

Among the best things were: Miss Burdette's report, "The Story of the Twenty-fifth year of the Woman's Home Mission Society." Miss Burdette is "the only secretary known to the denomination who can make the reading of an annual report something interesting as well as instructive." She is therefore worth going a long way to hear. She had good things to report—a deficit of \$5,800 paid and \$3,977 in the treasury. The society raised last year \$88,560—the most of any year. Mrs. Crouse's history of the Society was especially interesting to me as at one time she was a member of the church I serve. After all, however, the evening meeting when eight missionaries came with their stories from the fields among the Indians, the negroes and the immigrants, was the most interesting and helpful. I am convinced that the programme makers would do well to put on more missionaries who can tell the things they have seen and heard, and fewer "orators," "leading pastors," and great guns generally. Those of us who attend the meetings at all regularly get tired of the same dozen or half dozen men served up year after year in different courses. The woman's meeting was a good one.

The foreign missionary society, the Missionary Union made a good report. \$680,518 have come in. This has paid current expenses and given \$2,840 to be applied to a standing debt of \$38,297. 16,283 persons were baptized last year and this society leads all denominations in the manifest results in proportion to the outlay. The reports of the managers impressed us that the society's business is wisely and economically managed.

Wednesday evening, Dr. Barbour gave a long address on his voyage around the world. He had been sent by the Union to visit the mission stations and bring back the report. After hearing his address, I came to the conclusion he was the wrong man. His speech was interesting only as a warning of how not to do it and as an example of how it is possible for a man to see wonders and yet be uninteresting. The man's fault was a lack of simplicity. He forgot we had not all been there. To just tell us what he had seen on this field and at that station, seemed beneath his dignity—he must needs philosophize. It was too bad for he had a grand audience, but he interested only those who were well informed before on Eastern questions—missions included.

The next morning to an audience a quarter as large our greatest living missionary spoke from a wheel chair. I heard Dr. John E. Clough ten years ago. He has fallen in strength since then, but the sight of him is worth more than many addresses.

Rev. W. F. Armstrong, from Burma, and Rev. Joseph Clark, from Congo, both made interesting and instructive speeches.

One of the most brilliant and far-reaching addresses was that of Dr. B. D. Hahn, of Massachusetts. It was the most talked of, of any during the entire meetings. He held the United States to be the greatest missionary nation in her advantages and destiny.

The Publication Society reported receiving during the year \$939,981, of which \$694,795 was from sales of books and papers, \$114,610 was received for missionary work. This is altogether nearly \$30,000 more than was received last year. Dr. P. S. Henson, the wittiest Baptist in the country made the address.

The Home Mission Society also has had a good year, having received \$614,223, which is more than has been received in any ordinary year.

Saturday afternoon was given to excursions and this was the day I went a fishing. Sunday was a great day, the chief event being Rev. A. C. Dixon's sermon. It was based on the visions of Ezekiel, the four living creatures and the valley of dry bones. It was fanciful rather than logical and lacked missionary facts and illustrations. I doubt if it was prepared for this special occasion, but it carried the crowd.

Tuesday was the great day of discussion—a new departure and a good one. Co-ordination of the three societies has been in the air for more than a year and while that will not be brought about—I think that is decided—it looks as though there would be a merging of activities in some direction. The debate hung around two proposals: to experiment on some favorable district having one secretary to represent the three societies, and the publication of a single missionary magazine which would deal with all our missionary work. The first after a grand discussion was lost by a small majority. The second carried a point in the appointing of a committee to report next year on expense, etc.

Not for a long time has there been as much discussion concerning our mission agencies, as during the past year. Not for a long time have contributions been as large. Is there any connection? I think so. Let the people talk. Give them a say in the management. They will squabble, and they will be interested, and then they will give.

I saw Dr. DeBlois and wife, H. A. Porter, Clarence Minard and "Bob" Ingraham, province men, and looked around for Avery Shaw, but did not find him.

Mount Carroll, Ill. JUDSON KEMPTON.

Let no man or woman for the sake of a paltry amusement venture within arm's length of a temptation. To do so were to turn into a mockery the daily petition which our Lord puts into our lips.—E. M. Goulburn.

Divine Providence, as to One Family.

Anniversary week this year took Cornwallis Valley at its best. Everywhere nature was fully robed in its finest attire of leaf and flower and the soft green of spring life. The unusually large number of visitors were ambitious to take in, not only the intellectual and social enjoyments in connection with our institutions, but as much as possible of nature's loveliness. Our team took us away and across, and up to the Look Out, and round in other directions toward Wolfville. On almost every acre we saw not only the prospect of a bountiful crop this year, but in the immense new orchards we saw a promise of a tenfold greater crop in years to come. If this year this valley was able to market 600,000 barrels, what will be the harvest of 1912!

While sweeping round through Port Williams we had our attention called to the old cellar occupied in 1765 by our great grandfather, Obadiah Newcomb. From that spot, now owned by Falsen Newcomb, went forth our grandfather, Abraham Newcomb, with his little family of four children. It was by the urgent request of his beloved pastor, Rev. Mr. Graham, who heard the urgent call of the pastorless people of Stewiacke. Putting horses and all on board the schooner, they went up with the rushing tide to Shubenacadie, then on horseback with each, a quota of children, by a path only, for 18 miles, till they arrived at their destination. Who would have thought that an elder, so devoted to his pastor, could have felt the force of truth so strongly as to sever his church connections and join the then unknown but hated Baptists! Grace was given not only to do but to suffer for the truth that seemed now so plain and obligatory.

His family of twelve children, with two exceptions, followed their father's example. Our mother, Rebecca, was the first to be baptized in the Stewiacke River. Days of hardship were these indeed. Mr. Newcomb had to go to Onslow to be baptized. When Rebecca was married to Daniel C. Archibald in 1828, they were compelled to go as far as Truro for the services of an Episcopal minister, who in that day alone possessed the authority.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence. The Baptist church at Stewiacke has never numbered more than 60 members at any one time, but how far its light has gone forth in the love of Jesus, shining out of the heart of its members! So many of them have been noted for their love of education. Thus they have become teachers, doctors, public men, holding office in church and state. But as I now recall them, thirteen at least have become preachers of the gospel. These are in the order of seniority as follows: Revs. James Newcomb, S. N. Bently, B. A., O. N. Archibald, B. A., Dr. W. Newcomb, I. C. Archibald, A. M., Dr. Arthur C. Chute, H. Starriet, now of Texas, H. Bently, B. A., Dr. Dickie, pastor of Presbyterian church of Windsor, Dr. W. L. Archibald, A. V. Archibald, A. M., A. C. Archibald, B. D., and Miss Mabel B. Archibald, B. A., of India. All of these but one have stood, and do now stand for the gospel truth embraced and professed by our grandfather at so great a cost. If some one should undertake at the close of this century to write the history of this family as then evolved, will he find a growing number of Christian men and ministers of Christ, believing and advocating the eternal verities of God's word? Then will their history be the best monumental pillar to the reality of truth embraced by themselves and their ancestors.

E. N. A.

Explanatory.

Dear Editor:—Many have been asking why I am not going back to India next autumn. It seems meet that some answer should be given where all concerned may read it. All last October, November and December, as well as some time before, the great question on my heart and my prayers was regarding my return to India. It is quite within bounds to say that it occupied more of my attention than all other things combined, and indeed filled the background of all other meditations and supplications. Everything was clear between my Master and myself. Almost numberless times, each day, I told him who knew all things, that I was ready, in body and spirit and all that was within me to follow his beck, regardless of consequences.

It was a relief at last to light upon a standpoint from which it was possible to take a very plain view of the situation. As a missionary I was not working alone, but in a sacred co-partnership with the Baptists of the Maritime Provinces. The problem then became simplified to this:—Was my condition such that it would pay the denomination to send me back? With all I knew of the case,—from consultation with physicians and from my own acquaintance with the facts,—would I advise the Board to send this man out again? I adopted this position as the base of operations, and finally became thoroughly convinced that, if the denomination should put the settlement of the question in my hands, I could not be honest and advise them to send any man to India, in my condition. Although my health is steadily returning; although I

am fully two years younger than I was on my arrival home two years ago; although my youth is so far renewed that I am already able to undertake full pastoral duties, in my native zone; and although the prospect is that I shall be nearly, if not quite as well as ever—here beneath my native skies; nevertheless, the probability is that a very few months under fire, beneath a tropic sun, would lay me low again, and render me an unprofitable servant indeed. All my interest in our foreign mission work went to intensify this conviction. I could not be the man to draw upon a depleted mission treasury for an expensive passage to India, when the weight of probability was that the same treasury would have to be drawn upon again inside of one short year, to bring a worthless load home again. The problem opened itself to me this way about the first of last January, but fearing there might be some mistake about it, the conclusion was not communicated to the Board for two months. The matter was turned over and over again in my mind and spread out before the Lord, some days, hundreds of times a day. Therefore, the letter written to Dr. Manning, in March, was far from being a hasty one. While calling upon Dr. Mabie a few days ago, in Tremont Temple, I talked my case over briefly with him. He gave me to understand that if I were a missionary of the A. B. M. U., they would not send me back, no matter how anxious I might be to go myself. I have not discussed the details here: for it has been extremely painful to say so much about my own physical condition in this general way. The sum of it all is that, eliminating all other considerations, the probability is that it will be some years before it will pay the denomination to send me back. Indeed, it will not do to shrink from facing the possibility that I may now be transported from India for life. "God holds the key of all unknown, and I am glad."

To my comrades in India, I bow myself low, in loving salaams. There is no body of men and women whom I honor so highly or whom I would be so delighted to meet to-day and to-morrow as they. I know how they feel to have one drop out from their small detachment sent out against so great a host. My prayers "rise like a fountain" for them while I write. O God of all the heroes of the sacred past! Stand with them every one, and let them feel thy hand upon each heart!! Thou who hast sent them, be with them night and day!! Give them the victor's song!! May they not taste of death till they see the kingdom of God come with power!! How oft I feel that I must fly through all the intervening clouds and alight at their side in the midst of the fight!

To the war office and its constituents at home, let me say "The harvest is great; the laborers are few." How many a time I have stood on some high hill-top in India and gazed out upon a world variegated with green and gold, gleaming with ponds and streams, dotted with villages beneath the banyans and palms, and swarming with men, women and children. Standing there I have known somewhat of what Jesus felt when he wept over the city at his feet, and something of what he meant when he said, "The harvest is great, the laborers are few." One evening I heard a steam whistle twelve miles away, and how I longed for a voice like that steam whistle to stand on the hills and preach to all the vale and then go to another hill. Three men are ready to go out this autumn; but only one of them has received any encouragement to believe that he will be sent. I cannot find words to express my sorrow. They are three men well trained and ready to give up more than we can put in black and white, at the call of their Master. Who dare say they must not go? Who dare say the denomination cannot afford to send them? Let us decide it as we shall wish we had one hundred years from today!

Yours in the Master's name,

L. D. MORSE.

8 Blanche St., Cambridgeport, Mass., May 28, 1902.

Can We Be Ever True?

Can we be ever true?
Alas! 'tis not in us;
We know but cannot do;
The strength is not in us.

Although it brings the wrath
Of nature down to stay,
We cannot keep the path
We see to be her way.

The strength is not in us
To be as we would be,
So mercy be in us
To pardon those who flee.

The way of truth; to lift
The fallen ones in pain;
To call to those who drift
Asleep to wake again.

Oh! mercy be in us,
The mercy we'd receive;
And may love comfort us
In helping those who grieve.

ARTHUR D. WILMOY.