

POINTERS.

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Jack's Fidelity.



HERE has lately been held in Hartford, Conn., a convention of the Colored Baptist Association of New England. I was invited to address one of the sessions. To show what those converted in early life are sometimes enabled to endure by God's grace I related the following story. J. D. Husbands, a lawyer of Rochester, N.Y., assured me that the facts are perfectly true.

It was in the days of Southern slavery when Willie, the master's son, brought home a spelling book. A slave boy (Jack) asked :

"What's dat, Willie?"

"That's a spelling book, Jack."

"What's de spellin' book for?"

"To learn how to read."

"How's you do it?"

"We learn those things first."

And so Jack learned A B C D E F G, etc., and then learned to read a little.

One day Willie brought home a little black book, and Jack said :

"What's dat, Willie?"

"That is the New Testament that tells about Jesus."

And ere long Jack learned to read the New Testament, and when he read that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life," and that He really loved us and died for us, and that "if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins," his heart went out in love to Jesus. He believed in Him, his sins were forgiven, his heart changed, and he became a happy Christian.

Though a mere child, he at once began to tell others of Jesus' love. When he became a young man he was still at work for the Lord. He used to go to the neighboring plantation, read his Bible and explain it to the people.

One day the master said to him, "Jack, I hear you go off preaching on Sunday."

"Yes, massa; I must tell sinners how Jesus died on de cross for dem."

"Jack, if you go off preaching on

Sunday I'll tell you what I'll do on Monday."

"What will you do on Monday, massa?"

"I'll tie you to that tree, take this whip, and flog all this religion out of you."

Jack knew his master was a determined man, but when he thought of Christ's suffering for us, and heard his Lord saying unto him, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life," he resolved to continue his work for the Lord the next Sunday. And so with his New Testament in hand he went down to the plantation, and told them his master might whip him half to death the next day, but if he did, he would not suffer more than Christ had suffered for us.

The next morning his master said, "Jack, I hear you was off preaching again yesterday."

"Yes, massa. I must go and tell sinners how Jesus was whipped that we might go free."

"But, Jack, I told you if you went off preaching Sunday I should whip you on Monday, and I must do it."

Blow after blow fell upon Jack's back, while oaths fell from the master's lips, and he said "There, Jack, I don't believe you will preach next Sunday. Now go down to the cotton field and go to work."

When the next Sunday came Jack could not stand straight, his back was so covered with scars and sores. But with his Testament in hand he stood before the people of the plantation, and said, "Massa whipped me mose ter death last Monday, an' I don't know but he will kill me to-morrow, but if he does, I shall not suffer more'n Jesus did when he died on the cross for us."

Monday morning the master called him and said, "Jack I hear you have been off preaching again."

"Yes, massa, I must go an' tell sinners how Christ was wounded for our transgressions, how He sweat drops of blood for us in the garden, an' wore dat cruel crown of thorns that we might wear a crown of joy in heaven."

"But I don't want to hear your preaching. Now bare yous back and take the flogging I told you I should

give you if you went off preaching."

Fast flew the cruel lashes until Jack's back was covered with wounds and blood.

"Now, Jack, go down to the cotton field and go to work. I reckon you'll never want to preach again."

When the next Sunday came Jack's back was in a terrible condition. But, hobbling along, he found his way to his friends in the neighboring plantation, and said :

"Massa whipped me almost to death last Monday, but if I can only get you to come to Jesus, and love Him, I am willing to die for your sake to-morrow."

If there were scoffers there, do you not think they were led to believe there was a reality in religion? If any were there who were inclined to think ministers preach only when they get money for it, do you think they change their minds when they saw what wages Jack got? Many were in tears, and no doubt some gave themselves to that Saviour for whose sake Jack was willing, if needs be, to die the death of a martyr.

Next morning the master called Jack and said, "Make bare your back again, for I told you that just as sure as you went off preaching I would flog you until you gave it up."

The master raised the ugly whip, and, as he looked at Jack's back, all lacerated, he could find no new place to strike, and said, "What do you do it for, Jack? You know that as surely as you go on preaching on Sunday I will whip you most to death the next day. No one pays you anything for it; all you get is a terrible flogging, which is taking your life away from you."

"Yer ax me, massa, what I'se doin' it fur. I'll tell yer, massa, I'se goin' ter tak all dose stripes an' all those scares, massa, up to Jesus by-an-bye, to show Him how faithful I'se been. Kase He loved you an' me, massa, an' bled an' died on the cruel cross for you an' me, massa."

The whip dropped and the cruel master could not strike another blow. In a subdued tone he said, "Go down in the cotton field."

Do you think Jack went away curs-

(Continued on page 17.)

"The silver is Mine and the Gold is Mine saith the Lord of Hosts."

HE IS COMING.

"Surely I come quickly, Amen. Even so, come Lord Jesus."

BY CONSTANCE SERJEANT.

A promise and a prayer—a glorious statement—an answering response—a gracious asseveration—a quick, vivid reply—such also is the attitude of Jesus—such the attitude of His Church. Nearly two thousand years have passed away since the words were written; but still the promise holds good. One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, yet doubtless the early Christians looked for an almost instantaneous fulfilment of their expectation: and who shall say that by a tender Providence the long centuries that must elapse were not mercifully hidden from them? In their terrible persecutions it was this glorious hope, that sustained them; they expected a speedy deliverance, a strong Deliverer—"Surely I come quickly?" "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

And He will be the same—"this same Jesus," into whose dear face we have looked, and learnt something of the love of God; this that wept over the grave of Lazarus, and was filled with compassion for the widow of Nain; this that was touched with the feeling of our infirmities, and was in all points tempted like as we are; this that took the little children up in His arms and blessed them; and that prayed for His murderers as He hung agonizing on the awful tree; this good Samaritan, this Great Physician, this Friend of sinners, this Saviour of the lost, "this same Jesus!"

Since this is He for whom we look, shall not our hearts cry out, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly: come and right every wrong; come, put an end to the sin and the misery; come, greatest wonder of all, take me, poor, sick, sinful as I am, and set me faultless there before the Father's throne, clothed in that robe of Thy righteousness, old as the bills of Calvary, yet ever glorious, and spotless and new?"

This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined Nation sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue—
The robe of Christ is ever new.

Dear believer, wheresoe'er thou art, dost thou love His appearing? Or is there to thee something of sadness, something of loss in the thought? Perhaps thou dost turn as Lot with longing eyes to the rich, well-watered plains; or are they fixed on the everlasting hills? Is thy Beloved, in very truth to thee, the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely? Then thou, too, wilt say with St. John, "Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

"Surely I come quickly?" We may not inquire the day or the hour, but we are told to "watch"; and in another passage we read, "Wherefore comfort one another with these words" and again, "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up and lift up your heads." Dear child of God, cast down and troubled, tempest-tossed and afflicted, look up, lift up your head, look no longer on the earth; clods at your feet, but look up, look up, for "your

redemption draweth nigh." When you lay your head on your pillow, let it be your last waking thought, "He may come to-night." When you wake in the morning, and the cares of the coming day press upon you and cast you down, say to yourself again, "He may come to-day." On, if only Christians thought more of this coming again of the Lord Jesus Christ—we should not see so many gloomy faces; they would be bright instead with the coming dawn.

"When these things begin to come to pass." What things? Let us look into the passage more closely. "Distress of nations"—men's hearts failing them for fear. Surely this is so now. "Distress of nations"—trouble everywhere springing up where it is least expected, whether we look for it in other countries or in our own possessions only. As we open our morning paper, our hearts fail for fear. At home what do we find? A great spirit of lawlessness everywhere; we find also a form of godlessness, but without the power. The religion of Jesus Christ was never more unfashionable than it is to-day; it is a mistake to suppose the world is, or ever will be, better. "Evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse"; but the people of God are being called out; vast efforts have been made lately by missionary societies; the Gospel is being carried to all nations; a great many prophecies have been fulfilled; others are at the dawn of their fulfilment. Is not the fig tree putting forth its green leaves? The Turkish power is slowly but surely drying up; the Jews are pouring back to Jerusalem, and holding vast congresses to discuss the possibility of buying back the Holy Land; but perhaps the most remarkable sign of all is the attitude of the unbelievers. "Where is the promise of His Coming?" in so many words they say. "We see no signs, no reason why the world should not continue another 6,000 years"; and they do not know that they themselves are the greatest sign of all—are in fact but the fulfilment of the prophecy, that in the last days there shall be scoffers who will ask, "Where is the promise of His coming?"

Why, then, does He tarry? Why are the wheels of His chariot stayed? The answer is very simple—He is waiting till the last sheaf is gathered in, "not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance." He is waiting till they all come. He is waiting for that poor lost sheep out there in the wilderness, wandering farther and farther away—it will never come back by itself—sheep never do—but there is One seeking it who will not return until He bring it back with Him over His shoulder rejoicing. We should have given up the quest long ago, for the track is rough and steep, the pathway is grown over with thorns; but He will not, even though it lead to the cross; but poor, silly sheep is as safe as if it were already in the fold. As He comes along we hear Him saying, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." This, then, is why He does not come; He cannot come until all the sheep is gathered in. "O Lord, we beseech Thee, make up the number of Thine elect and hasten Thy kingdom. Amen."—The Morning Star.

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GOD FOR US.

The story is told that Frederick Douglas, the great slave orator, once said in a mournful speech when things looked dark for his race:—

"The white man is against us, governments are against us, the spirit of the times is against us. I see no hope for the colored race. I am full of sadness."

Just then a poor old colored woman rose in the audience, and said:—

"Frederick, is God dead?"

My friend, it makes a difference when you count God in.

How many a young believer is discouraged and disheartened when he realizes this warfare. He begins to think that God has forsaken him, that Christianity is not all that it professes to be. But he should rather regard it as an encouraging sign. No sooner has a soul escaped from his snare than the great Adversary takes steps to ensnare it again. He puts forth all his power to recapture his lost prey. The fiercest attacks are made on the strongest forts, and the fiercer the battle the young believer is called on to wage, the surer evidence it is of the work of the Holy Spirit in his heart. God will not desert him in his time of need, any more than He deserted His people of old when they were hard pressed by their foes.—D. L. Moody.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

"For as often as ye eat this bread and drink this cup ye do shew (or proclaim) the Lord's death till He comes." (I Cor. xi. 26.)

Lord Jesus, I remember well
The year I trod the way to hell,
And now but for Thy wondrous grace,
I ne'er in heaven had found a place.

But with great joy I show to-day
The death that took my sins away;
The death that thou didst die for me,
The death by only hope and plea.

I gaze into each radiant face,
And see lost sinners saved by grace;
My heart leaps up and bounds to greet
The One whom "in the midst" we meet.

I look upon the Bread and see
The Body that was bruised for me,
And in the cup I see the sign
Of blood that flowed for sins of mine.

Oh! Saviour, while on Thee we call;
Reveal thyself to one and all,
Let every heart with rapture burn,
That each may love for love return.

Rev. E. B. Meyer: Prayer is a solemn work. Prayer is a difficult work. The breaking out of a few good wishes every day is easy. But prayer which is to fight and conquer the powers of darkness, which is to "take hold of God and His strength," needs steady, intense devotion. We will need to "labor fervently" (literally, to strive, agonize). It calls us to help God's servants, "striving together (agonizing) in prayer to God" for them. It needs a heart wholly given to God. Without this we may be swelling the immense stream of well-intentioned prayers, which accomplish little.

A LARGE ESTABLISHMENT.

Belleville and vicinity is justly proud of the Dry Goods establishment of Messrs Geo. Ritchie & Co. In no place in Canada the size of Belleville can a finer store or a better class of goods be found. Kingston and Brockville have nothing to compare with it, and only a couple of towns in Canada west of Toronto can boast of as large and well equipped a store. This business was established by the late Geo. Ritchie 40 years ago and has steadily grown until now in the busy season the firm employs about 100 hands. During the past year great improvements have been made to the building in which the firm does business, their steadily increasing trade demanding extra space. Amongst other changes the building is now heated with steam, which takes the place of two hot air furnaces and several stoves.

The firm are now in the midst of further improvements. They have just put in the new Luxfer Prisms for lighting the men's department and purpose changing the shelving, fixtures, etc., in that store to accommodate a fine stock of men's furnishing goods of all kinds including a large stock of men's and boys' hats and caps. Whatever they take hold of they make a success of and we bespeak a large trade for them in this department. Messrs. Ritchie & Co's system of doing business is the very best, namely goods bought and sold strictly for cash, one price to all, and money returned for all goods not proving satisfactory.

To study the Bible spiritually, however, is more essential. While the Scriptures invite intellectual study, they command spiritual study. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they that testify of Me." The spiritual mind knows the spiritual message. The Bible is to be studied with the heart. Until the Spirit of God opens the heart and illumines the mind much of the truth of the Bible is a sealed book. Prayer and committal of self to God are requirements of Bible study not to be neglected at the outset. "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law," was the Psalmist's prayer that we may make our own.—Rev. Isaac W. Gowen.

German Reformed Messenger: The best preparation for the second coming of Christ is to continue at work. No man knows the hour of His coming, but whether He comes soon or late our preparation for that great event is best made by the performance of every day duties, in the family, among our fellow-men, in the church. It is not for us to fear, and weep, and lament; for the King who is coming is our Saviour to whom we have prayed, and from whom we have received all we have enjoyed.

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THE SUN JOB DEPT.

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Continued from page 1

ing his master, saying, "O Lord, send him down to hell for all his cruelty to me?" No, no. His prayer was, "Lord, forgive him, for Jesus Christ's sake."

About three o'clock a messenger came down to the cotton field, saying, "Massa's dyin', massa's dyin'; come quick, Jack, massa's dyin'."

There in his private room Jack found his master on the floor in agony, crying, "Oh, Jack, I'm sinking down to hell. Pray for me. Pray for me."

"I've been prayin' for you all de time, massa. You mus' pray for yourself."

"I don't know how to pray, Jack. I know how to sw ar, but I don't know how to pray."

"You mus' pray massa."

And finally they both prayed, and God revealed Christ on the cross to him, and then and there he became a changed man.

A few days after he called Jack to him and said, "Jack, here are your freedom papers. They give you your liberty. Go and preach the Gospel wherever you will, and may the Lord's blessing go with you."

While telling this story at the convention I noticed a man, perhaps sixty years of age, with quite gray hair, who was deeply moved. When I had finished he sprang to his feet, and, with clear but tremulous voice, said, "I stand for Jack. Mr. Hammond has been speaking of me, he has been trying to tell of my sufferings, but he cannot describe the terrible agony I endured at the hands of my master, who, because I was determined to preach the Gospel on the plantation around us, every Monday morning for three weeks called me up, and laid the cruel lash upon my back with his own hands until my back was like raw beef. But God helped me to pray for him until he was forgiven and saved through Christ. And thank God Jack still lives."

I have given you only a few of his burning words, but I can tell you, there were many eyes filled with tears during this touching scene, which will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it.—E. PAYSON HAMMOND.

AN OLD SAINT.

"Her last sixpence went into the R. B. H. U.," said Pastor Hayward, when talking to us some months ago about a dear old saint in his congregation who had recently passed away. Her life had been a chequered one but it had a radiant sunset. She was married twice, the first time to one who, like herself, was then in the far country, "without hope." Afterwards, when the wife was brought into the Kingdom and became a woman of prayer, her godless husband stood over her with a carving knife in his hand, and threatened to kill her if she continued praying. But she held on her way for six years. And at last he, too, was saved.

Later on, after his death, when she married again, it was to a soldier, who eventually became keeper at Berger Hall. Eight years ago the second husband, Sadler, died, aged 92; and the widow was pensioned by the Institution. The little room where she

lived became a spot of hallowed memories, a centre of light that radiated over the neighborhood. Every Tuesday afternoon she held a little prayer meeting for mothers there, and on all occasions was ready with a word of spiritual help and cheer, shedding the unconscious fragrance of a Christian life around her.

In early years, she had known the direst stress of poverty, and she loved to tell how she had proved the power of prayer. In one of those days, when there was no bread in the house, she had gone to a prayer-meeting at a neighbor's. The latter had been baking, and there was the smell of new-made bread, and some nice fresh loaves in sight. The poor woman would not make her craving hunger known, but privately asked the Lord to put it into the neighbor's heart to offer her a loaf. The request was not answered immediately; but as soon as she returned home the other woman felt constrained to go after her and take her the desired loaf. And, like the pot of manna kept by Israel, so a piece of this bread, hunger notwithstanding, was cut off and laid by for a memorial of the answered prayer. Fifty years afterwards it might still be seen, having been used as an object-lesson of faith to many. Some had even begged a bit of it as a true token.

Revered and loved by all who knew her, it was touching to see how one did her washing free, and another looked after her, and others helped her in this way and that. She often prayed that she might never become a burden to anyone by lying on a sick bed, and her request was granted. On the evening of last New Year's day, at eighty-two years of age, she went as usual to the prayer-meeting at Berger Hall, and half an hour after returning to her little room the call came—suddenly, painlessly, peacefully, she passed away to her eternal home.—The Regious Beyond.

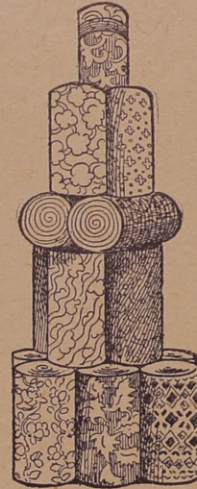
"THY BLESSING IS UPON THY PEOPLE."

Psalm lli : 8.

Oh, how precious it is! Wherever we may be, on the land or on the sea, at home or abroad, in sickness or in health, surrounded by friends or enemies, in our business or resting upon our beds, in whatever position we may be, "Thy blessing is upon Thy people." God's blessing is now on every one of the children of God throughout the land and the earth.

Our business is to lay hold on it, to believe it, to take it as the Word of God; and this not now and then merely, but habitually. When we awake in the morning, to say to ourselves; "The blessing of God is upon me, I am a vile worthless creature in myself. I do not deserve to be noticed in the least by my Heavenly Father. Yet His blessing is upon me." When dressing in the morning the blessing of God is upon us. When we sit down to our meals in the morning the blessing of God is upon us. When we give ourselves to prayer and reading of the Word, the blessing of God is upon us. When we go to our earthly occupations, the blessing of God is upon us. And thus all the day it goes on, hour

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by hour, moment by moment. And when we go to rest at night the blessing of God is upon us. And thus it goes on all the next day and the next day, to the end of our course, and the blessing of God is never removed from us. Oh, how precious this is! I do not know what more we could want than this single sentence: "Thy blessing is upon Thy people." Oh, let us carry it home, let us say it till we go to rest to-night. If we awake in the night, let it be freshly again before us; "The blessing of God upon me, because I am His child." And to-morrow morning let it be present to us. "The blessing of God is upon us."

And thus, in all our various positions and business, we should never lose sight of this precious truth contained in these words, "Thy blessing is upon Thy people." It is not that we are in the least deserving that it should be so, it is all in the way of grace. And all the dealings of God with us are in the way of grace, never of merit; for the one single thing we should have if we had what we deserved is hell. But it has pleased God to deal with us poor sinners in the way of grace, and hence we are cleansed by the blood of Christ Jesus, and have peace and joy in the Holy Ghost and the forgiveness of all our sins, and hence it is stated, "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more;" and hence it is stated, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Every blessing is in the way of grace, for it is true that God always acts according to it. And I by God's grace, a poor, vile sinner, have found it precious true seventy years and five months, and I expect to find it thus to the end of the course.—Mr. George Muller.

"BREAKING OF BREAD."

The following letter on this subject lately appeared in the London Christian:

Dear Sir,—Let us consider in order what the Scripture teaches on this subject.

As to time generally. The ordinance was instituted at supper time, and is once called "the Lord's Supper." It is more often spoken of as "the breaking of bread." In the institution the bread came first, and afterwards the wine. So the first term became its primitive name.

The persons to partake are disciples—learners, followers—of the Lord Jesus.

The object is stated by the Lord, "Do this in remembrance of Me"—Himself. And specially in connection with the righteous foundation for the exercise for the grace of God—His death for sin.

The period of its continuance is—"till I come."

The time for observing His direction. The Lord fixed no period. Nor is it related that the Apostles did so. The appointment is open and general—"as often."

The time.—If any community wish to observe it on the very day on which the Lord's Supper was instituted they can do so. It would then be on Thursday evening.

If the practice at Troas is followed, then the time would be on Saturday after sunset, for the day commenced in the evening. The evening and the

morning were the first day; and I think the Jews' Sabbath still commences on Friday evening and lasts till Saturday evening, when another day commences.

If the day of the week when the Lord died is preferred in order to observe that which the ordinance is for, namely, to show forth His death, then Friday is the day, before sunset.

If the time the Lord rose is preferred, it would be very early on our Sunday morning. If the Divine appointment of a seventh day's rest is more convenient, than our Sunday, any hour, would be the time. The morning would suit some individuals best, others the evening. Some might attend both.

There is no bondage in such matters. They are all small details of no real moment. The Lord Himself and His Apostles are not recorded as directing any such particulars. The very Early Church continued "in the breaking of bread." Very likely, with 3,000 persons it went on all day long, and every day, as disciples could attend, or go to each other's houses.

The substance of things, as to the ordinance, is that which alone is important; namely, to do what the Lord said, and for the purpose He indicated, and in a loving, reverential way—namely, in a spirit of personal self-discernment, with intelligence and love, and hope, and (as needful) with contrition, and even with the spirit of the deepest gratitude and worship to our Deliverer. Then to such there will be the wonderful and blessed admixture of humiliation with joy in the Holy Spirit.

As to discerning the condition of everybody else, if anyone of the 3,000 at Pentecost had, as a preliminary responsibility, to judge the remaining 2,999, I am afraid not one would have taken the Lord's Supper at all. He might have spent his life in judging others. In general, everyone who professes to be a believer in Christ is to be freely received by others who make the same profession. If he brings in false doctrine, or lives in sin, then there are Scriptural directions how to act. Or if he has been similar to Saul, who, having been a persecutor, might well create fear and doubt, he would need a Barnabas to bring him, and declare the Lord's dealings and his life. But this is evidently exceptional.

My knowledge, through fifty years' experience, of the effect of principles opposite to the above is that they very seriously affect the spirit of the love of fellow Christians which should characterize the Divine family circle.

I was at the first series of the Barnett Conferences—the parent of modern conventions—some thirty-eight years ago, called by the holy and catholic and loving Mr. Pennefather. The day before the meetings closed it was rumored that it was contemplated that the friends (and there were about 120 from different churches) should take the Lord's Supper together. Possibly the practice had existed in unknown quarters before, but it was a new thing now—a great event, one carrying deep thought. A friend greatly beloved took his younger brother into consultation about it. And we agreed and this was the general conclusion: that we went, not to the table of one another, nor to identify ourselves thereby as approving of all details and practices, to some of which we had a con-

Continued on page 8.

We Want To Tell You About Our Curtains!



THEY are all bought direct from the best makers in Europe. We go there ourselves to buy them and we get the best values that can be had. By so doing, we can sell a nice Lace Curtain 2½ yds. long at 25c a pair, and better ones at 50c and 75c, in either white or cream. Then the curtain you would usually pay \$1.25 to \$1.50 for we sell you for \$1.00 a pair. Of course we keep also the better grades up as high as \$10 a pair.

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Belleville's
Big Store

If you get benefit from this paper, pass it on.

Pointers.

PUBLISHED BY W. H. VAN TASSEL
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

VOL. XV. FEBRUARY, 1899. No 16

After several months of waiting on the Lord, we are enabled to publish another number of Pointers and we ask our friends to help us in giving them a large circulation. If every one who receives a paper would read it and pass it to some one else, each one would be a medium of doing good to others. "Sow beside all waters." "In the morning sow thy seed," and "In the evening withhold not thy hand." "Gather up the fragments, let nothing be lost." God can so use the small things and small doings (as man sees them) to accomplish wonders.

God's word is more precious than gold, and sowing the good seed by distributing truth is one of the ways of laying up treasures in Heaven, and like putting out money on interest it will accumulate and become a large amount.

The publisher of Pointers sowed wild oats (sowed to the flesh) for many years; but God arrested him and for some thirty years the great desire of his heart has been to sow to the Spirit. The publishing and distribution of this little paper is what he believes to be a part of his appointed work. "He appointed unto every man his work;" it may be a part of your work to help in this matter. Oh, christian reader, God will surely hold you responsible according to your light and privileges. Freely ye have received, freely give, He hath done great things for us. What are you willing to do for Him?

To those who do not know the Lord, we cannot do better than to point you Jesus and His own words—who Himself is the living Word. He says to you, "Come unto Me," Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out. He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life. He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him.

"Believe, believe on Jesus' name,
And sure as He hath died
The debt is paid and you are free,
And fully justified."

—C. WESLEY.

Let us remember that just as sure as Jesus came to "save that which was lost" (come as a Saviour), just so sure He will come as judge. When Christ's rejectors call for mountains and rocks to fall on us and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne and from the wrath of the Lamb, for the great day of His wrath has come and who shall be able to stand?

WHAT THE BELIEVER GETS.

Justification, a change of state;
A new standing before God.
Repentance, a change of mind;
A new mind about God.
Regeneration, a change of nature;
A new nature from God.
Conversion, a change of life;
A new life for God.
Adoption, a change of family;
A new relationship towards God.
Sanctification, a change of service;
A new separation unto or with God.
Glorification, a change of place;
A new condition with God.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

It is strange to hear professing Christians speak thus: They have one standard for the Lord's day and another for the other six.

They do things in business contrary to the teaching of the Word of God; and quiet their conscience by the easy motto, business is business. According to the practice of some we should read the golden rule, thus: "Do as you would be done by, except in business." If this were the case the larger part of the life of most men would be outside the circumference of God's commands, but it cannot be.—F.B.M.

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed—fret not thyself in any wise to do evil; for evil doers shall be cut off."

"The Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken. He shall keep the feet of His family."

It is not by the glitter of gold that God rewards His faithful servants. Many a noble life in the sight of God has been a sad failure when judged by human standards, and many a failure in the judgment of man has been a royal success in the estimation of angels. When a tide of gold has been setting in towards some men it has been allowed to come as a judgment and a curse that they might be blinded to destruction, and in many cases the tide has been restrained that it might be more possible for the soul to attain to perfect health.

"A little that a righteous man hath is better than the riches of many wicked."

Do not draw a line between the house of God and the house of business. The counting house and the shop may be as much the house of God as the shrine where generations have knelt in prayer. A devout soul will find God everywhere, and will abide with God in every calling in which it is called. If you cannot have the company of

Jesus in the paths of daily business, by all means abandon them; but if they are at all legitimate, you will find Him at your side, though His presence is veiled from all other eyes.

The everlasting God is waiting to put into our hearts a salvation more glorious than we know. God has given His Son, Jesus Christ, to every one of you that he might be your Keeper every moment of the day. The Holy Spirit is able and willing every moment to keep my heart trusting Jesus; and to keep up the link of connection with Jesus so that when I am so busy that I must think of the things of the world, the ever-blessed Spirit of God is there as the Spirit of God's grace to keep me. That is the kingdom of God that is within you—"righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." The Holy Spirit keeps the kingdom clear and bright in the heart all day.—Rev. Andrew Murray.

J. Lyons Biggar

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Read E. F. Dickens' Advertisement.

OUR FATHER HOLDS THE ROPE.

"I'll go down if father will hold the rope," was the offer a Highland lad, when a traveller wanted him to reach the eggs of a wild bird which had built on a rocky ledge. The boy felt that there would be no danger if the rope was in his father's hand, for he had a powerful arm and a loving heart, and would not leave his own child to perish.

Timid believers are afraid to begin to work for Jesus. To teach in Sunday-school, to commence a Tract District, to visit the cottagers, to preach on the green, any of these seem to them to be too arduous and difficult. Suppose they were to look up to their Heavenly Father, and rely upon His promised aid, might they not venture? It cannot need much courage to rely upon Almighty strength. Go, dear friend, to thy work, and thy Father will hold the rope.

"Go labor on; spend, and be spent,
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
This is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?"

Unbelief is apt to foresee terrible trials as awaiting us upon our road to heaven. Your position will be, so fear tells you, like that of one hanging over the raging sea, by the side of a precipitous cliff; but then remember the eternal love which will be your unflinching support. You may hang there without the slightest fear, for your Father will hold the rope.

The awakened sinner dreads the wrath of heaven, and fears that his eternal ruin is inevitable; but if he has learned to depend alone upon the Lord Jesus, there is no room for further alarm. The Lord Jehovah has become the salvation of every soul that has laid hold of the hope set before him in the Lord Jesus. The greater matter no longer rests with the sinner after he has believed, the weight of his soul's eternal interest hangs upon Jesus the Saviour. The eternal arm, which never wearies, will put forth all its power to uphold the trusting ones; and every believing sinner may sing in joyful security, though Satan should set all hell boiling beneath him, for the great Father holds the rope.

"Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God. He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their
trains:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves the oppress'd, He feeds the
poor,
And none will find His promise vain."

A learned divine once said:—A Christian's duty is to admit, submit, commit, and transmit. You admit the truth of Christ; you submit your will to Christ; you commit your soul to Christ; but what do you transmit? In the answer to the last point is found the measure of our success in those that precede. There are so-called Christians whose whole conception of religion seems to be summed up in the sense of benefits received. It may be truly said that no spiritual benefit can be adequately enjoyed except as it is being transmitted to others. Unless our hope is contagious, and our faith infectious,

and our love diffusive, and our whole spiritual life a fund of helpfulness to others, we shall soon find that every spiritual activity in us will droop and fade, and all our wells of salvation will run dry.—The Christian.

You will never be worth anything as Christians until you became fanatics, a thing some of you dread with all your little soul. One must become fanatic, be a "wedge, a thunder-bolt to smite a passage through a close-grained world." May God make us fanatics, wedges, thunder-bolts, to smite our passage through this dense, deadly indifference. It looks as if you are going to be a fanatic, a little narrow-minded zealot, a kingdom monomaniac, if you are going to be a true Christian. Well, be it so. Don't be a fool, but don't be afraid of being called a fool. If any man among you would be wise, let him become a fool to the world's wisdom and the world's indifference, that he may be wise for Christ's, for his own soul's sake, and for the best interests of his own day and generation.—Rev. J. McNeill.

WHEN THE KING COMES.

L. T. PICKETT.

The heaven and earth some coming day
Shall all anew be made;
Sin's lustre then shall pass away,
And all the glories fade.

In that blest day our Christ shall reign
On David's throne of old;
He then will crush our sin and pain
From His own safe kept fold.

The heavenly Jerusalem
Will then descend from God,
The King's own life will succor them
Who here have felt the rod.

Then patient let us daily live,
For Christ, our Lord and Friend;
To Him our time, strength, talent give,
Whose love shall never end,

"Bear with a word of personal experience," said Mr. George Muller at Birmingham once. "For the first three years after my conversion I read the Word, but I did not love it; but in July, 1829, God made me a lover of His Word, and since then I have read it through about a hundred and fifty times. When I begin again it is a new book—a new delight. Four times a year, for many years, I have read through the Bible. To this constant feeding upon the Word of God I owe it that for sixty-eight years I have been a very happy Christian. If any of you have not obtained this blessing already, I entreat you seek it."

DAILY THOUGHTS.

THURSDAY, MAY 12.

"What then?" (Phil. i., 18.)

"Add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity." (II. Pet. i., 5-7.)

I knelt before Thy gracious throne
And asked for peace with suppliant
knee,

And peace was given; not peace alone,
But love and joy and ecstasy.

—Wordsworth.

"I will surely deliver thee because thou hast put thy trust in Me."

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MOTTO—"LET US DRAW NIGH."

OUR PLATFORM

SALVATION BY
SEPARATION TO
WORKING WITH
WAITING FOR

Christ

Continued from page 5.

scientious objection; but the substance was that we went to "the Lord's table." And so thoroughly has this been my practice that I have done what perhaps not one of your readers has done—namely, I have taken the Lord's Supper in the Established Church, with the Presbyterians, the Wesleyans, the so-called Brethren, the Independents, the Baptists, and (when in Portsmouth) in a disused theatre, and, after a very profitable week, with some of the Salvationists; and their captain, presiding elder, excelled in sobermindedness, graciousness, love, and holy exhortation and zeal; and I was not stumbled even by the sister-lieu enant.

—SEPTUAGENARINA

"ARE YOU GOD'S WIFE?"

The Parish Register tells a sweet little story of how a boy had his prayer answered, and of the impression produced upon his young heart by the peculiar answer.

The writer says: "The following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since by a dear friend, who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest days in February.

"A little boy about ten years old was standing before a shoe-store on Broadway, barefooted, peering through the window and shivering with cold.

"A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finally caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silks, alighted from the carriage, went quickly to the boy, and said: 'My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?'

"I was asking God to give me a pair of shoes,' was the reply. The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he could give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied: 'Certainly,' and quickly brought them to her.

"She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down, washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

"By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and patting him on the head, said: 'I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable.'

"As she turned to go, the astonished lad caught her hand, and, looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words: 'Are you God's wife?'

A gentleman enquired of another as to the value of a certain piece of property. The answer given was: 'I know not its present worth; but I know what it cost its owner.' 'Indeed; well, what?' 'His soul,' was the

startling reply. Very likely the man who secured the estate had lied and cheated and counted himself smart in getting a head of some one else. He had thrown principle to the wind, preferring the crooked ways of policy, and had sacrificed his better self in the barter. Need I point out the criminality and foolishness of such a course? Surely every one must perceive that this business cunning is a curse and a snare. Wiser far not to accumulate so rapidly and retain some degree of manhood to enjoy what has been honestly acquired. A capitalist wrote from the continent of Europe to a young merchant in England proposing a very questionable transaction and received the following report; 'I do not attend to business in that way.' Some two years elapsed when the Englishman received from his former correspondent the request that he take his son in his office as a clerk, adding significantly, 'I desire my son to learn how to do business in your way.'—Dr. Lorimer.

TRUST ALSO.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord; Trust Him; and He shall bring it to pass."—Psalms 37; 5.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord and trust!"

Ah! it is here we fail. We give the wheel Of our small bark to Him; but then we thrust

Our hand into His hand, And dare to stand Beside our Master, lest He wreck our keel.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord and trust!"

Leave all to Him; believe He knows thy course, Thy dangers, and thy safety—all—then just

Abandon all to Him; So shalt thou skim Borne briskly on before the Spirits' force.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord and trust!"

There is an also we too oft forget, And so are plagued and worried. Oh! we must

"Trust also," then our soul Shall cease to roll In restlessness and reason and regret.

Commit! and when committed trust His Word!

Has He not said that He will bring thee through?

Trust His strong arm; and when wild storms are heard

Believe He holds them still By His strong will.

Trust Him, the Wise, the Faithful, and the True.

Trust Him to manage all that thou dost now

Commit to Him—the ship, the sails, the sea,

The sailors, thy strange crew. And ask not how

He will do all for thee, But trustful be.

Lie down and rest from anxious worry free.

WILLIAM LUFF.



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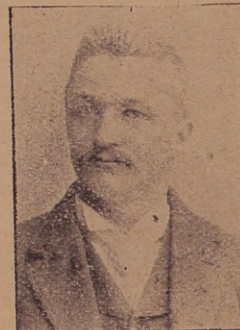
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