

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 44

NOTICE.

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Yours truly,

J. H. HUGHES.

Besetting Sins.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

LET us lay aside every sin which easily entrap us, and so wraps us round as to trip our feet, and cause us to stumble.

That is a very fair rendering of the first verse in the twelfth chapter of Hebrews. In our common Version it reads, "The sin that doth so easily beset us." A besetting sin is the one that chimes in with a person's strong inclinations. Does he love mirthfulness? Then he must be careful lest he run into excessive levity, and play the harlequin. He will be tempted to make jests of sacred things, and to crack jokes on serious occasions. A minister ought not to be a monk; but neither should he be a social comedian.

Does a man love ease? Then he always interprets those providences in his own favor which allow him to shirk hard work, and swing in his hammock. Does he love flattery and *edat*? Then he is tempted to covet applause, and to imagine that he is serving God when he is only burning incense on the altar of self-worship. The ardor of love may easily kindle into unholy passion, and become "hot coals of fire" in the bosom. The most dangerous enemy is the one which wears a fair face and has a smooth tongue. Look out for *selfishness*! It is the "old Adam" lurking behind every hedge. It will always keep pace with you if you give it the upper hand. Make no league with it; for Christ will never abide in the same heart with that subtle and greedy tyrant. A Christian is never safe, never strong, and never true to his Master unless he is constantly "collaring" every sinful and selfish lust, and forcing it into unconditional surrender.

The test question which Jesus Christ proposes to every one at the very start is this, Will you lay aside the sins that easily beset you, and follow me? The sin may be very dear; it may have encased itself in your heart; no matter, *but it away!* While the love of any sin remains, the heart cannot love the spotless Saviour. There is no room for both; Christ will not accept one corner, and leave Satan the "chief seats" in the soul. "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye search for me with *all the heart*."

If a true Christian life is a race, then no one can win it if handicapped with besetting sins. Here is one cause for shallow conversions, and stunted religion; they began with a compromise with favorite sins. The old encumbering weight was not laid aside; the entangling and entrapping garment of sin was not stripped off. If this article falls under the eye of any one who is awakened and anxious to begin a real Christian life, I would say to him, or her—pray for a deep conviction of sin, and with the Spirit's help, for a thorough uprooting of evil principles, inclinations, and habits. Unless you "*abhor* that which is evil," you will not "cleave to that which is good." A true follower of Christ must not only do a great deal of sincere loving, but

also a great deal of honest hating. Dr. Johnson used to say that he liked a good hater. Until you hate sin as your real enemy, and as Christ's enemy that you look it out, there will be no room for Jesus to come in and dwell in your heart. The weeds must come out before the good seed can take root in the soil of your soul. It makes no odds what the sin or sins may be that so fatally beset you. A man may be crushed by an avalanche or he may be poisoned by an atom of strychnine; each one *takes life*; and the sin that comes from Jesus, takes your soul's life for this world, and the next!

The command to "lay aside *every* weight" means that you are not to take up with a cheap and easy religion. Some preachers and teachers, in their desire to commend the freeness of the gospel offer, the simplicity of the faith-process, hold out the delusive idea that "it is the easiest thing in the world to be a Christian." These rose-water teachers make no allowance for the weakness of human nature, or the power of the adversary, or the surrounding multitude of temptations. Such false preaching is pretty sure to either hoax its recipient into self-deception, or to make him a crude, half-converted professor to the last. Of such shallow experiences grand old Samuel Rutherford said, "Many people only play with Christianity, and take Christ for almost nothing. If ye never had a pained soul for sin, ye have not yet lighted upon Christ. But if ye would quit all the world for Him, that proveth that *the work is sound*." Jesus Himself put repentance before faith, for He knew that no man could cleave to his sins and lay hold on a divine Saviour with the same hand. The only effectual repentance is to lay aside the sins that entrap you; the only effectual faith is to begin, with the Spirit's help, to keep Christ's commandments. "Looking unto Jesus," says the apostle who wrote this direction how to win the race. That is the secret of success, after all. Looking unto Jesus! The one sure way, and the only way to get sin out of our hearts; the only effectual way to do that is to admit Christ Jesus there. Looking unto Jesus! A victorious life is no child's play. We won't get to heaven on a featherbed. The grip on Jesus loosens the grip of sin, and every mile on the race-course brings us nearer to the crown.

What is It to Be a Christian?

BY REV. SPENSER B. MEESER.

"I have been crucified with Christ, and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me; and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."—*Gal. 2:20. (Revised Version.)*

There can be but little doubt that Paul was the preëminent Christian. To answer, then, the question, "What is it to be a Christian?" with Paul's words, is a legitimate and perhaps the surest way of obtaining a correct reply. Let us analyze his answer, that we may be sure that we come at his meaning.

"And that life I now live in the flesh (that is his Christian life, his new life), I live in faith." Faith is the element in which he lives, as the air and light are the elements in which we live our material life. Faith is his atmosphere and his environment; what he breathes, what he walks in, what he calculates on, what he depends on, what he acts by, plans by, hopes by, what he gets his inspiration and motives from, what he is surrounded by: the very world he lives in. He lives in a faith-world.

The fact is, that man can't do business fifteen minutes without faith, faith in his employees' integrity, in the honesty of the banker, in the stability of the government, and the reliability of the railroad. In reality, our ordinary life is such that one can't live at all without faith. Our element is a mixture of faith and knowledge. But Paul's "faith" is more than this. His life he lives "in faith;" what faith? "The faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me." The element in which

Paul's life is lived then, is not faith in men, or railroads, or governments, or banks; but in the Son of God. That is, he depends on, he hopes by, he plans by, he acts by, calculates on, walks in that particular faith which is in the Son of God. And just as one's faith in banks, railroads, men, and governments, affects his business action, his social action, his business ventures, his social pleasures, so Paul's faith in the Son of God influences all his hopes, plans, and actions. Being a faith in one supreme Person with one supreme principle of action, it attaches Paul to that Person and that course of action.

Though I have endeavored to make this perfectly clear, I want it to be clear to every one of us; for it is a painful fact that even many Christian people do not have a clear understanding of what it is to be a Christian.

There are many ideas about this matter that are erroneous. One says, that to accept the sacraments of and belong to it, is to be a Christian. But the church is simply a form, or expression, of the Christian life, and not the substance. Another says, that to have a clear idea of certain truths and to accept them, the creeds of the church, that is to be a Christian. Faith, in such a man's conception, is to have a vivid perception of truth. But, as Dr. Gladden remarks, "the devils also believe in this sense, and tremble. The devils are dogmatists." Still another says, to be a Christian is to have certain emotions of peace and joy. He says: "I feel that God has received me." Well, perhaps He has, but these emotions are the result of being a Christian. They are not the thing itself, as feeling strong and well is not good health, but the symptom of it. And one more says, to be a Christian is to do unto others as you would have them do unto you. To be kind to your neighbor, to be honest and do right as far as you know, that is to be a Christian. But here again, these are the obligations of the Christian life, not its essence.

There is one essential, central thing, without which one is not a Christian, although he have everything else.

To define the Christian, one must find this essential thing. A congressman makes political speeches; but one may do that, better even than the member of congress and still not be a congressman. The congressman writes letters on government stationery and sends them through the mails without postage stamps; but one may do that and compel his correspondent at the other end to pay the stamp, and yet not be a congressman. The essential thing in being a congressman is being chosen at the polls by a vote of certain people to represent them in the government.

The Christian believes what Jesus said; he believes what the Bible says about Him; he believes most of the things the church holds about Jesus; he accepts the things the church does in Christ's name; he obeys the forms Christ prescribed, and does many of the things Christ commands; but one may do all these and not be a Christian. That is, if language means anything, to be a Christian, a man must begin with Christ Himself—with Christ personally, with the man God, the God-man, the Saviour, the very Christ Himself.

Here, then, is the essential thing. To be a Christian, is to have a definite, personal, conscious relation to Jesus Christ; a relation attaching him to Christ. It is an attitude to a Person, a personal union with Jesus Christ; a deliberate, conscious adhesion to Christ; an attachment of a man who knows his own weakness, his own sin, his own fallibility; an attachment of such a person to a Redeemer whom he knows is supreme, sinless, infallible. It is something which begins in a personal experience which daily binds us more firmly to Him. It is an experience of confidence in Him, faith; and an attachment to Him, love. To be a Christian is to be personally related to a Person, Christ. Until that comes, if the Bible means anything and language means anything, a man is not a Christian. He may come to it through creeds, or sacraments or the stirring of the emotions; he may reach

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that relation as in a moment, or it may take years (though think of his losses who takes years); he may have an effusion of the emotion of joy, or it will fill him with awe; all these are relatively unimportant. The essential thing is that he come to a personal relation, conscious and deliberate, to the Person, Jesus Christ. If he reach that attachment to Jesus Christ, he is a Christian; and if he does not, he is not a Christian, no matter what his church, his emotion, or his belief.

Next then, the important question is: How is the relation established? How can a close, personal relation be brought about between a man and Jesus Christ? Evidently there must be the expression of good will, of love, of benevolent intention, and of superior strong character on the part of the supreme Person. This, Jesus has done for all men. What Jesus taught, what He suffered, what He gave, and what He offered; the evident love, the offering of His life that they may be saved, the opening of His life and heart to the fellowship and friendship with men, are all His invitations to all men to enter into his close, personal relation. Since Christ has done this, what next is necessary to attach us to Christ?

Is there anything but trust, confidence, faith, the acceptance of Him as a personal Friend and Redeemer? It is so plain, that one wonders why man should fail to see how natural and right it is that faith should be the condition of becoming a Christian. It is the only possible thing to do. If being a Christian is the union of the personal life to Jesus, what but trust can be the cementing power? Love or trust, there is no other bond for human hearts. Other things may unite us to the church; other things may lead us to persuade us to do kindness to the needy; other things impel us to keep the law; other things may influence us to worship God; but faith is the only thing that can bind us to Jesus Christ.

Health Column.

THE SCIENCE OF LONGEVITY.

Can longevity be cultivated? A pertinent question, and one that should appeal to the majority of mankind; but, strange to say, its consideration is well nigh totally neglected.

Anomalous as it may appear, the thing which the average man holds dearest of all—his life—is precisely that to which, apparently, he attaches the least importance, therein exhibiting one of the strangest contradictions in human nature.

Although we do not expect to find the anticipation of a ripe old age engrossing the thoughts of youth, yet we might reasonably expect to find the middle-aged devoting some thought to the prolongation of their days, even if not strenuously endeavoring to attain patriarchal honors; but the reckless disregard of the natural law—the wanton ignoring of the simplest rules for the guidance of life, witnessed on every hand, indicate unmistakably the absence of applied design in the pursuit of longevity.

It is a perfectly reasonable proposition, that longevity is attainable by conscious, intelligent effort, and assuming that the human entity enters upon life unhampered by inherited pathological tendencies, there is no valid reason why, with care, he should not reach the century mark. Even the adverse influence of hereditary taint may, in a great measure, be overcome by a purely hygienic mode of life.

There are three causes of death—accident, disease and old age. The first and second may be avoided with care, but the last must inevitably overtake us; yet death from that cause may be indefinitely postponed.

It behoves us then, to ascertain the cause of premature old age.

The excesses of the affluent, and the deprivations of the abject, are important factors in reducing the average duration of life, but they are exceptional. Physical labor cannot be a cause, for the peasantry of all nationalities have always furnished their fair proportion of centenarians. Brain work, as a cause, is equally inadmissible, in view of such examples as Gladstone, Bismarck, Li Hung Chang, and Pope Leo XIII. Failing to find a sufficient cause in or among external conditions, we must look within. The cause must be in the human system itself, as we shall see.

There are two prime causes for the premature curtailment of human vigor. The first is the deposition of calcareous substances in the system; for, physiologically considered, old age is simply ossification. These substances are chiefly derived from the water we drink, and it may be accepted as a truism, that if, after maturity was reached, only distilled water was partaken of, it would lengthen existence fully twenty years. When it is remembered that the percentage of water in the blood is 79.5, and that 70 per cent. of the body is water, the significance of the above fact becomes apparent.

The second cause, in comparison with which the former shrinks into insignificance, is the imperfect elimination of the waste of the system.

The body is the theatre of constant change. It is the scene of incessant destruction and up-building, and it is of vital importance that the debris should be promptly and thoroughly removed. Nature has provided several avenues by which the waste may be removed from the body, the principal being the skin, the lungs, and the intestinal canal. The latter is infinitely more important than the others, since by it the waste products of digestion are expelled. If it fails to promptly fulfill its office, every vital function is promptly interfered with; and, in addition, the fluid portion is absorbed into the circulation, re-depositing in the very fountain of life (i.e., substances inimical to the economy. Should the system, while in this condition, be exposed to a chill, a congestion of the surface excretory vessels takes place, and practically the whole work of elimination is thrown upon the already hard-worked kidneys, frequently resulting in uræmic poisoning and death.

The presence of a grain of sand in a watch will retard its movements, if not stop them altogether. What, then, must be the effect of an accumulation of impurities in the physical system? The finely-adjusted balance that is capable of weighing the thousandth part of a grain, is carefully protected under a glass cover, for even impalpable dust would clog its movements. Reflect, then, upon the amount of friction that must be perpetually going on in the human organism owing to the retention of effete matter! And since not even the most cunning product of man's handiwork can compare with the complex mechanism of the body, the paramount importance of eliminating the waste becomes manifest.

Here, in a nut shell, lies the secret of longevity—the philosopher's stone, so long and vainly sought.—*Omega*.

Onions are almost the best nerve known. They are most useful in cases of nervous prostration, and will greatly assist in toning up the system. They are useful in all cases of coughs, colds, influenza and scurvy, and kindred complaints. Eaten every other day, they soon have a whitening and clearing effect on the complexion.

The minister who largely depends for success on his being sensational is doomed to disappointment. It has been well said, "Sensationalism first attracts, the dissapoints, then disgusts," and in proportion as the people become more thoughtful and intellectual does this saying become more universally true.—*The Telescope*.

A worldly, self-seeking preacher is the modern "abomination of desolation standing where it ought not."—*Baptist Argus*.

Temperance Column.

"Annie! Annie!"

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

Two or three years ago, in the month of September, having left the tea table, I went out upon the veranda. Presently a member of the genus tramp entered the carriage gate and came up the drive to the house. He was more tidy and decent in appearance than most tramps, and having reached the steps, asked civilly for something to eat. As I proccured, with apparent readiness, a plate of griddle-cakes hot from the kitchen, he handed me a tin cup saying: "Would you give me some hot tea for my wife? She's sick; Annie isn't used to this kind of life; She's a lady, Annie is; she isn't common folks. She came from Baltimore, and she isn't used to anything but the best." Asking him if "Annie" took milk and sugar in her tea, I went in and filled the pint cup, and when he withdrew I perceived that he and the "lady" were camped under the hedge, just outside the large gate. Half an hour later my husband, on his way to an evening meeting, found these tramps still on the roadside. The dew and shadows of an autumn evening were beginning to fall. The couple had an unusual amount of baggage with them—a valise, two army blankets and a large shawl. The woman, purple in the face, was laced over in hopeless intoxication. The man was pulling her by the arm, exhorting her, "Annie! Annie! get up! Its late." Seeing my husband, he said, "Poor Annie, she's sick; I don't know what's the matter with her. We have travelled too far; she's overcome."

"She's overcome with liquor," was the reply. "She's drunk."

"Not a mite," replied the champion, stoutly. "She's a lady."

"She's drunk, my man, and you may cause her death by trying to drag her about in this state. Settle her comfortably, and cover her up well; she'll sleep it off."

"Don't be slanderin' Annie, sir; she's a lady. To think of the likes of her lyin' out all night; Annie! Annie! get up." A little further exposition effected nothing, and they were left to themselves. Sitting in the library with one window partly open, came constantly to my ear, at about ten-minute intervals, a monotone, "Annie! Annie! get up." And then, when patience seemed gone, the man's voice rose to a shriek, "Annie!!!" and died away, presently to re-begin mildly, "Annie! Annie!"

Returning an hour later, my husband found the tramps as before, and again remonstrated: "Come, my man, this poor woman is drunk; let me help you to put her in a comfortable position, or she may die, as the night gets cold."

"Well, your honor, I'll not dispute you any longer. Annie is drunk; it's her failin'; it's what brought her here. Now, I do take a little now and then, but it never makes me drunk; but you see poor Annie gets overcome entirely."

One of the blankets was then spread on the ground, close under the hedge, with the valise on it for a pillow. "Annie" was then stretched on this improvised bed, and covered with the other blanket and shawl. Her heavy breathing and the strong smell of the whiskey seemed to strike the man, for he said: "It's plain enough she's drunk, sir, ain't it? Annie! Annie! wake up, Annie!"

"Let her alone; get under the blanket yourself, and see that she does not get uncovered. By morning you can take her to an eating house for some hot coffee."

"Well, but Annie is a lady; you can see that for yourself, can't you, sir?"

"How then did she come to be in this condition?"

"It was the drop of liquor did it, sir. Annie was in Baltimore, just a beautiful young lady, with silk gowns, and with rings, and a nice house; oh! people didn't look down on her then. But she took to drink, sir, and it went from bad to worse, till she ran off from her friends and nobody cared for her, and then she took up with a common fellow like me. I ain't no gentleman, but Annie is a lady; and once she wouldn't a looked at me. Yes, sir, there she is. It's hard, ain't it, trampin' and sleeping under hedges, and called drunk? I always denies it as long

as I can, sir, seein' she's a lady."

And what was the appearance of this unfortunate woman? It bore out the testimony of her tramping husband. Her hands were small and beautifully made, covered with worn gloves; the feet that had tramped so many dusty miles were small and slender. Here was some gay Baltimore belle betrayed by the wine cup, which in her folly she may have offered for the ruin of others. Little had she thought when her health was drunk, when she lifted with jewelled hand the wine gleaming brightly in the crystal, that by this sparkling cup she should be hurled down such an abyss of woe that her home and friends should forget her; that low taverns should be her resort while she paused, weary of toiling over dusty roads after a tramp laden with his bags and blankets, and that at night she should lie senseless under a hedge, covered by the hand of charity, while all thro' the dreary hours should be sung to her that monotonous cry rising at intervals to a scream of irritation and apprehension, "Annie! Annie! get up, Annie! Annie! get up, ANNIE!!!"

Children's Corner.

"He'll Do."

"He'll do," said a gentleman decisively, speaking of an office boy who had been in his employ but a single day.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he gives himself up so entirely to the task in hand. I watched him while he swept the office, and although a procession, with three or four brass bands in it, went by the office while he was at work, he paid no attention to it, but swept on as if the sweeping of that room was the only thing of any consequence on this earth at that time. Then I set him to addressing some envelopes, and although there were a lot of picture papers and other papers on the desk at which he sat, he paid no attention at all to them, but kept right on addressing those envelopes until the last one of them was done. He'll do, because he is thorough and dead in earnest about everything."

You may be naturally a very smart person; you may be so gifted that you can do almost anything; but all that you do will lack perfection if you do not do it with all of your heart and strength.

"His Name Shall be in Their Foreheads."

"How will God write it, papa?" asked little Eve.

"Write what?" asked her father, looking off his reading.

Eve got up from the low stool where she had been sitting with her book, and came across to him.

It was Sunday evening, and these two were keeping house whilst mother was at church.

"See what it says," said she, resting the book on his knee, and pointing. Then she read it out: "And His name shall be in their foreheads," she read. "It's out of the Bible," added she; "and I know it means God, because of that big H. How will G write it, papa?"

Her father put down the book and took her on his knee. "God will not write it at all," said he.

"Not write it!" exclaimed Eve in astonishment. "Then how will it come there?"

"Somethings write themselves," said her father.

Eve looked as if she didn't understand. But of course it must be true, since father said it; so she waited for him to explain.

"When you look at grandfather's silver hair," began her father, "what do you see written there? That he is an old, old gentleman, don't you?" continued he, as Eve hesitated. "Who wrote it there?"

"It wrote itself," said Eve.

Father nodded.

"Right," said he. "Day by day, and year by year, the white hairs came, until it was written quite as plain as if somebody had taken pen and ink and put it down on paper for you to read. Now when I look in your mouth, what do I see written there? I see, 'This little girl is not a baby now; for she has all her teeth, and can eat crusts.' That has been writing itself ever since the first tooth that you cut, when mother had to

carry you about all night because it pained you so."

Eve laughed.

"What a funny sort of writing!" said she.

"When little girls are cross and disobedient," her father went on, "where does it write itself? Look in the glass the next time you are naughty, and see."

"I know," said Eve. "In their faces, doesn't it?"

"And if they are good?"

"In their faces, too. Is that what the text means?"

"That is what it means," said father. "Because if we go on being naughty all our lives, it writes itself upon our faces so that nothing can rub it out. But if we are good, the angels will read upon our foreheads that we are God's. So you must try, day by day, to go on writing it."—*Children's Paper.*

The Albert Quarterly Meeting.

The Albert Co., Quarterly meeting convened with the 2nd Elgin church, Sept. 4th. Devotional exercises were conducted by Bro. Crandall. In the absence of the Pres., Rev. I. W. Thorne was appointed to the chair, and Bro. G. H. Beaman, lic., was appointed Sec'y., pro tem.

Upon calling roll of delegates it was found that not many of the churches had responded, although a number came in later on. This being the annual meeting new officials were elected as follows: Pres., Rev. I. N. Thorne; 1st vice, Rev. M. E. Fletcher; 2nd vice, Bro. S. C. Spencer; Sec'y and Treas., Rev. F. D. Davidson. Rev. M. Addison not being present, Rev. H. H. Saunders preached the quarterly sermon. A large congregation was present and a very profitable afternoon was enjoyed. In the morning session we had an address on Temperance by Bro. S. C. Spencer; Missions, by Rev. F. D. Davidson; and Education, by Bro. Robert Colpitts, lic. We trust the discussions which followed were profitable and will bear fruit. The weather was all that could be desired, and the hospitality of the people so large we felt like staying longer. We unanimously voted Prosser Brook an ideal place in which to hold a quarterly meeting. Bro. Thorne is doing a good work here on his large field which now embraces the 2nd and 3rd Elgin churches.

F. D. DAVIDSON, Sec'y. & Treas.

Your Example Counts.

A railroad conductor once went with a large company of conductors on an excursion to a Southern city. They arrived on Saturday night. An attractive trip had been planned for the next day. In the morning, this gentleman was observed to be taking more than usual care with his attire, and a friend said to him:

"Of course, you are going with us on the excursion?"

"No," he replied, quickly; "I am going to church; that is my habit on the Sabbath."

Another questioner received the same reply. Soon comments on it began to pass around, and discussion followed. When he set out for church, he was accompanied by one hundred and fifty men whom his quiet example had turned from a "Sunday" excursion to the place of worship.

The Personal Touch.

In a great meeting a young man was leaning forward on the back of a seat, with his face covered by his hands. There were many like him, and the workers were all too few. "Go speak to that young man," was the loving command of the leader to another young man who happened to be in the forefront of young people's work in that church.

Fear took possession of him, he trembled as a leaf, and said, "O, I cannot go; I never did such a thing before; I am not able to do it." The leader was firm in his loving demand. "You must go," he said. Going down the aisle, he dropped into the seat of the young man, put his arm over his shoulder, and in a half sobbing tone said: "I have been sent to talk to you, but

I do not know what to say. But Jesus loves you and I know He is ready to save you. They both dropped on their knees, and it was only a moment or two before a soul was born into the kingdom. The personal touch of the loving heart was the means, under God, of directing and winning a soul.—*Rev. W. H. Geistweit.*

Complete in Him

BY REV. A. P. GRAVES, D. D.

What comfort and joy spring up in every true believing heart, at the very mention of this divinely written thought. To the eye of faith the assurance is blessed. Its strength is in the divine declaration that embodies the thought. It is this: "In him dwelleth all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in him, which is the head of all principality and power." This is surely a most blessed message to Christians. Well may they go forth as lights in the world to a service that is both victorious and glorious. With such a standing in Jesus, every child of the King may feel that he is fighting under a captain that never lost a battle. Complete in him, who is the Captain of our salvation, is a thought that ought to banish from us all fear and doubt.

The Lord has said to us by the voice of inspiration that "he is the Saviour of the body, and that we are members of his body and his flesh and his bones." To our faith this becomes a living reality in our relationship to Jesus. So we are made partakers of his perfectness, in walks, words, and acts. Our completeness in him overtops all our weaknesses and frailties in ourselves and fills our souls with divine delights. How blessed and how satisfying as we pass along the rough paths of life! We may in varied relations with our fellow men feel the strongest confidence of our standing in wealth and worldly dependence, but in an unexpected hour a failure comes, all be swept away and we be left in want and distress. Not so with Jesus. If we are complete in him, it is an unchanging experience. He is the same yesterday, today, and forever. No marvel then that the apostle to the Gentiles could cry out, "Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." This is not by circumstance or incident. It is conscious reality to living faith. You can carry it as an experience in your very life, in the home, the business, the daily walks, in all laudable pleasures, and all along the journey of life.

Religious News.

CARLETON,
ST. JOHN.

The Carleton church has extended a call to Rev. B. Nobles of Kentville. Mr.

Nobles has signified his acceptance of the call, and the church is looking forward to his entrance upon the pastorate the first of November. The pulpit of the church has been acceptably supplied for several weeks by Rev. W. H. McLeod of Newton Theological Seminary.

Permit me to acknowledge GREENWICH HILL, the kindness with which we N. B. have been received into our

new home and field of labor. On Tuesday, August 28th, a number of friends took us by surprise by coming to our home and taking possession of it and us. We spent a very enjoyable evening together. The people here seem to possess the ability to be happy and cause others to be sharers in it. Kindness and good will seem to predominate among them. Chaste in conversation, considerate in actions, kind to all. What wonder, when we meet, that hours of sociability should glide quickly away. Cake and coffee and ice cream were served. Timely and appropriate speeches were made, giving expression to the harmony and good will that prevailed. Then we all knelt down and thanked our God for his goodness. As we retired, we all felt the joy that springs from fellowship with each other coupled with communion with our Lord. May he continue to bless the people. One has been baptized and received for membership into the Greenwich church. Our meetings are good and

we pray that others may follow.

C. S. STEARNS.

Hitherto our address has been West Jeddore, Halifax Co., N. S. It is now Greenwick Hill, Kings Co., N. B.

C. S. S.

VANCOUVER.

Rev. Roland D. Grant of Waterloo, N. H., has accepted the call to the pastorate of the First Baptist church, Vancouver, and is expected to take charge of the work by Oct. 1st.

GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN.

Pastor Gates reports his people getting back from "Summer Wanderings" and settling down once more at home. The congregations at the prayer and preaching services, as also the Sunday School, are being enlarged to something like a normal condition and the outlook begins to be more hopeful. One was baptized a week ago and "we are praying for an ingathering."

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B.

Have spent the last two weeks in Windsor, Carleton Co., laboring with Bro. Dakin, who has occupied

Aberdeen and the above station since June; our work has been blest. On the 9th inst. we had the privilege of baptizing six young people, adding them to the little church. Others will probably come if the work can be carried on. Bro. D. will be leaving the field for school about the 20th inst., then all those stations occupied by him will be vacant.

A. H. HAYWARD.

SUSSEX, N. B.

Work encouraging. Two members of my congregation are putting repairs on the parsonage which will cost in the neighborhood of \$1000. Mr. George H. White and Mr. C. T. White who are paying for this work have shown great liberality towards our work here. They are deeply interested in the welfare of the church and are ever ready to respond when help is needed. May God richly bless them. Last night I baptized two young ladies into the fellowship of our church.

W. CAMP.

SALISBURY, N. B.

The Father Crandall Memorial.—The Baptists of Salisbury village are about celebrating the centennial of their church organization. One hundred years ago Father Joseph Crandall came from Nova Scotia and began preaching to settlers along the banks of the Petitcodiac River. Soon there was a great turning into the Lord, and in the year 1800 the 1st Salisbury Baptist church was organized. At first the church worshipped in a log house, then a frame house was built which served their needs for some time. About forty-five or fifty years ago the present house of worship was built. Now the time has come when the church must have another house. So we have decided to build a house adequate to our needs to be known as the "Father Crandall Memorial." We have the foundation finished and the house is now being framed. It will cost when completed about twenty-five hundred or three thousand dollars. The church in the village is only small, and many of the members are poor, but they have responded nobly, giving beyond the point of self-sacrifice. But even after all have given beyond their ability to give we need a large sum yet to complete it clear of debt. We believe that a memorial to Father Joseph Crandall should not be cannot be, a local work, but a work of the whole denomination, because all our churches through him have been blessed. We wish to bring this matter before the denomination through the *Messenger and Visitor*, and this paper will echo it also, to ask your help brethren and sisters in the erection of a "Memorial to the man who labored much in the Lord and who to-day outside of his relatives is almost forgotten by the denomination which he served so faithfully and so well. All contributions may be sent to J. M. Crandall, Salisbury, N. B., or to the undersigned. J. E. TISER.

Salisbury, N. B., Sept. 14th.

The man who is always praising himself must have some reason for thinking that other people won't praise him.—*Free Baptist*.

Personals.

We are pleased to learn from Rev. S. D. Irvine of Springfield, N. B., that he is finding his health somewhat improved of late. In hope of further improvement he expects to spend the coming winter in the West. We trust that the change of climate may have a very beneficial effect, and that our brother may be given many years in which to preach the gospel which he loves and which he has proclaimed so faithfully and effectively in the past.

Delivered from Enemies.

It will be of interest to the friends of Rev. Fred J. Bradshaw, of Kiating, Western China, to learn that I have this week received a letter from him describing the imminent peril in which he was placed, and how the Lord delivered him out of the hands of his enemies.

We also have a despatch from Shanghai received today, announcing the safe arrival of the missionaries from Western China. The missionaries from Western China are as follows:

- Yachau:—Rev. W. M. Ucraft and wife, Breton Corties, M. D.
- Kiating:—Rev. F. J. Bradshaw, Mr. H. J. Openshaw and wife.
- Suichau:—Rev. C. H. Finch, M. D., and wife, Rev. C. A. Salquist and wife.

W. B. BRADSHAW.

Hiawatha, Kansas, Sept. 8.

—M. & V.

New Brunswick Convention.

The New Brunswick Baptist Convention met with the Second Grand Lake church at Upper Cumberland Bay on Sept. 14th.

A very uplifting conference was enjoyed in the forenoon; and at 2 p. m., the business was begun by the appointment of Deacon John R. Richards, of Carleton, St. John, as president. The matter of Home Missions was discussed by several brethren, and a resolution passed to hand over the work to the new board appointed by the associations in accordance with the agreement arrived at the Maritime Convention last year, and ratified by the New Brunswick Convention held in Sept. 1899. Seven new directors were appointed to fill the places of those whose retirement occurred at this meeting. Rev. W. E. McIntyre was reappointed secretary, and J. S. Titus was reappointed treasurer. The Secretary not having his report sent to him by the person to whom he gave it to be read at the Maritime Convention gave a memorised report of the work of the last year.

We have not at hand any data to give an outline from, and therefore cannot tabulate any of the accounts. The Treasurer read his account with the board which was a satisfactory one, only that the expenditure exceeded the income, a resolution was passed asking the churches to send into the treasurer means to meet the balance that was on the wrong side, as the board did not want to give the work over to the new board with any debts to pay. It is to be hoped therefore that the churches will speedily make up the deficiency, so that the board can settle with and pay off the brethren who served them the past year. Brother Young made an appeal for help to enable the church at St. Andrews to repair their church edifice, which was quite liberally responded to, enough so, we hope, to swell the donations to a sufficient amount to cover full cost of repairs.

The proposition to merge the Convention with the Associations into one general annual body did not meet with favour among the brethren present and no action was taken on the subject. Committees were appointed to report on various matters next year. The Annuity Association met on Saturday afternoon, and appointed officers for the ensuing year. The Secretary not being present the report was read by Brother McIntyre. This society is deserving of better support than it is receiving. We hope our churches will make at least one collection for it during the incoming year.

The Sabbath services were greatly enjoyed by all who were present. Rev. Calvin Currie preached the Convention sermon in the absence of Rev. Ira Smith who was appointed last year.

It was rich in thought, and delivered with an unction from on high. Rev. George Howard gave a soul stirring sermon in the Methodist house of worship at the same time to an overflow meeting. The rain storm in the evening prevented a large crowd from coming out as was expected but those who got there had a sweet blessed time.

In Perfect Peace.

Like strains of music soft and low
That break upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise old and new,
God will his faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

It stills the questionings and doubts,
The nameless fears that throng the soul;
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And ever more its echoes roll:
"In perfect peace."

Married.

HAYWARD-COOK.—At the Baptist parsonage, Carleton Co., Aug. 29th, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, William A. Hayward of Colchester, to Minnie J. Cook of Windsor, Carleton Co.

ROBERTSON LANE.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Wright St., St. John, Sept. 5th, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Benjamin Robertson of Slocan, British Columbia, and Laura S., daughter of Walter Lane.

SNIDER-BEERS.—At Marysville, N. B., September 12th, by Rev. H. B. Sloat, William H. Snider to Annie B. Beers.

POLEY-BOONE.—At Goshen, Albert Co., N. B. September 9th, by Pastor H. H. Saunders, Frederick Poley of Goshen and Jessie Boone of St. Johns, Newfoundland.

BELYEA-CLEVELAND.—At the Baptist church at Albert, Albert Co., N. B., on September 12th, by Rev. F. D. Davidson, W. H. Belyea of Newcastle, N. B., and Addie, eldest daughter of the late Edward Cleveland of Albert Co.

KILPATRICK-DEWARE.—At the residence of C. L. Smith, post-master of Woodstock, N. B., on September 12th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Joseph Augustus Kilpatrick, merchant of East Florenceville, N. B., to Jennie Deware of Cambridge, Queens Co.

SMITH-BOYLE.—At Anagnance, on September 12th, by Rev. W. Camp, Roy E. Smith, General Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. of Bar Harbor, Maine, to Kate L., daughter of Deacon Boyle of Anagnance.

SMITH-TITUS.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on the 12th inst, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Norman S. Smith of St. John and Alice L., youngest daughter of James Titus, Esq., of Titusville, Kings Co., N. B.

Died.

AKERLEY.—At Newcastle, Queens Co., N. B., on the 4th inst., Duncan Akerley, aged 39 years, was unexpectedly summoned to meet his Maker, while working in the coal mine, the wall of which caved in and buried him. Much sympathy is felt for his aged mother, his five sisters and two brothers. May the grace of God bring peace to the mourning hearts.

CORY.—At Temperance Vale, York Co., Sept. 6th, of consumption. Mrs. Gardner Cory, aged 66 years, wife of Deacon Gardner Cory. She was a great sufferer especially during the past three or four months, but bore it all patiently without a murmur looking forward to that glorious rest that she felt was in store for us.

BAILEY.—At Fredericton, N. B., July 5th, Gideon Bailey, in the forty-eighth year of his age. Brother Bailey had been suffering from what appeared a mild type of typhoid fever, when an unexpected development of the disease quenched his life in a moment. He came of a worthy family, his father being the late Abram Bailey, one of the Baptist stalwarts of the Grand Lake region. Converted and baptized at the early age of ten years, he adorned his profession by a godly life. Until 1888 Brother Bailey gave his interest and influence to the home church at Newcastle, Grand Lake, after which he removed to Little River, where he became, along with his brother Henry, a tower of strength to that struggling cause. They were charter members of that church and it was largely through their efforts that the house of worship there was built and paid for. About three years ago Brother Bailey and his family removed to Fredericton, where he won the esteem of all who knew him by his worthy life. He took a deep interest in young men and many of our young ministers will remember with thankfulness the kindnesses they received from him and his wife, and the ever ready welcome of their hospitable home. Brother Bailey leaves a widow and two sons who cherish in their grief the consolations of the Gospel. Three brothers and two sisters also survive him.—M. & V.

PATTERSON.—At Five Islands, Sept. 6, Alexander Patterson of St. John, N. B., aged 73 years and 5 months.

STAIRS.—At Temperance Vale, Sept. 12th, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stairs, aged 8 days.