

Courtesy in Congregations

We are inclined to think that for the most part there is a spirit of complete courtesy toward stranger worshippers in almost all of our congregations. Most of those who are at home in the churches feel the importance of making a stranger equally at home therein. If there were no other spirit than this to animate them this would be likely to lead him to exercise the utmost courtesy in hearing toward those whom he may not know. Occasionally, however, there are exceptions, and those who by various means have been attracted to congregations are repelled because of the lack of thought on the part of some or by some act of positive rudeness. The writer of these lines has an experience in mind which gives to this considerable emphasis. In a public gathering not long since, he happened to be in a service without a hymn card that was freely distributed. On either side of him were men in possession of these cards. Neither offered to share with him the convenience the card afforded in singing the hymns that were given out, though each of them might well have done so. He might have asked from them such a sharing but this he did not care to do, waiting to see whether or not the courtesy would not be proffered. It was not, and the thought was pressed home upon the writer that perhaps in many other minds similar lack of thoughtfulness exercises an unfavorable influence with reference to the church. Doubtless there are those who may read this paragraph who can recall circumstances similar, and some still more repellent from the church and out of harmony with the spirit that should prevail in it.

We are not writing this brief article for the sake of finding fault, but are simply seeking to use an untoward incident in order to furnish help. There is a good deal said at the present time, and perhaps more than the facts exactly warrant, of the lack of attendance at many of our churches. Various causes are assigned, some of them legitimate, others not so much so. We venture this assertion, however, that those churches in which a genial, kindly courtesy prevails are not very likely to be especially wanting in attendance. In securing this the pulpit has, of course, its chief place and the choir has its sphere and is of utmost importance. But after all, the chief factor is found in the regular occupants of the pews. Let these in any wise be cold or seemingly inhospitable toward the stranger who may find his way within the precincts of their church home, and in nine cases out of ten he will not return. Let us on the contrary in look and bearing show a warmth of welcome and he will very likely be found there again. This is something in which all of us can take part. We cannot all preach nor we cannot all sing, and we cannot all have part in any public function, but we can all of us have a share in creating a courteous, friendly, Christian atmosphere that shall pervade every portion of our church services and every function connected therewith. This ministry will not put our names in the papers, but it will help to fill the pews.

What Became of Them.

Fifty years ago a gentleman noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. "I saw the boys," he says, drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a "grocery" or "dogger." I expressed my disapprobation, and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, not leaving five dollars.

I never lost sight of those boys, only as the clouds of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens, and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition. Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up to be a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken brawl; one has served two years in the penitentiary; and one has drunken himself into an offensive dot whose family have to provide for him.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

"Like A Lady."

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entering callers, "you came downstairs so noisy that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back, and come down the stairs properly." Frances retired, and in a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. This time you came down like a lady."

"Yes'm; this time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

No Drinking Employees.

Marshall, Field & Co., the largest drygoods firm in the world, has issued a letter on the drinking habits of employees. The letter says: "We will not, to our knowledge, place a young man who drinks, in our business, and even though a man should apply for a position, whose ability and other all-round qualifications would seem to fit him for the position, if we knew or discovered that he was a drinking man we should decline to consider his application. Any man in our employment who acquires the habit of drink, even though moderately, is to a certain extent marked down in our estimation, and unless we can remove him from this serious fault and show his error, we feel compelled to do without his service."—*Pioneer.*

WHOSE BOY?—"That was my boy!" cried a piercing voice. A temperance lecturer had thrown upon the screen a photograph of a boy dying in delirium tremens. It was a country town, and the photograph had been taken in a distant city. "That was my boy!" she exclaimed, as she swooned away. Afterward she said: "Yes, go on and show the picture all you wish. It may save some other mother's darling from the same terrible fate."—*Religious Intelligencer.*

The true disciple drinks deep at the well of salvation only that he may have to give out to others. The Gadarene demoniac went back to his own home to tell them of Jesus; the Samaritan woman returned to her own city and told all the men; Mary rose from the sepulchre, whence Jesus had risen, and flew to the disciples to tell them of the good news. This is ever the first impulse of the truly consecrated one. He desires to tell others "what a dear Saviour he has found."

Everyone, whether high or low, a prince or a peasant, who lives in a course of sin, is the slave of sin. Sin is a hard task-master, and pays his servants out in bitter wages, even death. Sin is a remorseless master, and allows of no escape. The man who gives himself up to his lusts and passions is not, as he fondly believes, using sin for his pleasure, but is, in fact, serving sin as a master. If he thinks he can dismiss sin at pleasure, he is grossly mistaken; for the moment he seeks to free himself, he finds the chains drawn tightly about him. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

Read This,

and then send us your name. As we have more copies of this paper than we have subscribers, we have decided to make the following offer, to any one who will send us thirty cents with their address, (not being now a subscriber) we will send this paper twice every month until the close of this year, 1904. This offer applies to those to whom we have already sent sample copies, and to any one else who may want to take the advantage of this offer. We can supply them with copies beginning with Feb. 12. Address Rev. J. H. Hughes, manager, Cunard street, St. John, North End, N. B.

Letter From Brother E. vine.

The following private letter from brother Irvine does not give much hope of his recovery. It is said to think that he will never return to see his many friends in the province again.

EDITOR.

San Jacinto, Calif., Dec. 12, 1904.

Dear Bro. Hughes: Your very kind letter of recent date remains unanswered. The only reason I have to plead is, that I was waiting to reach a point where I felt like writing as you requested for publication. But I have been too tired all the time. Now I am in bed. Have had another severe hemorrhage, and I don't know what is to come in the near future. It may be release, if so it will be glory for me.

However, I cannot write much now. Simply to let you know that I appreciate your kind words and wishes, and reciprocate. Love to all the brotherhood. God be with you all till we meet again.

As ever your Bro. in Christ,
S. D. IRVINE.

Ministerial Record.

Rev. Chipman Morse, D. D., after nearly sixty-three years of service with the Digby Neck, N. S., has resigned the pastoral charge, because of failing health. This church has only had two in 94 years.

Rev. Alexander White, recently pastor at North End, St. John, has now become pastor of First Avenue church, Toronto, Ont.

Rev. E. P. Calder, after three years' faithful and successful labor as pastor of the Summerside and Bedeque churches, P. E. I., has resigned and goes to Manitoba, his health requiring a drier climate. His congregations part with him with much regret.

Rev. W. J. Swafield of Jerusalem has been called to succeed Rev. J. Campbell, D. D., as pastor of the Lexington Avenue Church, New York city. Rev. John Gordon, D. D., of Philadelphia is the stated supply of the church until Mr. Swafield enters upon the work on March 1. Mr. Swafield was pastor of the Baptist church in Harvey, Albert Co., some years ago.

Rev. F. O. Weeks of Bethany church, Sydney, Cape Breton has resigned.

Rev. Samuel Cunningham died in Waterford, Ont., Oct. 14th, 1903.

Rev. C. D. Case, P. H. D., succeeds Rev. P. S. Hanson, D. D., at the Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. A. G. Berrie has closed his pastorate at Boyeston, N. S., to resume his studies at Acadia.

Rev. A. A. Rutledge has closed a three years successful pastorate at Dawson Settlement, Hillsboro, N. B., and settled at Queensbury, York county, N. B.

Right doing is the safest kind of action. Rev. Geo. E. Burlingham of Chicago says:

I am to baptize next Sunday an eleven-year-old girl whose fidelity to her Christian profession and convictions probably prevented the destruction of her family. The mother took her two children down town, intending to go to the matinee. When the hour approached and she started for the play, the little girl expressed her unwillingness to go. She said, "I want to be a Christian; I don't want to go to the theatre." Persuasion and rallery served only to start her tears, but the mother yielded to her wishes and they went to visit friends instead of going to the play.

It was something like flickering faith. No sooner did Andrew make this little suggestion than he felt ashamed and evidently would have withdrawn it. The improbability of his expedient being practical occurred to him, and he anticipated the objection suggested on rationalistic grounds. "But what are these among so many?" How often faith suffers eclipse by the