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The Christian's Goodly Heritage.

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

The land of Canaan, as we know, was divided by lot, and was thus apportioned to the various tribes of Israel. Of course it would follow that there would be a great diversity in the heritages possessed. Some sections, as in the case of Dan and Issachar and Manasseh, would be more pleasant and fertile than others. We can imagine these with the choicest portions gratefully adopting the sentiment David expressed when he said, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." We have no doubt that the form of his language came from the way the land was divided by "lot," and measured off by ropes and lines; but what David was thinking of so thankfully was God's great goodness to him. David believed in an overruling Providence. He believed that God had fixed the bounds of his abode and his possessions. More than that, he was—what many of us are not—satisfied with all the divine appointments. He reviewed God's dealings with him with the highest sense of thankfulness. God had promoted him from a sheepfold to a palace, from being a shepherd to being a king. But cannot every Christian claim as much? God has rescued us from the kingdom of darkness, from the thralldom of slavery to sin, and has translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son. He has adopted us into his own family, and given us the right to an everlasting inheritance in the land and to life immortal.

Think of the Christian's goodly heritage in temporal blessings. "Godliness is profitable." It blesses us now. It has promise of "the life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come." As a rule, Christian people are prosperous. Godliness blesses men in every state of life. It exalts the humble. It prospers the toiler. It helps up those born to adversity.

If we will look upon the things we have rather than upon the things we have not, no one of us can fail to find much that calls for gratitude. We have a goodly heritage in health, in friends, in the fact of living in a Christian community. This expression of the Psalmist is often used by the patriot in speaking of his country. We have a goodly heritage in a country where liberty abounds, and yet where anarchy is restrained; where men are equal, and yet where each can press forward to the highest attainments and positions.

The Christian has a goodly heritage in spiritual blessings. What a heritage we have in God's Word. How the Psalmist exulted in the possession of God's Word, and how he delighted himself in its pages. The Christian has the completed Bible as his heritage. Then, too, he has a goodly heritage in the ordinances of God's house. Here he receives spiritual nourishment and sustenance for his soul. Here he receives a new courage to continue the battle against sin, he enjoys fellowship with saints who cherish a like precious faith with himself, and gains actual strength to do well in the cause of his Master. But the Christian's best heritage is in God himself. God's blessing is upon the righteous. It is with them, around them, within them. They have life and joy and hope. They have pardon, peace and power—"forgiving mercies, adopting love, and sanctifying grace."

Think, too, of the Christian's goodly heritage of prospective glory. Some one has well expressed the Christian's good estate. "He has grace in possession and glory in reserve." The Christian is a sojourner. He is a traveler. He is enjoying the scenes of a foreign clime. But his richest possessions are at home. His real investments are in his native land. The Christian is looking toward and for heaven. He is hoping, expecting; yea, seeing its glories dimly

outlined and foreshadowed. He is having now the earnest, the first-fruits, the foretaste of bliss immortal. By the temporal blessings he enjoys, and by the large hope he indulges of prospective glory at God's right hand, the Christian has a right to say: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Fulfilled.

By M. A. Maitland.

A child in a heedless way

To earth let fall

A seed that was hard and gray

And dry and small;

No palette of limner knew

The fostering mold,

Yet out of its heart there grew

The green and gold.

The breeze bore a song away

From gladful tongue;

It was but a simple lay

And crudely sung;

Yet, hearing, a chastened one

Forgot his pain,

An I hope, in a life undone.

Revived again.

A soul that had learned of him,

The Truth, the Way,

Weak-voiced, when his comrades came,

Essayed to pray!

And there was the sinner bowed,

Long used to scorn!

And there to his Father, God,

A son was born!

The seed from an infant's hand

At random thrown,

The song that the passing wind

Afar had blown,

The light of a soul made free

Shed o'er sin's road,

Wrought out mysteriously

The will of God!

Acknowledgement.

The kind people of Manguerville and Upper Sheffield met at the parsonage Monday evening the 22nd inst., and after spending an enjoyable evening, during which ice cream and cake were served. (The interest of the waiters was not limited to those inside the house). The people took their adieu leaving us about seventeen dollars enriched in finances, and, feeling that our lot has truly been cast among a kind and thoughtful people.

N. B. ROGERS.

N. B. HOME MISSIONS.

A special appeal is being sent out to the churches asking for enlarged contributions in aid of the work. Collection envelopes will be forwarded to any church requiring the same. Let us have a hearty response.

W. R. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

Dedication Service.

The church edifice at New Jerusalem, in Queens Co. has for several months been undergoing a thorough renovation and remodeling so that it is now virtually a new house. The old seats and windows were taken out, and the interior tastefully ceiled with native woods giving the building an appearance of exceptional neatness and comfort. The reopening services were held on the 21st, the writer being present with the pastor and participating in the exercises. Large congregations assembled at each service greatly appreciating the spoken message. A splendid opportunity is here offered for Christian work. The minds of the people are receptive and the grand old truths of the word enlist the sympathies of all. No modern speculations or fads have ever taken root in this community and the earnest servant of Christ finds a most generous welcome in every home. We are looking for good results.

W. E. MCINTYRE.

Personal.

Rev. N. A. McNeill has resigned his pastorate at Petticoe to take a course at Colgate, Hamilton, N. Y. He will remain at Petticoe until the end of this month.

They Favor License.

Some well-meaning but short-sighted people think high license restricts the rum traffic. The fact that the rum men favor it is the strongest proof that it is not a promoter of temperance: Here are the opinions of some leading rum sellers.

"In our opinion, high license does not lessen the consumption of liquor."—*Metz & Brothers*

"High license has not hurt our business, but on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it."—*Peter E. Her (distiller), Nebraska.*

"The two most effective weapons with which to fight prohibition are high license and local option."—*J. H. Atherton (liquor dealer), Louisville, Ky.*

It has been truly said that some Bible readers are like the butterflies which flit from flower to flower, never staying more than a moment in one place. They have no time to extract the full sweetness of the blossom, and they are soon dead and forgotten. Other readers are like the honey bees, which burrow deep into the heart of the flower, and do not leave it till they have gathered its sweet treasure. These live on with the honey they have made, when the gay, useless flies are dead.

People have faith in drugs all the world over, in exact ratio of their ignorance of their nature and *modus operandi*. If it were generally known that all the sarsaparillas, tonic pills and bitters, invigorating cordials, purifying syrups, life balsams, blood foods, nerve strengtheners and matchless sanatives of the world, which are running down the throats of the credulous and unthinking multitude, as the rivers run down to the sea, owed all their potency to charm, their virtue to cure, and their ability to delude, to some combination of stimulants and narcotics, and mainly to alcohol, opium, sugar, etc., they would not use them.