

## The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Colportage work. Published semi-monthly by the Committee of the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick.

All communications, except money remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,  
34 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

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Terms, - - 50 Cents a Year

### Revivals of Religion.

Some things are popularly said in disparagement of revivals of religion that apparently are not well considered. If the assumption could be proved that the days of general interest in religious things have passed, so that no longer whole communities spontaneously and profoundly moved by spiritual concerns, we should not regard the outlook for Christianity so bright as it is. For, after all that is said about the advantages of "a quiet work" has been taken into account, the fact remains that the general awakening of the public conscience, and a general sensitiveness to spiritual impressions, is the best augury of the Christian triumph.

The writer was once a passenger on a steamer that ran into a sand bar. Tugs came out from the neighboring city to pull the ship off. She seemed occasionally to be on the point of being delivered; but the tugs could not do it. When, however, the tide came in, she swung free without an effort. Any observer of prevailing religious conditions is apt to be impressed that we have been doing good work with our tugs and hawsers, but that what we really need is an inflow of spiritual influences that will lift whole communities. The "revival" in the sense of machinery for producing certain spiritual results probably has gone, but the "revival" in the sense of the inflowing of mighty spiritual tides is always needed, and will always be in order so long as the human soul and human society and the divine Spirit exist.

We frankly say that we do not know how a revival of this sort can be produced. Christians of the largest observation are increasingly led to recognize the application of the doctrine of the divine sovereignty to this matter. Perhaps a deeper and more general recognition of this truth is exactly what we most need. It seems sometimes as if God were suffering men to experiment with their little devices for reanimating His cause, in order to impress their futility upon us, and to lead us to see that what we seek is from Him alone, and that the best attitude of the Christian heart is that of prayerful dependence on Him.

Of course, this line of thought may be denominated pretty high Calvinism, but let us not be frightened by words and names. Is there not a Godward side of this matter that has been too much neglected? Is not our best resources to be found, not in what we can plan, but in what He will do? Within a few weeks in this latitude we shall be in the midst of the miracle of the spring-time. Nothing that man can devise can take the place of the germinating force of nature. May we not believe that, as in times past, God has vast reserves of spiritual blessings in store for His people, and that the spiritual deserts will blossom as the rose? The frame of mind in which this confidence is controlling may be the fulfilment of the most important condition for receiving the blessing.

A man is not rewarded because he is Christ's professed servant, but because he is faithful.

Rev. F. W. Patterson, after a brief visit to the Maritime provinces has returned to Minnedosa, Manitoba, taking up his former work with encouraging prospects.

There are eleven hundred hospitals connected with Protestant missions in foreign lands, treating over 2,500,000 patients yearly.

### Three Parables.

The parable of the talents was one of the last public utterances of our Lord. Studied in its connection, it appears as an exposition of one phase of watchfulness. In the parable of the Ten Virgins watchfulness involves that forecasting spirit which anticipates the Lord's coming and has made special preparation for it; here it involves the patient and sagacious use of present opportunities.

In the former parable the "oil" may well stand for that conscious fellowship with Christ which cannot be extemporized at the moment it becomes supremely desirable, and which no soul can share with another. In the latter the "talents" may represent the sum total of the means and opportunities by which we are to do our work and exert our influence.

The parable of the Sheep and the Goats, which immediately follows and actually closes our Lord's public teaching, presents a third phase of the matter. In the talents the incentive is to work for the increase of what we have—to double the talents. But in the Sheep and the Goats attention is drawn away to beneficent activity for others. We are not merely to make the best use of what we have in a commercial sense, but to expend ourselves in a sympathetic service of others.

Thus the watchfulness that Jesus enjoins takes on a far wider significance than mere expectancy of His coming. It involves inner readiness of spirit to respond to His call, diligent use of the powers He has entrusted to us, and sympathetic, helpful relations with our fellow men.

It is also of interest to notice how the conscious fellowship with Christ, which we take it is made prominent in the first parable, conditions right action in the other two. The man with one talent failed to use his opportunities largely because he was not in fellowship with his master. He misunderstood and misinterpreted him. Those who are represented by the "goats" likewise proved remiss, because they lacked the spirit which would have led them to see Christ in "one of the least of these." Rightly considered there is nothing that will do so much to make men diligent and enterprising in the use of their powers, and helpful in all their relations with their fellows, as a deep sense of fellowship with Christ. The mainspring of Christian activity and philanthropy is nothing else than fellowship with Christ.

### To Young Men.

We quote the following from one of the papers and hope the warning voice it raises may be heard and heeded by the fathers and mothers to whom the responsibility of home making and training has been committed, as well as the boys and young men who are prone to sow wild oats, regardless of the divine law—"Whatever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

The following statement was made by George Arthur Pearson to the Rev. W. F. Wilson, in the Hamilton jail, at the City of Hamilton, on the 30th day of November, 1900—"I desire to make this statement to the general public, but mostly to young people, as a warning against three things, namely: Cigarette smoking, strong drink and bad company. I have lived nearly all my life in Hamilton. When young my home training was badly neglected. I have never had either good example nor advice. I was permitted to run the streets at all hours, and with all kinds of companions, where I formed many bad habits that have helped to ruin me. I am not naturally a criminal, nor bad-hearted, but I have been unfortunate, and I feel if I had only had a fair chance I would not be where I am this hour. I had a fair trial, and am justly condemned. I hold no spite against anyone, and freely forgive all, as I hope by the mercy of God to be forgiven. I warn young men not to carry pistols, as there is no good comes from them, also to shun bad companions, as they always drag you down, and, above all else leave whiskey and beer alone, for above everything else these have been my ruin. I very much regret the life I have lived. Many kind friends often advised me and offered to help me to do better, but I was foolish and careless and wouldn't listen to them. This I am deeply sorry for but it is too late now. If I had only

followed their good advice, I would not be in this dreadful place and position before I am twenty-one years of age (Signed) George A. Pearson.

P.S.—The Sheriff and all the officials have been very kind to me, for which I thank them all.

## A New Serial.

### Paul Crandal's Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.

#### CHAPTER I.

"As for these, thy sons, O Father, we ask that each one may look upon his appointment as the work of the Lord—the work he is to do with and for Thee."

It was the venerable Bishop Hartley who was praying. Outside the church a cloudless September sky arched over the busy city; within were three hundred men in an attitude of prayer. It was an annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and on this morning the yearly appointments were to be read.

"The work of the Lord." Those words were re-echoed, again and again, in Paul Crandal's ears. Yes, that was what it was. In this new and larger field of labor upon which he was about to enter, he would labor for the Master more valiantly than ever before.

The prayer was ended, and the reading of the appointment began. Paul was busy with his own thoughts. He had been in the ministry but two years, and during this time he had had charge of a mission chapel in Knowlton, the city where the conference was held. Now it was understood that he was to have other work, and he had reasons for thinking he would be sent to Layton, a cultured and progressive town of ten thousand inhabitants.

How much good he would do there! How—

"Paul Crandal, Danesville!"

That roused him. Danesville! Why, that was the little town only twenty miles distant—a village of six hundred inhabitants, and considered in the conference as a most undesirable field! What did it mean?

The sunlight looked through a window of stained glass, and hid his pallor with waves of rosy and golden light. What was that ringing in his ear? "The work of the Lord; the work of the Lord."

Paul Crandal drew a long breath. "It is that," he said to himself. "Am I serving my Master for the loaves and fishes? Thank Thee, dear Father, that I can say, 'Whithersoever Thou wilt.'"

Paul Crandal was thirty-five; the son of a wealthy man he had been educated most carefully. In his early boyhood, illness had retarded his progress, and it was not until he was twenty-five that he graduated from the University of Michigan. He attended a medical college for two years, then went abroad to complete his studies. The sudden death of his father summoned him home, and he found that instead of the fortune which he had supposed awaited him, there was barely enough to give his mother a comfortable support.

Paul went bravely to work. Just as success in his profession was coming to him he was converted, and felt that he was called to the ministry. It had strained the slender resources of both himself and his mother to procure the necessary theological training. Two years at Knowlton had followed, and now—Danesville.

When the session was ended a strange radiance lighted his face as he made his way down the street. He was below medium height, compactly built, with a thoughtful brow, brown eyes, auburn hair, and a heavy mustache which hid a firm yet tender mouth.

A few paces behind him came a group of men, one of whom was Elias Carveth, the presiding elder of his district.

"Is it not too bad, Carveth," said one of his companions, speaking with a freedom born of long and intimate friendship, "to send a young man of Crandal's attainments to Danesville? A college course, a medical school, study abroad, and a theological seminary should fit a man for something better."

"Do you think so?" and Elder Carveth sent a keen glance out of his black, bushy-brown eyes.