

## The Home Mission Journal.

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

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that relation as in a moment, or it may take years (though think of his losses who takes years); he may have an effusion of the emotion of joy, or it will fill him with awe; all these are relatively unimportant. The essential thing is that he come to a personal relation, conscious and deliberate, to the Person, Jesus Christ. If he reach that attachment to Jesus Christ, he is a Christian; and if he does not, he is not a Christian, no matter what his church, his emotion, or his belief.

Next then, the important question is: How is the relation established? How can a close, personal relation be brought about between a man and Jesus Christ? Evidently there must be the expression of good will, of love, of benevolent intention, and of superior strong character on the part of the supreme Person. This, Jesus has done for all men. What Jesus taught, what He suffered, what He gave, and what He offered; the evident love, the offering of His life that they may be saved, the opening of His life and heart to the fellowship and friendship with men, are all His invitations to all men to enter into his close, personal relation. Since Christ has done this, what next is necessary to attach us to Christ?

Is there anything but trust, confidence, faith, the acceptance of Him as a personal Friend and Redeemer? It is so plain, that one wonders why man should fail to see how natural and right it is that faith should be the condition of becoming a Christian. It is the only possible thing to do. If being a Christian is the union of the personal life to Jesus, what but trust can be the cementing power? Love or trust, there is no other bond for human hearts. Other things may unite us to the church; other things may lead us to persuade us to do kindness to the needy; other things impel us to keep the law; other things may influence us to worship God; but faith is the only thing that can bind us to Jesus Christ.

## Health Column.

### THE SCIENCE OF LONGEVITY.

Can longevity be cultivated? A pertinent question, and one that should appeal to the majority of mankind; but, strange to say, its consideration is well nigh totally neglected.

Anomalous as it may appear, the thing which the average man holds dearest of all—his life—is precisely that to which, apparently, he attaches the least importance, therein exhibiting one of the strangest contradictions in human nature.

Although we do not expect to find the anticipation of a ripe old age engrossing the thoughts of youth, yet we might reasonably expect to find the middle-aged devoting some thought to the prolongation of their days, even if not strenuously endeavoring to attain patriarchal honors; but the reckless disregard of the natural law—the wanton ignoring of the simplest rules for the guidance of life, witnessed on every hand, indicate unmistakably the absence of applied design in the pursuit of longevity.

It is a perfectly reasonable proposition, that longevity is attainable by conscious, intelligent effort, and assuming that the human entity enters upon life unhampered by inherited pathological tendencies, there is no valid reason why, with care, he should not reach the century mark. Even the adverse influence of hereditary taint may, in a great measure, be overcome by a purely hygienic mode of life.

There are three causes of death—accident, disease and old age. The first and second may be avoided with care, but the last must inevitably overtake us; yet death from that cause may be indefinitely postponed.

It behoves us then, to ascertain the cause of premature old age.

The excesses of the affluent, and the deprivations of the abject, are important factors in reducing the average duration of life, but they are exceptional. Physical labor cannot be a cause, for the peasantry of all nationalities have always furnished their fair proportion of centenarians. Brain work, as a cause, is equally inadmissible, in view of such examples as Gladstone, Bismarck, Li Hung Chang, and Pope Leo XIII. Failing to find a sufficient cause in or among external conditions, we must look within. The cause must be in the human system itself, as we shall see.

There are two prime causes for the premature curtailment of human vigor. The first is the deposition of calcareous substances in the system; for, physiologically considered, old age is simply ossification. These substances are chiefly derived from the water we drink, and it may be accepted as a truism, that if, after maturity was reached, only distilled water was partaken of, it would lengthen existence fully twenty years. When it is remembered that the percentage of water in the blood is 79.5, and that 70 per cent. of the body is water, the significance of the above fact becomes apparent.

The second cause, in comparison with which the former shrinks into insignificance, is the imperfect elimination of the waste of the system.

The body is the theatre of constant change. It is the scene of incessant destruction and up-building, and it is of vital importance that the debris should be promptly and thoroughly removed. Nature has provided several avenues by which the waste may be removed from the body, the principal being the skin, the lungs, and the intestinal canal. The latter is infinitely more important than the others, since by it the waste products of digestion are expelled. If it fails to promptly fulfill its office, every vital function is promptly interfered with; and, in addition, the fluid portion is absorbed into the circulation, re-depositing in the very fountain of life (i.e., substances inimical to the economy. Should the system, while in this condition, be exposed to a chill, a congestion of the surface excretory vessels takes place, and practically the whole work of elimination is thrown upon the already hard-worked kidneys, frequently resulting in uræmic poisoning and death.

The presence of a grain of sand in a watch will retard its movements, if not stop them altogether. What, then, must be the effect of an accumulation of impurities in the physical system? The finely-adjusted balance that is capable of weighing the thousandth part of a grain, is carefully protected under a glass cover, for even impalpable dust would clog its movements. Reflect, then, upon the amount of friction that must be perpetually going on in the human organism owing to the retention of effete matter! And since not even the most cunning product of man's handiwork can compare with the complex mechanism of the body, the paramount importance of eliminating the waste becomes manifest.

Here, in a nut shell, lies the secret of longevity—the philosopher's stone, so long and vainly sought.—*Omega*.

Onions are almost the best nerve known. They are most useful in cases of nervous prostration, and will greatly assist in toning up the system. They are useful in all cases of coughs, colds, influenza and scurvy, and kindred complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a whitening and clearing effect on the complexion.

The minister who largely depends for success on his being sensational is doomed to disappointment. It has been well said, "Sensationalism first attracts, the dissapoints, then disgusts," and in proportion as the people become more thoughtful and intellectual does this saying become more universally true.—*The Telescope*.

A worldly, self-seeking preacher is the modern "abomination of desolation standing where it ought not."—*Baptist Argus*.

## Temperance Column.

"Annie! Annie!"

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

Two or three years ago, in the month of September, having left the tea table, I went out upon the veranda. Presently a member of the genus tramp entered the carriage gate and came up the drive to the house. He was more tidy and decent in appearance than most tramps, and having reached the steps, asked civilly for something to eat. As I proccured, with apparent readiness, a plate of griddle-cakes hot from the kitchen, he handed me a tin cup saying: "Would you give me some hot tea for my wife? She's sick; Annie isn't used to this kind of life; She's a lady, Annie is; she isn't common folks. She came from Baltimore, and she isn't used to anything but the best." Asking him if "Annie" took milk and sugar in her tea, I went in and filled the pint cup, and when he withdrew I perceived that he and the "lady" were camped under the hedge, just outside the large gate. Half an hour later my husband, on his way to an evening meeting, found these tramps still on the roadside. The dew and shadows of an autumn evening were beginning to fall. The couple had an unusual amount of baggage with them—a valise, two army blankets and a large shawl. The woman, purple in the face, was laced over in hopeless intoxication. The man was pulling her by the arm, exhorting her, "Annie! Annie! get up! Its late." Seeing my husband, he said, "Poor Annie, she's sick; I don't know what's the matter with her. We have travelled too far; she's overcome."

"She's overcome with liquor," was the reply. "She's drunk."

"Not a mite," replied the champion, stoutly. "She's a lady."

"She's drunk, my man, and you may cause her death by trying to drag her about in this state. Settle her comfortably, and cover her up well; she'll sleep it off."

"Don't be slanderin' Annie, sir; she's a lady. To think of the likes of her lyin' out all night; Annie! Annie! get up." A little further exposition effected nothing, and they were left to themselves. Sitting in the library with one window partly open, came constantly to my ear, at about ten-minute intervals, a monotone, "Annie! Annie! get up." And then, when patience seemed gone, the man's voice rose to a shriek, "Annie!!!" and died away, presently to re-begin mildly, "Annie! Annie!"

Returning an hour later, my husband found the tramps as before, and again remonstrated: "Come, my man, this poor woman is drunk; let me help you to put her in a comfortable position, or she may die, as the night gets cold."

"Well, your honor, I'll not dispute you any longer. Annie is drunk; it's her failin'; it's what brought her here. Now, I do take a little now and then, but it never makes me drunk; but you see poor Annie gets overcome entirely."

One of the blankets was then spread on the ground, close under the hedge, with the valise on it for a pillow. "Annie" was then stretched on this improvised bed, and covered with the other blanket and shawl. Her heavy breathing and the strong smell of the whiskey seemed to strike the man, for he said: "It's plain enough she's drunk, sir, ain't it? Annie! Annie! wake up, Annie!"

"Let her alone; get under the blanket yourself, and see that she does not get uncovered. By morning you can take her to an eating house for some hot coffee."

"Well, but Annie is a lady; you can see that for yourself, can't you, sir?"

"How then did she come to be in this condition?"

"It was the drop of liquor did it, sir. Annie was in Baltimore, just a beautiful young lady, with silk gowns, and with rings, and a nice house; oh! people didn't look down on her then. But she took to drink, sir, and it went from bad to worse, till she ran off from her friends and nobody cared for her, and then she took up with a common fellow like me. I ain't no gentleman, but Annie is a lady; and once she wouldn't a looked at me. Yes, sir, there she is. It's hard, ain't it, trampin' and sleeping under hedges, and called drunk? I always denies it as long