New Every Morning.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

We often see, in the public journals or elsewhere, advertisements of lost articles—a watch, a purse, a piece of jewelry or some other valued possession. But what if we should see a advertisement of this kind? "Lost! one day; it was set with four and twenty jewels, and bore the mark of its Maker. Whoever will bring it back again will be liberally rewarded." You and I, good reader, might often make such an announcement, but millions of gold cannot buy back the single hour in which we made some important decision, on which carried with it a lost opportunity. The one day which we shall never see again until the Judgment, is yesterday. The present only is ours. It fact we never have one just one day; yesterday is dead, and to-morrow is not yet born. But among the living exercise of our Heavenly Father it is one of the kinds that He gives us a fresh day that is new every morning.

1. Was yesterday a day of sickness? Perhaps that good doctor, sleep—who gives such sweet medicines and sends no bills—has made us well. Was yesterday a sad day? We may have left its aches in the land of dreams. Was it a lost day? Then God kindly grants us a fresh probation, and gives us a chance to save the new born day for Him and for life's highest purposes. Commonly we have a supply of bodily and mental vigor that is "new every morning." One hour at the sunrise is worth two or three at the sunset. The best hours for laying plans, or solving questions, or achieving any mental labor, are the first fresh hours after we have arisen refreshed from our beds. Napoleon often called up his secretaries at the dawn to receive his dictation. Sir Walter Scott wrote near y all his unrivalled romances before breakfast; and industrious Albert Barnes prepared the back-load of commentaries before his Philadelphia neighbors were out of bed; the night-watchman used to see him unlocking his study-door (in his church) at four o'clock in mid-winter. Dr. Guthrie kindled his own study fire, in order to be early at his work. To the artist, the student, the merchant, and especially to the minister, the most valuable hours are those which come new and bright from the mint of time. Let me exercise the privilege which forty-two years of experience may allow me, to caution my younger brethren against burning out their brains over the "midnight oil." I have never prepared but two sermons in the evening; as for sermon-making on Saturday night, the only wise man I know of who attempts it is Mr. Spurgeon, who is an extraordinary genius who prepares the bones of his discourse in thirty minutes, and then puts flesh on them after he gets into the pulpit. But the forenoon for study, the afternoon for calls and exercise, and the evening for meetings, readings, etc., make a good programme for most of us.

2. There are a great many mercies that are "new every morning." One of them is the benefit of yesterday's experience. This life is but a training school, and each day brings its precious lessons. Experience is a pretty rough teacher; but to it is an incorrigible disciple who is not the wiser for the hammering which every day gives him. If yesterday led us astray, then we are fools if we take the same track again. The mischief with bad habits is that we thoughtlessly put them on again every morning, just as we put on our clothes. If they are ever to be broken off, it must be by fixing a time for it, and resolutely taking them by the throat. Suppose, my friend, that to-morrow morning you make a new departure and lop off some bad practice, at whatever cost of self-denial or self scourging. For example an eminent minister said to me lately, "Hard smoking was killing me, but one morning I dropped it and saved my life." That is a bright morning in every life, on which God's school master whips a sinful habit out of us, and puts us into a new line of conduct. And how can we advance in the divine life and grow in grace, if we are satisfied to start every day on the same old beaten track, and re-enact the same blunders, and at our same old besetting sin cling fast to us?

3. In the next place, new opportunities are given to us every morning. The beautiful morning-glories which opened under my window yesterday are all withered away. So went some precious opportunities to serve my Lord and Saviour; they will never bloom again. But there are fresh flowers that opened with this morning's sun; even so doth our Master give us new opportunities to serve Him and to do good to our fellow-men. Here lies a genius different between profitable and unprofitable servants of Christ. The one class are always looking out for opportunities to do a kind act, to gain an influence, to win a soul to Jesus. Two rich biographies have lately been published—Lord Shaftesbury's in England, and William E. Dodge's in America—which illustrate gracefully the glowing piety of two Christians who grasped every day's opportunities to strike a stroke for Christ. Harlan Page was another such worker; he never talked with a person fifteen minutes without saying something to profit that person's soul. Our days are very much what we choose to make them; the happy days are those in which we improved the golden occasions. And the most terrible spectre that can haunt us is the ghost of a lost opportunity. That is what will make hell so unendurable to those who flung away Christ's offers and the time for repentance.

4. Let us take a more cheerful view of our topic, and rejoice that with new duties come new supplies of grace every morning. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered the manna fresh every morning, so must we look upward for a fresh stock of "rations" for the day's march. The early hour is the hour for prayer and for feeding on the Word. That glorious Baptist Carlstian, Garret Noel Bierecker, was a model for all business men; he never ventured into the toils and temptations of the day without putting on his armor, in his closet and on his knees. At noon-day he used to go home for a few more quiet moments with his Master. Such piety has a green leaf to old age; it is full of sap and flourishing. One reason for having in a daily supply of grace is, that we never know what the day may bring forth in the shape of sudden temptation. The most dangerous temptations are the unforeseen. They come down on us like a fog, through the fog, as the steamer "City of Rome" ran down upon her sister ship. Unless watchfulness is on the lookout, and grace at the helm, we get terrible blows. Some Christians have been sunken in it, and nothing but sovereign mercy kept them all afloat.

5. The word "every" has its significance. Sufficient to each day are the duties to be done and the trials to be endured. God never builds a Christian strong enough to carry to-day's duties and to-morrow's anxieties piled on the top of them. When to-morrow comes it will bring God with it; don't worry. Some days in our lives are extraordinary by reason of their events—birth-days, wedding-days, or those on which the chief occurrences of life are hinged. But the vast majority of them are commonplace; and it is just out of such commonplace threads we have got to weave the fabric of a Christian character to be carried up and exhibited before the throne of Judgment.

Let us then make a fresh start every morning in the path that God marks out. He who stood on the Easter-morn, waiting to meet His disciples, stands at every day's dawn ready to take us by the hand and lead us through the unforeseen toils, temptations and duties, the joys and sorrows that lie before. The last morning is not a great way off from any of us. But oh! when it comes, what a gloriously new morning it will be if it reveals the splendor of the New Jerusalem and the sight of the King in His beauty!—*Examiner.*

The World in the Church.

Dr. Vincent closes his little book, "Better Not," by saying that a gentleman in New Haven some time ago stated in a church meeting the fact that a salutary change had come over the church in respect to amusements; that once they were condemned, but that now "the formal and eternal difference in life is less between Christian and non-Christian than it was then;" that dancing, the opera, the circus, the theatre, are now patronized by Christian people, and he added: "I see nothing to regret in this change."

To this defense of the dance and the theater, the editor of the secular daily paper in which it appeared, replied: "These things are not now to be tried for the first time. The experience of the church is rich and full of instruction on this subject. Two or three generations ago the principle churches in Boston were almost without a creed; certainly imposed none upon applicants for admission; held the broadest and loosest theological opinions; hardly sustained a prayer-meeting among them; and indulged without restraint in the amusements of the world. Were they strong, large, vigorous churches? On the contrary they were small and feeble. When Lyman Beecher went there and began to preach theology that had some backbone in it, and established a live prayer-meeting, and stiffened up the conditions of admission to the church, and laid worldliness under the ban, not only did his church spring into life and power, and increase rapidly, but all the other churches, in self-defence, to keep themselves from being entirely emptied, were obliged to ring their bells for every meeting and follow in the wake of the reformer. Two centuries ago the members and even the parsons of the English church were universally given to dancing, theatre-going, horse racing, gambling, fox-hunting, wine-drinking, etc. Will any one select that period as one of prosperity, to say nothing of spirituality, in the English church? What was it that gave the early Methodism its prodigious growth and vitality? Has Spurgeon's church become what it is through waltzing? The teaching of history is that the church grows in size, influence, and vitality when she preaches positively a strong theology, maintaining earnest prayer-meetings, and keeps herself separate from the world; and that just in proportion as it is made easy for the world to come into it, the world does not care to come. There is an ominous significance in the fact that distaste for prayer meetings, irregularity in attendance upon public worship, lack of interest in church and missionary work, unwillingness to engage in the work of persuading men to become Christians, or in any kind of spiritual activity, usually go together, and are found in connection with theater going, dancing and worldly amusements. We do not believe that the way to make the church grow is to bring down its standards to the level of the world's theological belief and pleasure and practice."—*Buffalo Advocate.*

FAITH.—The patter of little feet at my office door, and a glad voice exclaiming, "Papa, I've come to 'scort you home!" made known to me the presence of my little six year-old darling, who often came at that hour to "take me home," as she said. Soon we were going hand in hand on the homeward way.

"Now, Papa, let's play I was a poor blind girl; and you must let me hold your hand tight and you must lead me along, and tell me where to step and how to go." So the merry blue eyes were shut tight, and we began—now step up, now step down, here we go around the corner, and so on, till we were safely arrived at home, and the darling was nestling in my arms, saying: "Wasn't it nice, papa? I never peeped once."

"But," said mamma, didn't you feel afraid you would fall, dear?"

With a look of trusting love came the answer: "Oh, no, mamma! I had tight hold of papa's hand, and I knew he would take me safely over the hard places."

Oh, that we might, with just this loving trust, clasp the Heavenly Father's hand, and go down the steep paths, round the sharp corners, and over all the rough places of this troublesome changeful life, never letting go and never opening our eyes to wonder or to doubt as to his way, knowing that it will at last bring us, when the weary walk is done, to rest in his loving arms forever.

—There are few autobiographical passages in our language that can be said to match in interest and significance the frank account which Dr. Martineau has given of his own experience. "Ebionites, Arians, Socinians," he says, "all seem to me to contrast unfavorably with their opponents, and to exhibit a type of thought and character far less worthy, on the whole, of the true genius of Christianity. I am conscious that my deepest obligations, as a learner from others, are in almost every department to writers not of my own creed. In philosophy I have had to unlearn most that I had imbibed from early text-books and the authors in chief favor with them. In Biblical interpretation I derive from Calvin and Whitby the help that fails me in Crelland Belsham. In devotional literature and religious thought I find nothing of ours that does not pale before Augustine, Tauler, and Pascal. And in the poetry of the Church it is the Latin or the German hymns, or the lines of Charles Wesley or of Kebie, that fasten on my memory and heart, and make all else seem poor and cold." Striking words from a Unitarian.

Tidal Years.

JUBILEE POEM BY MISS BLANCH BISHOP.

The burden of burdens: the wish of the restless unwearying sea!
The noise of all strife in its cry, and the sum of all longings that be.
Straight out of the sea-foam and cloud-foam, see her beautiful longings take flight,
Flying upward and onward as a white-breasted bird to the light,
Seeking ever the goal of all striving, the goal of all effort and strong,
Flinging age in the track of the sun all the weight of her passionate song:—

"O weary, weary are the days
Of strong but useless toil!
Where are the promised shores of rest,
The lands of fruitful soil?

"To seek, to strive—these but the wish
For the life that may not be;
Blind, blind! yet ever rushing on
With the flow of the changing sea.

"Change, change in all, and nowhere rest
From weary shore to shore;
Wave after wave, as death on life,
Change, change, forevermore!"

The tide hears the song and leaps forward, as a horse that is strong to run,
Leaps and strains without pause, pressing hard for the race to be won.
With the wind in his teeth for a bridle, how he shaketh its strength to scorn!
And the foam from his quivering flanks as dust on the whirlwind is borne.
So he runs, with the trample of thunder in each flying beat of the hoof—
As the thunder comes over, and crashes and bursts on each roof.

Past the rocks where their faces are set white and hoary as giants',
Vexed with the crashing of ages, and wet with the splash of defiance;
Past sound-girdled islands and shoals where the thundering reef
Lies like a poison-fanged serpent, in wait for the souls on the deep;
Past shores reeling faint with the swinging of tides to and fro—
With the pendulum sweep of the waters, beating time for the world as they flow.

On, through the days whiter grown, brow and cheek, with foam from the lips of the sea—
Days flashed out from the prison of air of all fair colors that be.
On, through the nights with the waves gleaming soft as a jewel, and sheen
As the deep glowing orbs 'neath the brows of a dusky Aeth'opian queen.
Every star beaming on them,
Every light falling on them—
Feeding flame with white flame, as a red hidden fire
Leaps into sight at the touch of new fuel, growing whiter and higher.
Who knoweth the strength of the sea? Who hath looked down its viewless ways?
Seen its tideless shores, and the place where its isles without number
Shine like emerald stars in an infinite ocean of slumber?
Seen what moved on the face of the waters, what spirit of brooding was there.
When the world lay in shadow of darkness void as sleep in a dream of the air?
The sons of the ages shed light, strength heapeth up strength with the years,
Behold, all is widened in time beyond vision of prophets or seers.
Word and voice of her strength, Thou giv-est her garment of power,
Not as life clothes one soul, shapes it out in a form for the hour,
Not the grace of one form, or the light span of fashion that dies,—
But like to the sum of all gifts that have sat on the souls of all lives.
Great Spirit, whose Word is the life, whose breath moves the face of the deep,
Whose laws all things made by the power forever in harmony keep,
The strength of the sea, it is thine; and her paths, thine alone;
In thy hand are her ways, and her strife is thy glory and crown.

II.

Wait for a while, O restless sea,
Here in this narrow inland bay;
Here where thy waves but yester-eve,
Were meat to curling tongues that lay
Within huge mouths of hungry look,
Jaws gaped, for hunger hanging low,
Dry-throated flats, and belts of sedge for-sook,—
To these bring life and overflow.

Bring from thy world-wide journeyings
Some faint impress of other shores;
Bring'st thou sweet all precious things
Blown faintly through their open doors.
Bring golden dreams of far-off days,
As dawns thro' half-closed eyelids creep;
Bring happy boughts, bring memories
Shed down like dew on evening sleep.

As down some dim cathedral aisle,
Where sweetest incense fills the air,
The choristers with happy smile
Come breathing low their holy prayer,—
Bear now, O reflucnt hands and feet,
Adorn the moving aisle of years,
A tide of prayer and song more sweet
Than ever flowed from joy or tears.

Wait! for the river's shining arm
Would fold thy silence into sleep:
Would reach down clinging hands and warm
Against the damp of brow and cheek.
Wait! for the sun between these hills
Knows banks to lead his rivers in,
Like wine-cups, which thy richness fills,
Held ever flowing brim to brim.

The sea, unmoved by wind or tide,
Lies with its face weighed down in dreams,
As a naked soul in death floats wide
Beyond or sleep or wakening seems:
Far out beyond the utmost seas—
Deep down and deeper than can sound
With dropping plummets marble peace—
One living grand eternal round.

Strong gleaming sun, whose brooding wings
With outspread burning brightness shine,
From all these depths thy power springs
In rays reflected like to thine.
Through all the skies, above, around,
Thy light like dripping gold is shed,
And gentle ministring clouds bow down
Around thy feet their tresses spread.
Hold thou beneath firm rock and pure
As centre-reaching faith in God.
Seas roll, but their foundations sure
Through countless years unchanged have stood.

III.

A curse on the apples of gold, the apples of silver and golden!
Curse on the fruit of hopes turned bitter and false to the core!
Aye, clutch at them, tearing the stems; bite hard where the juice seems enholden;
Fill thy mouth with their ashes; bear the taste, as thou must, evermore.

Curse on the floods that were shining so fair, white and dim gold to the sight!
Was their glittering draught just held to the lips to be dashed down, and scattered, and spilt?
The tide floweth out, it is swift going out, and more cruel than death unto life.
Moan for the wrecks and the spars left behind, that the dead shore strews to the light.

IV.

The high gods laugh in scorn. What care
Have they for the fools of fate?
What matters whether soon or late
Death comes since death must come to all?
Aye, climb with heavy feet the stair
They build for men from earth to cloud—
No further. Look up and cry aloud:
Think'st thou to see the answer fall?

Think'st thou their haughty heads would bend
One hair's breadth down from those blue skies?
Nay, though the sound of mortal cries
Smote on their sides like hail.
They look and laugh. All that is must end:
Or good, or evil, naught endures,
A little flame, red fire that allures
Smoke, cinders, ashes, all these fall.

Can the tide wait, or waves roll back
One tithe of their appointed way?
Who is among you that can pray
These gaunt shores back in last night's seas?—
Hide from the day this noisome wrack
Of dark scurf mixed with dead men's bones,
Swirled in and twisted round the stones
Like sins beyond release?

Pray on: Thou can'st not turn one wave,
Being the spors of those high ones that pour
Thy life-cup to its dregs. Forevermore
The labor of thy hands is cursed
And set at naught. What prayers can save
When life ebbs out? Yea, the gods rail,
To see thee thinking to prevail
Where Destiny is last and first!

V.

Out on thy carping!
There is more than one turn o' the tide,
It is change and not death as thou said'st,
To the faiths that abide.

Who saw from the South
A sunbeam come forth
From the chambers of infinite rest?
Saw its white pure ray,
Through the choking spray,
Fall on the tremulous ocean breast?
All the hollows of foam,
All the globes of pale foam,
Burning deep with green fire, like rays
From shattered and fine chrysophrase.

And the light shows three arches. Low down
Curved the first in a huge broken round,
Wrought of stuff like the colors of dreams;
Nor flashing to view
More radiant blue
Than the sky through a rain-cloud seems.
Or, with motion like fire,
Leaping higher and higher,
And blown hither and thither by wind,
By a happy and wavering wind.

There are surfaces torn into smoke,
Fiving masses that strangle and choke
Like air drained of moisture by rain;—
Boiling mist, whirling spray,
Surges mad with the fray
Gathered up in one white ghastly flame—
Lambent, fiery-tongued, fury-curled—
Roaring down through the gulf of the world.

Then softer moods,
When the calm air broods
On the sea enfolded, absorbed,
As in light from a planet full-orbed.
As a white slender hand doth dwell
On the organ keys when the notes' rich swell
Dies out in the hollows of sound;—
When the chords so dear
Die out of the ear,
And float in from the senses' poor bound,
Trailing down to the gates of the soul.
And the music floats on,
Though the sound be gone,
One more wave to the infinite whole.

The second arch hung in mid-air:
Fleeting, frail, and of colors as rare
As the sun can paint. There are isles,
Hollow ways running down through the hills,
Rocks cloven with keen shafts of light,
Moving banks where the rivers gleam bright
On their soft, silent way to the sea;—
Slow rivers that weed,
Without source or end,
To a constantly far-off sea.
There are white-breasted ships,
Whose prow-foam drips
Into rosy islands of rest.
And their wandering wakes,
On deep blue lakes,
Shine like paths to the happy west.

There is crimson and scarlet and gold,
Faint rose, gray and silver unfold,
Green hollows like emeralds set
In a crystaline band—amber, jet,
Deep purple, and orange—like sprays
Flung out like a cluster of days
Dead ripe in the sun.
Then, highest of all,
The deep solemn arch of the sky,
Wherein is the presence and spirit
Of things most hidden and high—
Hard to call, far to fall.

Who is she that looketh forth from that beam of ineffable light?—
Clothing the sea with the stillness of deep central fire.
Fair is her name, and her face as a flower is fair,—
Yea, more fair than the faintest earth-flower,
Pale and star-like, with glittering eyes seen dim through a mist of the night.
All the laughing hues of the morning are concentred in her, and the deep solemn hush of eve.
The gladness of promise beams from her forehead like flame, shedding light from within.
Her beauty is set as a star on the waste, on the desolate hollow of darkness.
As a cloud filled with light, so her beauty is veiled; there is none may uncover her face.
Clothed in purple, wrapped round with the garments of wisdom,
High in the heaven of heavens, enthroned as a queen,
There is her dwelling-place.
The stars know her voice and the clouds and the sea:
Rocks and hills hide her wonderful presence.
Stars wane like lamps when the oil burns low,
Clouds melt, seas are cloven with tides and with winds,
But Truth, dwelling ever in them, fills the changeful and variable waters with the stillness of infinite rest.
To the heavy eyes sealed with the darkness of earth, charnel houses with doors of foul clay,
To the eyes seeing dimply thy Spirit, moving bright on the face of the waters,
Be thou, wondrous Truth, on these stormy seas, as a star on the waste of the ocean, as a sun among stars in the endless deeps of the years.
And the eyes shall be opened, and the truth of the ages unveiled,
There to shine like the pure crystal river flowing out from the throne of God.

The Laying On of Hands.

The power of personality in all Christian work is enforced as follows by a writer in the *Illustrated Christian Weekly:*

We cannot help our fellow-mortals until we come in contact with them. We must give them ourselves, else all our giving is vain. A gentle, tender touch will often break away barriers of pride and reticence that would bar all entrance into the knowledge of another's real heart life, experiences and purposes. A loving hand may incite anew the effort toward all good and worthy living. The accompaniment of touch renders kindliness more heartfelt and effective; when one has aught to say, with the desire that it shall be retaining, encouraging, or elevating, the clasping hand will give a warmer meaning, a greater vitality and power to the uttered words. It is easier, too, when one is obliged to speak of something which it is difficult to communicate, if the hand may aid the tongue in conveying the spirit and feeling of good will and friendliness. And in friendly, intimate and sympathetic intercourse, what volumes of unuttered, and unutterable, affection and love and consolation may be silently expressed in the close and silent pressure of palm to palm.

It has been well said that, when it is requisite to correct a child, the one who wishes to instill a lesson or truth, or to convey a reproof, should always take the little hand within his own and look directly into the child's eyes, establishing thus a current of feeling and understanding which makes the influence of what is said far more impressive and effective. The influence, too, is reactionary. The one who seeks to correct a fault is less liable to impatience or injustice, and much more likely to speak from the power of gentleness, patience and tenderness.

Love cannot stand afar off; it must draw near and lay its hands upon the sorrowing and the sinful. The true spirit of love ing, fruitful helpfulness is that which says: "You are suffering, let me help you bear it. You are ill; let me gratify my affection by caring for you. You are sorrowful, sinful; I, too, know what these are; take my hand, together we will try to find comfort, try to find the "better way." Herein do we greatly err. We stand far away, withhold our hands, reprove, or speak, from cold, critical and unloving heights, and wonder why we fail to do the good we planned. Christ did not call down from the heights of His sinfulness to tell the men how to walk through the fiery furnace; He went down, and a loving presence walked by their side all the way through it.

Once upon a time, so I have heard, some earnest women, who ever strove to do their duty as faithful Christians, went to endeavor to reclaim one whose feet had wandered far from the paths of rectitude. They found her, young and handsome, robed in costly attire, and living in costly style. They reasoned with her, they pleaded with her, they prayed with her. She smiled coldly and repelled them. She grew only more hard, more distant, more defiant, until one woman with a heart overflowing with love and sympathy, impulsively pushing aside the others, ran to the side of the erring one, and throwing her arms warmly about her, burst into convulsive weeping upon her shoulder. "Oh," she sobbed, as she was able to speak, "to think that she was once some mother's dear girlie, and as sweet and pure and innocent as my little Theodora!" That loving, impulsive movement, that warm, close holding embrace, those tender, pitiful words, accomplished what all else had failed to do. True heart-love had won.

Indebted to Christ.

There are men and women here who would have been dead twenty years ago but for Jesus. They have gone through trial enough to exhaust ten times their physical strength. Their property went, their health went, their families were scattered. God only knows what they suffered. They are an amazement to themselves that they have been able to stand it. They look at their once happy home, surrounded by all comfort. Gone! They think of the time when they used to rise, strong in the morning and walk vigorously down the street, and had experienced a health they thought inexhaustible. Gone! Everything gone but Jesus. He has pitied them. His eye has watched them. Yes, he has been with them. They have gone through disaster, and he was a pillar of fire by night. They have gone across stormy Galilee, but Christ had his foot on the neck of the storm. They felt the waves of trouble coming up around them gradually, and they began to climb into the strong rock of God's defense, and then they sang as they looked over the waters: "God is our refuge and strength, an ever present help in time of trouble; therefore we will not fear though the earth be removed, though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea, though the waters thereof roar and be troubled, though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof."—*Talmage.*

Oft obscure the road that leads to health,
Unmarked by board or sign;
Wisdom avails not, powerless is wealth
To sooth those aches of thine.
But do not despair, with life there's hope,
The cloud conceals the sun;
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MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON, & ALLISON

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The undersigned, desirous of forming a limited Partnership under the Laws of the Province of New Brunswick, hereby certify:

1. That the name or firm under which such partnership is to be conducted is W. C. Pitfield & Co.

2. That the general nature of the business intended to be transacted by such partnership is the buying and selling at wholesale of Dry Goods and other merchandise, and generally a wholesale Dry Goods and General Jobbing and Commission business.

3. That the name of all the general and special partners interested in such partnership are as follows: Ward C. Pitfield, who resides at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, is the general partner, and Samuel Hayward, who resides at the said City of Saint John, is the special partner;

4. That the said Samuel Hayward has contributed the sum of Ten Thousand dollars as capital to the common stock.

5. That the period at which the said partnership is to commence is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1888, and the period at which the said partnership is to terminate is the twenty-third day of March, A. D. 1889.

Dated this twenty-first day of March A. D. 1888.

(Signed) WARD C. PITFIELD.
(Signed) SAMUEL HAYWARD.

City and County of Saint John, to wit: Be it remembered that on this twenty-first day of March, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight, at the City of Saint John, in the City and County of Saint John and Province of New Brunswick, before me, John Russell Armstrong, one of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the said City and County of Saint John, personally came and appeared Ward C. Pitfield and Samuel Hayward, parties to and the signers of the annexed certificate, and in the said certificate mentioned and severally acknowledged, the said Ward C. Pitfield, that he signed the said certificate and the said Samuel Hayward that he signed the said certificate.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, at the said City of Saint John, the said twenty-first day of March, A. D. 1888.

(signed) J. R. ARMSTRONG,
Justice of the Peace in and for the City and County of Saint John.

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