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McMURRAY & CO., wish to return their sincere thanks to the public for their generous patronage for the past 17 years they have been in business. And as we have decided to make a change in our business we therefore ask all indebted to us in less than six months to call at once and settle their accounts before June 1st, and all those whose accounts are standing over one year after that date will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. In order to reduce our stock at once we have decided to sell our large stock of Organs, Pianos, Sewing Machines and Fancy Goods at a Great Reduction, as all must be sold if possible by July 1st. We have on hand a large stock of Organs manufactured by Hard, Dominion and Doherty, also a number of second hand organs and Pianos that must be sold regardless of cost, also a very large stock of Sewing Machines, The White, New Home, New Williams, Climax New Ideal, Queen and Standard.

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## The Sabbath-School.

## INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

Second Quarter—Lesson IV.—April 25. PETER DELIVERED FROM PRISON.—Acts 12:5-17.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.—Psa. 34:7.

SUBJECT: PRAYER FOR HELP, AND ITS ANSWER.

NEED. PERSECUTION. JAMES AND PETER.—Vs. 1-4. James was one of the earliest disciples, especially dear to Jesus. He was named by Jesus, Boanerges, a son of thunder, probably on account of his fiery, impetuous disposition, and perhaps his burning eloquence. This may have been one reason why he was selected by Herod as the first apostle to be martyred.

James and James. James, the brother of John the apostle, died in the early days of the church, a martyr; while James, the brother of our Lord, did not become a disciple till about the time of the crucifixion, became the head of the church at Jerusalem and lived there many years, and wrote the Epistle of James about A. D. 63.

Herod slew James the latter part of March, A. D. 44, and before the end of April he himself died in a horrible manner. Who would not rather die like James than like Herod,—a light to the ages rather than a warning?

THE GREAT PRAYER-MEETING FOR PETER.—Vs. 5-6. Peter therefore was kept in prison. Guarded by four quarterions of soldiers, a quaternion, or band of four soldiers being on guard at a time, two at the door of the cell, and two within, one on each side of Peter, bound one to each of his arms with chains. Escape was humanly impossible. Peter had once escaped from the prison of the Sanhedrin (5:19), and they did not intend that he should get away again. But prayer was made without ceasing. Better, earnestly, fervently, which would also naturally be without ceasing. Of the church. The members of the church were so numerous that they must have met in different companies. The central point of meeting was the well-known house of Mary, the mother of John, which is called Mark. But at home, at business, everywhere, prayer was going up from their hearts.

Prayer was the only weapon they could use. It was Herod with all the power of the Roman Empire, on one side, and the feeble church holding on by prayer to the almighty power of God, on the other. Peter was sleeping in conscious peace and trust in God. His peaceful sleep was the triumph of faith.

THE STRANGE DELIVERANCE OF PETER.—Vs. 7-11. The deliverance did not come till the last moment, just before the morning set for his execution. Why? Perhaps to test the faith of the church. And, behold, Peter was not missed by the guards till sunrise. The angel of the Lord came upon him. Angels wait on us as truly as ever they waited on Abraham, or Jacob, or Moses, or Elijah, or Mary, or Jesus himself. And a light shined in the prison, where Peter was. And he smote Peter on the side, and raised him up. Rather, roused him up. His chains fell off. That bound him to the sleeping soldiers. Gird thyself. The Orientals, when they go to rest, do not undress fully, as we do; or, rather, do not change their dress; they simply loosen their girdle and lay aside their outer garment. Bind on thy sandals. . . . garment, his outer cloak or mantle. He would need these articles, and the action showed him that the appearance was a reality and not a dream. And wist. Knew not. First and the second ward. Guard rooms, where a guard would be. The guards were probably sleeping. The iron gate, heavy, locked and barred. Peter could not have opened it. Leadeth unto the city. This may have formed the termination of a court which connected the prison with the town. The angel departed. Having done his work. Peter could find his own way. Now I know. Hitherto he did not know what the Lord's plans for him were, whether to die as a martyr, or go on and preach the gospel. Now he understood.

PETER SUDDENLY APPEARS AT THE PRAYER-MEETING.—Vs. 12-17. It must have been near morning, and the people had been praying all night. John, whose surname, the name added to the baptismal or Christian name, was Mark. John was a cousin of Barnabas, and the author of the Gospel according to Mark. Knocked at the door of the gate. The small door at the entrance to the courtyard, which was always kept fastened. A damsel. Rhoda. She seems to have been the servant of Mary. Came to hear. As was the custom before opening the gate. The gate is never opened till the visitor has satisfied inquiries. When she knew Peter's voice. An

indication that Peter had before been a frequent visitor at the house. She opened not the gate for gladness. She was so eager to make the others assembled there know that Peter was alive and free, that she ran back and forgot to open the door. It is his angel. His guardian angel, assuming his form and voice, a common Jewish belief. They were astonished. This does not indicate that these praying disciples had small expectation of an answer. They were astonished, not at the fact of an answer, but at the strange way in which it came. They had no way of knowing how God would answer their prayers, nor what was really best. Beckoning. . . . to hold their peace. Their joy was so loud in its expression, that Peter beckoned instead of speaking. Besides, the unusual noise was dangerous, as calling attention to his place of escape. Time was precious now. Go show these things unto James, the brother of our Lord, and practically the pastor of the church at Jerusalem. He departed. To escape from Herod. He could not count on deliverance if he refused to use the means. But he lived many years after Herod was dead.

## PRACTICAL HINTS.

Herod was defeated and perished, while Peter was successful. The deliverance must have thrown a certain marvelous halo round Peter when he appeared again at Jerusalem, enabling him to occupy a more prominent position without any fear for his life.

The answer to prayer comes very often in a different way from our expectations. It is no sign of a want of faith if we are amazed at the unexpected ways in which our prayers are answered. Nor is it a sign of faith to demand the exact thing we ask for, when God knows that something else is far better.

## Letters From Children.

Mrs. Parker, wife of the Moncton pastor, Rev. E. S. Parker, writes: To encourage my class to greater study of the lessons, and also as a means whereby, perhaps, a copy of the RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCER might find its way into some home where it has not previously been, I told my class I would send letters to the paper if they would write them at the close of the Quarter.

The result is I have several on hand. Enclosed is one, written by the smallest child in my class. If you could give space to print it, and the others later, it would please both parents and children, and result in good to many.

The following is the letter mentioned. Others will follow.

Moncton, N. B.

March 28th, 1897.

DEAR INTELLIGENCER.—This is my first letter to you. I go to the F. B. church Sunday school in Moncton. My Sunday school teacher's name is Mrs. Parker. She took her class for a drive last week; we had a pleasant time. There are nine in our class. The lesson I like best is the lame man healed; we had it in January. Peter and John were going into the temple at the hour of prayer. A man was carried and laid at the Beautiful Gate to ask alms of the people that passed by. When he saw Peter and John he asked alms of them, and Peter and John looking at him said, look on us, and he gave heed to them; and Peter said "I have neither silver nor gold, but what I have I give thee, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, walk," and he took him by the hand and he arose and walked, and he went into the temple leaping and praising God. The people were amazed, and Peter said my faith is in his name who hath made this man whole. I am ten years old.

Yours truly,

MINNIE B. FRENCH.

P. S. I like this lesson the best because it shows God's power, and healed the body as well as the soul.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and where-ever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it, because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

## Greatest In the World.

Loran E. Adams, Deep Brook, N. S., says: "I have taken Norway Pine Syrup with grand results. I had a very bad cough for five weeks and could get no relief, but after taking one bottle of Norway Pine Syrup I was entirely cured. It is the greatest cough medicine in the world."

## John's Orphan Brother.

It was a stormy night. Sleet and snow filled the air. The wind roared and whistled by turns around the street corners. Few people were out, and only now and then did the panting four-horse teams

drag the jolting and jumping street car through the drifts.

In an ordinary brownstone house, on the north side of the street, two windows were lighted, though it was past midnight, and all the rest of the houses on the block were dark. The lower light was from the pastor's study; the light in the upper room came through a window that was slightly open. In that room two watchers sat beside the dead body of a venerable woman. Her features were pained, and the gray hair was like a silver frame around the serene and beautiful face. Evidently the watchers were also mourners, for they spoke seldom and seemed tenderly interested in their solemn task. Down in the study a slight, nervous man of middle age paced restlessly to and fro. Now and then he would stop, and burying his face in his hands, sobbed rather than said, "Oh, mother! Oh, mother!" Sometimes he lifted a book, evidently a copy of the New Testament and Psalms, from the table, and tried to read, but he soon laid it aside and resumed his restless walk.

In one of the wildest storm-gusts the front door bell rang sharply. The household were all asleep except the watchers, and the pastor opened the door. A flurry of snow rushed into the hall, and out of the white cloud stepped a stout man. He was clothed in an ulster and a slouch hat, covered with snow and dripping with water. He said nothing till he had laid aside his wet garments, then he suddenly threw his arms around the shivering pastor and said in a rough voice, broken with emotion: "I didn't hear of it, Joe, till an hour ago, and I couldn't go to sleep without coming and trying to comfort you. You never knew your father, and I knew that your mother had been father and mother to you all these years. Poor orphan brother how I want to help you!" and the tears poured down his coarse red cheeks. "John," said the pastor, in a strained and husky voice, "I can't sleep, and I don't seem able to understand what God means." "Let's ask him, Joe, right here," and down he dropped on his knees, pulling his friend by his side. "God, Joe don't know what you did it for. We know it is all right because you did it, but won't you make it plain to Joe. You haven't a more faithful servant in this town, don't let him misunderstand his heavenly Father when he makes his son an orphan." Then John got up. As they rose, the mourner said: "It is all right, my friend; while you prayed, the passage came to me, 'I will not leave you, orphans, I will come to you'; it will be all right now, John; I can go to sleep, you've helped me out." "Thank God; good-night!" and out into the storm John strode, for a two-mile walk to his home; and the pastor went to his room and slept long and peacefully, and he went bravely, and even cheerfully, through the dark days that followed.

That is the kind of man I grapple to, a friend that is worth having; and when thin-blooded people say that he is eccentric, and impulsive, and whisper words they dare not speak, I bid them begone and find better occupation for their tongues. He is my friend, and be true than that, he is a friend of God.—N. Y. Observer.

## Don't Do It.

AVOID DISCUSSING IRRITATING SUBJECTS AT THE DINNER TABLE.

Why is it that in most households the dinner table becomes a dumping ground for the wholesale complaints of the members? Probably because this is the only meal of the day when the entire family meet together, and each one feels it a duty to air a few personal grievances in order to seek consolation from the others, says the Boston Herald.

Out of deference to digestion, if for no other reason, dinner-table conversation should be of the spiciest, but this fact is lost sight of in the general desire of everybody, from papa down to the youngsters, to serve up only those topics which have marred rather than made the day's happiness.

Hardly has the man of the house finished his carving duties before he falls into an animated financial discussion with his wife. Household expenses are rehearsed, bills grumbled over, and the cost of living recalculated with tedious regularity.

Mother, in her turn, eagerly pours into any listening ear her domestic woes. The day's errors below stairs are minutely recorded. She sighs over Bridge's butter waste, declares that the butchers' indifference to her order is becoming intolerable, and so on.

Then the small boy (poor little target for family flaw picking) comes in for his share of criticism. His failures at school are relentlessly raked up and all sorts of punishments threatened unless there is speedy reform.

If there are guests present this talk of the inner circle is, for courtesy's sake, given a less personal

flavor, but only then. Good cheer and plenty of it is not the motto of the average family dinner.

## You Work for Him.

Like many other girls who visited the World's Fair, she wore a tiny silver cross.

A certain morning found her in the Turkish village, studying the bright-faced merchants and laughing at the queer jingles with which they announced their wares. One of the men was more insistent than the others—so much so that, scarcely knowing why she did it, she crossed to his booth and made some small purchase. As he was wrapping it he looked up at her. You work for Him, don't you? he said.

For a moment the girl was puzzled. Then she touched the tiny cross. Do you mean this? she asked in surprise. Yes, he answered, gravely. I. H. N.—In His Name. It must make you very happy.

The girl went away, but the words clung to her memory. Happy? She had known many hours of aimless impatience. Restlessness and discontent oppressed her friends as well, even those whose hands were full of life's best gifts.

She and they called themselves Christians, yet one whom she might have thought a heathen had perceived her privilege and told her her duty.

You work for Him? Did she? If she failed in the thing that she had promised, how could she expect the reward of joy? The secret of the happy Christian life is service.—Youth's Companion.

## The Rose, The Bird, And The Brook.

I will not give away my perfume, said a rosebud, holding its pink petals tightly wrapped in their tiny green case. The other roses bloomed in splendor, and those who enjoyed their fragrance exclaimed at their beauty and sweetness; but the selfish bud shriveled and withered away unnoticed.

No, no, said a little bird; I do not want to sing. But when his brothers soared aloft on joyous wings, pouring a flood of melody, making weary hearers forget sorrow and bless the singers, then the forlorn little bird was lonesome and ashamed. He tried to sing, but his power was gone; he could make only a harsh, shrill chirp.

If I give away my wavelets, I shall not have enough myself, said the brook. And it hoarded all its water in a hollow place, where it formed a stagnant, slinky pool.

A boy who loved a fresh, wide-awake rose, a buoyant, singing bird, and a leaping, refreshing brooklet thought on these things, and said, If I would have and would be, I must share all my goods with others, for

To give is to live;  
To deny is to die.

—Kind Words.

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Is especially true of Hood's Pills, for no medicine ever contained so great curative power in so small space. They are a whole

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medicine chest, always ready, always satisfactory; prevent a cold or fever, cure all liver ills, sick headache, biliousness, jaundice, constipation. 25c. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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## JAMES R. HOWIE

PRACTICAL TAILOR.

I BEG to inform my numerous patrons that I have just opened out a very large and well-selected stock of NEW SPRING CLOTHS, consisting of English Scotch and Canadian Tweed Suitings, Fine Corkscrew and Diagonal Suitings, Light and Dark Spring Overcoatings, and all the latest designs and patterns in Fancy Trousers from which I am prepared to make up in FIRST CLASS STYLE, according to the latest New York Spring and Summer Fashions, and guarantee to give entire satisfaction.

PRICES MODERATE.

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Several of our students will leave us early in April. We can accommodate a few more students now and several more in a week or two.

Business and Shorthand Calendars mailed to any address.

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## LaGrippe Conquered.

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I am willing to make oath to the truthfulness of the above statement.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRY ARCHI BALD,

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