

had a long talk on social purity, and when I put the matter to them personally, the leading man, a brother of the Rajah, said, "Yes, it would be hard to find a pure, clean man amongst a hundred of us." They listened respectfully and closely to a talk about the purity of Christ. Several gospels were sold. They came again next evening, and listened to Champai, as respectfully as to me. A Santal preaching to a company of Brahmans!

You may wonder why I went to Bengal? Well, it is the rainy season, and there are no bungalows in Santal villages, and one cannot occupy a tent, and could not camp on the wet ground. I have no tent either, though I need a small one. I used the Burkholder's tent, or rather occupy it with them, when out with them, though it is inconvenient. You see I am letting you know my needs. Well I could write a book about the experiences we had out there. I trust that many of those with whom we talked will have their names written in the Lamb's book of life. His word is amongst them, and He will honor it.

Exposure, constant talking, and getting little rest, brought on an attack of fever after coming home, but I am steadily gaining now. O, there's so much to do, and so very few to do it! If only some one could be sent to help. A few lines on my C. E. calendar have been with me all day, and I will pass them along, hoping they will find an echo in some heart in my dear old home.

"I will go where you want me to go Lord,
Over mountain valley and sea,
I will do what you want me to do, Lord,
I will be what you want me to be."
I must finish my rather rambling letter, and hope to hear from it.

Mrs. Burkholder is much interested in everything pertaining to Nova Scotia work and remembers many whom she met there speaking often of them by name. She attended a Yearly Meeting at Beaver River.

May the Lord bless each one, helping us to remember that we are not our own.

Yours faithfully,
EDNA C. WILE.

Oct. 11th, 1897.

"Far from the Madding Crowd."

No. III.

I have been acquainted with "My Lady of the Snows," for sixteen winters and more, but I never saw her in her purest robes until this winter. You who live in cities and towns think you have seen "My Lady," and you have, but if you would see her in all her whiteness and brightness and purity, you must go far away from the smoky towns and the sooty lines of railway. There is a perceptible difference in the whiteness of the snow that falls around our cities, and that which falls in the wilderness, many miles from any settlement. As snow, owing to its lightness, cannot fall vertically but obliquely from the clouds, and is driven by winds and currents of air through long distances, it must, of necessity, gather impurity from the atmosphere. I suppose analysis would show impurity in the whitest garments "My Lady" ever wore; but, certainly, miles and miles away from the smoke of any camp or house, the impurity must be reduced to a minimum. Only on mountain ranges, as the Alps and the Himalayas, can be found snow equal in whiteness to the snow in the wilderness. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." How sweet the words, as they seemed to keep time to the rhythm of the bells—"Whiter than snow!" "Whiter than snow!" How the billows of fleecy whiteness shamed you as you thought of your sullied life. And what a wave of joy swept over you as you whispered softly, so that only God heard you, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than the snow."

"God's garden" I call the wilderness. Never was there man-made garden to compare with it. Each season has its own peculiar beauty and charm. Go into the woods in leafy June, where noisy, murderous gun has not disturbed God's songsters, and I care not what music has thrilled you in the cities, you never heard song so sweet, so free from care, as the songs the birds will sing you.

Go again when autumn frosts have coloured the leaves, with tints more delicate and glowing than any artist can paint. Look at the carpet beneath your feet. Did loom ever weave one to compare with this one, made of mosses and autumn leaves?

And, then, if you would see beauty of another kind, but quite as impressive, go into the wilderness in winter, and see what an artist is "My Lady of the Snows." She has castles and cathedrals, cowled monks and veiled nuns, beasts and birds innumerable, and of every species that entered the ark. There is no school room or University to compare with the wilderness.

I know that many may spend year after year in God's school room, and learn but little, just as men may go to other schools and be but little the wiser. Dr. McDonald tells us no man can be properly educated until he has learned "the lore of the woods." Boy of mine should go to the wilderness, with some wise old trapper, until he had learned the name and habits of every beast and bird, and knew every tree and plant, and how to tell the time of night by the stars, and how to direct his course without compass or guide.

The silence of the wilderness must be like the silence of the desert. I have walked down a lumber road at night, until I was away from the noise of the camp, and the stillness was like the quiet of the grave. Not a breath of wind moved bough or twig. No night bird called to his mate. Above were the silent stars and they seemed so far away. I felt how small and weak and insignificant man is, and yet how near to the Infinite, for nature brings one so near to nature's God.

THADDEUS.

Denominational News.

FROM LIVER, PUDDINGTON.—I intend (D. V.) to commence special meetings soon. A great number of our people are in the woods, as that is the main business on the Tobique. The preaching services are well attended. I came home the 5th inst. from a short visit to Mr. J. J. Hale's camp, where I found many friends, and enjoyed speaking to them.

I would like to write all about it, but as Thaddeus is describing it in such a fine way I do not need to say anything. We are doing very well up here. God is blessing us.

J. H. PUDDINGTON.
Arthurette, Feb. 17th, 98.

FROM REV. C. T. PHILLIPS.—I write, not that I have anything of special interest to communicate, but to set a good example.

With the exception of one week, I have been holding, or assisting in holding, special meetings since "the week of prayer." We held union services; they did good, but we did not reach the classes we were anxious to reach. Church members attended, and were helped, but only a few of the unconverted were at the meetings.

I spent one Sabbath in the woods, at Mr. Hale's camps. I met Bro. Puddington at Riley Brook, and we were together a number of days. Bro. Puddington is doing very well on his large field, and I was glad to meet him and get acquainted with him. We had one service at Riley Brook; and we enjoyed the hospitalities of brethren I. Gaunce, S. Hayden and Howard. The brethren have a very neat little church erected, it is finished outside and will be finished inside and ready for dedication about the first of June. The brethren are doing well and are taxing themselves heavily to build their church, and they need and deserve help from their brethren outside. The pulpit and pews have been promised them by friends at a distance, and if any of the brethren who have visited the Tobique feel, for the sake of the cause, like giving them a chandelier they will be doing a good work.

I shall always have an interest in the Tobique mission, and hope to live to see the day when there will be strong, self-sustaining churches there. In Woodstock we are getting along fairly well, I think. Our Sabbath morning prayer-meetings are good, and are well attended. So, also, are the other services. The Sabbath School is larger this year than ever before. The young people's society is doing well.

Bro. Connor is very poorly; he is not able to get out to meetings now; he was restless and uneasy for some time, but is quiet and peaceful now.

C. T. PHILLIPS.

FREDERICTON.—Special meetings have been continued in the church in this city. Five persons were baptized last Sunday.

MINISTERS.—Rev. J. N. Barnes and wife spent two days in this city last week. They are in very good health. Bro. Barnes intends holding special meetings at Stanley this week. It has not been possible to do more, through the winter, than keep up the ordinary services, as the majority of the men have been in the woods. The spiritual life is not strong, but he hopes to see an improvement. At Bloomfield the work on the new church building is pretty well along, the pews are to be ready sometime next month; and it is expected to have the church dedicated in June.

The St. John Telegraph of Tuesday last had pictures of the Sussex church and its pastor, Rev. B. H. Nobles, with a brief sketch of the church's history and, also, of the useful ministry of the pastor. Bro. Nobles health has not been very good lately. He should have some weeks of rest.

PRESENTATION.—Monday evening February 21st a goodly number of the members of the Free Baptist church and congregation of Tracy Station met at the home of Chas. Tracy Esq. to present his daughter, Miss Jennie, a fine piano lamp and onyx stand, as a token of their appreciation of her service as organist.—The pastor Rev. J. A. Robertson made the presentation speech expressing the hope, that, as the lamp is a symbol of light, this one might prove to be a constant reminder of the "true Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." Miss Tracy sincerely thanked the friends for this expression of their kindness. After which refreshments were served, and some fine music rendered.

Com.

THE ZOARITES.—The odd religious colony, the Zorites, living in the village of Zoar, in northern Ohio, have begun to disband. At one time they owned acres of land and had half a million dollars in banks. Now their land is to be sold for taxes and to satisfy mortgage holders. They came to Ohio from Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1817, and practiced perfect communism. Until his death, they were governed by King Caelemer, and after it by their trustees. They wore an odd dress and lived wholly within themselves, having even their own walled mill. The advent of a railway gave the young people a glimpse of the outside world. Some of the bolder broke away from their restraints. They were followed by others, and now only a few old people are left.

DEATHS AT OTTAWA.—Mr. L. F. Perry, one of the Prince Edward Island M. P.'s died in Ottawa on Thursday. He was 75 years of age, and had been in public life a number of years. Mr. Burgess, one of the Deputies of the Department of the Interior, died at Ottawa on Saturday.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.—I wish to acknowledge a donation of \$7.50 in cash, besides goods, from the kind people of Arthurette. Also, from the kind friends at Dow Flat a large box of goods, such as tea, butter, lard, sugar, pork, beans, beef and other things. May the Lord bless them all in basket and in store.

J. H. PUDDINGTON.
Feb. 25th, 1898.

Having been presented a handsome piano lamp with onyx stand in behalf of the Free Baptist Church of Tracy Station, I wish to express my appreciation of the same and to thank the generous donors.

JENNIE TRACEY.

Feb. 25th 1898.

A COMMON INCIDENT.—One communion day in a Baptist church the Rev. Roszell, a Methodist, made it a point to be present, having no service at his own church on that day. Mr. Gilmore spread the communion table with great care just in front of where the Methodist divine was sitting, and when all was ready he, with great solemnity, said in his powerful and impressive voice:

"Brother Roszell, if this were my table I should invite you to partake, but being my Father's, I dare not!" Instead of sinking under the floor, Mr. Roszell calmly replied: "Brother Gilmore, if this were your table I should await your invitation; but being my Father's I shall help myself," and, suiting the action to the word, reached over and took great seriousness and solemnity took the bread and wine without molestation, to the intense amusement of the congregation.—Free Baptist.

Lymon Beecher on Liquor Dealers.

The dealers in ardent spirits may be compared to men who should advertise for sale consumptions, fevers, rheumatism, palsies and apoplexies. Would our public authorities permit such a traffic? No; the public voice should be heard at once demanding the punishment of such enemies of our race; and the rulers that would not take speedy vengeance would be execrated and removed. But now the men who deal out this slow poison are licensed by law; and they talk about their constitutional rights, and plead that they are pursuing their lawful callings. These traffickers in the blood of men tell us that this work of death is their living—their means of supporting their families. But where lies the difference in criminality between the dram-seller, who for gain administers in slow but certain death, and public murderers? The former is licensed in his wickedness by law; the latter must be hanged.—(Lymon Beecher, 1831.)

GIVING.—Dr. Pierson remarks that while the plan of giving one-tenth of one's income "to the Lord" may suffice as regards the poor it is altogether inadequate as regards the rich. In the Jewish Church the proportion of giving was nearer two fifths than one-tenth. Every man, with all he possesses is the property of God. We are stewards for Him. To rob God is also to rob ourselves. Pierson sets down these things:

1. God owns all things and all creatures, and never alienates or transfers their ownership.
2. God claims us with all we are and have, as His by creation, preservation, redemption, and endowment.
3. God teaches us that the one goal of our lives, in every detail, is to do not our own pleasure or profit but His glory.
4. Every man is a debtor to all other men to love and further their

well-being even as he loves and furthers his own.

5. All we possess, being held in trust, is to be used so as to serve the largest, highest, and most lasting end of God's glory and man's good.

6. The one supreme life of light and love, duty, and privilege, honor and blessing, is to lose oneself in the will of God.

7. Giving belongs to the highest plane of privilege. We multiply ourselves in our gifts, as one spring may originate many streams. No miser can be happy, for the very end of getting is giving.

A Story of The Zarina.

A pleasant story is told of the young Empress of Russia. In St. Petersburg there is a philanthropic society of aristocratic ladies, of which she is the patroness, and in which she takes great interest. One of the most active members of the society is Countess L., a lady whose unselfish activity in the cause of charity is known far and wide. But it came to the ears of the other members that Countess L. was not as Orthodox as she might be, that her ministrations of mercy were not confined alone to members of the Russian Church, but were extended to Lutherans and Roman Catholics as well. A meeting of the committee was called to pass censure on Countess L., and to beg her to confine herself to needy members of her own faith. The threat was held out that if she did not so her name would be struck off the list of members. This little instance of intolerance came to the ears of the Empress, and forthwith a note was dispatched to the president of the society, saying that the Empress had heard with great indignation of the action taken against Countess L. Works of charity, she said, should not be tainted with narrow questions of confession. She insisted that the resolution against Countess L. should be revoked, and threatened that if this were not done at the next meeting she would withdraw her patronage. Needless to add that Countess L. remains a member of the society.

Literary Notes.

A timely article in the March Harper's is "Stirring Times in Austria," in which Mark Twain describes the recent turbulent scenes in the Parliament of Austria, and explains their origin and their probable outcome. Mr. Clemens was a constant and thoughtful spectator in the gallery of the Parliament House, and his article brims with the humor of the situation. It is illustrated by portraits of the chief actors and general views of the Parliament House.

The Living Age needs but to be read to be appreciated. It embraces every department of literature. It is invaluable to one who has neither time nor opportunity for scanning all the magazines, but who is desirous of keeping abreast of the literary current. The Living Age is published weekly at \$6.00 a year by the Living Age Co., Boston. Send 15 cents for a sample copy.

In the March Ladies' Home Journal the social life and customs of New Yorkers of a century ago are mirrored in "When Fashion Graced the Bowery." Lillian Bell relates the amusing experiences of her yachting voyage on the English Channel. "In Fashionable Siberia," presents the interesting side of life in that boundless Asiatic province. Pictorial features tell of "A Day in a Country School," and show views "Inside the Rooms of College Girls." What to Eat When You Have Indigestion, and "Cooking for the Sick and Convalescent," are timely. Easter hats and bonnets, jackets and wraps, and the newest spring gowns are featured. The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia. One dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

Parliament.

MONDAY.—Replying to questions, Mr. Sifton said there was no Indian title to land on the Yukon.

Mr. Paterson said the government was in correspondence with the United States concerning the passage of the United States vessels proceeding to and from Alaska through Canadian territorial waters. He also stated that since June 1st \$83,834 had been collected in customs duties in the Yukon.

Sir Louis Davies said three investigations had been held into the St. John pilotage. The cost of the first investigation is not ascertainable; the second one cost \$1,880, and \$659 had already been paid on account of the third.

Mr. Fielding said it was not expedient to disclose the intention of the government respecting the export duty. Sir Richard Cartwright said that the government had no special information respecting the progress of the fast line contract. He believed the construction of the steamships had not been commenced.

Mr. Blair said that Amasa Killam was inspector of bridges on the In- colonial, at a salary of one hundred and fifty dollars per month. Mr. Killam had a claim for two cows killed and two injured in July, 1894. He wanted five hundred dollars, and was paid three hundred and fifty.

Mr. Hale was informed that T. Schaeley, lately collector of customs at Centerville, had been dismissed for active participation in the elections. The Yukon debate was resumed by

Mr. McClure, who argued that the Yukon boom would burst by and by, and that the government would not be justified in investing public money in what was purely a speculative enterprise.

Messrs. McLean, Fraser, Wallace, and Patterson followed. TUESDAY.—To-morrow is Ash Wednesday and a holiday. The premier proposed to stay at night when the house adjourned to-night it stand adjourned to Tuesday of next week.

The premier made a statement concerning Hamilton Smith's offer to build the Yukon railway, saying that Smith's offer was not made till after the arrangement with McKenzie and Mann.

Mr. Monk continued the debate, condemning the transaction as not affording a guarantee of the all Canadian route.

Denominational Notices.

FOREIGN MISSION FUND.

Read' from Church Lower Millstream. . . . \$6 66
E. W. SLIPP,
Treasurer.

St. John.

February, 25 1898.

NOTICE.

The Executive of the Nova Scotia Free Baptist Conference will meet Saturday March 5th, 11 a. m. at Brooklyn F. B. Church, Yab. Co. The Free Baptist Home Mission Board will meet same day and place, at 1.30 p. m.

EDWIN CROWELL,
Convener.

Beaver River.

Feb. 25 1898.

NOTICE.

The Yarmouth Free Baptist Quarterly meeting will convene with the church at Brooklyn, on Friday evening March 4th, and will continue until Sabbath evening.

W. C. WESTON,
Convener.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

AN OLD AND WELL-TRIED REMEDY.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by Druggists in every part of the World. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

Marriages.

ALLEN-MURRAY.—At the home of the bride's parents, on the 23rd ult., by Rev. John Robertson, Mr. David W. Allen to Miss Maggie Murray, both of Fredericton Junction, N. B.

DUNCAN-NICKERSON.—At the residence of the bride's father, South Side, C. S. I. on the 22nd Dec., by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Mr. Oscar Duncan, of Clarks Harbor, to Miss Emma Nickerson.

NICKERSON-AIKINS.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Feb. 9th, by Rev. A. M. McNitch, Mr. Hadwin Nickerson, of Clarks Harbor, C. S. I. to Miss Ella Aikins of South Side, C. S. I.

Deaths.

HO KINS.—At Clarks Harbor, N. S., Feb. 19th, of inflammation, Charles H. Hopkins, aged 7 months, son of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Hopkins.

A. M. McN.

NICKERSON.—At Clarks Harbor, N. S., Feb. 24th, after a lingering illness, Hannah aged 80 years, relict of late Joshua Nickerson. Sister Nickerson could well say, "I have fought good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

A. M. McN.

HOPKINS.—At Barrington, N. S., on Feb. 15th, after a short illness, Cora, wife of Emerson Hopkins, aged 26 years. Sister Hopkins was a daughter of Rev. J. N. West, and much sympathy is felt for sorrowing husband and friends. For her "to live was Christ and to die is gain." The funeral services were conducted by the writer, assisted by Rev. Wm. Millar.

A. M. McN.

"We always fry ours in Cottolene."

Our Meat, Fish, Oysters, Saratoga Chips, Eggs, Doughnuts, Vegetables, etc.

Like most other people, our folks formerly used lard for all such purposes. When it disagreed with any of the family (which it often did) we said it was "too rich." We finally tried

Cottolene
and not one of us has had an attack of "richness" since. We further found that, unlike lard, Cottolene had no unpleasant odor when cooking, and lastly Mother's favorite and conservative cooking authority came out and gave it a big recommendation which clinched the matter. So that's

why we always fry ours in Cottolene.
Sold in 5 and 10 lb. tins, by all grocers. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.



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Look out for snaps in our window.

Jas. G. McNally.

AGENTS

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