

fectly transparent glass. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is a well of English undefiled. In every page Bunyan sticks to the stout old dialect which the illiterate can understand, and which the most cultured cannot improve. Hardly any other book abounds more in monosyllables. There is a model for you in terse, trenchant vigor of speech; and you will be all the more popular and powerful as a preacher if you will learn what Daniel Webster and John Bunyan teach you, viz., that for all the highest purposes of an instructor of the people, pure, plain, simple English is the mightiest instrument. In after years you will thank me for exhorting you to study John Bunyan.—The Baptist Commonwealth.

### Lines Written for the Diamond Anniversary of the Berwick Baptist Church, Nov. 1st, 1903.

BY MRS. ALFRED CHIPMAN.

Three times the silver bell has struck the Century's quarter chime—  
And we're permitted here to greet this precious gem of time—  
To meet within these sacred walls and count the mercies o'er,  
Which God in faithfulness has given from out his boundless store.  
Amidst the cloud of witnesses who gaze upon us here;  
Are early friends beloved in Christ whose presence may be near.  
And 'mid the blessings of this hour, in home and country dear,  
Let us recall the distant past in contrasts sharp and clear.  
The picture's dim: but gazing long I see its features clear—  
Midst forests grand in opening nooks the cabin homes appear,  
Where round the rude stone hearth at night by crackling faggots bright  
The hamlet neighbors gathered in at early candle light  
To worship God; and spend an hour in social converse sweet,  
And find that Christ his promise kept with humble souls to meet.

Three times the silver bell has struck the Century's quarter chime,  
Since pledging hearts they vowed to live in fellowship sublime.  
That vow they kept, and midst the toil and the tax on heart and brain,  
They lived for God, and for his cause each loss to them was gain.

They looked beyond the present need into the larger life,  
And wisely trained their loved to take their places in its strife;  
Teaching them from God's holy book, his written words most wise,  
And nature's volume opening wide to searching hearts and eyes.

God's Day was sacred time to them, and preparation wise,  
They made to keep its holy hours, with cheerful sacrifice—  
At every morn and evening's close the hour was Bethel's calm—  
Thy guidance and protection sought, and found for grief a balm.

Our legacy from them this land we call our own by birth—  
Dearest to us most sacred far of any land on earth.  
These wide far-stretching fruitful fields in smiling beauty dress,  
Protected by the laws of God, and with his service blest.

And still remains the elm-walled square where our First Temple stood,  
Our fathers and grandfathers built from out the standing wood—  
To some of us that Temple's still in memory's picture clear,  
And friends of God who gathered there to worship in his fear.

God's glory often filled the place. There souls were born again—  
And these first found their sins forgiven through blood of Jesus slain.  
And through his grace unmerited, eternal, sovereign, free,  
We shall with kindred gone before his face in glory see.

Chipman and Parker and two Shaws, in youth with purpose grand,  
Brought these same elms from out the wood and planted where they stand.  
Long may their old familiar forms in dignity and grace,  
Keep watch beside our blessed dead, and guard the sacred place  
Near by, where joyfully we bowed beneath our Jordans wave,  
At our Redeemer's blest command and found with him a grave.

These sacred elms! Neglected now their branches moaning sway  
A requiem for other scenes and friends long passed away.  
In the soft rustling of their leaves I hear the music deep  
In tender tones that thrill my soul—voices of those who sleep  
Across the riverlet on the hill in consecrated ground  
And Father Chipman's voice aloud gives no uncertain sound—  
God's love his theme, his raptured soul is filled with heavenly fire,  
Sublime the burst of sacred song as Skinner leads the choir.

Old Shelburn calls to Lion's court's to keep the sacred day,  
And China bids us cease to mourn for kindred passed

Old ocean rolls to Canaan's land where "Our possessions lie."  
The Heavenly vision floats along and glory fills the place.  
"The New Jerusalem comes down adorned with shining grace."

They've passed. To-day is ours for work sublime and grand!  
No time to lose, for openings wide beckon on every hand,  
And ne'er were opportunities so great for us before;  
Which way we look, on every side we see an open door  
Bidding us to enter into toil of self-denying love,  
To save the souls for which our Christ once left his throne above;  
Ours not to live the life of ease—to lay up treasure here.  
To us "The Great Commissioner" speaks in sweetest tones most clear.

Think of the ransom Jesus paid to save from death and hell;  
And if we love him, let us haste the story blest to tell  
To those who die—are dying now! whilst here in ease we live!

Oh can it be! our hearts so hard, we hesitate to give,  
Lest we in future time may need? forgetting what is sure,  
"He lendeth to the Lord who hath compassion on the poor"—  
(And what is lent he promiseth a hundred fold to pay.)  
And who so poor as those without the gospel's cheering ray?

And have we robbed the Lord, our Christ? Oh let us search and find,  
And meet his full requirements, and prove them just and kind.  
Out of the fullness of our hearts and purses let us bring  
A Diamond offering rich and rare and worthy of our King!  
The gift of souls for which he died! The only gift for him,  
To some of us in journeying on amid earth's smiles and tears,  
The church of Christ has been our Home for more than fifty years—  
A half a Century and more, since on an April day,  
A group of eight\* we followed Christ in his appointed way.  
The river flowed with ice and snow. Cold, desolate, and bare  
The landscape lay; but not to us; for Christ our Lord was there.  
His glorious presence filled our souls and scattered every fear.

Light from the throne of Love streamed down and heaven to earth drew near.

For one of us his upward course towards heaven was quick-ly run,  
Two sisters longer toiled for souls and left their work well done.

The sweetness of their early youth  
Unfolded in a life of truth,  
And all the graces from above,  
Were mirrored in their life of love.

One of them sleep where skies are blue and winter's roses bloom;  
The other where the whitening snows will mantle o'er her tomb,

One of us from a distant land sends greetings full of grace,  
And four of us are met once more within thy Holy Place.  
Classmates, within the school of Christ our studies have been sweet.

From an unbroken band above within his courts we'll meet—  
The shadows lengthen now; but bright the sunset gate appears,  
And smooth the path which gently leads beyond this vale of tears.

And brighter to our mental sight appears the picture fair  
Of loved ones waiting with our Lord to give us welcome there.

Our Home is there. We tarry here but for a little day,  
That we may prove our Saviour's love and his blest will obey.

It matters not how soon we go or here how long we stay;  
If we are but prepared to hear, "My Loved One Come Away."

\*NOTE.—Joel Parish.—Maria Chipman.—Mrs. (Rev.) J. E. Balcom; Annie E. Parker.—Mrs. (Rev.) David Freeman; Alice Shaw.—Mrs. (Rev.) Alfred Chipman; David Parker.—Rev. D. O. Parker; George Weathers, William C. Shaw and Augustine Peneo.

### Praying in the Holy Ghost.

Prayer is a divine, not a human, provision. It takes hold upon God, who has ordained it for the maintenance of a godly and blessed life. It does great things for those who use it right. It is the key that fits into the lock of God's cabinet and opens its treasures. It is the conduit through which his mercies pass and repass. It is the instrument by which victories over sin and Satan are gained, the way of communion with the Sovereign of the skies, the source of comfort in trying hours, the secret power of the divine life, the mark of distinction between Christians and worldlings, and the medium of transfiguration glories.

But to realize its highest effectiveness and happy results prayer must be "in the Holy Ghost," he must be its informing, inspiring and directing Power. He is given to "help our infirmities and to teach us what we should pray for." His assistance is indispensable. He knows the will of God, and so can and must suggest the petitions which accord with the divine mind.

He has to do with the manner as well as the matter of our praying. He alone can make it hearty and sincere. We become mere parrots without his inbreathing. He must stir the soul and touch its very depths, drawing out the intense emotion and deep expression.

He must also develop the latent force which takes heav-

be uttered." The symbols of his prevalence are "fiery tongues" and "a rushing mighty wind." Prayer under his impulse is vehement. It is a knocking, a wrestling, an opportunity.

It is his province to cause and to maintain believing prayer—to beget the consciousness and the persuasion that it shall be heard. He is the Spirit of faith, and only as he works on suppliants, do they pray "without doubting," or "with assurance of faith."

He alone communicates the purity of soul and life which constitute the vital element of successful prayer. The palmist says, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." The New Testament requires us to "lift up holy hands." "The clean heart" comes, not by nature or by ordinary birth, but by spiritual renewal. It is wrought in the soul by an indwelling Spirit, who not only renovates, but sanctifies.

He likewise enables us to pray in love. He removes the natural enmity to God and the unforgiving disposition toward men which prevent the reception of gracious and saving benefits. He awakens and fosters that divine and brotherly affection which unites all the parties in true and permanent affinity, which causes all things to work together for good to its possessors, which brings God nigh in fellowship and helpfulness, and which makes heaven tributary to human needs.

Praying in the Holy Ghost, then, means seeking for things in harmony with the purpose of God, in sincerity, with fervency in faith, in purity and in love. Such supplication is our safety and glory. It secures audience before heaven, gives deliverance from every hurtful snare and helps onward in the Christian life. We cannot, and dare not, dispense with it, if we would resist evil influences, and hold on our way steadily to the celestial city. It affords us the only secure defense against our foes, multiplying dangers and aggressive troubles. With such a power at our command, and in constant exercise, neither earth, nor hell, can entice us from our integrity, or exclude us from the heavenly inheritance.—Presbyterian.

### The Honest Traveler.

A minister recently preached on a Sunday evening on the "Greed of Gold," and in the course of his sermon condemned the liquor traffic.

Early the next morning there came into the minister's study a fine looking, intelligent man about forty years old. "Is it better for a man to sell liquor or starve?" he asked.

This was his story:

He was the travelling representative for a large city firm. He had gone to the church with another commercial traveler on Sunday evening, and the minister's sermons had been an arrow from the quiver of God straight to his heart. He left the church, went back to the hotel, sent that very night a letter to the firm for which he was travelling, and whose remuneration for his services was generous, resigning his position, and saying that he could no longer conscientiously represent them.

"And," said the manly man before he left the minister, last night I slept with a sense of peace and security, such as I have not enjoyed for years. I have no prospect for a new position, but upon this I am determined—I shall starve before I shall sell another drop of liquor. God help me!"

At noon the next day the minister was in conversation with one of the leading business men of the church, to whom he told this story. Immediately upon hearing it the merchant said:

"I am in need of just such a man."

In less than twenty-four hours he was in an honorable position with a good salary, illustrating the words of Christ:

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you."—Selected.

### Slips of the Tongue.

Maud was a very timid little girl, and she was particularly shy about meeting the minister. The minister's house was near Maud's home. The "new preacher" had moved in just a few weeks before this time, and Maud's mother wished to send his wife some fresh eggs.

"Must I go, mother?" she half pleaded.

"Yes, dear," said her mother; the cook is very busy, and your brother Frank, has gone to the grocer's, so take this little basket and go quickly for me."

It did seem that her mother would have waited until Frank's return, but perhaps she thought this a good way in which to overcome Maud's shyness.

Maud was so excited that she came near dropping the basket of eggs when the Rev. Mr. Stone himself answered her ring at the door-bell. "Good morning, Mr. Egg," she stammered; "mother sent you some stones."—Our Boys and Girls.

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