

The Home Mission Journal.

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approaching the city, a light with the brightness of the noonday sun shone about us. I was stricken blind and fell to the ground, while I heard a voice say, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me? but before I lost my sight I beheld the face and form of Jesus.

"I can truly say that I have seen him, who, according to the testimony before the court, was tried, condemned, executed and buried. From that day to this I have been a disciple of his. I gave up my seat in the Jewish Sanhedrin; I sacrificed a large law practice; I was cast out by my friends; I have been beaten, imprisoned, shipwrecked and suffered many indignities for his sake. The fact is I count everything but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of him. Yes, I am confident that Jesus rose from the dead, for none but a living Christ could have done for me what he did."

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY.

Let us put on the stand now an infidel of modern times and ask him a few questions. "Can you explain to the court, sir, how is it that Jesus Christ gave to Christendom its calendar? You headed your letter yesterday 1901. Why did you do that? Was there anything in the family, or profession, or environment of Jesus of Nazareth to make him such a great tower in the world as to change the stream of time? If you understand the doctrines he taught, you know they were not popular; they were against the pride and selfishness of men. Is there any way of explaining this except on the ground that Jesus Christ rose from the dead?"

"Again, can you tell the court why Christians observe the first day of the week and not the seventh? You know that the Jewish Sabbath was almost worshipped. It was considered treason then to discredit it by picking up sticks. If you have read the New Testament, you are aware that we have no direct command to observe the first day of the week as our Sabbath, and yet the seventh day was given up and this first day adopted as the Sabbath. Can it be explained on any other ground than that Jesus Christ arose from the dead on the first day, and by the power of that fact it is the Lord's day for Christian worship?"

The infidel, if he be honest, must testify to the fact of the resurrection of Jesus when he explains why he wrote 1901 on his letter-head and why the Christian church observes the first day of the week. There is no rational explanation of these two facts without the admission that Jesus Christ rose from the dead.

And now we may select earnest Christians at random and put them on the stand. What direct proof have you that Jesus rose from the dead? Thousands of them will say: "I know it because he is to me a living Christ. He helps me; he answers prayer. I know what it is to receive from him encouragement. The fact is the most real person in my life is the living Christ."

If I know any historical fact I do know that Jesus Christ was crucified, buried and rose from the dead. After all these witnesses have testified if you refuse to accept their testimony, you do violence to unprejudiced reason. On this solid rock our hope of salvation rests, and the hope that the loved ones we have buried will rise from the dead and we shall meet them in glory, for "Christ is now risen from the dead and become the first fruit of them that slept."

Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies.

A Century Fund Hymn.

BY REV. C. W. TOWNSEND.

A hundred years of mercy given,
Demands a grateful song;
Let earth lift up her voice to heaven,
To God all thanks belong

But words alone cannot avail
Our feelings to express;
Let more substantial tokens tell
Our heartfelt thankfulness.

While joyous lips his praises sing,
With love and with love,
A tribute in our hearts we bring,
Our gratitude to prove.

The rich with gifts both large and rare,
Acknowledge thus their King;
The poor no loss must have a share
In free-will offering.

Each as the Lord has prospered him,
Must give to God alone;
With a willing tithe and thankful hymn,
We bow before his throne.

The century that is passed away
We best commemorate,
By spreading wide the glorious way
Of our best potentate.

His kingdom here and everywhere,
We pray may shortly come;
Till all mankind, both far and near,
Shall find in God a home.

The Voice of the Tempter.

THE tempter tells you to shut up your Bible and to believe no longer in revelation. We are invited to believe that, even assuming the existence of God, it is impossible to find any record of His will; He has never spoken to mankind; He has set forth no outline of human duty; He has written no word for human comfort; He has shed no light on the darkest questions of life; He made us, and takes no notice of us; He fashioned us as we are, upright, above the beasts of the field in dominion as in skill, but He never opens the gates of the city wherein He dwells to bid us welcome to the hospitality of His love; He never bends down to see how His children are going on; and never, never—though he sends down the light and the rain, and breathes across the universe the healthful winds which bring life to their wings—does He send any message to the creatures of His hands.

The man believes that has a truly capacious and terrible faith; he must be a very monster of a believer! His soul, if he has one, must be a bottomless pit of credulity. Before I yield my hold of the Book at his bidding, I must know to whom I shall go. The Bible says to me: "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want." And the tempter says to me: "Shut up the Bible and be your own shepherd." But I am bruised and wounded and heart dead. He mocks with such advice. The Bible says: "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come." The tempter says: "You have no thirst that you cannot slake in the muddy pools that lie at your feet." The Bible says: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble." The tempter says: "When you are in trouble, dry your own tears, and get out of your own difficulties, and snap your fingers in the face of the universe." The Bible says: Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The tempter says: "Lie down on the thorns; pillow your head on the stones; rest in the wilderness; take a moment's sleep in the desert." The Bible says: "Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins." The tempter says: "You have never sinned; what forgiveness do you want? Go and wash your hands in the river, and you will be clear." Jesus, in the holy Book, says: "In my father's house are many mansions." The tempter says: "Your mansion is the dark cold grave; get into it and rot."—Joseph Parker.

Memorize some of the Scripture promises, and recall them when the temptation to worry returns.

Paul Crandal's Charge:

BY HOPE DARING.

CHAPTER III.

TWO MORE CALLS.

On a hill that towered to the south of Danesville stood the Shedd farmhouse. Around it stretched fertile fields and sunny pasture lands. The house had been built many years before. Two tall pines guarded the gateway, and between them a grassgrown walk led to the seldom-used hall door.

Here Amos Shedd, the last of the family, dwelt. He was a bachelor of sixty, and his home was shared only by hired help.

On the morning following the day on which Paul Crandal had received his appointment to Danesville, Amos Shedd rose at an early hour. He had not slept well, and it was to get the task which had disturbed his slumbers off his hands that he had before the usual time.

Amos Shedd was a rich man. Gold was much to him but there was no one in all the world for whom he gathered it. He had come to love money for his own sake, and his heart grew harder and his life more narrow as the years rolled on.

He had not always been so self-centered. In his early boyhood a sister had shared his sports in this same old home, and the bond of love between them had been true and tender. After she married and removed to the far West, they seldom heard from each other. Six months before this September morning, a package and a letter reached Amos Shedd.

The letter was short and apparently written with difficulty.

"Dear Brother—I shall soon be in heaven with our mother. I send you the Bible she gave me. Read it through, once at least. It is my dying request."

He could not refuse, skeptic though he was. At first he had sneered, but gradually he had come under the spell that the inspired volume casts alike over the learned and the ignorant. He finished the Old Testament and began the New. A strange unrest had taken possession of him.

"Of course, it's all a myth," he used to say to himself. Then straightway before his eyes would rise the faces of his mother and sister. Their lives, ruled and shaped by the divine life of the Son of God, had not been a myth.

He was nearly through the book. There were but two chapters remaining, and it was to finish those that he had risen that morning.

When he came from his chamber to the sitting-room, the light was still dim. Amos Shedd shivered, and wished there was a fire crackling in the old stone fireplace. He took the Bible and drew his chair close to an eastern window.

"I can finish it in ten minutes," he said. "Then I'll put the book away. I'll keep it for Lottie's sake, but I don't believe I'll ever open it again. Somehow it makes me feel—"

He stopped abruptly, and the sentence was never finished. Even to himself he could not confess the longing that at times swayed him. If the story of the life, death, resurrection of Christ was only true! If the abiding Spirit of God could only enter into his heart! Amos Shedd did not understand that through his Word God was speaking to him.

He began reading the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. As he read of a "new heaven and a new earth," he recalled the days when his mother had taught him of these. They were in that "great city" now—his mother and sister—for they were of "the nations of them which are saved."

Was he to be separated from them throughout all eternity? Ah, what was that? "There shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth," and a little farther on he read of the angel who came "to give every man according as his work shall be."

His work! A groan broke from Amos Shedd's lips. Stay, there was something he had not read. "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

The book dropped from his hands. "I will," he murmured, and, rising to his feet, the man who had all his life denied the divinity of Christ knelt to him in prayer.

The sun rose above the horizon and peered in