

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 133

## The Love of Christ

By P. S. Henson, D. D.

The consensus of modern thought is to the effect that man is not so bad as formerly supposed, that he is not deliberately wicked but simply unfortunately circumstanced, that he has in him all redemptive possibilities and only needs enlightenment, environment, and plenty of time for the processes of evolution. And God, we are assured, is not so bad as the old theologians represented Him. He is no horrid Moloch delighting in blood but a tender-hearted Father who is only too glad to pardon and to reinstate repentant prodigals.

And yet in the face of this I make bold to affirm that the great overmastering purpose of Christ's coming to earth was not to lead a life that would give inspiration, but to die an atoning death that would make possible salvation. I do, indeed, believe that there are in man redemptive possibilities. If there were not God Himself would not redeem him. Thank God he is not hopelessly lost like the devil and his angels. But if the scriptures teach anything, they teach the unity of the human race, and therein science itself concurs. The scriptures teach that there was a first human pair, and so does science, for, as man was not always here, even if the evolutionist be right, there must have been a first pair of creatures that deserved to be denominated human. And as they must have had names of some sort, I can see no earthly objection to calling this great pair Adam and Eve.

The scriptures disclose that this first pair sinned against God. And as sin is here and man has had a beginning, I see no sort of objection to the kind of beginning set forth in Genesis, which is God's account of beginnings. The scriptures declare that God threatened death as the penalty of sin, and that this death was not mere dissolution of the body, but something infinitely darker, deeper and dreadfuller.

Now, man can make a law and attach to it a penalty, and then when the law is violated he can waive the penalty. But God cannot. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? And shall He not keep the bond that has gone forth from His mouth? Let God be true and every man a liar."

Here, then, was the tremendous problem of the universe. How could God be just and justify the ungodly? How could He declare what He would do in the case of disobedience and then fail to do what He had declared? Man can play fast and loose with justice and truth, but not the righteous Governor of the universe.

It was not that there was lack of love in the great Father of the everlasting Father, but there was a difficulty in the inexorable principles of moral government, a difficulty as high as heaven and deep as hell. That difficulty was met in the scheme of redemption. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." I pretend not to fathom the depths of the doctrine of the atonement. The angels desire to look into these things, and are not able. We can only adoringly cry with Paul: "Oh, the depths!"

### The Old Theology.

Call this, contemptuously, the old theology, if you please. We plead guilty to the indictment. It is old—as old as the first promise which told of the bruised and bleeding heel of the seed of woman; as old as Abel's blood-stained altar; as old as the brazen serpent uplifted by the hand of Moses, and symbolic of Christ's uplifting on the cross. And if it be said that this old theology is out of date and cannot stand the focussed light of the twentieth century, I answer that John had a vision of the closing age of human history and of the heaven of light and glory lying beyond for the saints of God, and he tells us that, looking up, he saw in the midst of the throne, where all the light of all time and of all eternity and of all the universe is focussed, "a lamb as it had been slain," the very Lamb that died on Calvary's sacrificial altar. And with that sight set forth

in that light I dare to say before God and man, that the great fact of the gospel is the death of Christ.

The great motive of the gospel is the love of Christ, by which I mean not our love to Christ, but Christ's love to us. Blink it as much as you may the love of God is not indigenous in the soul of man. There is an awfulness in His holiness from which sinful human nature instinctively recoils. And there is a dreadfulness in His almightiness as it bears down upon us in His providence that stirs all the serpent's venom in us. He not only distils the dewdrops but pets the earth with hailstones. He not only sends the sweet south wind but the vengeful cyclone. Not only sunbeams but thunderbolts, not only the glow of health but the pallor of disease and the appalling shadow of death. And men forget the dewdrops and the zephyrs and the sunbeams, and the throbs and thrills of joyous life and think only of the thunderbolts and cyclones, and the breaking heartstrings by the bedside of the dying and the coffin of the dead. And so naturally enough, and yet insolently enough, they shake their puny fists in the face of the Almighty and ask: "Why hast thou dealt with me thus?"

### The Love of God.

Now Christ's purpose in coming to this sin-cursed world was first of all, by His atoning death not to soften God's hurt, but to open the sluiceways by which the pent-up love of God could flush all the channels of our lives, and secondly to disabuse the minds of men of their vicious misconception of God's feeling toward them. He walked the earth with human feet, with hands full of blessing and eyes full of tears, comforting the sorrowful and saving the lost, and at last pouring out His soul into death upon the cross and by His life of beneficence and His vicarious death on Calvary proclaimed to every sin-blinded soul that "God so loved the world." And thus God shone into our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of His glory in the grace of Jesus Christ. I have heard of an ill-starred wretch who had been separated from his wife and children and who had lost his fortune and his reason beside, but whose wife across the seas had a heart that still throbbled for him with a deathless love, and she sent him a picture of herself and her little ones grouped about her, and when it was handed to the supposedly hopeless lunatic, he gazed at it steadily for a moment, then hugged it to his bosom, then passionately kissed it and then eagerly cried "My blessed wife! My blessed babies! Where are they? Bring me to them, right away." And reason again was on the throne, and the light of love now beamed in the eyes where awhile ago there was a gleam of madness. Even so, beholding as in mirror the glory of God, which is nothing other than the love of God as it beams in the face of Jesus Christ, "we are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, even as by the spirit of the Lord." Many motives appeal to man to lure him to enter upon a Christian life. Sometimes it is the fear of coming wrath as the Law sounds its stern alarm in his ears. Sometimes the hope of the betterment of earthly conditions as he listens to the pleasing assurance that godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is as well as of that which is to come. And so he cries with one of old, "O, satisfy us with Thy mercy that we may rejoice and be glad all our days." While others still have been brought to realize that it is not all of life to live are attracted by the promise of palms of victory and crowns of glory, and an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled and that fadeth not away in a world of ineffable splendor lying beyond the bounds of time and sense.

### The Constraining Love.

These motives have their place and use, but they are utterly insufficient to lift a sin-sodden soul out of the depths of the horrible pit into which sin has plunged up to the serene heights of real holiness and happiness. Such motives may lead men to make general professions of religion, but all of them combined could never make a Christian. Only the constraining love of Christ can do that. And I beg you to notice that that

word "constrain" is a very large word. It means for one thing an effectual curb for all those infernal propensities that, like hellhounds, are tugging at their leashes, eager to tear loose and make home. What leashes are strong enough to hold them? All sorts of fetters had been tried on the demoniac of Gadara, but he shook them off like flax touched with fire. Nothing could tame him till Jesus transfixed him with a look of love, and calmed him with a word of power. Who of us has not known men that seemed to be devil-possessed, lost to every generous impulse, impervious to every appeal, steeped to the lips in loathsome sin, who were afterwards lifted to the dignity and stability of emancipated manhood, and who if asked the secret of the wondrous change, would rejoicingly answer, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

But that word constrain not only means an effectual curb but a mighty spur as well. It is not enough for one to be brought out of the horrible pit and the miry clay, and to have his feet set upon a rock, he must be set a-going. The Psalmist says: "He hath established my goings." The keynote of the Great Lord's mission is "Go." Jesus says, "I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go." Go at once—go not only when the way leads through green pastures, but when deserts are to be crossed and mountains to be climbed, and lives to be saved, and when poverty, persecution, death itself are to be braved and borne. What can brace one for such a life and for such a death? Let Paul the Apostle who encountered all this declare it, and his secret is: "The love of Christ constraineth us." We hear much talk of a new revival—the new revival that is most to be craved is a revival of the old love. Not more scholastics in our pulpits, nor more advanced thinkers, but more men all aglow with the constraining love of Christ. And in our churches not more machinery, for even now, we have wheels upon wheels surpassing anything that Ezekiel ever dreamed of, but somehow the wheels are stalled for the lack of such fire as in his vision! Ezekiel saw between the wheels, and that fire is nothing other than the constraining love of Jesus Christ.

A somewhat novel plan for dealing with offenders under twelve years of age is to be laid before the New York Legislature. A Bill will be offered providing for the establishment of a special court for the trial of youthful offenders. The judges shall be married women, preference being given to those who are mothers.

With this issue of this paper we begin our new serial, "Crusing for the Cross." Which we believe will interest all our readers. It is a story that shows what the renewing grace of God can do with us, and by those who accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Saviour. We are careful to select such stories for this paper as will furnish our young people with fascinating reading concerning some typical character whose course of life inspire them with righteous principles, and will be safe for them to imitate, and will cultivate in them a relish for useful moral reading matter instead of the yellow covered sensational and demoralizing novels that are filling too many of our homes. Young people will read stories, and if we do not give them good ones, they read bad ones. Now, friends is a good time to subscribe for "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL," so as to get this story from the first of it. You can have the paper from the first one in this month to the end of this year for 30 cents. We will have on hand copies from this date to supply any one with them, who may send us their name and address. And will you who are in arrears for the paper, please remit the payment to us. We need twenty-five dollars every month to keep the paper out of debt. Some to whom we have sent the paper marked (free) would not take it that way, and have sent us pay for it. They will accept our thanks. Address J. H. Hughes, Cunard St. North End, St. John, N. B.

# The Home Mission Journal.

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## Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### DIED AS THE FOOL DIETH.

Over the waters of Newport Harbor one still night in June, the radiance of a full moon was streaming. The bay was crowded with yachts, and when the big *Sonnet* steamer on its way from Fall River to New York had arrived off the Torpedo Station, it had been obliged slowly to feel its way to its pier, among the pretty little craft with their knife-like bows, a good deal as a ponderous whale might navigate among a school of sword fish. Festivities afloat and ashore were now at an end for the evening, and the brilliant blaze from the cabins of the yachts began to be dimmed.

On board one of the steam yachts—the *Sea Gull*—two men in natty yachting costume were pacing the deck. The younger of the two, John Henton, was a frank-faced fellow of pleasing appearance, the other, George Oakes, was a heavy, thick-set man, whose face was already mottled with the signs of dissipation. As they strolled about the yacht, the two men, who were boon companions, talked lightly of the gay scenes they had just witnessed in the Casino ashore. Frequently their conversation was punctuated with oaths. Both men walked rather unsteadily, and their rolling gait was not due to any swell of the sea. Presently the steward was ordered to serve more drinks on the quarter-deck. Then the men resumed their stroll, up and down, up and down, until midnight, when George Oakes, calling loudly for his launch, stumbled clumsily aboard it, and was carried over to his own yacht, the *Carcenought*, which lay at anchor near by, and which, in the hands of Oakes, was a floating palace of sin and shame. As the little launch puffd its way to the gangway of the *Carcenought* the oaths of the reckless Oakes echoed back over the waters.

John Henton, after the departure of his hilarious friend, hardly felt like tramping in. His head was hot, but not having unbidled as freely as had Oakes he still had some wits left. As the glowing moonlight flooded Newport Harbor, Henton gazed admiringly at the beautiful scene. The garnish electric lights of the town and the riding-lights of the yachts shone forth in seeming competition with the calm, pervasive radiance of earth's faithful satellite. Even to John Henton, who did not lack in sense of shewdness, there appeared to be a marked contrast between the two kinds of illumination. It was man-made, artificial, local and garish—in too many cases the sign and token of debauchery and sin. The other, made by the Great Creator, was high, pure, and free to all, and seemed to be symbolic of the calm and control of a life that was very different from that fevered rush and struggle after pleasure in which Henton was engaged.

John Henton had had a fair average home training. His parents had not been professors of religion, yet had maintained a respectful attitude towards its institutions. Their creed appeared to be morality. They were indulgent and easy-going—members of a class too large in America today. It seemed impossible for them to deny their son John and their daughter Grace anything. John had gone to college, where he had become intimate with a classmate from the West—George Oakes. Both young men had plenty of spending money—squandering in a single year sums larger than the salaries of many professional men. They were comrades in dissipation, although Henton stopped short of its coarser forms of excess. After college days both men dabbled for a while in business, but their vacations were more in the aggregate than their office

hours. Neither had need of money, as their respective fathers obligingly wrote convenient checks when asked to do so. So it happened that what with driving in Lenox or Tuxedo in the fall, golfing in Florida in winter, fishing tournaments in the Spring and yachting in the Summer, with frequent staves at Newport, Bar Harbor, and similar summer resorts, the two young men appeared to be adepts at turning life into a holiday. At the time this story opened, Henton having been given the use of his father's yacht for the season was cruising in company with Oakes, who owned his own craft. Oakes was one of those men who never appeared to have a serious thought. The idea of responsibility never crossed his mind, while of religion he knew and cared as much as he did about the question. "Is Mars inhabited?" Henton occasionally dropped into a church, but only when some attractive lady asked him to escort her thither, or when the conventionalities of society absolutely demanded it. As for the church service itself, that seemed utterly uninteresting to him, except for the music, which now and then gave him an aesthetic pleasure.

But there was a conscience hidden away down deep in John Henton, and his conscience on the night in question gave him some trouble. Perhaps it was the vague memory of a sermon he had happened to hear in a Newport church the preceding Sunday, when an unusually earnest man officiated—or it may have been that he felt blue after an unusual reckless carouse that evening—at any rate he was depressed. His present life did not satisfy him—that he half-realized and recognized. For Henton had in him the makings of a fine man if sin were only stopped from ravaging his character, and if a noble ambition could be brought from some direction to replace the moral dilettantism which then characterized his life. After a half hour or so of this uneasy reverie, out of sorts with himself and his surroundings, though afloat on a fine yacht with a dozen men under his orders and every luxury at hand, Henton walked to the companion way, resolved to turn in. As he put his foot on the top step, he glanced seaward and noticed that a thick haze was clouding the face of the moon, and he heard the quarter-master mutter, "Thick weather tomorrow!" As he sought his cabin, Henton noticed that the barometer had slightly fallen. Soon he was asleep in his handsome stateroom.

The next day was Sunday. Henton slept late, for he had never learned to pay any attention to the Sabbath day, or to ask himself when it dawned whether any religious duties awaited him. After a while the rich young pleasure-seeker appeared in the cabin, and in a listless way partook of breakfast, in solitary selfishness. Hardly had he finished his meal when the swish of a launch was heard alongside, and the form of Oakes darkened the companion way.

"Henton," exclaimed Oakes, "let's get a run out today for a little deep-sea fishing. It will be slightly thick—all the better for that kind of work. Don't trouble," he added, "to send ashore for any more provisions. I have an extra hamper of champagne I will send aboard for you. If you like, we will try a race, when we have dropped Brenton Reef Lightshipastern. By-the-way," he added, "I have invited some friends to come along. We will join parties and have a spread when we reach Rock Island on the way out!"

Henton listened to all this talk with a yawn. He knew something about Oakes' friends—not that he objected to them, for his own conscience was not sufficiently awake to make any such discrimination, but he simply failed to take any interest in them.

"Oakes," said Henton, "I did think of going ashore and asking that Miss Goodrich, whom we met, at the Casino yesterday to go to St. Mark's with me."

"Nonsense, Henton; that girl is neither rich nor pretty, what's the use of doing any such penance for her!"

Henton, weak as he was then in moral principle, in the absence, too, of any real regard for Miss Goodrich, dropped the subject, and not caring to take a run seaward just then, cast about for some other excuse. If he had no religious scruples, at least he was like many men of bad morals, a bit superstitious, and so he blurted out: "Oakes, I don't care about going out on Sunday. It's bad luck. You and I don't care anything about religion, but it's no use—well, no use running in the face of Providence, as the preachers say. "And besides," he added, "I promised the crew

they should have a rest today after our hard run up from Old Point Comfort."

Oakes' only answer to this was a derisive laugh, a jeer at religion, and an unfeeling remark that he cared nothing for the crew—they were hired to shovel coal and to haul on the braces.

With that he was off, shouting back as he lumbered up the companion way that the shore party would be on board the *Carcenought* at noon, and then he would "up-anchor" and be off, expecting to see the *Sea Gull* trailing behind him.

(To be Continued.)

Letter from Rev. S. D. Ervine.

Dear Brother:

I write again to let you know about my recent illness. I have had a close call. On Tuesday, Feb. 9th, a severe hemorrhage set in, and I fully expected in a few minutes to be let free from this body of disease and suffering. The blood, however stopped flowing, and though the loss greatly reduced my already depleted stock of strength, my life was again spared, and I still linger, why I cannot tell.

My sufferings for several months in the respiratory organs, and through general weakness have been indescribable; very little pain, but a stifling, smothering sensation, coupled with a feeling of general collapse over the entire body. Truly to me to be absent from the body and to be present with the Lord would be far better. But I await the Master's bidding—his summons, child, come home.

Mrs. E. and children have had a prevailing cold, but are now somewhat better. There is much sickness here and many deaths. I think if Southern California ever had the right to be called the land of health, or health restorer, it has now lost all its virtue. But I must stop. I can't write much; my head is thick, and my hand trembles. God bless you all. Remember me kindly to my many friends.

As ever yours,

S. D. ERVINE.

San Jacinto, Cal., Feb. 16, 1904.

### THE ERVINE FUND.

The following amounts have been contributed to this fund since Sept., 1903:

C. W. Newcomb,	\$1 00
Mrs. C. W. Newcomb,	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Manzer,	1 00
Mrs. Eljah Granville,	1 00
Per Rev. N. B. Rogers,	5 00
Miss E. E. Estabrooks,	5 00
Leverett Estabrooks,	4 00
Mrs. Hattie Edgar,	1 00
Mrs. S. M. Rogers,	1 00
T. E. Bridges,	50
D. C. Dykeman,	50
Rev. I. Wallace,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Smith,	1 00
Per Rev. C. W. Townsend,	3 61
David Vaughan,	2 00
H. A. Fowles,	1 00
Harry Hyslop,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Branscombe,	1 00
Mrs. R. H. Hetherington,	1 00
Mrs. Mary A. Starkey,	1 00
Mrs. E. C. Corey,	1 00
Per Mrs. H. L. Bailey,	5 00
Edward Hughes,	1 00
E. M. Ganong,	2 00

Total, \$40 61

With these gifts there have also doubtless been many prayers offered in behalf of our afflicted brother and his family. May God graciously sustain them in this trying period.

W. E. McINTYRE

The following is one of many kind expressions of sympathy and Christian fellowship accompanying these remittances:

"Dear Brother:

I am sending you today five dollars for our dear brother Ervine in California. He is indeed passing through deep waters, and my prayer is that God may bless him abundantly, and if it can be the Divine Will that he may again be restored to health and take up the work so dear to his heart.

Yours in Christ,  
MRS. H. L. BAILEY."

Debec Junction, Feb. 17th, 1904.

**Let Us Forget.**

By O. P. Eches

Kipling's words in the Recessional may fittingly come to us in view of the many laudations upon the Romish church. The departure of Leo XIII., his waning, a rids, his conciliatory spirit, the tributes of praise to his memory have awakened the inquiry whether, after all, Protestantism is not a vast mistake. The daily papers have vied with each other in their high estimates of the Romish church as the custodian of the faith and of the completely changed attitude of the papacy to current questions. It is undoubtedly true that the personal character, the purity of life of Leo was at an infinite remove from the character of those popes whom Dante, without compunction, casting of hell.

But it remains abidingly true that while popes change in their manner of looking at questions, the papacy remains the same. Leo is a far more admirable man to meet than a Pius IX. But Leo with his gracious words and agreeable manners is and must be, because he is a pope, only a more cultured Pius.

What Pius was all the world knows. He fills a large and dark place in modern history. He was outspoken in his denunciations of all that right-thinking men hold dear in the essentials of Protestant faith. In 1864, he issued his Syllabus with its eighty denunciations of current errors in society, in science, in religion. He deals in anathemas by wholesale—there are eighty of them in the Syllabus.

The eighteenth error condemned in this: If any one shall declare that "Protestantism is nothing else than a different form of the same Christian religion in which just as well" as in the Catholic church it is possible to please God—the man who affirms this holds an error that has in it anathema. This is the teaching of an infallible pope. The Protestant may have no assurance of salvation. His entire religion is an erroneous system—a large untruth. He cannot, in it and through it, be all pleasing to God. In Article 21 every one who denies "that the religion of the Catholic church is the only true religion" is anathematized. Every intelligent Protestant comes under this papal curse. In Article 23 it is affirmed that every one who declares that popes in councils "have ever committed errors in defining matters of faith and morals" is under a curse. All who protest against the doctrines of baptismal regeneration, the separate priesthood, the mass, the supremacy of the pope, the immaculate conception—these hold a damnable heresy.

In Article 24 it is taught that if any one shall declare that "the church has not the power of availing herself of force, nor any temporal power direct or indirect."—this man is under a papal anathema. This article justifies the inquisition, persecution, the jail, the reign of terror that for centuries made life miserable for men who tried to think God's thoughts. An infallible pope speaking out his own heart claimed the right to crush, to throttle to still by force every Protestant thought in the world. This was not in the dark ages—but less than forty years ago. In Article 55 a curse is put upon the daring soul that says "the church ought to be separated from the State, and the State from the church." Non-conformity in England the passive resistance movement in England today, the spirit of Roger Williams, the Carver doctrine of a free church in a free State—all these are ground to pieces under this papal malediction. All the progress of the world in the attempt of men to own their own thoughts has been made despite the cursing of Pius IX and his predecessors.

But Leo, did he not glorify freedom of utterance—did he not claim that all Protestants are simply wayward children of one common Father; did he not exalt American ideas? The answer is this: On April 21, 1878, the infallible pope Leo declared that the utterances of Pius IX had all the authority of papal infallibility. An infallible pope can make no mistake. The only two infallible men whom the world has seen for forty years have denounced Protestantism, the separation of church and State, and religious freedom.

Popes may come and go, personal characteristics may differ, but that doctrinal and political system called Romanism remains the same. Its infallibility anchors it to an essential sameness. Leo had a gracious manner that could be patient and bide its time—in this way he brought Germany to terms. The suaviter in modo method

of Leo was for him a conquering power. But it was and is the papacy—unaltered in essence and policy from that of Pius IX.

Doubtless the Presbyterians did wisely in striking out of the Westminster Confession the statement that the pope is the man of sin. The gentle spirit of Whittier was greatly stirred when he called Pius, anti-christ.

"I Peter, fisherman of Galilee  
In the dear Master's name, and for the love  
Of His true church, proclaim thee anti-christ,  
Alien and separate from His holy faith."

Pius and Leo had one common creed. The one was blunt and outspoken, the other was gentle in manner and conciliatory. Both maintained propositions that destroy the simplicity of the New Testament in life and worship, that, carried out to their logical result, would destroy civil and religious liberty, that would construct an inquisition, that places a man between the soul and God and a woman above Christ, that lifts up an erring man into a vicarship for Christ Himself. We may admire the gracious manners of a Leo—but we must regard the system for which he stands as one that makes for a perversion of the truth as it is in Jesus. The benignant face of Leo must not cause us to forget the unbenignant face of Romanism.

Hightstown, N. J.

**Religious News.**

Dear Brother Hughes:

I received your letter some days ago; was glad to hear from you again. Your welcome paper is a regular visitor at our home; the good religious reading in it is a great treat; we always read the JOURNAL, the first thing as soon as we get it. We have preaching here every second Sunday and prayer meeting in the school house every Thursday night. The church building is at Washburn, three miles from where we live. There are a good many believers in this place, the larger part of whom are bluesones. Caribou is the nearest railroad point to us, six miles away. We have a small farm of eighty acres; about forty under cultivation. We are not rich in this world's goods, but we desire to thank our Father in heaven for what we have. I have been here twenty years this spring, and when I first came we saw pretty hard times, but now we are doing better.

My wife joins in sending kindest regards.

Yours in Christ,  
MR. AND MRS. GEO. MILLS.  
Washburne, Maine, Feb. 19, 1904.

WE are glad to note that RANGE, Q. Co. Bro. John Williams has settled with this people. It is a large and important Baptist constituency, where Elder Elias Keirstead labored in his earlier years, and many others now gone home. Bro. Williams writes: "I have agreed to remain here, most likely for all summer. I like the people very much and find them kindness itself. The snow has been very deep, which has been a great hindrance and makes it difficult to move about, but I am in hopes it will soon be gone." We trust the blessing of God will rest upon our brother's labors.

ST. MARTINS. Bro. Townsend continues to minister here with marked acceptance. Our brother

possesses pulpit gifts as well as literary talent of a high order. He is withal a devoted and earnest disciple of the Master. In a recent note he says: "The weather has been desperate for congregations, yet our attendance has been well sustained. Last Sunday we had a good turn out. A few days since I went out to Fairfield with Bro. Bynon to attend a donation visit which had been arranged for him. On account of the snow-storm, however, it had to be postponed, and for the same reason I did not get home till the following morning."

ABERDEEN. Bro. C. F. Rideout who labors here has been laid aside with a sprained foot which has necessitated two operations in the hospital. He writes that he is likely to be a little lame as a result of the accident, but that he is now beginning work again. We trust that a complete cure may in time be effected.

DOAKTOWN,  
NORTH CO.

I was able to do good work on this field until the beginning of January. Since then it has been almost a total

lockade. The men have been in the woods, but they are now getting out and our prospects will brighten up. I have had a number of funerals to attend at the risk of much exposure. I have given what services I could to Ludlow. It would I think be best for them to have a man all the time on that part of the Miramichi, but a laborer with me, even for the summer, would be a great advantage. The people at Karl's Crossing, or Lower Ludlow, expect to open their little church edifice as soon as the snow goes off. They are so few in number they sometimes get discouraged. I would be glad to help a good man in meetings there. We had a very sad death of a young woman in Blissfield, which will I hope prove a warning to awaken others.

C. P. WILSON.

Our general missionary, Bro. Hayward, has been spending some time with Pastor Atkinson in Cambridge. In a recent letter he says: "As you see I am still here. The storms have greatly hindered us in our work and lessened the attendance." This has been the case through out all the fields in the province. Bro. H. plan next on spending a little time with Pastor Field at Hatfield Point.

It is now six months since HARVEY, A. Co. our pastor the Rev. A. L. Brown came amongst us,

and although we cannot report a large increase, yet the Spiritual life of the church, was never so great as what it is today. During the time we have bought a parsonage, for 1600 dollars, and have paid down half, besides making large alterations in the church. The services are largely attended and every department is in thorough working order. We are now waiting for a great ingathering, as we feel the Holy Spirit is working amongst us. We had our roll call on Sunday afternoon, Jan. 31, when a large number answered to their names, it was a season of great refreshing to all present.

On Dec. 27th, we closed a TEMPERANCE VALK three years' pastorate with YORK Co. the 2nd and 4th Hillsborough and Caledonia churches, and reached here on the 30th, and are now comfortably settled on this field. During our stay with the above named churches the Lord gave us some measure of success, but not what we looked and hoped for. During the three years there were thirty added to the churches by baptism, and six by letter. While at Dawson, Baltimore and Caledonia we found many kind and sympathetic friends that it was hard for us to leave behind, and we shall not soon forget them, and their acts of kindness. May the Lord richly bless them all. Since coming to this field we have not been able to do very much as the weather has been very rough and the roads bad, in fact every Sunday during the two months here, with the exception of three has been stormy and the roads almost blocked with snow, but we are looking forward for better days in the future. On the evening of Feb. 11th, the members and congregation of the Springfield church gathered at the home of Mr. Sherman Gordon, and after enjoying a musical treat as well as a feast of good things, left us \$25.20, for which we wish in this public way to express our gratitude. A. A. RUTLEDGE.

NEW MARYLAND marked to report during the AND NASHWAAK. winter months on account of stormy weather, bad roads

and most of the men being in the woods our congregations have been small. At New Maryland there are a few faithful ones struggling on, and we are looking forward to spring and trusting and praying that there may be an awakening in our midst, and that we may behold a shaking among the dry bones

At Nashwaak on Sunday the 14th we laid away the earthly remains of Sister Lizzie Clayton who was baptized and taken into church fellowship the 6th of Sept. In the evening the pastor preached on the Atonement, and our young sister gave her testimony for the first time.

The York and Sunbury quarterly meeting convened with us in Dec., which was a season of refreshing to us.

C. N. SABLES.

**PORT ELGIN.**

I am sorry to say the work here is not going on as I should like to see it, but the storms have hindered me from getting over the field and visiting the people as I have wished to do. On fine Sundays I have a good attendance all over the field, but on stormy days it is small. One young lady baptized at Great Shemogue joined the Port Elgin church; another will be baptized (D. V.) later on. I trust by the mercy of God we shall have better things to report next time. **FRANK P. DRESSER.**

From private sources we hear of a gracious work among the Telugas at Chicaco, Rev. J. C. Archibald's Station. A great revival is in progress among the natives, many are being converted. Several have been baptized. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald are very much encouraged in their labours among these people.

**Personal.**

There is said to be some expectation that Rev. W. B. Hinson may return to the First Baptist church of Vancouver, B. C. the pastorate of which he resigned some three years ago on account of ill health. Mr. Hinson has since been pastor of the Baptist church in San Diego California.

**Notice.**

Any one, not now a subscriber to this paper, who will send us 30 cents any time between now and first of May next, will get it to the close of this year. We will give them the paper from first of March, can send back numbers from that date at any time. Now send and get the story "Crusing for the Cross," from the first of it.

**Home Missions in New Brunswick.**

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held in St. John on the 1st instant. The usual reports were presented and grants ordered accordingly. A communication from Dr. Kierstead, secretary of the Ministerial Committee of Acadia University, referred to an arrangement entered into in January last between the secretaries of the H. M. Boards and the Ministerial Committee concerning student labor. The proposal was heartily approved and gratitude expressed over the prospect of being able to fill many of our vacant fields. Churches requiring student supply for four months beginning June 1st, and pastors also desiring such assistance, are requested to send in applications early, in order that each may be provided for and the student notified in good season for his work. In view of the fact that the present enlargement of operations calls for increased support, the Board has decided to make a special appeal to churches and Sunday Schools for immediate aid. It is proposed to ask each church and school in the province and so secure the full and united support of all our constituency. We rely upon our brethren for help. Never were the demands greater nor the prospects better. Several important communities lie open for our work while a considerable number also are eagerly inviting us to come in. May we not have a general response? Remember, brethren, the widening of the work in the home fields means a corresponding enlargement multiplied several times for every denominational interest. Let us not be forced to adopt a contractive policy and so suffer great loss.

**W. E. McINTYRE, Sec'y.**

**Too Much Haste.**

The preacher should not be tedious or prolix, neither should the people be unduly disturbed at a reasonable time allowed for tarrying at the mercy-seat, or reading God's Word, or for its proper exposition. The clamor that wants the whole service compressed into an hour shows bad taste and bad judgment, as well as little religious feeling. Railroad speed is good in its place, but it has no business in the Lord's house and in the study of his Word. No minister has

any right to weary the worshippers, neither have they a right to cheat God of his dues, or decline to duly honor his mercy-seat or at his Word or his servant or his house or his holy day.—The Presbyterian.

**Married.**

**GALLANT OLIVER.**—At the Baptist Church, St. George, N. B., Feb. 24th, by Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Nathas of Gallant, of St. George, to Maud Oliver, of Bark Bay, N. B.

**DESMOND WRIGHT.**—On the 19th of Feb., by Rev. R. W. Demings, Mr. James F. Desmond and Miss Gertrude Wright, eldest daughter of E. Wright, Esq., all of Victoria Co.

**HICKS FRAZER.**—At the home of Mr. Howard Hicks, Havelock, Feb. 4th, Ira S. Hicks, of Hicks Settlement and Edith Frazer, of Havelock, Kings County, N. B.

**Died.**

**SPEARS.**—James Spears after 81 years of a wasted life, according to his own confession, was suddenly called away at Newcastle, Queens Co., Lord's day, Jan. 24, 1904. It was pathetic to hear the old man lament with bitter tears the follies of the past.

**GATES.**—Harry Gates supposed to be 55 years of age, another victim of the rum fiend, died at the home of Scott McLeod, Newcastle Bridge, Queens Co., Poor Harry! We had him to rest in the Baptist Cemetery, Newcastle. It is said by Mr. McLeod that he earnestly sought for mercy during his last hours. If he had relatives we do not know where they live, he spoke something of having a sister at Grand Bay. If any of his friends should see this, it might be a comfort to them to know he was kindly ministered to, though he had many strangers. M & V.

**BAILEY.**—At Newstead, Jan. 30, 1904, Mrs. Rachel Bailey, widow of the late Gibson Bailey, at one time M. P. P. for Queens Co. Sister Bailey had reached her 85th year, but retained all her faculties in a marked degree. A most patient sufferer, she passed peacefully away to join the loved ones in the great beyond. Children and grandchildren with a large circle of relatives and friends will long hold her in affectionate remembrance.

**WILSON.**—At her home in Truro on the morning of Jan. 20th, in the 59th year of her age, Mrs. John Wilson passed to her heavenly home after a lingering illness. During her last illness of more than a year our sister had been a great sufferer. Death to her was a welcome messenger since it relieved her of all her earthly sufferings and opened the gates to endless joy. Her only regret was to leave her husband behind. Her intense sufferings were borne with Christian fortitude and in a wavering faith in Christ. At the age of fourteen our sister, whose maiden name was Ellen Sturtis Saunders, was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church at Dalhousie, East. Afterwards she joined the Lower A. Baptist church by letter, of which church she remained a worthy and valued member. She was twice married. Her first husband was Mr. Jefferson by whom she had two sons, Elmer and Eben Jefferson of New York. Of her own family two sisters survive, Mrs. B. M. Freeman, together of our missionary, S. C. Freeman, and Mrs. Crane of a kind, Me. Pastor Hurdly conducted appropriate services, speaking from Isa. 65:13. The remains were interred at Greenwood, the former home of Mr. and Mrs. Wilson. May God's grace be sufficient for the mourners in this hour of affliction.

**LUNN.**—At Upper Wicklow, Car. Co., on Jan. 23rd, 1904, Sarah J. Lunn, aged 61 years, leaving a husband, 5 daughters, and 8 sons to mourn their loss. Funeral services took place at Methodist Church, Summerfield, which was conducted by Rev. C. Stirling. Interment at Knoxford Baptist Burying ground.

**CURRIE.**—At Menaguck of heart failure, in the 87th year of his age, Nehemiah Currie, Bro. Currie leave to mourn their loss four children and an aged widow. Our brother was graciously sustained in his last illness by the conscious presence of the Master.

**TRAYNOR.**—Benjamin Traynor, son of Charles Traynor of Penfield departed this life on the 5th day of Feb. at the age of 20 years, after a lingering illness of nearly a year. All was done possible to save his life, but death was victorious. He never made a public profession of the religion of Christ, but he had a hope of heaven, and of meeting his sainted mother who had preceded him some years to the glory land. May grace divine be the portion of all who mourn.

**CONORE.**—At Upper Blackville, Feb. 10, '04, Charles Conore, aged 69 years. Brother Conore suffered for several years extremely; and long had to be at rest. He thus patiently passed away from care, leaving seven sons and one daughter, with the mother to mourn.

**DONELLY.**—At Doaktown, Feb. 16, James Donnelly, aged 79. He arose and kindled the morning fire as usual. Then went upstairs, spoke to his wife—threw up his hands and died. "There is but a step between me and death." A large family mourns a kind father.

**TURNER.**—On Wednesday, Jan. 27th, our beloved Brother and Deacon of the first Harvey church, Captain J. B. Turner, was called home after a short illness in his 60th year. Our brother was baptized some

years ago by Bro. Baker. During his life-time he was one of the most energetic workers in the church, his walk was close with God. He will be greatly missed not only as a deacon but as a upright citizen. He leaves a sorrowing wife and three children.

**SPETHERLAND.**—At Blissfield, Feb. 18, '04, Mrs. Walter Spetherland, aged 24 years. After a sudden illness she passed away beyond pain and sufferings, with a radiant bright and clear to the last. She desired to rest on the merits of a loving Saviour. She regretted that she lived many years without knowing his infinite love. It was the first break in the family of Deacon Cornelius Weaver. Parents, two sisters and one brother, with her husband, all feel the loss without hope as they have good reason to believe she is with Jesus.

**REES.**—At Mount St. Joseph's Academy, Tykon, Wash. of diptheria, Marguerite M., aged 12 years eldest daughter of C. D. Rees of Spokane, Wash., formerly of N. B., and grand daughter of the late Rev. P. O. Rees. The news came as a great shock to her father and aunt with whom she had been living since the death of her mother. The little girl had left home a few days before we did and they had received no word of her passing. I am sure we are not without hope as they have good reason to believe she is with Jesus.

**CLAYTON.**—Died at Neshawk Village Feb. 12th, Sister Lizzie Clayton, aged 20 years, after an illness of about 4 weeks. It was the writer's privilege on the 6th Sept. to administer to the sister the ordinance of baptism and welcome her into the fellowship of the Neshawk church and since that time she has been a faithful member. During her sickness she looked with her friends about their souls, bade her loved ones good by and died rejoicing. A large congregation gathered at the church on Sunday the 14th to pay the last tribute of respect to the deceased. The sermon was preached by the Pastor C. W. Sables, from the text Rev. 14:13.

**HETHERINGTON.**—At his home, Johnston, Q. Co., on 25th inst., after a long suffering, Richard Hetherington, in his 72nd year. Besides his wife, there remain three or there, two sisters, and a large circle of friends. Deceased professed religion many years ago and united with the First Johnston church. A few years since he resided at Salmon Creek, Chipman, where he was widely known. Of late his home has been at the Washademook not far from his native place. Since last March he has been confined to his home, and at times his sufferings have been very great, but he bore all with Christian resignation, patiently awaiting the end. May the Lord comfort the mourners.

**SALBY.**—Dea. Charles Salby of Salt-springs departed this life on the 16th of January, aged 42 years. He was converted when quite young, and was baptized by Rev. O. N. Keith in his 16th year. He was one of the charter members of the Salt-springs Baptist church, and subsequently a clerk of the church a deacon, and was a living illustration of the injunction, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He leaves in sorrow, but not without hope, a wife and five children, five brothers and three sisters with a large circle of friends, and other relatives. His funeral services were conducted by Pastor S. S. Erb. A large gathering of people on the occasion showed the esteem in which our brother was held. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." The Lord bless the widow and fatherless.

**MCCLELAN.**—Miss Annie McClelan of Riverside, Alb. Co., sister of the late Thomas McClelan, fell peacefully asleep in Jesus after a few days illness, on the 27th of Feb. in the 88th year of her age. She was a devoted, kind-hearted, Christian lady. She leaves behind her three sons and one daughter, besides other relatives. May divine consolation be shared by all the sorrowing.

**MUNICE.**—On the evening of Feb. 15th, Lulu Freeman, only and beloved daughter of Bartlett and Mrs. Munice passed away to the reward of the blessed in the sixteenth year of her age from her parents' home in Carleton. Lulu was a girl of singular retiring disposition and greatly beloved by all. Her sickness has extended over a year or two, but so persistent and quiet had been her battle with disease that it was a great surprise when she suddenly fell before its power. May sustaining grace be afforded the parents and brothers in their bereavement.

**ROOP.**—At Springfield, Feb. 26, after four days of great suffering, Lydia, beloved wife of Deacon Chas. Roop, aged 62. Deceased was a woman of many excellent qualities of mind and heart, a devoted wife, a loving an elixir mother. While the claims of her home made large demands upon her time and strength the sick and the needy strongly appealed to her Christian sympathies and were not forgotten. Her friends all had pleasure to display a kindly hospitality in her home and there the servants of Christ were made especially welcome. From that home our sister will be sorely missed. She had walked beside her worthy husband, a true helpmeet, forty and two years. The funeral service was largely attended the pastor improving the occasion from Acts 9 and 36. This woman was full of good works and aims deeds which she did. The sense of loss to our church by the passing away of so worthy a member is very great, but is made tolerable by the assurance that for the departed death is gain.

**KEIRSTEAD.**—At his home in Collins Feb. 19th, 1904, Deac. W. William Keirstead, brother of Rev. E. K. Keirstead of precious memory and father of the late S. W. Keirstead passed into his rest after a long life of nearly 95 years. In October, 1831, Mr. Keirstead married Elizabeth Ganong. Last Oct. the couple celebrated the seventy second anniversary of their marriage.