Messenger and Visitor.

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— An interesting biographical sketch of the late Rev. W. P. Everett, prepared by Rev. Dr. Hopper, has been placed in our hands and will appear next week.

— It is gratifying news that the disabled steamer Sarnia, about which some anxiety was being felt, arrived at Halifax on Sunday evening, in company with the Newfield, which had gone in search of the disabled steamer.

— The letter of Bro. G. J. Coulter White, which appears in another column, will, we trust, receive the attention of any of our churches which may be in need of pastors or pastoral assistance. It is unnecessary on our part to do more than call attention to the fact that these men of ability and of culture—some of them also of not a little experience in the ministry—are open to an invitation to return to labor in their native provinces.

— In another column Bro. Parsons, of Halifax, calls attention to the important duty of training the children in sound temperance principles. Impressions and habits acquired in childhood are not easily effaced, hence the importance that the training given be the best possible. It is gratifying to know that more is being done now than heretofore in the common schools to impart correct knowledge as to the real nature of alcohol and alcoholic drinks. If this shall go hand in hand with right training on this subject in the home and the Sunday-school, the best results may be expected.

— The burning of Tremont Temple, Boston, which occurred on Sunday, will not ultimately perhaps result in a great loss to the Union Temple Association as, according to accounts, the loss incurred is fully covered by insurance; and the rebuilding of the Temple will afford opportunity for construction more in the line of present requirements. But great inconvenience will of course be experienced through the interruption of the religious services and the many activities carried on in connection with the Temple building. The fire, which is said to have originated in the organ loft, was discovered about 7 a. m. The damage is placed at $200,000. The Parker House, which adjoins the Temple, was damaged by water to the amount of $5,000.

— Montreal is making great preparations for the expected invasion of the Christian Endeavor hosts in July next. The hotel accommodation will of course be inadequate to the demands of the occasion, and many of the visitors will be entertained at private houses. Some 13,000 allocations have already been made, and it is stated that as many more may be expected before the first of June. The city will then be apportioned into sections, each having a suitable headquarters and a meeting place within its limits. To render less difficult the problem of local transportation, arrangements will be made to provide, near the place of meeting, ample lunches for a large proportion of those in attendance on the meetings. Two large meeting places, the government drill-shed, capable of holding 10,000, and a tent of nearly equal capacity, on opposite sides of the same square, will accommodate simultaneous meetings with a programme of equal attractiveness in each.

— Within the week there has occurred here another of those frequently recurring incidents which go to illustrate the character and extent of the crimes and offences chargeable to the liquor business which enjoys the coutenance and sanction of the good city of St. John. We quote the *Globe's* account of this particular incident:

"Michael Dooley, a barber, was given in charge by his father for being drunk and acting in a disorderly manner in his house on the Haymarket square last night, and was taken to the lock-up. Early this morning Michael began to display unmistakable signs of the D. T.'s, and his condition finally became so bad that Dr. T. D. Walker was sent for. After examining the prisoner he ordered him to be removed to the hospital at once, as he was in a very dangerous condition. The manner in which he was transferred from the police station to the hospital was not very creditable. Haste was imperative, and the only vehicle that could be procured in a hurry was a grocer's delivery wagon. Into this Dooley was placed, struggling, yelling, writhing and frothing at the mouth. Two policemen had all they could do to hold him down. In this condition he was driven through the public streets to the hospital. Dooley died about two o'clock. The deceased kept a barber shop on Brussels street. For years he had been a hard drinker, and has several times been attacked by delirium. He was a married man, but has not been living with his wife for some time. Coroner Berryman was notified and will probably hold an inquest."

This brief story tells much and it suggests much more than it tells.

PASSING EVENTS.

A BILL introduced in the Dominion Parliament by Dr. Weldon, member for Alberi, aims to provide a remedy for a great and growing evil by the disfranchisement of venal voters. The prevalence of the evil is on all hands acknowledged, but it is to be feared that many of our public men are strangely indifferent to the presence and the prevalence of an evil of so great magnitude. Under our democratic form of government, the grand bulwark of the country's liberties must be sought in an intelligent and incorruptible electorate. If that bulwark is destroyed, what guarantee of righteous government is left? With scheming politicians and venal voters basely influencing each other and growing mutually more and more corrupt, where is the security that righteous and stable government will endure? And this, in too many constituencies in Canada, describes but too well the condition of things at the present. If any check or remedy for this great and growing evil is to be found in legislation, it is to be supposed that it will be eagerly welcomed by all who value political purity and the well-being of their country. Whatever the plain and honest people of Canada may be thinking of the matter—and we still have a good many of that kind of people in the country—Dr. Weldon's bill does not appear to have aroused any great enthusiasm in parliament. In fact it had enemies enough to secure its being thrown out in committee. However, it was promptly replaced on the order paper, and will in due time come up for consideration. As we have remarked, the aim of the measure is unquestionably good, and so far as we are able to judge, if enacted and enforced, it would count for something in the direction of a purer electorate. The men who, either through ignorance or lack of right principle, sell their votes, plainly show themselves to be unfit for the responsibilities that rest upon electors, and it is but a just and logical sequence of their action that they should forfeit the right to vote. It has been urged in opposition to the measure that it contains no penalty for the men who offer bribes and are therefore guilty of a still greater offence. But offenders of this class are already liable to punishment under an act of parliament, and if the punishment provided in their case is not adequate, the statute relating thereto can be amended. It is quite true that Dr. Weldon's bill does not offer a remedy for all the evils which go to produce a corrupt electorate. It does not cover the case in which a government purchases the support of a whole constituency by the offer or actual expenditure of large sums of money on local public works. But if the measure now before parliament provides a practicable remedy for venality as it applies to the individual voter, and if its enforcement would have the effect of educating the conscience of the electorate against bribery, it may be expected that the men on both sides the House who really value political purity will give the bill their support, even if it is not a panacea for all the evils that attach to party government.

MR. DALTON McCARTHY, in speaking in the House of Commons to Mr. Tarte's resolution on the Manitoba school question, described the position of the government in this matter as being "between the devil and the deep sea." The situation is certainly not exactly a comfortable one for the government. The people of Manitoba, a very large majority of whom are Protestants, will hardly under any circumstances submit to have a system of separate schools imposed upon them in opposition to the popular will which has found expression in the provincial law. And when in connection with this we consider the position of the Roman Catholic clergy toward the principle of common schools, their contention that the right of separate schools in Manitoba was guaranteed to them by the terms of union, and how easily aroused are the race and religious prejudices of the French-Canadian people, it is plain to see that the situation is one to call for the best and calmest wisdom of parliament. The fate of Mr. Tarte's resolution, which was negatived by a majority of 49, indicates that Sir John Thompson is still able to command for his policy on this matter the support of the great majority of his followers. At the same time a good many of these probably do not give this policy a very enthusiastic support, for the reason that they do not clearly know what it is, or what the intentions of the government are in reference to the Manitoba school question. The position of the government so far is not decisive either in favor of or against the prayer of the Roman Catholics of Manitoba for remedial legislation. Accordingly the government incurs censure from different quarters and for opposite reasons. On the one hand it is censured because it has not granted or signified its intention to grant remedial legislation, and on the other hand for the reason that it has not refused to consider and summarily dismissed the petition of the Manitoba Roman Catholics for such legislation.

THE resolution moved by Mr. Tarte in censure of the policy of the government on the Manitoba school law question was as follows:

"That this House desires to express its dissatisfaction on the action of the government in dealing with the Manitoba school question and in assuming to be possessed of judicial functions conflicting with their duty as constitutional advisers of the Crown, which assumption is wholly unknown to the law, and if now acquiesced in would be entirely subversive of the principle of ministerial responsibility."

As will be seen, it was framed with great shrewdness, so that representatives of both the conflicting views above referred to as to the duty of the government in the matter might unite in supporting the resolution. In the debate which followed the Prime Minister, supported by Dr. Weldon, defended the course of the government. It was explained that the petition of the Roman Catholic minority of Manitoba for remedial legislation was based on the claim that, in accordance with a provision of the Manitoba act of union, the said minority had acquired certain rights as to separate schools, *established by practice since the entrance of the province into the confederation*. This, the Minister of Justice held, was a legal question which should be determined before the question of remedial legislation could be rightly entertained. The legal points on which the claim of the Manitoba minority was now based had not, he held, been covered by the decision of the Imperial Privy Council. For these reasons it was contended that the government had acted within its power, and with wisdom under the circumstances, in assuming a judicial attitude toward the petition of the Roman Catholics and in deciding to refer the matter to the courts for the decision of the legal question involved, before the petition for remedial legislation should be either granted or denied. Mr. Dalton McCarthy, in a speech of much ability, supported Mr. Tarte's resolution and severely criticised the course taken by the government in promoting an appeal of the Roman Catholic minority to the Imperial Privy Council, and especially in respect to the judicial attitude which the government was now assuming in the matter. It was, in his opinion, no part of the government's duty to determine the validity of the issue now raised by the petitioners. He instanced the terms of Sir John Macdonald's report on the New Brunswick School Act, as showing that it was for the minority to appeal to the provincial legislature which had the sole power of redress. The Dominion government, he held, should have refused to entertain the appeal, on the ground that the exclusive right of the province to pass the legislation in question having been settled by the judgment of the English Privy Council, it was unwise to prolong the agitation. The matter should have been settled last September and as a matter of public policy. He denounced as unseemly the action of the government in assailing in the courts the constitutionality of a Provincial Act. Mr. McCarthy further charged that the position taken by the Premier was a virtual affirmation of his intention to interfere by way of remedial legislation if the courts gave him the authority; for if the government will not interfere, what object could there be in submitting the matter to the courts? The actual issue, Mr. McCarthy said, is whether a province with a Protestant population of 150,000 or 160,000 and only 20,000 Roman Catholics, should have a system of separate schools imposed on it against its will; and he warned the government and the House not to strain the relations between the provinces and the Dominion.

DR. WELDON'S bill, which we have remarked upon in another place, was discussed by the House in committee of the whole on Wednesday last. Mr. Mills, of Bothwell, said that the bill now before the House followed pretty closely a measure introduced by Mr. Blake in 1876, which was carried but afterwards repealed. Mr. Mills endorsed the principle of Dr. Weldon's bill, but suggested certain amendments which the author declared himself very willing to accept. The measure, however, encountered a good deal of opposition. It is remarkable how many honorable gentlemen, especially among the French members, are professedly in favor of suppressing bribery, but can see nothing in the present measure to commend it to their support. Mr. Jeanotte, of Montreal, when the bill was previously discussed in committee of the House, was reported to have said, "It was a recognized fact that everybody bought votes and every member of the House knew it. He had bought them himself." This has won the honorable member a notoriety rather more widespread than flattering. Now Mr. Jeanotte declares that he did not say that he had bought votes, and vigorously denounces the press for misrepresenting him. No one, however, had seemed surprised to learn that Mr. Jeanotte had bought votes. The remarkable thing was that he should say so and openly defend bribery in his place in parliament. And that he did the latter, we do not understand Mr. Jeanotte even now to deny. When it has come to this that bribery is unblushingly defended on the very floors of parliament, it is convincing proof that the alarm which is felt is not without reason, and that some vigorous measures are demanded for the protection of the country from the fatal effects of an utterly corrupt electorate.

DR. ANDREW PRESTON PEABODY has passed away at the age of eighty-two, after a brief illness. He was a Unitarian minister, and since 1860 has been connected with Harvard University as active professor in the department of moral philosophy and ethics until 1881, and since that date, as Professor Emeritus. Dr. Peabody was a man of fine intellectual powers, of large capacity for work and great industry. He was a man of gentle spirit and unassuming manners, but his riper scholarship, genuine piety, catholic Christianity and the profound interest which he felt in his fellow-men, caused him to be widely known; and it is safe to say that wherever known he was honored and loved. It was the privilege of the writer to know Dr. Peabody in the lecture room. He was not, in our opinion, particularly distinguished as a teacher, but his unassuming kindness, his genuine sympathy for the students, his beautiful Christian spirit, and indeed the whole influence of his presence was a benediction to the university. As one has written: "He radiated not only sweetness and light, but moral force and spiritual health. The benignity of his countenance was as cheering as the sunshine, and his kindly and wise words as full of tonic as a mountain breeze." The *Congregationalist* says truly: "Dr. Peabody was a Unitarian, yet holding so exalted a conception of Christ, so profound a sense of the guilt of sin and the need of redemption, and so reverent a faith in Christ, that he seemed nearer to those who hold orthodox views than to many in his own denomination." Dr. Peabody was graduated from Harvard at the age of fifteen, and after having spent some seven years more in teaching and further study, entered the ministry in 1823. It is a rare privilege which was granted him to spend so many busy, and doubtless happy, years employing the eminent gifts bestowed upon him and the large scholarship he had acquired in the service of his fellow-men.

Pope Leo's jubilee has resulted, as a matter of course, in large additions to the Vatican treasury. The amount is stated to be $1,250,000, with jewels and plate and other valuables estimated at a million dollars more. The largest donation was the Duke of Norfolk's—$250,000. The Emperor of Austria gave $40,000. The Archbishop of Prague and the Primate of Hungary contributed $20,000 each. The nobility of Rome, with the convents and monasteries, made up $100,000; $80,000 came from South America, and so on.

Railway Connection between this continent and Asia by way of Behring Straits is not altogether a new idea, but it has hardly been considered seriously as being among things practicable. It is now reported that there are experts who deem the scheme quite feasible. A topographical survey has recently been made of the route from Vancouver to Cape Prince of Wales, the point on the American continent nearest Asia. But the question of practicability cannot yet be regarded as settled, and then there would remain the question, would it be worth while if it were certainly feasible?

— The General Synod of the Protestant church of Ireland has unanimously adopted a resolution condemning the Irish Home Rule bill.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

Sights and Sounds in India.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—We are on board a ship that is gently rocking on the bosom of the bay, just off the sandy shore of a town called Bimlipatam. The rocking is very gentle indeed. Coming out to the ship in the boat, we encountered no surf, and the Bay of Bengal, as far as the eye can reach, is one great rippling pond.

Now our ship has lifted anchor, and south-west along the coast of India is ploughing through the blue water and puffing the torrid sky full of smoke.

Now we are anchored again near the shore, and between us and the setting sun a great hill looms. The glare of the red western sky so blinds our eyes that we cannot see whether the faces in the outcoming boats are black or white. But the harsh, quarrelsome sound of their voices, high above the rattling of their oars, tells you that they are no other than Telugus, who need the gospel. Yet they have not come for gospel, but to load and unload the ship.

On the shore, on top of a high hill, is a white building like a church, which this Telugu here says is a Roman Catholic chapel. Beneath this chapel, half way down the hill's side, is a white building, twice as large, which, the same man says, is a Mohammedan temple. Between this hill and the big hill that looms between us and the setting sun is a smaller hill. On its crest is a dingy building that was once white, but now needs whitewashing. This is a Hindu temple. The largest hill walls out the sea with a precipice of jagged rock. But on the north the hill breaks down and forms a rippling cove and a beach of sand. On that sandy shore and beneath these templed hills is a town of many thousand unsaved souls. This town is seventeen miles south-west of Bimlipatam. But if you go in carriage along the crooked road it is twenty-one miles. There are a few missionaries from England working here.

We waken in the morning anchored again—ninety-one miles south-west of Bimli, and ninety-one miles on the route for home and native land. However, we are not coming home and you need not come to meet us yet.

We get down into a little steamer—seven of us—and start off, puffing, for the shore. On the distant hills we can see palm tree-tops, but cannot see their tall trunks. They look as if they were floating there, like clouds, low in the sky. Soon our good boat has reached the shore and is steaming up a river. About a mile up this channel we land on a wharf on the right bank, and are driven through the thronged streets to the home of the missionaries. This home is where a little curly-headed boy lives He is whiter than boys at home and his name is Stanley Davis. He has a younger brother and a sister. His father is the missionary in this town and the many, many surrounding villages far and near. Who is that little boy with the sun-helmet on running across the yard? That is Johnny Craig. He has come to bring his father and mother to the missionary conference. Well! here are Mr. and Mrs. Churchill ahead of us. They have come all the way by land. They started in their jinricksha, but one wheel broke down and they had to come the rest of the way in an ox-cart.

We are standing on a bridge across a river—the same river that we came up when we landed. It is lined with the masts of boats. But it is not a river. It is a long canal, which men have dug to be used for a road. These boats are the carriages that run on this road.

Still standing on the bridge we are looking up the street. But in the distance you cannot tell whether the bottom of the street is mud or dust, or carpet or stone. It is so full of people. It is red, and white, and brown. Red and white turbans; red and white cloths folded around them like cotton shawls; and brown bodies. The whole street is crowded like one broad church aisle, when the people are coming out at the close of the service. But it is the broad road that leadeth to destruction; for in all this great throng, there is perhaps not one Christian soul. This city has many other such streets, and it is as large as Halifax or St. John. The missionaries in this city are doing all they can; but what are they among so many?

About thirty of us, men and women, are in the front room of the mission bungalow. Here we spent the days from Tuesday noon till Friday noon. Do you not think that we need to plan together, how the few of us among so many can make the most of ourselves? Especially those of us who are young need to learn from the older ones. We had very profitable meetings and are now on our way back to our work, our hearts burning to be among the people.

We are now anchored off the town that is seventeen miles from Bimli. The seven of us are Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Miss Gray, Mrs McNeil, Mrs. Shaw and Mrs. Morse. It is now nearly noon, and our ship has been stopping here since early morning. There are two boats alongside, full of goats, as a nest is full of young birds; only the birds have no horns nor whiskers. They are now hoisting them out of the boats and tumbling them on board ship. As soon as they are stowed away, we hope the steamer will start. Indeed, I think I hear them hauling up the anchor now. Soon at the ship's stern the Bay will boil, and in two hours or more we shall be in front of Bimli. If you receive this letter you will know that we landed all right.

Yours heartily,

L. D. Morse.

S. S. "Sirdhana," Bay of Bengal, January 21.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.

"As the Father has sent Me, even so I send you."—John 20: 21.

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH:

"That God's people may give to the work of missions this year as never before."

We wish it were in our power to present more frequently to our readers letters from our lady missionaries. We know such are read with deep interest by our sisters all over the provinces. Mrs. Archibald's letter was most interesting, and we hope soon to hear from her again. The news from all over our Telugu field is most encouraging, and we have reason to thank God for the success with which He graciously crowns our small efforts. Shall we not pray more earnestly, give more self-sacrificingly, that the work may go forward with still greater power? All will be glad to know that our dear Sister Miss McNeill is well and making good progress with her work. She writes in a private letter:

"I hope to visit a number of villages near here in February. I study Telugu four hours in the morning, work in my school from two to three and talk to the women either in the street or in their homes from three until dark. I do enjoy telling the 'old, old story' to these people, and when I get so far as to be able to use the language more fluently, and in that way be able to do more work for my Master, my cup of happiness will be full."

Of her Bible woman, Mahalukshmi, she says: "She is a very capable woman. All seem to love her; she so beautifully tells of Jesus and pleads with them to come unto Him. She is a fine singer, and with her sweet voice wins many hearts."

Annapolis County Convention

of the W. M. A. Societies met at Annapolis, March 2nd. The devotional exercises of the afternoon meeting held in the W. C. T. U. room, and the nice tea made ready in the same place by the sisters of the B. Y. P. U., were a good preparation for the evening session. Miss Johnstone's address was the principal feature of this meeting. She emphasized the gratitude woman should feel for the elevation that has come to her through the gospel. Contrasting her happy condition with that of her degraded heathen sister, woman should use all her power to extend the blessings which the Lord Jesus brought to the world. Mrs. J. T. Eaton also gave a very interesting address, in which two word pictures showed up vividly the heathen in their unevangelized condition, and heathen who have come to know the true God. This paper will be published in leaflet form for the use of Mission Bands and Mission Circles. Good music contributed to the evening's enjoyment. The curios from India, given by Mrs. Archibald, were exhibited by Miss Johnstone, and added very much to the interest of the occasion.

L. O. Bancroft, Cor. Sec.

W. B. M. U. RECEIPTS.

Monies received from Feb. 22nd to March 7th: Apple River, F. M., $5.00; Antigonish, F. M. 4.75, H. M. 8.80; Port Hilford, F. M., 3.00; Halifax (1st church) F. M., 20.00; Upper Stewiacke, F. M. 13.00, H. M. 5.00; St John (Main St.), F. M., 8.75; Amherst, H. M., 1.00; Baillie, F. M., 5.00; St Stephen, special collection, F. M. 3.25, W. M. A. S., F. M. 7.75; Campbellton, F. M. 8.00, H. M. 8.00; Lower Aylesford, F. M. 4.75, H. M. 3.50.

Mary Smith.

Amherst, N. S. Treas. W. B. M. U.

— Dr. Peabody's last public appearance was at the memorial services in the Old South meeting house in Boston, on Jan. 30, in honor of Phillips Brooks.

Minard's Liniment cures diphtheria.

NOTES ON EUROPEAN TRAVEL.

NO. VI.

On crossing the German border, and entering the land of William Tell, my first stopping place was Bale, a most beautiful and wealthy city of 70,000 inhabitants. The streets are wide, somewhat crooked, but nicely paved. Here the waters of the Rhine were clear, flowing among the rugged rocks and crags. A quarter of a century B. C. Bale was a strongly fortified military post of the Romans. The cathedral, dating from 1010, was despoiled of all its artistic decorations, in 1529, during the Reformation. In 1852 it was redecorated with great richness and elegance. It is now a Protestant church. Erasmus, who died in Bale, 1536, is buried near the altar.

My next stopping place, 59 miles south-east of Bale, was Lucerne, a town of 17,000 inhabitants, situated at the outlet of the most beautiful lake in Switzerland, near Mt. Pelatus and Mt. Rigi. The buildings are very fine—large substantial stone structures. The streets are wide and adorned with shade trees. From my hotel window I could see a hundred snow clad Alpine peaks glittering in the sunlight. The town is surrounded by walls erected 1385. I went to see, of course, the celebrated "Lion of Lucerne," by Thorwaldsen—the statue of a dying lion, 28 feet long, cut in the face of a cliff, commemorating 800 soldiers of the Swiss Guard, who died in defence of the Tuilleries Palace, Paris, 1792. About five miles away, reached partly by steamer and partly by mountain railway, is the top of Rigi, 6,000 feet above the sea. From this summit one gets an extraordinary view, covering an area of more than 7,000 square miles. More than a hundred pinnacles of the Alps, some of which are over 12,000 feet high, are clearly visible. The plains below are dotted with lakes, beautiful villages, and small fertile fields. On one field at the base, two battles were fought—Morgarten in 1315, and another with the French, 1798.

The largest place I visited in Switzerland was Geneva, a charming city of 70,000 inhabitants, situated at the foot of the beautiful lake and divided into two parts by the swift-rushing blue waters of the river Rhine. The hotels that line the shores of the lake are magnificent stone structures. As I walked about its beautiful streets, I could hardly realize the important part it has played in history since it was fortified by Julius Cesar, 2,000 years ago. The cathedral, erected by the German King Conrad II., 1024, contains Calvin's chair (in which I sat), standing near the high, small, old-fashioned pulpit. During the Reformation the images were removed, and it is now a plain Presbyterian church. I visited Calvin's house, and also the house of Rousseau. Both are large, plain, substantial stone buildings, and both are now used as offices. Over the main door of Calvin's house I noticed the following inscription cut deeply into the stone: *Dominus propugnaculum Meum*—the Lord is my fortress. The Lake of Geneva—in the shape of a half moon—is 50 miles long and nine wide at the widest part. It is very deep, in some places 1,800 feet. Scores of beautiful villages line the shores, and the scenery is magnificent. The water is of an intensely deep blue; other Swiss lakes greenish blue. From Geneva to Lausanne I went by rail along the shore, then took a steamer up the lake a couple of hours. Near the upper end is the castle of Chillon, whose dungeons and illustrious prisoners have been immortalized by Byron. While at Lausanne—a place of 27,000 inhabitants—I visited the cathedral, built 1235-1275, and consecrated by Pope Gregory X. Here occurred, in 1536, the celebrated disputation of Calvin, Farrel and Viret, resulting in a great victory for Protestantism. The Roman Catholic images have all been removed, and it is now—like the cathedral at Geneva—a plain Presbyterian church.

From Switzerland down into Italy, I went by the famous St. Gothard route, the Lucerne-Milan railway, 140 miles long, built from 1872 to 1882. Our train went through 24 miles of tunnels, the longest tunnel being nine miles. On my return from Italy I came by the Mt. Cenis route through the Alps. This tunnel is only eight miles long, begun 1857 and completed 1870 at a cost of $15,000,000. At the time, it was considered a fine piece of engineering skill, but was thrown far into the shade by the more recent route by the way of the St. Gothard Pass, which, for bold engineering, undoubtedly has no equal in the world. Five times the road enters a mountain, and making a complete spiral circuit, emerges directly above the entrance. And several times, on looking out of the window, I saw two, and sometimes three, tracks away down the mountain side, one far below another, and all nearly parallel—all of which we had passed over within an hour. And though we had gone many miles, we were still no nearer Italy than we were an hour before, but only a little farther up and nearer the snow and ice. In one place the road makes eighty zigzags and gains only three miles actual distance, and during these three miles the train is exposed to mighty avalanches that seemed only hanging a few thousand feet over our heads. And what surprised me much was, that during no small part of this half-day's passage of the Alps, I could see beautiful lakes, beautiful and fertile fields, beautiful gardens, beautiful groves of cherry trees loaded with fruit just as luscious as I had seen not long before in such abundance in England and Holland; beautiful little villages, beautiful little churches, thrifty and intelligent looking people. And in addition to these beautiful things, when I realized that I was in the land of William Tell, there was another charm added to the majestic and untamed grandeur of this magnificent scenery. And what historic spots I saw! About two hours' ride beyond Lucerne, on the shore of the Lake of Ure, a pyramid-shaped rock rises 80 feet above the water. It is inscribed as a monument to Schiller. A mile beyond this is a spot very sacred to the Swiss, from the fact that on November 7, 1307, three patriots met, and took the oath of their country's freedom from Austrian oppression. Not far away, as I looked out of the car window at my right, I saw far down a broad hill-side and across a lake a pretty church, with tower and tall spire, standing at the very water's edge. This is known as "Tell's chapel," said to have been erected 1388, marking the spot where the hero leaped ashore from Gessler's boat. A short distance from the railway on our left is the village of Altorf, containing Tell's statue, standing on the spot where it is said he shot the apple from his son's head. About nine miles beyond is Amsteg, and other little villages. We have now reached an elevation of 10,463 feet, and here the great St. Gothard Pass only fairly begins. For the next 70 miles of the road towards Milan and the beautiful Italian plains, we passed many battle fields, one of which is near Lake Como, where Emperor Frederick Barbarossa was defeated May 29, 1176. And during most of this journey the beauty and grandeur of the scenery surpasses description. A score of times, on coming out of the dark smoky tunnels and getting a view of the icy mountain tops pointing above the clouds, I could appreciate the words of Tell to his native mountains:

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again;
How high you lift your heads,
How proud you are."

At seven o'clock in the evening we arrived at Milan, a city having a population of 400,000. It was founded 600 B. C., and some of the later Roman emperors frequently made it the seat of empire. Five popes were born here, and Virgil, born at Mantua, not far away, studied here. In 1162 Frederick Barbarossa, of Germany, totally destroyed it; but on being rebuilt it was so prosperous that in 1500, many years thereafter, it controlled the styles and fashions of Europe. Hence the word *milliner*, from Milan. The cathedral is the chief attraction, begun 1386, and completed in 1500; though strictly speaking it is not finished yet, for every year statues are added to the outside and inside. It is 480 feet long, 183 feet wide, height of vaulting 155 feet, and height of tower 360 feet. Around the walls outside are 98 Gothic turrets or small towers. About the roof are 3,400 marble statues of "saints" and "heroes,"—many of them two or three times life size. There are several thousands of carved images of "saints" inside. The floor is marble mosaic. The roof is supported by 52 columns, each from eight to twelve feet in diameter. Down beneath the choir is a small subterraneous church, and from this church a passage way leads to the chapel of Saint Carlo Borromeo. Here this saint—who died 390 years ago—lies in a silver casket. Diamonds and other jewels, in costly settings, adorn the body, to the value of 800,000 marks, or about $200,000, all the gifts of devoted Catholics. As the attendant, with great reverence for the dead, lifted the upper half of the silver casket, the skeleton of Saint Carlo and the jewels appeared.

The wonderful marble roof—nearly flat—of the cathedral is reached by 494 stone steps, and the view is fine—thriving cities and extensive plains. Far away in one direction is Mt. St. Bernard, 8,110 feet high. In another direction is the Matterhorn, 14,705 feet high. And above these the eye meets the snowy grandeur of the monarch of mountains, Mt. Blanc, 15,781 feet high. After a friend and myself had wandered a while over the roof, we concluded to descend, but could not find the way out. We went this way and that in search of the place whence we came. We were literally lost in two acres of forest—marble forest. Finally we found two men repairing the base of a statue, who, seeing our plight, kindly led us out of the woods.

Several other places of great interest in Milan I must pass by. I was agreeably surprised to observe such thrift in the farming districts of Italy. When I saw the extensive plains and the richness of her soil, I understood how she had supported such dense populations since and before the days of the Cæsars. I was in Northern Italy when the last of the wheat harvest was being stored, and the crop was excellent. Other grains were produced in abundance. From Milan to Venice, 165 miles, there is one beautiful plain of immense fertility and productiveness. As far as the eye could see, to the right and to the left, grains and roots grew luxuriantly right among the thousands of acres of Mulbury groves—the latter cultivated for the silk worm. In Southern Italy the oranges, lemons, peaches, to say nothing of the vineyards, bring large returns for labor expended. The farmers, every few years, plow very deep and turn up new soil. I frequently saw teams of four oxen, and a few times of six, drawing huge plows through the rich, deep soil. Of the hundreds of cattle I saw in Italy, all were white. If there were other colors I did not see them. I noticed that the Italian farmers pay but little attention to raising superior breeds of horses and cattle as compared with the farmers of England, or even Holland. The Italian horses are neither handsome nor speedy, but have great endurance. Their food consists mostly of grain, very little hay. Owing to the light rain-fall in July and August, the grazing lands are poor, and hence the cattle look pinched.

For a period of 1400 years, as everybody knows, Italy suffered untold woes, not only from internal strifes but from other European powers, who cut her up, and parcelled her out, and robbed her of her treasures, to suit their own selfish ends. But the end of robbery (French robbery, at least) and despotic tyranny came in 1871, when Napoleon III. withdrew his troops from Rome, being pressed so hotly by the Prussians at home. It is now about 32 years since the unification of Italy commenced; and when she set about freeing herself from her despots she lacked many of the requirements of modern civilization, such as good public roads, ports adapted to modern shipping, common schools, railways and telegraphs. And in 1860, when the consolidation of the kingdom began, there were no schools, in several of the states, except those of the priests, and these were inferior indeed. In Milan, in Venice and in Rome I talked with intelligent men and asked them many questions concerning their government, their national prosperity, their relation to other European powers, particularly Austria and Germany. As we view Italy from the pages of history, from 500 to 1860, who could have dreamed of a kingdom so united to-day?

G. E. T.

Baby's croup is cured by Hacknomore.

In Memory of Miss Sarah Meagher, Dartmouth, N. S.

Recent letters from my old home in Nova Scotia bring me the sad news of the death of one to whom has been ministered the "abundant entrance" into the better land. I refer to Miss Sarah Meagher, of Dartmouth, who triumphantly finished her course during the first month of the new year and passed into the "fullness of joy" and the "pleasures forevermore."

My acquaintance with Miss Meagher runs back to the days of my earliest boyhood; during much of this time it was my privilege to know her intimately, as we were members of the same church. In all this time her life has been an inspiration to all who knew her, through its consistency and earnest devotion. As I sit by my table and recall this long and most intimate acquaintance, there comes to me so forcibly how harmoniously she united in her life the "inner life" of faith and the outer life of Christian activity—something not apparent these days in all of God's children. With such ardent longing she sought the "living water" which met and satisfied her own needs; with such manifest joy she drew from the "wells of salvation" for the needs of those about her.

As I sit here there comes to me a certain Sunday afternoon, now nearly twenty years ago, when as a little boy I accompanied her, at her request, to a distant and needy part of our church to organize a Sunday-school. The day was stormy and the walk by no means easy at that season, but she felt the field was ready for the "imperishable seed of the Word," so she went. We found, perhaps, ten or twelve waiting us in the little cold and cheerless school house, but on that day there was started a Sunday-school which all these years has continued and is to-day in a prosperous condition, boasting now of a snug and convenient building and the regular ministrations of the gospel. Miss Meagher's eye was always open to such opportunities as these, which never appealed to her sympathy in vain. Some one has said there is a growing need in this world which we must meet, not by contribution of money but by *self*. The dear friend of whom we speak gave *herself* most truly to meet the needs of life as they became known to her.

The last few years of Miss Meagher's life have been spent largely in the school of suffering; disease laid its hand upon her with a relentless grasp, which she realized; yet her faith never faltered; her hope never grew dim.

Last summer I visited her frequently during my vacation at home, and I felt very deeply the sweetness and power of her Christian resignation. The sands of time were sinking, but the dawn of heaven was growing bright and clear. It was the sun of a beautiful summer day sinking quietly in the western sky, giving sure and certain hope of a fair and bright to-morrow; no chilling wind, no darksome cloud, but a gentle dropping into rest.

A deacon of my church, visiting me for a few days in Halifax, chanced to be present on one of these visits, and has more than once spoken of the pleasure and profit which the visit brought him.

Oh, the sweet promise, the strong prophecy, which to the Christian lies in that little word "sleep," which Christ used that day to the weeping sisters of Bethany. Does it speak of the anxiety and fatigue of to-day; it tells also so surely of the rest and activity of the morrow. "He giveth His beloved sleep." Ah, who can describe to us the rest and activity of the Christian's morrow, into which our dear sister passed, where "thy sun shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself; for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light and the days of thy mourning shall be ended."

The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph is begun,
Hallelujah!

To the aged mother in her loneliness and sorrow, we extend our tenderest sympathy at this time.

RALPH M. HUNT.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 20.

— Baptists are often accused of making too much of baptism, whereas the fact is that they make less of it than any other denomination of Christians. They make so little of it that they will not administer it to any one who does not give evidence of having had the spiritual experience which it symbolizes. The Baptists regard the outward symbol as of absolutely secondary importance to the spiritual fact for which it stands. Baptism, in our view, is the recognition of regeneration, not the cause of it. How much some other denominations—for instance the Episcopalians—are making of baptism is evident from the following expression of the *Churchman*. It says: "Baptism is the admission into the church, and therefore every baptized person is, by virtue of his baptism, a member of the church, by whatever name he may call himself, and whatever attitude he may assume towards the church of which he is a member, or towards other members of the church who may not attach themselves to his denomination." All missionaries have to do, according to this theory, to make Zulus or Patagonians members of the church is to baptize them.—*Watchman.*

— The trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

Make the Churches Cheerful.

There is nothing that adds more to the popularity and prosperity of a church than cheerfulness, and there is nothing more conducive to cheerfulness than a good light. With the improved methods now in vogue there is no reason why every church should not be as bright by night as by day with but very little cost. The best aid to the economical lighting of churches, halls, and large rooms is the "Bailey Reflector." This ingenious device is so constructed that it diffuses light into the farthest corners of a church, and makes the finest print readable. All ministers or those interested should write to the manufacturers for catalogue and price list. Their address is Bailey Reflector Co., 708 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Visit to Cuba.

I have just returned from a most delightful excursion to Cuba. Our party of sixty-two had in it representatives of different sections, and a more genial, pleasant company is rarely gathered together. We remained in Havana five and a half days, saw the sights, and greatly enjoyed the quaint old Spanish city. But I must confine myself to our mission work there, its origin, present status, and future prospects.

GOD'S HAND IN ITS ORIGIN.

During the last revolution in Cuba a young rebel captain was one day cut off from his scouting party, driven at nightfall into a wooded promontory jutting out into the sea, and compelled to choose between the perils of the ocean and the tender mercies of the Spanish soldiers who had surrounded the wood, and were certain to capture him on the morrow. He did not hesitate in his choice, but, selecting a piece of timber, he floated out on it in the hope that the tide would bear him to another part of the island held by his friends. But he was carried to sea, picked up by a vessel bound to New York, and landed at the great metropolis. Here, while studying in one of the medical colleges, he was taken very ill, and, during his convalescence, was brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ through the instrumentality of a young Baptist woman, Miss Alice Tucker.

At the close of the revolution, and the proclamation of amnesty, this young Cuban, whose name was Alberto J. Diaz, returned home, but carried with him copies of the Scriptures in Spanish, which, while practising his profession as a physician, he diligently distributed, and at stated times, in his own room, read and expounded to many of his friends who would gather to hear him. This resulted in a bitter persecution, on the part of the Romanists, which compelled Diaz to return to New York, accompanied by his sister, Miss Minnie Diaz, where he was "instructed in the way of the Lord more perfectly."

One day, in company with his sister, who had also professed faith in Christ, he attended Dr. MacArthur's church and witnessed a baptism. As they went away Miss Minnie exclaimed: "Alberto, that baptism was like it says in the book, and we, too, must do that way."

Not long after Minnie applied for baptism at the Willoughby avenue Baptist church, Brooklyn, and about two months later Dr. Montgomery baptized Alberto, some of the brethren feeling doubtful as they knew so little of the young Cuban, but Dr. Montgomery insisting that they "knew fully as much about him as Philip knew of the man of Ethiopia." Dr. Montgomery says now that he "little thought that he was then baptizing the apostle to Cuba."

Diaz remained some time longer in New York, pining for an opportunity of returning to Cuba, and telling his benighted countrymen the way of salvation, when he was sent back as a colporteur of the American Bible Society, supported by a society of Christian women in Philadelphia. Landing in Cuba, as he expresses it, "with nothing but his Bible and his God," he went to work with the zeal and consecrated common-sense which characterizes him in so eminent a degree, and despite bitter persecutions he won his way to the confidence of the people and was instrumental in bringing many of them to abandon the mummeries of Rome and accept the salvation that is in Christ Jesus, gathering into "a society" a number of believers on the Lord Jesus Christ. He had written to friends in America for a copy of "the constitution and by-laws of a Baptist church," had received for reply that "the New Testament is our constitution and by-laws," and had worked out the model of a New Testament Baptist church, when Dr. W. F. Wood, a missionary of the Home Mission Board at Key West, Fla., heard of Diaz and his work, through Cubans laboring in the cigarette factories there, and determined to make him a visit.

The result of their conference was that Diaz went back with Dr. Wood to Key West, was ordained by a presbytery of Florida Baptist preachers, and returning to Havana, baptized a number and organized the First Baptist church on the 26th of January, 1888. Amid persecutions and difficulties not a few, he and his co-laborers have prosecuted their work, and have had God's rich blessing and glorious results.

PRESENT STATUS.

We have in Cuba now six churches, and a membership of about 2,500 well-organized missions, Sunday-schools and day schools, in which the Bible is regularly and systematically taught.

Finding that it was almost impossible to secure even an inadequate hall, the Southern Baptist convention instructed the Home Mission Board to purchase a central lot and erect a suitable house of worship, authorizing them to expend for the purpose at least $50,000.

While seeking to carry out this plan, and to find a suitable lot on which to build, it was ascertained that the famous "Jane Theatre," very centrally and admirably located, which cost ten years before $110,000, could be purchased for $65,000 in Cuban money, or $60,000 in our currency. Dr. Tichenor, corresponding secretary, had gone to Cuba to make the first payment on a lot that had been selected, only to find that we could not secure a clear title to it, and was about to come back to report his disappointment, when this golden opportunity presented itself, and he returned with an "option" on the "Jane Theatre," which was subsequently purchased, and the last payment on which was made in December last. I had seen many descriptions of this building, but I confess that I was not prepared for its beauty and admirable adaptation to our purposes. Massive in its structure, tasteful and beautiful in its frescoing and appointments, capable of seating 3,000 people, and its acoustics well-nigh perfect, I do not know such an audience-room in any Baptist church within the bounds of the Southern Baptist convention.

On Sunday night we had present a congregation of at least 2,000 people, and I was told by American residents that this was not an unusual congregation. At the Thursday night service we had over 300 present, and were told that their average week-night congregation ranges from 250 to 350. I visited several other of the mission stations and was thrilled at the large attendance and deep interest in the services. Large numbers of children attend all of the meetings and join heartily in the singing, reading of the Scriptures (each one has a Bible and a hymn book), and other exercises. They take a collection at every service, in the week as well as on Sunday, and everybody gives something, the collection being regarded as much a part of the worship as the praying.

At noon, on Sunday, we had a service in English, at which Dr. Tichenor presided, with brief addresses by Rev. Dr. R. B. Montgomery, of Brooklyn; J. Wm. Jones, Rev. Dr. George W. Lasher, of Cincinnati; and Governor W. J. Northern of Georgia.

At night the service was in Spanish, with addresses by missionaries O'Halloran, Cova, Baeno, Porta and Diaz, and Mr. Chomat, an able lawyer and Liberal leader.

At the close of the services Mr. Diaz administered the ordinance of baptism in his baptistery, which is the most beautiful I have ever seen. I visited the beautiful cemetery over which Diaz had so fierce a struggle with the Bishop of Havana and won so great a victory, the highest courts deciding that in the eyes of the law the Baptists are as much a church as the Catholics.

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE.

Romanism has evidently lost its grip on Cuba. Some of our party attended mass at the cathedral Sunday morning, and reported that there were about forty persons present, and the best information I could get shows that the Catholic churches are deserted, while Mr. Diaz and our other missionaries are preaching to large crowds. The leading papers of Havana are always ready to commend Mr. Diaz and his work, and he has the masses of the people with him. He is beginning to reach the wealthier classes, and evoke their aid. Last year some one, unknown, put $500 in his contribution basket, and several weeks ago a wealthy citizen gave him a beautiful lot worth $10,000 on which to erect an infirmary for women and children.

With this infirmary built, a first-class high school for girls, in addition to the excellent schools we now have, and several new chapels at our mission stations, we will have the key to Havana and to Cuba, will be ready to occupy other towns and cities where the people are calling loudly for us to come, and will, by God's blessing, realize in the not distant future the motto of Mr. Diaz, "Cuba for Christ," and bring "the gem of the Antilles" to glisten as one of the brightest jewels in the diadem of our King, when he shall come "whose right it is to reign."—*J. Wm. Jones, in the Examiner.*

Only Two Churches Possible.

Some time since I was placed in circumstances where I had opportunity of free conversation with a bishop of the Roman Catholic church. I found him affable, learned and broad-minded. He met me on terms of social equality. He seemed to be not afraid of the light. We fell upon the subject of tradition. The conversation was substantially as follows:

The Bishop.—Protestants are not wholly free from admitting the authority of tradition. Their maxim has been, since the days of Luther, "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants." The Roman Catholics hold the authority of the New Testament *plus* the traditions of the church. The Catholics are consistent with their maxim; the Protestants are inconsistent.

I.—How are the Protestants inconsistent?

The Bishop.—Why, for example, in the matter of infant baptism. No man can find infant baptism in the New Testament. It is not there. It did not exist in the early church. It clings to the period when the doctrine was originated that baptism is essential to salvation. It rests only on Romish tradition.

I.—You must be right, Bishop. Dr. Woods, a theological professor, opened his "Lectures on Infant Baptism" with the sentence, "It must be confessed that infant baptism has neither the authority of command or example in the New Testament. The arguments on which it rests must be made out in some other way." Is there anything else, Bishop?

The Bishop.—Yes. The New Testament teaches only immersion as baptism. The terms describing baptism, the circumstances in which it was originally administered, the use of it in the Epistles, as a symbol of burying and rising again, all point to immersion, and nothing else. The New Testament is a Baptist book. Sprinkling has no authority except in the traditions of the Roman Catholic church.

I.—Bishop, you seem to have solved the question. Why, in many Protestant churches, infant baptism has so far fallen into desuetude; and, in some of them, immersion is practiced, when the candidate demands it, even though he had been sprinkled in childhood, on the ground that he could find nothing in the New Testament as baptism but immersion, as the intelligent act of a true believer.

The Bishop.—Yes, my friend; there is no middle ground. We must act upon the Roman Catholic maxim, "The Bible and tradition;" or else, the Protestant maxim, "The Bible only"; and it is only in the Baptist faith and practice that we find the latter.

I.—Yes, my dear sir; but then, what will you do with the sects that are not Baptists, and who practice sprinkling and infant sprinkling?

The Bishop.—Why, so far, they are Roman Catholics; and you cannot make them anything else. The truth lies in narrow limits: "The Bible only" with the Baptists; or, "The Bible and tradition" with the Roman Catholics. There can only be these two churches. The dilemma has only two horns.

I.—Then, bishop, if we Baptists are right, you are wrong; and if you are right, we are wrong.

The Bishop.—(With a good-natured laugh) Yes, exactly so.

This conversation took place on a steamer in the Bay of Bengal. I had a similar conversation, with the same results, with an intelligent Roman Catholic priest, some years before, in the Engadine, in Switzerland. And I have been told that a priest in Philadelphia, or in the vicinity, had previously made the same admissions. This three-fold testimony is of much value.—*Dr. S. F. Smith, in the Standard.*

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March 22.

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS

SECOND QUARTER.

(Condensed from Peloubet's Select Notes

Lesson I. April 2. Matt. 28:

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Now is Christ risen from the
and become the first fruits of them
slept."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

EXPLANATORY.

THE REALITY OF JESUS' DEAT
was of the utmost importance, th
they knew it not at the time,
the fact of Christ's death shou
proved beyond the possibility of
or doubt, for otherwise doubt wou
thrown upon the fact of His res
tion. Every precaution was taken
by his disciples, but by the enem
Jesus. (1) The Roman centurio
sured Pilate of the death of Jesus
15: 44, 45). (1) The soldiers p
His body with a spear, and fro
wounds flowed blood and water—
of death. (3) At the request o
chief priests, the stone against the
of the sepulchre was sealed,
Roman guard placed around the
so that no one could take awa
body, and then pretend that H
risen. (4) His friends had no ex
tion of his rising in the way H
They expected not his coming b
them in the body, but if at all
second coming in glory into His
dom." (5) The tomb was a new
which no one had ever been burie
so there could be no doubt as
identity of the body of Christ.

THE STORY OF EASTER MORNING.
rises from the dead early in the m
the exact time unknown. No d
tion of the great event is give
dawn there there is an earthqual
an angel rolls the stone from th
of the sepulchre.

2. *Behold, there was a great earth*
Before the arrival of the women
haps they felt it on their way t
For the angel (an angel) . . . de
from heaven. A divine messen
oversaws the guards, and show th
rece, and was not taken from th
by human power. *Rolled back t*
from the door. The tomb was cu
side of a rock, like a cave, large
for several persons to enter.
trance was protected by a larg
sometimes round, like a large mi
rolled in front of the opening.
upon it. As a guard waiting to
needed information to the discip

3. *His countenance* (His appe
was like lightning. In vivid and
brightness. *And His raiment*
snow. This was heavenly
Christ at His transfiguration
face shining as the sun, and His
white and glistening. This
whiteness was the symbol of
purity and glory.

4. *And for fear of him the*
That is, the Roman guard. *An*
as dead. Apparently swooned a
their terror. As soon as they
they hasted away.

1. *In the end of the Sabba*
Saturday. *As it began to d*
came Mary Magdalene, i. e. M
Magdala, on the Sea of Galile
Jesus had redeemed from the
affliction allied to insanity,—t
possessed by seven demons (Lu
She is not the same with "the
who was a sinner." So far as
she was always a pure woman
is at Dresden a painting, "of th
of Titian," which represents
woman of middle age, once ver
ful, with deep lines of sufferi
face, but over it all a look of g
peace and unutterable gratitu
the other Mary. The mother
the less and Joses (27: 56),
with Salome the mother of Joh
the wife of Chuza, and other
As they went, they were concer
the question, "Who shall roll
the stone from the door of th
for they knew, from observati
interment, that it was exced
(Mark 16: 3, 4). But we
how it was removed before the
the place. Thus the difficult
way of duty are removed for
go forward to do it. They pro
agreed upon the time, but les
various homes, were to me
sepulchre.

Mary Magdalene reaches
first, and hastens away to tell
Jesus is not there (John 20: 1
other women kept on, and
sepulchre, and see two angels
inform them that Jesus has ar
had foretold them, and would
in Galilee. They then go b
city to report to the apostles
Luke 24: 2-10).

5. *And the angel answere*
spoken questions and fears of t
who had bowed down their
ground in fear. *Fear not*
emphatic in the original. T
and the enemies of Jesus ha
fear, but not these discip
had infinitely more reason to
to fear.

6. *He is risen, as He said*
21; 17: 23). *Come, see the p*
vince yourselves of the fact o
rection.

7. *Go quickly and tell H*
To relieve their anxieties, to
to the great truth which wa
them to proclaim the go
world. *He goeth before you*
Where the chief meeting of
His disciples took place (
16-20; John 21: 1-24).

Peter and John hasten t
(still early in the morning
they hear the message of M
lene (John 20: 3-10). The
while the women are on the
form the disciples of what
heard from the angels. Je
to Mary Magdalene (John
Early morning, near the
Mary Magdalene, after
Peter and John, returned
to the sepulchre, and reac
the two apostles had gon
near by, Jesus Himself appe

WHY FIRST TO MARY
(1) To show the honor H
woman and her work in
(2) To give comfort and co
upon whom the burden of t
have weighed heavily. (3)
God will bless and save a
humblest who have faith
their hearts.

Jesus appears to the othe

Sabbath School.

BIBLE LESSONS.

SECOND QUARTER.

(Condensed from Peloubet's Select Notes.)

Lesson I. April 2. Matt. 28: 1-10

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

EXPLANATORY.

THE REALITY OF JESUS' DEATH. It was of the utmost importance, though they knew it not at the time, that the fact of Christ's death should be proved beyond the possibility of cavil or doubt, for otherwise doubt would be thrown upon the fact of His resurrection. Every precaution was taken, not by his disciples, but by the enemies of Jesus. (1) The Roman centurion assured Pilate of the death of Jesus (Mark 15: 44, 45). (1) The soldiers pierced His body with a spear, and from the wounds flowed blood and water—a proof of death. (3) At the request of the chief priests, the stone against the door of the sepulchre was sealed, and a Roman guard placed around the tomb, so that no one could take away the body, and then pretend that He had risen. (4) His friends had no expectation of his rising in the way He did. They expected not his coming back to them in the body, but if at all, "His second coming in glory into His kingdom." (5) The tomb was a new one, in which no one had ever been buried, and so there could be no doubt as to the identity of the body of Christ.

THE STORY OF EASTER MORNING. Jesus rises from the dead early in the morning, the exact time unknown. No description of the great event is given. At dawn there there is an earthquake, and an angel rolls the stone from the door of the sepulchre.

2. *Behold, there was a great earthquake.* Before the arrival of the women; perhaps they felt it on their way thither. *For the angel* (an angel) . . . *descended from heaven.* A divine messenger, to overawe the guards, and show that Jesus rose, and was not taken from the tomb by human power. *Rolled back the stone from the door.* The tomb was cut in the side of a rock, like a cave, large enough for several persons to enter. The entrance was protected by a large stone, sometimes round, like a large millstone, rolled in front of the opening. *And sat upon it.* As a guard waiting to give the needed information to the disciples.

3. *His countenance* (His appearance) *was like lightning.* In vivid and intense brightness. *And His raiment white as snow.* This was heavenly apparel. Christ at His transfiguration had His face shining as the sun, and His raiment white and glistening. This dazzling whiteness was the symbol of joy and purity and glory.

4. *And for fear of him the keepers.* That is, the Roman guard. *And became as dead.* Apparently swooned away with their terror. As soon as they recovered they hasted away.

1. *In the end of the Sabbath.* Our Saturday. *As it began to dawn . . . came Mary Magdalene, i. e.* Mary from Magdala, on the Sea of Galilee, whom Jesus had redeemed from the terrible affliction allied to insanity,—the being possessed by seven demons (Luke 8: 2). She is not the same with "the woman who was a sinner." So far as we know, she was always a pure woman. There is at Dresden a painting, "of the school of Titian," which represents her as a woman of middle age, once very beautiful, with deep lines of suffering in her face, but over it all a look of gentleness, peace and unutterable gratitude. *And the other Mary.* The mother of James the less and Joses (27: 56), together with Salome the mother of John, Joanna the wife of Chasa, and other women. As they went, they were concerned about the question, "Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the tomb?" for they knew, from observation of the interment, that it was exceeding great (Mark 16: 3, 4). But we have seen how it was removed before they reached the place. Thus the difficulties in the way of duty are removed for those who go forward to do it. They probably had agreed upon the time, but leaving their various homes, were to meet at the sepulchre.

Mary Magdalene reaches the tomb first, and hastens away to tell Peter that Jesus is not there (John 20: 1, 2). The other women kept on, and enter the sepulchre, and see two angels there, who inform them that Jesus has arisen as He had foretold them, and would meet them in Galilee. They then go back to the city to report to the apostles (vers. 5-8; Luke 24: 2-10).

5. *And the angel answered* the unspoken questions and fears of the women who had bowed down their faces to the ground in fear. *Fear not ye.* Ye is emphatic in the original. The keepers and the enemies of Jesus had reason to fear, but not these disciples. They had infinitely more reason to rejoice than to fear.

6. *He is risen, as He said* (Matt. 16: 21; 17: 23). *Come, see the place,* to convince yourselves of the fact of His resurrection.

7. *Go quickly and tell His disciples.* To relieve their anxieties, to lead them to the great truth which was to enable them to proclaim the gospel to the world. *He goeth before you into Galilee.* Where the chief meeting of Jesus with His disciples took place (26: 32; 28: 16-20; John 21: 1-24).

Peter and John hasten to the tomb (still early in the morning) as soon as they hear the message of Mary Magdalene (John 20: 2-10). They are going, while the women are on the way to inform the disciples of what they have heard from the angels. Jesus appears to Mary Magdalene (John 20: 11-17). Early morning, near the sepulchre. Mary Magdalene, after reporting to Peter and John, returned more slowly to the sepulchre, and reached it after the two apostles had gone. Standing near by, Jesus Himself appeared to her.

WHY FIRST TO MARY MAGDALENE. (1) To show the honor He put upon woman and her work in His church. (2) To give comfort and courage to one upon whom the burden of the past may have weighed heavily. (3) To show how God will bless and save and honor the humblest who have faith and love in their hearts.

Jesus appears to the other women, as they are returning to the city, bearing the angel's message to the apostles. His second appearance (vers. 9, 10).

9. *And as they went.* By some other streets than those by which Mary Madgalene and Peter and John had gone. *Behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.* "Rejoice," the usual form of salutation. The English "all hail" is shortened from "all health." *Held Him by the feet.* Clasped His feet, in reverent, affectionate joy, to make sure that it was indeed the Lord, and to express their gladness. *And worshipped Him.* Religious worship or adoration is here meant, not mere reverence.

10. *Go tell My brethren that they go into Galilee.* The same message which the angels had given them in the sepulchre (see on ver. 7).

How Not to Do It: Some Negative Graces.

1. Don't do it.
2. If you are doing it, quit.
3. Don't do it at the wrong time. Never ask a subscription of a hungry man; never try to interest a man who is chasing after a train, in foreign missions; and never make a morning call on a woman in the midst of house-cleaning, whose husband is sick, whose girl has left her, and whose baby has just swallowed a button and upset a bottle of ink, and endeavor to enlist her sympathies in behalf of a poor but worthy young woman who wants to go to Vassar.
4. Don't do it at the wrong place. Never try to entertain a bank teller at his window; never take advantage of a funeral to get the young people together to arrange for the sociable; never inject your views on second probation or the seventh chapter of Romans in the midst of business meeting; never take a beam out of your neighbor's eye when there's a crowd looking on. You might get a cinder in your own.
5. Don't try to prance before you learn to walk. Don't be in too great a hurry to show Methusaleh how the thing should be done. The world was here ages before you came, and never knew you was coming. It will be here ages after you have gone away, and maybe it won't know you were here. Hold up your head and step high; that's right. But keep close enough to the earth—which is the humble planet the rest of us inhabit—to have something to put your foot on when you set it down.
6. Don't sing long meter hymns to common meter tunes. Eh? "Who does?" Oh, lots of people; older and wiser and more experienced than you youngsters. I have heard common meter sermons preached from long meter texts by short meter preachers to peculiar meter congregations, and the effect is a fuge that makes the organ shudder. Keep your ears open, and you'll catch yourself at it one of these days, unless you should die a great deal younger than you are now.
7. Don't pump after your sucker's dry. If you have nothing to say, don't say it, and it will be most highly appreciated by the entire congregation. If you have something to say, say it and quit. Don't say it all over again another way; don't keep on making a talking sound with your mouth, under the impression that you are still saying something; don't keep on wandering to and fro in a wilderness of speech in the hope that you will come out into a clearing or strike a road that will lead you to town by and by. You'll come out at the same hole you went in at every time, if you once lose your bearings.
8. In deference to hint number 7, the three remaining hints ordered by Superintendent Coon, are omitted. The omission should have begun at number two, but the other paragraphs got into the copy dummy as stow-away.—*Robert J. Burdette.*

Literary Notes.

A bright story of Washington social life, entitled "A Diplomatic Checkmate," opens the March number of the *Cottage Hearth*, and is followed by "The Strike at Armstrong's," a tale of a California lumber camp. The unexpected turn events take in the story of "A Belated Proposal" is both surprising and interesting. Sophie E. Eastman gives, in a travel sketch, an account of "Five Days on Kilauea, Hawaii." The present interest in these Islands in the Pacific makes this account of one of the wonders of nature especially interesting. "A Dangerous Pilot" is the leading story in the Young People's Department. Fine illustrations abound, and the magazine is certainly cheap at $1.50 a year. W. A. Wilde & Co., Boston.

The American *Review of Reviews* is to be commended for its enterprise in having secured from the pen of Archdeacon Farrar a most brilliant tribute, as also a most frank and personal one, to the life and character of the late Bishop Phillips Brooks. Dr. Farrar was Phillips Brooks' most intimate and confidential English friend, and this article must of necessity be read with the keenest interest by the American admirers of the great preacher. President Thwing, of Adelbert College, Cleveland, contributes also an eloquent and warm tribute to the great power of Phillips Brooks as a preacher. The illustrations are as timely as ever. Some one remarked several months ago on turning the leaves of his newest copy of the *Review of Reviews*: "It is all intensely interesting, particularly this marvellous collection of the portraits of the most conspicuous men and women of the day. But what in the world will the *Review of Reviews* do for portraits next month? They must have exhausted the category of distinguished people by this time." But the next month's portraiture was even more interesting than the last. The March number has for its frontispiece a magnificent portrait of Mr. Lamar. Elsewhere it has on a full page the finest of all the portraits that ever appeared of Phillips Brooks. Three different portraits of Mr. Blaine, one of Hayes and his cabinet, and various ones of Butler, Lamar, and Hayes, accompany Professor Judson's article on recent American politics. Besides these there are many others which add much to the interest of this magazine, which, apart from its illustrations, never lacks interest for its many readers.

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Race of the "Swamp Skeeter."

"What is that, boys; here, that craft making out from under the willows?"

It was the captain of the Academy Canoe Club who spoke, pointing across the river with his paddle.

"That's Joe Lansing, in his dug-out. Wonder if he intends to enter for the race," laughed a tall boy in a natty boating suit.

"If he does, you and your Pickerel had better look out, Steve," said the owner of the Rivermaid, tying not to run down little Willie West, who was wriggling about in every direction, like an excited polywog.

Steve Sinclair looked down at his trim little craft, with a superior smile, "I should like to see him beat the Pickerel," he said.

The boys watched the comical little dug-out as it approached. The owner was as comical to look at as his boat—red-haired and freckled—a typical Yankee Boy, brown as a ripe chestnut, from the winds of northern Maine, where he lived, and the suns of Florida, where a part of his fifteen winters had been spent. He was a faithful, plodding scholar, and a sort of a favorite with the boys, if we except Steve Sinclair, a fastidious Boston boy, who lost no opportunity of a polished but stinging sarcasm, at the expense of the little "backwoodsman."

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Steve, as the dug-out came within hailing distance. "Going to enter for the race, skipper?"

"I'm thinking of it," was the curt reply.

"She'll beat the Pickerel and the Rivermaid and the whole lot," said Steve, eyeing the small craft, quizzically. "What do you call her?"

"I most generally call her a dug-out," said Joe, drily; "but as things 'round here seem to consist chiefly of high-toned names, I guess I'll name her the Swamp Skeeter."

A shout went up from the boys. The dug-out was christened.

The day of the race dawned calm, clear and cool. Not a breath of wind ruffled the burnished breast of Crystal River.

To the surprise of the boys, Joe had really entered his dug-out for the race. "That settles the prize!" laughed Steve Sinclair.

There was the usual fuss and delay, in getting ready, but the signal was given at length.

Away they went—eight canoes—each handled by an expert.

Ahead of them all was the slim, shining Pickerel, propelled by a pair of hands that were strong and skilful, if they were white. Next to the Pickerel glided the graceful Rivermaid.

But what was this? The ridiculous little dug-out that had created so much amusement, as it swung into line, was stealing alongside the Rivermaid—had passed it, and was pressing hard upon the Pickerel!

Steve did not see it. His head was half turned, watching for the one difficult place in the course, where a sunken rock made a powerful eddy, dangerous to the frail shell beneath him.

Was that dug-out bewitched? With a sudden spurt it shot past the Pickerel, and raced away toward the goal. Steve saw it as it glided by, and bent to his work recklessly. He would win! The Pickerel, the best canoe in the club, beaten by a Florida dug-out! He thought no more of the dangerous rock?

"Look out!" said a low, sharp voice. "Don't you see you're right on the rocks? This way, quick, or you'll go over!"

It was the owner of the Swamp Skeeter who spoke. The dug-out was alongside the eddy, and there was no room for the other to pass without striking the rock. But Joe, as he spoke, turned his craft to one side, sufficiently to allow Steve's slender shell to pass in safety. Quick as lightning, the Pickerel swerved aside, and shot past the dangerous place.

But alas for the Swamp Skeeter! Joe's act of benevolence had cost him the race, just as he had feared. The Pickerel swept up to the goal two lengths ahead, amid a storm of cheers.

"You wouldn't have lost the lead, Joe, if you hadn't been so scared of that rock," said the captain. "You could have got by all right without giving it such a wide berth as that, man!"

Joe went on with his absorbing task of chewing spruce gum, and deigned no reply. *He* scared of a rock, who had dodged 'gators in a Florida swamp, and run Mad Rapids up in the Maine woods more times than the captain had shoved his dainty little Water Nixie out into the passionless waters of the Crystal.

But Steve spoke. "The prize is Joe's," he said. "He turned out to save me from capsizing, when he knew 'twould lose him the race. He might have let me capsize, and serve me right after the way I've treated him all along. There isn't one fellow in a hundred that wouldn't!"

How noble the handsome young Bostonian looked, as he uttered these earnest words, and how homely looked the stumpy little backwoodsman from Aroostook County.

But warm hearts are the same everywhere. Joe stretched out his short arm, and the brown hand and the white one closed with a grip that was good to see, while the boys cheered till the shores rang.

There are two fast friends in the Canoe Club, now. Steve's hands are as white, and Joe's hair as red as ever, but they found out each other's real nature the day the Pickerel was saved by the Swamp Skeeter.—*Watchman.*

—If the hair if falling out, or turning gray, requiring a stimulant with nourishing and coloring food, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is just the specific.

—Kendrick Outhouse, of Tiverton, N. S., is a thoroughly intelligent and conscientious man. He says that Hawker's Tonic and Liver Pills saved his life. Read his testimony in another column.

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A Broken Life.

An itinerant minister in the South some years ago was passing through a prison pen one day. It was crowded with prisoners, many negroes among them, showing every phase of ignorance and brutality. One gigantic fellow crouched alone in a corner, his feet chained to a ball. There was an unhealed wound on his face where he had been shot while trying to escape. The sight of the dumb, gaunt figure, touched the visitor's sympathies.

"How long has he to serve?" he asked the keeper.

"For life."

"Has he anybody outside to look after him—his old master or wife or child?

"How should I know? Nobody but you has ever noticed him all the time he has been here."

"May I speak to him?"

"Yes, but only for a minute."

The minister hesitated. What could he say in one minute.

He went up and touched the man's torn cheek. "I am sorry," he said. "I wish I could help you."

The negro looked keenly at him, and the hard lines of his face softened, and he nodded to indicate that he accepted and believed in the sympathy expressed.

"I am going away, and shall never see you again, perhaps, but you have a friend who will stay here with you."

The small, keen eyes were on him; the negro dragged himself up, waiting and eager.

"You have heard of Jesus?"

"Yes, marse."

"He is your friend. If you are good and true, and pray to God to help you, I am sure He will care for you."

"Me? *Me,* marse?"

"Yes. And if you surely try to do right He will sometime take you away from here to His home. He will; you may be sure of this."

"Come, sir!" called the keeper. "Time's up."

The clergyman turned sorrowfully away. The prisoner crawled after him, dragging his chain, and catching his hand, held it in his own while he could. Tears were in the clergyman's eyes.

Fourteen years passed. The convict was sent with gangs of his fellows from place to place to work in the mines or on the roads of the State. The old minister, coming back to the South, went down into a mine, and among the negro workmen saw a gigantic figure bent with hardship and with age.

"Who is that?" he asked the keeper, the huge figure again attracting his attention.

"A lifer, and he's a steady fellow, the best of the gang."

Just then the "lifer" looked up. His figure straightened, for he had recognized the clergyman. His eyes shone. "I knowed you, marse. Does you know me?" he said. "Will He come soon, dat you tole me about? Ise tried to be good."

Through all the outer surface of this broken life, through the black skin, the wounded body, this preacher had looked and seen in the heart of this man its divine secret. At a single word of sympathy, laying hold of that divine secret, the life had been transformed, the convict redeemed. So Jesus would have done. So He did. Turning to the malefactor by his side in the agonies of death we hear His voice, "This day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." He died for man as man. He looked through all that which lies upon the outer surface and saw the immortal, the infinite, the divine capacities of this creature made in the image of God. There is no meaning to the cross of Christ save that man was worthy of such a sacrifice. This is the fundamental message which Jesus bears a lost and sinning world.—*From a sermon, by Rev. Thos Dixon.*

—H. D. McMillan, Sydney, C. B., writes: "K. D. C. is all you claim it to be."

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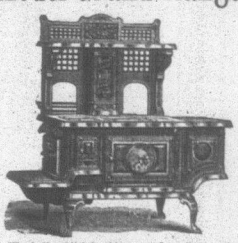

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(Signed) ANDERSON ROGERS.

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JAMES A. HARDING, Sheriff

St. John, N. B., 15th Dec., 1892.

To the Heirs, Executors, Administrators or Assigns of Alexander McGregor, deceased.

WE HEREBY GIVE YOU NOTICE that in default of payment of certain mortgage moneys owing to the trustees under the last will and testament of George W. Ritchie, deceased, by virtue of the Indenture of Mortgage made by said Alexander McGregor, bearing date the twentieth day of April, A. D. 888, we shall, on Saturday the eighth day of April next, at twelve o'clock noon, at Chubb's Corner, so called, in Prince William Street, in the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John, proceed to a sale of the lands and premises mentioned and described in said indenture, in execution of the powers hereby vested in us.

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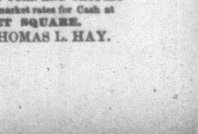

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Messenger and Visitor.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1893.

THE INDIAN EDUCATION PROBLEM.

The subject of government aid to denominational Indian schools incidentally received some attention recently in the House of Commons at Ottawa. It came up in connection with an item in the Indian estimates appropriating $2,500 to assist in the erection of an Indian industrial school at Chilliwack, B. C., the school being under the auspices of the General Missionary Society of the Methodist church of Canada. It was stated that the whole cost of the building would be about $18,500, of which the government would pay about $5,000. Some discussion ensued, and the following facts in reference to denominational schools among the Indians were elicited. There are: Boarding schools, 19; pupils, 360—six under the Church of England, six Roman Catholic, six Presbyterian, one Methodist. Day schools, 110, with 1,454 pupils—58 Church of England, 31 Roman Catholic, two Presbyterian, 14 Methodist, five non-denominational. Industrial schools, 10; 1,030 pupils—four church of England, three Roman Catholic, one Presbyterian, two Methodist.

If our understanding of the matter is correct, all these schools are now receiving aid from government on a per capita basis. A new industrial school, under Methodist control, is about to be established near Brandon. Mr. Daly, Minister of the Interior, stated that the government had inspectors for the boarding, industrial and day schools in the Northwest; that there was the most rigid inspection, and every safeguard was provided. He also stated that it was not the intention of the government to extend the system of industrial schools, as they considered that the field was now pretty well covered. The policy being pursued by the government in this matter was mildly criticised by some honorable members. Mr. Davies, of P. E. Island, thought that Parliament should not go on voting money for Indian schools in this way from year to year. Some settled policy should be adopted. The churches were no doubt doing good work in the North-west, but he did not regard it as the duty of the State to christianize the Indians. There should be industrial schools among the Indians conducted by the State, but he was opposed to having those schools used as a vehicle for denominational teaching. Mr. Davies also remembered that there had been a protest from the Baptists against the system in practice.

While several religious bodies have been zealously engaged in this most philanthropic and Christian work of evangelizing and teaching the Indians, it would certainly be ungenerous for Baptists who have not hitherto attempted much on behalf of the Indians to criticise severely other denominations for having sought and accepted such assistance in this matter as the government was willing to give. Baptists will remember, too, that they themselves, in the past, have not despised the supporting arm of the state in prosecuting their educational work in Christian communities. The case of the Indians, too, is fairly considered exceptional, and the plea for state aid for denominational schools among them can be supported with much more reason than when it is urged on behalf of such schools in civilized and Christian communities, and especially where a public school system has been established. As to the results which have followed from missionary work among the Indians of the North-west, we are not in possession of any definite information. But no doubt these results have, generally speaking, been good in quality and considerable in extent. It may be fairly claimed that the work of the missions has been, not only for the spiritual welfare of the Indians, but has been also of great value to the Dominion, in promoting among the Indians friendly feelings toward the white race, and in laying the foundations of a work necessary to prepare them for the duties of citizenship. No one, we presume—and certainly not Baptists—will wish to censure severely those Christian bodies which have been willing to accept the assistance of the government in prosecuting so praiseworthy a work.

But whatever justification the present system, or rather lack of system, may have in relation to the past, we are strongly of opinion that the time is at hand when government support of denominational schools should cease. While we would not advocate the immediate withdrawal of all such support, if such action would result in crippling the schools, we think that government should give notice that, after a certain, not remote, date, denominational work among the Indians must be independent of government assistance. The principle which Baptists universally accept—and in support of which no argument is needed here—is that the church should not depend for support upon the State. If any temporary exceptions are admitted, they are admitted as such only. The present condition of things in respect to Indian education cannot with advantage, either to the interests of religion or of government, continue.

The government of this Dominion, no less than the churches of it, owes a duty to the Indians. The time has come, we believe, when the government should no longer neglect to provide for the Indians of the North-west a well devised system of education and training designed to bring them as rapidly as practicable to a state of civilization and to fit them for self-support and the duties of intelligent citizenship. By this means the conditions for religious effort would be rendered much more favorable and the missionaries would be able to devote their attention wholly to the spiritual welfare of the Indians. Toward this end many distinguished friends of Indian education in the United States have been working for years past, and their aim was embodied largely in the policy of the late administration and formed one of its most praiseworthy features. In this connection the work of ex-Commissioner Morgan, who, by the way, is a Baptist, has been generally and highly commended by the Protestant religious press. All the leading Protestant denominations in the United States, following the example of the Baptists, have of their own accord announced their determination to relinquish all claim to government grants for their Indian work. The Roman Catholics alone oppose, and the aim and result of their work, General Morgan has said, is not to civilize the Indian, but to make him a docile and obedient member of the church of Rome. In Canada opposition will doubtless be encountered from a similar quarter, but certainly nothing should be permitted to stand in the way of the duty which the Dominion owes to its Indian wards to elevate them from a condition of savagery and pauperism to civilization and self-supporting citizenship.

GIVE THE DEVIL HIS DUE.

Commenting on an article which appeared in our last issue, and which was mainly a brief summary of a paper read by Rev. G. O. Gates before the St. John branch of the Evangelical Alliance on "The Religious Life of Saint John," the *Globe* remarks:

"The Visitor admits, however, that while twenty years ago there were nearly four hundred licensed taverns in St. John there are now only a hundred, and it acknowledges that this 'is encouraging.' It is always a safe thing to attack the drinking habit, because nobody will rise up to defend it; and then, too, it is in accordance with men's feelings to condone the evils they are inclined to by damning those they have no mind to. But let us be just: the crimes—perhaps we should only say the 'offences'—which have marked so clearly a rather low water mark in morality in this community are in no way connected with drinking or the number of liquor licences. We do not wish to particularize, but let any fair-minded man go over the great frauds and immoralities which have been made public in this community in the last two years—indeed, in many years—and then point out how many are in any way connected with the granting of liquor licenses. No doubt the consumption of liquor produces great evil, but it does not account for the prevailing vices of this community, nor can the friends of the men in high places who have fallen plead that as an excuse for their backsliding."

We quite agree with our neighbor so far as this, that a great many evils afflict society in this and every other community which are not chargeable to the use and abuse of strong drink. Shut up every liquor shop of high or low degree in the city, and banish strong drink forever from tavern and club and home, and still there would be frauds, immoralities, offences, crimes. Drunkenness is less a moral disease in itself than a symptom of disease which lies deeper. Yes, that is quite true. But that does not alter the fact that the liquor business and its results in this city is an evil not to be pooh poohed or palliated; an evil of which every one who labors for the moral and religious well-being of his fellow-men in this community finds himself obliged to take serious account.

We are not so sure that the "crimes" or "offences" to which our contemporary alludes, indicate so clearly a low-water mark in morality in this community. If within a certain period a few business men have been found guilty of fraudulent practices, should the fact be regarded as casting doubt upon the general integrity of the business community? If a few men entrusted with the duty of handling public funds have not proved strong enough to withstand the temptations incident to their office, is that fact to be set down against the honorable reputation of the men who are holding such positions? If here and there a minister of the gospel has gone to ruin, is it fair to infer that such instances are indications of the general character of the men who preach the gospel? The fact, as it seems to us, is that, while such conspicuous offences against integrity or morality *may* result from a prevailing low tone of public morals, they may with more justice as well as charity, in most cases, be set down as exceptional instances which do not indicate a general deterioration in character and conduct. We have certainly no disposition in the slightest degree to condone these offences. They are bad and sad enough in all conscience, and Christians have had reason to bow their heads in shame at revelations of weakness and wickedness where strength and virtue were most to be expected. These things are terrible hindrances in the way of Christian work and are made much of by those who desire an excuse for living an unchristian life. But we are unable to endorse the statement that these are the principal indications of a lack of religious life and of high moral sentiment in this community.

But look at the liquor business in this city. Are there not crimes and offences directly chargeable to it, to say nothing of the vices which go hand in hand with drunkenness, and the evils which have indirect connection with the liquor traffic—crimes and offences enough to justify the most emphatic condemnation of the whole business. A few Sundays ago, a man in the prime of life died on our streets, and according to the finding of the coroner's jury the immediate cause of his death was strong drink purchased that day at licensed places in the city. Within a week, we believe, of the same day, a young man in a drunken frenzy beat his aged mother until he believed he had killed her. And these things are not to be set down as rare and exceptional results of the liquor business. Is there a day in the year when some crime against the law or some monstrous offence against society does not occur in this city as a fruit of it? to say nothing of the loss of manhood and womanhood, the poverty and the misery which are its perpetual outcome. And the city of St. John, from of old, has licensed this iniquity and so far made it respectable, and still continues to do so at the close of the nineteenth century. And we are expected to congratulate ourselves because there are not so many rum shops in the city now as there were twenty years ago—though no one says the amount of liquor consumed is correspondingly less—and we must be cautious not to judge too severely the liquor business, because there are some sins which are not connected with it! Surely there is little need of argument in support of the statements made or implied in the paper recently read before the Alliance that the liquor business in St. John is still a gigantic evil, and its presence indicates that the moral and religious sentiment are not what should be expected in a Christian community to-day.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

In some respects, without doubt, the crowded city is morally less wholesome than the country. Moral soundness cannot be expected in connection with the physical degradation which abounds among certain classes of the population of large cities. The country with its natural beauties, its fresh and wholesome airs and its comparative freedom from the temptation to many degrading forms of vice which are found in the city, possesses great advantages. At the same time it would be a great mistake to suppose that all the viciously inclined people live in the cities. Apart from the crimes which grow out of an over-crowded condition and the prevalence of the saloon, the country probably furnishes as large a percentage of crimes as the cities. The frequency of murders in the western part of Massachusetts has led the Springfield *Republican* to some investigations, as a result of which it is found that during the past twenty years, according to the percentage of population, murders have been much more frequent in the western counties than in the eastern and more thickly populated parts of the State. And the murderers of Western Massachusetts have lived not in the cities, but in the retired country places. It is said that four little retired communities whose total population did not reach 2,000 in 1830, are found to have been the scenes of three times as many murders since 1870 as the six largest cities in these western counties. We are inclined to think that investigation in other countries would show that what the *Republican* has found to be true in Massachusetts is not altogether exceptional. If it is not good for human beings to be too closely crowded together, neither is isolation a wholesome condition. We are reminded too that under every condition there is imperative need of those divine influences which alone can change the heart and redeem the life from wickedness. The sparsely settled country districts are not easily reached, yet it is important not only for the few people that dwell in them, but also for the influence which these people will perpetuate, that such districts should be provided with religious privileges.

A meeting in the interests of the "Haven," or home for fallen women, was held last Thursday evening in the commodious school room of the Centenary church. Quite a large congregation, in which the different denominations were fairly well represented, was present. Mr. John E. Irvine, who presided, explained that the Haven was under the control of a committee of ladies, assisted by a committee of gentlemen, and showed that the work done was not without encouraging results. Excellent addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Bruce, Raymond, Gates, de Soyres and James. All the speakers expressed earnest sympathy with the work which had been undertaken in connection with the Haven, and emphasized its Christian character. The addresses of Messrs Bruce and Gates were especially adapted to arouse interest in Christian hearts and to incite them to earnest efforts to rescue the fallen and the perishing. We are informed that the Salvation Army in this city is engaged in a most praiseworthy and, on the whole, highly successful rescue work. These unselfish and persevering endeavors in the name of Christ to reach and save those who have fallen from virtue and respectability are worthy not only of praise and encouragement, but also of imitation. In all our cities and large towns there is work of this kind waiting for Christians to do. How many of our readers have their hearts and wills moved to engage in the missionary work which lies at their own doors?

"The World's Need."

NO. II.

The pulse of the world beats fast to-day. Its heart throbs powerfully under the stimulating influence of mighty purposes. This busy age, weaving rapidly the destiny of its generation, calls loudly for every help the universe can give.

Sweeping as best we can, in one vision all the past, gathering in one grasp all the revelation in human history, in human consciousness, *the one profound need of the world is a true knowledge of the character of God.*

The manifest activity of men is a groping after God. The human race is reaching full tide youth, if not manhood's estate; and this maturing life demands the food of vital truth. A question that comes from a million hearts is: "*Where shall it be found?*" The time has long since passed when men are satisfied with that which is not real. The priest of Isis must leave his cloister, his secrets *must be known.* The vague, the fanciful, the unreal in religion must vanish as the mind of man struggles into light.

Christianity has been called "*The latest superstition.*" Men in their blindness of Christian realities have cast around it this veil of superstition, and Christian men, so called, by their own ignorance and *opinions* have warranted the act. Too long has the church of God withdrawn herself from the centre of the world's activity. Standing, as she imagines, upon an exalted plane she merely beckons to herself the conclaves of men in the whirl of life's realities, who in turn scarcely look toward the gesture of her hand. The church of God, so doing, disobeys the commands of Christ, who pre-eminently was a world's man, touching, moulding, feeling, and living with the hearts of men.

There is a profound need of the world knowing God, teaching God, feeling God, living in His light. "We are made for Thee, and our hearts are restless till they rest in Thee." In the world's rapid and earnest circling activity shall it find this rest in God, or shall it form for itself a destructive charybdis? That the world has not found God, needs no proof beyond the wail of millions who fain would know Him. Has God shut up the door of access to Himself? Has the world dropped from His heart?

O church of the living God, to you has been entrusted this dearest treasure of time. Why hast thou been false to thy stewardship? Why hast thou taken this treasure of God's revelation and secluded thyself, departing, withdrawing thyself from thine only true abode, *the centre of the world's activity?* Why hast thou withdrawn to thy chamber and left the world to cry piteously for shelter from the storm in this awful night of distress? Does it not touch your heart to hear this cry? Dost thou in thy seclusion see God? Dost thou know Him? Does He act for and love thee alone? Canst thou not come down and tell us? We cannot hear thee where thou art. Come to the midst of all our busy life, and let us feel thee; let us know what thou dost know of God. If thou hast but *a toy* for play, the world has no need of thee. If thou art the sacred custodian of life, true purpose, uplifting, ennobling and purifying ambition, we beg thee give it to the world that is struggling on under the pressure of life's great cares and responsibilities.

E. Allison Read.

University of Chicago, Feb. 20.

Work with the Young.

This is the best paying department of all religious and social reform. All earnest Sunday-school workers testify to the blessed results coming surely and speedily to reward their efforts. Young people are coming to the front now as never before, and are doing good work as the result of the training received years ago in home and school. Most of the additions to the churches come from our Sunday-schools. Suppose all the Sunday-schools were closed, what a darkness would brood over the land! Such was the case when our grandparents were children; and is still so, for half the year, in many places. Out of that gloom came the struggles and successes of the present day. What should be the outcome of the present for the next generation, and upon whom does the responsibility for the grand future rest? Many influences are at work to tear down the finest structures we raise; this is true in the moral as in the physical world. So if we rest, we retreat; and the enemy is only too glad to occupy our ground. The early temperance reformers gave much heed to the children, gathering them into bands and teaching temperance songs and total abstinence pledges. Those boys and girls of forty years ago are now the pillars of church and society. On Sept. 4, 1847, *one thousand* children of St. John and *five hundred* of Portland marched through the streets—the John B. Gough Cold Water Army. A youth named Leonard Tilley was in charge of one of the divisions. That day has had a lasting influence on thousands of lives, for the "army" impressed others as well as themselves. Those boys and girls are scattered all over the world, and wherever they went the communities became the better for their presence.

Now comes the question: *Shouldn't we gather the young folk of to-day and give them the benefits of temperance, songs and training?* If we neglect to fasten these facts as they were fastened upon us, may not the enemy find the next generation weak in defence of temperance? Whose fault will it be if some fine boys of to-day are drunkards twenty years hence? Or, if our dear bright girls shall be compelled to endure the disgrace and misery of drunken brothers or husbands? The mothers and sisters of our land have this largely in their own hands. If but a few women in city, town, or country settlement, determine to collect the children into a band, temple, legion, or what name serves, and teach them temperance once a week or month, they will succeed. The children are only too glad to come. A band has never yet been disbanded for want of members. The leaders may grow careless or weary. If a children's society cannot be formed, every home should have a pledge and every child should learn it as soon as he or she can talk. They will be all the stronger for temperance when they are grown. The "J. B. Gough" Cold Water Army had the following pledge:

"This youthful band the pledge now sign,
To drink no brandy, rum or wine;
No whiskey, cider, ale or beer
Shall pass our lips—we promise here.
We'll be a firm united band
To drive intemperance from our land;
So, here we pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate."

In Nova Scotia the old "Cold Water Army" and the present "Bands of Hope" have this pledge:

"Trusting in help from heaven above,
We pledge ourselves to works of love,
Resolving that we will not make,
Nor give, nor buy, nor sell, nor take
Through all the years of mortal life
Those drinks which cause pain, woe and strife,
Rum, brandy, whiskey, cordials fine,
Gin, cider, porter, ale and wine."

These pledges may not be highly poetical: they have done more good than much poetry. The offer of some favor will cause the little ones to learn and recite these pledges. The good, who can tell? Temperance is safe for the future, only as the children are taught its practice and principles.

Halifax, March 9. J. Parsons.

World's Fair Entertainment.

As I expect to visit the Columbian Fair, I have taken some pains to make inquiries regarding accommodations, and as a result of it all I have made application for lodgings with Rev. J. M. Coon, 211-213 Wabash Ave., Chicago. I think the plan that he represents is the best I have seen. First, it is under the management of a Baptist minister and Baptist control. It will therefore, no doubt, be a great Baptist centre. Second, it is on the cottage plan. A number of neat cottages have been secured for the purpose in Englewood, the choicest residence part of the city, about three miles from the fair grounds and connected by electric railway. Thus you have accommodations that are home-like and quiet, and many privileges not afforded by the large hotel plan. Terms are very easy. Any Baptist or any one else would do well to communicate with Rev. Mr. Coon before deciding on location.

W. J. Stewart.

P. S.—Since writing the above Mr. Coon has forwarded me a number of catalogues giving full particulars, which I will send to any one on application free of charge.

W. J. S.

— Now your blood should be purified. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine and blood purifier.

A Supply of Pastors.

There are a number of churches which now are, or expect to be soon, without pastors. Would it not be well for them, instead of seeking to supply themselves at the expense of sister churches, to remember that there are quite a number of young men who have been carefully preparing themselves for the ministry, who in May will be ready and anxious for work? Most of these have had considerable experience in preaching, and some of them have been ordained pastors. Among them are men of marked ability, and none need seek long or far for churches. Will not our churches encourage these brothers to return to the Provinces by sending for them as supplies, or better, by calling them directly to the pastorate? Why should not the latter be the case, for they are all men capable of doing good work, and a few inquiries concerning the work they have already done might be as safe a way of making a selection as the hearing of a sermon or two under the necessarily somewhat superficial circumstances of one candidating for the pastorate? The churches need organizers and leaders. A fine speaker may gather a large congregation, but something more is required to build up a live evangelizing church. In addition to those who graduate at Rochester, Chicago and Toronto, the following of our brethren complete their courses at Newton this year:

B. H. Bentley, graduated at Acadia 1890, of Berwick, N. S.

F. J. Bradshaw, Acadia, '90, Centreville, P. E. I.

C. W. Corey, Acadia, '87, Havelock, N. B. For over two years pastor at Bridgewater, N. S. Ordained and married.

H. T. DeWolf, Acadia '89, St. Stephen.

C. A. Eaton, Acadia, '90, Amherst, N. S. Has supplied the church at Natic, Mass., for a year. As the people have put up with the partial labors that a student can render and have been so kind to him in many ways, he felt he could not decline their invitation to remain with them for a time longer. Charlie, however, is a loyal Canadian, and an ardent lover of his alma mater, whose claims he presses on her scattered sons whom he meets, to some purpose financially.

C. S. McLearn completed the freshman year at Acadia in the class with the writer and other distinguished persons, after which he removed from his native place, Mount Uniack, N. S., to Boston, where he has resided since, but has still a love for the old land. Any church succeeding in repatriating him would receive faithful service. He is married.

J. W. Tingley, Acadia, 1885, married and ordained. Has been pastor at Pine Grove and other important churches in N. S. Also here in Massachusetts at North Middleboro.

G. J. Coulter White, Acadia, '80.

These have all taken the three years' course. The following have taken the two years' course:

J. H. Balcom, Paradise, N. S., married.

T. H. Burhoe, a native of P. E. I.

M. E. Fletcher, of Halifax. This brother has been appointed a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union.

B. H. Hatfield, of Port Greville, N. S., ordained and married. At present pastor at Georgetown, Mass.

I am not looking for a pastorate and so am free to say that if any of the churches wish any information that I can supply, or assistance in any way in securing a pastor from among these young men, I should be pleased to do what I can for them. In addition to our own men there are a number of good brothers, natives of this side of the line, who might be induced to cross over if called.

G. J. Coulter White.

Newton Centre, Mass., March 15.

Deacons.

1. *What are they for?* The apostles determined to give themselves to the Word of God and prayer; therefore, under the immediate guidance of the Holy Spirit, and with the approval of the church, appointed and ordained seven men to attend to its secular interests, to receive and disburse monies, to keep its accounts, and to provide things necessary for its temporal good. Thus, while the bishops or pastors attended to the souls, the deacons looked after the bodies of the people—the pastor to the spiritual, the deacon to the temporal interests of the church. These are, no doubt, their duties in this age if it was in apostolic times.

They were ordained (Acts 6: 6). This is neglected in these days; certainly it should not be.

They had qualifications (Acts 6: 3, 5, 1; Tim. 3: 8-14). Some of them had gifts for preaching. Their duties would be determined by their gifts—whatever talents we possess are to be exercised and improved. See the sixth of "Our Articles of Faith and Practice."

2. *Is it best to appoint for life or a term of years?* The fact that they should have gifts or qualifications settles this point; for, "The gifts and callings of God are without repentance." Whatever gifts He confers are intended for permanent service—they are for use, and the recipients are never deprived of them. So a man is not a deacon unless qualified, and if qualified is always so.

W. McGregor.

Barton, Digby Co., N. S.

— Mr. P. B. Van Blaricom, of Kingston, Ont., was afflicted with a skin eruption breaking out all over his body. The use of two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters completely cured him.

March 22.

An Enquiry.

Please, brother editor, allow m
an important question, and if y
give the answer it may possibly
remove some of the vexation
present feeling. I and scores o
would like to know why it is t
notices of the quarterly meet
these up-river counties are put o
the last minute? The meeting
present quarter begins on Friday
week and no *official* notice has
in Messenger and Visitor as
as some of us do not get our pa
til Friday (thanks to the imu
mail service we enjoy) it leaves
state of doubt not at all pleasa
Convention and associations
advertised weeks before they tak
why should not our quarterly
have a little more considerati
they not entitled to it? Are
quarterly meetings some of the
branches of the great Conventi
Are not all monies collected
gatherings devoted to objects e
in Convention scheme? Then
have a little more time and
blow our little trumpets and
clans together. Calvin C

Richmond, Car. Co., March 1

In reference to the above we
say that the importance of the
ly meetings is fully recognize
and the paper seeks to lend wh
can in advertising the meeti
publishing reports of their proc
As a rule the notices are publ
the next issue of the paper af
are received. It sometimes ha
course that a secretary will put
ing the notice a day too long,
result that it reaches us just
paper has gone to press. In
to the non-appearance in the
any *official* notice of the last m
the Carleton, Madawaska and
quarterly, the blame we supp
mainly on the editor, and he
deavor to bear with exempla
ness whatever censure the
may pronounce. The secreta
quarterly, being in our office,
bal notice, of which a note was
the time, but afterwards when
to write out the notice, we fo
the note had been mislaid, a
were in some doubt as to the
meeting we were not able to
notice positively and officially.
we have heard nothing to the
from the secretary, we pre
notice was correctly given.

We would suggest to the s
of the quarterly meetings that
sirable to have the notices sent
It would seem too that, as th
would be trifling, it would be
in addition to the notice in t
each church should receive
postal card of the meeting.—E

Student Supply.

A number of our ministerial
are now enquiring for an oppo
supply during summer vacatio
be glad to hear from any
church wishing a supply, or a
wishing an assistant. Some o
dents will be ready to comme
early in May and others early

A. Cohoon

Cor. Secy. H. M

Wolfville, March 15.

The Lunenburg Co. Minist
trict Meeting convened
church at Pleasantville on the
The condition of the weathe
course, the explanation of
attendance of pastors. The
session was devoted to the
routine of business, and a s
service. Reports from the ch
presented were cheering and
ing. At New Canada a series
services resulted in the reviva
tians, in the regeneration o
and in the rejoicing of Pa
mond's heart. Pastor Brown
just entered upon his wor
Bridgewater field, and whose
native soil and to Lunenburg
ed with delight, reported a go
ber as likely to be baptis
stations of his field where
Missionary Wallace recentl
and of whose labors at th
grateful mention is made
As the result of a discussion
by Pastor Brown, the meet
motion carried, expressed it
of the introduction of respon
ture reading in the regular
our churches. It was also
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W. J. Rutledge, Sec'y

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Lord bless them abundantly

L. J.

Melvern Sq., March 14.

An Enquiry.

Please, brother editor, allow me to ask an important question, and if you can give the answer it may possibly help to remove some of the vexation I am at present feeling. I and scores of others would like to know why it is that the notices of the quarterly meetings of these up-river counties are put off until the last minute? The meeting of the present quarter begins on Friday of this week and no *official* notice has appeared in MESSENGER AND VISITOR as yet, and as some of us do not get our papers until Friday (thanks to the immaculate mail service we enjoy) it leaves us in a state of doubt not at all pleasant. The Convention and associations are well advertised weeks before they take place; why should not our quarterly meetings have a little more consideration? Are they not entitled to it? Are not the quarterly meetings some of the smaller branches of the great Convention tree? Are not all monies collected at such gatherings devoted to objects embraced in Convention scheme? Then let us have a little more time and space to blow our little trumpets and call the clans together. CALVIN CURRIE.

Richmond, Car. Co., March 13.

In reference to the above we wish to say that the importance of the quarterly meetings is fully recognized by us, and the paper seeks to lend what aid it can in advertising the meetings and publishing reports of their proceedings. As a rule the notices are published in the next issue of the paper after they are received. It sometimes happens of course that a secretary will put off sending the notice a day too long, with the result that it reaches us just after the paper has gone to press. In reference to the non-appearance in the paper of any *official* notice of the last meeting of the Carleton, Madawaska and Victoria quarterly, the blame we suppose rests mainly on the editor, and he will endeavor to bear with exemplary meekness whatever censure the brethren may pronounce. The secretary of the quarterly, being in our office, left a verbal notice, of which a note was made at the time, but afterwards when we came to write out the notice, we found that the note had been mislaid, and as we were in some doubt as to the *place* of meeting we were not able to give the notice positively and officially. But as we have heard nothing to the contrary from the secretary, we presume the notice was correctly given.

We would suggest to the secretaries of the quarterly meetings that it is desirable to have the notices sent in early. It would seem too that, as the expense would be trifling, it would be well that, in addition to the notice in the paper, each church should receive notice by postal card of the meeting.—ED.

Student Supply.

A number of our ministerial students are now enquiring for an opportunity to supply during summer vacation. I shall be glad to hear from any pastorless church wishing a supply, or any pastor wishing an assistant. Some of the students will be ready to commence work early in May and others early in June.

A. COHOON.
Cor. Secy. H. M. Board.

Wolfville, March 15.

THE LUNENBURG CO. MINISTERIAL DISTRICT MEETING convened with the church at Pleasantville on the 14th inst. The condition of the weather was, of course, the explanation of the slim attendance of pastors. The afternoon session was devoted to the regular routine of business, and a short social service. Reports from the churches represented were cheering and encouraging. At New Canada a series of special services resulted in the revival of Christians, in the regeneration of sinners, and in the rejoicing of Pastor Raymond's heart. Pastor Brown, who has just entered upon his work on the Bridgewater field, and whose return to native soil and to Lunenburg Co. is hailed with delight, reported a goodly number as likely to be baptized at the stations of his field where General Missionary Wallace recently labored, and of whose labors at those places grateful mention is made by many. As the result of a discussion introduced by Pastor Brown, the meeting, by a motion carried, expressed its approval of the introduction of responsive Scripture reading in the regular service of our churches. It was also the unanimous opinion of the meeting that the Lunenburg church would act wisely should they adopt another name by which they could be more readily distinguished from the Lunenburg town church. A good audience, considering the bad condition of the roads, assembled at the evening meeting, which was devoted to the subject of Foreign Missions. An address, full of information, was delivered by Pastor Brown, on "The Past and Present of Foreign Missions," going as far back as to notice what was being done immediately before Carey came to the front. Speeches were also made upon the general subject by Pastors Raymond and Rutledge. A collection was taken for foreign missions. The district meeting then adjourned to meet again at Mahone Bay, on the second Tuesday of April. The programme for that occasion shall be announced later.

W. J. RUTLEDGE, Sec'y *pro tem.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We wish gratefully to acknowledge through the MESSENGER AND VISITOR the gift of a beautiful china tea set, presented to Mrs. Tingley by the sisters of Evergreen section of the church. This is but one of the many acts of kindness shown us by our friends at Evergreen. May the Lord bless them abundantly.

L. J. TINGLEY.

Melvern Sq., March 14.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.

[All moneys (except legacies) contributed for denominational work, i. e., Home Missions, Foreign Missions, Acadia University, Ministerial Education, Ministerial Aid Fund, Grande Ligne Mission, Northwest Mission, from churches or individuals, etc., in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, should be sent to the Rev. J. W. Manning, St. John, N. B. And all moneys for the same work from Nova Scotia should be sent to Rev. A. Cohoon, Wolfville, N. S. Envelopes for collecting funds for denominational work can be had on application to the above, or to the Baptist Book Room, Halifax.]

FALMOUTH, N. S.—Seven were added to the Falmouth church by baptism Feb. 19; and five by baptism and one on experience March 12. J. MURRAY.

TUSKET.—Five converts were baptized into the fellowship of the Tusket church at Riverdale, on the afternoon of March 12—a husband and wife, a young brother and two young sisters.

ADDISON F. BROWNE.

1ST HILLSBORO, N. B.—On Sunday evening, the 12th inst., the pastor gave the right hand of fellowship to four received by letter—Mr. and Mrs. Dudgeon Duffy, from La Couer, B. C., and Mr. and Mrs. Gorham D. Steeves, from Leinster St., St. John.

NEW CUMBERLAND.—Largely through the efforts of Pastor March (now of Halifax) this isolated Baptist branch of the Pleasantville church erected a neat, plain church building. Here is excellent mission ground. Pastor Brown, who is helping these poor but good people to pay the small debt on the house, will doubtless gladly receive the dollar bills which friends are prompted to send him for this good object. W. J. G.

LOWER WOODSTOCK AND SPRINGHILL.—We are holding meetings now at Lower Woodstock and a great work has begun. We have also held a few meetings at Springhill, a settlement lying between Benton and Lower Woodstock, about five or six miles from either place. At Springhill there is a neat little place of worship and the Word is spreading. Pray for us, brethren. This has been one of the hardest winter's work of my life. J. W. S. YOUNG.

BENTON.—I am aware that many are much interested about the good work at Benton. Benton is quite a village and a thriving place, and of late it has experienced the most powerful revival of religion in its history. I have baptized thirty-one, who, with six others, have united with the Baptist church. The Baptists of Benton have decided to arise and build a house of worship—a thing which should have been done long ago.

J. W. S. YOUNG.

PARLA KIMEDY.—We had an interesting baptism at Akulatampara last week. The candidate is a Sepoy of the Sudra caste. We rejoice that he is so firm in his determination to serve Jesus. The outlook on that part of the field is hopeful. The building work drags terribly owing to the slowness with which we can get material. However, we hope to be ready for the roof next week. Mr. Churchill returns to-morrow to help us. Probably we shall not get into the bungalow before the hot season.

Feb. 10. W. V. H.

PORT HILFORD.—God is still blessing us in this place. February 26 I baptized three young women. March 5 I baptized two—a young man and a young woman—and on March 12, two more young women followed the Lord in His appointed way. These young Christians are proving themselves very active and earnest workers in the service of the dear Master. We are very thankful to the heavenly Father for this season of refreshing, and look with hopeful hearts for others to come and consecrate themselves to the Saviour.

J. E. TINER.

BUTTERNUT RIDGE.—We are getting along nicely; a good attendance at the social and preaching service, and we enjoy the presence of the Master. At our last conference meeting the power of the Holy Spirit seemed to overshadow the meeting. Backsliders returning, a number requesting the prayers of God's people for themselves and others not present. Many say there has not been such a meeting here for some time. Our pastor is working hard attending the services in the different sections of the church, and preaching with more than usual power. The good sisters are still progressing in the work of raising funds to pay the debt against the parsonage. At our last business meeting the church requested that our pastor, Rev. A. F. Brown, continue his services another year. We hope he will comply with this request. We expect our pastor will preach in St. John next Sabbath and Rev. W. J. Stewart will preach here.

C. C.

WOLFVILLE.—Sixteen persons were baptized by Dr. Higgins, Sunday, March 12, making thirty that have been received during the month. Among those received are: Herbert and Laura Currie (children of late Rev. G. F. Currie, missionary), Wallace Hutchinson, Harold, Amy and Gordon Witter, Aubrey and Percy Benjamin, Jack and Ralph Jones (twin sons of Dr. R. V. Jones), Frank Wortman (Professor Wortman's son), Mabel Coldwell (daughter of Professor Coldwell), Gertie Roscoe (daughter of Deacon Roscoe). Rev. D. G. McDonald, of Halifax, is conducting meetings in connection with the institutions. Rev. Isaiah Wallace rendered valuable aid to Dr. Higgins for several days. He has now resumed work for the Home Mission Board. Rev. H. F. Adams, of Truro, spent March 12th here. He addressed the college in the afternoon and preached an able sermon in the evening upon the value of the human soul.

MILLTOWN, Calais.—Last Sabbath was a day of much power in this town. The ordinance of baptism was administered to three believing and obedient ones before a crowded church, and four were given the hand of Christian fellowship. In the evening a concert was given by our little Mission Band, which includes the infant class of the Sabbath-school, under the instruction of their faithful teacher, Mrs. Hamilton. The children presented their mite boxes, which contained of their little savings over $13 for the Centennial Fund. The concert was a good preparatory for the most glorious prayer meeting which we had after. Strong young men rose for the first time to express their desires to become Christians. Backsliders sought forgiveness and longed to return to the "Father's House." Mothers and fathers sent up prayers for ungodly children, and children pleaded for unrighteous parents. As yet no special effort has been put forth, but my father and I expect to commence the work on Wednesday. May God's blessing be upon us.

March 9. F. S. TODD.

BRIDGEWATER.—The Baptist church here and in its outer branches seem to be taking a new lease of life under the pastorate of Bro. Brown, whose zeal and deep earnestness are producing good results. At his request a large number of the young people, and older ones with young hearts, met to organize a Young People's Baptist Union, which promises well. The new pastor seems hopeful and happy in his good work. This county is favored with a good class of Baptist pastors. Their quarterly meetings enable them to report to each other and work in harmony and plan to compass the county field fairly well. Missionary Wallace's labors in the county are timely and greatly appreciated by the pastors and public generally. It is well that "the children of light" are becoming wiser in their generation than formerly and learning a lesson from "the children of this world" by advertising the grand cause they represent. "Tell it out," said Spurgeon, "to all, everywhere, that there is an abundance of food."

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.—The good work still goes on in Charlottetown. The union evangelistic meetings, which have been conducted for the past seven or eight weeks, are still—I was going to say, as interesting as ever, but it does seem as though the interest is deepening, evidenced by the large numbers who attend night after night, thronging every available inch of sitting room, while the aisles are crowded with attentive listners, who are willing to stand, and those who cannot get even this privilege will linger round the door, and when the first meeting is dismissed (at nine o'clock) take the places of those who leave. At every meeting numbers of anxious ones are asking, What shall we do &c.? And who can tell where these influences will end? The noble band of faithful ministers who so lovingly and earnestly are laboring for the Master are gladdened by seeing their labors are not in vain, and our beloved pastor, Rev. J. A. Gordon, is reaping the golden harvest from the seed of faithful, well-directed and telling service. Sunday morning, March 5, after preaching one of his usual able and earnest sermons, he, with a glad heart, led down into the baptismal waters ten happy souls, and to respond to Bro. Kempton's good suggestion, here are the names, viz: Malcolm Ross, E. Simpson, Misses Ethel McLeod, Addie McEwen, Edith Finlayson, Blanche Finlayson, Edith McGregor, Mary Ross, Mrs. John Burhoe. Further, on last Sunday morning, March 12, the following followed their Lord in His own ordinance: Duncan McNeill, Geo. Simmons, John Bremner, Mr. McNeill, Misses Beales, Munroe, Corney, Mr. Corney. At the same service Rev. F. D. Davison baptized eight candidates from Clyde River church. So you see the good work is not confined to Charlottetown. There are others who are expected to follow shortly. Thus the time is advancing, and may it take rapid strides, when all men shall know the Lord. E. D. S.

PERSONAL.

The St. Martins *Bema* says that Dr. Day, of Sheffield, has moved his family to St. Martins, where he intends to practice medicine.

Hon. Neil McLeod, ex-Premier of P. E. Island, has been called to the bench of his native province. Mr. McLeod is a graduate of Acadia University of the class of '69. He is also a Baptist in sentiment and a constant attendant upon the public services of the Charlottetown church.

NOTICES.

Will the Baptist churches in Digby County please not forget to send delegates to the quarterly meeting at Plympton, commencing on Monday evening, the 27th inst.? W. H. RICHAN.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—We wish to acknowledge the kindness of our friends from Mill Cove, First and Second Cambridge, who met at the parsonage on the evening of the 6th. The evening passed pleasantly, and at the close the pastor was kindly donated the sum of $69 in cash and $11 in goods. May God ever bless the doners is the prayer of the recipients. M. P. KING.

Receipts for Denominational Work.

From March 1st to 15th: Indian Harbor S. S., Halifax Co., $5; Chester, $13.50; Chester Basin, $15.50; Diligent River church, $2; Canso, $13.44; Walton, $9.50; Noel, $2; Freeport, $2; Central Grove (Freeport church), $8; Springfield, $15.25: "An Old Academy Student," special for college, $1; Isaac's Harbor, $33.25; Digby, $22; Kings Co. district meeting, $4; Onslow West, $11.81; New Germany W. M. A. S., $5 75; Wilmot church, $6 35; Lockport, $25; Port Medway, $4.60; Pubnico, $2.64—$301 59. Previously reported, $3,607.86. Total, $3,909.45.

A. COHOON,
Wolfville, Mar. 15. Treas. for N. S.

Lame Horses.

FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE

—CURES—

Spavins, Ringbones, Curbs, Splints, Sprains, Swellings, Bruises, Slips and Stiff Joints on Horses.

Numerous testimonials certify to the wonderful efficacy of this great remedy; and every day brings fresh testimony from horsemen in all parts of the country, proving that FELLOWS' LEEMING'S ESSENCE is without a rival in all cases of Lameness in Horses for which it is prescribed.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Deaths.

SCOTT.—At Lower Woodstock, March 12, Violet Essie, daughter of J. E. and Hannah Scott, aged three years and ten months.

SOMERS.—At Redbank, February 28, Sister Sophia McAlister, daughter of Bro. James Somers, of Little Southwest. Our sister professed faith in Christ some six years ago and was baptized by Rev. I. E. Bill. She was beloved by all who knew her. She sleeps in Jesus.

STORY.—At Sussex, Feb. 5, Mrs. Heber Story, in the 38th year of her age, leaving a sorrowing husband and three young children to mourn their great loss. Our sister had been in poor health for some years, and so was not able to meet with us in the public services of the Lord's house. But her trust in Christ was firm and unwavering. She had no fear of death and greatly desired to depart and be with Christ. She was baptized by the late Rev. J. F. Kempton, under whose faithful ministry she was led to the Saviour. We sorrow not for her but for the family so sorely bereaved. May God comfort them is our prayer.

HOYT.—At Hogden, Me., March 4th, Sarah J., beloved wife of Moses Hoyt, of Prince William, York Co., aged 64 years. Sister Hoyt was baptized fifty years ago by a Free Baptist minister in the township of Hogden, Me. Some years after she removed to Prince William, York Co., and united with the Baptist church in that place. During the fifty years she never refused to give her humble testimony for Christ, and when the summons came she was ready to depart and be with Christ, which was far better. She leaves a sorrowing husband, two sons and one daughter, whose grief is very great, and we sincerely hope and pray that Divine consolation may be given them. [St. John *Sun* please copy.

LAYTON.—Jacob Layton departed this life at Great Village, N. S., Jan. 21, in the 89th year of his age. When the good man dies it is well to give at least a passing notice of the event, and drop upon his tomb some small tribute to his worth and memory. His influence upon the world for good shall be more enduring than the marble that marks his resting place. The name of our departed brother is worthy a place among the noble of the church. Many years ago he settled upon a farm in Upper Stewiacke. There he was associated with a small but faithful band of Christian workers, and was among the foremost to contribute of his means for the support of the gospel. All denominational enterprises had his ready sympathy. Home missions and foreign missions had a large place in his thoughts. He was a decided and intelligent supporter of Mr. Johnston in his efforts to secure legislation in favor of Acadia College, and was always amongst the firmest friends and supporters of our denominational schools. In 1866 he removed to Great Village, and was welcomed to the church in that place as one who would be to them a pillar of strength. For a number of years previous to his decease he had experience of the infirmities of age; but failing eyesight was the greatest trial of all. He had always been a reader. He loved the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, and eagerly perused the column containing the news from the churches. His piety was conspicuous in his family. To his children he, in a special sense, still speaketh, and through them he is still speaking to many.

Mr. Geo. W. Turner

Simply Awful

Worst Case of Scrofula the Doctors Ever Saw

Completely Cured by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

"When I was 4 or 5 years old I had a scrofulous sore on the middle finger of my left hand, which got so bad that the doctors cut the finger off, and later took off more than half my hand. Then the sore broke out on my arm, came out on my neck and face on both sides, nearly destroying the sight of one eye, also on my right arm. Doctors said it was the

Worst Case of Scrofula

they ever saw. It was **simply awful!** Five years ago I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Gradually I found that the sores were beginning to heal. I kept on till I had taken ten bottles, **ten dollars!** Just think of what a return I got for that investment! **A thousand per cent!** Yes, many thousand. For the past 4 years I have had no sores.

Work all the Time.

Before, I **could do no work.** I know not what to say strong enough to express my gratitude to Hood's Sarsaparilla for my perfect cure." GEORGE W. TURNER, Farmer, Galway, Saratoga county, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS do not weaken, but aid digestion and tone the stomach. Try them. 25c.

FOUNTAIN SYRINGES—Best qualities—3 qt., $1.25; 4 qt., $1.50. Every one warranted. Hot Water Bottles, Bed Pans, Invalid Rings, Cushions, Rubber Sheeting. Mail Orders will receive our prompt and careful attention.—AMERICAN RUBBER STORE, 65 Charlotte Street.

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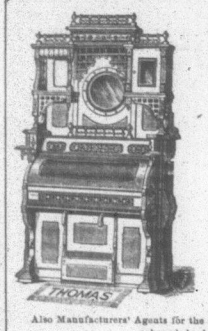

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is the oldest Organ manufactured in the Dominion, being established in 1832 A. D. It is superior to most and second to none manufactured in either Canada or the United States.

At the Centennial Exposition, held in St. John, N. B., A. D. 1891, where all the leading Organs of the Dominion were in competition, it received the Only Diploma awarded for improvements in Reed Organs and Organ action.

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SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS.

To the lady sending us the most "STERLING" WRAPPERS from Aug. 1, 1892, to August 1, 1893, we offer the following Cash Premiums, viz:

First, - Fifty Dollars in Gold.
Second, Twenty-five "
Third, Fifteen "
Fourth, Ten Dollars "

Don't wait till end of year, but SEND IN WRAPPERS and we will acknowledge and credit you with number sent.

WILLIAM LOGAN,
ST. JOHN, N. B.

Provincial Chemical Fertilizer

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MANUFACTURERS OF HIGH-GRADE FERTILIZERS

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

FURS! FURS!

SHOULDER CAPES,
STORM COLLARS,
BOAS and VICTORINES.
Ladies' Sacques, Men's Coats,
Fur-Lined Cloaks, Robes.

All kinds of Goods at LOWEST Prices for First-Class Article.

D. MAGEE'S SONS.

SHORT'S "Dyspepticure" ACTS LIKE MAGIC IN ALL STOMACH TROUBLES

FAST BECOMING FAMOUS as a Positive Cure for CHRONIC DYSPEPSIA and all forms of INDIGESTION.

"DYSPEPTICURE" is sold by Druggists at 35c. and $1. Large Bottles by mail free, on receipt of $1. CHARLES K. SHORT, 51 Garden St., St. John, N. B. or 11 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

FAST BECOMING FAMOUS as a quick and sure relief for HEADACHE, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUSNESS, and all other troubles resulting from DEFECTIVE DIGESTION.

RICH in READILY DIGESTIBLE ALBUMEN

This is what is needed in a Beef Preparation to warrant its claim as a Strength-giving Food.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

IS PRE-EMINENT

For these Essential Qualities.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION · IS · THE · BEST · TAKE · NO · OTHER ·

USE SURPRISE SOAP ON WASH DAY; AND EVERY DAY.

THE SOUL'S CLIMATE.

"Every soul has a climate of its own, or rather is a climate."—HENRY AMIEL.

O heart beloved, O kindest heart!
Balming like summer and like rain
The sting of tears, the ache of sorrow,
The sky, cold hurts which sting and smart,
The frets and cares which undermin
The dull day and the dreaded morrow—
How when thou comest all turns fair,
Hard things seem possible to bear
Dark things less dark if thou art near.

Thou keepest a climate of thine own
'Mid earth's will weather and gay skies,
A soft, still air for human healing,
A general, all-embracing zone
Where frosts smite not, nor winds arise;
And past the tempest-storm of feeling
Much grieved and weak and weary thing,
Each bird with numbed and frozen wing,
May sink to rest and learn to sing.

Like some cathedral stone begirt,
Which keeps through change of cold and heat
Still temperature and equal weather,
Thy sweetness stands, untouched, unhurt
By any mortal storms that beat,
Calm, helpful, undisturbed forever.
Dear heart, to which we all repair
To bask in sunshine and sweet air,
God bless thee ever, everywhere.

—SUSAN COOLIDGE

THE HEAVY BURDEN.

"Rather a heavy burden, isn't it, my boy?"

Clarence Spencer, to whom the words had been addressed, turned from the ledger, and looked towards the speaker. Clarence was a young man—not more than twenty-five—and he was bookkeeper to Mr. Solomon Wardle. It was Solomon Wardle, a pleasant-faced, keen-eyed man of fifty, who had spoken.

"A heavy burden, isn't it, Clarence?" the merchant repeated.

And still the young man was silent. His looks indicated that he did not comprehend. He had been for some time bending over the ledger with his thoughts far away; and that his thoughts were not pleasant ones was evidence enough from the gloom on his handsome face.

"My dear boy, the burden is not only heavy now, but it will grow heavier and heavier the longer you carry it."

"Mr. Wardle, I do not comprehend you."

"Ah, Clarence!"

"I certainly do not."

"Didn't I call at your house for you this morning?"

Clarence nodded assent.

"And didn't I hear and see enough to reveal to me the burden that you took with you when you left? You must remember, boy, that I am older than you are, and that I have been through the mill. You find your burden heavy; and I have no doubt that Sarah's heart is heavily laden as your own."

And then Clarence Spencer understood, and the morning's scene was present with him, as it had been present with him since leaving home. On that morning he had a dispute with his wife. It had occurred at the breakfast table. The first had been a look and a tone; then a flash of impatience; then a rising of the voice; then another look; the voice grew higher; reason was unhinged; passion gained sway; and the twain lost sight of the warm, enduring love that lay smitten and aching deep down in their hearts, and felt for the time only the passing tornado. And Clarence remembered that Mr. Wardle had entered the house and caught sign of the storm. And Clarence Spencer thought of one thing more; he thought how miserably unhappy he had been all the morning, and he knew not how long his burden of unhappiness was to be borne.

"Honestly, Clarence, isn't it a heavy and thankless burden?"

The bookkeeper knew that his employer was his friend, and that he was a true-hearted, Christian man, and, after a brief pause, he answered:

"Yes, Mr. Wardle, it is a heavy burden."

"My boy, I am going to venture upon a bit of fatherly counsel. I hope I shall not offend."

"Not at all," said Clarence. He winced as though the probing gave him a new pain.

"In the first place," pursued the old man, with a quiver of emotion in his voice, "you love your wife?"

"Love her? Yes, passionately."

"And do you think she loves you in return?"

"I don't *think* anything about it—I *know*!"

"You *know* she loves you?"

"Yes."

"Then you must admit that the trouble of this morning came from no ill-feeling at heart?"

"Of course not."

"It was but a surface squall, for which you, at least, are very sorry?"

A moment's hesitation, and then—

"Yes, yes; I am heartily sorry."

"Now mark me, Clarence, and answer honestly. Don't you think your wife is as sorry as you are?"

"I cannot doubt it."

"And don't you think she is suffering all this time?"

"Yes."

"Very well. Let that pass. You know she is bearing her part of the burden?"

"Yes, I know that."

"And now, my boy, do you comprehend where the heaviest part of this burden is lodged?"

Clarence looked upon his interlocutor wonderingly.

"If the storm had all blown over, and you knew that the sun would shine when you next entered your home, you would not feel so unhappy?"

Clarence assented.

"But," continued Mr. Wardle, "you fear that there will be gloom in your home when you return?"

The young man bowed his head as he murmured the affirmative.

"Because," the merchant added, with a touch of parental sternness in his tone, "you are resolved to carry it there!"

Clarence looked up in surprise.

"I—I carry it?"

"Aye; you have the burden in your heart and you mean to carry it home. Remember, my boy, I have been there, and I know all about it. I have been very foolish in my lifetime, and I have suffered. I suffered until I discovered my folly, and then I resolved that I would suffer no more. Upon looking the matter honestly in the face, I found that the burdens which had so galled me had been self-imposed. Of course, such burdens can be thrown off. Now, you have resolved that you will go home to your dinner with a heavy heart and a dark face. You have no hope that your wife will meet you with a smile. And why? Because you know she has no particular cause for smiling. You know that her heart is burdened with the affliction which gives you so much unrest. And so you are fully assured that you are to find your home shrouded in gloom. And, furthermore, you don't know when the gloom will depart, and when the blessed sunshine of love will burst in again. And why don't you know? Because it is not now in your heart to sweep the cloud away. You say to yourself: 'I can bear it as long as she can.' Am I not right?"

Clarence did not answer in words.

"I know I am right," pursued the merchant, "and very likely your wife is saying to herself the same thing. So your hope of sunshine does not rest upon the willingness to forgive, but upon the inability to bear the burden. By and by it will happen, as it has happened before, that one of the twain, will surrender from exhaustion, and it will be likely to be the weaker party. Then there will be a collapse and a reconciliation. Generally the wife falls first beneath the galling burden, because her love is keenest and most sensitive. The husband in such case acts the part of a coward. When he might with a breath blow the cloud away, he cringes and cowers until his wife is forced to let the sunlight in through her breaking heart."

Clarence listened and was troubled. He saw the truth and felt its weight. During the silence that followed he reflected upon the past and called to his mind scenes just such as Mr. Wardle had depicted. And this brought him to the remembrance of how he had seen his wife weep when she had failed and sank beneath the heavy burden, and how often she had sobbed upon his bosom in grief for the error.

The merchant read the young man's thoughts, and after a time he rose and touched him upon the arm.

"Clarence, suppose you were to put on your hat and go home now. Suppose you think on your way of the love and blessing that might be, and with this thought you should enter your abode with a smile upon your face, and you should put your arms around your wife's neck and kiss her, and softly say to her: 'My darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear.' Suppose you were to do this—would your wife repulse you?"

"Repulse me?"

"Ah, my boy, you echo my words with an amazement which shows that you understand me. Now, sir, have you courage to try the experiment? Dare you be so much of a man? Or do you fear to let your dear wife know how much you love her? Do you fear she would respect and esteem you less for the deed? Tell me—do you think the cloud of unhappiness might thus be banished? Oh, Clarence, if you would but try it!"

* * * * * *

Sarah Spence had finished her work in the kitchen and in the bed-chamber, and had sat down with her work in her lap. But she could not ply the needle. Her heart was heavy and sad, and tears were in her eyes.

Presently she heard the front door open and a step in the passage. Certainly she knew that step! Yes, her husband entered. And with a smile upon his face. She saw it through her gathering tears, and her heavy heart leaped up. And he came and put his arms around her neck and kissed her, and he said to her in broken accents: "Darling, I have come home to throw down the burden I took away with me this morning. It is greater than I can bear."

And she, trying to speak, pillowed her head upon his bosom and sobbed like a child. Oh, could he forgive her! His coming with the blessed offering had thrown the burden of reproach back upon herself. She saw him noble and generous.

But Clarence would not allow her to take all the blame. He must share that.

We will share it so evenly," said he, "that its weight shall be felt no more. And now, my darling, we will be happy."

"Always!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Wardle had no need when Clarence returned to the counting house to ask the result. He could read it in the young man's brimming eye and in his joy-inspired face.

It was a year after this—and Clarence Spencer had become a partner in the house—that Mr. Wardle, by accident, referred to the events of that gloomy morning.

"Ah!" said Clarence, with a swelling bosom, "that was the most blessed lesson I ever received. My wife knows who gave it to me."

"And it serves you yet, my boy?"

"Aye, and it will serve us while we live. We have none of those old burdens of anger to bear now. They cannot find lodgment with us. The flash and jar may come as in other days—for we are but human, you know—but the heart which has firmly resolved not to give an abiding place to the ill-feeling will not be called upon to entertain it. Sometimes we are foolish, but laugh at our folly when we see it and throw it off—we do not nurse it till it becomes a burden.—*Herald and Presbyter.*

—"What's in a name?" Well, that depends. For instance, the name of "Ayer" is sufficient guarantee that Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a genuine, scientific blood-purifier, and not a sham, like so much that goes by the name of "sarsaparilla." Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the standard.

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Dora's Small Deed.

"I'm tired of reading stories about the wonderful results of some little kind action performed by some impossibly good girl! There isn't a word of truth in them," snapped Dora Adams, as she threw a paper on the floor.

Her sister Alice looked up from her work in surprise.

"Now what's the matter, Dora? You are always flying into tantrums over something or other," she said calmly.

"It's enough to make one have the tantrums to read such nonsense as there is in that paper, all about a girl who spoke a gentle word to a desperate man, and made a saint of him on short notice. I think it is downright silly to publish such things, when we all know they never really happen," said Dora impatiently.

"How do you know they never happen?"

"Why, from experience and observation, of course. Haven't I been trying to make a sunbeam of myself for the last six months, with a view to reforming some wicked person or persons, and what has it all amounted to? Nothing—absolutely nothing! I've smiled till the smile has 'set' on my face like jelly in a mould and have cultivated a soft and musical voice till I can't talk naturally if I try, and not one hardened or hopeless sinner is the better of it, so far as I know," and Dora's voice had a little touch of pathos in it.

Alice sewed on in silence for a while.

"It does seem discouraging, the way one seems to fail in her efforts to do good; but, I suppose it will all turn right after awhile. We can only do our best to help those who need it, and try to be good and true ourselves. The reward, if there is any, more than that which comes from a clear conscience, will come when the Master is ready," she said thoughtfully.

The little cloud lifted from Dora's face, leaving it bright as usual.

"You are right, Alice. The trouble with me is that I expect a kind of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp performance all the while. If I plant a seed of kindness to-day, I want a whole forest of trees to spring from it and be in their prime to-morrow. I never did have patience about waiting for things. Now don't, please—don't repeat that worn out old 'All things come to him who waits,' or words to that effect. I know it—no, I don't either, but I know people please themselves by saying so."

Silence again, while Dora looked out of the window down the bleak and barren street, where the trees bereft of foliage were shivering in the cold wind.

"There comes the washerwoman with our clothes. My! how I'd hate such work. And there's her daughter Hetty with her. What an awkward, lubberly girl she's growing to be. What has the poor wretch to look forward to? The little schooling she gets will only make her dissatisfied with her surroundings, without lifting her above them. Well, I'm thankful I wasn't born black, at least," and Dora gave a long, deep sigh.

"Probably she is just as happy as we are, after a fashion, but it wouldn't hurt us to bestow smiles and kind words upon her," Alice said quietly.

"Oh! she'd rather have gay ribbons or discarded finery than anything else. She is only an overgrown child, with a child's love for bright colors and good things to eat. Poor thing! It isn't to be wondered at, though, when one thinks of her ancestors. I wish I knew how to help her to an appreciation of better things, but there's no way I can think of."

Dora lapsed into silence for some time then, though her fingers were busy turning over some Sunday-school papers.

Presently she got up, and taking the papers with her, tripped down stairs.

After awhile she came back and sat down to the sewing-machine, ready to do some stitching.

"I've been casting bread on the waters again," she said; "but I never expect to have it come back to me."

"What now? Have you been wasting more smiles, or tuning some one's heart to thankful lays with your melodious voice?" Alice asked playfully.

"Neither; somehow my sweet smiles and silvery voice are failures in philanthropic work, so I've come down to something more practical. This time it was simply Sunday-school and church papers for Hetty. You ought to have seen her grin. It was enough to have sent a reformatory wave over the whole country if there's anything in that sort of thing. She expressed herself as 'tickled-most to def,' so I've made her happy for awhile, anyhow."

Then the sister began talking of other things, and the little incident was forgotten.

Six weeks later they were sitting before a cheerful grate-fire, finishing Christmas gifts.

Alice held up a dainty, embroidered doily and eyed it critically.

"How I wish I had plenty of money! It seems mean to give such tacky things to Aunt Eleanor, when she makes me such handsome presents. I always feel poor as a church-mouse from the first day of December till Christmas, but this year it is worse than usual," she said.

"I feel like a pauper, myself. I want to do so many nice things for people, and can do so few. And this winter there are so many poor folks who need help, too. Oh, dear! how dreadful it must be, to be really hungry or cold, and without money. I believe I should just go off and lie down and die, and be done with it," said Dora, dolefully.

"Yes, but the worst of it is, you can't always die when you want to. Lots of people linger and suffer along for years, like poor old Aunt Mimy, for instance. When I think of that honest, industrious old soul, all crippled with rheumatism, not able to work and without food or clothing, excepting such as is doled out to her by a few poor neighbors, I declare I feel ashamed of eating enough, and of being warm and comfortable at all."

"It does seem dreadful! She was such a faithful old cook and so kind and sympathetic I fairly loved her, if she was black. I wish we could help her some way—buy her a lot of coal, or pay her room-rent, or get her some warm flannels or anything else to comfort her. But I don't see how we can, with papa's store burned and only half insured, and all of us pinching ourselves black and blue trying to economize. It was so different last winter, when we sent great baskets of things to the poor. And yet we didn't half appreciate our blessings then," Dora said reflectively.

"I've been wondering if there is anything I can give up or do without, to get money to help Aunt Mimy. I can't bear to think of her so deprived of comforts," Alice said, her voice a little shaky.

"We might put ourselves on short allowance of food, and give what we do not eat to her, or have a Self-dental Week, you know, or something of that kind, as the girls we read about are always doing," suggested Dora.

"Or earn some money ourselves, though I'm sure I don't know any way under the sun in which I could earn any, do you?"

"No, I don't; not now, at least, when there's so much Christmas work to do. Oh, dear! what's the sense in being poor and busy ourselves, when there are so many worse off than we are? Poor old Mimy. I could cry when I think of her," and a mist over the blue eyes verified Dora's words.

"There comes the washer-woman! Go let her in, won't you, Dora? It's cook's afternoon out, you know, and there's no one down stairs."

Dora dropped her work and went down stairs.

She was gone a long time, and when she came back her face wore a look of exaltation.

"What is it, Dora? I know you are pleased about something," Alice said as she looked at her sister.

"You're a witch for reading faces, Alice. Something *has* happened, but you'd never guess what. It is the result of the papers I gave to Hetty. They've brought my bread back upon the waters, after all," Dora said, half laughing, half crying.

"Something Hetty read in them softened her heart and filled it with pity, and, to cut the story short, that awkward, ignorant colored girl has done the very thing we two educated white girls have puzzled our brains vainly trying to do. *She—has—earned—twenty-five dollars— to give to—poor—old—Aunt Mimy!*"

"Earned it! Hetty has earned it! How could she? Did she wash for it?" Alice asked in astonishment.

"No—a story she read suggested the idea of getting up an entertainment for Mimy's benefit, so she interested half a dozen other girls, and they in turn enlisted their fathers, mothers, sisters and brothers, and some one gave them the use of a poor, little, old hall; and those girls walked all the way to the woods for cedar and gum-burs and moss to decorate with, and got donations of things to eat, and Hetty's father barbacued a sheep and a pig or two for them, and you know colored people always swarm like flies after barbacues, and—oh! well, I can't tell it all, but anyhow they had songs and recitations, and gave of the best they had, and that their entertainment was a success, the twenty-five clean silver dollars she showed me will prove. Isn't it just wonderful, Alice?"

"It is. What did Hetty say about it, any how?"

"I can hardly tell you. I only wish you could have heard her yourself. Her face shone as if it had been polished, and—I know you won't believe me, Alice,—but when she said, 'Them papers you done give me 'pear like they come straight from the Lawd, Miss Dora, and I wants after this to do everything in His name,' Hetty actually looked pretty to me. Somehow, behind the black face I could see the white soul shining, and after this I shall always be a believer in small, good deeds begetting great ones."—*Advance.*

Whittier's First Visit to Boston.

One of the poet's most entertaining reminiscences of his boyhood was the story of his first visit to Boston. Mr. William Greene's mother was an interesting woman of strong, independent character and wide interests, wonted to the life of cities, and one of the first, in spite of his boyish shyness, to appreciate her young relative. Her kind eagerness, during one of her occasional visits to the Whittiers, that Greenleaf should come to see her when he came to Boston, fell in with his own dreams, and a high desire to see the sights of the great town.

One can easily imagine how his imagination must have glorified the natural expectations of a country boy, and when the time arrived, how the whole household lent itself to the furthering so great an expedition. He was not only to have a new suit of clothes, but they were, for the first time, to be trimmed with "boughten buttons," to the lad's complete satisfaction, his mind being fixed upon those as marking the difference between the town and country fashions. When the preparations were made, his fresh homespun costume, cut after the best usage of the Society of Friends, seemed to him all that heart could desire, and he started away bravely by the coach to pass a week in Boston. His mother had not forgotten to warn him of possible dangers and snares; it was then that he made her a promise which, at first from principle and later from sentiment, he always most sacredly kept—that he would not enter a play-house. As he told the story, it was easy for a listener to comprehend how many good wishes flew after the adventurer, and how much wild beating of the heart he himself experienced as the coach rolled away; how bewildering the city streets appeared when he found himself at the brief journey's end. After he had reported himself to Mrs. Greene, and been received with most affectionate hospitality, and had promised to reappear at tea-time, he sallied forth to the great business of sight-seeing.

"I wandered up and down the streets," he used to say. "Somehow it wasn't just what I expected, and the crowd was worse and worse after I got onto Washington street; and when I got tired of being jostled, it seemed to me as if the folks might get by if I waited a little while. Some of them looked at me, and so I stepped into an alley way and waited and looked out. Sometimes there didn't seem to be so many passing, and I thought of starting, and then they'd begin again. 'Twas a terrible stream of people to me. I began to think my new clothes and the buttons were all thrown away. I stayed there a good while." (This was said with great amusement.) "I began to be home-sick. I thought it made no difference at all about my having those boughten buttons."—*Harper's Magazine.*

—Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

A Mother's Argument.

Says a lieutenant commander in the navy: "The most-to-be-regretted act of my life was a letter which I wrote home to my mother when I was about seventeen years old. She always addressed her letters to me as 'My dear boy.' I felt, at that time, that I was a man, or very near it, and wrote saying that her constant addressing me as a boy was displeasing. In reply I received a letter full of reproaches and tears. Among other things, she said: 'You might grow to be as big as Goliath, as strong as Sampson and as wise as Solomon; you might become ruler of a nation, or the emperor of many nations, and the world might revere and fear you; but, to your devoted mother, you would always appear, in memory, in your innocent, unpretentious, unselfconceited, unpampered babyhood. In those days, when I washed, dressed, kissed and worshipped you, you were my idol. Nowadays you are becoming part of a gross world by contact with it, and I can not bow down to you and worship you. But, if there is manhood and maternal love transmitted to you, you will understand that the highest compliment mother love can pay you is to call you 'my dear boy.'"

A Cat with an Ear for Music.

A clergyman in the south of Ireland—a quiet but keen observer of animal nature—some time ago described the odd effects of music on a cat in a friend's house. His host told him that kitty was exceedingly cross and upset if a certain air from an opera (the Miserere from the Trovatore) was played on the pianoforte, and that she would not even allow it to be whistled in her hearing. The clergyman could scarcely believe this. Pussy was lying on a rug, with a young family about her. Her master began whistling, first one air and then another. The cat paid no attention. Suddenly he whistled the tune spoken of, from Verdi's opera. At once the cat stopped playing with her kittens, her ears pricked up, and her tail waved angrily. As he continued to whistle, she ran from her family to his side, and at last began climbing up with a sharp and piteous mew, looked into his face, rubbed her head against his shoulder, and at last put her paw directly over his lips. The clergyman asked if it was not a trick that the cat had been taught, and was told that it was not; that the cat started her conduct herself. One day he was gazing out of the window while whistling that air. He was not thinking of the cat, until suddenly she came up to him with mews and curious squeaks, and before he knew it was climbing up his trousers, and presently, from his shoulder, she laid her foot on his mouth. He made different tests, and soon satisfied himself that it was that tune, and no other, which interested his pet. She came to him from any part of the house if he whistled or played it, and one gentleman put her in such a passion with it that she nearly scratched one of his eyes out, and behaved herself like a little tiger generally.—*Nashville Ch. Advocate.*

A Gentle Deed.

A young mason, many years ago, had his hand crushed by a stone, and went to the Glasgow infirmary to have it dressed. A young doctor there—an ungentle student—tore off the bandage hastily. That is a great cruelty when the hand is sore with open wounds. The pain was worse than having the hand crushed at first. And though the young lad kept down his crying when he was with the doctor, he no sooner got out than he turned into a court and sat on some steps inside, where he could be out of sight, and burst into sobs. But on that stair dwelt a very gentle lady. She heard the sobbing and came down to see the sufferer. Then she brought him into the house, spoke kindly to him—like a mother—made some tea for him, and told him to come to her every day before he went to have his hand dressed. And day by day this mother-hearted lady soaked the bandages in warm water, and made them easy to come off. And this she did to this perfect stranger till the hand was well. Perhaps it does not seem a very great thing to do, but it was a very kind thing. And it was all she was able to do. She did what she could. And the young mason never forgot her kindness. He became a life-long friend to her. And when she was old and lonely he often visited her, and his visits cheered her till she died.

I know another door of gentle deeds, the landlady of a country inn. She was very plain. Although she was the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, it was like listening to a baby to hear her speak. Almost the only words which passed her lips were, "Aye, aye," and "No, no." But she had a kind and motherly heart. Out of that came all the gentle deeds she did.

—Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, whose great fame as a historian entitles him to speak as a specialist, does not think that the process of resolving ancient documents into their original elements by merely internal evidence is free from a liability to error. Writing in the *Forum*, he says that, without disputing the value of the work of German and Dutch scholars in dealing with the early Jewish writings, "I may be pardoned for expressing my belief that this kind of investigation is often pursued with an exaggerated confidence. Plausible conjecture is too frequently mistaken for positive proof. Undue significance is attached to what may be mere casual coincidences, and a minuteness of accuracy is professed in discriminating between the different elements in a narrative which cannot be attained by mere internal evidence. In all writings, but especially in the writings of an age when criticism was unknown, there will be repetitions, contradictions, inconsistencies and diversities of style which do not necessarily indicate different authorship or dates."—*Watchman.*

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Intercolonial Railway.

1892. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. 1893

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 17th October, 1892, the Trains of this Railway will run Daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN—

Express for Campbellton, Pugwash, Pictou and Halifax	7.00
Express for Halifax	12.30
Express for Sussex	16.30
Through Express for Pt. du Chene, Quebec, Montreal, and Chicago	18.55

A Parlor Car runs each way on express trains leaving St. John at 7.00 o'clock and Halifax at 7.00 o'clock. Passengers from St. John for Quebec and Montreal take through sleeping cars at Moncton at 19.40 o'clock.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN—

Express from Sussex	8.25
Express from Chicago, Montreal, Quebec (Monday excepted)	16.25
Express from Point du Chene and Moncton	10.35
Express from Halifax, Pictou & Campbellton	19.00
Express from Halifax and Sydney	22.50

The trains of the Intercolonial Railway between Montreal and Halifax are lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive.

All trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER, Chief Superintendent

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st October, 1892.

Western Counties Railway.

WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

ON and after Thursday, 5th January, 1893, trains will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH—Express daily at 8.10 a.m.; arrive at Annapolis at 12.10 p. m. Passengers and Freight, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 12 noon; arrive at Annapolis at 5.25 p. m.

LEAVE ANNAPOLIS—Express daily at 13.55 p. m.; arrive at Yarmouth 4.55 p. m. Passengers and Freight Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 7.30 a. m.; arrive at Yarmouth at 12.50 a. m.

LEAVE WEYMOUTH—Passengers and Freight Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2.57 a. m.; arrive at Annapolis at 5 25 a. m.

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Prepared by G. A. MOORE, St. John.

*** THE matter which this page contains is c fully selected from various sources; and we gua tee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife contents of this single page, from week to week ing the year, will be worth several times the scription price of the paper.

A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole world bri
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May
And thrilling with life and joy:
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day
With never a dream of rest;
But once he crept in the dark and slept
Still on his mother's breast!

* * * * * *

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
But the world seems dim since we dreamed of
A little bit of a boy!

—ATLANTA CONSTITU

THE HOME.

The Source of Strength.

My mother's habit was every immediately after breakfast, to draw for an hour to her own room, to spend that hour in reading the B in meditation and prayer. From hour, as from a pure mountain drew the strength and sweetness enabled her to fulfil all her duties to remain unruffled by all the wo and pettishnesses which are so ofte intolerable trial of narrow neig hoods. As I think of her life, and it had to bear, I see the absolut umph of Christian grace in the ideal of a Christian lady. I neve her temper disturbed, I never hea speak one word of anger, of calumn of idle gossip; I never observed any sign of a single sentiment unbe ing to a soul which had drunk river of the water of life, and whic fed upon manna in the barren w ness. The world is the better fo passage of such souls across its su They may seem to be as much for as the drops of rain which fall in barren sea, but each drop adds volume of refreshful and pur waters. "The healing of the worl its nameless saints. A single seems nothing, but a thousand sea stars break up the night and beautiful."—*Farrar.*

Let in the Light.

Women occupying darkened continually have a sallow; sickly like potato-sprouts in a cellar. housewife is careful to place her in the window, where they will the sunlight possible. This give color and vigor; but she keeps back in the shade; the rosy che girlhood gained by rambling in th light fade, and hollow eyes, sallo plexion and enervation usurp th of health, and listlessness, at lea enthroned. Low verandas inju eyesight of those who sew, or r write much. In dark, gloomy w light enough does not enter the r read or sew by without strain eyes. For health, that best of all to the household—sunlight, w purifying and revivifying infl should never be debarred admiss cept, perhaps, when it becomes monstrative in the heat of summ may fade the carpets and drap better that than to rob the ch color. Sedentary people wh changed from apartments with v to those without would be unwi return to them. Being engaged c ously in winter, fall and spri one's back to a window where th column receives all the sun-ra fall, one will feel renewed life a gy. Not only "sunlight for swe but for health and buoyancy of

Hints for the Housewif

CLAM SOUP.—Fifty clams are from their liquor and chopped f liquor is put over the fire and wh ing a pint of water is added clams turned in with seaso pepper. This is left just to sim to boil, and then two tablespoo butter and one pint of milk a When this is heated (it must n it is poured over a dozen water broken into the bottom of the t

CODFISH BALLS, when well always an acceptable dish, but every cook who succeeds in them light and just right. must be picked fine and fresh ficiently. Then mashed potat fish in equal parts are put tog well beaten, after which a fe spoonfuls of cream and a piece are put in with a little pepp must be well beaten again, balls are shaped and fried in ve In freshening codfish it is well on the back of the range for a half hour before picking it apa is necessary to mash and beat toes well separately and the the ingredients well together. cess of fishballs lies in their b and smooth, as well as seasone

FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS.—M is a most delicious way of them. She says to boil t oysters in their own liquor a Then put into a frying pan a le spoonful of butter and when i stir into it a tablespoonful of f add half a pint of milk and st boils, when the oysters and hal the liquor, with salt and cayen are added and all stirred a boils. It is then taken fro when the yolk of two eggs ligh and a tablespoonful of chopp are added. All dishes of this be served directly from the fir

APPLE FLOAT.—Three large boiled apples, one cup sugar, Scrape out the pulp of the stir in the sugar and juice of When quite cold stir in the be of an egg, beat all togeth forms a beautiful white grated cocoanut over the top, with a sauce of boiled custa ened cream.

—Use Skoda's Discovery, blood and nerve remedy.

*** The matter which this page contains is carefully selected from various sources; and we guarantee that, to any intelligent farmer or housewife, the contents of this single page, from week to week during the year, will be worth several times the subscription price of the paper.

A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
Till his eyes of light made the whole world bright—
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May
And thrilling with life and joy:
And with all the roses he seemed to play—
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,
And time can never destroy
The memory sweet of the pattering feet
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day
With never a dream of rest;
But once he crept in the dark and slept
Still on his mother's breast!

* * * * * *

There was never a smile in a weary while,
And never a gleam of joy,
But the world seems dim since we dreamed of him—
A little bit of a boy!

—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

THE HOME.

The Source of Strength.

My mother's habit was every day, immediately after breakfast, to withdraw for an hour to her own room, and to spend that hour in reading the Bible, in meditation and prayer. From that hour, as from a pure mountain, she drew the strength and sweetness which enabled her to fulfil all her duties, and to remain unruffled by all the worries and pettishnesses which are so often the intolerable trial of narrow neighborhoods. As I think of her life, and of all it had to bear, I see the absolute triumph of Christian grace in the lovely ideal of a Christian lady. I never saw her temper disturbed, I never heard her speak one word of anger, of calumny, or of idle gossip; I never observed in her any sign of a single sentiment unbecoming to a soul which had drunk of the river of the water of life, and which had fed upon manna in the barren wilderness. The world is the better for the passage of such souls across its surface. They may seem to be as much forgotten as the drops of rain which fall into the barren sea, but each drop adds to the volume of refreshful and purifying waters. "The healing of the world is in its nameless saints. A single star seems nothing, but a thousand scattered stars break up the night and make it beautiful."—*Farrar.*

Let in the Light.

Women occupying darkened rooms continually have a sallow; sickly look, like potato-sprouts in a cellar. The housewife is careful to place her plants in the window, where they will get all the sunlight possible. This gives them color and vigor; but she keeps herself back in the shade; the rosy cheeks of girlhood gained by rambling in the sunlight fade, and hollow eyes, sallow complexion and enervation usurp the glow of health, and listlessness, at least, sits enthroned. Low verandas injure the eyesight of those who sew, or read, or write much. In dark, gloomy weather, light enough does not enter the room to read or sew by without straining the eyes. For health, that best of all visitors to the household—sunlight, with its purifying and revivifying influences, should never be debarred admission, except, perhaps, when it becomes too demonstrative in the heat of summer. It may fade the carpets and drapery, but better that than to rob the cheeks of color. Sedentary people who have changed from apartments with verandas to those without would be unwilling to return to them. Being engaged continuously in winter, fall and spring with one's back to a window where the spinal column receives all the sun-rays that fall, one will feel renewed life and energy. Not only "sunlight for sweetness," but for health and buoyancy of spirits.

Hints for the Housewife.

CLAM SOUP.—Fifty clams are drained from their liquor and chopped fine. The liquor is put over the fire and when boiling a pint of water is added and the clams turned in with seasoning of pepper. This is left just to simmer, not to boil, and then two tablespoonfuls of butter and one pint of milk are added. When this is heated (it must not boil) it is poured over a dozen water crackers broken into the bottom of the tureen.

CODFISH BALLS, when well made are always an acceptable dish, but it is not every cook who succeeds in making them light and just right. The fish must be picked fine and freshened sufficiently. Then mashed potatoes and fish in equal parts are put together and well beaten, after which a few tablespoonfuls of cream and a piece of butter are put in with a little pepper. This must be well beaten again, when the balls are shaped and fried in very hot fat. In freshening codfish it is well to put it on the back of the range for a quarter or half hour before picking it apart, and it is necessary to mash and beat the potatoes well separately and then beat all the ingredients well together. The success of fishballs lies in their being light and smooth, as well as seasoned.

FRICASSEE OF OYSTERS.—Mrs. Rorer's is a most delicious way of preparing them. She says to boil twenty-five oysters in their own liquor and drain. Then put into a frying pan a large tablespoonful of butter and when it is melted stir into it a tablespoonful of flour, then add half a pint of milk and stir until it boils, when the oysters and half a cup of the liquor, with salt and cayenne pepper, are added and all stirred again till it boils. It is then taken from the fire, when the yolk of two eggs lightly beaten and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley are added. All dishes of this kind must be served directly from the fire.

APPLE FLOAT.—Three large baked or boiled apples, one cup sugar, one lemon. Scrape out the pulp of the apple, and stir in the sugar and juice of the lemon. When quite cold stir in the beaten white of an egg, beat all together until it forms a beautiful white mass. Sift grated cocoanut over the top, and serve with a sauce of boiled custard or sweetened cream.

—Use Skoda's Discovery, the great blood and nerve remedy.

THE FARM.

Pruning the Orchard.

The custom of going about an apple orchard with a hand-saw and cutting off limbs two or three inches in diameter is a great mistake. And yet, most farmers turn their spare time in winter to this task. If a man will prune his orchard in winter, he should confine his work to very small limbs and the spray. Little of such work should be necessary if the trees had been properly pruned and formed when young. It is certain that the removal of large limbs in winter, as a rule, tends to shorten the life of an apple tree, and gradually lessens its ability to produce and mature profitable crops. The large wounds made in cold weather rarely heal over; they are followed by cracking and decay of the wood. Gradually the decay eats into the trunk, conveying weakness and disease to sap and heart, and the end is certain. Vegetable surgery should be performed with as much skill and care as the amputation of a human limb by a surgeon. In the warmer months, when the sap flows freely, pruning will be more successful.

Stone Drains.

Stone, being indestructible, is a good material for making drains, when it is to be procured on the land. Indeed, it will pay to put the stones in drains merely as a way of getting them off the land and out of the way of the plough and harrow, and of turning them over and over every year. But a stone drain must be carefully made; it will not do to dump the stones in ditches and cover them merely. To build a good drain proceed as follows: Make the ditch wide enough, and at least thirty inches deep. Lay a row of long, narrow stones along each side of the ditch, and cover them with flat stones as closely as possible. Fill all spaces with small ones, and lay on others to within a foot of the surface, and cover with earth. It is well to heap this over the drain lest there may be a hollow in which water may gather and sink straight down into the drain, making openings in the covering and gradually carrying soil down, and in time filling the drain. The water should never go straight down into any drain, but should sink in the ground and come in at the bottom. A drain laid in this way will last a hundred years.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

Skim-milk for Milch Cows.

When I was in Chautauqua county, in western New York, fifteen years ago, it might be said that every dairyman in the county (and about every other farmer was a dairyman) fed the skim-milk back to the cows. I always thought and still think it the most profitable method of disposing of skim-milk. It is very easy to teach a cow to drink it by pouring dry meal on the milk; she licks it off and gradually gets a taste of the milk, soon coming to love it. The dairyman told me it had no tendency to make the cows suck themselves. At the same time there was one very bad practice among the dairymen. They all set milk shallow in those days, having it in the open air—that is, with windows up—from thirty-six to forty-eight hours, or until it was distinctly clabbered at the bottom. This milk was then run into a cistern and from there dipped out for the cows. The natural result was, the cow's fresh milk had a decidedly "cowy" odor. Of course the remedy was to feed the milk as soon as it was skimmed, and keep all the utensils clean and sweet. When cold-setting is used, or the centrifuge, then the sweet skim-milk should be just the thing for the cows.—*Jersey Bulletin.*

The Rough-Coated Scotch Collie Dog.

Any farmer who keeps a flock of sheep, or any considerable number of other live stock, can have no more useful helper than a well-bred Collie. Such a dog attends strictly to business at all times, and, unlike some other kinds of farm help, never goes on a spree; never leaves work undone to attend a circus, nor strikes for higher wages just before harvest. It is quite probable that it was the study of collies and their doings which suggested to Madame de Stael her famous remark that the more she saw of dogs the less she thought of man. To witness the marvelous efficiency of collies on the Scottish highlands, or among the half-wild Herdwick flocks of Cumberland, or on the great sheep ranges of Colorado, one might suppose that they were peculiarly a mountain race of dogs. But they are equally at home in the crowded stock-yards of the West. When the avenues of those yards are thronged with almost countless flocks and herds, the active and vigilant collies may be seen moving among and around them, keenly alert to every movement, guiding, leading and driving each flock just where it is to go, without confusion or intermixture. The collie is not only a useful and valuable helper, but also most devoted and affectionate to its master, while meeting the advances of strangers with suspicious indifference. There is really a sort of instinctive nobility and dignity in the nature of a collie which leads it to expect kindness in return for its intelligent work and devoted attachment. A harsh, angry word seems to hurt it, as a buffet would a less sensitive dog, and, if actually struck a cruel blow, one of them will go around for days with a grieved and dejected air. A collie which was owned on a Colorado ranch, always met its master with exuberant demonstrations of joyful welcome, on his return from occasional visits to the nearest settlement. But if he showed evidence of intoxication, the dog was quick to recognize the fact, and its whole aspect changed instantly. With a look of chagrin if not reproach, to its disguised master, it would slink off until the following morning.

In form, color, markings, and general appearance, the collie is a comely dog. The size may be called medium, a typical specimen standing a little less than two feet high at the shoulders. The entire form is firm, muscular and well-knit, with no superfluous flesh. The head is long, wide between the ears, and tapering downward to the pointed muzzle. The dark, rather close-set eyes are bright, keen and watchful; the ears small, thin and drooping backward, save when pricked up in moments of excitement. The general expression of the countenance is kindly, intelligent and alert. The hair upon most of the body, is long, straight and somewhat harsh on the outside, while beneath is a close, fine under-coat. A striking feature is the thick mane which extends from the top of the shoulders around the neck to the breast, where it meets the frill, which, especially if it is white, has a sort of doggish resemblance to the ruffled shirt-fronts which our grandfathers wore when in full-dress. The forelegs are straight and firm, covered with close, short hair in front, and feathered behind from the elbows to the feet. The hind legs are very muscular in the thighs, with well bent stifles, and feathered behind as low as the hocks, which are well let down. The tail is in its general appearance a marked characteristic of the breed. Long, and fully feathered, it is carried low to within a few inches of the end, which curls gracefully upward. It would be difficult to make in six lines a more life-like picture of a dog than Burns gives of his own collie, Luath:

"His honest, sonsie, bawsen't face
Aye gat him friends in lika place.
His breast was white, his towsie black,
Weel clad wi' coat of glossy black,
His gaswie tail wi' upward curl
Hung o'er his hurdies wi' a swirl."

In the matter of color there is a great variety. A very popular combination is black with white markings and very pale tan points. There has at times been quite a fancy for black-and-tan collies—pure black with points of dark reddish tan. Such dogs are not pure bred, the dark tan indicating a cross of the Gordon setter. They are very handsome as pets, but lack the essential characteristics of the collie for practical usefulness. Various shades of sable, orange and gray are common colors of pure-bred collies. The young collie learns very readily if treated with invariable kindness, patience and tact. It is essential, however, that one person, only, shall be the trainer, and that no other attempt to give orders or pay much attention to the pup while it is in training. The natural sagacity of the animal is so great that it quickly comprehends what is wanted and learns the best way to accomplish it.—*American Agriculturist.*

Spring Seeding to Grass.

The drouth last fall prevented germination of timothy-seed in some sections. Shall it and clover be sown together in March this year? I hardly think so. A sure way would be to wait until the soil becomes dry enough to work, then sow immediately and pass over the field with a sharp, fine-toothed harrow. I am more than ever convinced that land is usually seeded too thinly with clover and the grasses. A year ago I sowed to the acre 24 quarts of clover and timothy, mixed half and half, on wheat. In October a thick, heavy growth was cut for hay, clover tall and slim in stalk, and a soft mat of timothy at the bottom. When removed I found a stiff sod beneath, and the soil was full of clover roots as deep as ploughed. Because of this thick seeding the quality of hay was better, there was more of it, more roots to fertilize the soil, and a stiff sod for winter protection. It requires courage to suggest thicker seeding when clover-seed is $10 a bushel; nevertheless, I would not spare the seed. I regard it as much better to get a good sod the first season than to be two years about it.—*Galen Wilson.*

How to Get a Community Dairy.

It should embrace 200 or more cows, because as much help will be needed for half as many cows as twice as many. The more cows the less cost per cow. The building is the next thing, and this may be as plain as possible, so that it is laid out properly for use. The cost of the building and apparatus will be not far short of $1,000 for 200 to 300 cows. If the cream only is gathered, the patrons will have to use the same setting apparatus, so that each may have cream alike, and the measure of the cans then serves to measure the value of the cream, which is usually paid for by the inch in depth of it, or by spaces, as they are called, measured on slips of glass in the cans. But uniformity in this respect is necessary, and the gathering of the cream lessens the expense very much, as less apparatus is required. If the milk is gathered, the difficulty is in fixing the value, which varies as much as the value of a cow or a horse does. If possible, it is desirable to get some experienced person to provide the creamery and take full charge of this part of the business, while the farmers provide the cream. This is paid for by the quantity, as said above, or by a stated sum for the butter per pound. If the farmers own the whole, a good manager and butter-maker is engaged by salary or a percentage of the butter made.

Continuous Milkers.

For eight years I have owned a cow that has never been dry. The first year there was no period when we could dry her off, as she did not give less than 3 qts. at any time, so we kept on milking her. The period of least amount is about seven weeks before she is due to calve, and from then on she increases until at calving she gets back to a painful again. At an institute three years ago she was a topic of discussion for a few minutes, and numerous farmers contended that I would ruin her by continuous milking, and that her progeny would be weak and valueless. She has had three calves since then, and two being heifers we are raising them, and for growth, vigor and health they are the peers of any young cattle in town. Her oldest heifer calf is now a cow standing beside her mother, and has now given milk thirteen and one-half months, and is due to calve in about six weeks.

We have been watching her with considerable interest for the last few weeks, wondering whether she would follow her mother's example and be a continuous milker. All doubt on this point is now dissipated, as she has begun to gain, and her lowest yield has been 1 gal. per day. We had reason to believe that this would be the case, as we were obliged to milk her for a week before calving. The cow we had previous to these would begin to fail in seven months, and was of little value after eight months. A difference of 33 per cent. in length of milking period is considerable, yet I do not doubt there is near this wide range in every large dairy. To the objection that the milk is not fit to use I can only say that it would take a skilled chemist to detect any difference in the milk up to within two days of calving. On one occasion it was the entire food of a thriving baby boy, and no deleterious effects could be detected. —*L. B. Pierce, in N. Y Tribune.*

Field Peas and Oats for Cold Climates.

Where the climate is too cold for corn to ripen, peas can be grown for a grain feed. Oats are sometimes sown with the peas, but W. M. Hays reports that at the Minnesota station (B. 20), field peas made the best growth when sown alone and plowed under, on moist, rich soils where the stooling of the oats caused the peas to be a light crop when drilled in with the oats. On sandy lands the best results are claimed from plowing the peas four inches under, and then drilling or broadcasting the oats. Peas did nearly as well on timothy sod as when following a grain crop. Varieties should be carefully chosen which are suited to the kind of soil. Peas for grain and for silage, for green feed, for hay, for hay and grain, and to get land ready for other crops are a very useful crop on the lighter soils of the Northern United States and Canada, replacing maize to a large extent.

A Screen of Evergreens.

There are places about the back-yard of every house where a screen of some kind is desirable, and for permanency and cheapness, there is nothing equal to evergreens. The only objection is the many years required to grow them to suitable size. While growing, a screen of trellises and vines may be used, and will be found quite satisfactory for summer, says the *Agriculturist.* If the space is limited, and simply a neat screen is desired, plant some of the hardy arbor vitæ; but when plenty of space is available, group some of the larger varieties of evergreens, planting at least ten feet apart, but so grouping them that when eight feet high they will afford the desired seclusion. For variety, plant one or two of the pines; do not set too close, but let them grow naturally, and do not deform them by trimming. Evergreens, in the form of a hedge, or singly, are an ornament to any lawn both winter and summer.

Notes.

—If now in later winter your stock finds ice patches in the way, mix a handful or two of salt with a pan of dry ashes, and make paths by strewing them across; the salt melts the ice and fastens the ashes to it at once.

—The castor-oil bean and the elderberry are two wonders of Florida that attract attention of Northern visitors—both grow to be small trees sometimes 16 ft. in height, and with a stem from a foot to a foot and a half in diameter at the base. The castor-bean is gorgeous in the coloring of stem, foliage, flower and fruit; it is a bright plant at the North, but the perennial summer of the South makes it brilliant. The elderberry is in marked contrast to the castor-bean, with its immense cymes of cream flowers, and seems to be different only in size from the straggling bush known at the North.

—In Florida, where the soil is mostly sand, the leisurely but thrifty farmer has his ground lightly stirred in his groves about every two weeks, with great benefit to the crops, even when no commercial fertilizer is used. It is claimed that this surface cultivation checks evaporation, keeps down weeds, and puts the soil in a condition to absorb air and water readily. This accords with the well-known saying: "Tillage is manure." Until the list is increased of plants that may profitably be sown for shading and green manuring the soil, can anything better be proposed than frequent cultivation at seasonable times?

—Professor Dewar's success in producing intense cold by means of vacuum and pressure may lead to some interesting and important discoveries. Measured by the Fahrenheit thermometer, he has produced a temperature of 360 degrees below freezing or 210 degrees Centigrade below zero. Oxygen liquifies at 162 Centigrade. Professor Dewar produced liquid oxygen in considerable quantities at his recent public experiments in London. He has made the discovery that liquid oxygen is so transparent to heat that notwithstanding its intense cold it acts as a lens, and heat may be focused through it on one side and paper burnt on the other. Professor Dewar holds that this is what happens with the sun's rays on the earth which are focused through infinite space, the temperature of which he asserts is 272 Centigrade. He has also demonstrated that intense cold increases the electric conducting power of metals, and that if we could get metals down to absolute zero, they would be perfect conductors.—*Watchman.*

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MARY E. GRAVES, Principal.
Wolfville, N. S., July 20.

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NEWS SUMMARY.

Dominion.

— Reason? Beecham's Pills act like magic.

— The Montreal Freemasons contemplate building a temple to cost fifty thousand dollars or more.

— Dean F. Curry, of Albion, Orleans county, N. Y., has been appointed commercial agent at Yarmouth, N. S.

— The death of Lady Mowatt, wife of the Premier of Ontario, occurred last week, resulting from a paralytic stroke.

— Sir John Thompson, who has gone to Paris in connection with the Behring Sea arbitration, arrived in that city March 17.

— Owing to lack of snow in the woods and the thickness of ice on the river, the prospect for stream driving on the Tobique is said to be poor.

— A prominent clergyman in Ottawa writes: "It is only justice to you to say that I have found K. D. C. all that you have recommended it to be."

— J. H. R. Molson, one of the most liberal benefactors of McGill, has just donated seventy thousand dollars to the medical faculty of the university.

— Wednesday's *Sun* says: William Lee, a Carleton fisherman, has the honor of taking the first gaspereaux this season. Yesterday he hauled in about one hundred and fifty.

— Mr. Stairs' bill for the amalgamation of lower province refineries was killed in committee, the vote against that clause standing 17 to 24. Five tories voted with the opposition.

—A special train with one hundred and forty emigrants on board arrived Wednesday afternoon from Halifax and left again for the North-west. The emigrants came out on the S. S. Prussian.

— The Nova Scotia ship Cheshire was burned at Samarang, China, on Feb. 20. The sailors, who had deserted and who had been brought back by the police, are supposed to have set the vessel on fire.

— In the P. E. Island House Hon. Mr. Peters submitted the report of the provincial auditor for 1892. The expenditure for the year is shown to be $283,303 and the receipts $245,652, a deficit of $37,651.

— A brakeman by the name of Moreau fell off his train at Assametquaghan on Tuesday night, and was instantly killed. He was all cut to pieces. The accident happened while the train was coming into the yard.—*Moncton Times.*

— Sir Donald Smith and Lord Mount Stephen, who, a few years ago, gave a million dollars for the construction of the Royal Victoria hospital, now completed, have supplemented that princely donation by another round million for its maintenance.

—The N.S. Legislature resumed Thursday. Shortly after the house opened, C. H. Cahan rose to a question of privilege and called attention to references made to his attitude in the coal bill by Premier Fielding, which, he said, were unfair. After the introduction of a few bills and petitions the house adjourned.

—*Le Monde* says that Manitoba school question is going to come again before the House of Commons. "This time," the same paper continues, "the religious and national vote will be fully sounded. This news comes to us from the man who proposes to make the new motion. He, however, has no desire to provoke a long debate but simply to force his colleagues to pronounce themselves upon the question presented in a different manner."

— The people are already commencing to talk of the chances for a flood in Montreal when the ice breaks up. The ice this winter is thicker than it has been for years back, and in Lake St. Louis above the city it extends out farther than has been known almost ever before. It is feared that this ice will jam in the channel between St. Helen's Island and the city and precipitate a flood. The dyke which was built to protect the city was guaranteed only for five years, and it is now seven years old.

— A *Sun* reporter had a talk with a gentleman who had just returned from the west. He has been in Calgary and the North-west, and also in Tacoma, Washington, but much prefers the Canadian North-west. The winter in and around Calgary has been a very severe one, and ranchers will experience some loss from the death of cattle which were allowed to run at large. Ordinary winters the cattle receive very little hay, and come out in the spring fat. The district of Alberta is especially adapted for ranching, and the present outlook for that branch of agriculture is very encouraging. There are several New Brunswickers located there at present, all of whom are doing well. J. B. Hayes of Millstream owns 320 acres, and has 55 head of cattle, 45 horses. He has only been out there a few years.—*Sun.*

— At a meeting in Amherst, on Thursday, of provisional directors and representatives of the Harris car works of St. John, the amalgamation of the Harris car works with Rhodes, Curry & Co.'s business here was finally arranged, so that the new industry for Amherst is now an established fact. Already orders for several months' work on cars have been received. Work on the building and removing of the plant from St. John will be commenced at once. The calculations are that during the month of May cars will be in course of construction by the new company in Amherst. The company is a strong one, representing a capital stock of over two hundred thousand dollars. The provisional directors are Thos. Dunlap, J. T. Smith, and James Moffatt, representing the stockholders, and one from each of the present companies.

—The A. Christie Wood-working Co. are making the frames and sashes for the grain elevator at Sand Point, Carleton, St. John.

— Joseph Dixon, postmaster of Sackville, died Tuesday after a short illness. Mr. Dixon was at one time teacher of the old Mount Allison Academy. He was about 70 years of age.

— In the House of Commons on Thursday President Gardiner, of the Board of Agriculture, said the embargo upon Canadian cattle must be maintained until conclusive proofs of the absence of disease from the Canadian herds were obtained.

— Passed successfully the final examinations at Whiston's Commercial College and lately awarded diplomas: Gertrude A. Lewis, Truro; A. A. Forest, Halifax; F. E. Hill, Truro; Bessie Fuller, Avonport; J. R. Donaldson, Enfield; Alexander McKenzie, Halifax.

British and Foreign.

— Prince Bismarck's health is better, but he is still weak, and is thinking of going to Wiesbaden in May.

— Mr. Gladstone was quite ill for a few days but is now recovered, his vigorous health and buoyant spirits being apparently quite restored.

— In the House of Commons Sir William Vernon Harcourt announced that the second reading of the Irish Home Rule bill would be postponed until after Easter.

— Some who evidently thought it best to make a lie of colossal proportions while he was about it has started a story that a skull as large as a bushel basket has been found in Sicily.

— On the 17th the German Reichstag committee on the army bill rejected the second reading of the bill. This vote is another blow to any hope of the ultimate passage of the measure.

— A Rome despatch of March 17 says: This morning a bomb exploded in Aucini Mattei Palace, the residence of U. S. Minister Potter. Only slight damage was caused. Nobody was injured. The police are investigating.

— A Paris despatch says: Jules Ferry's death was caused by heart disease, an affection of the heart from which he suffered, due to the effects of a bullet striking a rib near the base of the heart at the time he was attacked by Aubertin in 1887.

— Two cases of what is believed to be genuine Asiatic cholera have appeared at the town of Entrequas, near Venice. The prefect has ordered the house in which the malady broke out to be isolated and general surveillance of the entire town has been established.

— In consequence of the Newfoundland Legislature's unfavorable decision regarding the French shore question, the French government have instructed M. Waddington to make urgent representations to the Earl of Rosebery insisting that Great Britain fulfil her pledges and arrange a permanent settlement of the question. French dispatches are couched in embarrassing terms, and recall Lord Salisbury's statement in the House of Lords last year, "that unless the Newfoundland Legislature made the present temporary act permanent Imperial legislation would be necessary in 1893 to fulfil Great Britain's obligations to France." Lord Ripon is awaiting a report from Newfoundland, when the matter will be brought before the parliament.

United States.

— Denver people claim that during last year the clear sun shone on their city 320 days of the 365.

— Half the town of Arkansas City, Ark., was burned Tuesday. One fireman was burned to death. Loss about $100,000.

— In the Connecticut House to-day a majority report of the judiciary committee adverse to the abolition of capital punishment has been adopted—125 to 54.

— The body of Charles T. Aldiorne, the fifth victim of Boston's Friday's fire, was found in the ruins this forenoon near Essex street wall. This, it is believed, completes the list of the dead.

— Chicago despatch of March 17, says: A blizzard and snow storm are raging in the western and northwestern states as far out as the Rockies. In Kansas and Nebraska the storm is particularly severe. Trains are delayed, and traffic generally is demoralized.

1792—1892.

CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL FUND ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

Tryon church, P. E. I., per Rev. E. A. Allaby	$14 00
W. J. Gates	1 00
Berton H——, Chester, per Rev. Mr. MacNeill	5 00
Miss Bessie M. Bacon, Gaspereaux,	1 00
"Church member," Upper Gagetown, N. B.	1 00
Rev. I. B. and Mrs. Colwell, Hillsboro	2 00
Wilmot church, per Rev. R. B. Kinlay	10 00
	G. O. Gates, Sec.

P. S.—In a former acknowledgment Wilmot church W. M. Aid Society. $18, should read W. M. Aid Society of Paradise. G. O. G.

Epidemic.

Whether the prevailing epidemic is la grippe, a catarrhal cold, or a type of acute bronchitis, there is one thing certain, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the most reliable and universally popular remedy for it. It loosens the cough, starts the phlegm, and promotes expectoration. It is prompt to act, sure to cure.

Marriages.

SCOTT - MCNELLEY. — At Milltown, Calais, on Jan. 21, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Geo. Scott, to Bertha McNelley, both of Calais, Me.

CANN-SHAW.—At Cedar Lake, March 9, by Rev. R. E. Gullison, Andrew Cann, of Brazil Lake, to Jane Shaw, of Cedar Lake, Yar. Co.

CLAYBORN-MCCLUSKEY.—At Milltown, Calais, on March 8, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Wm. E. Clayborn, to Lizzie McCluskey, both of Calais, Me.

WRIGHT-RICE.—At Bear River, March 8, by Elder J. E. Blakeney, of Kempton, Thomas H. Wright, of Clementsvale, to Hattie A. Rice, of Bear River.

CORNING-BAIN.—At Chegoggin, March 9, by Rev. G. W. Schurman, assisted by Rev. Mr. Durkee, John Corning, to Sadie Bain, both of Chegoggin.

FARRIS-HENDERSON.—At the parsonage, Feb. 15, by Rev. M. P. King, Loundrous Farris, of Waterboro, Queens Co., to Annie Henderson, of Henderson Settlement, Queens Co.

POTTER-WHITMAN.—At the residence of Des. Dimock Whitman, Rosette, Ann. Co., March 15, by Rev. S. H. Cain, Thomas E. Potter, of Upper Clements, to Florence M. Whitman, of Rosette.

OLMSTEAD-DYKEMAN.—At the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Jemseg, Feb. 22, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Capt. James Olmstead, of Canning, to Frankie D. Dykeman, of Cambridge, Queens Co., N. B.

Deaths.

PATTERSON.—At Upper Falmouth, Mar. 10, aged 72 years, Mrs. Mary J. Patterson. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

LEARY.—At Upper Falmouth, March 9, Mrs. Charlotte Leary, aged 94 years. For many years she was a consistent Christian, and now rests with Jesus.

ROBINSON.— At Newcastle, Caning, March 8th, Janie, daughter of Deacon John Robinson, leaving a kind father and two sisters to mourn their loss, her mother being dead. May the Lord comfort the bereaved ones. Her end was peace.

HOLDER. — At Lower Cambridge, March 11, of pneumonia, Caroline Williams, widow of the late John Holder, in the 81st year of her age, leaving two sons and four daughters with numerous friends, by whom she was greatly beloved. She was a worthy member of the Lower Cambridge Baptist church. She was baptized in 1842 by Rev. J. A. Smith.

MASKELL.—At West Jeddore, N. S., March 11, Maggie May, infant daughter of P. W. and Endavilla Maskell, aged 6 months and 9 days. She was too sweet to be entrusted longer to our care lest she should become stained with the sins of the world. "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." We shall meet her again.

SKALING.—At Cambridge, Hants Co., N. S., Jan. 15, Mary, aged 41 years, wife of Henry A. Skaling. Hers was a quiet, patient Christian life. Though she had a large family and many cares she found time to visit the house of God—a place she dearly loved. The little band of Baptist members at Cambridge miss her kind, motherly face from the house of prayer, but think of her as in her Father's house on high, rendering her tribute of praise to God for salvation.

PRICHARD.—At Debec Junction, January 21, Mrs. George Prichard departed this life, aged 46 years, leaving a husband, three sons, four daughters and many friends to mourn the loss of a devoted wife and mother and kind neighbor. Sister Prichard was a member of the South Richmond Baptist church, where she was beloved and highly respected for her Christian virtues. Her end was not only peaceful, but triumphant. May God sustain the bereaved family.

CALDWELL.—Suddenly, at Summerville, N. S., Feb. 1st, of heart failure, Levi Caldwell, aged 55 years. He was not a church member, but was much more attentive to the house of God than many members. We seldom met for prayer when he was not present, and was always ready to contribute to the support of the pastor and to help along in other matters. We have strong reason to believe that it is well with him. The widow mourns the loss of an affectionate and considerate husband.

BENNETT.—At Windsor, N. S., Feb. 18, L. K. Bennett, of Berwick. Mr. Bennett's death was very sudden and unexpected. After a visit of a few days in Windsor, of which town he was for a number of years an esteemed citizen, he was about to return to Berwick when, as he was moving toward the door of his boarding house in order to go to the train, he staggered, fell and almost instantly expired. Mr. Bennett had previously suffered one or two shocks of paralysis. He was a member of the Baptist church in Windsor, a man of correct deportment and business integrity, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of those who knew him.

NEVERS.—At Lower Prince William, York Co., March 6th, at the residence of her son, Mrs. George Nevers, aged 85 years and ten months. She was a consistent Christian, and from the time she gave her heart to God her life has been glorious, while she has kept her eye of faith upon Jesus and His finished work. She had a family of boys and girls which grew to be men and women. She longed to see them saved. She loved her Lord with all her soul and mind, and died in the triumphs of faith. Her life was heavenly; she lived in Christ and walked with Him daily. A good mother has gone to the fair regions of the blest. She leaves many friends to mourn, but their loss is her gain. Services attended by H. Worden, llc.

Of Course You Read

The testimonials frequently published in this paper relating to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are from reliable people, state simple facts, and show beyond a doubt that HOOD'S CURES. Why don't you try this medicine? Be sure you get Hood's.

Constipation, and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver, are cured by Hood's Pills. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

Minard's Liniment cures colds, &c.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

A ST. CATHARINES MIRACLE.

AN OLD AND ESTEEMED CITIZEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Mr. C. W. Hellems, Sr., Relates the Particulars of His Sufferings and Relief to a Standard Reporter—Advice to Other Sufferers.

[St. Catherines Standard.]

Casually, the other day, the *Standard* learned that Mr. C. W. Hellems, Sr., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Catharines, had been restored to health after years of suffering, in a manner bordering on the miraculous. The editor of this paper had known Mr. Hellems for years, and he was anxious to hear from him the story of his wonderful recovery. He had not seen Mr. Hellems for some months, but met with a very warm welcome when he told the errand upon which he had come. Mr. Hellems' home is on the corner of St. Paul and Court streets, and he is well-known to all our older readers as a citizen of the highest integrity, having lived in this city since 1833.

"I have had rheumatism," said Mr. Hellems, "more or less for the past twenty years, which often got so painful that I could not get about at all. I had been to all the doctors here and to some in Toronto and Buffalo, but I could get no relief worth speaking about. Five years ago I went to Welland and took a vapor bath, and felt so much relieved that I took two more. The relief, however, was only temporary, and four and a half years ago the lameness and pains came on again and so completely used me up that I could hardly do anything. I applied to a number of doctors for treatment and two of them treated me, but without relief. My age, they said, was against me; that if I were a younger man there might be some hope for me. I was 84 last October. I then discontinued the doctors' treatment and about a year ago got a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and used them without feeling any benefit, and quit. This spring I used another box without any effect and again stopped. You see I expected too much and seemed to think that a box of Pink Pills ought to do what years of doctoring did not do. In July I read about the case of Mr. Condor, of Oakville, who had used, I think, eighteen boxes. When I read that he was so fully cured that he was able to work again, and even play base ball, I took courage and saw that I had not before given the pills a fair trial. I then got half a dozen boxes and was on the fifth before I felt any beneficial effects. I had run down so low and my appetite had left me. I now began to feel my appetite returning and my knees and ankles began to gain strength. From that out I continued to improve until the time of the county fair, when I went down there in company with others and went the rounds seeing the stock and other exhibits. I tried to keep up with them and walked so much that day that I felt some bad effects afterwards. But I now knew where to look for relief and continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and ever since have felt a steady improvement. My legs have gained strength wonderfully, and the doctors tell me that if I was a younger man I would be still more benefited. My general health has also improved very much. About six weeks ago I was in Toronto and walked fully five miles that day, something I could not have done before. In fact I feel so much better that I have taken a two-year-old mustang colt to break in." At this point Mrs. Hellems, the life partner of the venerable gentleman, who had come into the room while Mr. Hellems was relating his story, said that a friend, when he heard that Mr. Hellems had taken a colt to break, said he was going to commence using Pink Pills too. Then the lady, noting the *Standard* man writing at the table, asked Mr. Hellems if all this was to be published.

"Yes," said Mr. Hellems, "if there are any other poor creatures who are suffering as I have done I would be glad to have them know the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, and be benefited in the same way. I am glad to have my experience published for the benefit it may do to others, and I cannot too strongly recommend these great pills." In reply to an enquiry Mr. Hellems said he had taken three half dozen boxes since he began to take them regularly and was now using the fourth half dozen.

The *Standard* reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the residence of Mr. Hellems, to enquire how the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stood in regard to other proprietary medicines, and incidentally to enquire what he thought of their effect in Mr. Hellems's case. "Pink Pills for Pale People have a great sale," said Mr. Greenwood, "and I am continually asked for them. With regard to Mr. Hellems' case I knew that for years he had suffered from rheumatism and other diseases and that he was thoroughly run down. He now speaks very highly of Pink Pills, though at first he did not think they were doing him any good, but that may be accounted for by the hold the disease had on his system. He now feels like a young man and is able to attend the various animals, horses, etc." After he had taken about a dozen boxes he came into the store one day and started to dance around like a school boy. "What's the matter?" I exclaimed, perfectly astonished. With happiness ringing in every tone of his voice, he called out, "O, I'm young again; I'm young again." He ascribed as the reason for this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed the miracle. He has frequently told me that he had tried doctors without number, besides other patent medicines, but without any avail. My sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly increasing, and all agree that these excellent little pills are beyond praise. There are many people in this district who have cause to be thankful they tried Pink Pills."

The reporter called upon Mr. W. W. Greenwood and Mr. Harry Southcott, the well known druggists, and both spoke highly of Pink Pills, saying that they are the most popular remedy in the stores, and that those using them are loud in their praises of the results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Com'y, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.—*Advertisement.*

— For the first time in the history of St. Patrick's parade in Toronto an old battle-scarred Irish veteran carried the British flag at the head of the column. This is said to be in line with Mr. Blake's wishes and as showing a better feeling existing towards the British government from the Irish in view of the Home Rule bill being introduced by Gladstone.

— On several occasions, writes Rev. Wm. Lawson, formerly of Carmarthen street Methodist church, St. John: I have suffered from severe nervous exhaustion and general debility. I was advised to use Hawker's justly celebrated Nerve and Stomach Tonic, and have great pleasure in testifying to its restoring, toning, invigorating and building up properties.

— A Boston syndicate which has secured an option on the St. John, N. B., Rolling Mills intends to control the four large Montreal manufacturing companies—Peck & Berry, Pillow & Hersey, Montreal Rolling Mills, and Abbott & Sons. The syndicate has also options on the New Glasgow and other Nova Scotia steel plants.

— A remarkable family named Duffin lived in South Lincolnshire, England. The head of the house is Thomas Duffin, and he was 96 years old in January. He has a son, George Duffin, who is 72; a grandson, George Duffin, who is 47; a great-grandson, Joseph Duffin, who is 25, and a great-great grandson, George Duffin, aged six. Thomas Duffin is well and active and his hope is to live until he can see his great-great-grandson.

— A Yankee speculator has played a sharp trick on the firms dealing in hair cloth in Canada. He came over to St. Catharines and purchased the stock and output, for some weeks to come, of the only mill in the Dominion engaged in the manufacture of hair cloth. He then bought up all the hair cloth in Toronto, Hamilton and Montreal, some dealers selling in excess of their stock for future delivery. When these dealers placed their orders with the mill they were informed that the output was sold and the price had gone up 25 per cent., so they had to settle with the Yankee at the difference.

— The British have had a severe battle with tribes beyond Chitral, where the British have been for some time endeavoring to strengthen the Indian frontier against the possibility of Russian encroachment. The British recently occupied Chielas, beyond Chitral, with a garrison. Mountain tribes made an attack on the fort and were driven off with the loss of 200 men. The British then marched against the entrenched villages of hostile tribes and stormed the villages. Major Daniell was shot through the heart while leading his men in assault. Every point occupied by the hostile natives was carried. The British lost 23 killed; 30 wounded. The tribesmen finally submitted to British authority. The result of the struggle has greatly strengthened the British position at what is considered its weakest point in the vicinity of the Hindu Kush.

1st A DOSE. THE GREAT. TAKE THE BEST. COUGH CURE. 25c. 50c. & $1.00

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

BOYS' SUITS——the sort that makes you want to put right on and wear all the time——they're so nice.

There's the little shaver and his big brother all want Suits——good Suits——such as ours. Drop us $3.00 for a good Suit for any boy——naming his age.

All we require to know is his age. Some White Shirts for men, 43c.; three for $1.25.——Write for them. But don't forget about a Boy's Suit. $2, if $3 is too much.

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KID GLOVES!

We will send any of the following Gloves free by post to any address. Made in Black and Colored, dressed and undressed. State size and color, and remit in postage stamps:

Foster Lace--77c., 87c., $1.00, $1.24.
4 Buttons--64c., 74c., $1.00, $1.24.
High Wrist Pig Skin--$1.10.
Short, Stiff Cuff Glove--$1.00, $1.24.
Mousquitaire Suede--64c. and $1.00.
4 Buttons Children's Kid Gloves, 69c
2 Stud Gent's Best Kid Gloves, $1.24.

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Mrs. Sarah E. Blethen, of No. 9, Grove Street, Bangor, Me., says:

"For quite a number of years, I have been a great sufferer from severe pains in my back and side, and the last three years, have been much reduced and run down, hardly able to do any work. At my age, 66 years, I never expected to be any better. I have taken only two bottles of

SKODA'S DISCOVERY
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My Back Ache is all gone, my Appetite has returned, I have gained much in flesh, and I feel like a new person. I cannot praise these Remedies too much."

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