

follows. Alex. Fraser senior, ordained to office in 1833, died Sept. 17, 1869. Duncan Robertson, senior, ordained to office in 1833, died Jan. 3, 1875. John Stewart ordained in 1835, died March 14, 1875. Robert Fraser, ordained Aug. 19, 1877, died March 13, 1900. Alex. Robertson, ordained Mar. 2, 1873, died Feb. 22, 1899. The present deacons are Alex. Scott, senior, ordained Mar. 2, 1873. Theo. S. Robertson, Alex. Scott junior and Wm. McVean ordained Oct. 13, 1889. John E. Robertson and John McVean ordained Oct. 29, 1899.

Names of clerks, Dea. Alex. Fraser filled the office during the time from July 12, 1833, till Jan. 1, 1867, followed by Duncan Robertson, junior, who died Mar. 16, 1877, and on April 2, 1877, the present Clerk, Wm. McVean was duly elected and installed. Of those who once were members of this church, and gave themselves to the Ministry of the Gospel we would here, make mention of Rev. Edward Anderson who was among some of the first students at Acadia and afterwards laboured in the neighbouring Republic. Rev. H. Morrow also a student of Acadia, now Missionary at Favo, Burma. Rev. John A. Ford pastor of Houlton Maine Baptist church; and Rev. Henry G. Millick now in Manitoba.

Dec. 6, 1903, this day our new church edifice No. 3, is set apart for the worship of God. Dedication sermon preached by Rev. J. C. Spurr, text I Chron. 9: 27.

Divine Amelioratives.

A WEEK-NIGHT MEDITATION.

BY REV. J. H. JOWETT, M. A.

"Sleeping for Sorrow."—Luke 22: 45.

"Sleeping for sorrow." Is it not a very strange conjunction? One would have thought that wakefulness and sorrow would have been associated, and that sleep and sorrow would never have found communion. But here is sorrow passing into sleep! As though sorrow itself contains a gracious opiate which lulls and subdues into slumber. As though God had determined that every distress should carry a certain palliative in order that we might be burdened beyond measure. When sorrow becomes very intense it induces sleep. A Divine ameliorative is at hand, and the strain of the galling burden is lightened. They say in the North that there is never a nettle that has not its companion dock. The dock supplies the opiate for relieving and destroying the sting of the nettle. And so I wish to speak of these Divine amelioratives which the good Lord has appointed for reducing the burdensomeness of grief, and for making the daily sorrow tolerable.

THE AMELIORATIVE OF SLEEP.

What a wonderful minister is the genius of sleep! When our bodies are tired out, and the nervous force is almost spent, and we feel ourselves wearied and "down," what a hotbed is provided for irritableness, and doubt, and despondency and despair! A tired out body offers a fertile roorage to all manner of mental ailments. Many a man in the evening time feels that life is very colorless and juiceless, and this sense of the sombreness and dullness arises from a body which has temporarily lost its spring. And then comes sleep! During the hours of sleep our gracious God comes and refills the exhausted lamp, and in the morning the touchiness and irritableness and tastelessness have all gone, and we face the new day as man renewed. The Lord has been near with his gracious palliative of sleep and the oppressiveness of the passing day has been removed. Then how frequently sleep acts as a gracious opiate when we are inclined to make precipitous vows! Something has happened and we hastily resolve upon hasty action. But some discreet and experienced friend says to us, "Sleep on it." And the influence of the one night's sleep scatters our rash resolve like morning mist. Have we not recently been told of a great minister who, in some moment of impatience resolved upon sending his resignation to his deacons, but he took the council of his wife to "sleep on it," and the resignation was never sent. God's gracious gift came in the meantime, and the storm-tossed mind and heart were laid to rest.

And what a wonderful servant is this same sleep in the time of bereavement! I have frequently known a widow in the very first day of her widowhood, when the body of her husband was scarcely cold, pass into a deep and refreshing sleep. "I have had the best night's sleep I have had for many months," and this was the first night of bereavement! "Sleeping for sorrow." It is a wonderfully gracious providence of our God to mingle this Divine opiate with our sorrows, and to put us into a quiet and restoring sleep. "He giveth his beloved sleep."

THE AMELIORATIVE OF TIME.

What a healing minister we have in time itself. The old proverb tells us that time brings roses. And a still older proverb, coming up from the days of the old Romans, tells us that time is generally the best doctor. The new railway cutting is a great red gash in the green countryside, but time is a great healer and restorer, and day after day the bald, bare place is being recovered with fern and grass and wild flower, until at least the ugly cutting harmonizes with the colors of the surrounding landscape, and the gash is healed. And time works a similar history with human life. A cutting injury is done to me. I think I can never

forget it. The wound is deep, the rankling is sore. But time takes the thing in hand, and little by little, and day by day, the healing process is continued, until at length the open wound is closed, and I wonder how I could have been so silly as to make so much stir about it. And we all know what time can do even for the sharp pangs of a great bereavement. In the first dark and cloudy day it seems as though no light will ever fall upon our path again. "I shall never laugh any more." Oh, yes you will! Time the Lord's ameliorative, will begin to minister to the broken spirit, and however incredible it may now appear some day the smiles will come back in the blanched cheek, and the mouth will be filled with laughter. Perhaps it is that, as the days go by, time turns a beautiful memory into an alluring hope. We not only feel the season behind us, but the pulling power of the age that lies before. Let us never forget when we are counting our blessings to thank God for the glorious ministry of gracious time.

THE DIVINE AMELIORATIVE OF WORK.

May we speak of work as one of the Lord's servants appointed by him to subdue the distresses of life, and to mitigate its pangs? How frequently it happens that the needful work that is required to be done immediately after a death is a gracious helpmeet to the spirit. We have had to be busy about the funeral, and even that bit of business is a minister of rest. We say of one another, "It's well she had so much to do." Goethe's mother said of her son, "My son, when he has a sorrow puts it in a poem and so gets rid of it." We cannot all put our griefs into poems, but it is amazing how much of them we can put into work. And so it is well for us to look upon work as a signal token of Divine Providence and Fatherly love and grace. He has appointed us to work, and the work has been ordained for our eternal good. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," yes but the cursing of the ground was for the blessedness of man. In cursing the ground God blessed the race. When God cursed the ground he made it essential that man should work. The curse is only a restraining of the natural energies of the earth, in order that man should co-operate and bring the hidden things to fruition. God made work compulsory in order that man might regain his lost Eden. To lose his Eden, and then to have no work, would have made the alienation too grievous to be borne. The compulsory work was the decree of eternal love. And therefore I am not surprised when I turn to the New Testament to find how great was Paul's fear of indolent Christians. The early believers gave up their ordinary work and passively waited for the coming of their Lord. Now Paul knew that, in the time of stress, and persecution and tribulation, to have no work would be to take sides with the enemy. Therefore let no man abide in the calling wherein he was called. Let every man go on working, for he will find in his work an ameliorative in his sorrows. To cast aside work is to deprive oneself of the means of grace. A doctor quite recently in my hearing, said to a man who was inclined to become a little morbid and depressed, "Go out and weed your garden." The weeding of the garden was the smallest part of the hour's work; while the man was weeding the garden he was also extracting weeds from his own heart and life. Let us thank God for work.

THE DIVINE AMELIORATIVE OF SERVICE.

I distinguish between work and service. Work is primarily for our own profit; service is primarily for others. And therefore I speak now of labor expended in another's good, and in this kind of service I say there is a grand ameliorative in the griefs and distresses of life. It is an amusing thing to watch the new color which our sorrow assumes when we go out to minister to others. The rawness goes out of our own wound while we are dressing the wounds of our neighbor. Our own pang is lessened when we seek to take the pang out of another's soul. "I felt as though my heart would break, so I just got up and went out to help a poor body who I knew was in need." Yes, and while she went to bring comfort to her needy sister the heart's-ease came into her own soul. This is the beautifully gracious way of our God. We can go out with a broken heart to minister to other broken hearts, and a cooling balm is applied to our own feverish pain and fears. Along these lines we can all make bold and immediate experiment and you may depend upon it you will find that in this kind of service there is buried a gracious opiate which deadens the sense of our own sorrows and makes it possible for us to endure them. All these are Divine amelioratives, the gracious ministers of God, and I would that we might more frequently remember them when we seek to tell the story of his mercy and grace. Let us think of them as the angels of the Lord, appointed by him to do us service in the dark and cloudy day. "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

Two Large Examples, With Lessons.

BY J. B. GAMBRELL.

When Phillip the Second came to the throne of Spain, he came to the greatest empire then in the world. It looked as if Spain would rule the world, and that was in the Spanish mind, just as it is in the Russian mind today to dominate all Asia, and, later, the world. It was an hour for much Spanish congratulation which degenerated into national vanity and conceit. The monarch fell under the bad

influence of the current feeling, if, indeed, he did not lead it. He decreed that no Spanish youth should leave Spain to study abroad, and no teacher should be imported into Spain. This decree was based on the conception that Spain had nothing to learn from abroad. It was that spirit of pride which goes before a fall, a spirit so deep and all-pervasive that till this hour it dominates the Spanish mind.

When Phillip decreed the insulation of the Spanish mind, he laid an ax to the root of all Spanish greatness. It was as if a man put an iron band around a growing tree. Either the tree, by its growth, would burst the band, or the tree would die, not all at once, but surely, little by little. With Spain the inevitable happened. The nation did not burst the band, but decay began at once. Through weary centuries national decay has marked the course of that once powerful people. Her colonies have fallen away from her like dead limbs from a failing tree. The last were Cuba, Porto Rico and the Phillippines. Little is left that depicts a laggard nation. Her people walk in a vain show, hugging to their bosoms ideals long since outgrown.

Spain fell by taking a wrong mental attitude toward the larger world of truth she counted herself to have attained. She scouted truth not home found or developed. Her attitude was a facing in. She practiced involution, not evolution. Having a wrong mental attitude, she could not learn. Her dismal history of bigotry, arrogance, intolerance, persecution, priestcraft—all of it—had its taproot in her mental attitude, unfriendly to the wide world of truth. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he. People individually and collectively are as they think. Phillip the Second wrought the ruin of Spain when he faced Spain in. This is a large example of the working of a principle.

Let us take another example, looking the opposite way. Fifty years ago Japan was insulated along with Corea and China. Her people were not allowed to go abroad. Her emperor, representing the oldest dynasty in the world, reversed Phillip's policy and Japan's too. He faced his people out by giving them a new mental attitude towards universal truth. The brightest of the youth of the empire were sent abroad to learn. England, Germany, America and France received relays of Japs of both sexes. They came feeling their mission to be torch-bearers. Nor did Japan stop at this. She brought to her great national university the most eminent teachers of the world, and paid them salaries which would create an uproar in America. She imported men to reconstruct her whole civilization, putting everything on the best known basis. She saw that her ships were out-classed, and forthwith set about constructing her present up-to-date navy. Her army was reconstructed throughout. Her armaments were of the best. Her public school system was organized to reach every boy and girl in the empire. Missionaries were welcomed. The mental attitude of Japan is: "We are doing the best we know, but if you know better tell us."

What has been the result of this new attitude? Ask Russia. But the world knows. Hardly ever was there such an awakening. The Japs are the leaders of a third part of the world. A new life thrills the nation from its ancient thrones to its utmost borders. Her people are standing flooded with the sunlight of a new and glorious life. From peasant to prince, there is enlargement, and an all-conquering spirit of achievement. The whole people are assimilating to higher ideals, and Japanese greatness is written in letters of light, as across the vault of heaven.

Now for some lessons. No greatness is possible without a proper mental attitude. This comes with tremendous force to Southern Baptists. The South has been badly envired for fifty years. The effect of environment has told on Southern thinking. With respect to the Negro, we have been in a defensive attitude. With no intention of entering the domain of politics, I feel nevertheless constrained to say that our strenuous president has done the South and the nation a grievous wrong by reviving the race question. The whole South needs to face out and blend harmoniously in the national life. This is the need of Southern Baptists. In some way our young people, for their own enlargement and for what they can do, ought to face out, and feel their responsibility for the spiritual life of the whole country and the world. Two thirds of the Baptists of America can't be shut up to one-third of the people of this great country in their thinking and efforts. We must face out.

The same lesson is good all along the line. The church which faces in will follow Spain to the shades of death. The association which lives for itself will die to itself. The preacher whose thoughts and efforts revolves around himself and church will circle in and come to a dead standstill at the centre.

These lessons ought not to be lost on our people. If our boys and girls think great thoughts, they will be great men and women. If every Baptist in Texas could feel that he or she belongs to a great army of conquest, which is to reach every spot of the globe and bring the lost tribes of earth to the obedience of faith our churches would rise gloriously into strength and world-wide usefulness. Our supreme task now is to bring our people to a right attitude toward the whole world.—Baptist Standard.

Get holy principles, and thou shalt get the pinions of an angel, which shall bear thee above all clouds and storms of earth, into the sunshine and calm of eternity.—Dr. Thomas.