

—a woman of great and high character and prosperous farmers kept to the ordinary household duties those entailed by sheep. The milk was wool into cloth and was the work of a work of sowing and the heading and care of the nature was known to all the common name all of Mrs. Welton's family and her country, were very speak the popular

Wilton's family large rectangular, two large barns a tool house, wood the broad acres of both sides of the of the village and in took pride in me, and the passer- of the most pre-

sons and three to fill honorable adorn the stations belongs the greater large and very in- of the children re- ble more evenly nearly physical h womanly grace religious leader, supporting him in which both were er people's good people's concerns. To the un- g hand. The quired into, and

and without in- the children to d. She was the ing tendencies, d fostered them have with their se determining father what the zen, and in time to Wolfville.

ship. It was a his glasses and elle holding in- the hired help expected to be gh the worship to Mr. and Mrs. the best of all

most, about a ath Mountain. ver Aylesford ge church had ing stations; el—the Bethel field. It was ry, during the interest and find the equal

It may be y memory, but cynical critic, If the many up and give Bethel people eads and stead- not Presbyter- on of the octavo Hymn believing they a machine. and in truth, some earnest tion for piety, he him might Bethel people

acquired a taste for diversity of authorship in their hymnology, and then the "Psalmist" was introduced.

My memory reaches backward to the beginning of the truly great pastorate of Rev. Dr. Charles Tupper. Then I, a small boy of perhaps about eight years of age, took inexpressible pride in hitching up the off-side of the Dr.'s horse when stepped between the shafts, in quicker time than the Dr. did his side. I had my reward, for he graciously gave me some little beautiful tracts with cream tinted covers, also once in a while, some patriarchal counsels which frightened me, almost making my hair stand on end. I think my face must have been white as starch, when sometimes he warned me against the loss of my soul. The tracts I showed to my mother, but the warning counsels I kept in my heart afraid to let them out, for I did not know what the wild things might do.

So many were the pastor's preaching stations, that he could keep a single appointment at the Bethel only once in three or four weeks. What then? Were there no meetings in the intervening dates? Yes, and twice a Sunday, it might be. Dr. Tupper was a great magnet for Baptist ministers in all the Province, and for some others on the New Brunswick side of the Bay of Fundy. Quite often some visitor, some missionary or Bible society secretary would be honored in some part of the parish field, and was ready to "improve his gifts" before the congregation, or present his great cause in anticipation of a collection and of private gifts.

But generally when the pastor was absent at another station, prayer and conference meetings were held, and such meetings as were often held were like the reaping of harvest, exceeding in apparent power even the preaching services of the pastor. There was plenty of Bible truth in them, only it was diverse and manifold. It lacked the orderly presentation and the exact statement, for which the sermons of Dr. Tupper were noted. What prayermeeting timber was there then in the Bethel church. It was the cathedral type, grand, glorious. There were many young men of great talent, and knowledge of the Scriptures. I do not know what else they knew, but the Bible was their daily hand book, and Christ their adorable Lord, and all Scripture was seen through, and in him. It is not often that we can see so noteworthy a collection of the Lord's disciples in a country church. Their names the young people of that age and place, will not willingly let die. To name some of them is to call up a host of blessed memories to some now living about Kingston and elsewhere.—Deacon Sidney Welton, *primus inter pares*, Calvin Baker, Jacob Neilly, Edward Woodbury, John and Ezekiel C. Wheelock, Ansel Baker, Harvey Parker, Gardner Tufts, Lovett McKenny—men great in faith, and strong in utterance, and full of religious experience. To attend prayer meetings in which their silver bows were bent to service, was to observe some splendid heavenly artillery in action. And with them came into activity some women who like Deborah could lead Israel unto victory, and like her sing a song, "O my soul march on with strength."

There were three great elements in the prayer meeting services of these Bethel people.

1. They knew how to sing the praises of God. The leader, Deacon Welton, always sat up under the pulpit, and near to him some others of his peers. He gave out the hymn, and from both sides and front of him would move up the singers, until often the front aisle and part of the side aisles were full. And then at sound of keynote, all would start off. Their singing was absorbing to themselves. Their enjoyment was so great that before the hymn was through, the silent worshipper looking on, would wonder whether some of those brethren were not really getting glimpses into the glorious arcana of God; and carried by their enthusiasm in song, this silent worshipper would feel a divine afflatus moving upon himself.

2. These Bethel people knew how to pray. Spurgeon was wont to say that when he heard a Christian really pray, he knew something would break or move on. These people had the gift of prayer and perhaps this gift was the inner secret of the revolutionary revivals which used to visit that church. Then storm or cold or icy water abated, not the ardor of their religious activity and devotion.

3. They knew how to tell religious experience. I think their deepest knowledge of the Scriptures came through their experience. The living word entered into their life, and became a part of it, and so they knew the word of God. And in this way all the Bible became gospel to them. In their wonderfully illuminated moods of soul, they felt out the truth. So there was a chorus of undoubted certainty and reality to the experiences they told. The dreams of their old men and the visions of their young men were living divine dramas, and if they could be written out, would be Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress in manifold variety and degrees of attainment.

(To be continued.)

**The Doctrine of the Real Presence.**

BY WARD FISHER.

A few weeks since a widely known theologian of a somewhat erratic theology preaching before the students of Harvard College, dealt sledge hammer blows at a belief in an "absentee God" and an "absentee Christ." It was looked upon by many as an attack on the orthodox view of God

and of Christ, and loud has been the thundering, and fierce if not straight, the sharpshooting at the aforesaid widely known theologian. Now that the volleying is over and we rub our besmoked eyes to see the slain, and behold! the living are still alive, albeit those who did the firing are somewhat sore by reason of the discovery that all the alarm was over a "man of straw," which the supposed heretic had been pummeling with evident satisfaction.

According to Dr. Abbott, the church has been believing in an absentee God, who rules the world, but is not in it, nor personally helpful in the working of the forces he created. And that the church has been believing in an absentee Christ, who was once active in the world but is now gone back to heaven to await the winding up process. This is but the setting up of "a man of straw" for the purpose of showing the agility of the modern theologian, for today the views of the church regarding the personality of God and of Christ are certainly not as he pictures them, for only the doctrines of Rome present an absentee God—the Pope, his vicar, ruling in his place in the world.

Years ago evangelical Christianity was perilously near foundering under the belief in an absentee God, for the insoluble riddle of the co-ordination of divine sovereignty and man's responsibility was apparently solved by eliminating man's responsibility and holding to sovereignty alone. God became a being afar off, a being stern, inexorable, who from his lofty throne in the skies, was ready to hurl a world into the pit.

There is a magnificence in the glory that encircles God's Sovereignty. Perhaps we have been accustomed to think of it as a stern, rigid, unyielding doctrine, and it is, yet some aspects of it are suggestions of hope, trust and joy unspeakable. His sovereignty insures the certainty of the coming of his kingdom. But we do not think of God as a solitary companionless monarch with clouds and darkness around his throne, but as a Father who with yearning patience seeks to win our love, and who has such knowledge of his creatures that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice; who numbers the hairs of our heads and feeds the ravens and makes the lily to grow in all its beauty.

God has given us many pictures of Himself. We have heard him in the thunders of Sinai. We have seen him on the glory lit mount. But when we see him surpassing mother in his comfort, when we see him as a father whose great heart yearns for his children, when we see him as a Shepherd seeking out his flock, yea, as we have leaped in weakness on His arm, and heard his voice of tenderness then we know we stand in the presence of Him to whom the stars sang. We have no absentee God, but one who has fulfilled the Word to countless souls. "When thou passeth through the waters I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee." The twenty third psalm is a real experience.

The devil is nigh, but God is nigher, Circling us with walls of fire."

But what of Christ? Do we worship an absentee Christ. The Roman doctrine of the real presence is a perversion of one of the most beautiful and vital truths of Scripture. When, by the teaching of Rome the needy soul was crowded from access into the presence of the personal Christ by the weary intermeditation of countless so-called saints, there soon followed the de-basing doctrine of transubstantiation, whereby the sacrifice of the mass formed the centre of worship, thus giving the priest fearful power over the souls of men. This doctrine of the real presence is that every partaker of the wine and bread contain Christ whole and entire—His divinity, humanity, soul, body and blood, with all their component parts. Christ's real presence is only in its mass.

Genuine Christianity repudiates such a doctrine. Then if the Christ is not brought nigh to us by the "miracle" of the mass, are we to conclude that we have an absentee Christ? No, for there is the true doctrine of the real presence, which is vital to genuine Christian life. Our doctrine of the real presence is founded on the distinct word of Christ, and on Christian experience. "Lo I am with you always, till the end of the world," means more than that Christ is with us as a posthumous influence—as a memory. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst," is the enumerated doctrine of the real presence, and is back of all life of the true church for the church of Christ is the body of Christ alive with the life of a living Christ. We worship no absentee Christ but a living, personal Christ, who dwells with us, and is in us.

The Incarnation was the real presence of Christ under the limitations of the flesh, confirming his ministry to the immediate place of his bodily presence. But now the Christ is reincarnate in every converted soul, and his ministry has been multiplied throughout the earth. "Christ with us" the hope of glory, and "Christ in us" the glorifying hope.

The sweet agitation of holy passion, the lifting of the heart in purest and noblest excitements, the involuntary hush of the whispered prayer, is the experience of the Christian as he has communion with the living, personal Christ.

Many a song has sounded in the cloisters of the heart which the musicians of earth can never comprehend, and as the fingers of God play upon the heartstrings music too

sweet for mortal ears makes melody that cannot be expressed.

There is a voice that none can hear save he whose ears have been unstopped and made sensitive by a God who speaks in tones so soft and tender that the world's harshness is forgotten; and there is a language none can know save those who have sat in quietness and have learned of him.

And there are eyes which behold visions that bring a strange contentment to the heart as God unveils the secret of his presence, and we know that the invisible things of God have become very real.

Whoever two or three Meet, a Christian company. Grant us Lord to meet with Thee; Gracious Saviour, hear.

In the time of lonely grief, LET thy presence bring relief, Thus shall longest nights grow brief; Gracious Saviour, hear.

Advocate, N. S.

**Woman as Daughter.**

Not every household in the land has its darling ministering daughter, but no household is complete without one. Into what need of the hour does she not fit, what longing of the heart does she not fill?

I am supposing, dear rosebud of the little wifful thorns that you are willing to bloom in the home borders, that you are not anxious for a wider career than home offers you! These are days of restlessness and aspirations beyond the bounds of home, and young women are invited on many sides to step into a sphere that seems wider than the somewhat circumscribed circle of home interests. A girl conscious of her own ability, with the knowledge that she can successfully compete with others, may often say to herself, "Have I the right to fold my talent in a napkin; shall I not thus be guilty of unfaithfulness and waste? An ambitious and wide awake young girl often chafes against the hampered conditions of her lot, and wishes she might without question do with her life as she pleases. And in this she is not to be blamed, nor for this should she be hastily condemned. The point of view must be regarded, and the twentieth century atmosphere weighed in the balance.

This being conceded, may we not urge upon our thoughtful daughter, that she shall continue at home, filling every little space and crevice with sunshine and sweetness, when her family does not ask or suggest her going beyond it? Father and mother are at the top of the hill. Their steps must soon begin to tread the descending slope. They gave of their self-denial, their vigor, their generosity, to educate you, dear, Dora, dear Madeline, when you were younger; they spared no pains that you might have the very best they could obtain for you. Now they are weary. They find the honey growing thin on the daily bread. They need fun in the home, the stimulus of the younger life. Your voice, your ideas, your worth, your impressions, the touch of the new generation, are important to them, and you may be to them at this period, as the tide to the barren shore, flooding them with gladness and filling them with hope.—Margaret E. Sangster.

**"Love Thyself Last."**

Love thyself last. Look near; behold thy duty To those who walk beside thee down life's road; Make glad their days by little acts of beauty, And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

Love thyself last. Look far and find the stranger Who staggers with his sin and his despair; Go lend a hand and lead him out of danger, To heights where he may see the world is fair.

Love thyself last. The vastnesses above thee Are filled with spirit forces strong and pure, And fervently, these faithful friends shall love thee. Keep thou thy watch o'er others and endure.

Love thyself last; and oh! such joy shall thrill thee As never yet such selfish souls was given. Whatever thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee And earth shall seem the anteroom of heaven.

Love thyself last; and thou shalt grow in spirit To see, to hear, to know, to understand. The message of the stars, lo, thou shalt hear it, And all God's joys shall be thy command.

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better By thee, if in this brief motto forms thy creed. Go follow it in spirit and in letter, This is the religion which men need.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Independent.

He is no wise to be reckoned poor who from his heart can say: "The Lord is my shepherd I shall not want." Such a one, having food and raiment, is content; and godliness with contentment is divine riches.

If we cannot find God in your house and mine, upon the roadside or the margin of the sea, in the bursting seed or opening flower, in the day duty and the night musing, I do not think we should discern him any more on the grass of Eden or beneath the moonlight of Gethsemane.—James Martineau.