

We are glad that we can re-
NEW MARYLAND. port progress in our work.
On Sunday Aug. 30th, at
the close of the morning service Bro. Thomas
Audery Philips who is deaf and blind related his
experience and offered himself as a candidate for
baptism and church membership, and was re-
ceived by the church and at the close of the
afternoon service our brother followed the Lord
in the ordinance of Baptism; a large congrega-
tion gathered at the shore to witness the scene;
just as the brother was being let down into the
water by the Pastor he said I am blind in this
world but I expect to see in Heaven, and he
exhorted the people to turn to Christ. At the
close of the evening service Pastor Sables ex-
tended the hand of fellowship to the brother;
and a collection of \$5.00 was taken up for the
work of the Home Mission Board. We expect
to visit the baptismal water at Nashwaak on
Sunday Sept. 6th.

REV. C. W. SABLES.

CARLETON. Since our last report a young
man and woman have been
received into our fellowship
—the former through baptism.

Sept. 1.

B. N. NOBLES.

Rev. Mr. Hayward, the
St. LEONARD'S Evangelist has been with us
N. B. holding special meetings for
the past week. Some inter-
est was shown in the meetings. Sunday Rev.
Mr. Hayward had the pleasure of baptizing four
—two young men and two young ladies. About
fifty were on the shore witnessing the ordinance.
Our prayer is that God will continue the work
and send laborers for this field.

ELIAS AUGER.

Bro. Steeves and I were
NEWCASTLE, N. B. privileged to labor for the
Lord with this church for
nearly two weeks. We found the church quite
weak but met a number of earnest workers. Mr.
Steeves having to return to college we could con-
tinue no longer. God blessed us, some asked
prayer and we believe a good work could have
been done. Bros. Thorne and O Steeves were
with us at different meetings and helped. As I
have not had a week for about a year I am now
taking a short vacation supplying on Sunday.

G. H. BEAMAN.

Rest Yonder

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

You may be doing God's will with one hand
consecrated to Christ and making your own
autobiography with the other consecrated to
self.—*Henry Drummond.*

Appearances Fig. 1st Him

A Scottish parish minister was going from
home, and procured the clergyman of a neigh-
boring parish to officiate on Sunday. His servant,
who was also the beadle, was sent over to the
station to drive the reverend gentleman to the
manse.

When the train arrived, the beadle asked him
to be good enough to wait a while, as he had
some errands to do before going home.

It was two hours before he returned. The
good man was furious and threatened to report
him to his master.

"Well, sir, ye can dae that if ye like," said
the beadle; "but he tellt me himsel' t' wait till
it was dark afore I drove ye ower; for if the folk
o' the village saw wha was to preach naebudy
wad turn out the morn."

Christ's Prisoners.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

These two words, when read together, sound
like a singular pair of bedfellows. For to be
behind the bars of a jail in our day commonly
indicates an accomplice of Satan. But in apos-
tolic days imprisonment often was a badge of
honor. The chiefest of the Apostles, when he
wrote a letter to his Colossian friend, Philemon,
signed himself, "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ."
The old hero is Christ's ambassador in Nero's
fifters—a prisoner not for evil-doing, but for
well-doing, his menacles are badges of honor;
and while his scarred body is bound, his soul is
rejoicing as Christ's freedman from the yoke of
sin, and there is not a happier man in Rome.

The essence of imprisonment is to be confined
in one place without the permission or possibility
of going where one chooses. In this sense there
are a great many good people who are Christ's
servants, and yet are prisoners. They are *shut-
ins* without their own consent. Some of them
are unable to get into God's house on Sabbath,
though the Lord of the house comes to them.
Some have been confined within the walls of one
room for long weary years. During my pastor-
ate I used to visit, year after year, a lovely and
cultured young lady who knew nothing of the
outdoor world, except the glimpses she got from
her bedroom window. What sermons that brave
girl used to preach to me on the beauties of
Christian patience! I learned from her what a
sweet rest there is in the "Everlasting Arms."
She never uttered to me one syllable of discon-
tent during the whole fourteen or fifteen years
of her imprisonment in that sick chamber! When
I read to her some cheering passage from God's
Book, or gave her a sip of honey from that in-
exhaustible honey-comb, a joyous smile passed
over her face (which was sadly distorted by long
disease), as if she were saying, "Oh, how good
that tastes!" If there was one room in Brooklyn
that the Master "ofttimes resorted to," it was
that in which this bright, sunny-souled girl spent
all her youthful years as a "prisoner of Jesus
Christ."

Just why it is that the all-wise and loving
Master permits some of His choicest servants to
be laid aside from all active service, and to be
tortured often by sharp bodily pains, I cannot
understand. When every voice is so needed to
teach and to preach His Gospel, why are so
many doomed to silence? When every hand is
needed in His service, why are so many of His
soldiers destined to lie helpless in the hospitals?
It is not my business to explain all these mys-
teries. But there are some explanations that
give a partial relief.

One is, that the Christian life is a school for
the promotion of that vitally important thing—
Christ-like character. And some of the most
beautiful traits can only be got through suffer-
ing. Hot furnaces often make the brightest
Christians. It is not those whom He hates, but
those whom He loves, that He thus chasteneth.
The Master sits as a *refiner* beside the furnace of
affliction. He beats it until the metal melts, and
the dross of selfishness and impatience and un-
belief runs off. He often keeps His silver in the
furnace till He can see His own face reflected in
the clear metal of the heart as in a mirror. Then
the affliction is doing its appointed work, and
Jesus has made the vessel unto His own honor.
During my pastoral experience I have discovered
that some of the most attractive and well-ripened
Christian characters belonged to those who had
been schooled by intense bodily sufferings. Per-
haps when such reach heaven, they may be
more than content that in this world they were
among the Lord's *shut-ins*.

The prisoners of Jesus Christ may be among
the useful of His servants—I mean useful to
others. Paul did some of his best work when a
prisoner. A gaoler looked him up at Philippi;
but in a few hours he had that very gaoler at his
feet, crying out, "What must I do to be saved?"
At Rome he preached the Gospel to those around
him, until there were many converts in Caesar's
household. He wrote seven of his inspired
epistles while he was Nero's captive—one of
them was the letter to Philippi, which is the
special epistle of gratitude for divine mercies,
and of exultant joy under sharp affliction.

I need not remind my readers of the case of
John Bunyan, who would probably never have
written the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" if he
had not been an inmate of Bedford Gaol.

Miss Charlotte Elliott composed that wonder-
ful hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," and
some others of her exquisite songs of the soul,
while she was imprisoned in a sick chamber. An
invalid lady, who could no longer be a tract dis-
tributor in her district, spent her time in folding
and directing leaflets of awakening to the im-
penitent, or consolation to the troubled—and
these she sent through the post or by special
messenger. You may imprison a body, but you
cannot imprison a soul that is luminous with the
light of Jesus, and vocal with the inspirations of
of His spirit.

Married.

WHITE-NASON.—In New Maryland, Aug. 26th, at
the residence of bride's mother, by Rev. C. W. Sables,
Mr. Willis J. White of Stanley and Miss Pearl D.
Nason of New Maryland.

Died.

ALLWOOD.—In St. John, Aug. 30th, Sarah Louise,
wife of William Allwood, aged 68 years. Sister
Allwood was a daughter of the late Z. G. Gabel and a
grand daughter of Rev. Jarvis Ring. She was espe-
cially active in the W. M. A. Society of Brunswick
church, and took a deep interest in all Christian work.
Besides her husband, two sons, Frank S. Allwood of
this city, and Zebedee G. Allwood of Boston, with an
adopted daughter remain in mourning.

WILSON.—Sister Wilson, beloved wife of Hiram
Wilson of Prosser Brook, Albert county, fell sweetly
asleep in Jesus on April 28th in the 74th year of her
age, leaving to mourn a husband and six children,
four sons and two daughters. She experienced the
saving grace of God when very young, and was bap-
tized by Rev. James Blakney, of precious memory,
when she was fifteen years old, and united with the
Second Salisbury church, in Kinnear Settlement;
later in life she moved with her family to Prosser
Brook. She was a faithful Christian; and in her ill-
ness longed for the time to come when she would be
re-joined up with her. Sister Wilson was the second
daughter of the late Rev. James Horritt of Butternut
Ridge. Her funeral services were conducted by her
pastor Rev. J. N. Thorne, who preached a very im-
pressive sermon on the occasion.