

conditions are perfect. Few men and women are capable of strong, true friendship. Egoism and friendship are incompatible, and excessive love of self is almost universal. We all have friends by the score, and many of them will follow us over rough fields but how few of them will follow to the last ditch!—How many of us have friends who will not criticise us behind our backs, and say things about us they would not dream of saying to us.

"I know of nothing that equals the friendship that sometimes though rarely is found between two strong men I knew one man who would turn his other cheek if you struck him, but who would knock you down if you said anything against his absent friend."

The deacon warmed up when he mentioned the returning Canadian volunteers. "There are our boys," said he, "just getting home from the war; and they are meeting worse enemies than the Boers. I have known some of them that tried very hard to get home sober to their mothers and sisters, but they met their 'friend the enemy,' and they were brave indeed who escaped the foe that hid behind the bar—a worse enemy far than the Boer who hid behind the rock.

After a pause the deacon said, "Let me tell you of my one friend, and then you will know what I mean when I say that few are capable of enduring friendship." The deacon was silent for a moment, and it seemed as if memory was bringing to him that which was unpleasant. Then, with a sigh, he told me of the faithfulness of his dead friend.

Many years ago, when I was a young man, I was about to take a step that I know now would have wrecked my life if I had taken it. I had friends and relatives who knew of my intention, but none of them had the courage to come and tell me. They talked among themselves, saying how foolish I was, and that I would ruin myself, but not one word did they say to me. They were afraid that I would resent their interference and that they would lose my friendship. They loved themselves very much more than they loved me," said the deacon bitterly. But a friend—my Jonathan, came to me to a long journey, when he heard I proposed to ruin myself. I can see his strong true face now, as he stood before me, white to the lips, and plead with me not to do the thing proposed if I valued my future. I turned upon him with hot, angry words, and asked him with what right he presumed to interfere with my private business. By the sacred right of friendship, he said, as he turned sorrowfully away. I thought he had gone, but looked up to see his grief-stricken face and wet eyes turned to me in mute farewell, and I never saw him again. I paced the floor until my anger burned out, and then my good Angel came to me, and I fought the battle of my life, and won my Waterloo. And now when I am tempted to wrong doing that sad face rises before me, and again I hear the tremulous voice of my dead friend as he pleaded with me to be true though the heavens fall. I wrote him that night as penitently and humbly as I could, but he never read what I had written for he was killed in the terrible accident on the line that night on his way home, and he never knew how sincerely I repented the wounding of my best friend.

"I hope," said the deacon,—"sometimes I think—that he knows now" And as the deacon went away I thought of what I had read at some time, "Hast thou a friend, both true and tried? Then bind him to thyself with bands of steel. Poor thou canst never be, no matter what is lost, If but one friend remains to thee."

THADDEUS.

Have you sent your renewal for 1901? If not send it this week if at all possible

THE GREATEST LOVERS.

There is a very striking word-picture presented in the account which Luke gives of Christ's entertainment at the house of Simon, the Pharisee. A woman of that city, who was called "a sinner," went to Simon's home and soon began to wet Christ's feet with her tears, wipe them with her hair and anoint them with fine ointment. She also kissed his feet. But Simon seriously objected to Christ's receiving such attentions from a woman of her character. He engaged in a soliloquy and this is what he said to himself: "This man, if he were a prophet, would have perceived who and what manner of woman this is which toucheth him, that she is a sinner."

Knowing Simon's thoughts Christ presented this picture to him. "A certain lender had two debtors, the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. When they had not wherewith to pay he forgave them both. Which of them, therefore, will love him most?" This was a very plain parable and proposition. Simon could easily answer it, although he appears to have been reluctant to do so, for he already saw that the application was hitting him hard; but he would not dodge the question, and so he replied: "He, I suppose, to whom he forgave the most." Christ confirmed the reply by saying, "Thou hast rightly judged." Is it really true that the greatest sinners, when forgiven by Christ, love Him more than do those less sinful ones, when they have been forgiven? How may one sinner know that his sins are greater in volume and quality than those of another sinner? I do not believe that any sinner can know this thing. It seems to me that Christ's thought is that he who realizes that he is a very great sinner does, after he knows that he has been forgiven, love Christ more than one does who imagines that he has not been very sinful. That woman felt that she was a great sinner, but she believed that however great and many her sins were Christ would forgive her of all of them; and it seems that, in anticipation of Christ's forgiveness of her, she began to practically express her love to Him. Simon did not realize that he was much of a sinner, and therefore he did not love Christ much. The greatest lovers of Christ are they who appreciate, as best they can, the truth that they have been forgiven of sins too great for them to describe.

C. H. WETHERBE.

Send a new Subscriber with your renewal. \$2 50 will pay one year for each.

SOUTH AFRICAN NOTES.

A London despatch Saturday says: It is understood that Lord Kitchener now holds securely all the railroad lines in South Africa, having recovered possession of the Delagoa Bay line, which had been cut Jan. 7.

According to the Pretoria correspondent of the Daily Mail, Lord Kitchener is now organizing a force of 30,000 irregular horse, which will occupy some weeks. When this force is ready he will resume offensive operations.

Lord Kitchener's report (Jan. 13) says there have been several skirmishes at different points, with trifling British losses and adds:

"Three agents of the peace committee were taken as prisoners to DeWet's laager, near Lindley, Jan. 10. One, who was a British subject, was flogged and then shot. The other two, burghers, were flogged by DeWet's orders."

A later despatch from Pretoria says "About 1,400 Boers crossed the line, attacking both Zuurfontein and Kaalfontein stations, but were driven off. They are being pursued by a cavalry brigade."

At Smithfield, Orange River, a body of armed Boers committed an atrocious assassination. A young man, Neumeyer, an officer under Baden Powell, was waylaid and surrendered himself. They held a council over his case and condemned him to die. So he was immediately murdered in cold blood.

Guerrilla warfare continues. Peace proposals are being favorably considered by many Boers.

Recruiting is going on briskly in Capetown.

The War office has issued a table of the war losses to the end of 1900. The total casualties of every kind were 51,687, but owing to the fact that a majority of the men invalided home have recovered and rejoined their commands, the total reduction of the forces was 14,830. There are also missing and prisoners seven officers and 898 men. The number of invalids who left the service and are unfit for duty is 1,570.

Kruger is reported seriously ill.

DENOMINATIONAL NOTICES.

NOTICE.

The Yarmouth Co., Free Baptist Quarterly Meeting will convene with the church at Central Argyle, Feb. 1st., and continue until Sabbath evening.

W. C. WESTON, Convener. Yarmouth, Jan. 2nd., 1901.

JOURNALISTIC.—The Carleton Sentinel celebrated the birth of the twentieth century by becoming an eight page paper, and dawning a new dress of type. The change is an improvement, on which we congratulate our contemporary, and wish it many years of prosperity.

The Sydney C. B., Post, daily, suspended publication last week. The management state that this is in order to straighten out affairs prior to appearing under new auspices.

Your pastor will be glad to take your subscription and forward it.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS

Are left weak, suffering and despondent.

A NOVA SCOTIA WHO WAS ATTACKED ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE OF RECOVERY—HIS EXPERIENCE OF VALUE TO OTHERS—FROM THE ENTERPRISE, BRIDGEWATER, N. S.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about 28 years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson chanced to be in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk: "I saw the time when a dozen boxes of those pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country." A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows: "About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. Anyhow, after losing three weeks I concluded to go to work again. The mine I was working in was making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back, with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold, but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would overcome me. I tried several sorts of medicines but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicines but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them but they did not materially benefit me. I had now been some weeks idle and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to a hospital for treatment and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance learning I had taken but one box of the pills suggested that I should try three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes and when used I was quite a bit improved. Could eat light nutritious food, slept better, and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an unwell man. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was restored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared. I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were solid as ever, and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So, after about six months, I went to work again and have not had a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. If your dealer does not keep them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DENOMINATIONAL NEWS.

GRAND MANAN, N. B.—My homeward trip from Conference was one day earlier than I wished, owing to our island steamer coming from St. John on Wednesday. A rough route for any vessel, especially in winter between here and St. John, but the new steamer "Aurora" has a well known master, Captain John A. Ingersoll, of Seal Cove. No matter how rough the sea one feels all right when Capt. John is at the wheel. The steamer is considerably larger than the "Flushing," with more accommodation, and is a more rapid sailer.

Since Conference my work has consisted in keeping up the regular meetings of the churches at Grand Harbour and Seal Cove. On Christmas day I planned to call on all the Free Baptist homes in Grand Harbour. I got in to thirty-five. On New Year's day I did the same thing at Seal Cove, reaching only twenty-four homes. We have fifty-five homes in Grand Harbour, and thirty-three at Seal Cove. Christmas night about forty five of our friends in Grand Harbour gave us a surprise party, furnishing us with a very pleasant evening, besides making us considerably better off in money and provisions. A magnificent Christmas tree was well laden in the church at Seal Cove; the pastor and family were remembered. The children of Seal Cove Sunday-school performed their parts admirably.

This island is largely Free Baptist territory, having five churches, with only two Free Baptist ministers. We need at once another pastor. The whole island is ripe and ready for the harvest. Our neat little church at Castalia is ready for dedication; Jan. 20th has been decided on as the day for dedicatory services. More about this little church later. I am now in

"The Best is Cheapest."

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special work at Grand Harbour and hope to see much good done in both these churches.

A. H. McLEOD.

MARYSVILLE, N. B.—Since coming to this pastorate in October I have enjoyed the field very much. The Christmas season passed very pleasantly with us. The Sunday-school gave a concert and tree. The children did well showing much painstaking on the part of the teachers. The pastor received a handsome con coat as a Christmas gift from the pastorate (Marysville and Penniac), for which I would desire to express my sincere thanks. Our congregations are good and the work progressing and we enter upon the New Year with a desire to make it grand in the service of our Lord.

ALLAN RIDEOUT.

PETITCOLE PASTORATE.—In this, my first communication to the INTELLIGENCER as a pastor, my heart feels like saying,—"Rejoice with me." It is now something over two months since I have become a resident of this village and assumed the care of this pastorate; but in that little time I have come to understand something of the joy of "the service of the Lord Jesus," for already God, in his goodness, has given me souls for my hire. I have just concluded three weeks of special services at Graves and Robinson Settlements, resulting in eleven dear ones starting a life of service for the Master, and in the spiritual quickening of many who had grown cold in His service. Many more are standing under conviction before God, whom we hope before long will resolve to come to Him who is so willing to receive them. . . . In all the churches there seems to be the spirit of revival. The conferences, which in several of them had lapsed, are seasons of refreshing, while in our prayer meetings numbers are being revived. I intend being at each of my churches once during this week of prayer, after which we commence special meetings at Corn Hill. Pray for us that God, in his goodness, may pour out his Spirit upon these dear people.

I should, also, like to record here my appreciation of the unflinching and unceasing kindness which I have received from all my people since being with them. From my heart I say,—"God bless them," and pray that He may make me more worthy to minister to them in holy things, and help and strengthen them as they have strengthened me.

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Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Sarcotoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene

and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's why we always fry ours in Cottolene.

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ened me. And for the New Year just on—to myself, to my people, to my co-workers in Jesus, whose eyes on this may rest, I would like, in conclusion, to say,—"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage and He shall strengthen thine heart."

R. W. FERGUSON.

Jan. 7, 1901.

VICTORIA ST., ST. JOHN.—The Lord's work in the Victoria St. church is going on steadily. We observed the week of prayer as suggested by General Conference. We intend holding some special services in a few weeks. Five of the churches of North End are now united in the week of prayer as appointed by the Evangelical Alliance. The meetings are largely attended. . . . At Christmas we were kindly remembered by some of the friends in the congregation; we received a beautiful couch, a pair of fur lined gloves and a number of other articles, for all which we are grateful.

D. LONG.

PUBNICO HEAD, N. S. Special meetings were held with the church of Pubnico Head for four weeks, from Nov. 21st to Dec. 14th. The storms during that period made it difficult to

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A consideration not to be overlooked in the treatment of consumptives is the expense in quest of health. Some of our medical men are now advising their patients to go long distances in the hope that change of air will do them good. A lot of solemn nonsense is being said, and written, about change of climate, and its influence on the patient. "Stick to low altitudes," says one. "Go the mountains," says another. How is a poor perplexed sufferer with sore lungs, to decide among these different authorities? The fact is, people die of consumption in all climates. They recover from it too, in all climates, if they are treated properly. The only positive cure for the disease is to kill the germs that produce it. This is accomplished under the Slocum system of treatment. The disease must have nothing to feed on. That is the principle underlying the Slocum system. You can try it at your home.

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MOCCASINS AND SHOEPACKS

We received a few days ago a fresh supply of Boys' Oil Tan Shoe packs, Palmer's best quality. Also, Mens' and Youths' Shoe packs, and Oil Tan Moccasins in stock. We have Fancy Moose Moccasins in various sizes, for old and young.

A. LOTTIMER