

died at his home in Deerfield, Yarmouth County, on Saturday, the 12th, in the 35th year of his age. A note which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago will have prepared the readers of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR for this sad intelligence. Our brother had desired to live and work for the Master here. He fought bravely against disease and kept on working as long as his failing strength permitted. It seems sad to us that his sun should go down at noon, but if we could look within the veil we should doubtless see that whenever the Lord calls his servants away, there is no cause for grief on their account, since for them, we can believe, the change means fuller happiness and higher service. The loss is to those who are so sadly bereaved. To the afflicted family we extend our sincerest sympathy.

"Qualifications for Medical Work" was the subject of a paper presented at the Ecumenical Conference by Dr. F. Howard Taylor of the China Inland Mission. The qualification upon which Dr. Taylor laid strongest emphasis, was that the medical missionary should be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christ. Without this he would fail as a medical missionary. He should be a man of sound and vigorous health, able to withstand the vicissitudes of climate, and of a sane mind, able to view all missionary problems from a common sense standpoint. Dr. Taylor urged upon all young men contemplating this class of work, the importance of qualifying themselves with the utmost thoroughness if they wish to become successful soul-winners.

—The exercises of Anniversary Week at Wolfville this year, promise to be of not less interest than usual. The Faculty is to be congratulated upon securing a man of so widely recognized ability as Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper to take a prominent part in the programme. Wolfville of itself will well repay a visit in the leafy and blossoming month of June, and the closing exercises connected with the different institutions afford very great attractions. Naturally the number of visitors increases from year to year. For many Baptists who attend these exercises for the first time and observe the evidences of the denomination's work in the field of higher education, the anniversary is a revelation. The special rates which the railway lines offer make the trip to Wolfville a comparatively cheap one, and those who can should go once at least and see what an Acadia Anniversary is like. It is a prudent thing, however, to engage accommodation beforehand, as Wolfville's hotels and boarding houses are apt to be taxed on such occasions to their full capacity.

—In his great address on "The Demands of the Twentieth Century," recently delivered before the Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland, Dr. John Clifford, of London, puts the Baptist position in reference to baptism with the forcefulness of conception and expression that might be expected from him. We quote a few sentences: "Our distinguishing note, let it never be forgot, is not immersion. That is the express teaching of the Book of Common Prayer, and so scholars now admit, it is also the practice described in the New Testament, and ought to be the regular ritual of the obedient clergy of the Church of England, if there were any. Why men will not cease misrepresenting us on this matter I cannot understand. We do not monopolize the baptism, and have no wish to do so! All the 'great' churches give it a place as well as ourselves. No, our distinction is in this, that we insist in placing the 'inward' and spiritual grace before the outward and visible sign.' We say the man himself must be right before there is any value at all in his acceptance of baptism. He must be a loyal disciple of Christ, a conscious possessor of spiritual life. That is our supreme contention. From that position we cannot recede a single inch. Here we take our stand, and by requiring this as an indispensable pre-requisite, we shut and bolt the door against all superstition, effectively witness for the reality and inwardness of religion, and place ourselves in line with all the forces that will cleanse and uplift the Christianity of England and the world in the twentieth century."

—The Baptist Commonwealth of Philadelphia is ably edited, and grows stronger from year to year. The Commonwealth, we are pleased to observe, is quite pronounced in its sympathy with Great Britain in the present war in South Africa. It is well aware, however, that in this it does not voice the unanimous sentiment of its country. "Vast numbers," it says, "in this country sympathize with Great Britain, but the major portion apparently, both of journals and people, are on the opposite side." The Commonwealth shows that the State over which President Kruger presides is in no true sense of the term a republic. Its government has shown itself to be in some respects both despotic and cruel. The people who espouse the cause of these South African "republics" are misled by a name, "while the principles of freedom, with which we ought to sympathize, are represented by the other side." The Commonwealth believes that the United States is missing an opportunity of the greatest magnitude in failing to show friendship for Britain at this time. "We feel," it says, "that it will be a disaster to the world to have these two great nations, that ought to move onward side by side, drawn apart thus needlessly, and as it seems to us, unworthily. . . The nations of Europe today that are hostile to England are really hostile to America. At heart there is no real friendship for her either at Paris or Berlin. . . Those who are

more than glad to put the lion in leash, would likewise rejoice to be able to clip the eagle's wings. It may yet be that in the progress of our development we shall need the friendship of Great Britain, which now we seem so ready to push aside. But whether we do or not, the severance of these two nations akin in spirit, in purpose and civilization, is preëminently to be deplored."

A Forward Movement.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY THANKSGIVING FUND.

Baptists the world over have ever been missionary in spirit, in aim and endeavor. They would be untrue to their origin if they were anything else or less. Like their Master and Founder they feel that they 'must be about their Father's business.' He came to save the lost, that is the work of the Christian church. To it all her God-given powers are to be directed, and no effort is to be spared until the great work is done. Baptists stand for some things. Their mission in the world is not ended. The 'Fathers,' as we love to call them, had their work cut out by Divine Providence, and what they did was done well. We have entered into their labors and are enjoying the fruit of their patient toil in planting Baptist churches in these Provinces by the sea. In 1800 the Baptists were a few and feeble folk, without learning or influence or social position. They were a despised and persecuted sect, everywhere spoken against. To-day, in numbers, in wealth, in influence, in social standing and in education, they are not a whit behind their brethren of other names. The beginning of a new century is a fitting time to make a new start. Already in the matter of the higher education a Forward Movement has been made with most gratifying results. A sum of \$60,000 has been pledged toward the endowment fund of Acadia College, one-half of which has already been paid.

It is now proposed to begin a campaign for the raising of at least \$50,000, for Home and Foreign Missions. The sum is small, too small, it ought to have been \$100,000, which is well within the ability of our people to raise within the next two years. Plans are being matured which will be presented to the different Associations this summer, after which the canvass will begin in earnest. It is proposed to obtain the name of every member of our Baptist churches to this fund, as also every adherent to Baptist principles. In view of what others have done in this and the mother-land, of the needs and possibilities before our people, of what has been done for us, by Him whom we call Master and Lord, during the century that has gone, and especially in view of the bright future before us as a people, there will be a hearty and generous response to the appeal which is about to be made, for an advance in mission work both at home and abroad. There is no reason why these Provinces should not be dotted from end to end by Baptist churches, and our mission to the Telegus in India affords a splendid opportunity for extension. Already a good start has been made. The next 25 years will see a great advance. Brethren, let us gird ourselves for the work that lies before us, and go forward, strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus.

J. W. MANNING.

From Halifax.

The Rev. Mr. Schurman has received an appointment from the Imperial authorities as Baptist Chaplain to the Halifax Garrison. This, so far as I know, is the first Baptist appointment to a chaplaincy to regulars in Canada. By virtue of his office he has ready access to the barracks, and is not regarded as an intruder in any soldier's room. A good ferret is this new chaplain. At first there appeared only sixty soldiers of the Baptist stripe, but further research has revealed about forty more, so that now the denomination has at least one hundred fighting men in Halifax. The Baptists in the Dominion who have sons here, may feel assured that Mr. Schurman will do all in his power to help them along in the right way. In the afternoons and evenings, when off duty, the soldiers are allowed to go to any Sunday school or church service. As a matter of fact they avail themselves of this liberty. In this way the other Baptist ministers become acquainted with them, and are in a position to co-operate with Chaplain Schurman in doing good to the visitors.

These Canadian boys differ from the typical soldier familiar to the streets of Halifax since 1749. The over-the-sea soldier is plump, stiff, and machine-like. Put him in citizens clothes and he would still be known as a soldier. The Canadian red coat does not carry so many pounds avoirdupois, is lithe, wiry and alert. He would be a better match for the Boers in device and skill in difficulties. The breeziness of his Canadian home is in his make-up and manner. In him is more self-reliance, more faith in his own wisdom and resources than in his English cousin in scarlet. From Paardeburg on, the world will respect the Canadian soldier, and for good reasons. In him are the qualities of the intelligent, persistent, and no-surrender fighter.

"Whom the Lord loves he chastens." It has fallen to the lot of the family of the much beloved Rev. W. E. Hall to have a large measure of severe illness. Miss

Hall a short time ago was suddenly attacked with fever, which made the brain its centre. For a time her life was in great peril, but the prospect of restored health is now encouraging. Mrs. Hall who, until about a year ago had robust health, has been more or less an invalid for these months past. But God's grace in the home and a host of sympathizing friends make the burden bearable. Discipline! discipline!

I experienced a funeral day on the D. A. R. Men from Halifax, a strange assortment, were passengers that morning. From the West to the point of meeting, Kentville, the same mixed company appeared. But when they put on small white aprons all was explained. Canons, D. D.'s, and M. D.'s, of the Episcopal church, Judges, Baptists, Methodists, and Presbyterians, donned the white sign of Masonry. They had gathered at Kentville to carry the remains of a venerable brother to his last resting place at Auburn, Aylesford. There the deceased, Rev. Mr. Avory, had spent many years as rector. There in that quiet spot his Masonic brothers laid him away under the symbolic forms of the order, to rest until disturbed by the trump of God. I know nothing of Masonry from personal experience, but its exhibition that morning looked like an illustration of the brotherhood of man, so much talked of these days, and so little acted upon. It is the watchword of a host of eloquent declaimers, in the splendor of whose rhetoric can be seen a sword pointing at the heart of orthodoxy. But Masonry that day was doing and not saying brotherhood of man.

But this was not all. Crossing the train going west, bearing these Masons in charge of their deceased brother, was the one east bound, bearing the lifeless body of one of the best Marys that ever lived since the Mary of Marys died. Behind this Mary Chipman, now Mary Parker, the deceased wife of our dearly beloved brother, Rev. D. O. Parker, is a history which, could it be unrolled, would be a deathless impulse to every living parent to store up wealth in their boys and girls, rather than in barns and banks.

On the 6th of May, 1834, Eliza Ann Chipman wrote this in her diary, "May the death of dear little Mary be eternal life to some soul!" The mother had enjoyed that treasure only four months. But the Lord gave Eliza Ann, the wife of Rev. William Chipman, another Mary. This was the Mary who was in her last sleep coming over the D. A. R., to find a resting place beside the dear parents and the little sister who have been asleep for these years past. Only the clay slumbers. The spirits have life in a degree above our ability to estimate. That Eliza was the daughter of Deacon Holmes Chipman, whose excellences, Edward Manning were he on earth, could tell better than anyone now living. Back of him was his godly ancestor who first came to this country. Twenty volumes of diary filled with life's incidents, prayers, and holy records, testify to the genuineness of his piety. Deep searching was made in the old colonies for genuine piety in some of the Congregational churches. Before the wife of this ancestor of diary fame could be admitted to membership, a deputation of deacons visited her and made a thorough examination and they were well satisfied. From that godly ancestry came the Mary, followed by her husband, our brother Parker, to the Pleasant Valley, where so many of the true and the great wait patiently the final act in the great salvation.

When Eliza Ann found the second Mary in her arms she said, "I desire to thank and praise the Lord, and to devote my life which he has made his care to his glory." The two Marys have had their first and last meeting. They do not part there. Eliza and William are there too. In early life I knew this Mary. If a purer spirit breathes on earth than she, I know not of it. The full force of a pious ancestry was turned upon her soul, and she cultivated it till the end. Now the harvest! What a harvest! Her end was the end of her father and mother; and through a succession of fathers and mother's back over centuries perhaps.

A soul that breaks with its heredity force of sterling piety, and when the wrench is made successful, and the break comes and the strength of the devil's battery turned on, has lost ground most difficult to regain. Look out for the boys and girls.

But there was a Martha in the vision that day as well as a Mary. A solitary passenger from Halifax that morning was on his way to Melvern Square to see the dead shut out of sight, Martha the last of his sisters. This was the wife of Joseph Dimock Goucher of Melvern Square. Across the orchard a few days before and his brother, Deacon Henry Goucher, had parted with his wife, a daughter of the late Rev. Obed Parker. Heredity again! Over that distance so soon covered by rail between Nictaux and Wolfville, went Nathaniel Parker and his wife on horse back in 1779 to get to Rev. Nicholas Piereson's Conference Meeting at Wolfville to tell "the dealings of God with their souls." They told them; were accepted by the little church and were baptized. How that grand old puritan Baptist and his wife have enriched the country with devout men and women, and ministers not a few. Hold the children along the course in which the full tide of God's blessing through heredity will be a force to bear them on and on up the celestial way.

That is the comfort of Deacon Henry Goucher. What a wife and mother! Yes, and it is easily accounted for. Calm and peaceful were the last days of Joseph's wife's mother. If there was any defect in the next mother back of her, my childish eyes did not see it. I see her now in her arm chair in her Nictaux home. How sunny her smiles! What a luxury to kiss her radiant cheeks. Dimock Goucher's wife went to sleep, as her holy mother, Elizabeth Saunders, did; as her grandmother, Lydia Rhodes, did. Could the line be followed back to Ruth Alden and John her father, the ancestors of Mayflower fame, doubtless the lives and the death-beds would be all alike.

The mayflowers bloomed around Martha's grave, and made the air odorous. The grand-children cried and sobbed around this coffin that disappeared among the mayflowers, as did the grandchildren around the grave of Lydia Rhodes. She is a grandmother, indeed, over whose silent form the grandchildren, the little boys and girls, weep. Here is something for mothers and grandmothers to aim at.

REPORTER.