

The Olive Branch

Vol. III.

MONTREAL, FEBRUARY, 1880.

No. 3.

What means this eager, anxious throng,
Which rooves with busy haste along—
What means this strange commotion pray?
These wondrous pail-rings day by day?
In accents hushed the throng reply,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Jesus, 'tis He who once below
Man's pathway trod 'mid pain and woe;
And bareden once, where'er He came,
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry,
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept His proffered grace,
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your little prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

For the "Olive Branch."

"JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY."

One of the many miracles performed by our Saviour, we find recorded in the 18th chapter of Luke's gospel, beginning with the 35th verse.

As Jesus was near Jericho, surrounded by a multitude of people, there, by the wayside, sat poor blind Bartimeus, who, no doubt, had heard of Jesus and the wonderful works He had accomplished and marvellous cures He had wrought; and oftentimes Bartimeus probably thought within himself, Oh, if this Jesus would only pass this way, I would ask him to cure my blindness; surely one with so much power would be able. And thus he may have had a longing desire to have Jesus pass that way. And one day, as he sat in his accustomed place, his quick ear caught the sound of persons coming toward him. At first, perhaps, he thought, these are only Roman soldiers going up to Jerusalem, they will probably give me no alms. But as he listens again, he hears the murmur of many voices, and the irregular tread of many feet, evidently not the measured tramp of Roman warriors, and upon inquiry finds that "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by." What eager hopes must have filled his breast as he sat there; in what expectant suspense must he have been as the thoughts passed rapidly through his mind: May I hope for healing at His hands? Will He cure me? And he eagerly cries out: "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Some charged him that he should hold his peace; but he cried out the more, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." Did Jesus pass him by? Oh, no; He heard him and stood still, commanding him to be called. So Jesus hears the cry of every helpless soul desiring spiritual eyesight. He passes none by that feel their need of His help.

Mark, in giving his account of this miracle, says that Bartimeus, "casting away his garment, rose and came to Jesus." This denoted his haste and eagerness to come. So ought all repentant sinners to come like Bartimeus, in haste and earnestness. When Jesus asks him, "What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?" he replied, "Lord, that I might receive my sight." Jesus heals his blindness and says unto him these blessed words: "Go thy way; thy faith hath made thee whole."

Let anxious souls take encouragement from this story. Come to Jesus and receive sight.

Friend, Jesus of Nazareth is passing by to-day. He knows all about your case, and if you wish for spiritual eyesight, just ask Him to heal you now. Cast away your garments of self-righteousness, and come unto Him. If your companions tell you "to hold your peace," heed them not, but just come to Jesus at once. Soon He will have passed by, and it will be too late.

I AM TRUSTING JESUS.

The other Sunday, when I was speaking on "Truth," a person came to me next day and said: "I want to tell you how I was saved. You remember you told about that lady who sought Christ three years and could not find Him, and when you told that, it was I. I was in that same condition, and through your story I got light." I don't think I have ever told it but what somebody got light and life. I will tell it again, for I would go up and down the world telling it if I could get a convert. One night I was preaching, and happening to cast my eyes down during the sermon, I saw two eyes just rivelled upon me. Every word that fell from my lips she just seemed to catch with her own lips, and I was very anxious to go down where she was. After the sermon I went to the pew and said: "My friend, are you a Christian?" "Oh no," said she, "I wish I was. I have been seeking Christ three years and I cannot find Him." Said I: "Oh, there is a great mistake about that." Says she: "Do you not think I am in earnest? Do you think, Sir, I have not been seeking Christ?" Said I: "I suppose you think you have, but Christ has been seeking you these twenty years, and it would not take an anxious sinner and an anxious Saviour three years to meet, and if you had been really seeking Him you would have found Him long before this." "What would you do, then?" I said: "Do nothing; only believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Oh, said she, I have heard that till my head swims. Everybody says believe I believe! believe! and I am none the wiser. I don't know what you mean by it." "Very well," said I, "I will drop the word; but just trust the Lord Jesus Christ to save." "If I say I trust Him, will He save me?" "No, you may do a thousand things, but if you really trust Him, He will save you." "Well," said she, "I trust Him, but I don't feel any different." "Ah," said I, "I have found your difficulty. You have been hunting for feeling all these three years. You have not been looking for Christ." Says she: "Christians tell how much joy they have got." "But," said I, "you want Christian experience before you get it. Instead of trusting God, you are looking for Christian experience." Then I said: "Right here, in this pew, just commit yourself to the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust Him, and you will be saved"; and I held her right to that word "trust," which is the same as the word "believe" in the Old Testament. "You know what it is to trust a friend. Cannot you

trust God as a friend?" She looked at me for five minutes, it seemed, and then said slowly: "Mr. Moody, I trust the Lord Jesus Christ this night to save my soul." Turning to the pastor of the Church she took him by the hand and repeated the declaration. Turning to an elder in the Church she said again the solemn words, and near the door, meeting another officer of the Church, she repeated for the fourth time, "I am trusting Jesus," and went off home. The next night, when I was preaching, I saw her right in front of me, "Eternity" written in her eyes, her face lighted up; and when I asked inquirers to go into another room she was the first to go in. I wondered at it, for I could see by her face that she was in the joy of the Lord. But when I got in, I found her with her arms around a young lady's neck, and I heard her say, "It is only just trusting. I stumbled over it three years, and found it all in trusting;" and the three weeks I was there she had more souls to Christ than anybody else. If I got a difficult case, I would send it to her. Oh, my friends, won't you trust Him? Let us put our trust in Him!

D. L. MOODY.

NOT BY MIGHT
NOR BY POWER
BUT BY MY SPIRIT
THE LORD.

For the "Olive Branch."

KNOCKING, KNOCKING, STILL HE'S THERE.

He whom God the Father, proclaimed His own to all the world by a voice from heaven, saying: "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;" he whom John the Baptist introduces as "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," even Jesus, the Christ, says: "Behold I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me."

Christian friends, have you ever thoughtfully contemplated the Saviour in this attitude of patient waiting? Doubtless you have, and have straightway opened the door, and your heart has welled up to God in overflowing gratitude for such a Saviour. If so, you will surely delight now and at all times to have the experience so gained, recalled and renewed. You will be glad to be reminded of Jesus and to think of Him as a familiar friend; as one, the frequency of whose visits is only measured by your own sincere desire for them; as one whose very presence gives comfort, strength, joy, peace, in a word, supplies abundantly the need of the hour whatever it may be.

Think for a moment, of the strange condescension of this Saviour; that He should not merely liken Himself to us, but actually become an attendant upon our will; that He should stand at the portals of our hearts, not now and again as he might be moved thereto by compassion, or as he might be drawn by our cry in the hour of distress, but at all times, as might a faithful, loving watcher at the bedside of a dying companion—only that Jesus never tires, never abandons his post.

Think of it, that the Son of God, clothed with all the infinite attributes of God, the Creator, should so love us as to make Himself of no reputation, but take the form of a servant and bear Himself as the most devoted servant, yea, as a perfect servant, sitting and knocking and awaiting our bidding that He might enter in! Well might He say, "I am meek and lowly in heart," for whether we consider who this servant is, the "Lord of lords, and King of kings;" or who we are, in whom, that is, in whose flesh "dwelleth no good thing," are we not alike overwhelmed with a sense of the sublime humility of this act of grace! Let us then, who according to God's mercy are saved by the "washing of regeneration," be ever and ever taught by thus contemplating Jesus as one who stands ever ready to come in to us, and sup with us, and who feeds us, when we will, from the store of His unsearchable riches with "wine and milk without money and without price."

But, while it is true that the Saviour always constantly seeks us who, not by works of righteousness that we have done, but by grace, through faith, are become joint heirs with Him of an "inheritance, incorruptible and undefiled and that fadeth not away." Even in a larger sense is it true, dear reader, whoever you are, that this same loving Saviour stands waiting patiently without the door of your heart—"knocking, knocking, still He's there"—bringing with Him the gift of God which is eternal life, and only asking that He may sup with you to the salvation of your soul.

Will you not open the door? "How am I to open the door? you ask. Oh, it is very easy; the Word of God tells you how, for it says, "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts." Nothing to do but cease resistance, that is all. If you are but willing the door will spring open of itself. Now you are holding up against it pride, or false shame, or love of the world, or self-righteousness, or the monster barricade of unbelief. You need not cast these aside for that were an effort, but just let them drop, nor watch them as they fall, but cry out in sincerity and in truth, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." In that instant of time, dear reader, a soul, even your soul, is born into the kingdom of God; in that instant of time you are taught, as never before you knew, how to obey the mandate, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"; in that instant of time the propitiatory work of Christ on Calvary attains a new fulfillment, and once more, as ordained from the foundation of the world, a witness is born to the glory of God, the love of Christ, the power of the Holy Ghost.

The Olive Branch.

THE OLIVE BRANCH offers a medium to advertisers rarely equalled. It has a monthly circulation of from 3,000 to 4,000 copies, and is distributed free from door to door throughout the city.

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Communications may be addressed,

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P. O. Box 430.

TO OUR READERS.

We desire once more to ask our friends the important question, "Have you received eternal life?" Do not cast this question aside without thought, but consider your position in the sight of God. Our object in issuing this little paper is, under God, to save souls. We desire your salvation; remember that we are praying for you; we pray that every unconverted person who reads our paper, may soon find peace in believing on Christ. Why do you delay? Why not trust Jesus now? Do you intend to accept Him at some future time? Well, "now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." You will never have a better time than the present in which to give your heart to Christ. He offers salvation to you now; yes, to you who read these words. Will you take Him? Oh, cast Him not. Think of the many times you have rejected Jesus—you are still unsaved—what will you do with Jesus this time? Will you reject Him again?

We leave these questions with you, dear reader, with the hope that you will decide for Christ now.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

PRAYER.

True devotion consists in having our hearts always devoted to God, as the sole fountain of all happiness, and who is ready to hear and to help His otherwise helpless and miserable creatures. It is to be obtained—

1st. By earnest prayer. He that hungers and thirsts after righteousness will certainly be filled.

2d. By possessing our hearts with a deep sense of our own misery and sinfulness, our wants and danger.

3d. By considering God's goodness, power and readiness to help.

Lastly. By convincing our hearts of the vanity of everything else to afford us any real help or comfort.

Dying persons are generally more devout than others, because they then see their misery; that nothing in this world can help them, and that God is their only refuge.

The spirit of God will not dwell in a divided heart. We cannot feel the pleasure of devotion while the world is our delight. Not that all pleasures are criminal, but the closer our union with the world, the less our union with God. A Christian, therefore, who strives after devotion, should taste sensual pleasure very sparingly; should make necessity, not bodily delight, his rule.

He that would be devout, must beware of indulging a habit of wandering in prayer. It is a crime that will grow upon us, and deprive us of the happiness we pray for.

Avoid, as much as may be multiplicity of business. Neither the innocency nor the goodness of our employment will excuse it if it possess our hearts when we are praying to God.

Never be curious to know what passes in the world, any farther than duty obliges you; it will only distract the mind when it should be better employed.

Never intermit devotion, if you can help it; you will return to your duty like Sampson shorn of his locks, weak and indifferent as other people of the world.

The oftener we renew our intercourse with God, the greater will be our devotion. Frequent prayer, as it is an exercise of holy thoughts, is a most natural remedy against the power of sin. Importunity makes no change in God, but it creates in us such dispositions as God thinks proper to reward.

Make it a law to yourself to meditate before you pray, as also to make certain pauses, to see if your hearts go along with your lips. They whose hearts desire nothing, pray for nothing.

He that has learnt to pray as he ought, has got the secret of a holy life.

The best way to prevent wandering in prayer, is not to let our minds wander too much at other times, but to have God always in our thoughts in the whole course of our lives.

The most sure way to avoid this, is to dedicate some time, every day of our lives, to the Worship of God. By doing this we shall retain God in our knowledge, provided it be performed out of a deep sense of our own wants and miseries, with firm faith in God's promises to fulfil the desires of them that fear him, and with an eye to the blood of Jesus our Redeemer, for whose sake and through whose suffering, we are reconciled to God and God to us.

My grace is sufficient for thee.

THE LAST MESSAGE.

What is the last message which God has left us? How does the Bible end? The last invitation is this: "The spirit and the bride say, come. And let him that is athirst, come. And whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." One of the last words in the Bible is "come." Come, for all things are now ready. The Father is waiting to receive you; Jesus Christ is willing to wash away your sins in His own blood; the Holy Spirit is willing to renew and sanctify your heart. Come then and pray for these blessings before it is too late; for Jesus says again, "Surely, I come quickly." Death is coming; Christ is coming; the day of judgement is coming; and there will be no time then to pray for pardon and salvation and happiness and Heaven. Seek for them now; for "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation;" and then you will be ready to meet your Saviour with joy, and say, "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Young Peoples' Bible History.

Our aim and object in publishing THE OLIVE BRANCH is to extend the name and Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. This little paper is intended as a messenger of Peace, bearing the glad tidings of great joy. It seeks admission into many homes where the name of Jesus is seldom heard, and to speak words of love and comfort to God's people in the hour of sorrowful surroundings.

That it may lead many precious souls to a knowledge of the truth and be a comfort to the sick, the aged and the poor, consoling the afflicted and warning the careless, in the earnest desire and prayer of those by whom it is edited, managed and distributed.

ARE YOU SAFE?

As we meet on the journey of life to-day,
Let me ask—for the gathering clouds I see,
That betoken a storm on our homeward way—
Are you safe, are you safe for Eternity?

As we pass on the ocean, both outward bound,
I would signal across o'er the calm blue sea:
There are breakers ahead, I can hear their sound;
Are you safe, are you safe for Eternity?

While as yet on the march to the final war,
Have you on the invincible papoopy?
For the foe all must face may not now be far;
Are you safe, are you safe for Eternity?

See the Rock of Salvation! Take shelter there
From the wrath that is coming; make haste to flee
For your life, to the City of Refuge, where
You are safe, you are safe for Eternity!

Ere you drift as a wreck on the unknown shore,
Seize the Anchor of Hope—'tis Salvation free.
Sure and firm; hold it fast, and then fear no more;
You are safe, you are safe for Eternity!

With the armour of righteousness true and tried,
You can say: "Where, O Death, is thy victory?"
With the shield of Salvation through him that died,
You are safe, you are safe for Eternity!

X.

COME INTO THE ARK.

The invitation came from God. With his own loving voice He addresses Noah, and bids him come into the ark. Equally true it is that God invites you, the sinner, to believe in His Son, that you may be saved. Every time you hear a human voice preach the gospel, you may recognize in it the voice of God: "we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us, we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God." It is an awful responsibility, therefore, which the man incurs who rejects the gospel—he rejects the invitation of God.

The invitation breathes the spirit of love. It was in love that God prepared for Noah and his house this way of escape from the threatened flood, and it is now in love that He comes and whispers to you, "Come into the Ark." But what shall we say of the refuge provided for perishing sinners in the Gospel of Christ. Is it not a manifestation of love before which every other sinks into insignificance? Think of it! God beheld our danger. He sent His only begotten Son to our rescue. He made Him our substitute. He was pleased to bruise Him and put him to death. And now in the Gospel He comes to us, and in tones of infinite tenderness and love, beseeches us to avail ourselves of the refuge. He cries, "Come into the Ark!" Will you, dear reader, slight that love by refusing? Oh! could you be guilty of so great a crime.

IMPORTANT QUESTION.

Is religion, this pearl of great price, in my possession? Important question! If so, give God the glory due unto His name, for flesh and blood ordinances and ministers have not imparted this blessing unto us, but our Father who is in heaven. But if, alas! our conscience testifies that we are utter strangers to religion, which is emphatically described as "righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," let us not rest satisfied with our state, for it is most awful! But with many an humble heart-felt prayer, entreat the giver of every good gift to bestow upon us this invaluable blessing; and whilst we peruse the sacred page of Scripture, entreat Him to open our understanding that we may understand it, and thus be made wise to the salvation of our souls.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON was distinguished as a moral writer. His compositions have seldom been excelled in energy of thought and beauty of expression. To a young gentleman who visited him on his death-bed, he said: "Young man, attend to the voice of one who has possessed a certain degree of fame in the world, and who will shortly appear before his Maker—read the Bible every day of your life."

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The following are the regular appointments:
SABBATH:—Prayer Meeting, 10.15 A. M.
 Public Worship and Preaching, 11 A. M., and
 7 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Classes, 3 P. M.

TUESDAY:—Young People's Bible and Experience Meeting, 8 P. M.

WEDNESDAY:—General Prayer Meeting at 8 P. M.

FRIDAY:—Business Meeting of Church, on Friday before the first Sunday of each month, at 8 P. M.

Young men will please bear in mind the Sabbath morning Prayer Meeting, held at 10.15 o'clock, to which all are invited.

Persons not attending any Sabbath-School, will find a hearty welcome at Olivet. Classes for both sexes.

Young men are especially invited to attend the Bible Classes taught by Brothers Ayer and Crafley.

You are earnestly requested to attend the Young People's Gospel Meeting, held every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock

THE PULPIT of Olivet Baptist Church for the first two Sabbaths of the year was nobly filled by the Rev. J. W. A. Stewart, of St. Catherine's, Ont., who came not as a candidate but upon an invitation from kind friends to have a defect in his eyes put right. The operation was successfully performed by Dr. Buller, the eminent oculist of this city. Mr. Stewart's sermons were of a practical character, and being forcibly put, cannot but fail to leave a lasting impression for good. He has our best wishes for his future prosperity as a minister of Christ.

THE fifth annual business meeting of Olivet Baptist Church, held on Friday evening, Jan. 16th, was rather a new departure in more senses than one. It commenced with a tea, in Olivet's usual style, and afterwards turned out to be a meeting for praise as well as business.

The announcement, officially made, that the debt on the Church property was settled, and that the current expenses for the year had been fully met by the receipts, caused a deep feeling of gratitude to the Giver of "every good gift and every perfect gift," which found vent in the appropriate act of the whole audience standing up and singing the well-known doxology,

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," etc.

The Treasurer's report was read, and received with applause. The election of officers for the year, and other business followed, and the meeting closed with prayer.

A LARGE and attentive congregation assembled in the Lecture Hall of Olivet Baptist Church, at the regular Wednesday evening prayer-meeting, on January 21st, the meeting being led by the Rev. J. T. Beckley, of Newburyport. The subject of the Reverend gentleman's remarks was "Personal Christian Work." In an interesting and impressive manner, he showed the value of *personal* work for Jesus, and the responsibility resting upon us individually to put forth efforts to win souls for Him. The speaker also brought prominently forward the grand results of such work. The discourse was highly appreciated by the audience. Mr. Beckley will (D. V.) occupy the pulpit next Sabbath. May God send home with power to the hearts of his hearers the words our brother shall then speak, and bless him abundantly in his great work of preaching the Gospel.

THE GOLDEN BALL.

REV. R. J. THOMAS, LONDON.

"If you let the golden ball slip by you may never be able to pick it up again." The remark is well worth remembering and improving.

Dear Christian friend, if you let the golden opportunity to work to-day for Jesus slip by, it will be something lost for ever. Like the Roman Emperor, you will have reason to exclaim with sorrow. "I have lost a day; the golden ball has gone to return no more!" Oh, be earnest! If you had only a minute in which to do something the result of which in joy or sorrow were to last a million years, you would not trifle. The longest life on earth reviewed from eternity, only a brief moment shall appear. Improve for Christ each swiftly passing day. Let these words, once written on a triumphal arch, be your life maxim: "No day without a deed to crown it." Forget not that souls saved by your instrumentality shall shine for ever in the Saviour's diadem, and that yours too shall be a starry crown (Dan. xii. 3). Oh! let not then the golden ball of opportunity to speak, to work for Jesus, slip unimproved away. Now, this very day, seize it for our blessed master and send it rolling on for ever.

Dear unconverted reader, we ask you to remember that "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. vi. 23). Will you, can you, let the golden ball, this glorious gift, unaccepted, pass away? Many have done so, and bitterly lamented their folly when, alas! too late. There are millions who quite intended to be Christians at some "more convenient season," but cheated by the glittering ball of riches, fame, or pleasure, they have lost the crown of eternal glory. Oh, be not thus deceived! "Behold, now is the accepted time: behold, now is the day of salvation" (2 Cor. vi. 2). McClure used to seal his letters with the emblem of a setting sun, and over it this motto: "The night cometh." Soon, dear reader, your sun may set. Soon your opportunities to receive the Gospel may have fled for ever. Oh, then, decide for Jesus now. Trust Him as your only Saviour. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;" receiving the more than golden blessings of the gospel—eternal life and joy. Delay not a single hour! You have no time to lose.

Like the rivers, time is gliding:
 Brief the hours have no abiding;
 Use the golden moments well:
 Life is wasting, Death is hastening:
 Death consigns to Heaven or hell.

RULES FOR SPOILING A CHILD.

1. Begin young by giving him whatever he cries for.
2. Talk freely before the child about his smartness as incomparable.
3. Tell him he is too much for you, that you can do nothing with him.
4. Have divided counsels as between father and mother.
5. Let him learn to regard his father as a creature of unlimited power, capricious and tyrannical; or as a mere whipping machine.
6. Let him learn (from his father's example) to despise his mother.
7. Do not know or care who his companions may be.
8. Let him read whatever he likes.
9. Let the child, whether boy or girl, rove the streets in the evenings—a good school for both sexes.
10. Devote yourself to making money, remembering always that wealth is a better legacy for your child than principles in the heart and habits in the life; let him have plenty of money to spend.

11. Be not with him in hours of recreation.
 12. Strain at a gnat and swallow a camel; chastise severely for a foible, and laugh at a vice.

13. Let him run about from church to church. Electicism in religion is the order of the day.

14. Whatever burdens of virtuous requirements you lay on his shoulder, touch not one with one of your fingers.

These rules are not untried. Many persons have proved them with substantial uniformity of results. If a faithful observance of them does not spoil your child you will at least have the comfortable reflection of knowing that you have done what you could.

A YOUNG MAN having embraced the Gospel, made open confession of it; his father, who was much offended, gave him this advice: "James, you should first get yourself established in a good trade, and then think of and determine about religion." "Father," replied James, "Christ advises me very differently—He says: 'Seek ye first the KINGDOM OF GOD and His righteousness: and all these things shall be added unto you.' Are not these words of Jesus enough for any man or family to live upon and be guided by?"

"THE BIBLE FIRST, PAPA."

About forty years ago (an American clergyman tells us) a now famous engineer was seated by his fireside; near him, playing on the floor, was his only child, a fine little boy of rare intelligence and gentleness. It was early. The day's work had not yet begun; and the father took up the daily paper to read. The child, climbing on his knee, and snatching at the paper, exclaimed, "No, no, papa! the Bible first! the Bible first, Papa!"—a recollection of his departed mother's deathbed. It was fresh confirmation of the olden Divine promise, "Out of the mouth of babes . . . hast thou ordained strength" (Psalm viii. 2). The child-hand was stronger than the man's. The child-words were, under God, the turning point (it is believed) of the father's life. He there and then resolved that, by Divine help, the Bible should be "first," before any business or pleasure. Very soon his child was taken from him; but the little preacher's little sermon was never forgotten. In the crush and throng and engrossment of a daily-increasing and ultimately enormous business, the father went forth to his daily work with recognition of a higher Master. "The Bible first, papa!" was ever ringing in his ears. It became his watchword. It ennobled and transfigured his life.

"The Bible first, papa!" thus spake a five year'd child, With look of wistful eagerness, but in his accents mild;
 "The Bible first, papa!" for so dear mother said,
 When with white lifted hands she pray'd upon her dying bed."

"The Bible first, papa: oh, put the news away!
 The holy pages read, and with God begin the day;
 The Bible first, papa: forgive the starting tear—
 With mother's wish you promised that naught should interfere."

"The Bible first, papa": 'twas but a child's poor word;
 A little child, like Samuel, unconscious of the Lord.
 "The Bible first, papa!" a saying simply spoken:
 But by that little word the spell of the world is broken.

"The Bible first, papa:" it went to the father's heart;
 Up from his thick-strewn papers arose he with a start.
 "The Bible first, papa!" "Yes, Willis, darling child!
 God help me, ne'er again shall I be so beguiled."

"The Bible first, papa." 'twas the Lord's own rescuing word:
 The Heavenly Father gave it, the earthly father heard.
 "The Bible first, papa:" brief weeks, and the child is gone;
 One little sermon preached, but a great life-work done.

"The Bible first, papa:" 'tis the watchword of each morn;
 Be it busy, be it idle, be it joyous or forlorn.
 "The Bible first, papa:" not a paper now is stirr'd
 Until God's word is ponder'd, and the voice of prayer is heard.

"The Bible first, papa:" still 'tis ringing soft and low,
 As God's own call within him wherever he may go
 "The Bible first, papa:" he is doing service grand:
 A merchant prince, aye, more, heir of the "Better Land."
 "The Bible first, papa:" ye men of the world, oh, listen!
 Nor blush if tears, unbidden, on cheek or eyelids glisten.
 "The Bible first, papa:" "Alas!" 'tis forgotten sadly:
 As gains, and wealth, and pleasure, earth's children follow madly.

—Blackburn. ALEXANDER D. GROSART.

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THE STARLESS CROWN.

(By the author of "The Pilgrim Maidon.")

Wearied and worn with earthly cares I yielded to repose,
And soon before my raptured sight a glorious vision rose;
I thought, while slumbering on my couch in midnight's
solemn gloom,
I heard an angel's silvery voice, and radiance filled the
room.

A gentle touch awakened me; a gentle whisper said,
"Arise, O sleeper, follow me!"—then through the air we
sped.
We left the earth so far away, that like a speck it seemed;
And light, celestial, calm and pure, across our pathway
streamed.

My soul was hushed in ecstasy!—we passed the farthest
star,
And distant sounds of melody stole on us from afar.
More swiftly still we journeyed on through pathless fields
of light,
When suddenly a change was wrought—and I was clothed
in white.

We stood before a city's walls, most glorious to behold:
We passed through gates of glistening pearl, o'er streets
of purest gold.
It needed not the sun by day, the silver moon by night:
The glory of the Lord was there, the Lamb Himself its
light.

Bright angels paced the shining streets; sweet music filled
the air:
And white-robed saints with glittering crowns, from every
clime, were there:
And some whom I had loved on earth stood with them
round the throne:
"All worthy is the Lamb!" they sang; "the glory His
alone."

But farrer far than all beside, I saw my Saviour's face;
And as I gazed, He smiled on me with wondrous love and
grace.
But how shall sinful mortal dare to touch so sweet a string.
Or trembling human tongue essay His glorious charms to
sing?

No tribute of immortal souls unto my Lord I brought:
Salvation for myself had been the highest boon I sought.
Lowly I bowed before His throne, o'erjoyed that I at last
Had reached the goal of all my hopes,—that earth at
length was past.

But oh, how solemnly He asked, "Where is the diadem
That ought to sparkle on thy brow, adorned with many a
gem?"
I know thou hast believed on Me, and life through Me is
thine;
But where are all those radiant stars that in thy crown
should shine?

"Yonder thou seest a glorious throng, and stars on every
brow;
For every soul they led to Me they wear a jewel now!
And such thy bright reward had been, if such had been thy
deed;
If thou hadst sought some wandering feet in paths of peace
to lead."

"It was not meet for thee to tread the way of life alone;
But that the clear and shining light, which round thy foot-
steps shone,
Should guide some other weary feet to My bright home of
rest;
And thus, in blessing those around, thou hadst thyself been
blest."

The vision faded from my sight, the voice no longer spake:
A spell seemed brooding o'er my soul, which long I
feared to break:
And when at last I gazed around in morning's glimmering
light,
My spirit fell o'erwhelmed beneath that vision's awful
might.

I rose, and wept with chastened joy that yet I dwelt below,
That yet another hour was mine my faith by works to show;
That yet some sinner I might tell of Jesus' dying love,
And help some weary soul to reach his home of rest above.

And now, while on the earth I stay, my motto this shall be—
"To live no longer to myself, but Him who died for me!"
And graven on my inmost soul, this word of truth divine,
"They that turn many to the Lord, bright as the stars
shall shine."

And oftentimes, with glowing heart, I lift my longing eyes,
To see the shining angel band hold out the radiant prize.
But if, through Jesus' grace, at last I win the starry crown,
My joy will be—before His feet to lay its brightness down.

PRAYING FOR WHAT WE DON'T EXPECT.

I happened once to be staying with a gentle-
man—a long way from here—a very religious
kind of man he was: and in the morning he
began the day with a long family prayer, that we
might be kept from sin, and might have a
Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also
in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the
love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the
Holy Ghost given to us. A beautiful prayer
it was, and I thought, what a good, kind man
you must be. But about an hour after, I
happened to be coming along the farm and I
heard him hallooing and scolding and going
on finding fault with everybody and every-
thing. And when I came into the house with
him he began again. Nothing was right, and
he was exceedingly impatient and quick tem-
pered.

"Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this
way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in
these times be good for but to worry and vex
one, with their idle, slovenly ways."

I didn't say nothin' for a minute or two, and
then I says, "You must be very much dis-
appointed, sir."

"How so, Daniel? Disappointed?"

"I thought you were expecting to receive a

very valuable present this morning, sir, and I
see it hasn't come."

"Present, Daniel!"—and he scratched his
head, as much as to say, "Whatever can the
man be talking about?"

"I certainly heard you speaking of it,
sir," I said quite coolly.

"Heard me speak of a valuable present?
Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've
never thought of such a thing."

"Perhaps not, sir, but you've talked about
it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was
here, for I should dearly love to see it."

He was getting angry with me, now, so I
thought I would explain.

"You know, sir, this morning you prayed
for a Christ-like spirit and the mind that was
in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in
your heart."

"Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" and he
spoke as if that weren't anything at all.

"Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised
if your prayer was to be answered? If you
were to find a nice, gentle, loving kind of a
spirit coming down upon you, all patient and
forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you
come to be frightened like; and you'd come
in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon as
you must be a-going to die, because you felt
so heavenly-minded?"

He didn't like it very much, but I delivered
my testimony, and learnt a lesson for myself
too.

REV. M. G. PEARSE.

I came not to call the
righteous but sinners to re-
pentance.

THE GRACE OF GLADNESS.

One spring of gladness, is wholesome, noble
work. No man is glad when living to him-
self. Man is made for the life of communion;
the perfect form of human life was the life
which found its blessedness in giving itself to
mankind. There is much physical gladness
in the glow of a healthy body. That glow is
the fruit of energetic action. Thus sluggards,
laggards, know nothing of the physical joy of
life. Work for God, work for man, work that
is twice blessed, which blesseth him that gives
and him that takes, is the correspondent con-
dition of a vigorous glow of health in the
spiritual sphere. The old monks were glad
because their lives were fruitful. I speak of
their best day; later they became the laziest
and dreariest men in Christendom. But when
the institution was young, they had work on
hand in which they believed the world would
rejoice. They believed themselves the saviors
of society; that by their toil, their tears, their
prayers, they were helping it beyond the power
of kings and captains to help it; that their
uplifted hands kept heaven's gates open; that
their constant prayer was a heaven's ladder,
by which angels of God descended upon the
world.

Let loose the wings of your loving ministry;
star your soul to some work which shall scatter
blessings. If you would taste joy, fresh and
pure from its fountain, do good; be ready to
communicate. It is this which makes the soul
instinct with vigor, aglow with health, and
radiant with joy. Man is a crippled, half-
developed being, until his unselfish ministry is
drawn forth. When he has tasted the joy of
doing good, he is like the lame after Peter's
touch; he goes into the great temple of life,
walking, and leaping, and praising God. Try
it. If life is sad, make it glad by service—
service that strains your power, and which a
higher power only can make you strong enough
to render. But here we touch the deep peren-
nial fountain of gladness—the joy of the Holy
Ghost. The joy of a man who believes that
God is with him, is exuberant, irrepressible.
The delight of doing the will of God, to those
who have tasted it, masters all other joy. "My
meat and my drink is to do the will of Him
that sent me, and to finish His work."

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Canada, Hamilton.....	209,831	31,870	51,000
Confederation.....	145,223	2,014	77,050
Gen. of Montreal.....	100,807	2,730	60,400
Mutual, Hamilton.....	135,910	0	50,081
Citizens, Montreal.....	31,177	143	60,400
Toronto.....	6,435	0	26,460
BRITISH.			
Standard.....	144,724	1,423	148,500
London & Lancashire.....	60,189	178	100,000
Reliance Mutual.....	31,253	0	100,000
British and Mercantile.....	29,405	361	F. & L.
Royal.....	27,755	0	F. & L.
Commercial Union.....	25,217	8,078	F. & L.
Star.....	18,908	0	100,343
Liv. Lon. & Globe.....	11,983	0	F. & L.
Queen.....	10,359	110	F. & L.
Briton Life.....	4,897	0	61,923
AMERICAN.			
AETNA LIFE.....	284,155	41,973	150,000
Equitable, of N. Y.....	185,153	18,912	100,000
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