

fact that one great family name has in it a surprising number of Christian ministers. And then too, as though blood will tell, the preaching tendency breaks out here and there under other names than the original. The genealogist with his records of marriages and births, finds the old blood, however, and straightway exhibits the preaching tendency as heredity. It is not always true that the old blood can be found, and yet the preaching tendency has broken out anew. This then is not heredity, but the ways of the Spirit of God unrevealed to us except in manifestation.

The one royal name, the patriarchal seer, whence started out this remarkable ministerial descent was Major Nathaniel Parker, of Nictau, Annapolis Co. I have heard my Grandmother Wheelock, a worthy descendant of the great patriarch, speak of him as a noble colonist, remarkable for his elevated religious experience and his Puritan Baptist faith. So strongly has the blood been flavored with the preacher's quality that it became a sort of truism in the region outlined, that Parker blood was preaching blood.

The sons or descendants of the old colonist were persons of great natural gifts and graces, many of whom regarded it their chief honor to be ambassadors of Christ. It is not against them that the decided penchant of so many of them for preaching the gospel, could not be carried out as a steady aim to the end of life. The passion abided fresh and strong, while yet some have that penchant turned into the avenues of business life. Not many can carry forward the ministry of Christ to a glorious ending without the "fit" which college and theologic training supplies. The natural disposition may be suited to the divine work when consecrated by the washing of regeneration. The faith of the heart may be grand, Pauline or Petrine, and the intellect bright and powerful, but the gift that is in the preacher must be tutored and "not neglected," by such college discipline as puts a man into possession of his best powers. It is eloquent of the great and rounded natures, of the splendid ability, of the force and power and completeness of the "gifts" that dwell in this name, that several of them became denominational leaders and the pastors of important churches. I can name some of them but only in promiscuous succession. Many of the older Christians in Annapolis and Kings Counties, N.S., will recognize them and place them at once. Perhaps chief among them should be named Willard G. Parker, so long the eloquent pastor at Nictau, but there was also James of Billtown, and Obed and Nathaniel of Melvern Square, Warren L. Andrew, of Melbourne; and D. O. Parker still living if I mistake not, a close friend of the Christian muses who sing sweetly to him for us all in these late years of his life. I suppose this list is only partial. Even so, there stands forth the great fact of lasting honor to one great name in that it furnished to Christ so many warm hearted and able heralds of his gospel.

And within the imaginary circle we have drawn sprang up other names. Some of them have wandered away far from the old stone steps of their ancestral homes, but their ministerial beginnings were in this territory. There were several Wheelocks not all Baptists, there were Spinneys as Rev. W. A. Spinney, now of Wallingford, Conn.; and Dr. E. C. Spinney, of Burlington, Iowa. There were Stronachs also; and Dr. B. L. Whitman of Philadelphia, sprang from this soil, and has Parker blood in his veins as did Dr. Walton.

I am not familiar with the recent history of the Bethel church, and cannot say that the grand characters forming its captaincy for Christ in the middle years of the last century, have been perpetuated. But I suspect the inquiry is pertinent "Where are the fathers?" They have gone, and the remarkably great pastorate of Rev. Dr. Charles Tupper stands a great grand mountain among foot hills. I have his "Baptist Principles Vindicated." How precise the style, how choice the selection of his words, how competent his knowledge of the whole subject and previous literature of baptism. His preaching bore the same traits. It was refreshing, after listening some time to ordinary preaching, to come under one of his best sermons. And his daily life was keyed so high he must have held free commerce with the skies.

In his later student vacations Daniel was expected to preach for Dr. Tupper in the Bethel pulpit. The announcement that the student would preach was sufficient to crowd the meeting house. And the sight of the Dr. with the popular young man by his side, was as Paul and his son Timothy. Daniel's sermons were so crisp and brief. Just as we were settling down as steady, good listeners, feeling we had just heard a capital introduction, Daniel closed his discourse, and we roused up in good time to have a seasonable dinner at home.

The revivals in the Bethel church were wonderful phenomena, dramas of the human soul struggling to get out of sin and up near God. They were much like the present revival in Wales. They cleaned up society first of all of any miserable neighborhood quarrels, and jealousies, and back-bitings, and hurtful gossiping there might have been. And when this was done how gloriously the grace and love of God rolled over all the countryside. When they were at their height, all Israel round about became a camp of prayer. All outside work except chores, was suspended,

and within doors life became so simple and beautiful that there Rev. Charles Wagner might have found the best illustration of his "Simple Life."

But all that is gone or going—Rev. D. M. Welton, D. D., and the great spirits who gave character and inspiration to life in the Bethel church, and in the larger parish of Lower Aylesford and Upper Wilmot when he was a young man, and I and others were small boys.

Roslindeale, Mass.

### War all Round the World.

BY I. B. GAMBRELL.

As one sits and meditates over the tremendous events transpiring before his eyes, and then thinks back along the track of time, the conviction is overwhelming, that, from the standpoint of the cross, the world has seen no greater day than the one we live in. This week 20,000 people, of many tongues, came to make their homes in America. They are coming to breathe a new atmosphere of freedom, civil and religious. They are coming with their human hearts full of strange sensations, with distorted views of liberty, most of them, but with aspirations for better things. They are our brothers and sisters, all of them, the beloved of Jesus Christ who died for them, possible heirs of grace and glory. Every Christian on American soil has stored in his renewed heart a heavenly treasure for these new comers. From the standpoint of the cross, each should have a Christly message for each soul coming into our large heritage. Let us give every foreigner a smile. That is a language all the earth understands. And with the smile a prayer, and the Word of God. The coming of the hundreds of thousand of foreigners is like transplanting trees into the open fields to grow and bear fruit. We are to give them the gospel for their sakes, for our sakes, but most of all, for the world's sake.

And this brings me to the point to say, that, if we may in even a small degree interpret the signs of the times, the signs written large, as if by the finger of God across the heavens—if in any measure we may read the lessons of history, we are bound to believe that America is to lead the world in Christian civilization. Our vast wealth and ever growing commerce; our increasing power throughout the world to be argued beyond all calculation by the inter-oceanic canal now under way, presage such importance as will justify the sculptor's conception of "America enlightening the world."

The great struggle now, perhaps, nearing a close in the Far East, will turn a new leaf in the world's history. If Japan wins, as it seems she must, it means that speedily all Asia is to enter upon a new era and the hundreds of million of our brothers in brown, who have been sleeping the centuries away, will wake to a new life. With Russia beaten back, never to menace Japan, Corea or China again; with England and America triumphant in diplomacy as Japan will be out he fields of war, Anglo-Saxon influence will percolate through Japan into Corea and China, making all things new. The English tongue, freighted with Bible thought, will be heard in the remotest parts of the Far East and will speedily become the world language.

What does the time call for, but such an awakening of all the sleeping energies of the churches as we have never seen, or most of us even imagined. At home, every nerve should be put on its severest tension to bring our vast mixed and ever mixing population under the dominion of Jesus as Savior and King. Let us not make the fatal mistake of Russia in neglecting her own people in a desire to win the world. Let us, rather, imitate the consummate skill of Japan in enlightening, enlisting, and training the people at home, to make them invincible on all the battle fields of the world. Never was there such a call on us to evangelize and train our home people, not simply for home but for foreign missions. The strength of foreign missions is home missions; the fulness of home missions is foreign missions. The glory of all missions is the elect gathered from every nation, tribe, kindred and tongue under the whole heavens.

The present condition of our own favored land, its rapid growth in every direction, considered in connection with the unfolding of a new chapter in the world's history, call for an awakening in all the churches to undertake greater things. The call comes with tremendous emphasis to the pastors. O, brother pastor, you are the man the Master looks to for a stirring cry to the sleeping army to awake and put on its strength! Get your map. Study the changing conditions. Look on the wide, wasting fields. Cry aloud and spare not.

The great Napoleon said: "By conquest I have my Empire, and by conquest I must hold it." This is true in the Christian warfare; truer than it ever was of any worldly conqueror. The church lives by conquest. Once a church stands still, and the spirit of soul conquest is lost, the church begins to decline. Mark that, brother pastor. Is your church weak? It will grow stronger by conquest. Wake up every member, and strike out for conquest. Gather up all your strength and throw yourselves into the great forward movement, like the Japs are crowding the Russians back to their own country. To linger is to lose.

The last words of Napoleon, as his martial spirit was about to leave the flesh, were: Advance the columns."

May the spirit of the conquering Christ, mightily stir our hearts with His holy passion, till everywhere the columns are advanced. I dream by day and by night of a day to come when redeemed men and women will feel the dignity of living to fill up the sufferings of Jesus in sacrificial labors for the conquest of the world. Then will joy light all hearts and shine on all faces. Then will our great Texas send her sons and daughters by the scores and hundreds to all shores with the message of peace. Let the battle cry go up and down the lines; Awake! Awake!! O Zion, put on thy strength; put on thy beautiful garments! It is the opportune hour for a great forward movement. The battlefield is the whole world, and the battle circles the globe. Advance the columns!—Baptist Stagnard.

### An Arab's Testimony.

One Sunday evening, not many years ago, a party of college students was gathered in the room of one of their number. They were intellectual leaders of their University, bright young men, and their conversation sparkled with wit and humor. Perhaps it was the influence of the day, or perhaps the sermon they had just heard from the old college president, but after a while the talk began to wander from the usual topics of football and baseball, to more serious subjects, and finally, with the trinity of youth, they began to discuss the existence of God.

One young man professed to be a disciple of one skeptical writer, another of another; a third had a theory of atheism evolved from his own brain, while a fourth fondly clung to the teachings of the German deists. Talking, arguing, an counter-arguing, they had well-nigh disposed of Christianity to their own satisfaction, when a slight young man, with a pale earnest face and honest blue eyes, sprang to his feet.

"I can't bear to hear you fellows talk that way; you know it is all rubbish as well as I do! All of you have been brought up in a Christian land, and deep down in your hearts you know that there is a God; you can't help knowing it. I can't argue the question with you, for you are all cleverer than I, but there is a little story which seeks to me to prove the existence of a God beyond a doubt. I dare say you have all heard it, for it isn't new, and I am no much of a story-teller, but it runs something like this:—

"Once a French scientist, an atheist, had occasion to travel across the great desert. He employed as his guide, and companion on the journey a certain Arab chief, a man renowned for his knowledge of the country, and personal integrity. Day by day as they traveled over the burning sand, the Arab at certain appointed hours would halt his camel, take a bit of carpet from his saddlebag, and spread it upon the sand would kneel with his face toward Mecca, and repeat his Moslem prayer. Day by day the Frenchman watched him in scornful silence, and at last one day he said:—

"Sheik, why do you take the trouble to dismount and pray through that prayer? How do you know that there is God to hear your prayer?"

"How do I know there is a God? repeated the Moslem. How do I know? Why sure, last night while I slept a traveler passed my tent door. I did not see him, did not hear him, but when I rose this morning and looked out, I knew that a man had passed in the night, for I saw his foot prints in the sand. And when I see that, said the Arab, rising to his full height, and pointing to the sun, 'I know that God is, and that he is near.' I do not see him I do not hear him, but I see his footprint, it is the setting sun, and bow down and worship."

"This fellows is only the witness of a Moslem, a heathen, but what utterance or sage or philosopher could give a clearer more decisive, more noble proof of the existence and greatness of God?"—The Presbyterian.

### Our Abiding Friend.

Our best friend is one on whose sympathy and charity we can fully rely. A friend who can not rejoice with us in our happiness and weep with us in our sorrow is about as same as no friend at all. But Jesus is touched with the feelings of our infirmities. He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye. He not only knows every pain we feel, but feels every pain we suffer. Sympathy means suffering with another. The mother suffers with her child while it is undergoing a painful surgical operation. She suffers more than he. The sympathy of Jesus is deeper and more tender than that of any earthly mother. His charity is boundless. If my friend cannot forgive my faults, if the mantle of his charity is not large enough to cover my shortcomings, he can not long be my friend. But a brother can easily forgive his brother for the gravest wrongdoing; as no brother has a heart as large and warm as the heart of Jesus. He forgiveth all thine iniquities.

This friend abides with us. It is natural for friends to desire earnestly to be often in each other's company. In a great hardship to be separated for a long time, is a counsel is valuable. We pity the man who does not feel the need of good counsel. He is a friend who bestows substantial benefits. The best friend is one who does something for us. He has borne our sorrows and carried our griefs. He shed his blood for us. "For a good man would even dare to die. But God commendeth his love towards us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—New York Christian Advocate.