

NOTCHES ON THE STICK.

PASTOR FELIX TALKS ABOUT THE SPIRITUAL LIFE.

Has this Age of Scientific Advancement Lost its Grip of Spiritual Things—How Dwight L. Moody Holds an Audience—The Tomb of Thomas Scott.

Dr. B. W. Lockhart, in an ordination sermon at Chicopee, Mass. spoke interestingly of the relation of the preacher to his age. In his view the present is characterized by the immense predominance of material interests and material ideas. Material forces have yielded as never before to the supremacy of man's mind. Look around, and you see the elements harnessed to the tasks of men. It is an era of massed forces and great combinations. Quantity is dealt with on an enlarged scale. Nations have grown gigantic; schemes, enterprises, fortunes are of the colossal type. So, corresponding emphasis is placed on material things, till many are persuaded they are all important. But what of Man, the speaker queried; has he become larger than before? Is he greater in heart and in spirit than the earlier generations? It does not appear that he is. Indeed, the reverse has sometimes been assumed; and it may be true, and due to the reason above stated, that—

"The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

In consequence, the age has lost something of its grasp of spiritual things. Because material forces have intensified their action on the public mind, moral and spiritual interests have shrunk in public estimation. The masses, often, unrebuked by the churches, do not seem to feel the awe of that unseen world that lies all about us, and have come to treat it as unreal. Accordingly, politics, science, finance, education, and other matters occupy the public mind to the exclusion of religion, and they are treated as relating only or chiefly to man's transposal and material interests.

Does it follow that the Christian preacher is longer needed? It follows, the speaker would conclude, that he is needed all the more. He, it seems, is the only one whose main business it is to ask a hearing in the name of God, and in behalf of the eternal. He it is who alone remains to direct attention to imperishable things, to speak for the unseen, to declare that the fashion of this world, now so splendid and imposing, is still a fashion that passeth away; and that the profound, sound, abiding realities are, God, the soul, justice, truth, love,—the same amid the roar of modern machinery as in Arabian deserts; the same amongst our thronging city populations as by the sheep-folds of ancient Israel.

The speaker would not admit the theory of the decadence of the church, or suppose that the Christian preacher is not now listened to. In the midst of the age's materialism, its dim perception of the spiritual, a preacher gathers a multitude about him. Does it mean nothing that one hundred and twenty thousand tongues, in America alone, speak to twenty millions of listeners? In spite of this predominance of material interests, the spiritual organ exists, the heart of mankind longs after the unseen, while all but the most sordid ask for more than can be touched, or tasted, or handled.

In conclusion, the speaker raised the question of the pulpit's permanence. Is the preacher to become less, or more? More, rather than less, he would conclude. In any age to succeed ours we need anticipate no waning of his power. He will never fail of a hearing. He will still move men. If he has a message from the Eternal, he has what some are willing to hear. If he is faithful to his vocation, whatever of scorn or of persecution he may meet, he will not be left to neglect or indifference. There will always be elect souls by whom he will be heeded, however difficult of acceptance the truth he brings, and they will hear him gladly. Though he die, the words he speaks shall not perish, but prevail. The flaming torch of truth, today trampled under foot, shall tomorrow be lifted, and become a beacon to light the future. He who utters his message, out of a pure and fervent heart, will also have his vindication in that great and notable day of the Lord.

That the doctrinal sermon and the preacher of a plain gospel are not out of date is assured to us by our recent seeing and hearing. A plain man, with earnest simple speech, who has gone the world over, and drawn peoples innumerable, filled the City Hall of Bangor, evening after evening, with crowds of eager attentive listeners. A dozen sentences shows him unlearned in the schools, and there is in his manner much that is offensive to a fastidious taste; but he knows the mind of the Master, and so the doctors and professors of colleges sit at his feet, and equally with the common people, hear him with reverence and gladness. There is no art, no grand diction, no commanding eloquence. There is apparent at the first, ease of address, a business-like manner, downright sense, and sturdy independence. But there remains behind what is vastly more important,—a message, a commission from the King. It is clear to all that Dwight L. Moody knows his Bible; he is at home there. His treatment of his themes implies much study and easy familiarity with the sacred pages, as with the audience he ad-

dresses. He magnifies the doctrinal and expository preacher,—the man who gets down into the marrow of the Word, and has charged his soul with the very philosophy of Revelation; the man whose spirit has grown warm and rich by much brooding over it. To hear him commend Andrew Bonar or Joseph Parker will show you how generous he can be to those most worthy his generosity.

The visitor at Quebec, (according to Pierre Georges Roy, of whose article in the Bulletin des Recherches Historiques, Mr. W. D. Lightball gives a translation in the week,) if he desires, stay his footsteps beside the grave of (Thomas Scott, a brother of the Great Sir. Walter, and read the inscription on "the humble stone in the old cemetery of St. Matthew's church, which makes the resting place of his remains." So near a kinsman of a man so famed, so admired, and so beloved, as Sir. Walter, must be of interest to us, while we reflect how, even by its graves the new land is linked to the old.

Six of the twelve children born to Walter Scott, pere, and to Annie Rutherford his wife died in infancy. To several of the six children who lived, the same names were given,—as Walter, Anne, Robert and John. Thomas was the fifth child who survived to adult age; and he, together with Robert had taste for letters, not without skill, if we may credit the testimony of the more celebrated brother. Accordingly, upon his disagreement with the editors of the Edinburgh Review, Sir. Walter wrote to Thomas in this encouraging strain:

"Certain pressing affairs have prevented my hitherto completing for you my collection of the works of Shadwell. It is, however, on the eve of being so. You must obtain all the original pieces in order to be able to collate them with the octavo edition. But I have just now a more pressing and lucrative employment for your pen. I inform you under the seal of secrecy that a plot is hatching to kill the Edinburgh Review. We have the intention of founding a new Review, which we trust will display quite as much talent and independence. I was offered the chief editorship of the new publication, but though the remunerations attached to the post are very high, I declined. Mr. Gifford, the author of 'The Baviad' accepted the task. He attached one condition, however; I must give him all the assistance possible.

"You are going to have the opportunity to practice your talent as a writer. The Quarterly Review will accept anything; poems, romances, novels, etc. You will get for each sixteen pages ten guineas. To commence, you can send your articles through me. I will retouch them before sending them to Gifford."

It does not appear that he profited by this liberal offer, for, we are informed, no composition bearing his name is now to be found; which seems unlikely had he ever written anything of consequence. Upon the appearance of 'Waverley,' Sir Walter wrote to him, then in America: 'Waverley' has an enormous success, I send you a copy. Rumor runs here that you are the author. Send me a novel in which you are to put all the humor you have, and I assure you I can sell it for at least £500. To encourage you you can draw on me for £100 when you send the manuscript, thus you will be sure you have not lost your time. You have more humor and talent for description than many well-known writers. What you need is the practise of composition. If 'Waverley' is mentioned to you, say nothing. I do not wish to pass you off as the author of a work you never saw, but if the public absolutely insists on believing it, and to give you £500 for trying your hand in romance, I cannot see why you should refuse the chance to make a little fortune.' Here was the sanguine Sir Walter, always ready to acclaim any faintest trace of talent, and in this case helped on by brotherly partiality. Writing such a romance with him was easy as breathing, and why could not Thomas do the same if he should take a notion to try? Byron questioned Bloomfield,—

If inspiration fell on you, Robert, why not on Brother Nathan, too?

Herein is a little touch of pathos; and he who stands beside this humble stone will connect it in his fancy with that splendid monumental pile on Princess street and the sepulcher at Dryburgh, by the not only of brotherly love, but of artistic and literary sympathy.

That the author of "Marguerite," can still summon the muses, and that they will come when called, is attested by the following, which, we think, has not elsewhere appeared in print. It is now time for another book of verse from George Martin:

The Flower Gift.  
A reminiscence of a visit with some friends to the new Diocesan college at Montreal.  
O! do I think of that afternoon  
When summer her garland wore;  
When the sun went down an hour too soon,  
And the world was young once more.  
Fair was the view from that lofty tower,  
Fair as a fairy land;  
But fairer to me the modest flower  
Bestowed by a fair white hand.  
The heat was thick, and the sun sank red,  
Red as a town on fire,  
While the roofs of the City, far outspread,  
Turret and dome and spire,—  
Mimicked the pomp of the peerless god,  
As he crossed the horizon's rim;

What Progress Print Can Do.

Following is a list of some of the work done by PROGRESS PRINT, with a few prices quoted to give you an idea.

Remember, these prices include Stock and Printing

Commercial Printing!

We always keep in stock a large assortment of different grades of Envelopes, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Letter Heads and Statements, and can quote prices with any printer.

Table with prices for Envelopes, Bill Heads, Statements, Note Heads, Letter Heads, and All other Forms equally as low.

Now is the time for the different Societies and Social Assemblies to arrange their Winter programmes, and in doing so, if they will give PROGRESS PRINT a call for their Printing, it will keep the expenses down.

Society Printing!

We have elegant Sample Books with the latest designs in English and American Programmes and Invitations. FOR WEDDINGS. We have the LATEST styles of type and stock for Invitations, Announcements and Cards.

Book and Pamphlet Printing can be done by PROGRESS PRINT reasonable and quick. We are especially adapted for this kind of work, having a large stock of type and printing paper to suit all. It will pay you to call on PROGRESS before placing your order.

Table with prices for Gummed Labels, Dodgers, Posters, Note Circulars, Tags, Private Postals, Draft, Check and Note Forms.

Miscellaneous Printing!

29 TO 31 CANTERBURY STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

To the mountain he gave his parting nod,  
And the valley below grew dim.  
Sweet was the vesper-song of the thrush,  
Happy the chime of bells,  
And O, the peace of the gloaming hush  
O'er grateful hills and dells;  
But happier, sweeter far than these  
Was the ripple of friendly talk  
That lent a charm to the welcome breeze  
Which gladdened our homeward walk.  
The flower gift faded long ago,—  
Nay, surely it could not fade!  
It blooms in a spot which no man can know,  
Fostered by sun and shade.  
Bid from the glance of mortal eyes,  
Safe from the winter's chill,  
It lives, it breathes, it smiles, it sighs,  
A thing of beauty still.  
At home, asleep in the silent land,  
I ask no higher bliss  
Than the touch on my head of a loving hand,  
And a flower resembling this.

We have in one volume of 330 pages, (C. W. Moulton, Buffalo) the poetry of Rev. James B. Kenyon, whose 'Oaten Pipe' was reviewed in these columns within the memory of any interested reader. This book includes several separate publications, as, 'At the Gate of Dreams,' 'In Realms of Gold,' 'Songs in all Seasons,' 'Lauds Martis,' and 'Out of the Shadows.' Fineness of taste, a chaste and beautiful expression, a luxurious delight in nature, a preference for a bacolic and classic muse and a smoothness and uniformity of style, distinguish these pieces. Several of the flower-poems are notably delicate.

The Sweet Pea.  
A slender pink-faced village lass,  
Round whom the light winds, as they pass,  
Linger caressingly, if so  
To win a favor ere they go.  
A fluttering ribbon clasps her waist;  
About her forehead, calm and chaste,  
Bright ringlets blow; her dove-like eyes  
Are pure and deep as summer skies  
She is a sunny fragile thing,  
And you may see her blossoming  
Adown some mossy garden way  
Fresh as the dew, and fair as day.  
What though old-fashioned she may be,  
True hearts still love the shy sweet-pea.

Tiger Lily.  
What torrid days have poured their quivering heat  
Into the hollow of thy slender urn,  
Till now within thy heart once chastely sweet,  
The fires of tropic heaven ever burn!  
Or pale perchance, as virgin peaks of snow,  
Thou stoodst in stainless splendor, till one day  
A wounded tiger at thy feet crouched low,  
And o'er thy chalice flashed his blood's red spray.  
There is the evidence of genuine emotion  
in many of these pieces, and that sincerity is grateful to the earnest reader. It is what, in these days, would be more insisted upon, and even a degree of crudeness is tolerable, if the impression of reality is conveyed. Instinctively we feel when this is present; and the product of genuine feeling is true sentiment, while that of affectation, no matter how deftly decked in

words, is that hateful thing—not hot hatred in these days,—sentimentality. The classic themes in this volume are so numerous, and of such even excellence we hesitate to select. 'The Barden of Eilon,' 'A Maid of Sicily,' 'A Memory of Theocritus,' 'Laconia,' 'Lulenus,' and others, invite us, but we settle on—

Tactia.  
She roves through shadowy solitudes,  
Where scentless herbs and fragile flowers  
Pine in the gloom that ever broods  
Around her sylvan bowers.  
No winds amid the branches sigh,  
No footfall wakes the sodden ground;  
And the cold streams that hurry by  
Flow on without a sound.  
Strange, voiceless birds from spray to spray  
Flit silently; and all day long  
The dancing midges round her play,  
But sing no elin song.  
The haunting twilight ebbs and flows,  
Chill is the night, wan is the morn;  
Through this dim wood no minstrel goes,  
No hunter winds his horn.  
No panting stag seeks you dark pool;  
No shepherd calls his bleating sheep  
From sunburnt meads to shadowy cool,  
And grasses green and deep.  
Across her path, from reed to reed,  
The spider weaves his gossamer;  
She reck not where her footsteps lead;  
The world is dead to her knee.  
Her eyes are sad, her face is pale,  
Her head droops sideway wearily;  
Her dusky tresses, like a veil,  
Down ripple to her knee.  
How many a cycle bath she trod  
Each mossy aisle, each leafy dell!  
Alas, her feet with silence shod  
Never see the hateful spell.

Mr. Kenyon has what advantage may come from the appreciation of several of the masters of song, and the approval of critical authority. Longfellow has spoken of 'the beautiful spirit' in which the book is written. Whittier describes a lyric sequence as 'A tender and beautiful story of the progress of Love to its blissful fruition, and the thanksgiving song of 'Epinicion.' Stedman assures him, 'There is plenty of room for more than one new poet; and if you keep singing some one will in the end hear and know the song.' Soddard says,— 'You know what so many do not, what makes a sonnet, and you write good sonnets. . . If you had only lived when Drayton, Daniel, Drummond, and the rest of the early romancers were writing, I see no reason why you should not have taken your place in their old-fashioned ranks. I like the care you bestow on your work, in which I find a clearness of perception and a delicate sense of melody.' And this from Holmes: 'I recognize the artistic skill of your verses, and, if they do not contain the history of a true passion, they have certainly all the air of reality.' Mr. Kenyon is himself a critic of large sympathy as is shown by his recent article on 'The Rossetti's' in the Methodist Review. PATRIFEX.

FINE TEA AND COFFEE.

Americans Have Not Been Taught to Pay High Prices Yet.

There is a dealer in coffee in New York who snorts when he hears people talking about the difficulty of making good coffee. 'The making be jiggered,' he says, 'The important thing is not how the coffee is made, but the quality of the coffee. There are a dozen different ways of making coffee all of which produce equally good results, and not more skill or care is required in cooking anything else. The quality of the coffee is the thing, and because Americans insist on buying cheap grades of coffee they don't get good coffee. They blame their wives and their servants for the result of their own false economy. Americans drink more coffee than any other nation, but they don't drink the best. They drink coffee as a staple article of diet and don't study its finer qualities. In Europe people pay from 10 to 20 cents more a pound on an average for good qualities of coffee than is paid here. People here haven't been trained to pay above a certain price for coffee. When I began business I wanted to supply something a little better than the citizens of this town were accustomed to. I imported a lot of especially fine Ceylon plantation coffee. It cost me forty-one cents a pound wholesale unroasted. In roasting the coffee loses about one-sixth of its weight so that this coffee, roasted would have been worth about fifty cents a pound without the dealer's profit. That is about twice the wholesale price of ordinary good coffee. With that I made a mixture that I could sell at forty-five cents a pound. I found that it actually hurt my business instead of helping it. People got an idea that I was a fraud because I was so high priced.

I had the same experience with tea. Americans don't drink especially fine tea. I thought the reason of that was that they didn't know any better, and I tried to give them a chance to learn. I imported a lot of very fine Chinese tea. It was not the very finest, but it was so good that it came in small packages wrapped up in silk. I could make a small profit on it selling it at \$3 a pound. I expected it would be quite a drawing card for me; but when the first customer came in and asked how much my best tea was, and I said '\$3 a pound,' he nearly fainted. It might have hurt my business seriously only he happened to be a friend of mine and agreed to say nothing about it. After that I was careful to size up my customers before telling them the cost of my best tea. Now I have best tea, very best tea, extra best tea, and the \$3 kind. Many Chinese laundrymen drink better tea than some millionaires. It comes packed in pound boxes with glass covers and with bunches of the whole tea leaves tied up together in silk. 'Men will buy cheap coffee there is

only one way to make it taste good. Let them start out in the evening, walk ten miles into the woods, sleep all night in camp and get up at 5 o'clock the next morning and make their own coffee. Then it will taste like nectar, no matter what its quality.'—New York Sun.

OUR MAIL.

Our mail brings us every day dozens of letters about Burdock Blood Bitters. Some from merchants who want to buy it, some from people who want to know about it, and more from people who do know about it because they have tried it and been cured. One of them was from Mr. J. Gillan, B.A., 39 Gould Street, Toronto. Read how he writes:

GENTLEMEN,—During the winter of 1892 my blood became impure on account of the hearty food I ate in the cold weather. Ambition, energy and success forsook me, and all my efforts were in vain. My skin became yellow, my bowels became inactive, my liver was lumpy and hard, my eyes became inflamed, my appetite was gone, and the days and nights passed in unhappiness and restlessness. For some months I tried doctors' and patent medicines of every description, but received no benefit. Being advised by a friend to try B.B.B., I am glad to have the opportunity of testifying to the marvellous result. After using three bottles I felt much better, and when the fifth bottle was finished I enjoyed health in the greatest degree, and have done so from that day up to date. Therefore I have much pleasure in recommending B. B. B. to all poor suffering humanity who suffer from impure blood, which is the beginning and seat of all diseases. J. GILLAN, B.A., 39 Gould St., Toronto.

THE SAME MAN, Well Dressed

a much higher place in the estimation of even friends, than when thoughtlessly and indifferently clothed. Newest Designs. Latest Patterns. A. R. CAMPBELL, Merchant Tailor, 64 Germain Street. (1st door south of King.)