

and fifty thousand liquor saloons in the United States will be closed up. Moderate drinking leads to immoderate, and immoderate drinking makes drunkards. All who uphold moderate, drinking uphold making drunkards; and Christians should clear themselves of this sin: "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God."

#### A Suggestion.

The Canadian Baptist tells a story which may, we believe, be suggestive of a better way to many church members. We reproduce it in the hope that it may show some what they can do and ought to do. A not very strong church, in a rather poor agricultural district, was making very heavy demands upon the leading member. He felt he was giving all he could to the support of the church, consistent with the demands upon him in connection with his rather large family. It was proposed to organize a Woman's Missionary Society. He saw no way in which he could raise the money with which to pay the monthly dues for the three lady members of his family. Finally he bethought himself, "I have been using tobacco all my life. Can I continue to do so, when by giving up smoking I can have something to give to the great cause of missions?" When it became clear in his own mind that the issue was between a selfish gratification which was injurious in itself, and the claims of Christ and the perishing, he said, "I must sacrifice this bad habit, in order to help fulfill the Great Commission." He is now rejoicing in the privilege of giving to send the gospel to those who so desperately need it. Did he not do right? Are there not hundreds in our churches who might profit by the example of this brother? The amount spent on tobacco by a good many fifties of our people, would total up enough to each fifty to support a missionary. Save the money for the Lord's treasury and for souls, brethren. Can we doubt what is the will of God?

#### About Failures.

"That kind of a sermon makes a man feel awful mean," said one to his pastor at the close of the service. The sermon had been on the failures of Christians and of the Church. The word "mean" may not be the best word to express what was in the mind of the speaker. He possibly meant a feeling of self-disparagement and depression. It is not the worst thing in the world to have a touch of depression now and then, providing it does not become chronic and undermine the soul's energy. Failure might be, in fact often is, the stepping stone to success. As night precedes the day, so darkness and defeat go before gladness and victory. The history of revivals shows that in nearly every case great spiritual depression and death preceded great awakenings. In a sense they follow as effect follows cause. Out of failures are born confession, prayer, a turning to God in helplessness, and these are the beginning of an era of spiritual prosperity.

There is a way, however, of speaking of failures which hurt rather than help, which destroy hope instead of inciting it. One has said "there is no word in our language that conveys so much sinking of heart as the word failure; it is one of those words which should be used sparingly and with discrimination." It is a fact which cannot fail to arrest the attention that successful men in every sphere of life are buoyant men. Nine optimists succeed to one pessimist. This is strikingly true in the church. The great preachers, the awakening evangelists have been almost always men of redundant hope and energy. When a man becomes a complainer and wailer over the badness of things his sun is setting, his day sinks into night. But it might be asked if an earnest man is to be blind to multiplying evils, is he not to lament and denounce them? This needs no reply, but it might be said that in every case when a man succeeds in overcoming the evils, there is invariably the tone of hope and courage. Those who knew Mr. Spurgeon will have noticed that peculiar buoyancy in his preaching even when he denounced the coldness of the church and prevalent evils. The people who listened

were not so much depressed as energized to overcome them. The tone of courage and assurance ran through his most denunciatory preaching.

Ministers and Christian workers whose lives and labors are set to the minor key necessarily fail. A congregation can stand only a limited amount of religious drizzle. Those who speak as if they were all going to the bad never do much to stop them going there. Chronic complaints and ominous forebodings are as disastrous in church work as misereces and direcs would be, if played by the hand on the field of battle. The joy of the Lord is strength.

But we are doomed to hear the wail of failure every day. What does it mean that so much is written about it? How shall we understand it? People are saying civilization is a failure, education a failure, democracy a failure, missions a failure, the pulpit a failure, Christianity a failure, life itself a failure. And they are all failures—in part. Looking at things from the standpoint of the ideal, judging them by the perfect standard, measuring success by our hopes and aspirations, then, indeed, we see failure everywhere. The mixture of evil with the good, of misery with happiness, of wrong with right, of doubt with faith; compell in us a feeling of failure. No one hardly ever dies without feeling that his life has been a failure, at least, only a partial success, and the higher his conceptions of life and its possibilities, the greater his sense of disparity between what his life was and what it might have been. Paul was almost an exception in saying: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith," etc.

It is well, though, to remember that there are triumphs as well as defeats, and things to rejoice in as well as things to deplore, things to boast of as well as things to be ashamed of. Shall we say our glorious climate is a failure because sometimes blizzards sweep down upon us, or that the fertility of the soil is not great because here and there are arid plains and sterile hills? Shall we say Christianity is a failure because all the sores of the world are not healed, because consciences are not instructed or public sentiment is not wholly pure? Shall we say the church has failed because some of its members are not living ideal lives or because all souls around it are not saved? We should remember that faith is not dead and piety is yet a tree of life among us.

#### Acknowledgement

I wish to make grateful mention of the reception of a check for \$50, in June, from Bro. J. S. Titus, Treasurer of New Brunswick Convention, being a donation from Second Johnson and Second Grand Lake churches and from several personal gifts of friends. Dear friends, to me this is very cheering and helpful, as it lifts a burden of care and anxiety from my heart, and will undoubtedly in a way aid in my recovery. I am glad to be able to report that my lung trouble has almost entirely gone, but my doctor pronounces my liver in a bad condition, which still gives me much suffering from time to time, and causes great weakness, yet we are hopeful of being able in the spring to resume labor in some needy section of the Lord's great vineyard "if he wills." Again I say to all who have remembered me with their gifts and in their prayers, "Thanks" and may God bless you.

Cordially,

S. D. ERVINE.

Parth Centre, Vic. Co., N. B., Jan. 18th.

Permit me through your columns to make grateful mention of the kindness of Havelock friends in a cash donation given through the medium of a Christmas tree. This particular tree showered its blessing liberally upon the Sunday School—upon scholars and teachers alike. A carefully arranged programme was carried out by the Sunday School, which was fully enjoyed by all present.

J. W. BROWN.

Havelock, January 12th.

"We cannot gather too much of the Christian spirit—the spirit of forbearance and peace and sacrifice—the spirit of brotherhood and charity—the spirit of purity and devotion to Him through whom comes all that renders life noble and true.

#### Religious News.

ST. ANDREWS,  
CHARLOTTE CO.

Moving along quietly, indications encouraging, congregations slowly increasing, prayer meetings lively. Observed the week of prayer in union with the Presbyterians and Methodists, and the meetings were of such an encouraging character that we resolved to continue this week, holding one in each church. Our prayer is, God revive thy work in this town and surrounding country.

CALVIN CURRIE.

SAINT STEPHEN,  
N. B.

The cup of joy and the cup of sorrow often stand side by side and God permits his people to drink them in quick succession. Such has been the experience of the Baptists of St. Stephen during the past fortnight. On the third of January occurred the annual "roll call," which was regarded by all present as the most delightful and encouraging gathering of the kind in the history of the church. All departments gave good accounts of themselves. Financially the church surpassed the record of any previous year by several hundred dollars. In addition to this a new debt of a thousand dollars, incurred by the repairs made on the property during the past summer, had been provided for by pledges payable in four years. The free pew system was adopted. Officers for the new year were elected. When the roll of membership was called, 154 responded in person or by letter. Refreshments were served and pastor and people went home full of joy and thanksgiving, desiring and expecting a more decided advance during the first year of the new century. One to rejoice with us and who had contributed in large measure to our success was Edwin B. Keirstead, the efficient treasurer. When his name was called he rose and with unusual force, for he was by nature extremely reticent, he said, "I have been wondering all day what I could say in response to my name that would indicate my present attitude toward the church. I love the church as I have always loved it, and I know that I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren." This proved to be his valedictory to the church and to the world. On the following Tuesday evening he went to St. John with his son Will, who was returning to his studies at Wolfville. On Wednesday afternoon he took the C. P. R. train for home. The train reached McAdam and moving out toward Vaneboro before Mr. Keirstead realized that he was being carried by. He rushed into the pullman for his overcoat and then to the platform of the car and stepped out. In some way not yet explained he was caught or slipped back after the snow, in a moment the train hands felt the jar and realized something was wrong. The train was quickly stopped and there beside the rail lay the bruised and mutilated body. Within an hour life was extinct. Mr. D. H. Bates of St. Stephen, who chanced to be on the same train identified the body and wired the sad intelligence to friends here, and the writer had to go with the terrible news to the bereaved family, still awaiting the loved one's return. No event in the history of the town has come with such a shock and made so deep an impression on the entire community. The deceased was a member of the firm of Ganong Bros., a member of the Town Council, the treasurer and a trustee of our church, a member of the Masonic order, the Knights of Pythias and the Foresters. Mr. Keirstead was a man of noble impulses, a humble and devout Christian, loved and respected by all who knew him. The loss to the town, the church, the home, appears to be irreparable, but God makes no mistakes. What he does now we cannot understand but we will learn by and by. The funeral took place last Sunday. The services were held at the church. Not a third of the people who came to show their respect could gain admission. The ministers of the town assisted. The pastor gave an address. A quartette of male voices sang with sympathetic sweetness. The long procession reformed and proceeded to the cemetery. After the committal service by the pastor, the Masonic burial service was read and then we wended our way homeward, but with a better understanding of the words: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow