich men and the rich churches support the mission! They can do it as well as not and not feel it? Did you get that out of the Bible? Are these the words of the great captain of your salvation? Did he say 'Go ye rich men and rich churches and preach the gospel to every creature.'"

Dear pastors and fellow-workers, Sunday School superintendents, and all you who love the Lord Jesus Christ—Will you not think more and pray more about this great matter? Surely our appeal will not be in vain!

Literary Note.

The Gist of the Lesson. For Sunday-School Teachers, A vest-pocket lesson commentary for the entire year. By R. A. Torrey, superintendent of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago. Leather, flexible, round corners, 160 pages, net, 25c.; interleaved edition, net, 50c.

A vest-pocket edition of the text, and practical comments upon the Sunday School lessons for the entire year. So compact that you can always carry it with you and thus improve spare moments on train, on street car, while lunching, anywhere, everywhere, as odd moments present themselves.

"Deeds Are Fruits, Words Are But Leaves."

The many wonderful cures effected by Hood's Sarsaparilla are the fruits by which it should be judged. These prove it to be the great remedy for dyspepsia, rheumatism, catarrh.

Rheumatism—"Pains in my limbs finally settled in my back. My blood was poor and I did not have any appetite. I could not sleep nights. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and these medicines made me a well man." G. R. Rafus, South Waterville, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills; the non-irritating cathartic.

Headache

Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. More serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, efficient cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

Hood's Pills

While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not gripe or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. See at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Largest Foundry on Earth making
CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS
Purest copper and tin only. Terms, etc., from
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, Baltimore, Md.



FOR
Impure Blood,
Thick Water,
Swellings,
Fever, Cough,
Lost Appetite, Etc.

USE THE RELIABLE
GRANGER
Condition Powder

It Hurt To Eat.

The pain, nausea and distress that Dyspeptics suffer after every meal can all be permanently removed by Burdock Blood Bitters.

It tones up and restores the stomach to normal condition so that it digests food without causing discomfort.

Here's proof positive:

Miss Maggie Splude, Dalhousie, N.B., wrote the following: "I have been a sufferer from Liver Complaint and Dyspepsia for the past two years and felt very miserable. I could not take much food as it hurt me to eat. My friends said, 'Why don't you try B.B.B.' I did so, using two bottles, which made such a complete cure that I can now eat anything I like without it causing me discomfort."

INDIGESTION CAN BE CURED.

An Open Letter from a Prominent Clergyman.

G. GATES, SON & CO.,
Middleton, N. B.

Dear Sirs,—Please pardon my delay in answering yours of weeks ago. Yes, I have no hesitation in recommending your

Invigorating Syrup.

During the fall and winter of '96 and '97 I was greatly distressed with indigestion. I tried several remedies, each of which gave me no relief. I was advised to try your Invigorating Syrup, which I readily did, and have felt grateful ever since to the one who gave such good advice. The very first dose helped me, and before half of the first bottle was used I was completely cured. Have not been troubled with the disease since. I have taken occasion to recommend your medicine publicly upon several occasions, and heartily do so now. You are at liberty to use this in any way you please.

Yours truly,
(REV.) F. M. YOUNG,
Pastor Baptist Church, Bridgetown, N. B.

Sold Everywhere at 50 Cents per Bottle.

USE THE GENUINE
MURRAY & LANMAN'S
FLORIDA WATER
"THE UNIVERSAL PERFUME"
FOR THE
HANDKERCHIEF
TOILET & BATH
REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

The Home

The Mending Basket.

When the clothing comes from the laundry, confide such of it as needs the "stitch in time" to the work-basket. By the work-basket is not meant the little basket that holds the needles and thread and the light sewing materials, but a basket large enough to hold whatever needs to be repaired, or whatever piece of unfinished work may be on hand. Never let an unmended article get back into the drawer of clothing that is ready for service. When the repairs have been made, place the fresh article at the bottom of its own pile, using for your next occasion the article on the top of the pile. In this way none of the clothing will be allowed to remain in the drawer until it becomes yellow from lack of use, and the wear will be about equal on all the suits. One of our objects is to dress well, and, at the same time, to avoid great accumulations of garments, too good to be thrown away, not good enough for comfortable use, yet endured for economy's sake.

Never fall into the mistake of supposing that it is of so importance that any garments be nice except those worn in sight. Fineness of texture, daintiness of trimming, these can be dispensed with, but perfect cleanliness and perfect wholeness are indispensable. There is an intangible ethical influence, or, as a good country mother put it, "There's a sight of good manners comes jest with bein' dressed up. My children always behave better in their best clothes." She was right. The girl who "don't care what she puts on" doesn't care for some other things that she ought not to forget. That same good country mother used to say: "Always wear what you would be willin' to be brought home in if somethin' dreadful should happen." Nothing dreadful ever did happen, but her children all grew up feeling that nothing could be more "dreadful" than to be found in soiled or ragged attire.—Public Ledger.

Poetry for Children.

The love of poetry varies greatly in children. Many love to hear it read simply for its rhythmic sound, while others will not listen to it. One mother recently said that she had read to her five-year-old-boy the whole of "Paradise Lost" and Pope's translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey." Naturally enough, perhaps, says Harper's Bazar, she considered that she had a genius to train, whereas really the child's ear alone, and not his mind, was attracted. But without requiring too closely into the reason why children listen to poetry, seize the earliest opportunity to teach them some of the best. Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome" will appeal to all, as will the martial bits from "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake." There are the famous old English ballads and the stirring songs of the Cavaliers; "Hiawatha" and parts of "Evangeline" are delightful; so are "Sir Launfal" and the "Idylls of the King."

There is a word to be said in favor of teaching children to read aloud. It not only impresses upon them what they are reading, but it cultivates a habit which is capable of giving much pleasure to others. It also enables the parent who listens to correct a mispronunciation or give some explanation, and make certain that the child's reading is intelligent. A word of warning might be given also against letting children read too rapidly. When books are drawn from a public library they are apt to be devoured, "skipped" through half comprehended. If it is understood that only one book, or at the most two, may be drawn during the week, they will be read carefully and perhaps twice over.—The Presbyterian.

Scientific Wash Day.

There are plenty of people in the world who think there are persons born to laundry work—that is born knowing how to do it, says a New York newspaper.

There are few housekeepers who have a well defined idea of how a wash day should be conducted, and it is generally conceded that there is something plebeian about the tub, and that all knowledge of it is therefore to be avoided. There is a brave young woman in New York, however, who announces that when the Fall term of a certain training school for laundresses opens she will be one of the applicants for instruction.

It came about in this way. She was recently married, and became a householder in a cozy flat. One day there were clothes to be washed, and no one to do it, so the villiant little beginner at domestic life, determined that she would do it herself. She reflected a moment, delving in her memory for the details that she had an indifferent recollection of having seen employed in her youth. First she pinned up her gown and rolled up her sleeves. Then she dragged forth the clothes hamper, pulled out the wash boiler, turned on the hot water, got the bluing bottle and the clothes stick, hauled the washboard forth from hiding, found the soap, and in less time than it takes to tell it she had steam up and a fine fragrance of wash day industry all over the house. She rubbed until her back ached, and she got soap in her eyes, and the crimp all come out of her hair, and she spilled water on the floor; but she was plucky, and when the clothes boiled over she jammed them down under with the clothes stick.

There is no telling all she did. Nobody knows all she did. She doesn't know herself. But pretty soon the place looked as though the fire department had been playing on it. Before she reached the bluing water she began to cry because she discovered that she didn't not know how, and the realization of the fact made her pretty mad. So she just imprisoned that hateful impossible washing under the cover of the tub to await the arrival of an artist artisan in the person of a laundress whom she had always looked down upon because she knew so little that she had to do washing for a living. In the Fall she proposes to become intelligent upon the subject herself.—Sel.

On a seat on the New York stock exchange was sold the other day for \$49,500

For **25c.**

We will send

To any address in Canada fifty finest Thick Ivory Visiting Cards, printed in the best possible manner, with name in Steel plate script, ONLY 25c. and 2c. for postage. When two or more packs are ordered we will pay postage. These are the very best cards and are never sold under 50 or 75c. by other firms.

PATERSON & CO.,
107 Germain Street,
St. John, N. B.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, etc., a specialty.

For Immediate Sale at a Bargain.

A good, all purpose farm containing 80 acres,—20 acres in wood land. Orchard bears from two to four hundred barrels apples, 100 trees out four years. Cuts 50 tons hay, plenty of firewood, good dwelling and two barns with cellar. Three miles from Berwick Station in the Annapolis Valley. Good school within five minutes walk. Part can remain on mortgage. For further particulars apply to J. ANDREWS, Real Estate Broker, Berwick, N. S. Several farms now on my list from one to six thousand dollars.

Every Cold Means Danger

It does not do to neglect even a slight cold. When you have a cold your lungs are more susceptible to the germs of Consumption. Take

Shiloh's Consumption Cure

It will cure your cough or cold at once. It will heal and strengthen your lungs. It is a safeguard for you always. Take it at the first indication of a cough or cold.

REV. MR. PARSONS, of Toronto, writes: "I used two bottles of SHILOH, and take pleasure in recommending it. There is nothing like it for cough, throat and lung trouble."

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 1s. 2d., 2s. 3d., and 4s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.

Write for illustrated book on Consumption sent to you free. S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto.

STRONG AND VIGOROUS.

Every Organ of the Body Toned up and Invigorated by



Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St. E., Berlin, Ont., says: "I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart, but one box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them, and now sleep well and feel strong and vigorous." Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all diseases arising from weak heart, worn out nerve tissues, or watery blood.

A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS and COLDS
Pyny-Balsam
The Canadian Remedy for all THROAT AND LUNG AFFECTIONS
Large Bottles, 25 cents.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited,
Prop' Perry Davis' Pain Killer,
New York. Montreal.

Colonial Book Store

Send to me for your SUNDAY SCHOOL QUARTERLIES and SUPPLIES at Publishers' Prices.

Peloubets Notes I have a beautiful on the S. S. Lessons Bible, Teacher's edition, with new illustrations, size 5x7, for 1900, \$1.00. only \$1.50.

Arnold's Notes on the S. S. Lessons, 60c. Send for Catalogues for Sunday School Libraries; am offering special discounts.

Revised Normal Lessons, 30c. Class Books, Supt. Records, Envelopes.

T. H. HALL,
Cor. King and Germain Sts.,
St. John, N. B.

The Sunday School

BIBLE LESSON

Abridged from Peloubets' Notes.

First Quarter.

JESUS ANOINTED AT BETHANY.

Lesson I. January 6. Matthew 26: 6-16

GOLDEN TEXT.

She hath done what she could.—Mark 14: 8.

EXPLANATORY.

CIRCUMSTANCES. Our last three regular lessons are located at Jericho, through which city Jesus was passing on his way to Jerusalem. There he opened the eyes of two blind men, and wrought a still greater miracle in the conversion of Zaccheus. To the people who had seen these things, he spoke the Parable of the Pounds. Friday, March 31, he went to Jerusalem. The next day, Saturday, April 1, was the Jewish Sabbath, and it is probable that the supper of welcome and the gathering of friends was after sunset, according to Jewish custom.

I. THE SUPPER AT BETHANY.—V. 6. NOW WHEN JESUS WAS IN BETHANY. Bethany means "House of Dates," or "Home of Comfort." Its modern name is "el Azariyeh," "Place of Lazarus." The supper made for Jesus (John 12: 2) was "the later and principal meal among the Jews. A festive meal would naturally occur in the evening, and be called a 'supper' (compare Luke 14: 16)." It would thus be after sunset of the Jewish Sabbath, when their Sabbath had ended. IN THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE LEPER. There were many Simons and this one is distinguished from the others by the fact that he had been a leper. Of course he must have been free from it at this time, probably a monument of the healing power of Jesus. To him this would be a thanksgiving feast. "According to a tradition, he was the father of Lazarus; according to others, he was the husband of Martha, or Martha was his widow."

II. MARY ANOINTS THE HEAD AND FEET OF JESUS.—V. 7. THERE CAME UNTO HIM A WOMAN. This woman was Mary, the sister of Martha and Lazarus (John 2: 3), not the woman in Luke 7, "who was a sinner." The latter person is generally, but without reason, identified with Mary Magdalene, and the three women confounded.

HAVING AN ALABASTER BOX, rather, a cruse or flask. "Literally, 'an alabaster,' just as we call a drinking vessel made of glass 'a glass.' Pliny compares these vessels to a closed rosebud." OF VERY (exceedingly) PRECIOUS OINTMENT. "By the 'ointment' we are to understand rather a liquid perfume than what we commonly know as ointment."

It was worth 300 Roman pence, denarii, silver coins worth 15 to 17 cents each. Hence the whole was worth about \$50, or \$300 to \$400 in our time, a penny, or denarius, being equal to a day's wages (Matt. 20: 2). **POURED IT ON HIS HEAD,** and also upon his feet (John 11).

WALKED OUT.

On Food, After Being Given Up.

Lack of knowledge regarding the kind of food to give to people, particularly invalids, frequently causes much distress, whereas when one knows exactly the kind of food to give to quickly rebuild the brain and nerve centres, that knowledge can be made use of.

A young Chicago woman says: "Other instances of the wonderful qualities possessed by Grape-Nuts food are shown in my grandmother's and mother's cases. Grandmother's entire left side became totally paralyzed, from a ruptured capillary of the brain. The doctor said it would be impossible for her to live a week. She could not take ordinary food and we put her on Grape-Nuts, in an effort to do all for her we could."

"To the astonishment of the doctor and delight of us all, she slowly rallied and recovered. It was pronounced the first case of the kind on record. The doctor said nothing could have produced this result but food."

"We had been led to use Grape-Nuts because of the effect on mother. She has been troubled with a weak stomach all her life, and the last few years been gradually losing weight and strength. She has tried everything, almost, that has been recommended by good authority, and until she used Grape-Nuts food, nothing seemed to do her any good. Since taking up Grape-Nuts she has been constantly improving until she is free from any of the stomach troubles, and is strong and well. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

the head of a rabbi at such feasts was no an unusual honor; but anointing the feet was unusual, and expressed the tenderest, most humble, most reverential, unutterable affection.

III. TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE?—Vs. 8, 9. 8. WHEN HIS DISCIPLES SAW IT, THEY HAD INDIGNATION. John tells us that Judas Iscariot was the leader and the mouthpiece of the indignation against Mary. The plausible arguments of a positive man, wearing a mask of virtue, and speaking in behalf of some of the very principles their Master had enforced, had brought some of the disciples into sympathy with his feeling of indignation.

TO WHAT PURPOSE IS THIS WASTE? This useless squandering of what could have been used to a better purpose. "Waste" is literally "perdition." So Judas is afterwards called "a son of perdition," a man who had utterly wasted his life.

9. SOLD FOR MUCH. Three hundred pence, silver pennies or shillings, the Roman denarii, worth from fifteen to seventeen cents each. **AND GIVEN TO THE POOR.** This was the real thought of the others, but the pretense of Judas.

IV. JESUS DEFENDS MARY. **TWO LINES OF DEFENSE.**—Vs. 10-13. This is "the second time that Mary's intense devotion to Jesus brings blame upon her." "But it is not a little rude in guests thus to criticize one of the ladies of the house; and once again Jesus defends Mary. . . . The first motive that prompted him was his chivalry." Hence he says, in sharp rebuke, "Let her alone; why trouble ye her?" (Mark).

10. WHEN JESUS UNDERSTOOD IT. The R. V. is much more correct here, "But Jesus perceiving it," at the moment; he knew their thoughts at once; while the common version seems to suggest that it took him some time to learn what the grumbling was about. **SHE HATH BROUGHT A GOOD WORTH UPON ME.** The Greek adjective implies something more than "good," a "noble," an "honorable" work.

It was the act of a noble soul expressing its noblest emotions. The form it took is expressed in v. 12, **SHE DID IT FOR MY BURIAL;** R. V. "to prepare me for burial." Mark says, "She hath anointed my body beforehand for the burying." Not that she had purposed this, but it was so in effect.

11. FOR YE HAVE THE POOR ALWAYS WITH YOU. They would have plenty of opportunities to aid them; and the more they did for their Master, the more they would do for the poor, for the poor are left in his stead, and through them would be expressed the increased love of the Master. **BUT YE HAVE NOT ALWAYS.** The opportunity of making such expressions of love directly to Jesus would not occur again. Hereafter they could through all generations express it in gifts to his poor.

12. WHERESOEVER THIS GOSPEL SHALL BE PREACHED. The words here show that our Lord expected his gospel to be diffused throughout the world. This story expresses the nature of the gospel and some of its fruits. **IN THE WHOLE WORLD.** This story has been told in every known tongue, and is now being related in more than three hundred and fifty different languages to every nation on the earth. No monuments, not even the Pyramids, are as enduring. **FOR A MEMORIAL OF HER.** By which her deed shall be remembered; not to gratify her, but to continue her usefulness, to give immortality to her character and influence.

VI. A WARNING FROM THE OPPOSITE SPIRIT. JUDAS IN CONTRAST WITH MARY.—Vs 14-16. 14. THEN . . . JUDAS ISCARIOT. See Lesson IX, on the betrayal of Jesus. Judas was doubtless angry at the reproof he had received. He was disappointed in his desire to gain money. He probably was still more disappointed in his hopes of being treasurer of a great kingdom which would fall if Jesus died. His avaricious spirit was excited and repelled by the praise of Jesus for the spirit of Mary, so opposed to his own. These feelings doubtless grew and deepened by brooding over them during the two or three days which may have elapsed between the anointing by Mary and this plot to betray Jesus.

Note that the intensity of his feeling is shown by his going to the chief priests

15. COVENANTED WITH HIM. Rather as R. V. "weighed unto him," actually gave him the money agreed upon. Money went by weight. **THIRTY PIECES OF SILVER.** Silver shekels, each worth four denarii, usually translated pence. A shekel was therefore worth sixty-four to sixty-eight cents; in all about twenty dollars, the usual price of a slave.

The Lesson. The principal lesson now to be considered is the contrast between the spirit of Judas and that of Mary. Against the background of his covetousness and the horrid, hateful brood it brought forth is seen in brighter colors the beautiful and attractive spirit of love.

The Horizon of Christ.

A man's mental and moral attitude is measured exactly by his circle of interest and sympathy. Some men live in a well—their horizon is the well's mouth, with a tiny patch of sky above it; others dwell on a mountain top, and behold all the kingdoms of the world at every sunrise. The extension of the gospel is hindered today, not so much by the wickedness as by the littleness of men. When a man is positively vicious, we can apply rebuke and correction, and prison bars; but when he is stubbornly and persistently little, what remedy have we then? I have seen the Lord's Prayer, written in microscopic characters within the circle of a silver dime, every letter perfect, but practically invisible. And I have seen men whose Christianity seemed faultlessly orthodox, but so little, so circumscribed, as to be practically useless to mankind. . . . But wider yet is the thought of Jesus. The field is not my city, my county, my church, nor all the churches together—the field is the world! Wherever man is found, from sea to sea, and from pole to pole, regardless of all lines of race and color and belief; all divisions, social, political, religious, the field is the world—anything less is a caricature of Christianity, any smaller conception is a belittling of our faith; and smaller endeavor unworthy of the Christian name. The man who wants to work for Christ must share the horizon of Christ; the man who truly stands beside the Son of God will see the world as he saw it.—W. H. P. Fausse, D. D.

With the exception of half a dozen places in the eastern part of the province, Dr. Chamberlain, the Ontario government inspector, has completed his visits for the year to the jails and public institutions. "Crime is on the decrease," said he, "and there are not so many criminals being cared for this season." "What about the insane population?" was asked. "Well, many people believe that insanity is increasing rapidly in the province, but they are mistaken," replied Dr. Chamberlain. "It is true that the asylums are filled, but scores of the inmates are people who should not be there, but should be cared for by County Homes and Houses of Refuge."

Never Too Late

To Try a Good Thing.

I am fifty-two years old and for forty years of that time I have been a chronic catarrh sufferer, says Mr. James Gieshing of Allegheny City; with every change of weather my head and throat would be stuffed up with catarrhal mucus.

I could not breathe naturally through the nostrils for months together and much of the time I suffered from catarrh of the stomach. Finally my hearing began to fail and I realized something must be done.

I tried inhalers and sprays and salves which gave me temporary relief and my physician advised me to spray or donche with Peroxide of Hydrogen. But the catarrh would speedily return in a few days and I became thoroughly discouraged.

I had always been prejudiced against patent medicines, but as everything else had failed I felt justified in at least making a trial.

Our good old family physician, Dr. Ramsdell, laughed at me a little, but said if I was determined to try patent medicines he would advise me to begin with Stuart's Catarrh Tablets because he knew what they contained and he had heard of several remarkable cures resulting from their use, furthermore that they were perfectly safe, containing no cocaine or opiates.

The next day I bought a fifty cent box at a drug store, carried it in my pocket and four or five times a day I would take a tablet; in less than a week I felt a marked improvement which continued until at this time I am entirely free from any trace of catarrh.

My head is clear, my throat free from irritation, my hearing is as good as it ever was and I feel that I cannot say enough in praise of Stuart's Catarrh Tablets.

These tablets contain extract of Eucalyptus bark, Gaiacol, blood root and other valuable antiseptics combined in pleasant tablet form, and it is safe to say that Stuart's Catarrh Tablets are far superior in convenience, safety and effectiveness to the antiquated treatment by inhalers, sprays and douches.

They are sold by druggists everywhere in the United States and Canada.



No other aid so great to the housewife, no other agent so useful and certain in making delicious, pure and wholesome foods, has ever been devised.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

There are imitation baking powders, sold cheap, by many grocers. They are made from alum, a poisonous drug, which renders the food injurious to health.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

From the Churches.

Denominational Funds.

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

BRUSSELS STREET, ST. JOHN.—In spite of unfavorable weather, the special meetings were fairly well attended and the earnest, faithful addresses of Bro. H. F. Adams, of Truro, left deep impressions on many hearts. The new baptistry was used on the last two Sunday evenings—seven in all having confessed their Lord in this ordinance.

ARCADIA, YARMOUTH, N. S.—We have much to encourage us in our work here. The kindness of the people has been unremitting from the first. A few evenings ago the parsonage was filled with a bright company who had come "just for a sociable time," and with encouraging words and generous gifts greatly cheered us. The course in Old Testament history, which we commenced in the autumn, is being prosecuted with much enthusiasm by a large number of our people. A very deep interest in all our services is manifest and the outlook for the future most hopeful.

E. J. GRANT.

HEBRON, N. S.—Our church has had a quiet, and we trust a growing time, during the last 12 months. Since the fall of '99 we have not had any special interest among the unsaved. At that time 17 were baptized and many more we think were converted. Lately we have been holding special meetings in Hartford, the northern portion of the field, 3 miles from Hebron. On Sunday, 9th inst., 2 young women of Hebron were baptized, and yesterday (16th) eight young people of Hartford were baptized in the Hebron Lake. We believe others will immediately follow. One more has been received and we hope to visit the waters again soon. For these great mercies we are profoundly grateful and ask an interest in the prayers of your readers that a great work of grace may be enjoyed, not only here but all over our land.

E. T. MILLER

PRINCE WILLIAM AND KINGSCLEAR.—For the past year I have labored with the churches known as the Prince William, 1st Kingsclear and 2nd Kingsclear. These churches have for the past year, the first time I think in their history, united to support one and the same pastor, and they have worked together very agreeably. This grouping is natural and should and I hope will continue. In the past Prince William and 2nd Kingsclear have been the field, and have in some instances had the reputation of being a little hard to please and failing to appreciate as they should the relation they bear to their pastor. When we set up ideals these things go doubt could be said of all churches and also of very many pastors. An ideal church militant or a perfect man to minister to it, is hard to find. But let me say for the churches named and also the 1st Kingsclear church, a kinder people I have never lived among nor laboured with. Churches with less cranks and easier pleased I have yet to see. They gave me their sympathy and their prayers. They paid me more than they agreed. They over-looked my failings and appreciated fully all that, in me, was worthy. They were ever kind and thoughtful. The man who ministers to these people and is not used right, I fear there may be others at fault than the congregations named. On December 17th the friends at 1st Kingsclear met and after a pleasant evening and tea gave me \$21.00 as a token of appreciation. I was sorry to leave this field and let me say that such was not caused by any dissatisfaction on the part of churches or pastor, but because of circumstances over which neither of us had control. I hope that a strong man may be divinely directed to this important field and to labor with this kind people. I am now trying to serve the Jacksonville, Jacksonville and Avondale churches.

JOS. A. CAHILL

Colchester and Pictou

The Quarterly Meeting of the counties of Colchester and Pictou met with the Brookfield church on Monday evening, Dec. 3rd at 7.30 p. m., and continued its

session throughout the following day. Rev. H. F. Adams of Truro was elected president vice. Rev. O. N. Chipman removed to Canso. In the absence of Bro. Roop, Pastor A. E. Ingram was appointed secretary, pro tem. Sermons were preached by Revs. Adams and Birch. Devotional meetings were well sustained and a platform meeting in the interest of missions was held, at which Bro. E. P. Colwell gave an outline of the policy of the H. M. Board. Bro. Ingram spoke on "Why Home Missions?" and Bro. William Cummings gave an enthusiastic address on the Twentieth Century Fund, which was passed, and introduced the following: "This Conference feeling a deep interest in the proposed scheme of raising fifty thousand dollars for missions which was presented at the Convention held in Halifax last August, resolved that this Conference recommend the pastors to bring the matter before the churches and use every means in their power for the accomplishment of this great work. Conference adjourned to meet at Onslow in February. A. E. INGRAM, Sec'y. pro tem.

Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of Carleton, Victoria and Madawaska counties began on Friday evening, the 16th, convening with the Albert St. church, Woodstock. Rev. E. P. Calder preached a most excellent sermon which was greatly appreciated.

The business meeting brought forth reports from the various fields, and while they were not what they might have been they were of an encouraging nature. Pastors W. S. Martin and R. W. Demmings were elected respectively to the offices of president and secretary in place of Pastors C. Currie and E. P. Calder resigning. A paper was read by Bro. Calder on "The Great Commission," which was one of the best we have ever heard at these gatherings. It was unanimously passed that this paper be published in the "MESSENGER AND VISITOR."

The conference meeting conducted by our esteemed brother, T. Todd, was of a deep spiritual nature. The missionary service was presided over by Mrs. W. S. Saunders, Revs. Hayward and Martin being the chief speakers. This meeting will we believe give mission work an impetus among the churches represented. The quarterly sermon was preached by

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Tourist Sleepers

MONTREAL to PACIFIC COAST every THURSDAY.

For full particulars as to PASSAGE RATES AND TRAIN SERVICE to Canadian Northwest, British Columbia, Washington, Oregon and

CALIFORNIA.

Also for maps and pamphlets descriptive of journey, etc., write to

A. J. HEATH, D. P. A., C. P. R. St. John, N. E.



Pastor Demmings. Subject, Apostleship. In the afternoon Mrs. Martin gave a most helpful and interesting Bible reading which was well illustrated on the black-board. This was well supported by an address from Pastor Hayward.

The evening service was cheered by an excellent talk from our devoted brother, Rev. S. D. Brvine, after which Pastor Martin preached a most impressive sermon. Judging from all reports by the church we would say that Brother Martin is the right man in the right place.

Our meetings were cheered by the words of Pastor Fred Todd, Brunswick Me., and Rev. J. Blakney. The next quarterly meeting will be held with the Bristol Baptist Church.

R. W. DEMMINGS, Sec'y.

Makes Hair Grow

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it. Feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, the only genuine hair food you can buy.

Your hair will grow thick and long, and will be soft and glossy.

Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair; it keeps the scalp clean and healthy, and stops falling of the hair.

One dollar a bottle.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us \$1.00 and we will express a bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express-office. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Send for our beautiful illustrated book on The Hair. Free.

Whiston's Commercial College —AND— School of Shorthand and Typewriting

will re-open after the Christmas Holidays on January 2, 1901.

This well-known and well-patronized Commercial College is giving thorough instruction and practical training in all commercial branches, shorthand and typewriting and kindred subjects. Write for free catalogue to

S. E. WHISTON, Principal, 95 Barrington Street, Halifax, N. S.

Dr. J. Woodbury's Horse Liniment, FOR MAN OR BEAST HAS NO EQUAL

As an internal and external remedy.

We, the undersigned, have used the above named LINIMENT for COUGHS, LAMENESS, etc., in the human subject as well as for the Horse, with the very best results, in highly recommend it as the best medicine for Horses on the market, and equally as good for man when taken in proper quantities. W. A. Randall, M. D., Yarmouth. Wm. H. Turner, Charles L. Kent, Joseph R. Wymann, ex-Mayor, R. E. Feltner, Lawrence town, N. S., by

Fred L. Shaffner Proprietor.

The D. & L. EMULSION

The D. & L. EMULSION is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate stomachs. The D. & L. EMULSION is prescribed by the leading physicians of Canada. The D. & L. EMULSION is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. 50c. & \$1 per Bottle. Be sure you get the genuine. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited, Montreal.

Xmas Vacation will begin December 2nd.

Classes will re-open Jan. 2nd with increased accommodation, the largest attendance, the best facilities and brightest prospects we have ever had in our 33 years experience in college work. Come early to secure accommodation. Business and Shorthand Circulars sent to any address.

Send for Catalogue.



S. EKRR & SON, Oldfellows' Hall.

MENTHOL D&L PLASTER

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.

Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL, Quebec of Montreal

FREE

We give **VALUABLE PREMIUMS** to any one who give us \$1.00 and we will express a bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express-office. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Send for our beautiful illustrated book on The Hair. Free.

Mammoth Premium Catalogue, Containing 36 Valuable Premiums

Sell the Pins, remit us the money, and the prize you select will be sent absolutely free.

THE MAXWELL CO., Department 590 TORONTO, Canada

MARRIAGES.

SINGER-GARVIN.—At Sussex, on 18th inst., by Pastor W. Camp, Leslie Murray Singer to Alice Garvin, both of St. John, N. B.

VEINOT-JOLIMORE.—At the Baptist parsonage, New Ross, Dec. 11th, by Rev. A. Whitman, James Enos Veinot to Hattie Jolimore, all of New Ross.

MACDONALD-ADAMS.—On Nov. 14th, at O'Leary Station, P. E. I., by Rev. A. H. Whitman, Daniel MacDonald of O'Leary Station to Hattie L. Adams of West Devon, P. E. I.

FOSTER-PALMER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Nov. 24, by Pastor C. P. Wilson, John Foster of Everett, Mass., to Nellie Palmer of Dayton, York county, N. S.

BOUILLIER-FREDERICK.—At the Baptist parsonage, by Pastor C. Padley, Nov. 29, Henry Ward Bouillier to Ada May Frederick, both of Indian Harbor, N. S.

SLOCUMB-SIMONSON.—At Windsor Junction, on Dec. 18th, by Pastor H. G. Estabrook of New Glasgow; W. M. Slocumb, son of Deacon O. W. Slocumb, of Argyle, Yarm. county, and Marion C. Simonson, only daughter of Deacon E. C. Simonson, of Tusket, Yarmouth county.

CRAWFORD-MARKS.—At the Baptist church, Waterside, N. B., Nov. 28th, by Rev. M. Addison, David Crawford to Hannah Marks, both of Waterside.

SINCLAIR-MILTON.—At the home of the bride's parents, Albert Mines, Albert Co., N. B., Dec. 12th, by Rev. M. Addison, George W. Sinclair to Ida E. Milton, both of Albert Mines, N. B.

MOORE-TOWER.—At Westchester Station on the 20th ult., by Pastor J. C. A. Belyea, A. B., Dora E. Tower of Dorchester, N. B., and Alfred E. Moore of Greenwich, N. S.

LANGILLE-STODDART.—At the residence of Omar Stoddart, Stoddartville, Dec. 19, by Rev. E. E. Locke, Albert Langille of Springfield to Lizzie Alberta Stoddart.

SHAMAN-KENNEDY.—At Halifax, Dec. 20th, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, John Shaman of Amherst, N. S., to Margaret Kennedy of Wine Harbor, Guysboro Co., N. S.

MCGANGBY-BULL.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, Woodstock, on

the 19th, by the Rev. Thos. Todd, Wm. H. McGangby and Annie A. Bull, both of New Burgh, Carleton county.

GAINES-DAVIS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Bristol, N. B., Dec. 18th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Aubrey B. Gaines, station agent C. P. R., Florenceville, to Villa H., 2nd daughter of John Davis, Bristol.

LINDSAY-SHEA.—At the residence of B. D. Chase, parish of Woodstock, Dec. 19th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, W. Herbert Lindsay of Woodstock, to Carrie Shea of the same place.

HALL-GOODSELL.—At St. George, N. B., by A. H. Lavers, Price A. Hall and Miss Jennie Goodall, all of St. George.

HOOPER-HANLEY.—At St. George, N. B., Dec. 13, by A. H. Lavers, Chas. H. Hooper to Gemma Hanley, both of Back Bay, Charlotte county.

GARNETT-HOLLAND.—At Le Tring, Dec. 13, by A. H. Lavers, James Garnett and Mary Holland.

DEATHS.

HICKEY.—After a long illness borne with Christian resignation, Mrs. Gideon Hickey, leaving a husband, a large family to mourn their loss.

FISHER.—Suddenly at the home of his son Frank, near St. George, on December 11th, John Fisher, aged 77 years and 8 months. Mr. Fisher was a member of the Bayside church, Charlotte county, N. B.

SEELYE.—At his home, St. George, N. B., Dec. 10, Orange Seelye, aged 90 years and 9 months, leaving a widow with whom he had journeyed—as he said, over 65 years, and 4 daughters and two sons to mourn their loss. Mr. Seelye was sustained during a long and painful illness by a firm trust in his Saviour.

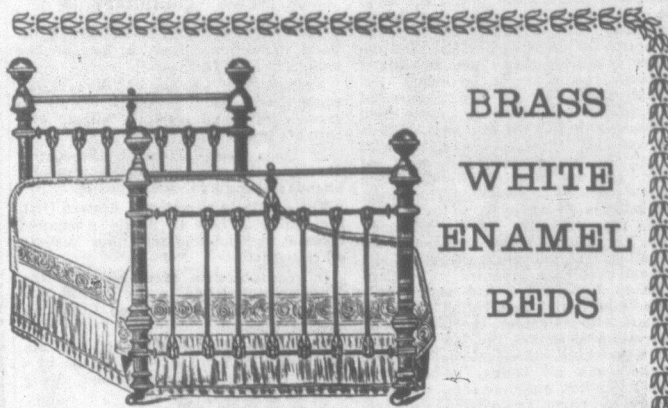
ALLEN.—Mrs. Allen, wife of Frederick Allen of Second Falls, died at her home Nov. 13th, leaving a husband and one child. This young sister gave good evidence of conversion during her illness, regretful that she had not followed her Lord more closely during life and exhorted her friends to seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. Her counsels were not lost and she "being dead yet speaketh."

PURDY.—At Milville, Camb. county, on the 22nd Nov., Mrs. Debora C. Purdy, wife of Deacon John R. S. Purdy, closed her earthly pilgrimage at the age of 67 and entered into the rest eternal. Our sister was baptized 40 years ago by the late Rev. Wm. George, afterwards missionary to Burma. She joined the River Philip church at that time but a few years later united with others in forming the Milville church of which he remained a zealous and active member until called to join the church triumphant. Her familiarity with God's Word, her fervency in prayer and her counsel and exhortation made her a great help to this struggling interest and her removal will be a severe blow to the cause here. May the Lord raise up others to take her place. Our sister is well known to all the Baptist ministers who have visited Milville for the last 50 years, for her large-hearted hospitality that made her residence a home for the preacher. The respect for her memory was shown to the large audience that completely packed the meeting-house at the funeral services conducted by the pastor. She leaves a sorrowing husband, six daughters, a stepson, and a number of grand-children to mourn their loss.

To the Baptist Churches of New Brunswick DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—Since last you were addressed by us through our secretary your Board has met with a great loss in the resignation of Rev. Dr. Gates from the secretaryship. Not only your Board but the Home Missions interest and the entire Baptist constituency throughout this province will feel the loss of Brother Gates, who for some 20 years has been identified with our interests in this province, to be well nigh irreparable. However let us remember the past head of the church is with us still and accessible.

You will be pleased to know that your Board is giving financial aid to 15 pastors on Home Mission fields and that your Board was able to pay those whose quarterly grants became due Dec. 1. It is to be remembered however that four months of the denominational year had expired at that date, so the contributions from the churches during the quarter must be much larger than last if we shall be able to meet our obligations to these devoted pastors on March 1. You should also know that other fields worthy of aid and greatly in need of it your Board had to leave to their own scanty resources because funds were not in sight to warrant further promises of help. May we not ask then in view of present needs of your own mission among the weak churches you will give your Board your sympathy and practical help in a generous contribution.

Yours truly, B. N. NOBLES, Sec'y. Carleton, St. John.



BRASS WHITE ENAMEL BEDS

METAL BEDS

Are now coming into greater use than ever, as being [most healthy on account of the cleanliness of the metal, and the most popular are those finished White Enamel with Brass Trimmings. We are now showing a great variety of new designs in White Enamel Beds at prices from \$4.75 to \$27.09. Also ALL BRASS BEDS at lowest prices.

Write for illustrations.



REMOVAL NOTICE.

JAMES P. HOGAN, TAILOR, has removed from 48 Market Square, to 101 CHARLOTTE STREET, directly opposite Dufferin where he will be pleased to welcome old customers and new.

J. P. HOGAN, 101 Charlotte Street,

LADIES' TAILORING a Specialty Telephone 1251.

McLEAN'S VEGETABLE WORM SYRUP Safe Pleasant Effectual



Keep your Hands White

SURPRISE won't hurt them. It has remarkable qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes, but is harmless to the hands, and to the most delicate fabrics.

SURPRISE is a pure hard Soap. ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. St. Stephen, N.B.

WHEELER'S BOTANIC BITTERS

A reliable and effective medicine for cleansing the blood, stomach and liver. Keeps the eye bright and skin clear. Cures headache, dizziness, constipation, etc. Purely Vegetable, large bottles, only 25 CENTS.

Don't Be Handicapped all through life for want of a Business Education. A few months spent in attending FREDERICTON BUSINESS COLLEGE will be worth many times the cost. Don't wait till you feel the need of it. It may be TOO LATE. Write for a Catalogue. Address W. J. OSBORNE, Principal. Fredericton, N. B.

Have your Overcoat Made by GILMOUR 68 King Street, St. John. Custom Tailoring.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicine Chest in itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for GRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

WHEATON'S PATENT... HAVE FURNISHED 25,000... G. MENEELY & CO. WEST-TROY, N.Y.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1900

The Judges at the Paris Exposition have awarded a

GOLD MEDAL

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

the largest manufacturers of cocoa and chocolate in the world. This is the third award from a Paris Exposition.

BAKER'S COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES



are always uniform in quality, absolutely pure, delicious, and nutritious. The genuine goods bear our trade-mark on every package, and are made only by

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd., DORCHESTER, MASS.

ESTABLISHED 1760. Branch House, 12 and 14 St. John St., Montreal.

1901

Renew Your Order for LESSON HELPS

Papers for 1901 through G. A. McDonald,

120 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S. P. S.—If a blank form does not reach you next week please send a postal for one to G. A. McD.

The Farm.

Preserving Barnyard Manure.

The Dominion Experimental farm at Ottawa, Canada, tried keeping for a year two lots of fresh mixed horse manure and cow manure with the litter, one in a closed shed and the other in an open bin with watertight floors. They had four tons in each place and weighed and analyzed each lot once a month. The exposed manure lost one-third of its nitrogen and the other one fifth, while more organic matter was destroyed in the exposed manure than in the other by about ten per cent. The exposed manure lost about one-sixth of its phosphoric acid, and a little more than one-third of its potash, while the protected heap lost practically nothing. The most of the changes due to fermentation took place in the first month, and there was no apparent benefit in rotting longer than three months (We should agree with that if the first three months were March 1st to June 1st in this climate, or even from February 1st to May 1st, but would not agree with it at other seasons of the year.—Ed.)

They also tried mixed three tons of equal parts horse and cow manure, using on one lot fifty pounds per ton, or one hundred and fifty pounds per lot of gypsum or land plaster. The manure was put in July 15th fresh, made as compact as possible, and not stirred until November 15, a period of four months. Then they were again weighed and samples analyzed. Each lot had water added occasionally. The organic matter was not as well decayed where the plaster was used, but the amount of nitrogen in each lot was practically the same. They therefore decided that the proper place to use gypsum is in the stable, where the greater waste of nitrogen, as ammonia, may occur, and that when manure is compact and kept moist but little ammonia escapes.

We do not propose to dispute either one of these statements, but will make one or two of our own, founded not on analysis, but on practical experience. The first is that fifty pounds of gypsum to a ton of manure placed in a pile of one or three tons or more would absorb more of the escaping ammonia if placed evenly over the heap than if mixed with it. Next, that adding water occasionally would prevent decay and thereby the chance for escape of ammonia.—Boston Cultivator.

Farmers Keep no Account

Memory served most men well when it came to threshing bills, for the double fact of having so many bushels of this and so many bushels of that, and of having to pay for the work done, helped to keep the figures in mind, says Farm and Home. Where hay and straw had been pressed the same rule followed; but when it came to the amount of small fruits or vegetables produced and output of eggs and poultry, the average producer was all at sea. "We had berries enough for our use," he would say, "and our garden kept us pretty well supplied with vegetables; but we don't raise any worth mentioning." "Have any berries to sell?" asked the enumerator. "Did we, Mary?" addressing his wife, then, depending upon her answer, "I think we might have sold a few perhaps \$7 or \$8 worth but not enough to amount to anything." "Suppose you had bought what you sold and consumed," persists the enumerator, "what then?" "Oh, that's another thing; we never take accounts of what we eat. I suppose if we bought then all they would have cost perhaps \$25." "I think you said you had a pretty good garden," pursues the enumerator calmly, "what was the worth to you?" "Oh, we don't sell anything out of that, we used it all." "Yes, but did it ever strike you that things are worth as much to use as they are to sell?" "No," I never thought of it in that light before, but I guess you're right; I shouldn't wonder if we got \$10 worth out of the garden last year—didn't we Mary?" Mary, having had most to do with the garden, an-

swers briefly: "More than that." "If you had had to buy it all," put in the stolid enumerator, "wouldn't it have cost you \$50?" "By George, I guess you're right; half a farmer's living come's from his garden, but we never think of it in that way, you know."—Sel.

Protection Against Hawks.

Writing on the subject in The Poultry Item, Z. B. Littlejohn says: "Get a ball of white cotton cord, and throw about over the trees if you have any in the poultry yard. If you have no trees drive in a few stakes ten or twelve feet high or nail them to the fences, and tie the cord from one to the other. Have the cords thick enough so the hawks can plainly see them. You will find that hawks will not come near where these cords are put up, so they are very shy about anything that looks like a plot to catch them. I have tried this plan, and find it a sure preventive. I know it is not very ornamental to the poultry-yard, but I think it's better than to have the hawks catch the fowls, as they do a considerable amount of damage to the poultry-keeper.—Sel.

The Antiquity of Agriculture.

The origin of agriculture is lost in the midst of antiquity. We know that in Neolithic times in Europe eight kinds of cereals were cultivated, besides flax, peas, popples, apples, pears, bullace plums, etc., at the same time various animals were domesticated. Among these were short-horned oxen, horned sheep, goats, two breeds of pigs and dogs. Professor W. Boyd Dawkins says that evidence goes to show that these animals were not domesticated in Europe, but probably in the central plateau of Asia. He also thinks agriculture arose in the south and east of Europe, but spread gradually to the centre, north and west. A hunting population is often very averse to even the slight amount of work that agriculture required in a tropical country. The same holds good, as a rule, for pastoral communities. In all cases a powerful constraint is necessary to force these people into uncongenial employment. Fate is stronger than will, and at various periods in different climes, hunters and herders have been forced to till the soil.—Professor M. C. Hadden, in Knowledge.

Franco-Canadian line steamers have secured a subsidy of \$50,000 per year for five years from the Dominion government. Mr. Poinard, agent of the line, has left to attend a meeting of the directors in Paris. Four new steamers are to be acquired. Next year there will be a fortnightly service to Quebec and Montreal in summer and a monthly service in winter between St. John and Halifax and Havre.

The annual meeting of the Dominion Commercial Travellers' Association was held at Montreal on Saturday. Great interest was excited by the contest between T. L. Paton and James Croll for the presidency, which resulted in the election of Mr. Paton. Mr. J. S. N. Dougal was re-elected vice-president; R. Booth, G. Tasse, A. W. Ramsay, W. J. Ryan and A. R. Colvin were elected directors.

Why buy imitations of doubtful merit when the genuine can be purchased as easily.

The proprietors of MINARD'S LINIMENT informs us that their sales the past year still entitle their preparation to be considered the BEST and FIRST in the hearts of their countrymen.

Winston Spencer Churchill, Englishman, member of parliament, war correspondent and lecturer, twenty-six years old, and Winston Churchill, American, author of "Richard Carvel," twenty-nine years old, had an interesting meeting at Boston on Monday.

The by-election in Welland, Ont., on Thursday to a seat in the Ontario Legislature made vacant as a result of the election of Wm. German to the Dominion House, resulted in the return of J. F. Gross, Liberal, by 325 majority over William McCleary, Conservative. This is the third election won by the Ross government since the Legislature closed.

In the Night Johnson's ANODYNE LINIMENT A FOE TO INFLAMMATION. Sudden shocks, like a thief in the night, are apt to strike confusion into a household. Croup, whooping cough, cholera infantum, diphtheria, and other acute diseases, often break out in the darkest hours of the night. Are you prepared for midnight emergencies? A bottle of JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT gives security, eases pain and saves life. The real danger from a large number of ailments is inflammation. JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT is the remedy for inflammation and, whether used internally or externally, it soothes it, gives relief from pain and cures the disease. It is just the same as it was ninety years ago. At all seasons of the year it is in daily demand for curing colds, croup, diphtheria, whooping cough, bronchitis, burns, stings, chafings, in fall and winter it cures colds, coughs, croup, asthma, bronchitis, in grippe, lameness, muscle soreness and pain and inflammation in any part of the body. Get it from your dealer. Two size bottles, 25 cents and 50 cents. The larger size is more economical. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 22 South State Street, BOSTON, MASS. Write for free copy "Prescriptions for Diseases and Cures of Most Acute."

Cut the loop and your silk is ready in needful lengths. Brainerd & Armstrong's are the only Silks but up in this perfect holder. It keeps each shade separate and prevents waste, soiling or tangling. Its handiness adds to the pleasure of your work. There are 376 shades of Brainerd & Armstrong's Weak Embroidery Silks. Each shade PERFECT—BRILLIANT and LASTING—Asiatic Dyed. Send us three holder tags or a one cent stamp for our "BLUE BOOK"—tells how to embroider 50 different leaves and flowers. CORTICELLI SILK CO., Ltd. ST. JOHN, P. Q.

BE SURE. BE SURE and get our BARGAIN prices and terms on our slightly used Karn Planos and Organs. BE SURE and get the aforesaid before buying elsewhere. WE MUST SELL our large and increasing stock of slightly used Karn Planos and Organs to make room for the GOODS WE REPRESENT. MILLER BROS. 101, 103 Barrington Street HALIFAX, N. S.

INCOME INSURANCE. DO YOU WISH to know something about our New Form of Insurance? It will pay you to investigate it even if you have resolutely opposed Life Insurance plans hitherto. If you will favor us with your age we will send you in return the details of the best Protection and Investment plan that was ever devised. 1871 PROMPT SETTLEMENT IS OUR STRENGTH. 1900 Confederation Life Association, Toronto, S. A. McLEOD, Agent at St. John. GEO. W. PARKER, Gen. Agent Office, 45 Canterbury St., St. John, N. B.

