

Unguarded Gaps.

We must remember that it was not by interceding for the world in glory that Jesus saved it. He gave himself. Our prayers for the evangelization of the world are but a bitter irony so long as we only give of our superfluity and draw back before the sacrifice of ourselves.

M. Francois Coillard, Africa.

"The tomtoms thumped straight on all night, and the darkness shuddered round me like a living, feeling thing. I could not go to sleep so I lay awake and looked and it seemed that I stood on a grassy sward, and at my feet a precipice broke sheer down into infinite space. I looked, but saw no bottom; only cloud shapes, black and furiously coiled, and great shadow shrouded hollows, and unfathomable depths. Back I drew dizzy at the depth.

Then I saw forms of people moving slowly along the grass. They were making for the edge. There was a woman with a baby in her arms and another little child holding on to her dress. She was on the very verge. Then I saw that she was blind. She lifted her foot for the next step. . . . it trod air, she was over, and the children over with her. Oh, the cry as they went over.

Then I saw more streams of people following from all quarters. All were blind, stone blind; all made straight for the precipice edge. There were shrieks as they suddenly knew themselves falling, and a tossing up of helpless arms, catching, clutching at open air. But some went over without a sound. Then I wondered with a wonder, that was simply agony why no one stopped them at the edge, I could not, I was glued to the ground, and I could not call; though I strained and tried, only a whisper would come. Then I saw that along the edge, there were sentries set at intervals. But the intervals were far too great; there were wide unguarded gaps between. And over those gaps, the people, fell in their blindness quite unwarned and the green grass, seemed blood-red to me and the gulf yawned like the mouth of hell. Then I saw like a little picture of peace a group of people, under some trees, with their backs turned towards the gulf. They were making daisy chains. Sometimes when a piercing shriek cut the quiet air and reached them it disturbed them, and they thought it a rather vulgar noise. And if one of their number started up and wanted to go and do something to help, then all the others would pull that one down. "Why should you get so excited about it? You must wait for a definite call to go! You haven't finished your daisy chains yet. It would be really selfish" they said "to leave us to finish the work alone."

There was another group. It was made of people whose great desire was to get more sentries out, but they found that very few wanted to go, and sometimes there were no sentries set for miles and miles of the edge.

Once a little girl stood alone in her place, waving the people back, but her mother and other relations called, and reminded her that her furlough was due. She must not break the rules. And being tired and needing a change she had to go and rest for a while; but no one was sent to guard her gap and over and over, the people fell, like a waterfall of souls.

Once a child caught at a tuft of grass that grew at the very brink of the gulf; it clung convulsively, and it called—but nobody seemed to hear. Then the roots of the grass gave way, and with a cry the child went over its two little hands still holding tight to the torn off bunch of grass. And the girl who longed to be back in her gap thought she heard the little one cry, and she sprang up and wanted to go, at which they reproved her, reminding her that no one is necessary anywhere; the gap would be well taken care of, they knew, and then they sang a hymn. Then through the hymn came another sound, like the pain of a million broken hearts wrung in one full drop, one sob. And a horror of great darkness was upon me for I knew what it was—the cry of the Blood.

Then thundered a voice, the voice of the Lord: "And he said what hast thou done? The voice of thy brother's blood crieth, unto me from the ground."

The tomtoms still beat heavily, the darkness still shuddered and shivered about me; I heard the yeils of the devil-dancers and the weird, wild shriek of the devil possessed just outside the gate.

What does it matter after all? It has gone on for years; it will go on for years. Why make such a fuss about it?

God forgive us! God arouse us! Shame us out of our callousness! Shame us out of our sin!

Any Wilson Carmichael in "Things as they are."

Dear Friends:—I have read and reread this vision, and it has seemed to me a picture of our mission field. In the past months we have met one missionary and another the question on the heart and on the lips has been "have you heard from home, are any missionaries coming?" How eagerly we have waited for Convention news, hoping that God would call men and women and that they would offer and our hearts would be made glad by their coming. Is God not willing? or are men not breeding. Oh, do you realize what a wonderful place India is to work. Young women of the home-land, are you not coming to relieve those who must have rest? Have you never thought of Miss Newcombe, here almost eight years, who so bravely gave up her plans for furlough when the greater need ap-

peared for others to leave. The way for her to go is on more open now. Miss Horri-on has been out here eight years this fall, but if she goes she woman's work in Kimmidy must suffer. No one is ready—a gap will be there. Miss Archibald is near the close of her seventh year. What are you going to do about these gaps? I ask you to read Miss Carmichael's dream on your knees as she asks that her book be read.

Your sister in Christ.

M. HELENA BLACKADAR.

Vizianagram, Carth., India.

Oct. 5th, 1904.

Historical Legend of the Second Cornwallis Baptist Church, Berwick, Nova Scotia.

BY REV. D. O. PARKER.

This is a Berwick legend old,
And yet it is a legend true,
As told to me long years ago,
I now record it here for you.

From Berwick once a lad was sent,
With grist of barley, wheat and rice,
To Wilmot in the distant West,
For then no grinding mills were nigh.

Returning home he overtook,
A singing Negro in the street,
With generous heart he took him in,
And shared with him his friendly seat.

They reached his home, and it was dark,
'Twas late, and all were snug in bed,
And they were weary, cold and faint,
And longed with supper to be fed.

Then Sydney* with a manly heart,
Stole softly to his mother's bed,
And said "I've got a negro here,
And hungry now we must be fed."

The prudent mother half awake,
And somewhat nervous, tartly said,
"If you have brought a Nigger home,
Then by yourself he may be fed."

The Negro's face was black as night,
His heart within was pure as gold,
His voice was like a silver chime,
And charmed like David's harp of old.

He was a Baptist preacher too,
And famous in his distant town,
And with his songs and eloquence,
Was rich in honor and renown.

He listening heard that tart reply,
And shrewdly piped his notes in song;
The music touched that mother's heart,
And charmed away all thoughts of wrong.

Then moved as by some mystic power,
On wings of love she left her bed,
And with the best her stores could yield,
Like royal princes both were fed.

The morning came and word was sent,
As far as youthful steps could reach,
Come to my father's home to-night,
And hear a singing black man preach.

Across the fields and through the woods
They came when fell the shades of night,
And filled the farmer's friendly home,
That eve at early "candle light."

And in their midst black Preston stood,
And preached the Saviour's matchless love,
And hearts were melted when he sung:
"Come Holy Spirit Heavenly Dove."

Obedient to the people's call,
He labored there for many days,
And while he preached from house to house,
Converted souls were filled with praise.

Then Edward Manning in Canard,
They lead them down the Jordan's banks,
And risen from their liquid graves,
He welcomed them to Zion's ranks.

In eighteen-hundred-twenty-eight,
All these with others from abroad,
In covenant of faith and love,
Did constitute this church of God.

And so it is in every age,
Man's ways are not the ways of God;
God makes the humblest things of earth,
Proclaim his grace and truth abroad.

*N. Springfield, Vermont.

*Sidney Shaw late of South Berwick and one of nature's noblemen.

River Hebert.

This village is eight miles from Maccan on the I. C. R., and four from the Joggins terminus of R. R. which runs through it. The river which gives its name to the station and community winds along in a course exactly described by the word "serpentine" though a valley in some places narrowing to a half mile between the forests, but broadening in its lower course to a mile and a half or more and skirted in places by quite extensive dyke-protected meadows. The farmers do some mixed farming, but with few exceptions seem to raise little in the way of grain crops but depend upon the dykelands. Up the river is a timber country through which the fires have lately run destroying valuable property. There are five steam saw-mills and a water mill on the river employing at certain seasons upwards of 200 men, and on the Shulee side two additional

mills, employing 150 men. One of the mills is owned by Christie Bros. To this firm belongs Mr. E. B. Christie, the beloved and faithful deacon of the Baptist church. It is estimated that two-thirds of the men employed in the woods and mills are French.

The chief industry in River Hebert is the coal mines, of which there are five in operation in a radius of five miles. The two in the immediate neighborhood which I visited are the Strathcona which had been in operation three years and employs 120 men. They have started a slope on a new seam one foot thicker than the old seam which was 24 feet. Eight new single houses are in course of construction. The Minudie mine was opened 18 years ago, and employs 140 men, of whom one-third are French. Its output is 40,000 tons. The seam worked averages 3 feet 2 inches. The company has houses for twenty-three families.

There are three meeting houses in River Hebert, the Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist. A graded school of three departments with an enrollment of 150 pupils under the direction of Mr. G. A. Shepher-son, Grade B. (Truro Normal) occupies a suitable building quite well equipped.

The River Hebert Baptist church was organized in 1873 by 22 members of the Maccan church. When 16 years ago Rev. J. M. Parker became pastor the membership had increased to 59. During Bro. Parker's pastorate a parsonage costing \$1900 has been built, which is at present, with the exception of furnace, in excellent repair, and is, I think, superior especially in its arrangement of rooms to any I have seen in the province. In the same time \$1000 has been spent upon the church building with which is connected a good set of sheds for the carriages of the congregation. The W. W. M. A. S. of this church organized 14 years ago by Mrs. Parker, has under her inspiration established a reputation for zeal and liberality and has contributed over \$900. The Mission Band organized a year later, in addition to graduating faithful workers into the church has raised about \$350. According to a carefully prepared report of the church's total benevolence the average for the period of ten years past has been \$175. It contributed to the Acadia Endowment \$1800. Indeed it may be said that the church has attained through its benevolent contributions a high standing in the denomination. It meant work on the part of the pastor and his wife in which they have been heartily seconded by a class of people called by those who know them "the best in the world."

When sixteen years ago Bro. Parker became Pastor as already intimated, the membership had increased to 59. In his pastorate, recently closed, there were received by baptism 53, by letter 30, a total increase of 83. During the same period the church lost by death, dismission and exclusion, a total of 47, leaving a total membership at the time of his resignation of 95 of whom 24 are non-resident but who have kept with few exceptions in yearly touch with the pastor by letter. This certainly is a record that reflects great credit upon all those who have been sharers in the burden of the work, especially when it is remembered that the only building up material has come from the families of Baptist sentiment in the community. The incoming families many of them from Scotland have largely increased the numerical and financial strength of the Presbyterian church, and the Methodist has felt an impetus as well from similar causes. To the present time the Baptist church has had to suffer from the usual exodus of the young people without being able to recoup from the strangers. It is generally understood that many miners do not take kindly to the churches and the French if reached at all must be approached by special means.

During the two months past Rev. T. B. Layton of Truro has been doing acceptable work as a pulpit supply. It was my privilege to spend five days in special meetings assisted by Bro. Layton. A few young people manifested an interest and I trust will soon follow Jesus all the way. There is a good field here for hard work especially if Maccan joins the church in a pastor's support, for there is a preaching station in a hall 4 miles up the river, another at the Joggins 4 miles distant, and another at Shulee 15 miles away. I was not able to visit either of the two latter places but I am told that we have about half a dozen families in either place.

Bro. Parker who suffered from ill health for some four or five years is now looking in excellent fettle and notwithstanding his long drives through all kinds of roads and weather for the last sixteen years or perhaps owing to them would be taken to be a man having ten winters less than the actual count. A ready and effective and sympathetic speaker (with a voice of rare quality in tone and compass); a man of manly, social gifts, a worker with an experience in pastoral life such as few attain and what is perhaps the sine qua non a preacher with a helper in his wife who is able to second his best efforts in all departments of church work, there lies still before him ten or fifteen years of his best opportunities in the kingdom service; and for this he is now watching "the pillar of fire by night and of the cloud by day."

W. H. JENKINS.

Prayer for Growth in Spirituality.

Prayer for growing in spirituality is always pleasing in God's sight and in accordance with his will. We may be sure when we pray for this that God is ready and willing