

Sunday Reading.

TAUGHT BY RED GRANITE.

Moral Lessons Derived from a Visit to the Quarries at St. George.

Rev. A. W. Lewis contributes the following to the Presbyterian Witness: Do you wish to see one of the Stone Quarries at St. George? You may reach St. John at 15:50 o'clock; and next morning you can arrive at your destination by the Shoreline Railway. En route, you take no interest in the Queen of Fundy's fog and wish to leave at once, you may go on a bicycle guided by the telegraph line. Perhaps in motion a man of hearing tells you it is 32 miles from St. John to St. George. After you get across the St. John river, over its famed reversible rapids, a grocery boy says, it is a good deal over 30 miles. When you have "spun" over 10 miles of lovely road a man that knows the road well affirms, it is 40 miles still. Although he is right yet 5 miles further on at Musquash a man living by the roadside gives you a drink of good water and says it is just 16 miles to St. George. The way soon lengthens again to 30 miles; and by the time you get half way, especially if your lantern goes out, you may wish to see the country with its strange distances by daylight next morning.

In the gloom of dim moonlight in an unknown land, how susceptible man is to tremors! Approach yonder cottage door and ask for a drink of water, for it takes a great deal of water to run a bicycle. Never mind that barking of the watch dog. It is inside the door. But listen to that faint, weird voice, "Who's there? There is no water in the house. You may get some at the post office, a mile from here where the doctor lives." Smiles and unaccountable creepings may play hide and seek in your veins as you mount your faithful wheel.

Cobble stones and ruts are bountifully spread over the series of hills that rise and fall continuously for 20 miles or more. Sand is here and there thrown in to complete a cyclist's paradise. But who would mind such trifles when Nature flings down all about him her varied and gorgeous tapestry? What noble hills with rugged brows and wooded shoulders, clothed in rainbow tints! The waters of bays and lakes and harbors glisten in the sun, and fade with the evening light into molten seas of lead. Autumn walks abroad with his brilliant coat of many colors.

Being a good Presbyterian you had better stop next day at Pennfield, 10 miles from St. George. Mr. McDowell, one of our veteran elders, will give you a hearty welcome and dinner that will put new strength within you. At last as on your speed and speed St. George rests before you. Twenty-one miles farther and you would be past St. Patrick and St. David, and be in St. Andrew's. As much farther brings one to St. Stephen and St. Croix. A little north in St. James. Probably never before were you in such a saintly country as Charlotte; but—of the roads beware!

A little up the river Maguadavic are the quarries. Please be patient with me a moment till I go and have another look at its gorge in the town. It reminds one of the furious Thomson crays, leading to the Fraser. Two carriage bridges mark off the gorge. Let us go along the lower street. Ah, here we are! What zigzag walls of adamant and rounded boulders hem in and guide the waters! Half a dozen cataracts leap downward one below the other, and each in its own direction, as given leave by the rocks. At the head Three Sisters rush ecstatically into each others arms. High up on either side rise flinty peaks, mantled with bushes and shrubs in autumn styles. Just above and beyond the confluent falls the bridge of the upper street spans the chasm; and over all the canopy of blue.

Let us back to the Carleton House; and from there as you please, to the quarries. Yonder are the mountains of red granite that help to make New Brunswick famous—and all Canada. What a multimass of blocks has been quarried from this one and poured down the hillside! The lava of a slow-working and cold human volcano! How bright and clean are the blocks! Yet the boulders that lie around unmoved for ages are covered with black mould and moss. They are like many old doctrines, moral and spiritual. They were good and bright once when they left God's quarry, but the disintegrating forces of fallen humanity have during succeeding ages marred their beauty and their worth. Luther had to open a new quarry in the everlasting hills of truth—the Bible. And many today think that it would not hurt to scour off some moss and mould that they see upon that glorious boulder of truth called the Westminster Confession of Faith. Others would open a new quarry and polish up the granite for the times.

Some people are always sitting on truths that others have quarried, perhaps ages ago. They regard comments on the Bible more than the Bible itself. But we better appreciate what we work for. If we cannot quarry enough for our house of belief, we can surely ornament the table and the mantle piece with something of our own

chiseling. How bright and precious are the thoughts of our own thinking! What an inspiration to us are the truths we have ourselves found and fashioned in the Bible! God gave us brains to use in higher things as well as in lower, and His rewards to diligent with inward grace. We are duty bound to be careful not to let others persuade us that their mouldy opinions are fresh from the quarry.

Let us follow up this road along the side of the hill until it bends around to the quarry itself. What a hole, lined with shreds of rock. Nature has rent the mountains with myriads of seams and cracks and crevices. What mighty forces thus bent the flinty surface of the earth and splintered it in the bedding. Man works with the splinters. Where these are very large blasting powder is inserted in holes drilled for the purpose, and a block of many tons shudders and falls from its place. Little holes are drilled in a row, and little wedges inserted. A few blows on these split the granite as if it were wood. This process is continued until the blocks are of manageable weight. Perhaps then an almost invisible seam is found running through and spoiling what was considered a perfect piece. Men often think their beliefs are solid rock of truth without a seam. Some think their lives are perfect; but others find the flaws. It is well to learn from the quarry that man is not infallible either in belief or in life.

When the blocks are approved and cast down the slope for use, they are rough and angular, like many chips of human granite. They must be cut into the desired forms, smoothed and polished by the stone cutters. Large blocks are sawn into several pieces. A gang-saw without teeth runs horizontally. Small shot of steel are shovelled into the saw cuts and water pours upon them continually. The shot works both ways. So families are sometimes seen asunder by the saws of affliction made severe by the shot of pain and water of tears; but the end is greater usefulness and beauty for the members thus separated. So also some people are bound up in self—a huge block of unserviceable humanity. Happy is he who God puts him in the saw room that he may alter terrible sufferings yield himself to others—body, money and soul.

The level surfaces are polished. A wheel is turned upon them, heavy and swift. Steel shot again do their grinding work; next comes emery; and last of all felt and putty do their work. The polish is now finished, and the dull surface has become a beautiful mirror. How many chisels beneath heavy hammers chip away the stone until the desired forms stand before the sculptor! At last the block out of the quarry is an artistic monument, not so much to the one whose name it bears, as to the stone-cutter who fashioned the design. The Master-sculptor is the Creator and Fashioner of souls. How much of cruel chiseling and polishing is necessary to make us fit for the kingdom of heaven! Shall we murmur against the process of grace? The loving hand of our Father in heaven holds the chisel and sways the hammer. He does not inflict one wound that is not necessary in order to develop the divine idea. Would we not rather choose to suffer in order that we may as a mirror reflect God's love, and throughout eternity be a beautiful monument of His redeeming power and wisdom?

SCENE IN GETHSEMANE

A Good Type and Parable of the Saviour's Gentle Dealing With Men.

"And one of them smote the servant of the high priest and cut off his ear, and Jesus answered and said: 'Suffer ye thus far.'—Luke xxii., 50-51.

There is no moment in all that memorable night when Jesus was betrayed into the hands of his enemies that is not full charged with the deepest, the most sacred interest. All devout souls should be frequent in their pilgrimages to the Garden of Gethsemane; it is the shrine of divine sorrow. Then, if ever, the words of Isaiah met their sublime fulfillment: "Behold, I have trodden the wine press alone!" It was there, in that sad night, when Kedron's waters echoed the agony of a divine anguish, that Jesus won that crown of all plaintive titles: "A man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." The calm poise, the perfect self-mastery of Jesus is worth careful thought. He was never so self-concerned as to be unmindful of others. Even on the cross he had time and calm self-possession enough to think of his mother, and of John, and to pray for his murderers. This scene in the garden, when the indignant disciple drew his sword and cut off the right ear of Malcus, the servant of the high priest, is full of deep suggestiveness. There can be little doubt that the enthusiastic Peter was in real earnest when he came to the defense of his Lord. It was more than he could stand to see those gentle hands bound rudely and perhaps roughly with cords, and what would have been the issue if Jesus had not stayed the impetuous hand of his too zealous follower it is hard to tell. Malcus was in a sense but discharging his duty, and Peter's rash act was not in harmony with that spirit of unassuming submission that marked the whole career of Jesus, and so in pity for Malcus he healed the wound. What a type and parable this of Christ's gentle dealing with men. Healing the wounds that seemed the most deserved, and healing those wounds in the hour when most that enmity was manifesting itself! Was there ever such command of feeling? It would catch but the spirit of this scene in Gethsemane there would soon be no wounds to heal.

Discipline of the Will.

There never was a strong character that was not made strong by discipline of the will. There never was a strong people that did not rank subordination and discipline among the signal virtues. Subjection

to the moods is the mark of a deteriorating morality. There is no baser servitude than that of the man whose caprices are his masters, and a nation composed of such men could not long preserve its liberties.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

TEN MILLIONS TAUGHT.

How the International Committee Makes Selection of Lessons.

Societies, committees, and organizations of every kind abound in the religious world of our day and each has its special circle of God's people who are interested in it and the particular work it has undertaken in Christ's vineyard. It may safely be claimed, however, that no organization is in touch with so large a committee on international Sunday School Lessons. It is estimated that in the Sunday Schools of the United States, Canada and Europe there are gathered every Sunday, scholars, teachers and officers to the number of twenty-three millions. A large and ever increasing proportion of this vast number, study the same part of God's Word on the same day. What that portion should be, is decided by the fifteen men whose work it is to do this. The honor equally with the responsibility of the duty is fully realized on all lands, and we believe that there is no Sunday-school throughout the world that will not be glad to see hear of these as men.

The committee was appointed in 1890 by the international Sunday-school convention which that year met at Pittsburgh, Pa. Three times before that—in 1872, 1878, and 1884, the conventions had appointed committees for the same purpose. That those committees had performed their duty to the satisfaction of the Sunday-school workers may be inferred from the fact that of the fifteen members appointed in 1890, thirteen had served on the previous committee and four—Dr. J. H. Vincent, Dr. Warren Randolph, Dr. John Hall and Mr. B. F. Jacobs had served on every one of the three committees.

Their duties were defined by the resolution which appointed the first committee in 1872. They were to select a course of bible lessons for a series of years, not exceeding seven, which shall embrace as far as possible a general study of the whole bible alternating between the Old and New Testaments, semi-annually or quarterly, as they may deem best. Later, additional instructions were given as to special lessons such as temperance and foreign missions, and these were carried out. The concurrence of the English Sunday-school Union in the arrangement led to the appointment of a corresponding committee there which has co-operated with the American committee. The plan adopted has been to prepare in outline the plan of lessons for the year and then send it to England for criticism or suggestion. When the report of the English committee arrives another meeting is held, at which various suggestions made are considered and, if approved, embodied in the plan.

Whatever criticism of their work there has been,—and it was inevitable that there would be criticism in a work that affected so large a number of intelligent persons—there is a general unanimity in the approval of the principle adopted. Never has there been a time when young people have had a better idea of the bible as a whole, or have been so conversant with all its part. Dr. Trumbull, in his Yale lecture, quotes an alumnus of one of the choicest Christian colleges of New England, as saying of a young man then under eighteen years of age that, "he knows more of the bible on entering college than I knew of it when I left the theological seminary, for he had had advantages in bible study such as we knew nothing of in Sunday-school or in the seminary in my day." The advantages to which he referred were those that the system of international lessons has called into existence. When it was realized that the majority of the Sunday-schools in this country and a large number in Europe would on a certain day, study a certain passage of scripture, all the resources of Christian scholarship and all the suggestions of experienced teachers were called forth and concentrated on that passage, with the object of helping the teacher to properly instruct his class. Beside this, there were all the advantages which come from systematic study. It would be impossible to learn history, science or philosophy by the discursive system, or by system, that formerly prevailed in the Sunday-school; and it was impossible to teach the bible so. After ten years in regular attendance at the Sunday-school a child might have but a very vague idea of the bible as a whole, however familiar he might be with certain parts of it. But, by the system now adopted he is familiarized with the whole book from lid to lid. And in addition to these advantages there is the one which always comes from united effort and the mutual help derived from association in common study.

The system was not inaugurated without difficulty. Mr. B. F. Jacobs said in a recent speech that "no man had any right to special honor in this matter." Probably he would not find any one else with that opinion who knows anything of the matter in question. If Mr. Jacobs and Dr. J. H. Vincent had not labored with untiring energy, and infinite tact and good humor, the adoption of such a system as the international might have been indefinitely postponed. The problem was in many minds but the difficulties seemed insurmountable. The way had been prepared before the convention of 1872, by the American Sunday-school Union's annual series of question books and Dr. Vincent had shown in his 'Sunday-school Journal' that it was possible to teach the same lesson with profit in

the primary, intermediate and adult departments; but there were denominational jealousies; and there were prejudices in favor of particular systems. All these had to be overcome and a committee nominated in which all had confidence. The victory must have been very gratifying to Mr. Jacobs, for the committee, although composed of representatives of every denomination, has worked harmoniously and the system has won its way into favor by its own merits.

It is due to the committee to say, that during the whole twenty-three years the members have served without remuneration. Their travelling expenses have been defrayed by certain publishers of Lesson Helps but the members have given their time and labor without fee or reward. Since the inauguration of the system at the beginning of 1873 the schools under the guidance of the successive committees have three courses of the entire bible. Lessons have been based on passages from thirty-four of the thirty-nine Old Testament books and from twenty-three of the twenty-seven books of the New Testament. Thus by the wise Providence of God, the bible itself has been studied thoroughly and systematically in an age of rampant scepticism.—'Christian Herald.'

ST. PETER'S LESSON.

A Simple Neapolitan Legend Which Has a Sound Moral Lesson.

Many simple legends are told among the peasants of Southern Europe, illustrating the wisdom of Jesus. Such stories are never without a moral, as the following Neapolitan legend, translated for the literary digest, from the Munich Vaterland, will show:

"Our good Lord Jesus Christ once walked with His disciples across a stony acre, where no tree defended the wanderers against the midday sun. 'If each of you,' said the Lord, 'will take up one of these stones whenever you cross this land, the ground will soon bear rich fruits.' The disciples, anxious to please the Master, picked up the stones, as many as they could carry, and the swart ran from their brows. St. Peter alone demurred. 'Carry stones on so hot a day? Verily not I!' quoth he; and he picked up a pebble not much larger than a hen's egg. The Lord knew it well, but said nothing. At the end of the acre was a wooden hill, and here by the side of a murmuring spring, the Lord told his disciples to rest. 'Let each place his stones before him.' St. John had carried a large piece of rock, so large that only his love for the Master could give him strength to bear the burden. By the side of this stone St. Peter's pebble looked rather ridiculous, but he did not seem to mind that. He turned to the Savior and said: 'Master, we would eat, but have no bread.' 'Those who work will always have bread,' answered the Lord, and he blessed the stones before him. And behold! They were changed into loaves! All had bread in plenty, except Peter, whose portion fell out rather small, but he was too proud to beg of St. John. On the way back the disciples, without a reminder from Jesus, again picked up stones, and this time St. Peter carried the largest of them all. At the other end of the acre flowed the Jordan, and Jesus said, 'Let none do good for the sake of reward. Throw your stones into the river.' 'Thus Peter fasted a whole day and learned much.'

Showing a Fine Spirit.

We hear no phrase used with more delicate conclusiveness than the phrase "He shows a fine spirit." Blandering and flattery the world can stand, if it catches behind it all the sense of a right spirit. There are many persons whose success has been wonderful without objective and visible accomplishment to account for it. The most really objective thing about us in the long run is the spirit in which we work, and with which we judge life. The world will put up with a good many lacks in matters of intellect, but it will not long put up with a bad spirit. Hosts of men who have failed have apparently had all the abilities that bring success, but they have never had success. Their great powers stayed by them, but the world has gone away from them. Looking over the field of failure they have doubtless in many cases been unable to find a reasonable cause for it, and have laid it to the injustice of the human heart. But if there is anything that can be trusted in this world, year in and year out, it is the universal heart. Hurry it, and be in too great haste to try conclusions with it, and it will very likely speak wrong; but give it your lifetime to think you over in, and the chances are that it will say about the right thing. No man ever permanently succeeds who does not trust in the heart of mankind.—Sunday School Times.

Cruden's Concordance.

Alexander Cruden died Nov. 1, 1770. One of the most erratic and flighty of men with eccentricities which justified the name of insanity. Cruden compiled a work which demanded the most intense application, and which remains a monument of painstaking genius, in his Concordance of the Holy Scriptures. It is a work which has never been successfully improved upon and yet the author's characteristics were apparently opposed to every particular to such work. Three times he was confined for insanity, but his contemporaries gradually learned to make allowances for a man whose character exhibited so much of the Christian virtue whose work had placed all Christianity under obligation, whom no other infirmity or neglect could debase; whose sorrows served to interest him in the distresses of others, and who employed his prosperity to relieve those who, in every sense, were ready to perish. Cruden deserves a tribute from all men.

Inspiration for Literature.

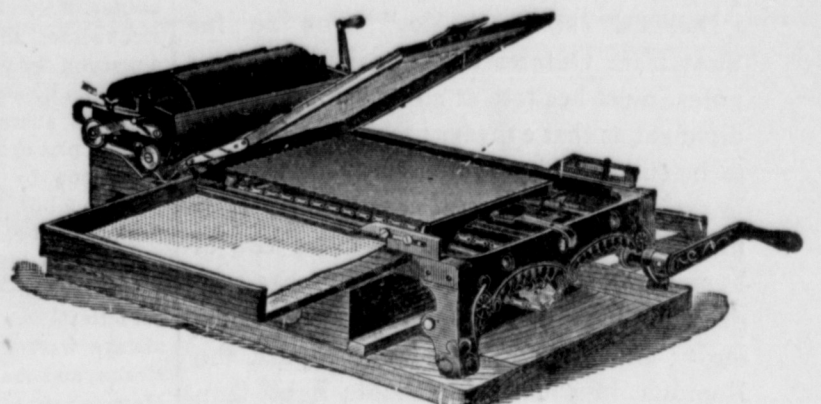
A sacred familiarity with the Divine Mind is the best inspiration for literature. Many an author, dead and forgotten, might have been alive in the world's memory today only for lack of that quickening into greatness which comes of God's breath upon the soul. The world's teachers must

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On This Space.

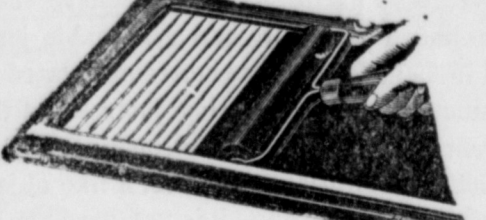
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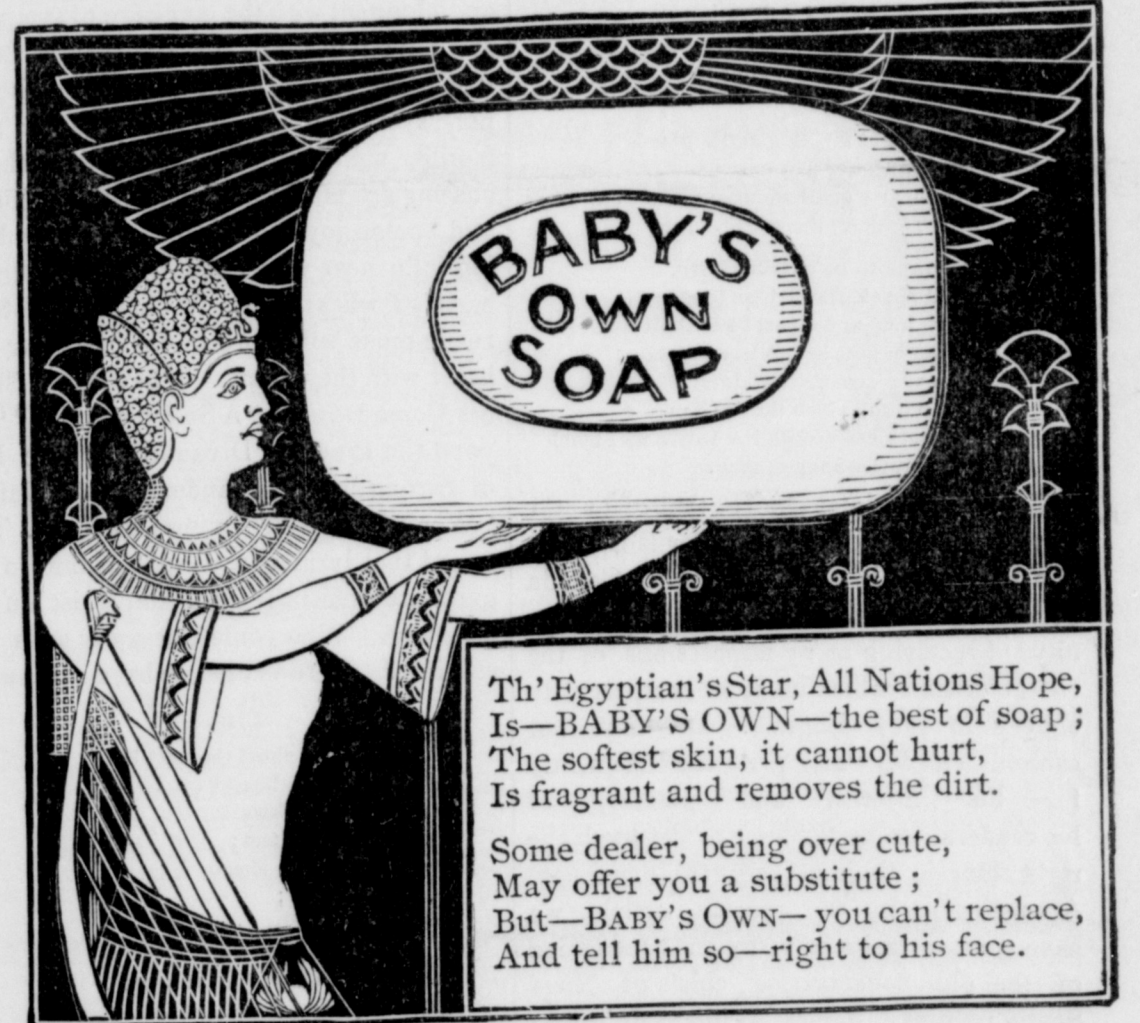
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first be God's learners. Wisdom does not grow out of books when students lock themselves in shut closets. The cloister must open outward to the world and upward to the heavens. The great wisdom is God's divinity and man's humanity. Who knows this knows most of all; after this, what remains to be learned is little. God first, man next; the rest are trifles.—Theodore Tilton.

New Life of Christ.

A life of Christ is to be published, with colored photographs after James Tissot's pictures, by M. M. Mame, the Catholic publishers of Tours, the first twenty impressions of which will be sold for \$1,000 a copy and the rest of the 1,000 copies at \$300 apiece. The advertisement, with one specimen picture and some sketches in black and white, cost \$12.

When Children Die.

Are you offended that it has pleased God to snatch your babes from the infinite contingencies of so perverse an age, in which there is so little temptation to live? Say not they might have gone later to their destiny; 'tis no small happiness to be happy quickly.

Educate Your Child Well.

If a married man all his life long should do no other good thing than educate his child right in the fear of God, then, I think, this may be an atonement for his neglects. The greatest work which thou canst do is even this: that thou educatest thy chips well.

A Message from God.

"Whosoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." Luke 18:17.

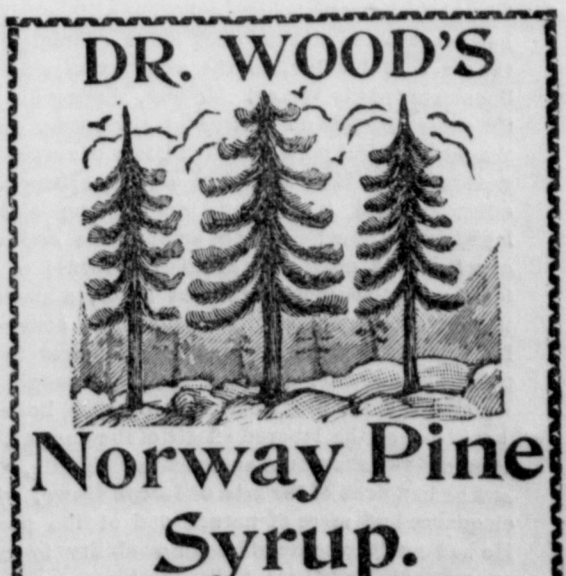
Ancient Literary Age.

Moses may easily have written the Pentateuch and the Israelites of his day have read and understood it. Prof. Sayce told the Church Congress at Norwich, that the

age of the Exodus was as literary as that of the Renaissance in Europe. Babylonian cities had libraries then, some of them 6,000 years old, and when Abraham was born a Chaldean poet was ending a long period of verse by writing a poem in twelve books.

Oldest Book in the World.

The oldest book in the world is "The Big Veda," which was in existence complete as we have it now, 1,500 years before Christ, and not the so-called Book of the Dead, from Egypt, consisting of disjointed fragments, collected from many sources, the earliest of which may possibly be dated as early as 6,000 B. C.



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