

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

VOLUME II, No. 11.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 12, 1900.

WHOLE No. 37.

## The Perfect Freedom.

BY THE LATE PRINCIPAL JOHN CAIRD, D. D., LL. D.

### PART I.



**T**HE knowledge of the truth gives us freedom, not only in thought, but in action; not merely in discerning, but also in doing God's will. An act is free when it is the expression of your own thought and will, when your own nature and your whole nature goes with it. If in what you do you are merely doing blindly another's bidding, following mechanically the directions laid down for you, you may be a useful tool, a convenient instrument of a master's purposes, but your work is not your own, but his; you are not free. To make you free, the work itself must constitute or contain the motive of your activity. The satisfaction or delight of doing it, and not any ulterior end or object, must be all in all to you. In the measure in which any other motive—hope or fear, desire of honor or reward, dread of punishment or disgrace, nay, even a sense of duty or obligation—interferes or intermingles with your activity, in that measure you are not free.

This does not mean, indeed, that the agent must necessarily have himself originated the design or plan of the work he executes, that his work is not free if there is higher and more comprehensive mind under which he is content to work. But it means that if it be so, if you do follow or endeavor to realize the conceptions of another, your own soul must have caught, in something of the spirit of originality and freedom. There is ever a nameless charm, a subtle grace and excellence in work that witnesses to the spontaneity of the hand that did it. In the erecting of a noble building, for instance, all who are employed must follow the architect's design; but a great art critic has told us that ever in the noblest edifice of mediæval and of modern times, it can be observed that free play has been given to the artistic skill and originality of the workman. In the free handling, for instance of the floral ornamentation of capitals, in the elasticity, grace, and variety of the forms of leafage, in the delicacy of feeling and freshness of spirit that can be infused into the moulding of arch and column and traiered window, it is possible to discern the labor of hands that wrought, not by mere prescribed plan and rule, but under the inspiration of a mind in sympathy with the spirit and genius of the work. An accomplished musician, again, is not necessarily the composer of what he sings or plays; but in the rendering of the works of the great masters of this art, a competent ear can at once detect the difference between the soulless, wooden exactitude which by long drill and practice any school-girl may compass, and the life and power and pathos, the freedom of touch and flow of expression which characterize the performance of one who has caught something of the spirit that inspired the work, and reproduces it with a kindred intensity of feeling.

And so, too, must it be with that highest of all arts, the art of goodness, of working out God's design for our existence, of making music for our lives, of building up the being that we are. Here, too, the original idea is not our own. A higher thought and will has conceived for each human spirit the ideal perfection, the noble harmony of virtues which rounds into the perfect whole of a pure and beautiful and Christian life. But here, too, in order to realize it, the conception is one which must not only reveal itself to our intelligence, our reason, our conscience, but must also enkindle our affections and flow into our will. We must not merely recognize the law of duty as an obligation laid upon us by a Divine Lawgiver. We must become inspired

with that passion for perfection, that spontaneous love of goodness and of God which turns service into freedom. The demand that Christ makes upon us, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect," can never be fulfilled till we rise above even the position of law and morality, of conscientious obedience to duty, and a life ordered in conformity to the will of God. It is no doubt a great thing to be a conscientious man. We cannot help respecting and honoring the man who methodically and deliberately orders his life, not by regard to public opinion, not from the desire of safety and happiness present or future, but simply from a sense of right and in obedience to the supreme conviction of duty enthroned within his breast. There is ever a certain dignity and nobleness in self-command, in a life of repressed inclinations and restrained passions and actions uniformly regulated by the dictates of reason and conscience; and our sense of the stern dignity of such a life is, from one point of view, enhanced by the amount of struggle and self-discipline which it costs to maintain it. When, for instance, a man of intense sensuous susceptibilities puts a bridle on his passions, checks with iron resolve the waywardness of thought, turns away from tempting scenes and objects, or in the midst of their allurements deviates not one hair's-breadth from the self-determined path of purity and temperance; or, again, when a man of a naturally cold, self-absorbed, unsympathetic temperament lays down for himself rules of practical beneficence, and submits to great sacrifices of time and money and labor for philanthropic objects—in all such cases of rational self-discipline, the persistent subjugation of impulse by reason and conscience creates a character of no ignoble order, and one which calls forth just respect.

(To be Continued.)

### A Touch.

A living coal! and with its glow  
It touched another coal, when lo,  
The dark form into radiance grew,  
And light and cheer beamed forth anew.

A loving heart! And with its love  
It touched another heart, which strove  
With adverse waves on troubled sea,  
When ours were lying heavily;  
And lo, through rifted clouds Hope smiled,  
And Love the weariness beguiled.

That living coal be mine to glow,  
That loving heart be mine to show,  
While earth has sorrowing hearts that wait  
The opening of Redemption's gate.

—The Advance.

### Has Fun a Place in a Religious Meeting.

At a recent meeting when a clergyman entertained his audience with jokes, and some of them bordering on the impure, the people laughed long and loudly, but after the meeting many expressed the shame they felt at the bad taste displayed by the speaker and the prostitution of such an occasion to so low a purpose. There were hundreds there who will ever remember that speaker as the man who told unsavory jokes.

Brethren, our Guide Book, the Bible, is not a book of jokes. If the minister of the Gospel should increase his power by the use of fun, surely there would have been some fun placed in the Gospel, but there is none of it. Our model, the Lord Jesus, did not use jokes. We look in vain for such things in the words of any of the men who by inspiration gave the message of salvation. Why should we do it?

The fact is, the joking clergyman is an offense to earnest Christian people. His fun turns souls from the consideration of soul-saving themes to the beggarly elements of an irreligious popular assembly. To play upon an audience so that one moment they will laugh uproariously and

next moment be shedding tears may show ability of a certain kind, such as may be seen at any time in a minstrel show, or in a theater, but it does not win souls to Christ. It does not open the way to the kingdom of God. Imagine John the Baptist cracking jokes on the banks of the Jordan! No, you cannot. Then in doing the same kind of work he was sent to do, why should you?

Will there not be a revival of the sense of need for religion on the part of the people when there is a revival of the solemnity of the work and message on the part of the ministers of the Gospel? Brethren, let us eliminate the element of fun from religious meetings.

Philadelphia.

—S. M.

### Helping Others.

A recent writer tells of the way in which one young man of his acquaintance occupied his leisure without evil effects upon his health.

Seeing that he was very healthy and cheerful-looking, we asked him what open-air recreation he indulged in. Did he ride a bicycle, row, or what did he do to make him look so strong and manly?

"Ah," he said, "I have no time for any of those things, and, if I look happy, it is because I try to help others in my spare moments. As a rule, I am at work ten or twelve hours in the shop; but on Saturday evenings and Sundays, and whenever I have an hour or two, I go down to the East End, and hunt up my drift children. We get them into a room and try to teach them something. When any one gives us money, we have a tea for them. Then there is a Bible class and a glee-class for young men. It is work like this that keeps me well. Give me the drift children and I am happy and healthy."

### Eare Feet are Shod.

Among the many interesting incidents connected with the closing of the saloons in Knittanning, Pa., a leading merchant tells the following: A woman came into his store very timidly. She was evidently unaccustomed to trading.

"What can I do for you?" inquired the merchant.

"I want a pair of shoes for a little girl."

"What number?"

"She is twelve years old."

"But what number does she wear?"

"I do not know."

"But what number did you buy when you bought the last pair for her?"

"She never had a pair in her life. You see, sir, her father used to drink when we had saloons, but now they are closed he doesn't drink any more, and this morning he said to me, 'Mother, I want you to go up town to-day and get Sissy a pair of shoes, for she never had a pair in her life.' I thought sir, if I told you how old she was you would know just what size to give me."

### Church Boarders.

A friend of mine told me once that when he went to a boarding house he could always tell who the boarders were, for they never alluded to family matters, but sat down at the table and talked of outside affairs; but when the son came he would go into the sitting room to see if there were letters, and inquire after the family, and show in many ways his interest in the household. It doesn't take five minutes to tell that he is not a boarder and that the others are. And so it is with the church of God. You see these boarders in church every Sunday morning, but they don't take any interest; they come to criticize. And that is about all that constitutes a Christian nowadays. They are boarders in the house of God; and we have got too many boarders.—D. L. Moody.

## The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary, Sunday-School and Colportage work. Published semi-monthly by the Committee of the Home Mission Board of New Brunswick.

All communications, except money remittances, are to be addressed to

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL,

36 Dock Street, St. John, N. B.

All money letters should be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,  
Carleton, St. John.

Terms, - - - 50 Cents a Year

### Notice.

The Southern New Brunswick Baptist Association will convene with the First Johnston Baptist Church, at Thornton, on Friday, July 6th, at 10 a. m. Will the clerks of all the churches in the Association kindly see that their church letters are sent to the undersigned at Fairville, St. John, not later than June 25th. The different committees will kindly attend to their reports, so that all will be in readiness.

W. Camp, *Moderator.*

J. F. Black, *Clerk.*

### Within The Lines.

#### Reminiscences of The Civil War.

By MRS. M. M. HUNTINGTON.

(Continued from last issue)

#### IX.

"Thou oh God has proved us: Thou has tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net: Thou laidst affliction upon our loins: Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads. We went through fire, and through water, but were broughtest out into wealthy places."

I found flour, honey, and tea in the house. I made some biscuit of flour and water, which the children ate with the honey. Nightfall slowly came and no boat up the river yet, while two or three had gone down. About nine o'clock a beautifully lighted boat went up. I was almost in despair. If I had only been upon the gunboat how quickly my troubles would have vanished. We fastened all the doors, shut and secured the windows, although the night was sultry, and sending my boys to bed I began my lonely vigil. I scarcely know how the night was passed. I imagined several times I heard the pickets near the house, their footfalls growing louder and then their voices startling me again. One terror died away only to give place to another until toward morning I fell into a sleep. When I woke to my great relief and gratitude it was daylight. Henry went down during the day to the river bank where the soldiers from the gunboat were drilling. They inquired for us, cursing their captain for a brute to keep us there, and gave as a reason the company he had on board. Henry asked them if they could come to our assistance if we were molested. They said it was contrary to orders to go on shore after nightfall.

Another weary day passed, oh, so slowly; another night came on to my dread, but not having received harm as yet we tried to take courage. The third day (Sunday) was passed in watching and fear. In the evening one of the girls of the house came in with the news that the company of Confederate soldiers which were stationed at the bayou where we attempted to get a boat the day we came from Port Gibson, had been taken, the Negro driver of Mrs. Daniels was killed, and some smuggled goods were taken. This was distressing news to me, as I feared that those kind ladies might think I had given information leading to their trouble. Moreover, I felt sure we should be in greater danger to remain on shore another night.

How I lived through that night and kept my senses I never knew. Every sound rang through my brain with terrible distinctness. The morning of the fourth day dawned clear and bright. Henry said to me, "Mother, I never want to see

the shining river again; it seems to mock me." He had been watching hour after hour for three days. At five that afternoon, as the Negro had said, a northbound boat hove in sight. We paid the little girls to their satisfaction and went down to the river. The gunboat sent off a boat and put us on board the transport. I cannot express the feelings of relief, happiness and safety that filled my soul when I stood once again under the folds of the old flag. I went into my stateroom, fell on my knees and poured out my thanks. I had seen people in religious excitement and heard them shout and wondered at it. Now I could have shouted with all my heart. My boys soon ran in to tell me of the nice supper they were spreading in the large saloon. They had been so long on short rations it looked like a feast. Curlyhead, in particular, ate through two tables to his own satisfaction and the amusement of the captain and visitors.

Our trip up the river was pleasant. We stopped at Vicksburg to change boats and take the oath of allegiance. All this time I had no news from my husband and was tortured with fears that he never gotten through the lines. Still I tried to put my fears away, and hastened direct to Iowa where he had sisters living. Reaching Cedar Rapids I sent Henry out to inquire for him. He came back in great glee, saying "father is all right," "but had started to look for us." A telegram soon recalled him. He did not look for news from us until after Atlanta had fallen. Not hearing from us, he started for Atlanta, or the nearest point possible, for information. Our greetings were joyful, but remembering Willie, he gave me an inquiring look. I could only shake my head and sob from sorrow and joy.

He had a toilsome, dangerous journey through the lines. One little incident I will relate, pertaining to the past. Nine years afterward, Henry, whose tastes lead him to a soldier's life, was returning to West Point from a vacation, spent in our Iowa home. On the road between Fort Wayne and Pittsburg, he took a seat by an elderly gentleman, who, noticing his military cap, began talking of the late war and its features. One of the saddest, he said, happened under his own roof. He then went on to relate a part of our story. Henry recognized it and asked him his name and residence, and was told Mr. R., of Meridian. Henry then told him of us, and that he was the eldest boy. He was so much elated that he embraced him, sent many messages of kindness to me and was so glad to know of our escape and that we were still in the land of the living.

I have not written this because I think my experience harder than that of many others, but I am sure no one could have seen and felt the leadings and direction of our Heavenly Father more than I did. Believing that this may find an answering emotion in many sad hearts and comfort them as it has me, I close my story.

(The End.)

### God's Forgiveness.

If a branch be sawn off from a tree now budding in the garden, an ugly scar will be made, but the scar will soon be covered by the fresh growth. In a few years there will be no mark at all to show that an amputation had been made. Thus trees know how to overgrow and hide their injuries. And God says He forgives in the same way. He will never again make mention of sins which He has forgiven, for they are blotted out and entirely done away.

### Help Now.

A physician at Bath once discovered a clergyman there of whom he was told that he was both sick and poor and had a large family. He at once gave a friend \$200, asking him to deliver it to the poor man in the most delicate manner and as from an unknown person. The friend said, "I will go to him to-morrow morning." "You will oblige me, sir," he replied, "by calling directly. Think of what impartment a good night's rest may be to that poor man."

Men will seek the healing of their bodies while refusing the saving of their souls.

### The Book Of Job.

REV. A. J. HUGHES.

#### PART V.

3rd—Yet another purpose of the Book seems to be to show that God deals inscrutably with His people. We are to remember that Job was a stranger to the devil's slander about him, and also to God's permissive decree that he afflict His servant as he did. When the patriarch's afflictions come, he knows of no reason for their coming. It is all a mystery to him. The attempt of his friends to explain it on the basis of his sins he repudiates and resents. In his own attempt to seek an explanation he is baffled. It was like his endeavor to discover God. "Behold," he says, "I go forward, but He is not there; and backward but I cannot perceive Him." So was it with the Jew to the mystery of his trials. It eluded him in his every search, and he found it not. And where the Theophany occurs, and God talks to His servant, there is the shining of no ray of light that illuminates that darkness. Not a single word was spoken as to why Job was afflicted. God makes it very plain, indeed, that He is not to be called to account for what He does, and rests the matter there. And what the glory of His presence disappears, and His voice is no longer heard, the reason of Job's trials is just as inscrutable to him as it was before. Nor is there any thing to indicate that the secret was ever disclosed to the patriarch while on earth.

"Ah, little else than mystery  
Around our pathway lies  
And Heaven alone can lift the veil  
To our untutored eyes."

To some lives it is no mystery that "sorrows of a full cup are wrung out" to them. They know, or ought to know, it is to be but the fulfilment of the proverb that "The way of the transgressor is hard." They have broken laws of health, laws of honor, laws of purity, laws of humanity,—in short, the law of God as related to the whole of human life—and violated law is avenging itself in them, and they know it. For such there is no hope, save in the evangel of Christ's forgiving and restoring Gospel. But there are other children of sorrow like the patriarch Job. The cause of their trials is unknown. They have lived circumspectly, religiously, in the world, and yet have been made targets for the arrows of earthly adversity. They ply themselves, they ply the heavens above them, with questions as to the cause of their calamities; but there comes back no response. The Book of Job is a teaching to such souls that the ways of God have always been inscrutable: that He will appear to His suffering ones; that He will bend them; that He may vindicate and restore them; but that He will not assume the roll of an inter-reter of His doings. The interpretation of these things will come to them in the fuller light and the larger comprehensiveness of Heaven.

4. The final purpose of the Book of Job seems to have been to teach the spiritual gains that accrue from earthly losses. Before Job was afflicted he seems to have entertained the traditional conception of God, viz, that He opened His hand with gifts to the righteous, and closed it in denial to the wicked. It was a poor and a false idea of God, which was bound to yield and go to pieces under the pressure of sorrow. It did that in Job's case, and he came near to being sucked down into a vortex of unbelief and despair. Happily for him, however, along with his traditional view of God, there was a personal acquaintance with Him, and that saved him in the day of his calamity. But it was a partial acquaintance only, and while it held him to his moorings during the storm that wrecked his earthly fortunes, it did not save him from arraignment God in a way that He would not have done had he more fully known and trusted Him. But when the Theophany occurs, with all that is involved therein of tender interest, as well as of surpassing wisdom and power, Job's language is, "I had heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now my eyes behold Thee. Wherefore, I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." And this confession means that Job's knowledge of God is no longer meagre and inadequate to his need, but ample and satisfying. True he spoke of self-abhorrence and repentance, but every truly enlightened man knows that the experience of these emotions

but the gateway, and the only gateway, through which the soul passes into a knowledge of God that is commensurate alike with its longings and its need.

Thus did there come to Job unspeakable spiritual gains from the calamities that so clouded and saddened his earthly lot, even a knowledge of God that not only added sweetness to the cup of his subsequent prosperity, but that would have sweetened and so made endurable and even blessed any cup of adversity distilled by the strange events of the over-ruling providence of God.

Thus does the author of this inspired drama teach a lesson that vindicates the all wise Father in His strange dealings with His children, and that comforts them with the assurance that their trials are for their enrichment in their knowledge of Him, and their likeness to His character. The poem is an anticipation of Paul's deliverance, and that "All things work together for good to them that love God, and who are the called according to His purpose."

(The End.)

## Health Column.

### HOW TO STRENGTHEN WEAK LUNGS.

Keep clear of all poisonous things; use the flushing treatment two or three times a week. Take a piece of round stick in each hand the size of a curtain pole but not more than nine inches long, go out in the sunshine about nine or ten in the forenoon. Stretch your arms as wide at right angles with the body as is possible and close your mouth and take a long breath through your nose, hold it for eight seconds, and exhale all out of your lungs that is possible by pressing your chest on each side with your hands, repeat this action for a dozen times every day you have a chance for a month or two; always breathe through the nose. Take a bath every week. Eat any kind of fresh fish; use as much rich new milk, and cream, and bees' honey with entire wheat bread as you can, and sit in the sunshine as much as possible, or take frequent short walks in the sunshine; and above all things keep up a cheerful disposition, and make up your mind you are going to get well. Use no tea, nor coffee, nor pickles. Keep clear of all narcotics put away liquor and tobacco. Eat soups and fruits of any kind, with vegetables. Avoid rich cakes and puddings. Plain victuals are always best. Follow these rules and you will soon grow strong and robust.

—Good Health.

### THE THERAPEUTIC USES OF HOT WATER.

It is a curious trait in human nature, that people seldom appreciate that which is easily obtained. On the principle that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country?" those in search of remedial treatment, will (theoretically speaking) send to the four corners of the globe for substances to afford them relief, while, frequently, the most valuable article for the purpose is running to waste in their own homes.

We are moved to write this, by reflecting upon the fact, that hot water, which, as a therapeutic agent, is almost without a peer, is so little used that it is, practically, a dead letter. Chemists are burning the midnight oil in their laboratories searching for new weapons with which to fight sepsis, while hot, boiled water, which is one of the best, if not the best, antiseptic in existence and which may be had "without money and without price," is almost ignored.

And yet there is not an honest, progressive surgeon in the world who will not admit that whenever pus formation is going on in the human system, and surgical interference becomes necessary, no preparation in the whole pharmacopeia can equal hot water as an antiseptic agent. In painful swellings, in the dull aching pains in the lumbar region that characterize kidney disturbance, applied in the form of hot fomentations, its effect is in the highest degree beneficial. In severe congestion the hot wet sheet pack is a remedial agent, surpassing all others. In acute colic, copious enemata of hot water act like magic in relieving pain. In appendicitis (it is no idle statement to make) seventy-five per cent, of the cases could be cured by the same method, namely, the hot, high

enema; while in treating obstinate constipation—notably the impacted condition—there is no method of treatment known to medical science that can compare with simple everyday hot water.

It may be asked, why (if it is such an invaluable remedial aid) it is not more extensively used and advocated? In the first place its merits are not generally known. In the second place, physicians who know of its value hesitate to prescribe it, for the reason that the majority of patients expect the doctor to prescribe drugs, and are disappointed if he does not. In this connection it may be stated that few physicians are acquainted with the therapeutic value of hot water, for in the medical schools the prescription of drugs, in accordance with the symptoms demanding them, is the foundation of the system, and it would be really demanding too much of human nature (as at present constituted) to expect them to prescribe a remedy so simple as hot water, and for which the patient would, in all probability, decline to pay.

But there is still another reason—the one referred to at the commencement of this article, namely, the tendency on the part of the majority of people to slight that which is close at hand and easily procured, in favor of those things which are designated by mysterious titles, or that are difficult of attainment. Man has been so long accustomed to regard—with a species of awe—the mysterious hieroglyphics on an orthodox prescription, that he finds it difficult to dissociate from it the idea of talismanic power.

Again, there are so-called friends of hygienic methods of treatment, who are so ill-informed upon the matter of treating disease by means of hot water, that they rush into print with crude theories as to the possibly injurious effects of using large quantities of hot water for intestinal irrigation. In the majority of cases these alarmists have no foundation in fact for the statements they advance. Truly, "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing." It would not be a matter of so much moment were it not for the fact that some of these pretentious theorists occupy literary positions, which lend weight to their ill-considered promulgations, and the consequence is that unfounded prejudices are excited against remedial methods which, in reality, have everything to recommend them.

As a result of some of these anti-water fulminations, we have received numerous inquiries as to whether the objections were valid, that are urged against the practice of cleansing the system by flushing the colon, or large intestine, with from three to four quarts of warm water. It is not the province of this magazine to advocate any particular system of treatment; but these requests have become so numerous and persistent, that we deem it a duty to our readers to reply to them.

As a matter of absolute fact, that can be demonstrated, there is not the slightest danger attending the practice referred to. On the contrary, it is one of the most sanitary proceedings that ever engaged the attention of mankind. We know all the objections that are urged against it, but not one of them will hold water. No pun intended. It is asserted that there is danger of rupturing the intestine; but those who make the assertion do not stop to reflect that in countless cases the bowel is distended far more with gases, or impacted matter, than it could be with water (without the aid of a force pump), yet no rupture occurs. Again, it is said the muscles will lose their power of contractility, through frequent distention; but we have yet to learn of a muscle that failed to develop increased strength through exercise, and in addition, heat acts as a stimulant.

"It operates against peristalsis," we are told. We deny it, for the great desire evinced to expel the water is proof of increased peristaltic vigor, if it is proof of anything. And even if it did suspend peristalsis for the space of five minutes, is it not a fact that other natural functions can be suspended for much longer intervals, only to be resumed with unabated vigor? "The system will in time come to depend upon it," is another objection that is urged. In advancing this objection the objectors display their lamentable lack of information. We have yet to learn of a case where the intestines failed to resume their normal action when the practice was suspended. In fact, when, through the removal of effete matter, and the consequent production of good blood, the system regained its normal tone, it was found that the intestines had shared in the general

benefit, and resumed their wonted function with renewed zest. It has even been contended that the frequent washing of the intestinal walls, deprived the system of the mucus it needed for lubrication. To that we reply, that we never heard that bathing the body robbed the sweat glands of their power to excrete more perspiration; or that the drinking of large quantities of water in any way affected the secretion of gastric juice.

But granting, for the sake of argument, that the system did come to rely upon it (which we deny), is it not a far more rational and hygienic means to an end, than reliance upon cathartics, which so many thousands have to do, at the peril of their digestive powers? We do not think that any rational person, having due regard for his physical welfare, could or would hesitate long in making a choice between the two methods.

Of all the valuable uses of hot water, in a therapeutic sense, assuredly one of the most, if not the most, important, is its employment to cleanse the human sewage, and render the body a fitting temple for a pure mind.

—Omega.

## Temperance Column.

Now that the question of Prohibition is before our Legislature a page of selections showing the evils of intemperance will be in place:—

A good man was once tempted by the devil to commit one of three great sins—either to murder his mother, to deny and blaspheme God, or to get drunk. As the least of the three he chose to get drunk. Satan left him, well pleased of his choice, for alas! while drunk, he committed both the other sins.

Upon what does the success of the liquor traffic depend? Upon debased manhood, wronged womanhood, defrauded childhood. It holds a mortgage over every cradle, a deed written in heart's blood over every life. Shall mothers know this and be silent? Shall fathers understand and be indifferent?—*N. Y. Tribune.*

In 1857 Horace Greeley, the editor of the *New York Tribune*, in an article on the folly of attempting to "regulate" the liquor traffic, after declaring that such a course was not in his line, said: "We believe in cutting that liquor dog's tail off right behind the ears."

In a periodical brought out by Oliver Goldsmith, in 1759, he writes: "In the towns and countries I have seen, I never saw a city or village yet whose miseries were not in proportion to the number of its public-houses."

An excellent authority says *wines, ale and beer* should be spelt *whines, ails, bier*. I understand there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this. The same friend reminds me that *gin* means a *snare*. The whole matter is referred to those who know the most about it.—*Home Evangel.*

Insanity from intemperance is on the increase, especially in England, where it shows an alarming increase, judging from the last reports of one of the largest asylums, the Crichton Royal Institution, where in the last five years the admissions due to intemperance have risen from eight to thirty-five per cent.

Rev. Canon Wilberforce: "People talk about regulating the liquor traffic; they might as well try to regulate tooth ache." The advocates of the license law would say, "Tie a stringent rag around the jaw and leave the affected molar to throb and 'stoon.'" Drawing the tooth would favor too much of coercive legislation."

Normandy's law against intoxication is that on the third conviction for public drunkenness, the offender is liable to the following: 1, Loss of his vote; 2, May not be voted for; 3, May not serve on a jury; 4, May not exercise any administrative faculty (such as acting as executor of a will); 5, Loses the right to carry arms.

Under the law: "Put off thy shoes," Under grace "Put shoes on his feet."

## Religious News.

**BRUSSELS STREET CHURCH.** Six more were baptized last Sabbath morning. Others are coming in by letter. The individual communion service is proving to be a change for the better.

H. F. W.

**HAMPTON STATION.** After an absence of four years in the neighboring republic, we are again in the home land, comfortably settled, and busily engaged in the Master's cause here. The field is large and the people are falling in line nobly. The outlook is hopeful, already they are showing their large-heartedness. The friends at the station presented us with a neat sum in addition to the regular salary for which we express our gratitude. This thoughtful act at this time seems highly commendable. Trusting that God's blessing will rest upon us, I brethren and friends we ask your prayers.

Yours in the kingdom work.

May 30th.

F. C. WRIGHT.

**FAIRVILLE.** The kind people of the Fairville Baptist church sprung quite a surprise upon their pastor last evening. At the close of the Conference meeting and just as I was about to pronounce the benediction, Bro. Very Cowan came to the platform and read to me a beautiful address, expressing the kindly feelings of the members of the church and congregation for Mrs. Dykeman and myself, and then placed in my hand fifty-five dollars in gold. It was a perfect surprise. May God reward the kind and thoughtful donors, is the prayer of their pastor.

June 1st.

A. T. DYKEMAN.

## Ordination Service.

The Council called by the Sackville, N. B., Baptist church to consider the propriety of setting apart their Assistant Pastor, William R. Robinson, to the work of the gospel ministry, duly met at 2 30 p. m., on Monday the 21st inst. The clerk of said church called the meeting to order and read the letter missive, after which the following churches responded: Petitediac, Pastor Colwell; Moncton 1st, Pastor Parsley; Moncton 2nd, Clerk Boaz A. Lutes; Shediac, Bro. John Dickie; Dorchester 1st, Pastor Burgess, Deacon W. H. Bowser, Bro. C. E. Knapp; Port Elgin, Pastor R. Barry Smith; Port Midgie, Pastor Gardner, Deacon Anderson; Point de Bute, Pastor Steele, Deacon Obed Tingley and clerk Wm. Tingley. On nomination Rev. C. C. Burgess was elected moderator. The undersigned was invited to sit in Council and act as the clerk thereof. The candidate, having related his Christian experience, call to the ministry, and views of Christian doctrine, was examined by Rev. Dr. Steele and other members of the Council. The Council retired to the church vestry and held a private session at which they unanimously voted that they were satisfied with the candidate's account of his Christian experience, call to the ministry and views of Christian doctrine, and they recommended the Sackville church to proceed with the ordination. In the evening the public ordination services were held. Moderator Burgess in the chair. Rev. J. W. Gardner read the Scriptures, Rev. J. G. A. Belyea followed in prayer. After a fine anthem by the choir Rev. J. H. Parsley preached the ordination sermon, Rev. I. B. Colwell offered the ordination prayer, Rev. C. C. Burgess extended the right hand of fellowship to Bro. Robinson, while Rev. R. Barry Smith delivered the charge to the candidate, and Rev. Dr. Steele spoke to the church. The sermon and addresses were much appreciated by all present. The Rev. W. R. Robinson pronounced the benediction.

The candidate on this occasion is, I may say, well-known throughout our Province. For several years he was employed as lecturer by the I. O. G. T., which brought him in contact with the public in almost every city, town, village and hamlet in New Brunswick. He was formerly a catechist in the Presbyterian church, and was employed by the Home Mission Board of that denomination, having been stationed at Kouchibouguac, Kent County, for four summers.

## Mutual Love.

"There is no way," said the late Dr. Alexander, "in which we can more surely increase mutual love than by praying for one another. If you would retain warm, the affection for an absent friend, pray for him. If you would bear no enmity in your own soul against one who has wronged you, pray for him. Dissensions or coldness cannot abide between those who bear each other to God's throne in supplication. It is what we meet to do in family worship. Often has the tenderness of a half-dying attachment been renewed and made young again, when the parties were found kneeling before the mercy seat. Everything connected with such utterance of mutual good-will in the domestic worship tends to foster it, and thus the daily prayers are as the dews of heaven."

## Personals.

Rev. C. W. Sabies has moved from Upper Queensbury to Temperance Vale, York Co., N. B. Correspondents will please notice the change.

Rev. W. J. Gordon, has received an unanimous call from the Upper Jemseg church; and is now moving into that village; and it is expected that he will serve what is known as the Jemseg group of churches.

Rev. W. M. Smallman occupied the pulpit of the Carleton Baptist Church the last two Sundays with much acceptance.

## A Sensible Young Woman

A young couple at Philadelphia were preparing for marriage—the day was fixed and invitations sent out. Just a week before the time, the lady smelled whisky on her lover's breath. She at once declared the engagement off and nothing could induce her to change her mind. He brought suit for breach of promise. The judge instructed the jury that "It is a woman's privilege to annul her promise of marriage if she believes, in good faith, that good reasons for so doing have arisen since she entered into the contract." The jury considered whisky drinking a good reason for breaking the contract and found for defendant. Wisely the brave young woman said: "I'd rather have to work all my life and die an old maid than marry a man who drinks whisky—*N. T. Advocate.*"

## Three Things.

Three things to fight for—honor, country and home.

Three things to love—courage, gentleness and affection.

Three things to think about—life, death and eternity.

Three things to govern—temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to delight in—frankness, freedom and beauty.

Three things to hate—cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude.

Three things to avoid—idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a cheerful spirit.

Three things to admire—intellectual power, dignity and gracefulness—*Ex.*

It may be a high criticism, but it is not a high Christianity that tests anything by the light of science and entirely ignores the light of Christ.

## Married.

TURNER-TINGLEY—William N. Turner of Albert, and Emily Tingley of Harvey, were married May 15th, by Rev. F. D. Davidson at Riverside, N. B.

PHILLIPS-SEELYE—On the 15th inst., at Tracey, Sunbury Co., N. B., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. J. A. Robertson, Richard Louis Phillips, of Fredericton, to Lottie May, daughter of Mrs. I. M. Seelye.

BOYER-EBBETT—In Middle Simonds, Carleton Co., at

the home of the bride, May 15th, by pastor A. H. Hayward, Adolphus E. Boyer, of Lower Wakefield, and Miss Margarette Annie Ebbett, of Middle Simonds.

ALWARD-ATKINSON—At Havelock, in the home of the bride's father, on May 17th by pastor J. W. Brown, Mr. George Alward, and Miss Mary Atkinson, all of Havelock.

MORSE-ALWARD—At the home of the bride's sister, on May 19th, by pastor J. W. Brown, Charles Morse and Elizabeth Alward, all of Havelock, N. B.

CAIN-MERRITT—At the residence of M. S. W. Merritt, at Kars Kings Co. on the 24th of May, by pastor W. J. Gordon, Mr. Willitt Cain of Wickham and Miss Sarah Merritt, of Kars.

SNOGRASS-LINTON.—At the Baptist parsonage, Hampton N. B., April 25th, by the Rev. N. A. MacNeill, Fred M. Snograss and Maggie L. Linton, all of Hampton.

FINNIS-McVICKER—At the Upper Range, Queens Co., N. B., on the 6th inst, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Mr. George Finnis of Millstream, Kings Co., and Miss May McVicker, daughter of John McVicker of the above named place.

## Died.

HOYTH—At Millville, York Co., on the 23rd of May James T. Hoyth, aged 19 years and 11 months.

Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are,

While on his breast I lean my head,

And breathe my life out sweetly there.

KINGSTON—At Havelock, May 15th, Alexander Kingston passed from the scene of toil and care to the home where the wicked ceased from troubling, and the weary are at rest. He was 43 years of age, and leaves in sorrow a wife and three children, who have the sympathy of the village.

SCRIBNER—Samuel Hoyth Scribner of Upper Queensbury, York Co., exchanged this life for the home of immortal glory, after a long and tedious illness which he bore with Christian fortitude and patience, on the 17 day of March in the 64th year of his age. He was borne of Christian parents and gave his heart to God while very young, and after obtaining peace in believing in Jesus and accepting him as this Saviour, he confessed him before men by being publicly baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity, and united with the Baptist church at Havelock where he lived until about sixteen years ago when he moved to Temperance Vale where he resided for some years; and subsequently moved to Queensbury. Brother Scribner was a man of staunch Christian character and upright principle, a shining light wherever he went. He was a tallented speaker on religious subjects; always speaking to the edification of the church whenever he took part in her devotions, which he was always ready to do.

He was a liberal supporter of the cause of Christ as far as his means would permit and a faithful friend of his pastor wherever he might be. Although laid by from active work for some time, he will be much missed where he lived, because his conversation was always instructive and inspiring to the many friends who loved him and took pleasure in seeing him. Death to him had no terror, he knew in whom he had believed, and was persuaded that he was able to bear him through the dark valley. He leaves to mourn two sons and three daughters; his beloved wife having preceded him to the rest about a few years ago, also a daughter. The righteous shall shine forth in the Kingdom of their Father.

LECKEY.—At Pennlyn, Chipman, N. B., on the 16th inst., Wm. H. Leckey, aged 53 years. A wife, five sons and one daughter are left to mourn the loss of an affectionate husband and father. He died trusting in Jesus.

SEARS.—At Midgie, Westmoreland Co., N. B., April 17, David Sears, aged 75 years. Our brother was a member of the Midgie Baptist Church, being baptized some few years ago by the late Rev. Mr. Miles. He was much respected all around, the funeral being largely attended, when appropriate services were held both at the home and afterwards at the church on the 19th. A widow and several children are left to mourn his loss. May the "God of all grace" comfort them.

SUTHERN.—Mrs. Suthern, widow of the late Deacon Joseph Suthern, passed into rest April 8th, aged 69. She was the daughter of the late Deacon Franklin Potter, and her mother was the daughter of the late Deacon Joseph Robbins of Yarmouth. She was for many years a consistent member of the Westport, N. S., Baptist Church. She rejoiced greatly in the prosperity of the church and in seeing her children and grandchildren "walking in the truth." She leaves one daughter, Mrs. Rockwell of Wolfville, and three sons in Westport, to mourn their loss.

SISSON.—At Crystal, New Hampshire, April 2nd, Adeline Sisson, aged 46 years. Miss Sisson was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Elijah Sisson of Andover, N. B. In the summer of '79 our sister professed conversion and was baptized by Rev. J. W. S. Young, since which time she has been a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist church in this place.

NIGHTINGALE—At Newcastle Bridge, Queens Co., on the 2nd inst, Mrs. Robert Nightingale fell happily asleep in Jesus, after much severe suffering, in the 40th year of her age. She leaves in mourning a husband and six children—two sons and four daughters—who have the sympathy of the entire village. Sister Nightingale was a respected member of the Baptist Church. Her funeral was attended by a large gathering of all classes of people; the services being conducted by Revs. W. E. McIntyre and J. H. Hughes. Brother McIntyre preached a very impressive sermon.