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WHOLE No. 132

The Ephesian Candlestick.

Rev. W. T. Gordon.

John, the servant of Jesus Christ, had a vision in the Isle of Patmos. He saw the risen and ever living Savior walking among the golden candlesticks "which are the churches" and he commands "his servant John" to write unto the Angel of the church at Ephesus a brief letter, recorded in the first seven verses of the second chapter of this Revelation. In this letter, he commends the good and condemns the wrong in that church. He praises their "works," their constancy, labor and patience, "their patience, their strict discipline, and condemns them for what he finds not right—"first praise, then censure." He does "a gently and yet firmly." He has something against them, notwithstanding all their excellencies "they had left their first love." But that one thing seems to impel the very existence of the church itself. It is a want of love—"first love"—a lack of its first fervor and devotion. To leave the first love is to have a great fall. It may result in the very removal of the candlestick, after all, unless there is "repentance" and a performance of the "first works."

And this calamity is threatened, notwithstanding all their excellency of character and praiseworthy deeds.

The Ephesian church was a model church in many things, in most things. It seems to have been well organized for work, all right as to the purity of life, and helpfulness, and constancy of its members, its discipline, and even its orthodoxy. It must have been sound in the faith, true to its doctrines—though not mentioned it is certainly implied in the fact that any heterodoxy, any looseness of faith, would have been condemned by the faithful Master. While all these things seem to be necessary to a well organized and progressive church, they are not the things absolutely necessary to the existence and perpetuity of the church. This seems to be implied in the severe threat to remove the candlestick, in the face of the existence of all these things, unless they repeated of their lack of love. It would also imply that love is of the greatest consequence to a church. The inspired writings have taught that love is the greatest thing in the world—the best and noblest in the church.

But so many have laid the greatest stress on orthodoxy, "soundness in the faith," to the neglect of these other good things commended here by our Lord. But this letter doesn't teach that orthodoxy is the greatest thing however desirable it may be to have the church sound in its doctrines. You see the Lord doesn't mention that trait, at all. It is rather singular that he does not command, in so many words, the purity of doctrines held by them, though he does not, and cannot look with complacency on lax teaching, or false and erroneous doctrines. This omission, it would seem was meant to teach us in connection with his censure for lack of love, that love, the fervor of the first love continuing in the heart—deep toned constant spirituality—is of greater importance than all else. Orthodoxy may degenerate into mere formalism, and ultimately destroy the church.

The best thing then, in all the world, in any age, is a spiritual church. The other things mentioned are certain good and necessary, but they may exist without love and fervor.

The worst thing in the church according to the teaching of this letter, is religious formalism. It is most surely destructive in all its influences and bearing on a church. It did finally cause the removal of the candlestick at Ephesus.

Therefore lay greater stress on "love."

It is certainly "the greatest thing in the world. A church may have everything else but love and fail in its mission among men. There is more hope of its success without the other things.

The church of the future, the aggressive, progressive, successful church, in my humble opinion, is going to be the church that pays the largest attention to keeping alive, in fullest measure its holy, fervent affection; that reaches

out its tendrils and takes into its heart's warmest tenderest embrace, not only its own members but even the degraded, the sinful and wicked outside. It must be unselfish. It must cease to be exclusive.

The church of Jesus Christ under the influence of his continual presence must condescend to the humble and lowly, and love all mankind. It must be like the good shepherd himself, lovingly seeking to save the lost, while having the most tender regard for, and sweet companionship and fellowship with the saved.

The church must have an increase of that love which makes the world see that it has the largest intellect, purest, sweetest, most attractive brotherhood in all the world. It must let the light of the Son of Righteousness shine out through its body, its members, with all its beauty and excellency, and grandeur, as the greatest force to save and bless mankind. Such a church is sure to be orthodox, for love brings obedience and God is ready and anxious and able to lead the obedient into all of the truth.

Wichita, Kans.

"That's All."

By Joel Swartz.

Poster! conspicuously along the line of travel, as one rides into the city, is an advertisement of a particular kind of whisky. The name of it is given. Over this name is a large picture of a man on a red horse. The rider is gayly flourishing his hat and seems to be shouting the name of the brand of the drink. The name is supposed to be sufficient, and hence the boastful: "That's all!"

Now, the writer could but ejaculate: "Would to God that were all!"—Instead, it seemed to him "at the dread beginning. That man on the red horse seemed to him to suggest another red horse and his rider of whom we read as follows (Rev. 6:4): "And another horse came forth, a red horse; and to him that sat thereon it was given to take peace from the earth, and that they should slay one another; and there was given to him a great sword."

My fancy saw this whisky rider at the head of a great procession of victims and slaves who were bound to him by a loyalty which overthrew the dignity of their natures and the power of their wills. A great, motley crowd of boisterous, fighting dilapidated persons gathered from every rank and condition of society, lengthened out the innumerable train that followed the gay rider on his red horse. Like the red horse in the Apocalyptic vision, it was given to him to take peace from the earth. The eye saw no bannered dove floating above the procession, but, instead, devices of every description of woe and sorrow, wretchedness and poverty vice and crime until they blended with the lowering horizon beyond. Nor was this vision of the fancy a mere dream of unreality. It was a shadowy resemblance of what occurs in every land where this rider goes forth. The great sword which was given to him was red with more than the blood which stains the warrior's blade. It was corroded with hot tears of widows and orphans; it was wet with the blood of lost souls; it had on it the hideous forms of "serpents, gorgons, hydras and chimæras dire."

It is true the whisky advertisement did not display all that my fancy saw. It is a part of the tactics of the leader of the unseen host to conceal the dread following in the ghostly, bannered train. His flourish of "That's all" is misleading. It isn't all. If one could summon "all" and complete the spectacle it would be such a horror as one could never forget. No imagination could summon the whole dreadful, tragic drama into one view. I have been trying to envision the procession with the scenery of history. The streets through which it conducts its ghostly, ghastly crowd should be flanked with jails and penitentiaries, poorhouses and asylums, scaffolds and electric chairs, overarched with dark clouds and lurid

lightnings. Nor would it be true still: "That's all." "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of God."

Devon, Pa.

"He Means Me"

By Rev. W. L. Watkinson.

Many listening to the truth before it comes home. We generalize and criticize, and forget that the gospel message is direct, definite, and personal. Usually we are bad judges of our own portrait, and are specially slow to recognize our moral portrait when it is accurate and unflattering, and, in addition, we have no sincere desire to know our true selves. So the upper seats hear for the lower, and the free seats for the rich; but hearing, they do not hear, and seeing, they do not perceive that God has a controversy with them. A soldier shoots his weight in lead before he kills a foe, and the preacher knows how rarely his message reaches the heart and conscience of those who regularly sit before him. We need to cry with the disciples: "Lord, is it I?" Nothing is done until we have individualized the truth. The great problem is to rescue ourselves from the mass, to disentangle ourselves, to shake off the tyranny of the crowd, and realize our personal relation to God, His truth, and His kingdom.

But if truth that condemns means you, so does the truth that saves. "Come unto Me, all ye that are heavy laden"; "He means me." "And when He was yet a great way off"; "He means me." "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost"; "He means me." God's love to us is personal. "Fear not; for I redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." "That thou mayest know that I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel."

Is not the knowledge of this personal, redeeming, enfolding love just what we want? Happy day when we realize it! Once I was looking carelessly down a list of heirs to unclaimed property, when I suddenly saw my own name. What an electric shock! How deeply interesting that document all at once became! So it is when we recognize our personal interest in the gospel grace and promise. "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

A truly converted man gets a vision of God, and a satisfaction of soul which he never entirely loses and can never forget, however far he may wander away from God. The world can never again show a truly converted man anything that compares with the vision of heaven he has had through Christ, and can never give him any pleasure to equal that he had in communion with God.

Everyone, whether high or low, a prince or a peasant, who lives in a course of sin, is the slave of sin. Sin is a hard task-master, and pays his servants out in bitter wages, even death. Sin is a remorseless master and allows of no escape. The man who gives himself up to his lusts and passions is not, as he fondly believes, using sin for his pleasure, but is, in fact, serving sin as a master. If he thinks he can dismiss sin at pleasure, he is grossly mistaken; for the moment he seeks to free himself, he finds the chains drawn tightly about him. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

Donation.

During January the congregations of Jacksonville and Jacksonville made their annual visit at the parsonage and there left in material things about \$70.00 and in sympathetic help very much. On this field we are now on our fourth year. May this kind people be blessed and the divine word produce much fruit.

JOSEPH A. CAHILL.

Jacksonville, Car. Co. N. B. Feb. 17.

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XXI.

To Elsie's surprise, Miss Hathaway one evening herself broached the subject about which her niece had been afraid to speak. She was so anxious that Elsie should accept the important position offered her, and spoke so sensibly and cheerily as regards their removal to the school, that our heroine at once yielded. She never quite realized how much this transplanting cost her aunt, but Miss Hathaway had her reward, for she won the hearts of all in the Academy, and her presence there was a continual benediction. And the removal from Rosecroft was made in many ways less painful than they had anticipated. She had dreaded renting their beloved Rosecroft to strangers, and great was their delight when Dr. Noble asked if he might become their tenant. His family of children were scattered and his wife found their own house too large, now their children were gone. Miss Hathaway's joy and thankfulness may be imagined. She could not have wished for more acceptable tenants than these dear old family friends, themselves so fond of Rosecroft.

The spacious auditorium of the Academy is crowded to its utmost limit this bright morning. It is beautifully embellished with foliage and flowers, whose loveliness seems reflected in so many of the girl's faces smiling on every side.

Miss Van Alstyne is not here. The delicate state of her health induced her last fall to follow her doctor's advice and to go abroad for some years. While retaining an interest in the school, she felt that she must resign the position of principal, and at her urgent request and that of the trustees and patrons, our friend Elsie consented to accept the vacant post. She had filled it most gracefully and acceptably for some months now, and this popular school instead of falling off in numbers, has had an increase of pupils under her competent sway. All assistant teachers surround her, and Rosie, promoted two years ago to be house-keeper, and has proved most efficient and directs the servants under her with a firm, yet kindly authority. To our surprise and amusement of her friends, soon after her promotion she married the janitor of the school, a worthy, industrious man, who had filled the post for years.

"We can pull together and work for the good of the school and my own dear folks better married than single," was her somewhat mercantile reason for the match. "And then Jacob's a real decent, sober Christian body, and good-natured into the bargain."

Rosie, or Mrs. Hatch as we must call her now, is full of business this morning preparing, with the aid of her assistants, a collation to be served after the commencement exercises are over. A great number of guests have come from far and near, and if we enter the auditorium again and scan the faces carefully we shall light upon some familiar ones.

There is no mistaking Mrs. Shell-drake. There she sits in one of the front benches, her black mantle, thickly embroidered with passementerie, thrown back from her broad shoulders, her imposing figure robed in dark gray-summer cashmere, as erect and apparently as vigorous as it was when we made her acquaintance fifteen years ago. Only her hair looks changed. There are no sable threads in it now, but the rippling snow white waves are quit becoming to her, and a fine contrast to the keen black eyes. There she sits, pom-pous, self-complacent, consequent as ever, talking volubly with Mrs. Noble, and is her right-hand neighbor. That gentle, sweet-faced lady has been singing Elsie's praises to her aunt, while Miss Hathaway, seated to the left of Mrs. Shell-drake, can hardly repress a smile of mild amusement. For her sister Minerva not only assents graciously to all this eulogy of Elsie, but assumes airs of immense self gratulation upon the important part she herself has played in bringing about this satisfactory state of things.

"Yes, Mrs. Noble," she declares, with an emphatic flourish of the gold eye-glasses she has removed for a moment, "I may say without exaggeration that my niece owes her present position largely to me. From conversations with her governess, and my own observation of the girl fifteen years ago, I made up my mind that she would make a successful teacher if properly so I advised Sister Diantha to keep that object steadily in view, and to send the child to some excellent school. With such a large family on my hands I have not been able to visit my sister until now, but I've kept an oversight over Elsie—Elsie, all these years, and have written constantly to Diantha. She couldn't be expected to understand the girl as well as I, an experienced wife and mother. Besides, Diantha was too gentle, too indulgent to have the entire oversight of Elsie, a fine character but with strong points in it that needed careful training and discipline. Well, my cuntsels have borne fruit, and I am rewarded today for my fifteen years' watchful care over my niece."

"Now, just listen to Minerva!" whispered Mrs. Honeywell, who sat at Miss Hathaway's left hand. Her figure was more pithy than ever, and perhaps because of prolonged high living, she was not nearly so handsome as formerly.

"Just listen to her," she went on, "taking all the credit of Elsie's success, when she prophesied such dreadful things about her, and has never tried to help in any way, except to send you these tiresome proxy letters, full of mistakes and advice! I declare, if poor little Rags were living, I believe she would run on about his being such a noble breed, and how she advised you to take him for a watchdog! I really think she deceives herself, but I wonder if Mrs. Noble is so easily blinded—"

"Hush! Not a word to her, dear Gertrude, I beg of you!" whispers back her gentle sister. "I am only too glad Minerva feels so friendly toward Elsie."

Mrs. Noble, apparently, is not easily blinded, for some resentment mingles with the amused twinkle in her eyes, as she replies to Mrs. Shell-drake:

"An own mother could not have brought Elsie up more lovingly and judiciously than our dear Miss Hathaway, I'm sure. And she has her reward, for Elsie is as devoted as a daughter to her. Just think how lovely, that she is going to take the dear aunt abroad with her this summer. Her physician says it will add ten years or more to her life, and what a world of delight and beauty it will open to them both! Ah, I have never forgotten the three happy months Dr. Noble and I spent in Europe twenty-five years ago! But here comes the dear principle, with the other teachers and the trustees. Doesn't she look like a queen?" as Elsie, tall and stately, came upon the platform, with the rest of the faculty, the trustees, and a number of honored visitors, prominent among them Dr. Noble, Mr. Adams, and the kind friends, to whom she owed her education at Vassar.

"Yes, she is a fine-looking woman," said Mrs. Shell-drake, who had put on her gold eye-glasses again. "That's rather a surprise to me, for though she had a striking face, she was quite plain as a girl."

"Well, you could almost call her handsome now, and her noble character stands out so on her face! Ah, Mrs. Shell-drake, I never know how to leave off when I get to talking about Elsie—hardly and our dear Miss Hathaway. Such a strong Christian in the ceaseless hours has been in our church and in the whole community, I may say!"

"Elsie looks really handsome this morning," says Mrs. Honeywell to her sister. "That black grandmamma of hers is lovely and so stylishly made. And the white lace vest and that bunch of pink roses light it up beautifully. Ah," she went on with a sigh, "our adopted daughter turned out the best after all. How little Gertrude and Gladys can care for me, after all I have done for them marrying them off so advantageously, giving them the best of *Bussanoux*! But Minerva has had worse luck, though in her case I do think she was a good deal to blame. You see, after Maud married, Sister Shell-drake wanted to run her establishment as well as her own, and Mr. Baker and Maud revolted. They are so rich they can afford to be quite independent of her. But Minerva was very angry and is not on speaking terms with them now, I understand."

While the two sisters discoursed thus, Elsie's eyes rested upon her aunts with a dreamy far-away look. The present had receded from her view, called back in fancy to the past—when she sat in her lonely corner, a shabbily dressed, awkward morbid girl, unloving and unloved, while before her sat her three aunts, deliberating

upon her future.

A dazed, startled feeling came over her suddenly, as if these fifteen blissful years had been indeed a dream, as if the animated scene before her were an illusion. Have we not all such moments.

Miss Hathaway caught the startled look, and feared bitter in an instant were returning to disturb the peace of her niece on this eventful day. She leaned forward a little, giving Elsie her sweetest smile.

The mist wreaths vanished as when the sun shines out, and as Elsie returned the smile, the prayer she breathed so often, rose again in her heart:

"Oh God, I bless thee for my Aunt Diantha's love, the love that changed my life and led me to become thy child! Help me to make her happy, to fill her life with love and sunshine, always!"

THE END.

Irreverence in Worship.

Mr. Campbell Morgan the other day at one of his meetings in Witherspoon Hall rebuked the late comers in words something like these: "I am profoundly impressed by the awful irreverence of many of those who attend religious services in this country. When we are talking to God we do not wish to be disturbed by those who come in late. I would rather have only twenty to meet in a room, in petition than have many coming without the merit of reverence."

We wonder if this eminent preacher is not another of those who point out to us one of our great national faults, if not our greatest national fault. Somehow, for the most part reverence has been left out of the composition of this great, bustling, virile nation of ours. We have in large measure banished it from the home, and the child asserts himself as an equal if not superior terms with his parents. We do not at all consider reverence in respect to official position, and the meanest scullion may hurl his epithets at the provident senator. When we come into the house of the Lord, naturally this atmosphere of irreverence to too large a degree clings to us. Our attitude undoubtedly has its good side and is a protest against autocracy; but it has its bad side, most unquestionably, and this shows itself especially when we come into the house of the Lord. The thought that we are in a holy ground and in the presence of the King of Kings does not, as it ought, influence us. We assume too much to be on a sort of equality with the One whom we worship.

We wonder, however, if the guardians of religious services are not themselves in some measure responsible for this. We have drawn back so emphatically from what has been called the "holy tone," that we are no longer so even or reverent oftentimes in our method of address. The business air is carried into the pulpit and oftentimes a psalm is read or the Lord's Prayer offered with as little of an atmosphere of reverence about either as might be used in the announcement of the departure of a railroad train. We fancy that here is something for many a leader of religious services to consider worth thinking about. Our recrud too from the standard form of church architecture may possibly be in some measure responsible. We have gone so far from it that in many instances we worship in what is little better than an opera house with all its surroundings suggestive of anything rather than worship. Something, perhaps much, has been gained by the modern form of our church auditoriums, but much at the same time we are convinced has been lost. No one can go into one of the great cathedrals in the world without being instinctively reverent. The very atmosphere of it, the wonderful suggestiveness of its architecture and all pertaining to it leads one to lift the hat and say this is holy ground. Something of the same atmosphere we are convinced may be retained in the church architecture of the day without the sacrifice of modern convenience and very greatly to the gain of what is so essential in worship, reverence.

SURE ENOUGH—A little boy of Springfield, Tenn., with a small boy's talent for presenting hard problems, said to his mother: "If they vote whiskey out of Springfield, what will they do for men to put in jail."

Courtesy in Congregations

We are inclined to think that for the most part there is a spirit of complete courtesy toward stranger worshippers in almost all of our congregations. Most of those who are at home in the churches feel the importance of making a stranger equally at home therein. If there were no other spirit than this to animate them this would be likely to lead him to exercise the utmost courtesy in hearing toward those whom he may not know. Occasionally, however, there are exceptions, and those who by various means have been attracted to congregations are repelled because of the lack of thought on the part of some or by some act of positive rudeness. The writer of these lines has an experience in mind which gives to this considerable emphasis. In a public gathering not long since, he happened to be in a service without a hymn card that was freely distributed. On either side of him were men in possession of these cards. Neither offered to share with him the convenience the card afforded in singing the hymns that were given out, though each of them might well have done so. He might have asked from them such a sharing but this he did not care to do, waiting to see whether or not the courtesy would not be proffered. It was not, and the thought was pressed home upon the writer that perhaps in many other minds similar lack of thoughtfulness exercises an unfavorable influence with reference to the church. Doubtless there are those who may read this paragraph who can recall circumstances similar, and some still more repellent from the church and out of harmony with the spirit that should prevail in it.

We are not writing this brief article for the sake of finding fault, but are simply seeking to use an untoward incident in order to furnish help. There is a good deal said at the present time, and perhaps more than the facts exactly warrant, of the lack of attendance at many of our churches. Various causes are assigned, some of them legitimate, others not so much so. We venture this assertion, however, that those churches in which a genial, kindly courtesy prevails are not very likely to be especially wanting in attendance. In securing this the pulpit has, of course, its chief place and the choir has its sphere and is of utmost importance. But after all, the chief factor is found in the regular occupants of the pews. Let these in any wise be cold or seemingly inhospitable toward the stranger who may find his way within the precincts of their church home, and in nine cases out of ten he will not return. Let us on the contrary in look and bearing show a warmth of welcome and he will very likely be found there again. This is something in which all of us can take part. We cannot all preach nor we cannot all sing, and we cannot all have part in any public function, but we can all of us have a share in creating a courteous, friendly, Christian atmosphere that shall pervade every portion of our church services and every function connected therewith. This ministry will not put our names in the papers, but it will help to fill the pews.

What Became of Them.

Fifty years ago a gentleman noted down ten drinkers, six young men and four boys. "I saw the boys," he says, drink beer and buy cigars in what was then called a "grocery" or "dogger." I expressed my disapprobation, and the seller gave a coarse reply. He continued the business, and in fifteen years he died of delirium tremens, not leaving five dollars.

I never lost sight of those boys, only as the clouds of the valley hid their bodies from human vision. Of the six young men, one died of delirium tremens, and one in a drunken fit; two died of diseases produced by their excesses before they reached the meridian of life; two of them left families not provided for, and two sons are drunkards. Of the two remaining, one is a miserable wreck, and the other a drinker in some better condition. Of the four boys, one, who had a good mother, grew up to be a sober man; one was killed by a club in a drunken brawl; one has served two years in the penitentiary; and one has drunken himself into an offensive dot whose family have to provide for him.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

"Like A Lady."

"Frances," said the little girl's mamma, who was entering callers, "you came downstairs so noisy that you could be heard all over the house. Now go back, and come down the stairs properly." Frances retired, and in a few minutes re-entered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come downstairs this time, mamma?"

"No, dear. This time you came down like a lady."

"Yes'm; this time I slid down the banisters," explained Frances.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

No Drinking Employees.

Marshall, Field & Co., the largest drygoods firm in the world, has issued a letter on the drinking habits of employees. The letter says: "We will not, to our knowledge, place a young man who drinks, in our business, and even though a man should apply for a position, whose ability and other all-round qualifications would seem to fit him for the position, if we knew or discovered that he was a drinking man we should decline to consider his application. Any man in our employment who acquires the habit of drink, even though moderately, is to a certain extent marked down in our estimation, and unless we can remove him from this serious fault and show his error, we feel compelled to do without his service."—*Pioneer.*

WHOSE BOY?—"That was my boy!" cried a piercing voice. A temperance lecturer had thrown upon the screen a photograph of a boy dying in delirium tremens. It was a country town, and the photograph had been taken in a distant city. "That was my boy!" she exclaimed, as she swooned away. Afterward she said: "Yes, go on and show the picture all you wish. It may save some other mother's darling from the same terrible fate."—*Religious Intelligencer.*

The true disciple drinks deep at the well of salvation only that he may have to give out to others. The Gadarene demoniac went back to his own home to tell them of Jesus; the Samaritan woman returned to her own city and told all the men; Mary rose from the sepulchre, whence Jesus had risen, and flew to the disciples to tell them of the good news. This is ever the first impulse of the truly consecrated one. He desires to tell others "what a dear Saviour he has found."

Everyone, whether high or low, a prince or a peasant, who lives in a course of sin, is the slave of sin. Sin is a hard task-master, and pays his servants out in bitter wages, even death. Sin is a remorseless master, and allows of no escape. The man who gives himself up to his lusts and passions is not, as he fondly believes, using sin for his pleasure, but is, in fact, serving sin as a master. If he thinks he can dismiss sin at pleasure, he is grossly mistaken; for the moment he seeks to free himself, he finds the chains drawn tightly about him. "Whosoever committeth sin is the servant of sin."

Read This,

and then send us your name. As we have more copies of this paper than we have subscribers, we have decided to make the following offer, to any one who will send us thirty cents with their address, (not being now a subscriber) we will send this paper twice every month until the close of this year, 1904. This offer applies to those to whom we have already sent sample copies, and to any one else who may want to take the advantage of this offer. We can supply them with copies beginning with Feb. 12. Address Rev. J. H. Hughes, manager, Cunard street, St. John, North End, N. B.

Letter From Brother E. vine.

The following private letter from brother Irvine does not give much hope of his recovery. It is said to think that he will never return to see his many friends in the province again.

EDITOR.

San Jacinto, Calif., Dec. 12, 1904.

Dear Bro. Hughes: Your very kind letter of recent date remains unanswered. The only reason I have to plead is, that I was waiting to reach a point where I felt like writing as you requested for publication. But I have been too tired all the time. Now I am in bed. Have had another severe hemorrhage, and I don't know what is to come in the near future. It may be release, if so it will be glory for me.

However, I cannot write much now. Simply to let you know that I appreciate your kind words and wishes, and reciprocate. Love to all the brotherhood. God be with you all till we meet again.

As ever your Bro. in Christ,
S. D. IRVINE.

Ministerial Record.

Rev. Chipman Morse, D. D., after nearly sixty-three years of service with the Digby Neck, N. S., has resigned the pastoral charge, because of failing health. This church has only had two in 94 years.

Rev. Alexander White, recently pastor at North End, St. John, has now become pastor of First Avenue church, Toronto, Ont.

Rev. E. P. Calder, after three years' faithful and successful labor as pastor of the Summerside and Bedeque churches, P. E. I., has resigned and goes to Manitoba, his health requiring a drier climate. His congregations part with him with much regret.

Rev. W. J. Swaffield of Jerusalem has been called to succeed Rev. J. Campbell, D. D., as pastor of the Lexington Avenue Church, New York city. Rev. John Gordon, D. D., of Philadelphia is the stated supply of the church until Mr. Swaffield enters upon the work on March 1. Mr. Swaffield was pastor of the Baptist church in Harvey, Albert Co., some years ago.

Rev. F. O. Weeks of Bethany church, Sydney, Cape Breton has resigned.

Rev. Samuel Cunningham died in Waterford, Ont., Oct. 14th, 1903.

Rev. C. D. Case, P. H. D., succeeds Rev. P. S. Hanson, D. D., at the Hanson Place Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rev. A. G. Berrie has closed his pastorate at Boyeston, N. S., to resume his studies at Acadia.

Rev. A. A. Rutledge has closed a three years successful pastorate at Dawson Settlement, Hillsboro, N. B., and settled at Queensbury, York county, N. B.

Right doing is the safest kind of action. Rev. Geo. E. Burlingham of Chicago says:

I am to baptize next Sunday an eleven-year-old girl whose fidelity to her Christian profession and convictions probably prevented the destruction of her family. The mother took her two children down town, intending to go to the matinee. When the hour approached and she started for the play, the little girl expressed her unwillingness to go. She said, "I want to be a Christian; I don't want to go to the theatre." Persuasion and railery served only to start her tears, but the mother yielded to her wishes and they went to visit friends instead of going to the play.

It was something like flickering faith. No sooner did Andrew make this little suggestion than he felt ashamed and evidently would have withdrawn it. The improbability of his expedient being practical occurred to him, and he anticipated the objection suggested on rationalistic grounds. "But what are these among so many?" How often faith suffers eclipse by the

shadow of our poor reason coming across its face! These dreadful "bats" are always arising in our hearts, to cloud our rising faith. Yet, truly, apart from Jesus' power, "What are these among so many?" What are all our resources in comparison with the vast needs of poor shepherdless humanity? What are our science, our philosophy, our philanthropy, our civilization, our organized schemes of help and deliverance? How little headway we make against the world's sore need! Truly all we have is but five barley leaves and two small fishes, which are nothing until placed in His Almighty hands, who can multiply them indefinitely; but, if brought to Jesus, and then used with His blessing will prove more than enough.

Now for our little fishes and our few barley leaves. Let us not be ashamed of them; but above all, let us not begin to distribute them as they are for surely they will fail. Give them, not first to the multitude, but bring them to the Lord, and put them in His hands. He will not despise them, but accept them from us. Jesus will feed the multitude with our bread, but it must first be placed in His hands. The widow's mite cast into the treasury with her whole heart, given to the Lord and not for ostentation, is more than the unconsecrated wealth of the rich. Bring your poverty, your weakness, your lack of aiming or worldly influence to the Lord; place it in His hands, and see what will come of it, for "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord. The waters of Shiloah that go softly" are better than the armies of Egypt. If we could only learn this lesson, what multitudes of poor, hungry, starving souls we might feed! It is not that if we all bring what we have, and continue to make much, but each bringing our little, and giving it into the hands of our Lord, the supply is multiplied and blessed.

Religious News.

PENNSBORO. It is only right that I should acknowledge the goodness of God and kindness of the people in this place. In Jan we enjoyed a series of meetings here assisting the pastor Rev. W. Camp. His old friends will be pleased to know that he is doing good work and being much loved by his people in this section. I must say that he is very earnest, active and agreeable. We had our share of storm and very cold weather but the meetings were well attended. One was received for baptism and a number of others expressed a desire to become Christians. We are sorry the service had to close so soon on account of the pastor being unwell.

GEO. H. BEAMAN.

CENTREVILLE. The work on this field is moving along encouragingly this winter. At the beginning of the New Year we organized a B. V. P. U. with a substantial membership. We are following the Sacred Literature Course outlined in the Baptist Union. Both pastor and people are feeling the stimulating effects of this splendid course of study. The regular weekly prayer meeting and other services are well sustained. We are hopefully looking for a great blessing in the near future. Ere long we expect to build a new meeting-house. One thousand dollars have already been gathered by the women of the church, and congregation. And upwards of another thousand has been subscribed by the men. This church owes a debt, hence we are making every effort to collect money enough to defray expenses before we build. This is our third year on this field. The people have ever been kind and thoughtful. Frequent gifts to the pastor and his family is the rule not the exception. May we get ready for the "showers," a result that must assuredly follow "ready hearts" else the promise fails.

R. S. FREEMAN.

On a Lehigh V. Ileg Train.

By Tallie Morgan, Scranton, Pa.

It was the morning after election
The Lehigh Valley day coach between New York and Buffalo was pretty well crowded, and naturally the general discussion was the election. The attention of the passengers was attracted

to a clerical-looking individual who sat about the center of the car and who was talking in a rather excited tone of voice to a man in the seat just ahead.

The reverend gentleman was saying:

"No, sir, I did not throw away my vote, but you and every other man who voted the Prohibition ticket did. I believe in prohibition, preach for prohibition, and pray for prohibition."

"But vote for whisky," quickly interrupted the man in the front seat.

"You insult me, sir!" replied the preacher in a voice that startled everybody in the car, and at once all the passengers ceased their conversation and gave their attention to the preacher. "No man shall tell me to my face without being rebuked that I vote for whisky. I have preached for twenty years, and my voice has always been for prohibition, but I do not believe in bringing the matter into politics. I have voted with any party for over twenty years and don't propose to throw away my vote on a party that never can elect its candidates."

Just then a man sitting in a rear seat, who had been an interested listener to the discussion, came forward, and listening two bright black eyes, which looked out through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, on the preacher said:

"Pardon me, sir; did I understand you to say you are a preacher?"

"Yes, sir."

"That you believe in prohibition?"

"Yes, sir. I have preached it for twenty years, and I believe the liquor traffic to be the curse of this nation, and that every rum-seller ought to be behind prison bars."

"You also said you voted yesterday for the candidates of one of the old parties?"

"Yes, sir; the party I have always supported."

"Is your party in favor of license or prohibition?"

"I don't think the question has anything to do with political parties."

"Probably not, but did any rum-seller vote the same ticket as you?"

"Oh, yes; probably many thousands of them."

"Do you think that a single rum-seller in the United States voted the Prohibition ticket yesterday?"

"Certainly not."

"Why?"

"Why? Why, because they would be foolish to support a political party that would, if it got into power, sweep away their business into everlasting oblivion."

"Oh, I thought you said the question of prohibition was not a political one. The rum-seller evidently think it is. Now, sir, if a liquor man who believes in license, defends license, spends money for it, takes it and votes it, would be a fool to vote the Prohibition ticket. I would like to know what you are, who believe in prohibition, preach it and pray for it, but vote the same ticket as the rum-seller?"

There was a pause. The sharp, black eyes of the questioner were fixed on the reverend gentleman, who evidently was not prepared for such a direct thrust.

Finally he managed to say: "I refuse to answer such an insulting question, sir. I vote according to the dictates of my conscience and—"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but you do nothing of the kind. Every time you cast your ballot for your rum-seller liquor law party you vote in direct opposition to your conscience, and you know it. You also know that the liquor business of this nation is licensed every year by law. You know that your political party could not, if it would pass or enforce prohibitory laws. You know that fully one-half of the saloonists and brewers and distillers of this land vote the same ticket as you do."

"You know that your vote yesterday will be counted as being in favor of the saloon. You

know that the only way you can inform the government that you believe in prohibition is through a Prohibition ballot. You know there are 4,000,000 Christian voters in this nation who profess, like yourself, to favor prohibition, but the vast of whom vote every year with you for whisky. You know that the angel Gabriel could not pick out your vote from that of a rum-seller as I try to do this yesterday."

"You know all this, I say, and yet you raise your hands in a holy protest when this gentleman here ventures to remark that you voted for whisky. Let me tell you, sir, that the rum-seller who votes with his license party for the protection and perpetration of his business is a thousand times more deserving of respect for honesty and consistency than you, who profess to favor prohibition but vote directly for whisky. Your profession in that line, sir, are a lie, your preaching a farce, your prayers a mockery, and your vote a protest against your own conscience, your church, and your God!"

Just then a brakeman opened the door and in slow, distinct, and sonorous voice cried out:

"Attention! Change here for Reading and Harrisburg! Do not overlook your baggage!"

The preacher made a dive for his coat and valise and disappeared into the car, saying as he went: "Sorry I can't stay with you longer. I'll think over what you have said."

Married.

JUSTASON JUSTASON.—At the home of the bride's father on the 5th of Feb. 1904, by the Rev. T. M. Munroe, Angus M. Justason, and Annie A. Justason, both of Pennsboro, Charlotte Co., N. B.

WAMBACK MEISNER.—At Pleasantville, on the 13th of Feb. by Pastor J. E. Hakney, John B. Wamback, of Mount Pleasant, to May S. Meisner, of New Cumberland, both of Annapolis, Md., N. S.

HAWKINS THOMSON.—At the home of the bride's father, Chance Harbor, St. John Co., Jan. 27, by Rev. J. B. Cowell, A. B. Hawkins of Pennsboro, to Charlotte G. Thomson.

DESMOND WRIGHT.—At Dover, Feb. 10th, at the residence of Mrs. James Wright, grandmother of the bride, George E. Wright of Gillespie, N. B., and F. Desmond of Eastport, Me., were united in marriage by Rev. W. N. Deming.

WELLS.—At Riverside, Albert C., Jan. 13th, Ethel Wells, aged 21 years, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newton Wells.

GOODS MILLER.—At the parsonage, Mungo Mills, by Rev. N. B. E. G. H. Hooper, Goodine of Onondaga, N. B., to Lillie Miller of Dillhousie, Restigouche Co., N. B.

DOUGHERTY O'CONNOR.—At 51 Queen St. St. John, on 23d inst. by Rev. G. O. Gates, Robert Dougherty, of Fredericton, and Ellen O'Connor, of Halifax, N. S.

SMITH SMITH.—At the residence of the bride, Clear View, Car. Co., N. B., on Feb. 10th, 1904, by Rev. C. Stirling, Zechariah Smith to Lina, widow of the late James Smith, both of Clear View, Car. Co., N. B.

Died.

CARR.—At St. Martin's on Feb. 8th, Deacon Charles Carr, of paralysis, aged 71 years. Our beloved brother was baptized in 1861 by the Rev. James Austin Smith, and elected deacon in 1868. He was a consistent and useful member of the church, and served well in that important office to which he was chosen though for nine months, owing to failing health, he has not been able to attend many services, yet he will be sadly missed from our church circle as well as in his home and among his neighbors. He leaves a widow, one son, and three daughters to mourn their loss.

CHESTNUT.—On Jan. 30th at her home in Sussex, Mrs. Charles Chestnut passed to her rest, aged 83 years. Mrs. Chestnut was a charter member of the Sussex Baptist Church. In 1871 she, with ten others united to sustain the worship of God in this place. She has lived a consistent Christian life, maintaining her fellowship with the Church all these years. She leaves an aged husband, two sons and two daughters to mourn her loss. A memorial service was held in the Baptist Church, Feb. 7th. The pastor preaching from II Cor. 5:1.

PICHEL.—At Forest Glen, Feb. 4th, S. Celestine Pichel, aged 62 years. He leaves a widow, two sons and four daughters to mourn their loss.

DROST.—Mrs. J. one Drost, in her 87th year at Hardwood Ridge Jan. 26, 1904. Sister Drost suffered for months but at last the messenger came. She was ready and went up on high.