

In School Days.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Still sits the school house by the road
A ragged beggar scanning,
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

For the Visitor.

C. E. K. on Convention Matters.

In the last issue of the VISITOR, I see an article by C. E. K., of Dorchester, on Convention matters.

Now, after having taken a dose of Blackstone, he concludes that the "with-holding of such contributions" to be "a declaration of want of confidence" and "sympathy."

"My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss."

Why, they say, What a glorious thing the gospel is! and yet will not give a dollar to send it beyond their own pulpits.

Had C. E. K., of Dorchester, studied the 2nd and 4th sections of the constitution, he would have seen that no church or individual member was admitted into the Convention through "fear, favor, or affection;" that no "man nor body" was "allowed to purchase a place" for the sake merely of having a place there.

Come, Bro. "K," let us look this matter fair in the face. Has the Convention a constitution that admits only the gold-ringed and goodly appareled man to seats "and shuts out poor men in common clothes?"

I am not prepared to say on what principle "C. E. K." would have the Convention constructed: it may be on a similar principle with the "hops" of the Backwains of Africa—a very long trap into which they drive their game in great numbers, such as buffaloes, zebras, giraffes, tressebes, rams, or haste beasts, kokongs, or gnus, palahs, rhinoceroses, etc., all at once.

Then let all our churches consider and practice this part of New Testament teaching towards the objects of the Convention, and startling communications from Finance Committees will cease and our brother will be a member of the Convention with the "Ministers" and "Faculty of Acadia College," and no longer occupy or "sit in the seat of the scornful."

T. M. M.
Salisbury, August 11th, 1884.

For the Visitor.
The Work at St. George, N. B.

We have had the privilege several times during the summer of visiting the baptismal waters. Yesterday we spent most of the time at Mascarene. In the afternoon we met the people on the shore of the beautiful

Bay of St. Andrews, when like Paul and Silas on the river bank, we found a place of prayer. We spake unto the people, and afterwards led down into the crystal water a dear old lady 86 years of age, and baptized her.

As Lydia constrained the servants of God after her baptism "to come into her house," she would have us sup with her. After tea we left her singing "Oh how happy are they whom their Saviour obey!"

The Baptist Church at Mascarene, though small in number, is composed of men and women who "have a mind to work."

The Sabbath-school re-organized by Brother Archibald just before leaving for India, has since been kept up the year round.

Just now some necessary repairs are about being made on the church edifice. For this purpose the ladies had held a tea and fancy sale, realizing the sum of \$80.

M. P. K.

To the Editors of the Visitor:—

Not having seen as many letters in the columns of the VISITOR as the importance and requirements of Manitoba and the North West demand, I take the liberty of penning a few thoughts. If they, or any extracts from them, should be considered worthy of a place in your paper, you may call it an open letter.

On the first of July, 1880, I was ordained by the President of the Bible Christian Conference of Canada, and appointed B. C. Missionary to Manitoba and the North West. Of the now sainted lady who presented me with a copy of the life of A. Judson; the influence of that volume on my life; of Judson's fear, viz.:—"I am afraid that the Baptists are right," becoming, ever and anon my own fear; the final struggle, baptism, etc.; neither time nor space will permit me now to speak.

Three years and seven months have been spent in this Province. My fields of labor have been Alexandria and Calf Mountain, Roek Lake, Stonewall and Langvale, in order of time. Six months I have spent at McMaster Hall, Toronto, to which place I hope to return this fall if funds permit.

New just a few thoughts in reference to my present field. I am the only Baptist Missionary in a district of eighty miles square. Six thousand and four hundred square miles without a Baptist pastor! Only one student to supply 6,400 square miles in the summer season! No preaching for the other seven months in the year. Only one church organized, and they are without a pastor. Not one Baptist Chapel in an area of 6,400 miles, and that in the Dominion of Canada! This is one of the finest parts of the Province. Think of its vastness, importance, and wants. Muse until the fire burns, hearts are enlarged, purse-strings loosed; and both men and money are ready to meet the requirements of this vast field. It already contains one city, (Brandon). It has one line of railways, (the C. P. R.) with towns and villages through which it runs. Another line, (the South Western), is to be built within a year. Here are more than 4,096,000 acres of land, which at the low price of \$10 per acre, will soon be worth above \$40,960,000. Town property, farm improvements, stock, etc., etc., will then amount to \$40,960,000 more, making a net total of upwards \$81,920,000. These are round figures. I think,

certainly not too large, but they give us an idea of the importance of the field. If you, Mr. Editor, should pay a visit, and request to be shown around our field, we would require to travel at the rate of forty miles per day for eight days to measure the outside of it. This territory contains 170 townships. Our public schools are increasing in number very rapidly. Schools are being opened almost every week. With only two school-houses in each township we would have 340 public schools. Baptist families are living here from England, Scotland, the Maritime Provinces, Quebec and Ontario, but as figures are dry reading matter, and facts are stubborn things, I must drop my pen for this time.

Yours truly,
S. J. CUNNINGHAM.
Langvale, July 24th, 1884.

Church and Prayer Meetings.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

Those church meetings held at some chapels must be a blessed means of devility, from all I hear of them. Brethren meet together for the purpose of discussing something or "ousing" somebody. I have heard of such things done at church meetings that I have said, "Well, if there be any Scripture for such meetings, I have failed to read the Scriptures at all." I should not like to have a church meeting that I would not like a child or a man to see. Years ago could God have increased the Baptist denomination? Our dear friends were as good as gold in a great many points, much better than we are; but they seemed so intolerant as to live in armour, and to be always on the guard. If they found a site for a chapel it was down a court by a public-house. They would take a delight to sing, "Lord, what a wretched land this is," and the tune was that which Job sang. It was dreadfully good, and it was awfully heavenly; and people did not care to go and hear it. If they had gone they would scarcely have been welcomed; for if the chapel got full they used to think they must be going wrong. "Narrow is the way, and few there be that find it." They interpreted that to mean that few will come to hear the Gospel, contrary to the fact of our Saviour's life, when He preached to multitudes. Now, however, we are together. Thank God we are together, and have learned a great many things by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and are ready to receive God's little children, and shall be ready to welcome these children and stand on a level with them in the doctrines of the Gospel. So far as I know and believe we are as an association, thoroughly knit together in love. We have our discussions still, and I can assure you from experience they are wonderfully profitable, and lead to the most remarkable and practical results; that is, if you give them time they do so. I have no doubt they will, and all our discussions are carried on in good temper, though we differ a little, for it is not to be expected that we should all be of one mind, made exactly to think and see the same thing. Being, however, now together I hope we shall realize the blessing of brotherly love, for there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore. I do trust our friends are rousing up to the value of prayer. I am afraid there are some churches that have very scanty prayer-meetings. How I recollect them when as a little boy my grandfather used to take me to one. Brother, did you ever go to the prayer-meeting with grandfather? (Rev. J. Spurgeon: Yes.) We used to sing, you know. There were only five old ladies and grandfather and us, and there was nobody who could pitch the tune but grandfather, and he pitched the same tune whether it was long metre or short metre. It was principally made up of hum-ha's—(laughter)—and for the short metre we took off one or two of these. After all, the Spirit of God was with us. It is time our prayer-meetings now should be much more largely attended. Of course I do not allude to you people who live in the respectable suburbs. You cannot exist unless you dined at seven. We could not expect you, after your great toils in the city; for what would life be without the dinner? Of course the

poor carpenter and the bricklayer, they do not work, and they can and usually do come to our prayer-meetings. With city men it is a labour to count their money, and so difficult to write their cheques, and see to all this, that they cannot come out. Speaking broadly, it seems that the people who get on in this world do not seem to get on with regard to the world to come. I am reminded of Whitefield's announcement: "The prayers of the congregation are desired for a christian friend in a great trial, he having suddenly become rich." Keep your prayer-meetings going might and main, and as sure as we do we shall have blessings, for God has not said to the seed of Jacob, "Seek ye my face in vain." God bless you my friends, every one.

Workers and Drones.

BY C. H. SPURGEON.

The great principle brought out of late, and which should be maintained amongst us if we would largely increase, is that of the whole church working for the conversion of the outside world. It has been sadly too much thought that the minister, and perhaps the deacons, and perhaps some few gifted brethren, might be made useful. But I believe that every christian man and woman should seek to bring others. If you embrace that view to-night, put it into practice, and see what you can do yourself towards bringing sinners to the feet of Christ. I liked that about secret christians. Our friend said that when the grace of God entered the heart it could not be hid. I sometimes say to congregations that I do not know where there are any secret christians. Somebody says, "Oh, yes, there are." "Well, does anybody here think so? Do you know anyone now?" "Yes" "Well, then, he is not a secret christian if you know him." It is quite evident we are getting into a field where we can have no evidence, and therefore we had better not speculate. But surely there are some people who live entirely within their own ribs, and it is a very small house for the soul to occupy. They are laying by a good store for the time to come, but not for anybody else. It will go bad like the manna, which bred worms. I am sure it will. It will be no good to you. We must be depleting ourselves if we would be full. The river must run, and does still run. As it runs out it shall run in; God will take care of that. But He will not pour into you if you are going to keep it all yourself. I believe there are some idle members of churches who are manufactured in part by their own preachers—the pulpit working upon the few, and the few upon the pulpit. I was told by a friend in regard to some bees that I kept, and when I did not get any honey, that he was not surprised after he had examined the hives, for they were all drones' eggs. Some christians are like this. I have laid many such eggs, no doubt, which have hatched drones; but I am so glad that the bees turned out to be workers. For a hive goes wrong if there are too many drones in it, drones that always want to be fed, and have nothing to do with gathering the honey. There are large numbers of people who are so glad if they are but fed. What is to be done with them? Well, they are like—I do not like to say it—like certain animals I know of; they must be fed, and yet they never do any work. We always say of them, "We hope they will cut up well." For while they live they will be of no particular use. Every member of a church ought to be doing something.

Some years ago a man came to join with us in church fellowship whose conversion was owing indirectly to a Jew. He was going by the Tabernacle one Sunday when a crowd was standing outside. He was on an omnibus, and the next person to him was a well-known Jew. "Ah," he said, "this humbug always does attract people;" and the Jew turned around and said: "Would not you like to see such a crowd as that round your shop? I should. I have ridden by here for these twenty-eight years, and have always seen that crowd. And if anybody, when your

shop had been thus crowded for twenty-eight years so that people could not get in who wanted to do so, said you did not sell a good article, what would you say? You would say these people were about as good judges as anybody, and if it had not been a good article they would not have kept on coming. I am a Jew, but am inclined to go and listen because I see these crowds going to listen." The man said, "I had been the buyer of the wrong thing, and I thought the Jew spoke reasonably, and I said 'Well, I will go.'" He did go, looked up and down the article and bought it at the price offered, which was "without money and without price."—Spurgeon.

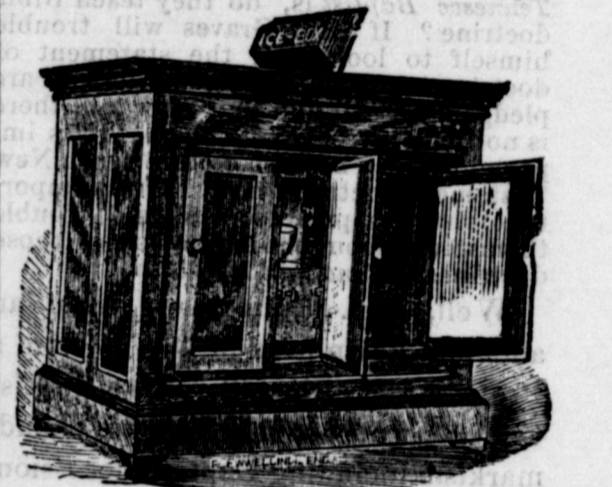
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