

Ontario Letter.

BY REV. P. K. DAYFOOT.

The forty ninth annual convention of Baptist churches of Ontario and Quebec, met in the beautiful edifice of the Jarvis St. church Toronto, Oct 17-21, 1904. This great church, aided by the eighteen sister churches of the city, received the delegates gladly, and spared no pains to make them comfortable. That they succeeded, is attested by the unanimous verdict of the whole delegation. The weather was unexpectedly delightful, and the city was in full autumn glory; and the delegate who could not enjoy himself, must be hard to please.

The first session was held Monday evening, Oct 17. After the routine of organization, came the address of the retiring president, Rev. A. J. McKay, B. D. He spoke of the great prosperity in the country, the growth of the denomination, the reduction of mortgages on church buildings, the enlargement of missionary work, and urged the Baptists to realize the responsibility which is laid upon them by their gratifying prosperity. The Nominating committee presented the following list of officers, which was adopted by the convention:

- President—Hon. John Dryden, Brooklyn, Ont.
- 1st Vice—Rev. A. A. Cameron, Ottawa, Ont.
- and Vice—Mr. C. Cook, Brantford, Ont.
- Sec. Treas.—Rev. P. K. Dayfoot, Orillia, Ont.

MINISTERIAL SUPERANNUATION.

Sixty churches gave to this fund \$87,000, legacies were \$1,130, interest \$1,142, fees and subscriptions \$126, total \$3,957. Ten ministers and seven widows are sustained. The assets are \$23,085 and an interest in the Standard Publishing Company.

GRANDE LIGNE.

This is the mission to the French of Quebec Province. This Province includes forty churches with 2,300 members. Of these about 650 are French Canadians, gathered in twelve churches and twenty four preaching stations. In Feller Institute there are 207 students, of whom 34 were baptized during the year. The receipts were \$18,178, for current expenses, \$11,010 for buildings, \$14,925 for endowment; thus reducing the deficit to \$6,885.

EDUCATIONAL.

The enrolment at McMaster University was 184 last year, of whom 34 were theological students. In Woodstock College there were 133 boys, and in Moulton College there were 150 girls. The life of all departments was deeply religious, and there were many conversions. A special feature was the organization of the McMaster Evangelistic Band. These young men passed over the Province during the winter session and the summer vacation; and it is estimated that no less than 1000 persons were converted.

CHURCH EDIFICE.

Since this Board was organized, \$45,000 in debts have been paid, and 97 churches have been aided. The total receipts last year were \$1,638.35, and the expenditure was \$1,248.

MANITOBA AND NORTH WEST.

The churches in that great region are 120, with 400 out stations, served by 98 pastors, and attended by 6000 members. In British Columbia there are 24 churches, and 1,480 members. One of the greatest departments is the college in Brandon with 135 students.

The foreign work is becoming enlarged rapidly. Last year 135,000 immigrants entered the west. The efforts to evangelize the foreigners have resulted in the following churches: Galician, 1; Russian, 1; Scandinavian, 11; Icelandic, 1; German, 12. The English settlers had 12 new churches, and 12 others are being built. There were 650 conversions, 327 baptisms, and 500 new members have been received by letter. The income was \$36,646 17.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

The reports show 35,475 scholars, of whom 1,300 were baptized during the year. The receipts were \$28,118 a gain of \$5,046. It is proposed to appoint a Field Secretary for the province. For this purpose a fund of \$1400, per year for three years has been secured.

HOME MISSIONS.

The Board has aided 130 pastors serving 240 churches, and 56 students in 80 stations. Five new churches were organized, and seven reduced their claim for grants. The income was \$26,963, baptisms during the year numbered 580.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The staff in India includes 42 ordained white, 6 ordained native, and 44 unordained native preachers. There are 42 native churches with a membership of 5,000, and property worth \$40,000.

The income of the year was \$36,646 17, Rev. J. E. Chute and wife and Rev. J. R. Stillwell and wife sailed just before the convention, to resume work after a furlough.

The Mission in Bolivia is becoming more established. The school is especially prosperous, and the missionaries are calling for teachers, in order that the growing work may be overtaken.

THE STATE OF RELIGION.

This is one of the most important reports of the Convention. It is always prepared by Dr. Goodspeed, and is always eagerly anticipated. During the year there have been 15 ordinations, and 4 men have come from outside the con-

vention territory. There were 27 losses through death and removal so the net loss in pastors was ten. The baptisms were 2,168, a gain of 142. The present membership is 44,822 a gain of 449. Of the baptisms 580 were in Home Mission churches and 1,300 were from the Sunday School.

The offerings for work at home totalled \$371,312 and for work abroad, \$78,561; being a gain of 22,327 and \$5,561 respectively, the rate per member was \$10.22.

THE PAN BAPTIST CONGRESS.

We could not overlook that. Neither could we appoint delegates, because we have no funds available for such a purpose. We therefore passed a resolution. (Blessed be revolutions!) In this document we expressed our hearty sympathy with the project, and our hope that it may succeed; and we agreed to grant credentials to any of our touring brethren who might be going to London next summer, and who would agree to tarry and represent us at the P. B. C.

THE PLATFORM MEETINGS.

They were great. The exquisite building accommodates 1000 people, and it was filled nightly. The speakers were great. Dr. Ferry, late of Chicago, the new pastor of the church; Dr. McCrimmon, of Woodstock College, Dr. Lafleur the cultured Frenchman; Dr. J. W. A. Stewart, Dean of Rochester Seminary, Stillwell and Chute of India, Stackhouse of the Manitoba prairie; Prof. Tracey the rising philosopher Dr. Eaton, the brilliant star of Cleveland, O., and last but by no means least, Mayor Uppshart, the Baptist head of the city. These, with those who conducted the discussions during the day, combined to send the Convention of 1904 down to history as one of the greatest we have ever held. Orillia, Ont.

My Faith.

Awake, and look around
At everything in bound,
And see, as far as mind allow's, the world;
Then let thy spirit free
And copy all you see,
And call it truth—the scroll of God unfurled.
And if a man doth say,
"I know the truth, the way"
Unclasp thy sacred Book and ask the page,
And if 'tis there, behold
The man has more than gold,
If not he strays and darkness is his wage.
For Nature is our guide,
Nothing we see beside—
The only work of him who lives we know;
So value all, and trust,
As in the end you must,
The one who rules the heart in joy and woe.
Who'll gauge our widening sight?
And who can tell the height
The light ingathering soul will climb?
The one that sowed the stars
Will see that nothing mars
His mighty work will lift us to the prime.
Who tries to stop, to bind,
The onward march of mind
Doth wrong, and brings upon his soul a rod;
Be not behind, through fear,
Thy better self, but hear
And join the march of mind—the march of God!
He moves the world along,
And binds the right and wrong
In sheaves that men may choose for death or life;
The things we call our own
Are his, and every groan
The ruling of his law we break in strife.
Vain it is to believe
We mortals can achieve
The all, the infinite round of things—
Yet men believe a part
The whole, and bow the heart,
But not in vain, they grope to find their wings,
Not vain is anything
To God, if we but cling
To him, he'll lead us nearer to the day.
For men are wrong and right,
They think they choose, "the light
is mine" they say, not so he shows the way.
A flash and then the night—
We cannot see the light
And live—a glimpse, the highest see no more;
But ah, the sparks declare
A boundless flame is there!
The power that is life we must adore!
Be anything in truth
For truth, in pain and ruth
Be brave; be to the bone and marrow man.
The soul is more than soul,
We feel we don't control:
A sigh, a whisper from the void is man.
They come as trumpet peals,
The truths our God reveals,
And smite upon the heart till it is won—
Smite, smite my heart O God!
Divide it from the clod
And let it feel thy glory like a sun.
O! smite me, lest I sleep
And only dream I reap,
And lose the beauty of the world and die:
O let thy splendor flood
My soul, enrich its blood!
O swing a-wide the portal of the sky!
At times we stoop so low
It seems we'll never grow
To men, and yet we live and look for day.
O! free my soul from sin
And let thy glory in,
O lift me lest I perish by the way!

Is it to lift the soul,
The stoop? The thunder roll
Of wrath, is it to sift the golden grain?
We stand upon the shore
And call, a wordless roar
For answer comes, we weep, is it for gain?
Beneath the stars we reach
To God, and faint for speech,
The hunger of an angel in the heart
In struggling to the light,
In waiting long, is might—
The might of those who gain, a glorious part.
It is itself a gain
To reach, and never vain,
Although we seem to lose and cry "All's lost."
For soon the scale will change
And lift, enlarge our range
The gift of pain is rich at any cost.
Despair has cried "At thee"
And death companioned me,
And on my heart has smote the wrath of God
To thee, infinite One!
I bow, thy will be done!
I hold thy wrath a gain, I kiss thy rod!
Of old the cry was sent,
As if the heart were rent,
To Heaven, "Life is wind, no hope nor joy
For man, the grave consumes;
Be swift the day that dooms;
O, let the mighty hand that made destroy!"
We hope, at times believe,
The spirit will achieve
The substance of its dream beyond the grave.
We know we cannot cope
With God, but we can hope,
Believe, the hand that made, if best, will save.
I've lain upon the ground,
An August eve around,
And seen as clear as noon the better time;
Have heard the stars "we love"
And nature's chant, "Above
Above" I've seen and felt the soul's own clime.
A faith is in us, sure
As God! It will endure
And grow, it is my firm belief it will;
And joy is for us, lo!
The heart has felt it so
So lift thy cup and trust that God will fill.
—Tomlin.

The Days that are no More.

BY MR. LAYLEY.

"And who is Mr. Layley?" No one would have asked that question in our village. Everybody knew his name, and everybody was familiar with his homely, yet kindly face. And all who knew him respected him, unless, indeed, it was those who had their capacity for appreciation impaired by prejudice. He was not distinguished by the possession of wealth, for he was only a poor man. He was not looked up to because he occupied an eminent station; for his position in life was among the lowly. Nor did he command attention on account of any great endowments or acquirements; for his talents were few and ordinary, and his education of the narrowest. He was what is termed in England a journeyman shoe-maker. He worked for a small manufacturer of boots and shoes and his wages never amounted to more than a few dollars weekly. Yet he was held in general esteem, and his influence was deep and abiding. He was known to be a God-fearing man, and one who, according to his opportunities, lived to do good. His chief, and best-loved sphere of service was found in the Sunday School associated with the small Congregationalist church in the village. He himself was a Baptist, and every month he walked several miles that he might commune with the nearest church of his own persuasion.
How long he taught in the Sunday school I do not know; but it must have been for nearly half a century. Sunday after Sunday he was found in his place. Whatever changes came he remained faithful at his post until his last sickness separated him from the earthly service and completed his fitness for the heavenly. He lived considerably more than a mile from the church, and it was his custom to call for the smaller children, and, taking them in his charge, convey them safely to the school. Generation after generation of these tiny tots were thus led by him to the House of God. As he went his Sunday rounds he also left religious tracts, exchanging them the following week for others. How much good he wrought in these ways only eternity will reveal.
How dear the school was to him! all that pertained to it lay very near his heart. I do not think he ever became superintendent; that office being usually filled by some one of higher social status. But he never sought the pre-eminence; he was content to do the work that came to hand. He taught a class of boys. Often they were, as boys have a way of being, very trying. However much they tried him his patience bore the strain; for it was born of love for souls, and that never wears out. I see him now as he sits among us. He is dressed in a neat, well-worn, and carefully-brushed suit of black. His face, bare but for the rim of whiskers, has an aspect of benevolence. No one can pronounce his features handsome, nor can anyone deny their attractiveness. Shining through them is a radiance that springs from the inner light. His teaching is quite simple and elementary, being based solely upon his acquaintance with the English Bible, interpreted by his own spiritual experience, and brought to bear upon the soul's evident needs.