

Hantport's Plague and Secret

Sunday evening, March 15th, a large congregation of worshippers gathered in the Baptist church of Hantport to hear the sermon on "Hantport's Secrets," announced to be preached by Rev. J. A. McLean.

It is also an open secret that every candidate for membership gives evidence of this regeneration, and professes faith in Christ. It is an open secret that each candidate sets forth the truth of this new life in Baptism, which symbolizes a new birth.

In the Lord's Supper there are symbolized the atoning blood and the bread of life, by means of which the life is transformed and nourished.

Again it is an open secret that there are some 320 names on our church book. What a host for God's service if they were all earnest, consistent, devoted Christians!

One secret of this failure is the presence of the old wine of sin in the new bottles of the Christian life. Even with those who have been truly saved there is so much of iniquity, of old sins and desires left behind that they cannot effectively work entrance to them.

Another secret of failure is the fact that the new wine is contained in old bottles of a carnal and selfish life. It is here to put the most charitable construction possible on the actions of some of our professing Christians. I conceive it to be possible that a soul may be saved, the heart vivified in some measure by the new life in Christ, and yet many sinful habits and courses to gather around and conceal this.

Let us charitably suppose this to be the case in many instances. Yet while the professing Christian neglects his plain duty, and patronizes sinful amusements, we cannot expect other than failure in church work.

Secondly, I spoke to you about the plague of the soul. It also is among us doing its deadly work. It is doing its deadly work among church members. This is shown by their lack of devotion to the Lord's service, though in view of the sin all around them, there is surely need of work.

"Have Faith in God."

By Mrs. D. H. TAYLOR

"He no use trying to be anything, mother, as long as you're a Darrow." He rested his head upon his hand and mused at his statement with a deep sigh.

John Darrow was twenty-five. His figure was of medium height and of the build called "stocky." A thick mass of stubborn, brown hair surrounded his square, strong face. His complexion was swarthy and his impression of sturdy independence was produced by face and figure was intensified by the sharp gleam of a pair of keen, black eyes set deep in their sockets.

But now all his strength and force was partially obscured by an air of deep depression, mainly incongruity with the real John Darrow.

Mrs. Darrow had been thrown upon her own resources when John was a mere boy. For a number of years after the death of her husband she struggled bravely against hardship, supporting the society of the family.

And John on his part was early fired with an ambition to fill a much larger sphere in this world than his mother had dreamed of.

He was commenced when very young to cut the grass upon gentlemen's grounds. To that employment he added repairing walls and fences about the places where he worked; there came a time when he undertook the construction of a new wall after that a contract for laying sewer-pipes.

Finally his work increased to that he had to hire a laborer to help him; and in this way it came about that at twenty-five he had six or eight men at work for him.

He owned and operated a snug cottage, and had besides a modest bank account. Moreover he was an earnest Christian and his character for integrity stood very high.

While he had neglected no business opening he had not been unmindful of his mental advancement and by the aid of night-schools, lectures, and private reading, his well developed mind kept pace with his business success.

About three months before John's disappointment a new and inviting business career had seemed to open before him.

The city advertised for proposals for the construction of a short sewer in a street adjoining John's house. The idea occurred to John that he might enter a bid for the work.

His heart was set on it, and he had no doubt that he would succeed in everything he undertakes, and that those who are honest and straight forward get left in the lurch.

Let Us Be Kind

By Mrs. D. H. TAYLOR

"Come, Nell, run down to the post-office and get the papers," said Mr. Watkins in a coaxing tone to his fourteen-year-old daughter, who was sitting in a hammock, deep in an interesting story.

Two little wrinkles gathered in the young girl's forehead as she said, poutingly, "Oh, dear, father, I don't want to now; I'm reading an interesting story."

"Now, that's a good girl," coaxed the father. "Come, I want to see the new. You're younger than I am."

"I should think you might wait till Uncle James goes, and he can get the Mail," Nell argued fretfully.

"Perhaps Uncle James won't go to-day, and I want the papers," said Mr. Watkins, a shade of sternness in his voice.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go," Nell declared, petulantly, rising from the hammock and closing her book reluctantly.

She went into the house for her hat. "Well, she came out at a moment later, ready to start for the office, Dr. Newhall, who had been calling on her invalid mother, said with a smile: "Going to the office, Miss Nell? Wait a minute, and I'll give you a ride there."

Half ashamed for fear the doctor had been her petting, she ran to her father, and Nell waited while the horse was brought around.

Soon the young girl was seated in the chaise, bowing merrily along beside the kind old doctor, laughing in spite of herself at his funny jokes.

Dr. Newhall knew well how to entertain young people, and was much beloved by them. All the boys and girls thought it a great treat to ride with the doctor.

After a short silence the doctor said gravely, "Nell, I've a little story to tell you. And then to the gray horse, 'Whoo, Billy,' slowly down the hill he went."

"One day when I was a boy of thirteen," the doctor began, "I was coming from school with the other lads of my age. For a week or more we had been planning to go swimming in the pond below my father's house the first warm day. And that was just the day for it, as hot and muggy."

Wanted to Know

By Mrs. D. H. TAYLOR

"I have never seen you since you were a boy," said Mr. Darrow to the young man who had just come from the city.

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