

One of the many kind of letters we get. Why are not all of the same type?—EDITOR.

Rev. J. H. Hughes,  
Carlton, St. John.

Dear Friend:—  
Enclosed please find fifty cents in stamps in payment of my subscription for your paper "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL" for the year ending Dec. 31st, 1903.

I might say I am well satisfied with your paper. Think it well worth the money you ask for it.

I remain,

Yours, very respectfully,  
MRS. F. C. C.

**Our Duty.**

The heart that is sad where a heart should be light,  
Or false where a heart should be true,  
Let us guide through the darkness obscuring the light,  
And point to the future eternal and bright,  
And teach it to dare and to do.

The soul that is darkened by passion and crime  
Let us win from its idols of clay,  
And lead to the heroes and sages sublime,  
Whose names are inscribed on the record of time:  
Undying immortals are they.

Let us fight for the right, though the struggle be long,  
With firm and unswerving desire;  
Let us manfully battle oppression and wrong,  
With hearts that are earnest, and trusty, and strong;  
With God and the truth to inspire.

Let us dare to be noble men, nature's own pride,  
And dare to be true to each other,  
For the earth is a homestead so fruitful and wide,  
We can live, we can love, we can toil side by side,  
And each unto all be a brother.  
*E. T. Jeffrey, in Success.*

**Affection for the Aged.**

There is a pathetic charm about old age. We are sure that nothing is so lovely as the saintly old grandmother occupying her accustomed place in the chimney-corner. There is something that entrances while we watch the silver-haired patriarch as he fondles his darling grandchild on his knee. They are the salt of the earth, the treasure in the home, the familiar figures in community life. And more than this love of others, there is coming a time in our own individual history when we shall crave the caresses and love of friends. Old age is more keenly sensible to neglect than at any other time. It is not intentional—no, we may commit this neglect amid our devotion to and attendance upon other matters. We forget, however, that the inward craving of old age conceives of no apologies and knows no reason why the old-time cares, and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by a mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—  
There, like that;  
I want a little petting  
At life's setting,

For 'tis harder to be brave  
When feeble age comes creeping  
And finds me weeping  
Dear ones come,  
Just a little petting  
At life's setting;  
For I'm old, alone, and tired  
And my long life's work is done."

—Selected.

**Married.**

CYR STADMAN.—At Woodstock, N. B., Feb. 25, 1903 by the Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A., William Cyr and Bertha Stadman both of Houlton, Me., U. S. A.

COPP FOWLER.—At the residence of William R. Copp, Esq., Albert Co., N. B., on Feb. 18th, by Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Fred W. Copp to Jessie Fowler of Patactonide.

SUPERLE ESTEY.—At the Baptist parsonage, Jacksonville, on March 4th, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Wm H. Suppered to Jennie E. Estey.

BRYANT-MERCHANT.—At Oak Bay on January 7th, by Rev. J. D. Warden, Wallace Bryant of Rolling Dam and Vida Merchant of Chamecock.

MERITT DIAMOND.—At Woodstock, N. B., Jan. 21, by the Rev. Z. L. Fash, M. A., Stephen W. Meritt, Houlton, Me., and Charlotte E. Diamond, Woodstock N. B.

**Died.**

MOWAT.—The large circle of friends of the late Mrs. John Mowat will learn, with deep regret, of her demise which took place on the 20th inst. at her home in Campbellton. Mrs. Mowat was the widow of the late John Mowat, Esq., and was seventy five years of age. She was the mother of ten children, seven of whom are living. Three sons and two daughters reside in Campbellton and two daughters, Mrs. M. Beath, and Mrs. Gordon Mott in B. C. She had forty four grand children and two great grand children. Her genial nature and kind hospitality won the hearts of all with whom she came in contact. Her last hours were peaceful and free from pain; and as her life had been that of a devoted Christian, she died trusting in the merits of her Saviour. The funeral took place on Sunday, 22nd, and the large number of friends assembled to pay their last respects, bore testimony to the highest eminence in which she was held.

HALE.—At Grafton, Carlton Co., N. B., from cancer of the liver, George S. Hale, aged 64 years, Mr. Hale was confined to his bed for about three weeks, and passed peacefully to his reward, Friday, Feb. 20th 3 p. m. He was happy in the hope of heaven and said many times just before he died "Blessed Jesus." He leaves two daughters, Eva and Cora, who are noble Christian young women, members of the Woodstock Baptist church. The funeral services were conducted by Pastor Fash, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 22nd at his home. He had a host of friends and there was a very large attendance.

FILMORE.—At Tuttle Creek, Albert County, Dec. 21st, Elizabeth wife of Rufus H. Filmore aged 72. Sister Filmore made a public profession of faith in her Saviour about 50 years ago under the labors of Rev. Bro. Walker (F. B.) and shortly afterwards with the Coverdale Baptist church. Although not attending public worship very regularly, the latter part of her life, yet when death came she was ready and willing to go. Two married daughters and the husband remain to mourn the loss of a faithful mother and wife. Funeral service was conducted by Pastor Fash, interment being made in the cemetery at the C. D. R.

STEVENS.—At Dawson Settlement, Albert County, N. B., March 1, Mrs. Elizabeth Stevens, Woodstock, N. B. Death came suddenly from heart disease. The deceased was an estimable Christian woman.

DINSMORE.—At Chamecock, Charlotte Co., on Feb. 2nd, Mrs. Robert Dinsmore, aged 71 years. Sister Dinsmore was a member of the Baptist church for many years. She was formerly the wife of a Mr. Bailey, who was a Baptist minister, but of whose history the writer knows very little. Our sister's sickness was long and painful, yet patiently borne. The end was peaceful.

BREED.—At the residence of her son-in-law, deceased George F. Hibbard, St. Andrews, Feb. 14th, Mrs. Betsey Sophia Breed, in the 60th year of her age. Our departed sister was a most estimable lady, kind in heart of a flexible and sociable disposition. She was greatly beloved by her children of whom there are three: Mrs. G. F. Hibbard of St. Andrews, Mrs. Hagameyer of Richmond, Virginia, and Miss Nellie Breed of Boston, who were all at the funeral.

REED.—At Maple Ridge, Feb. 22nd, Ann beloved wife of George Reed in the 61st year of her age. Sister Reed was baptized by the late Rev. J. G. Harvey. Our sister leaves a sorrowing husband and six children to mourn their loss. Her funeral was largely attended, and a sermon appropriate to the occasion was preached by the Rev. Geo. Howard. He died in the triumph of faith. (Religious Intelligencer please copy.)

BLAKNEY.—Murray A. Elliott, son of Dea. Alexander W. and Lemona Blakney, died suddenly in the City Hospital at Boston, Massachusetts, on the 23rd of Feb. in the 23rd year of his age. He was a young man of much promise, loved and esteemed by all who knew him. He was converted when fifteen years old, and was baptized by Rev. J. W. S. Young, and united with the first Baptist church in Salisbury where he then resided. May the Lord comfort and sustain his sorrowing parents in their sad affliction, now living in Moton.

How short the race our friend has run;  
Cut down in all his bloom.  
The course but yesterday began,  
Has ended in the tomb.

**Devotion to Christ.**

A shepherd one night, when the storm was fierce, counting his sheep that had gathered into the fold found that two were missing. Going to the kennel where his shepherd dog was lying with her young, he pointed to the wilderness which was growing darker, and said, "Two sheep are missing, go." She looked a moment at her little ones, then up into her master's face, and hurried away into the night, and came back with one of the sheep that were lost. The storm had grown fiercer and the night darker, and the shepherd came again to his dog, and pointing out, said once more, "One sheep is missing, go." Looking down once more at her crying little ones and up into her master's face, with mute despair, she arose and hurried away. Hours passed by, and the shepherd heard a scratching at his hut door. Going forth he found the dog, and she had the sheep that was lost. Leaving the same at her master's feet she staggered back to her little ones, and fell dead at the kennel door.

And when I read this story I said, oh, the shame of it; here is a dumb brute with never a thought of God, and never a hope of heaven, obedient to her master's command when he speaks but a word, and we have permitted our Master with nail-pierced hands, spear thrust side, and thorn-crowned brow to plead and plead again, and we have refused to do his bidding. Let us catch one glimpse of his face anew, and go where He would send us.

Bar room bargains are essentially wanting in the principle of quid pro quo, or commercial honesty. Otherwise, saloonists would display their goods in their front windows, and put the drunkards they manufacture upon exhibition at the County Fairs, instead of skulking behind painted panes and screened doors.

It is a monster of cruelty. It is conscienceless, unprincipled, and cruel as the grave. It is a traffic in tears and groans and blood, in vice and crime and misery.