

GLACE BAY, C. B., BAPTIST CHURCH.

The accompanying cut represents the handsome new church edifice opened a few weeks ago at Glace Bay, C. B. This building and the body of people which worships in it indicate a remarkable change as compared with the condition of the Baptist cause in Glace Bay thirty years ago. The church was organized in 1873 with thirteen constituent members; only three of whom are now living. These are Mrs. J. B. Phillips, Mrs. J. E. Hitchins and Mr. Alexander McPherson. The other constituent members were Mr. J. E. Hitchins, Mrs. Burgman, Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Martell, Mrs. C. B. Spencer, Mrs. J. W. Dobson, Mrs. J. L. Rice, Mr. Hector McIntyre, Mrs. Jennie Cameron and Miss Harriet Hitchins, all of whom afterwards removed from the place and only three of whom are still living.

Little Glace Bay was a very small place in those days and the Roman Catholic church was the only religious body in the place. Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Martell were the first to organize a Protestant Sunday School in the little village, and this they assembled in a private house. It was a very unpretentious little school at that time. The International Sunday School Lessons were not yet in vogue, and each Sabbath the lesson was selected according to the choice of the teacher. There were no leaflets and the Bible, a much more expensive book than now, was much in evidence. Sunday School libraries and papers were as yet undreamed of. Such schools, however, developed an excellent stamp of boys and girls.

The late Rev. J. F. Kempton is said to have been first Baptist minister to preach in Glace Bay. There was no Protestant church of any denomination in the place at that time, and the service was held in a carpenter's shop which stood on the bank of the river just opposite the old coal loading piers. It was a rude and uncomfortable place, but

from the seed sown at that service sprang the present prosperous Baptist church.

For some years after the beginning, however, this small body of Christians had no settled pastor, and no place in which to meet regularly. A humble prayer meeting and the little Sunday school held in private houses or the carpenter shop were the only evidences of a living and growing church.

It was not until the year 1878 that the small body whose number was still no greater than that of the Lord's Apostles, ventured to begin the erection of a church building.

For the sum of \$50 a lot of land was purchased on what is now Commercial Street, and there the handful of male members, each one doing his part in the manual labor, brought their timbers, boards, shingles, etc., and began the erection of a very unassuming place of worship. But one stormy night when the frame of the new building had been raised and partly boarded in a terrific wind storm levelled the whole thing to the ground. By no means discouraged by this calamity, they at once set to work on the wreck and soon had the building up again.

With heroic courage and sacrifice they persevered until they had completed what was then considered a very respectable church edifice. From that time on the Baptist cause in Glace Bay has made steady growth until now the denomination is one of the most influential in the town and its new church building is said to be one of the handsomest in Cape Breton. The present pastor, Rev. E. L. Steeves, is a minister of recognized ability whose work in other fields of labor has been attended with excellent results and who will doubtless be equally successful in his present important charge.

The Cheerfulness of Death.

BY W. W. KEEN, M. D.

Most people, even most Christian people shrink from Death. In sermons and hymns, and in literature, it is generally represented as repulsive. It is spoken of as "Death's Cold Stream," "The Last Enemy," "The Dark Valley of the Shadow of Death," and the "terrors of death" are pictured in vivid terms. For the Christian, at least, this is all wrong. Death should be in reality his best friend; welcomed rather than feared.

So far as the physical aspect of death is concerned, the universal teaching of physicians is that the process of dying is rarely painful or even unwelcome to the patient, though full of sorrow to his family. A happy unconsciousness in nearly all cases shields the dying man from pain. The weakness, the fever, the parched lips, the labored breathing, are all unfit. Most people die quietly and often almost imperceptibly.

"We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died."

is often true. Even when convulsive movements occur, they are entirely independent of consciousness; mere physical in origin and character, and absolutely unattended by any suffering.

If, then, death is not an unpleasant process physically,

why should it be feared from the spiritual side? See what it does for the Christian.

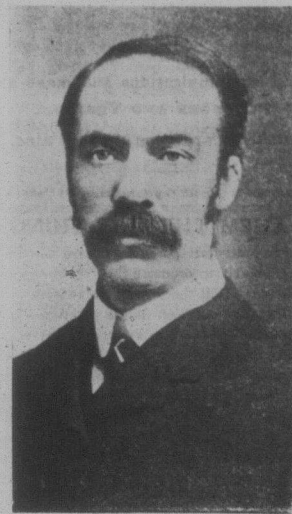
It frees him from accident, sickness, and suffering, to which his body has been liable all his life, and from which he has often suffered, sometimes intensely and for long periods of time.

It frees him from all sorrow. No one who has reached even adolescence escapes sorrow. To many, sorrows are multiplied manifold and bear down even the stoutest heart. The "weary" and the "heavy laden" make up the mass of mankind.

It opens the gates of heaven to him. While we know nothing accurately of the details of the heavenly life, we do know that there we shall live in eternal bliss, there we shall be in the presence of God himself; there we shall see and know intimately our Lord Jesus Christ; there we shall feel the influence of the Holy Spirit; there we shall meet the saints of all ages; there we shall be reunited to the dear ones who have happily preceded us; there shall come in due time the dear ones we have left on earth; there our minds will expand beyond our present comprehension; there all the unsolved problems on earth will be as clear as day; there we shall learn why perplexity, disappointment, and trouble were our lot on earth and were needful for the orderly and sufficient development of our own character, and of God's large plans, not only for us,

but for the race; there, in a word, all that is evil shall vanish away and all that is good shall be ours forever.

If death, then, is not a painful, unpleasant process, and if it does for us so much, it should be, not the last enemy, but our best friend; not dreaded as the messenger of evil, but welcomed as a companion who will lead us into paths of pleasantness and reveal to us the joys for which we have been longing all our lives. We should not speak of the terrors of death, but should feel in our very hearts the cheerfulness of death.—The Outlook.



REV. E. L. STEEVES.

| Pastor of Glace Bay Baptist Church.

Wilberforce and the Slaves Bound With Them that are in Bonds.

One hundred and twenty-five years ago slavery was the proper thing for the property, and yet Dante could picture no blacker Inferno than the hull of a slave-ship. Wilberforce said, "so much misery condensed into so little room the imagination can never conceive." Human beings condemned by their color, newly seized from all the freedom of their African forests, were marched, tied to logs, to the coast and then, confined in irons in spaces four feet high, they were so packed that all the long black night-watches the poor creatures could not even turn from side to side. A witness before the committee of the British House of Commons testified that "they had not much room as a man has in his coffin." Deaths from choking and suffocation took place almost every night, and in the morning there the living and the dead were found chained and shackled together. No law said nay, and every man said yea, or at least nobody cared. Nobody was bound with those that were in bonds. In 1783 the captain of a slave ship threw 132 living men and women into the sea, because a fever had broken out on board, and if the slaves died, the loss would fall upon the owners, and he was one of them, whereas if the cargo was lightened, then the loss would come upon the underwriters. Oh who at last was bound with those that were bound and sprung at last to right those monstrous wrongs? Wilberforce. The established order of things hurled maledictions at him, but he stood fire, and from his place in the British Parliament made the land ring with the echoes of his protest in name of God and man. John Wesley saw the storm that always gathers when a man faces the fearful odds in fighting a wrong, and the old saint wrote on his deathbed to Wilberforce, "Unless God has raised you up for this very thing, you will be worn out by the opposition of men and devils; but if God be for you, who can be against you?"

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Surely it means that every sorrow carries in itself a clue to blessedness, and that there is no sorrow for which there is not healing and help in the gospel of Christ.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Do not let any of us complain that our circumstances are making us evil. Let us manfully confess, one and all, that the evil lies in us, not in them.—F. D. Maurice.

If it is true that knowledge is power, it is doubly true that knowledge of God is spiritual power.—Rev. J. Hudson Taylor.

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