A SEPARATE CONVENTION

The Rev. Mr. Hughes says that he firmly and honestly believes that "the time has come when there should be a division of the Maritime Convention, and for several and weighty reasons." The first of these is, he says, "because it has become too large and unwieldy," and in support of this statement he says, "Few of our churches care to have it, for none of them can of themselves entertain it." Let us see how much weight there is in this assertion. It is literally true that comparatively a small number of the churches care to have it; but it is equally true that only a few of the churches are expected or required to have it. There are about four hundred churches in the Convention, and of these twenty-five have at different times entertained the Convention. These are among the largest and most wealthy churches. They are, for the most part, situated in the most central, most convenient and most populous places consistent with the objects of the Convention. The number may be small in comparison with the whole list, but it is large enough. Limiting the meetings of Convention to these churches alone, it would take a quarter of a century to go round, and four entertainments in a hundred years can hardly be considered a hardship or a serious infliction upon any strong and well-to-do church. The assertion that "few of our churches care to have it" amounts to nothing when the fact is borne in mind that at least these twenty-five churches, a quite sufficient number, do *care* to have it, and have at various times evinced that *care* by the exercise of their Christian hospitality.

The statement that "none of them can *of themselves* entertain it," is scarcely worthy of consideration. I suppose Mr. Hughes had in mind the fact, that at these annual gatherings there are occasionally a few delegates who decline to accept the hospitality of the church, preferring, as some strange people do, the independence of hotel life; a few others who may be entertained by members of the congregation who are not church members; a few others who may accept the invitation of personal friends not Baptists; and a few others who may abide with members of sister churches. And therefore he contends that no church church can, *of themselves*, entertain the Convention. He dare not say of any of the twenty-five churches that I have referred to, that it cannot entertain the Convention, because he knows it has done so and can do so again; but because a church may not directly and personally entertain every delegate, he ventures the statement of its inability by inserting the words, "of themselves," although he is perfectly well aware that in almost every (if not in every) case, the church with which the Convention meets has assumed the entire responsibility of entertaining the delegates, and has done so willingly and cheerfully. It cannot be denied that in some instances there may occur an occasional inconvenience, and possibly a hardship. But these, like angels' visits, and like the visits of the Convention itself, are few and far between. When we have in mind the Convention of 1892, held as it was, not in a city or large town, but in a rural settlement, a community of almost magnificent distances, and when we think of the royal manner in which 367 delegates were entertained, and when, looking beyond the purely business aspect of the gathering, we consider the many blessed influences which are still stirring the hearts of Christian people there, bountifully repaying them for all their trifling troubles and sacrifices, surely we will see in this one of the best proofs of the desirability of maintaining the Convention in all its entirety and strength.

Mr. Hughes, after working up the figures to 600 (which seems to be the maximum of his imagination), asks, "How are they all to be cared for?" The Convention is not likely to increase more rapidly than the individual churches, or at all events not more rapidly than the Baptist element in the community, and if the two keep even pace with one another, the number of the entertainers and of the entertained will continue to bear the same proportions to each other, so that the only answer that needs to be given to this solemn question is, "In the past, so in the future; what a church has done a church may do."

There is a way of meeting Mr. Hughes' difficulty in the matter of entertainment. I am not in favor of it, but would prefer it to a division. It is simple and comparatively easy, namely, to diminish the representation. The time may come when such a course will be advisable or even necessary, but not yet.

Mr. Hughes' second reason is, "there are too many interests crowded into the Convention requiring attention." The interests which occupy the attention of the Convention are Acadia University, foreign missions, home missions, ministerial education and others, some of which are of minor importance, making, let us say, eight interests in all. Which of these eight subjects will Mr. Hughes relegate to the New Brunswick Convention and which to the Nova Scotia Convention? Will he hand over Acadia University, home missions and two others to New Brunswick and leave the remaining four to Nova Scotia? The absurdity of the question shows the weakness of Mr. Hughes' argument. All the provinces, considered in this connection as a Baptist community, have a like interest in the institutions at Acadia, in the missions' work, and in the other various denominational undertakings, and whether you have one Convention or two or three or a dozen, all these interests will have to be considered in each and every one of them. You may have one Convention dealing with these eight interests in New Brunswick, and another dealing with them in Nova Scotia and another in Prince Edward Island, but instead of diminishing what Mr. Hughes calls "too many interests" you only duplicate them or triplicate them. One of the "weighty" reasons which Mr. Hughes gives in support of his proposed division, and perhaps the weightiest of all, is that "generally the closing session lasts until long after midnight," etc., etc. This would be a serious matter if the closing session took place three hundred and sixty-five times in the year, but as it only occurs once, it may be questioned whether such an infrequent event is of such weighty importance as to necessitate any great change in the constitution. Agreeing, however, as I do, with Mr. Hughes that late hours should, as far as possible be avoided, I cannot leave this branch of the subject without suggesting a sufficient remedy. It is simply this: to adjourn before the clock strikes twelve and meet again the next day. I trust I have made this midnight point so plain that Mr. Hughes will not feel called upon to argue it further.

Mr. Hughes says, "We want to see greater *unanimity* on the part of all our churches," &c., and he advocates disunion. He desires "a healthy *brotherly* rivalry," and he would procure it by encouraging provincial bigotry, attempting to split the brotherhood in two, and pampering to an unhealthy unbrotherly jealousy. He thinks "the best way to promote harmony" is to listen to and obey the voice of discord. He would have the Baptists "*work together* in the management and support of 'Acadia College and foreign missions" by *working apart*. He would have us believe that the Baptists of the three provinces could work beautifully *together* if they were only organically *disjoined*. All that is wanted, he thinks, is a bill of divorcement to make the marriage relationship harmonious and complete.

He tells us that "common sense says, have a Convention in each province." Common sense is a high authority. It is next to inspiration; but I heard it say just the contrary. Is it possible that Mr. Hughes has mistaken his informant? Might it not have been rather Mr. Hughes' own sense of the matter? I am sorry there should be an apparent contradiction on this point.

The interests of the Baptists of the three provinces are identical. Isolated as they are geographically from other Baptists, the work is of necessity circumscribed. I hope, however, to see the time when all the Baptists of Canada shall have some concentration of effort in the direction of foreign missions; but as to the great majority of interests which occupy the Convention there is little hope or reason for any enlargement of the constituency. United you are accomplishing a splendid work. Do not think for a moment of imperiling the efficiency and scope of that work by dividing the forces or yielding to territorial narrow-mindedness.

Mr Hughes has said a good deal about home missions. I do not remember what were the principal reasons and influences that led to this branch of Christian work being transferred from the several associations to the one Convention. They are, no doubt, fresh in the minds of those who took part in and heard the discussions at the time; but even admitting the possibility or the advisability of this part of the denominational work being taken away from Convention, I can not see the slightest reason for conferring it upon a provincial assembly, rather than the several associations where it was originally located.

More than once Mr. Hughes refers to what he call "our New Brunswick Seminary." Surely Mr. Hughes is aware that neither the Baptists of New Brunswick nor the Baptists of the three provinces have any seminary except that at Wolfville. There is the seminary at St. Martins, which has a share in the sympathy, the support and the patronage of Baptists as individuals, and which is, to a certain extent, under their control and management, and I hope the time may soon come when this institution, like those in Wolfville, will belong to the Convention and bear the same relationship to Acadia College as the other institutions there. Until this takes place, however, to bring "our seminary" into the discussion is a meaningless waste of thought. When it does take place, if ever it does, no additional argument will be added thereby in favor of the separation into two Conventions.

Mr. Hughes leads us to the most important point in the consideration of the subject when he says, "I see no reason why a Convention in this province and one in Nova Scotia cannot work together in the management and support of Acadia College and foreign missions," and adds in *sang froid*, what I must take the liberty to italicize, "*As to the details of agreement, it would indicate a sad state of heart and head if we could not settle upon these.*" I think Mr. Hughes, if he should ever get his scheme so far along as to entitle it to serious and practical consideration, would find many a *heart* and *head* in a *very sad state*. He speaks of details of agreement when he has not given us the first hint as to how he intends to plan his structure. Let us have the foundation first. Give us a general idea. We will look for details later.

I submit that the two-fold scheme is impracticable and absurd. I have shown some of the difficulties in the way of its adoption. In your editorial of the 3rd April, you have also referred to them briefly. If there is any answer in support of Mr. Hughes' notion, I wish to see it. My imagination cannot conceive any. My *heart* and *head* are unable to frame any plan, much less the details of this scheme. The only aid that Mr. Hughes attempts to give is a reference to the Northern States, and this, so far as the facts are parallel, are precisely in line with the present constitution of the Baptist Convention. He says, "In the Northern States each State has its own Convention; yet they all unite in the support of one foreign board." Allow me to state a parallel case: "In the Maritime Provinces the several sections of each province has its own associations; yet they all unite in the support of one foreign board." In order to show us how a new plan would work he holds up for our admiration and adoption something as like the old plan as we can discover, and leaves us to grope our way unaided.

Mr. Hughes claims that he has ascertained the views of the Baptists upon this subject and that he is in a most favorable position to voice them correctly. He has had, he says, "a good opportunity to take the pulse of a large number of our people," and upon this he bases his judgment. I have been told that the first time a man becomes intoxicated he thinks everybody in the crowd is drunk but himself, and that there are diseases of the brain which lead a man to believe that every one's mind is disordered but his own. May it not be that Mr. Hughes' own pulse is out of kelter rather than that of those with whom he has come in contact? However much I may esteem Mr. Hughes as an earnest Christian man, and however much I may respect his sincerity in what he says he "firmly and honestly" believes; I put but little faith in his *diagnosis* of this subject, or in the conclusion to which it has driven him. He thinks he sees symptoms of disease and decay, and prescribes amputation. This is the last resort of a hopeless case. If there are differences let us try to heal them. I hate the knife. I prefer the bandage. Let us try the faith cure. Let us try all available remedies. Let me appropriate the words of Mr. Hughes in this connection when he says, "it would indicate a sad state of heart and head if we could not settle" these differences in case they exist.

As Mr. Hughes thinks that a "*nom de plume*" indicates a lack of courage, and that brethren should append "their own names to their ebullitions," I take the liberty of appending mine to this one and of closing with a saying which I once read somewhere—it is this: "United we stand, divided we fall."

H. H. Bligh.

Christ the Door: Come In!

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

During the snow storm the other evening I passed a scantily dressed man leading along a poor child with a basket of broken food on her arm. They walked sorrowfully along past a row of brown-stone houses, within which were glowing fires and plenty to eat and to drink. But they were out in the cold. There was only the thickness of a door between their shivering bodies and abounding warmth, food, and comfort.

As I looked at the forlorn pair trudging through the snow, I said to myself, There is an illustration of scores of unconverted souls in all our congregations. They are not happy, and their souls are starving. They are out in the cold. But close beside them is a blessed refuge of pardon and peace, warmed by Divine love; all that they have to do is to enter through the door. Jesus Christ proclaims, "*I am the Door.*" And out into the cheerless atmosphere through which sinners by multitudes are trooping, sounds the sweet invitation, "Come unto *Me* all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Surely if the owner of one of those fine houses had opened his front door and invited those two poor creatures in the other night and offered them a good supper, they would have joyfully accepted the invitation.

But perhaps the reader of this paragraph may still be wandering along in the cheerless cold of an unconverted heart and an unblessed life. Your soul has hungerings that have never yet been satisfied. You are spiritually *homeless* for this world and for the next. Just think for a moment what Jesus Christ offers to be to you and to do for you. He is the Door to pardon, the Door to a new life, the Door, and the only one, to heaven. "By *Me* if any man enter in he shall be saved!" But you must approach Him and use Him precisely as you would use the door of a mansion that you wish to enter. First you must sincerely *desire* what Christ alone can give you. Then, in the second place, you must *knock* for admission. Sometimes the gentlest tap of sincere faith turns the hinges. Sometimes a soul is kept knocking until he feels the keenness of the blasts of sin out doors and is ready to come in at any cost of his pride and at the surrender of his stubborn unbelief. Others are unwilling to leave their favorite sins outside, and the door opens only to the sincere penitent.

Do you honestly desire to be saved? Do you honestly want to be a better man or woman and to live a life worthy of an immortal creature? Then try the door. You cannot reach the Christian life by any other way under heaven. "He that entereth not by the door, but climbeth up some other way," shall never gain admission to God's favor or God's service. How strangely people act in regard to their spiritual welfare! How strangely you have been acting! It is as absurd as if you had been invited to dine with a hospitable friend, and were to try the windows, or to climb the garden wall, or even endeavor to burrow under it. The invitation is to the front door; why not ring the bell or use the knocker? I know of scores who aim to scale the walls of God's enclosures with the ladder of their own morality. It was good as far as it went, but it was too short for the wall. Others try to dig through with penances or ritualistic ceremonies. Many more are refusing Christ's terms and are trying the "some other ways" with which Satan beguiles them. My friend A—— comes to church, listens to sermons, reads his Bible, and says that he really wants to be a Christian. Yet he is all the while walking past the door. He does not try Christ. Like those poor creatures in the street the other night, he carries his basket of broken victuals, a homeless sinner. All the while the divine voice is sounding out through the air, "I am the Door; if any man enter by Me, he shall be saved!"

My friend, there is no time to be lost. The atmosphere you linger in is very chilling; it may soon benumb your sensibilities so that you shall cease to feel at all. You may freeze to death outside. Or you may grieve the Holy Spirit who is now striving and pleading with you to come in. Some who trifle with God's love and wait until the "Master has risen up and shut to the door," may desire to enter in, but alas, it is too late! The *door is shut!* These pathetic lines of Tennyson describe most faithfully what may yet be the doom of your own procrastination:

Late, late, so late! and dark the night and chill!
Late, late, so late! but we can enter still.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light had we: for that we do repent;
And, learning this, the Bridegroom will relent.
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

No light; so late! and dark and chill the night;
Oh let us in, that we may find the light!
Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now.

Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?
Oh let us in, though late, to kiss His feet!
No, no! too late! ye cannot enter now.

—Evangelist.

— The man who called sarsaparilla a fraud, had good reason; for he got hold of a worthless mixture at "reduced rates." He changed his opinion, however, when he began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It pays to be careful when buying medicines.

Hacknomore cures colds and coughs.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys,—We had gone past a dozen mango orchards, frightened a dozen doves, wound around the banks of two or three tanks, and had come upon a village. The first part that we entered was inhabited by the people who are supposed to be the nearest to heaven, that is the highest caste. Then we went to another part of the village where live the people who are supposed to be the nearest to hell, that is the lowest caste, or rather the outcasts. A Brahman would not let one of them touch him for the world.

As we entered this part, with our white umbrellas up, we caused a great commotion. A number of women were sitting on the ground, with odd combs in their hands, arranging their hair. At sound of our footsteps they flew into their houses like a flock of frightened partridges. Then a buffalo cow, in the front yard, hearing the rush of the women and beholding our approach, sniffed the breeze, tossed her tail, and started for another town. But a long, crooked, heavy pole was tied to her neck; yet this only increased her frenzy. The pole was loosened from its bed and swung across the yard as if it were a mere stick of cordwood. It was going to sweep off a little boy, but I called out to him to run, and the little fellow's bare feet scarcely touched the ground as he darted for the door, just in time to save his heels, for the end of the pole scraped past so close that we thought he was gone. But he was safe, and the cow dashed off with all her load and disappeared behind the village.

At the same time a small white cow was tied to the front door post. Seeing bedlam had broken loose she bolted the length of her halter into the house. But not finding sufficient refuge there, she backed out again like a shot and threw her whole weight upon the rope, endeavoring to break away. But as neither post nor tether would give—with eyes glaring, tongue protruding, half choked, she rushed into the house, tumbled down, clambered up and darted out again. Some women ventured near to untie her and let her go; but that only scared the maddened creature more, as if she thought the dreaded monster were now about to seize her.

All this panic had got abroad before we had time to turn around. As soon as I could collect my senses, I said to the native preachers, "Come away; we came to preach salvation, but we have conjured up destruction." As we were going around the corner, one woman with more magic than the rest succeeded in slipping the halter over the cow's head (horns very short). Then the frenzied animal cleared the village with a leap and took refuge in parts unknown.

Silence settled upon the village and we returned. The people did not seem to blame us for the tumult, and gathered around with their children. They listened to the story of Jesus with wondering interest. They seemed to be much gladder to hear it than those of higher caste. One man says, "We are ignorant. We cannot read. What do we know about these things? What is the good of preaching to us?" But we tell them that Jesus loves the ignorant and uneducated; that He mingled with them and ate with them in the days of His ministry in Palestine; and that He has sent us especially to the ignorant that they might become wise; to the poor, that they might become rich, and to sinners, that they might be saved. Then they utter a very happy sound, a very strong assent, and listen to our words with a new zest. These men, women and children are all precious souls. The true missionary sees in each one of these degraded beings the possibility of his becoming a bright child of God. With this faith he is able to do his work hopefully and enthusiastically trusting in God.

From a distance the wild waste which we are crossing looks a blueberry barren, but it is only a patch of arid upland, clothed with stubby thorn bushes and dwarf shrubs. Two doves fly up from their covert, beating their swift wings like the pulsation of frightened hearts. High on the tuft of yonder palm sits another. The soft moan which we heard and thought was half a mile away, we find comes from this dove so near. Its sky-blue breast looks as pure as the firmament. Its form is as neat as a dew-drop. This is the bird of love. But can we believe our eyes? There is a dove chasing a crow, pecking at its back like a hawk. The dove is very small, about half as large as a pigeon; but the crow is trying to get away and the dove is pursuing. Now they swoop to the ground, now up through the trees, the dove persistently following with vengeance. We are stunned with astonishment. What! A dove angry? This bird of love turned to a hawk! But Appalaswamy says, "The crow has been robbing the dove's nest." That casts a new light upon the matter. The dove is angry with the crow because she loves her young. The more she loves her young the angrier will she be at the crow for devouring them. How hideous and heinous the crow looks now! We feel as if we could join in the chase and help beat him to the earth. To think of robbing the nest of a dove and rousing vengeance in the heart of a bird that is held the very emblem of love!

This makes us think of another embodiment of love, upon whom God's Spirit came in the form of a dove. How astounded are we when we see His dove-like Spirit aroused, and anger flashing upon the Pharisees from His gentle face! But their hard hearts and this poor man's withered hand explain. Those blind, heartless bigots would hinder the healing of this man's hand. They are robbing the nest of the dove. Jesus was angry at them because He loved this afflicted man.

One day in the great snow-white temple at Jerusalem, a crowd of very religious (?) men was clustered about this man of love. But He burst forth upon them: "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! Ye serpents! ye generation of vipers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell?" This is the man who is meek and lowly in heart! But they were robbing the nest of the dove. They were trying to curse the people whom Jesus came to save. They were binding "heavy burdens and grievous to be borne," and laying "them on men's shoulders"; they had "taken away the key of knowledge"; they had "shut up the kingdom of heaven against men"; they were devouring "widows' houses"; they would "compass sea and land" to make one convert and then make him "two-fold more the child of hell" than themselves. No doubt there were other and deeper reasons for our Saviour's wrath, His hatred of sin and His love of truth. But one great reason why Jesus was so angry with the Pharisees was that He loved the people whom He came to save and whom they were trying to destroy. Even while He was angry with them, His great heart loved them and He called out to them, "O Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and *ye would not.*" It is amazing to find in so many places that the anger of Jesus is born of His love; that His burning indignation is the lightning flash from great clouds of grace that fill a heart as big as the sky; that the "wrath of the Lamb" is like the anger of the dove. How wicked must be the heart of that man on whom abideth the wrath of the meek and lowly Jesus! How shameful and awful will it be for those who shall hide themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains, and cry to the mountains and rocks, "Fall on us and hide us from the wrath of the Lamb!"

You will not wonder if after these thoughts I tripped over the fields with a brighter and braver heart, more anxious to please our Master and fearing His wrath with a new dread. It gave me fresh and bounding courage to hasten on to a squalid village to deliver the glad message from Him on whom, from the opening heavens, the Spirit came in the form of a dove, and whose love was so great that for us He shed His blood.

Altogether on this tour we have visited thirty-seven villages. To some distant ones we rode in an ox-cart. Thus we would wander in all directions, never out of sight of huge hills, palm groves and mango orchards, and seldom out of sound of the squeaking and creaking of the well sweep, or the cooing and moaning of the dove.

Yours cordially,
L. D. Morse.

Bimlipatam, India, March 4th.

The Two Elements in Prayer.

Every true prayer has its background and its foreground. The foreground of prayer is the intense, immediate desire for a certain blessing which seems to be absolutely necessary for the soul to have; the background to prayer is the quiet, earnest desire that the will of God, whatever it may be, should be done. What a picture is the perfect prayer of Jesus in Gethsemane! In front burns the strong desire to escape death and to live; but behind there stands, calm and strong, the craving of the whole life for the doing of the will of God. In front the man's eagerness for life; behind, "He that formeth the mountains and createth the winds and declareth unto man his thought, that maketh the morning darkness, and treadeth upon the high places of the earth." In front, the teeming plain; behind, the solemn hills. I can see the picture of the prayer with absolute clearness. Leave out the foreground—let there be no expression of the wish of him who prays—and there is left a pure submission which is almost fatalism. Leave out the background—let there be no acceptance of the will of God—and the prayer is only an expression of self-will, a petulant claiming of the uncorrected choice of him who prays. Only when the two, foreground and background, are there together—the special desire resting on the universal submission—the universal submission opening into the special desire—only then is the picture perfect and the prayer complete!—*Phillips Brooks.*

Faith's Four Anchors.

Let your faith get a strong hold of God. In the little ports that face the Atlantic storms I have seen the coasting vessels put out huge cables making fast the ship at stem and stern, and coiled about the posts that held to the solid rock, and the captain has looked up at the storm with a kind of indifference, tightening his lips and nodding his head. "That will hold," quoth he. Dear heart, when the storm comes get out faith's big cable and wrap it around the faithfulness of the Almighty—"that will hold." They of olden times cast out four anchors and wished for the day. Faith's four anchors have a grand anchorage—the love of God—that can never, never fail us. Have faith in His love.

Have faith in His faithfulness. My Lord, hast Thou not caused it to be spoken for me: "Your heavenly Father careth for you?" Put your finger on the word. Is it not this on which Thou has caused me to hope, my Lord? And is the foundation to be moved? Never! It is a blessed hold for our anchor.

Come, fetch another anchor and fling it out. Let it go down amongst the tumbling seas. It holds—the power of God. "My God, my God, art Thou not able to deliver? Art Thou not greater than all the ill that can beset me? Lord of the winds and waves, Almighty is Thy name. And lo! I am Thine, and Thou art mine. I will not be afraid."

And yet another anchor bring and let it go. Fear not. Let it plunge amongst these seething waves. Let faith take hold of the wisdom of God. My Father, Thou knowest best. I see but the beginning, and that but dimly. Thou seest the end and outcome of it all. Thou leadest Thy people like a flock, and Thou goest before them. Not needlessly are they exposed to heat of storm and stress of weather, nor carelessly are they suffered to wander along the bleak hillside. Thou knowest whither they should go. Unerring wisdom guides us. We cannot fear. We dare not doubt. That anchor holds.—*Mark Guy Pearse.*

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(Correspondents to this department should address their communications to J. H. MacDonald, St. John, N. B.)

Africa for Christ.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC FOR THE MONTH BEGINNING APRIL 30.

The vastness of the conquest gained for Christ in Africa is shown in the following division of the continent according to the "Statesman's Year Book" for 1891:

Territory held or controlled by	Sq. Miles.	Pop.
British,	2,462,436	39,
Portuguese,	909,824	[illegible]
French,	2,783,950	22,
Spanish,	246,757	[illegible]
German,	931,000	5,
Italian,	815,100	5,
Belgian (Congo State),	827,009	15,
Boer Republics,	163,466	[illegible]
Liberia,	37,000	1,
Turkish (Egypt & Tripoli)	836 000	7,
Unappropriated,	3,031,583	25,
Great Lakes,	89,350	[illegible]
Total—Africa,	11,514,300	127,

To conquer Africa for Christ demand that the number of workers in the field must be increased by thousands. Preachers, teachers, evangelists and educators of all kinds are needed in Africa before such a trophy can be won for our King.

When in college I heard the venerable Dr. Moffat was to be present and saw the G. O. M., with all the remaining strength of declining years, pleaded for Africa." He was laid in his grave in August, 1883, aged 88. The Missionary Society sent him to Africa in 1817, and he left the field in 1870. During those years he laid the foundation for all future workers and missionaries to work in "Dark Continent." He wrought work among the Bechwanas, tribes idolatrous and savage, ignorant and degraded, and at war with each other. When Christian churches abound, a body of native pastors had been raised from among the Bechwanas. David Livingstone went out from same society to work with him among the same tribes. He married Moffat's daughter. In 1849 he commenced those series of "[illegible] which have made him famous. In 1852-56 he covered in his exploration about 11,000 miles, rivers to sources, discovering lakes seen by white man before, [illegible] observations invaluable to travellers. Victoria Gold Medal, England's reward. He visited Africa in 1856 and 1864. Appeared at his last journey into the interior. Stanley was despatched to find him. They met at Ujiji, 1871. Buried in the dust of the great travellers' minister Abbey.

The Christian church now [illegible] the great responsibility which rests upon [illegible] of the dark continent. Among the first to go to conquer Africa for Christ was the Church Missionary Society. Among those sent out that splendid missionary, Hannington. Kay, who held the fort [illegible] amidst persecutions bitter [illegible] while insurrections were [illegible] against King Mwanga. [illegible] work is bearing fruit to [illegible] which is a church accommodating [illegible] thousand people. The dedication [illegible] attended by King Mwanga, [illegible] who murdered Bishop Hannington, who now has requested [illegible] Ashe to come daily to his [illegible] teach him religion. Besides [illegible] thousand souls are under [illegible] struction. If the martyrs' [illegible] Kay and Hannington are [illegible] from glory, how they must [illegible] the blood of the martyrs is [illegible] the church.

As Baptists our eyes [illegible] to the Congo region, where [illegible] buried many workmen in [illegible] the foundation of a great [illegible] fever stricken land. Forty [illegible] them were the brave Comber. Of the three I knew Sydney [illegible] a fellow student with me [illegible] geon's college. He was [illegible] devoted youth. After graduating [illegible] Mr. Spurgeon's Theological [illegible] he graduated in medicine [illegible] work of a medical missionary [illegible] Congo. But one after another [illegible] ble African fevers ended [illegible] while in the strength of [illegible] manhood.

A great work has been [illegible] the Congo mission, operated [illegible] erican Baptist Missionary [illegible] day 738 souls are enrolled [illegible] But while God is giving [illegible] brethren in Africa, the work [illegible] lizing the heathen is greatly [illegible] by the accursed liquor [illegible] every missionary sent to [illegible] thousands of gallons of [illegible] sent from the same country [illegible] we must not only pray for [illegible] aries of God, but against the [illegible] of Satan. Lewaniks, kinsmen [illegible] besi river, although not [illegible] wrote to Missionary Coillard [illegible] words: "I am not afraid of [illegible] but if I remain alive a[illegible] country, I must put a stop [illegible] robbery, fornication and [illegible] Also note King Khama's [illegible] sistance of the liquor traffic [illegible]

Truro.

— Substitute nothing [illegible] perfect cure. It acts like [illegible] stomach. Free sample, [illegible] pany, Ltd., New Glasgow, [illegible] or 127 State St., Boston, M[illegible]

— Sick headache arises [illegible] disordered stomach, but [illegible] On these B. B. B. acts [illegible] curing headache.

—Francis Mills Turner [illegible] Ont., was cured of a [illegible] Hawker's Tolu, and wrote [illegible] to that effect.

Baby's croup is cured by [illegible]