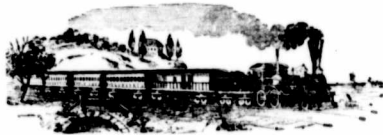


The Home Mission Journal.

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Rail-roading with Christ.

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CHAPTER XIV.

In a few days Joe had the great pleasure of learning of his appointment as yard-master at Carter City. He applied himself to his new duties with great zeal. It was not many weeks afterward when the thought occurred to him that, as his finances were now improving, it might be possible and wise to take some steps looking to regaining possession some day of the little home from which he and his mother had been so unfortunately excluded. Upon making inquiries in regard to the house it was curiously discovered that in the course of business changes and transfers the property had passed into the possession of Mr. Morris. Mr. Morris, in his turn was as surprised to learn that the house in question had once been owned by the Bentons.

The result was that Mr. Morris, without hesitation, made a liberal proposal to Joe, in virtue of which Joe was to buy back the property on easy terms by gradual payments, with the privilege of occupying the house meanwhile.

So Joe and his mother soon had the pleasure of moving back into the little house which had been the scene of so many of their joys and sorrows. Sitting in the cosy parlor they talked together in the gloaming of old times and new prospects. A spirit of deep peace and contentment seemed to possess their hearts. In many respects things had come out strangely. God had led them by a mysterious yet merciful way. It was in that very parlor that one of the subtlest and strongest temptations of his life had come to Joe Benton—when the saloon-man had entered and labored with Joe to accept a position in his employ, at a time when the Bentons were desperately poor and needed every cent they could rightfully earn.

After talking in this strain for a time, Mrs. Benton went off to see about supper while Joe took up the evening paper which lay near at hand. Carelessly glancing down its columns of assorted news, he gave a sudden start as he noticed one tragic item. It was a paragraph which told how that very morning the liquor-dealer of whom he had just been thinking had been killed by his own son, who at the time he committed the crime was so stupidly intoxicated that he recognized no one, not even his father. Hardly had Joe removed from his surprise at this tragedy when he was shocked by reading in another column how the evening before, on the

railway, a little east of Forestville, a drunken man had been struck by an engine and instantly killed. The name of this victim of his own laibricity and carelessness was given as Bill Summers. "Truly," sighed Joe, "the way of the transgressor is hard." Shocked by these two news notes, Joe felt awed and humbled beyond words to express, as he reflected how inevitably sin punishes itself in the long run, how moral "wild-cats" come to grief at last, and how he himself was no better than any of his former associates who had gone to the bad, save as the grace of God had made of him a man and had enabled him to follow in the footsteps of the great Master.

But Joe Benton's fortunes were destined to become even more prosperous than this. Mr. Morris had not told Joe, but he was himself one of the directors of the railroad on which Joe worked, and while he never would have exerted his influence to secure the promotion of an unworthy man, he yet kept his eye on Joe and said a good word for him whenever a vacancy offered which Joe Benton appeared competent to fill. The result was that Joe rose steadily, and deservingly, from grade to grade, and manifesting more than usual executive ability as greater responsibilities were gradually thrust upon him, finally became head of one whole department of the railroad, with the title of General Superintendent. By that time Joe's hair had begun to turn somewhat gray, and lines of care were writing themselves on his forehead. Yet he always looked up with a cheery smile on his face when any friend entered his counting-room, where he was regularly ensconced every business day behind his elegant roll-top desk, and any one privileged to see him there at work would have recognized in him a prosperous and happy man.

Joe Benton still owns his old cottage home, though with his aged mother he now lives in a fine city mansion not far from the church where good Mr. Welton, since translated to glory, formerly preached, and where in the old days "Joe Benton" regularly attended the Bible Class. In this same church the latter is an office holder and a trusted counselor as well as superintendent of the Sabbath School. He is also a zealous supporter of the railroad branches of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Yet Mr. Joseph Benton is not a proud or haughty man, puffed up with his honors, but rather a humble follower of the Redeemer, whose grace he acknowledges as the source of anything good in himself, and whose mercy he never hesitates to say he has proved at many a turn in life. A great part of his worldly success he attributes to the recollection of his heroic father's earnest advice to him to "be a man!" and to his loving mother's constant prayers and tender sympathy.

Through such helps and inspirations, divine and human, it has come about that Joseph Benton has, by a remarkable succession of circumstances, and yet more by virtue of a robust and indomitable Christian character, been enabled step by step to pass from a caboose to a counting-room. Indeed, the only underlying secret of his successful career is found in the fact that through all these years he has been "railroading with Christ."

THE END.

Peevishness may be considered the canker of life, that destroys its vigor and checks its improvement; that creeps on with hourly depredations and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Baptist Doctrines.

II.

What Makes a Baptist.

H. L. WAYLAND.

[The following is republished from that excellent magazine, "The Chautauquan," and is one of a series of articles from members of the different Christian denominations. Thus far, the Congregationalist, Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist denominations have been represented.]

Undoubtedly, by this question, which the editor of *The Chautauquan* has asked me to answer, he does not mean, What is the force which makes or constrains one to be a Baptist? rather the means, What are the belief and the practice which constitute a person a Baptist?

The question may seem a little difficult to answer in view of the several classes of Baptists enumerated in the statistics of the churches as collected in the latest census, to which should be added several which apparently escaped the eye of the statistician.* But, after all, among those who are rightly Baptists, there is a sufficient unity to render them, with incidental differences, branches of one denomination, as truly as the several schools of the great Presbyterian family constitute one whole.

The name which is popularly attached to any denomination may be very far from giving an exhaustive definition of its belief and position. Merely to hold a congregational form of government does not make a person a Congregationalist in the ordinary sense of the term; and a person may believe in the eldership and in the Presbyterian form of government, while yet he may be anything but a Presbyterian.

A belief in baptism by immersion as the only scriptural form of Christian baptism does not make one a Baptist. All the members of the Greek church hold the same view; Dr. Cathcart, in the Baptist Encyclopaedia, cites the Coptic ritual, the Armenian ritual, the Syriac liturgy, the Nestorian ritual, and a description of Abyssinian baptism, all of which point to immersion as the mode of baptism. But all these bodies are morally separated from the Baptists by the diameter of the globe.

Does the belief in *baptism by immersion* of a disciple on the profession of his *intelligent faith in Christ* make a Baptist? This belief may, indeed, be held formally and without a full view of its significance and its results; but I think that this article when intelligently held, does imply and involve very much or all of what makes a Baptist.

It expresses obedience to Christ. We are baptized, not because it is an ordinance commanded by nature, not because it has the authority of the church, but because Jesus Christ Himself commanded the ordinance by His example, and enjoined it upon His Apostles, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit." The act is a protest against the views of all those who hold that it is the right of the church to modify the form of the ordinance which our Lord gave us; against the sentiment which Dean Stanley (with perhaps questionable timeliness and courtesy) addressed to the Baptist ministers of New York, when they visited him as a token of respect to an eminent clergyman from abroad: "You still observe the original form of baptism from which the church, in the wise exercise of its liberty, as we think, has departed." (I quote from memory.) To those who claim that it is the right of the church thus to change the form of the ordinance which the Lord originally delivered to us, we are entitled to say, "Show us the expressed or implied authority for making the change."

The act expresses our estimate of the supreme Lordship of Christ as head over His church and over all things; and I believe that the members of the denomination which thus practices the ordinance have been singularly free from any disposition to assign to our Lord a lower position than that of supreme Deity.

The practice also pledges us to obey all His commands. No one can, with any shadow of consistency, make a point of obeying the commands of Christ in regard to the introductory