

KESWICK CONVENTIONS.

HOW THEY WERE FOUNDED AND WHAT THEY ARE LIKE.

The Ancient Cumbrian Capital and its Singular Air of Deep Spiritual Content—The Remarkable Assemblages Which Are Held There Each Season.

KESWICK, England, July 15.—This old Cumbrian capital clusters closely on either side of one long street which turns abruptly at its center, and at some distance from this begins to struggle away northward, countryward, to lonely and ancient Crosswhite church. Facing this street, or just removed within curious and often winsome courts and closes, are centuries-old shops, homes and inns. The shops are just as they stood almost so long ago as when this region was Little Britain, and hundreds of pack-horses passed and repassed daily with their rude mountain traffic. The homes are almost as they were in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, with their solid old doors, tiny windows, protruding upper stories, picturesque gables, trim dormers, and curious hand-worked oak, iron and brass. And the inns are just as they were when they lodged the true geni of the lake districts, Gray, Scott and Wordsworth, Coleridge, DeQuincey and Shelley, Southey, "Christopher North" and Ruskin, Fitzgerald, Tennyson and Dr. Arnold, Harriet Martineau, Charlotte Bronte and Mrs. Hemans, and hosts of others whose after-touch of brush or pen has given all that lovely region its most tender and imperishable charm. All this, one may largely know before coming, but only truly know and feel when here; and that soft and gentle influence pervading all the fine old place, which is largely of a later and different growth than out of the spell put on the town by the pens of the immortals, is something one can alone comprehend when sharing here its sunny actuality.

Huddled closely as is the ancient town along its single business thoroughfare of shops and inns, there is a fine, brave face of modern fashioning even upon these oldest habitations; a face of sunny welcome, one might say, brightened in countless ways by the pretty things and showings of modern luxury and use. The shadowy old shops are cheery from their neat array of London wares. The inns and homes are prim and smart with flashing brasses, rich curtains and shining varnish and paint. From street end to end the long crooked thoroughfare is lovely in its groupings of color in luscious vegetables, fruits and flowers. While leading out from this the lanes, courts and broader streets of later days give charming vistas as one may find; modern homes of opulence, villas large and ample, old habitations transformed to new, and all set about in such wealth of hedge, tree and flower, as to tell a cheery, pleasant story of Keswick folk and town.

All these are things the travelled traveller instinctively places by contrast at a glance; but as I wandered up and down the fine old street, seeking in vain for place to lay my head during the night, and at each inn or house of entertainment being met by the same commiserating expressed word "Full o' tourists!" or "Very last place taken by 'Keswick movement' folk!" I could not then quite understand the significance of the "Keswick movement," or account for a kindness of speech, gentleness of manner and tender hush that seemed to pervade all Keswick town, though every street was filled with people. Indeed in the half-shadowy, saffron light which came with the close of day, there was such softness of footfall and such modulation of activities and speech, as seemed to give the effect of throngs moving in a dream.

The gay coachloads announcing by shrill bugle notes and resounding horn, their return from a day's outing in the mountains checked their vociferousness as the town-edge was reached, and crept quietly to the booking stations and inn-yards. The cyclists, shooting from the heights on spheres of flash and speed, dismounted and walked to their lodgings beside their gleaming wheels. The street-preachers, those windy religious blackguards of summer evenings in all English towns, held the crowds around them in respectable and subdued discourse; and even the pansy-hooded followers of the salvation army, who are gathering up the pennies of the poor in England at the rate of nearly a half million pounds a year, sounded their loud timbrels in consonance with the pervading benignant spell, and saluted, piousetted and ricocheted as though somewhat graceful in grace. If it could be properly said of ten thousand folk of all degree, to the stranger Keswick town seemed in a dreamlike sort of purring ecstasy from bestowed, rather than anticipated, material and spiritual content.

Just at its southern edge, where the green sward dipped prettily to the water way of the romantic Greta stream, I at last came with the latest comers to a huge tent filled with perhaps five thousand worshippers, then engaged in prayer. I crept into the place, secured an unoccupied settle along the tent edge some distance from the door and strove with a keenly awakened interest to comprehend the exact significance of so great a religious gathering in so remote a part of England, and with something like critical curiosity, to judge if I might the real spirit of an assemblage, composed as could be instantly discovered, of representatives of widely divergent faiths and creeds.

Straight opposite the entrance was a broad, raised platform. Its central portion was reserved for leaders and speakers, and a large wing at either side was filled with members of the choir. There was naught else between the benches, ranged arena-like around the front and ends, with their occupants, and the canvas of the

roof above. Plain to severity was the place of this great convocation. The services, purely of prayer and praise in song, seemed equally free from the many common artifices for exciting extraneous interest. Nor was there in the entire evening service a single ebullition of those physical phenomena which often attend certain conditions of "religious" excitement. I never elsewhere heard prayer in so softened tones. One might almost liken it to a barely audible aspiration of spiritual longing for larger peace through faith, rather than as in many similar gatherings, a startling verbal argument with the Almighty for failure in granting greater lung power. The hymns were from a collection called, "Hymns of Consecration and Faith." They spoke tenderly and devotedly those two essentials to the perfect Christian life, and those alone. It was as though an unbroken and unutterable peace possessed every one of those five thousand souls. From opening invocation to closing words of blessing, there was but one exalted, peaceful strain sweetly thrilling through every human tone—"I am Thine and Thou art mine." And then they went away with calm or glowing faces into the balmy summer night.

These now noted Keswick Conventions are simply great gatherings of English, Scotch and Irish clergymen and other Christian workers of all orthodox faiths. They are the outgrowth of meetings many years ago in the north and west of England of local bodies of the International Evangelical Alliance, and their influence upon the spiritual lives of spiritual clergymen, particularly the late Canon T. D. Harford-Battersby, incumbent of St. John's Church, Keswick, who, perhaps also aided by the gentle spell of the Lake District genius, gradually departed from Tractarian principles to the Evangelical school. His life and work were those of a grand, sweet and indeed holy man, and fervently striving for complete Christian unity in essentials through realization of an exalted faith.

In September 1874, was held the Oxford convention on similar lines. It created an epoch in the lives of many hundreds of believing Christians, and set on foot a movement of great and increasing power for the promotion of holiness. Canon Battersby attended this. It removed his last doubt. He "entered into the rest of faith," he wrote at his convention. In June of the next year the "Keswick movement," which had now practically become the Battersby movement within the Church of England, culminated in the first of the Keswick conventions. They have been held every year since, during the last week in July; and on the twenty-third of July, 1883, their founder died here at Keswick, with thousands of these convention folk about him as his gentle spirit was "lost in the unutterable glow" and "faded before faith's vision noiselessly."

These meetings continue for a week. They may be said to differ from the American Chautauqua gatherings in the particulars of possessing no secularly educational or diverting features and in the sole aspiration by attendants of a "resting" rather than a mere "seeking" faith. Indeed the former is the keynote of every phase of effort here. Five daily services are held. All those who gather at Keswick can be seen but a few days before in the remotest places at Britain—over-worked town clergy, lonely country parsons, devout women from merciful fields of labor, gray-haired veterans in church and missionary work and young men and women just entering that battle which has no end. The Cross is the center of all teaching. According to the manifold individuality of all who come, who are teachers elsewhere and learners here, every phase of the possibilities of the life of faith is presented; and above all else, they are all united in the one common desire for the attainment of a "resting" faith through personal holiness. "Resting" indeed is your faith and mine in the devotion of men to their sacred and often thankless calling from calm and solemn scenes like these. Out of the tender heart of this lake district land of Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey have issued countless streams of purest everling thought and imagery, reaching through their beneficent influence to uttermost lands; and how fitting that in these latter days from almost the self-same source should flow as strong and pure those kindred streams of everlasting love and joy through faith.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

They Did Not Try.

Three men-of-war ships, Dutch, French, and English, while anchored in port, were were contending with each other for the best display of seamanship, so the captain of each vessel determined to send aloft an active sailor to perform some deed of grace and daring. The Dutch captain sent a Dutchman, the French a Frenchman and the English an Irishman. The Dutchman stood on the top of the mainmast with his arm extended. The Frenchman then went aloft and extended both arms.

Now, the Irishman thought if he could stand on the top of the mainmast with a leg and an arm extended he would be declared the most daring sailor. Nimble he clambered aloft until he reached the highest point. Thence he carefully balanced himself upon both feet, extending his right hand with a graceful motion. Then he threw out his left leg until in a line with his right arm. In doing this he ingloriously lost his balance and fell from the mast-head, crashing through the rigging toward the deck.

The various ropes against which his body came in contact broke his fall, and his velocity was not too great to prevent his grasping a rope attached to the mainyard. To this he hung for two seconds, then dropped lightly to the deck, landing safely on his feet. Foiding his arms triumphantly, as if fall and all were in the programme, he glanced toward the rival ships and joyously exclaimed, "There, ye frog atting and sausage-stuffed furriners, bate that if you can!"

Rough On Somebody.

"Why, Mr. H. isn't that Miss M.?"
"That was her name, I believe."
"Ah, she's married then?" And prey do tell me what narrow-brained, smirking idiot could have married her?"
"You refer to the minister who performed the ceremony, I presume, my dear madam, as I am her husband."

It is Usually the Case.

Wiggle—How long did you know your wife before you married her, Satupon?
Satupon (mournfully)—I didn't know her at all till I married her.

THE CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

A PROMINENT MINISTER RELATES HIS REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE WITH THE GRIPPE.

How He Was Affected and How he Was Cured—An Article That Every one Should Read and Remember.
(From the Philadelphia Item.)

Rev. Thomas L. Lewis, who resides at 2,549 Neff street, and is pastor of the Richmond Baptist church, relates a very interesting account of his experience with La Grippe and how he secured relief by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Mr. Lewis is 39 years old and is recognized as one of the most popular preachers of Philadelphia.

He is an alumnus of Bucknell College at Lewisburg, Pa., where he attained the degree of Master of Arts. With his other work he edits and publishes The Richmond Baptist, a monthly journal devoted to the interests of the church. He looks upon the practical side of life, both preaching and publishing the importance of good health, and when asked to tell what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for him, he went before Eugene Ziegler, a Notary Public, at 2,738 Neff street, and cheerfully made an affidavit to the following narrative:—

"I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People two weeks ago this Sunday. I had the grippé for more than two weeks. I had great trouble during that time with my eyes and head. The disease also affected my appetite and my stomach. It required great determination and effort on my part to do my work as pastor, and I did it when I should have been in bed."

"In a week's time the effects of the grippé were completely removed. I then continued the remedy on account of my stomach difficulty, being confident that it would remove that. I want to recommend the use of Pink Pills to all those who are affected as I have been. I believe they will build up grippé patients."

"As for myself, I cannot say too much for them. I went on the scales two weeks ago to see what I weighed, and again today, wearing the same clothing, I found I had gained two pounds—a pound a week."

"On account of the sedentary habits natural to my occupation, and to some internal injuries sustained years ago, I have had a severe stomach affection, and have been troubled, beside, a good deal with indigestion. Since taking the Pink Pills my appetite has improved, my digestion is better, and my stomach has been relieved of its pain."

"I was struck accidentally in the stomach by an iron bar, and once I was kicked by a mule in the same place. It was twenty years ago when I was hurt first. Since that time I suffered much from stomach difficulties. I was treated frequently but never cured. I feel better now than at any time since I was hurt, and I am so pleased with my improvement that I am glad to tell the public know of my bettered condition. I have heard of other cures effected by the Pink Pills, but I prefer to speak only of my own case."

THOS. L. LEWIS.

Sworn and subscribed before me this 29th day of April, A.D., 1893.

EUGENE ZIEGLER, Notary Public.

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the sufferings of humanity than any medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest servant of the present age.

An analysis proves that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as loco motor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females such as suppression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Although prepared in quantity and handled in the drug trade as a proprietary article, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription, and used as such in general practice. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all, at a price which anyone could afford to pay. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred), and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had at all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The Sparham Case.

Kemptville, July 24. Much interest is felt by residents of this place in the case of Mr. W. F. Sparham, of Ottawa, to whom reference was made in an Ottawa despatch a few days ago, as a sufferer delivered from kidney disease by the use of Dodd's kidney pills. Mr. Sparham was born and brought up here, and is well known and universally popular. His friends here had heard of his illness and his failure to obtain relief from all the medicines he tried before taking the pills. Their wonderful effect in his case will make the remedy more popular in this vicinity, for all now are fully aware of its good properties.

In British Prisons.

The only instrument used purely for punishment in British gaols nowadays is a crank handle weighted heavily with lead and working inside a box, an indicator at a slit recording the number of revolutions made, 8,000 to 11,000 constituting a day's work. Amongst the purely mechanical labour is included the working at the crank handles of the huge water-pump, and by cranks, too, all the meal used in the prison is ground, but in the case of corn-grinding

the prisoner may rest as often as he likes, provided he gets through his allotted task. Oakum-picking is scarcely more than mechanical, but all other prison labour requires some kind of skill. Mat-making is, for the most part, carried on in solitary cells, but such work as brush-making, laundry-work, cooking, tin and ironmongery, is carried on in large workshops. This is regarded as an inestimable privilege, and those who attain to it are comparatively cheerful and content.

THINGS OF VALUE.

Teach self-denial, and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.—Walter Scott.

"A stitch in time, etc." Take a bottle of Puttner's Emulsion at once. Fifty cents spent on that now may save much suffering and loss of time, as well as a large doctor's bill, bye and bye.

Thinking well is wise; planning well wiser; doing well, wisest and best of all.—Persian Proverb.

I was Cured of Bronchitis and Asthma by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Lot 5, P. E. I. Mrs. A. LIVINGSTONE.

I was cured of a severe attack of rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Mahone Bay. JOHN MADER.

I was cured of a severely sprained leg by MINARD'S LINIMENT.
Bridgewater. JOSHUA WYNACHT.

I am more and more convinced that our happiness or unhappiness depends far more on the way we meet the events of life than on the nature of those events themselves.—Humboldt.



SEGEE'S OINTMENT

—IS A CERTAIN CURE FOR—
Piles, Fever Sores, Sores of any kind, Ringworms, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Scalds and Burns, Frost Bites, Warts, Corns, etc.

For sale at Drug Stores, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50 cts. per Pot), by addressing

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CERTIFICATES.
The following have been selected from the vast number of persons who have been cured by the use of SEGEE'S OINTMENT:

FROM ST. JOHN, N. B.
MESSRS. L. DAY, Surveyor; JAS. WOOD, Shoe Maker; Mrs. S. STORMS, J. GILLIS, WILLIAM PETERS, Tanner; CAPT. D. JORDAN, WM. ALLINGHAM, P. THOMPSON, G. A. HARTLEY, F. C. Baptist Minister, Carleton, St. John; JABOB GUNTER, F. C. Baptist Minister, Fredericton, N. B.; ROBERT McCUEN, St. John, N. B., writes:

"I was afflicted with Fever Sores. Had seven holes in my leg, running sores in my breast, back, shoulder and under my arm. I tried several physicians but got no relief. After being seventeen months in the hospital, I returned home and heard of Segee's Ointment. I immediately procured a pot. After using it a short time I began to get better; and in a few weeks was completely cured. I can highly recommend it to all persons who may be suffering as I was."

CROWN LAND SALE.

Province of New Brunswick.

SALE OF TIMBER LICENSES.

Covering a large portion of the Crown Lands of the Provinces.

The right of License to cut and carry away all classes of Timber or Lumber, from the principal Timber Lands of New Brunswick will be offered for sale at the CROWN LAND OFFICE, FREDERICTON, N. B., on TUESDAY, the 29th day of August, 1893, and following days.

The Timber Licenses to be sold will cover an area of about 4,400 Square miles (or 2,800,000 acres) of crown lands.

These licenses will be for one year, with the right of renewal for a term of 20 years from the 1st day of August, 1893, on fulfillment of all conditions of license.

Licenses will be offered at an upset price of \$3.00 per Square Mile, and conditions being complied with, may be renewed from year to year during the term on payment of \$4 per Square Mile; this mileage being in addition to stumpage dues.

The stumpage payable on lumber to be cut has been fixed for the present at the following rates:

On Spruce, Pine and Hardwood Saw Logs, \$1.00 per M. Sup. ft.
Cedar Logs,50 " "
Hemlock Logs,50 " "
Other lumber as per regulations.

Copies of the regulations to govern this sale, and further information required may be had on application to

L. J. TWEEDIE, or W. P. FLEWELLING, Surveyor General, CROWN LAND OFFICE, Fredericton, 14th June 1893.

June 29th.

Notice to Lumbermen.

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 28th June, 1893.

NOTICE is hereby given that at the sale of Timber Licenses, to take place on the 29th day of August next, the right will be reserved to the former Licensee, or any one who may have cut under him, to remove any Lumber or Bark cut on any berth previous to the 1st day of August, 1893.

L. J. TWEEDIE, Sur. Gen.



Mrs. LOUISE MARRIOTT, Toronto, writes: When I first used Surprise Soap I was surprised at the results. It is the best Soap I ever used. I use it as the directions tell and find it works wonders, indeed it is worth its weight in gold.

Mrs. J. Hanks, Guelph, writes: I never had such satisfaction since I have been washing. Surprise has no equal and cannot be praised enough.

Mrs. EMILY SHAFLEY, Bramford, writes: I have used Surprise Soap for a long time and like it better than any other I have ever used. I can now do our washing quite easily as the soap seems to take the dirt out without much labor and does not injure my hands like other soaps I have used.

Mrs. JOHN SUTTON, Moncton, N. B., writes:—I have been using your Surprise Soap for the last five years. There is no other Soap like it.

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One Trial Convinces.

BE SURE and send your Parcels to UNGAR'S Steam Laundry and Dye Works, St. John, (Waterloo street); Telephone 58. Or Halifax: 60 to 70 Barrington street. They will be done right, if done at

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COMPARING BABIES



is apt to result in a difference of opinion, but all nurses agree that the only safe Soap to use for the babies' delicate skin is BABY'S OWN. See that you are not imposed upon by any of the imitations extant which your grocer may be dishonest enough to say "are just as good."

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