

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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ST. JOHN, N. B., APRIL 9, 1903.

WHOLE No. 111

## The Primary Purpose of Church Work.

**T**HERE are some indications that the efficiency of many of our churches is beginning to be seriously impaired by the substitution of the educational for the evangelistic ideal. The notion widely prevails that if the Sunday School is organized according to the most approved pedagogical methods; if the minister's preaching is thoughtful and instructive; if the prayer meeting is devoted largely to the discussion and solution of Christian problems, and if the members of the church are interested and active in various popular philanthropies, the interests of the Kingdom of God are advancing in the most practicable ways.

To say nothing of the fact that this is not the ideal that prevailed among our Baptist churches when they were struggling up, against Congregational antagonism, into strength and efficiency. Our fathers believed that a primary function of the church was to lead men to a personal decision for Christ, and that men could be trained in the Christian life far more successfully than they could be trained to it. Possibly they disparaged unduly the quiet persuasive force of generic Christian influences. Possibly some of the weaknesses that have appeared in our churches can be traced to their failure in this regard. They did not make nearly enough of the culture of the regenerated life, but they were magnificently right in believing that that life could not exist at all apart from the personal commitment of the individual heart to Christ.

The bearing of this conception upon church activities is shown clearly in the way it influences the tone and ideal of preaching. The outstanding lack of modern preaching is that it lacks the note of contest and victory. It is learned enough, instructive enough, eloquent enough, but it does not appeal with directness to the moral intuitions, contend with the hearer's spirit, and win in his own heart the moral victory of a decision for Christ. In a given congregation there may be a dozen lads between sixteen and twenty years old—the period of stress and temptation. We would not in the least disparage the value for such young men of generic Christian influences and familiarity with Bible facts and Christian associations. But their central need, which if met, will give them new ideals and outlook and strengthen their hearts to realize a noble manhood is the commitment of their hearts in loyalty to Christ. And unless the church and its pastor have a conception of their work that makes the reverent, affectionate and reasonable presentation of the claims of Christ primary, they are remiss to their divine calling.

Our pastors, as a rule, firmly believe in these principles and ideals, but sometimes they are sorely discouraged because they find so little support in definite spiritual work for immediate results in their congregations. We cannot bring our readers any more appropriate counsel than to urge them at the opening of the new year to adjust the entire scheme of the work of their churches to the primary end of bringing the unconverted to a personal decision for Christ.

## Christian Service and Triumph.

We believe that it is our duty, as servants and friends of Christ, to do good unto all men, to maintain the public and private worship of God, to hallow the Lord's Day, to preserve the sanctity of the family, to uphold the just authority of the state, and so to live in all honesty, purity and charity, that our lives shall testify of Christ. We joyfully receive the word of Christ, bidding his people go into all the world and make disciples of all nations, and declare unto them that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself and that he will have all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth. We confidently trust that by his power and grace, all his enemies and ours shall be finally overcome, and the kingdoms of this world shall be made the kingdom of our God and of his Christ. In this faith we abide; in this service we labor; and in this hope we pray.

## The Larger Life.

Oh, yes there is something that widens life beyond the task, a something that comes as an inspiration and sends the life-current faster and plays a veritable hallelujah on the larynx of our senses. It is this that sends the patriot to the battle of words on the public arena, or to face the belching cannon beneath the fortress. Sometimes the larger inspiration of life is born of an old memory. The French soldiers in Haiti were ready to shoot down the French-born natives, the muskets were lifted, the finger was on the trigger, the eye was glancing along the deadly barrel, they were only waiting the signal from their commanders to send forth a hail of lead and death. The suspense was not long. The command "Fire!" was soon given; but it came too late. The French soldiery stood as if petrified. Their brothers in black, the French born natives, started up the "Marseillaise," the outer rim of the larger life was touched. No more could the French soldiers fire on the "Marseillaise" than could you on the "Star Spangled Banner." Bismarck said that no sacrifice was too great to free Germany from the oppression of Austria in order that he might bid it to the Prussian throne. "To do this," said he, "I would brave all danger—exile the scaffold—what matter if they hang me, if thereby the rope by which I am hung binds Germany to the Prussian throne." In that same spirit let us resolve that no sacrifice shall be too great for us to attain unto the larger life, that neither pain nor pleasure, suffering nor sorrow, shall be too much if thereby we may be led into the brighter day, the better tomorrow.—G. H. Simmons.

## Her Own Talent.

Margaret Sangster tells of a woman neither young nor beautiful, nor robust, nor accomplished, nor educated, who became a bride. She realized that she was extremely unlike her brilliant husband. "I have not even one talent to fold away in a napkin," she said. But the husband loved her, and she loved him, and would, please God, make him happy. "There is one comfort—I can keep house," she said. So she planned the delicate, dainty, healthful, meals and kept the home clean, but not forbiddingly spotless. It invited the tired husband to rest, to litter it with books and papers if it pleased him to bring work home from the office, while she sat beside him, ready to smile or speak as he looked up. The husband said one day: "There's one talent you have, darling, beyond anyone else in the world—the talent of having time enough for everything." His home was a suburb of paradise, and he went forth to the competition of life steadily successful in all his enterprises. And the quiet wife, who had time to love him, to share his hopes, to listen to his plans, and make his life supremely happy, was an element in his success which counted more largely than even the husband knew.

It is rare to find in this hurrying world a being who works with an air of repose; who can pause to listen to another's story; who has a heart touched to so responsive a key that sympathy in a friend's good fortune is as ready as pity for a friend's calamity. This woman, who had the one talent of doing fully and blithely every home obligation, by degrees became a social power. A large class of girls each Sunday bent eagerly

around her while she unfolded the lesson to them, and upon stated occasions she entertains the poor, pale, fagged-out girls of the down-town factories, and keeps them by kindly words and helpful ministry, and a Christian example from places of temptation, for she believes it as much a Christian work to keep young girls pure as to save the poor remnant of their ruined lives after they have fallen. Telling the life-story of this woman, Margaret E. Sangster says: "Altogether, when I think of the sick-beds this little woman sits by, the heartaches she soothes, the confidences of which she is the trusted recipient, the happy home life which is hers, and the good she is doing, silently, I am quite sure her talent is bearing interest for the Master."

## My Times are in Thy Hand.

When sunny skies are smiling landscapes greet me,  
And balmy airs breathe perfume and delight;  
When woods and fields flowers spread joy about me,  
And not one voice of nature speak of blight—  
"My times are in thy hand."  
When barns are bursting with full harvest measure,  
And all around are objects rich and rare;  
When love, home, culture and a wealth of treasure,  
Have lifted from my heart a load of care—  
"My times are in thy hand."  
And when 'mid changing scenes the storm clouds lower,  
And on the shifting strand life's wrecks are strewn;  
When hope lies dead and perished earthly power,  
Then through the rifted clouds God's love is shown—  
"My times are in thy hand."  
And when at last the final scene is shifted,  
And o'er life's dreams death's sable curtain falls;  
Then mid angelic choirs I shall be lifted,  
To dwell immortal in celestial halls!  
Because my times were in thy hands.

C. H. HAINSON.

The writer of the verses is now lying very low, probably near unto death. But no doubt that the sentiment of those lines are a consolation to him, as they are to us in our affliction.

EDITOR.

Rev. Dr. W. W. Week of Toronto in a letter to us says I have just finished reading "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL," and it occurs to me that I have not paid for it yet. I herewith inclose one dollar for two years. "That article of yours on the Substitutionary View of the Atonement is worth ten times the price of the paper." Another brother says, "Your paper on The Atonement is both literary and Scriptural," such articles make the little paper very valuable," and another says, I like your paper very much and would not like to do without it. There are many of our subscribers speak of the paper in commendatory terms. Brethren and sisters, give us your continued subscriptions, and get others to subscribe for the paper and we will spare no time nor means to make it worth more to you than it costs.

# The Home Mission Journal.

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## The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. Q. BRURIL.

### CHAPTER XVII.

"Yes, it's Mag Smith," said one of the bystanders, in reply to Mr. Leonard's inquiry. "Mag wor a tough one, she wor—a reg'lar holy terror. An' tonight she wor on a big spree, sir. Mad as a hornet on account of her man Bill who was nabbed by the p'lice for a party job he done some months ago—a beak-in' into a gentleman's house up the river a-ways. Mag wor awful upset, an' she's been drinkin' like a fish ever since. Come home here an' went fur her young one, but her towerin' passion was too much fur her, an' she had a fit or suthin'. Bust a blood vessel, I guess. They're waitin' for the doctor or the coroner now to tell what it was."

"But the child, the little child—" Mrs. Rossman began, eagerly.

It was the Salvationist captain who stepped forward and took the lady's hand. "It is little Caroline whom you wish to see? Dear heart, do not look so sorrowful. The Lord is ever merciful. Caroline is not dead. Come with me."

She led them past the silent body of poor Mag—poor, sinful Mag!—toward the door of a tenement-house a few rods farther up the street. Its doorway was as noisome and forbidding as that of the other, but after passing up two flights of stairs, the captain threw open the door of a room in strong contrast to its surroundings.

For the apartment was most exquisitely neat. Every board of the floor was white and smooth with much scrubbing, while here and there lay a strip of bright carpeting; clean curtains were at the windows; a pot or two of plants on the sill, a bird asleep in its cage overhead. A small, round table, a few comfortable chairs, a tiny stove with a shining tea-kettle—these were the simple furnishings. And there, among the clean, white pillows of the little iron bedstead, in one corner, was the face of a child, whose eyes opened and closed drowsily as the captain brought in the lamp from the entry way outside. Then into those same eyes came a look of startled recognition and wondrous joy as their glances rested on Mrs. Rossman and her companion.

"Mammy! Oh, mammy!" cried a voice as sweet as a bird's song.

"Caroline! Little Caroline!" and the next instant Mrs. Rossman was kneeling beside the bed, her eyes raining down joyful tears on the soft silken curls.

"God be praised! God be praised!" Mr. Leonard murmured, reverently.

"You may well say that, sir," said the captain, as her clear, earnest eyes met his. "The child had a miraculous escape. Aside from the shock and a bruise on her shoulder, she is unharmed. What might have happened," she shuddered "who can tell? Poor Mag! may the Christ who is always tender have mercy on her! Poor Mag's evil hand was held by death before it wrought its cruel will on little Caroline."

The captain paused, then, with an expression of great sweetness, touched Mrs. Rossman's bowed head, as it were, with gentle benediction.

"Thank God, dear lady, that this night you have found your own! Yes, your very own. You look surprised? Do you want to know who Caroline really is? Ah, she is of your own kin, dear madam! You had a brother, did you not, who, years ago, left his home?"

"My brother Robert?" Mrs. Rossman exclaimed. He died at sea."

"And you never knew that he had a wife, a sweet English girl, who did not long survive him? An orphan she was, and her last request was that her little daughter might be taken to you. Margaret Smith was entrusted with the child, but she proved faithless to the task, for she was strangely under the influence of this wicked man, Bill Sanders. Together they spent the money left by the dying mother for little Caroline spent it in wicked, riotous living. They dragged the child from city to city, never wholly casting her off, for we must give Mag, the credit of a little affection for Caroline—that is, when not under the influence of drink. There was a time when, in an outburst of contrition and confidence, Mag told me the whole wretched story. I urged upon her that the only thing she could do to atone for her crime was to take the child to you, and this she promised she would do. Now, this was about the time I expected that the dear Lord was to call me home, for I was suffering from what I supposed was a incurable disease, and was taken to the hospital. I remained there several months, and when I came out I found no trace of either Mag or the child, but I comforted myself with the hope that little Caroline had been taken to her own people. Yet I wanted to be sure. I heard recently that Mag had come here, or, at least, a woman answering to her description. This is one reason why, tonight, I persuaded our leader to march down here. Was it not the leading of God's providence? Tonight I heard Caroline's appeal for help. I saw her dear face at the widow. And now she is restored to you."

Mrs. Rossman was sobbing, yet a great joy was shining from her misty eyes.

Caroline's soft, little arms were clasping her neck with loving fervor.

"I really belong to you! I really belong to you!" the child kept repeating, a beautiful expression on her face. "Oh, isn't it wonderful, mammy? Nobody can part us now! Oh, can it be true?"

"It surely is true, dear child," said the captain, smiling, and from the table near by she took a small bundle of soiled papers.

"I found these in Mag's possession, that is, they had evidently fallen from the waist of her gown as she lay on the stairs tonight, poor creature. They are all the necessary legal documents to prove Caroline's identity, I think, sir." And she held the bundle out for the minister to take.

Mr. Leonard scanned one paper after another with a critical eye. When he laid down the last one turning to Mrs. Rossman, he said, impressively:

"Yes, it is all true. Caroline is undoubtedly your brother Robert's child."

"Oh, I belong to her!" Caroline broke in with rapture.

Presently a thought came to her. She raised herself up again and reached out a hand to Mr. Leonard.

"It seems as though I sort of belonged to you, too, my dear 'Jesus preacher'! Yes, I belong to you. Oh, we'll all be happy together! Shall we not?"

The minister's eyes sought Mrs. Rossman's. Something there made his face glow with sudden joy. He reached out and drew her hand, as well as the tiny one of the child, into his own firm grasp.

"Yes, we'll all be happy together, please God!" he said.

And Mrs. Rossman did not draw her hand away from its safe keeping, for to her, as well as to the minister, the coming of Caroline had brought among many other beautiful things, the strange, ever-old, yet ever-new, story of a true, pure love!

[THE END.]

Receive what cheer you may:

The night is long that never finds the day.

—*Maboth.*

The past is a good nurse but we must be weaned from her sooner or later.—*Lowell.*

There are conditions that we cannot know concerning the victorious Christian life until we have definitely surrendered the will to God.—*B. Fay Mills.*

## Quarterly Meeting.

The Quarterly Meeting of the York and Sunbury Baptist churches met with the Gibson Baptist church March 6th and 8th.

The first session opened at 7:30 on Friday evening, Rev. M. P. King gave a practical and eloquent address to a large congregation. A social service was held at the close which betokened a promise of refreshing. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."

The forenoon and afternoon sessions on the 7th were devoted to the transaction of business. Of the meeting of the Women's Aid, at the close of the afternoon session, of Gibson and Fredericton we need not report. The prospects and conditions are of an encouraging nature in an advanced degree.

Saturday evening session was conducted by Pastor Robinson, and Pastor C. W. Sables preached a sermon of sound Gospel truth, which was followed by a service of prayer and praise led by Rev. M. P. King.

Prayer service at 10:30 a. m. Lord's Day was a season of refreshing and when we adjourned to the main audience room to hear the quarterly sermon we felt how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

Rev. J. H. McDonald preached an able and interesting discourse from Heb. 6:19. We need not say that the audience listened with much interest and profit as the speaker unfolded the need we have for an anchor; its properties and the condition of good anchorage.

The S. S. session in the afternoon was led by the Superintendent and Bro. Bradley, who shows an increasing adaptability for his work. Addresses were given by Pastors C. W. Sables, N. B. Rogers and Bro. F. P. Knight.

The main church was filled on Sabbath evening, Pastor W. R. Robinson preached. At the close a most helpful social service was conducted by Rev. M. P. King, which brought to a close one of the most successful quarterly gatherings in this county. N. B. ROGERS.

## THE ERVINE FUND.

The following amounts have been forwarded to me on this Fund:

Rev. R. M. Bynon,	\$1 00
Mrs. James Kennedy,	50
Mrs. Joseph E. Miller,	50
Oswald Barton,	1 00
Samuel Barton,	25
Hopewell Cape S. School,	5 00
L. R. Hetherington,	1 00
C. W. Newcomb,	2 00
Willis C. Newcomb,	2 00
Nettie Secord,	1 00
Mrs. E. A. Branscombe,	2 00

Total, \$16.25

Will all who intend to help kindly remit amounts as soon as possible. We ought to make up \$100 again this year to aid our brother.

W. E. McINTYRE.

Chipman, April 1st.

FROM REV. S. D. ERVINE.

In a recent communication from his present home at San Jacinto, California, Bro. Ervine thus writes:

"The little church near us here is made up of Eastern church members, not a single one in it that was born in California. This country too seems to be full of preachers looking for churches, and this reminds me of Bro. Howard's remark

some years ago, that what we want is laborers; there are lots of preachers, but a scarcity of laborers in the needy fields. The "pray ye" of the Master has still a peculiar and specific meaning. Here nothing is attempted without special evangelistic aid in the churches. The system is growing and is I fear in many instances a curse rather than a blessing. May God help us

I am glad to learn that Bro. McIntyre has been appointed Home Mission superintendent for New Brunswick. He knows the whole country, has a good idea of its needs and has long been in touch with available men for vacancies. I trust if he takes the oversight of the work that God's blessing may follow the united efforts of his people.

I often think of the past, and in my sleeping as well as in my waking moments live over many scenes of my life, but in thought only. Oh, how I do wish I could again go to work in the Master's great vineyard! I am pained also to learn of the illness and weakness of dear old Bro. Hughes. Of course he must soon fall, notwithstanding his past physical vigor and his great care in matters of diet and general health.

My own health does not improve much. I have been using a new remedy, commonly referred to in this country as the "Copper Cure" for tuberculosis. I used it for three months, and during the first two thought it was helping me. The last month it did not. I went back almost as far as I came up. I don't think disease is progressing very rapidly in my lungs, but there is little if any building up, and until I see some signs of this increasing my general strength I cannot hope for recovery.

Our little baby is still crippled in his knee. It is gradually being drawn up by contraction of the cords and muscles, and has been running freely so that the doctor advised us to leave it until it healed before having an operation on it. At our last visit to him he said he thought it would be safe to operate on in a few days, so I expect within the next three weeks I must go through the trying ordeal of having it straightened. Poor little fellow, it is to me a heart-rending affair! He is so bright and lovable, but crippled. I trust God may help us. Truly our way has been a troubled path, but it will I know come out all right in the end.

With kindest regards to all my brethren, as ever,

Your brother in Christ,  
S. D. ERVINE.

**A Temperance Rallying Song.**

Listen to the temperance call,  
Rally one, yes, rally all,  
Vote with us when comes the fall  
To put the curse away;  
Jo'n the ranks and to the war,  
The battle wage as ne'er before,  
The God of truth and right implore  
To free the land from ruin.

Strike the monster, strike him now  
Never to the tyrant bow,  
But with firmness show him how  
Bold freemen strike the blow,  
Rally, brethren once again;  
Stand as holy, Christian men,  
And the sacred cause defend.  
Of truth and righteousness.

Hear the widow's plaintiff cry,  
With her children standing by:  
"Help, O help me e'er I die,  
To put the monster down;  
All my earthly goods he took,

The father yielded to the cup,  
And ne'er could he learn to sup  
The cursed, deadly thing."

Countless orphans all around,  
From city, country, and the town,  
Join the widow's plaintive sound,  
Or "help, O help us now!"  
Will you join the swelling throng?  
Raise to heaven the sacred song?  
Right defend against the wrong?  
For Prohibition vote?

One and all come quick along,  
To young and old the cause belongs  
Make the temperance army strong,  
And on to victory;  
Raise your banners, let them wave,  
Onward march a world to save,  
Join the noble and the brave,  
Who truth and right defend.

Never was a cause more just,  
Folly, then, in God we'll trust,  
And prevail our cause it must,  
If Christians do the right.  
One and all throughout the land  
Join together hand in hand  
Never falter, boldly stand,  
For God and Temperance.

—Western Christian Advocate.

**E. Great Preacher's Views.**

In his earlier days, C. H. Spurgeon had no sympathy whatever with teetotalism, but some years before his death he strongly advocated the temperance cause. Here are a few of his pithy sayings:

Strong ale makes the strong ail.  
Pot after pot, Sam grows a sot,  
It's never too late to mend if you begin now.  
He who never drinks will never be drunk.  
Many children fast that brewers may feast.  
Paint not thy nose at the sign of the Rose.  
Always drinking always dry.  
Water is good, outside or in to slake the thirst  
or change the skin.  
The safe side of a public-house is the outside.

**Through the Saint Gothard Tunnel.**

By CLIFTON D. GRAY, PH.D.

At last the train pulled slowly into Goeshenen at the Swiss end of the tunnel, and we could hardly see the station for the fog. It was like dim twilight. A brief stop, and then the engine began to move, and we disappeared into the black hole of the tunnel, and it was night. Minute after minute passed, and we continued to climb upward. It seemed an age. \* \* \* Then we began to go down grade, faster and yet more fast. Suddenly a glimmer of light appeared ahead, and all at once we shot out of the tunnel into—heaven! Above us the bluest of Italian skies rested upon the snow-capped shoulders of the mighty mountains. Below us stretched the valley with its winding thread of silver far out into the hazy purple of the distance. The afternoon sun bathed every object in golden lavishness. Words are utterly inadequate to describe the grandeur of such a scene.

What a picture of much in human life! We toil on and on. The years pass by one by one over our heads. Clouds thicken and fogs begin to gather. The warmth and sunshine finally disappear, and at last death summons us, we enter into the tunnel, and all is dark. How utterly worthless life would be, were it not for the faith that on the other side of the mountain we shall come forth into the supernal glory of God's presence, where "there shall be no more night; and they need no light of lamp, neither light of sun; for the Lord God shall give them light."

**Religious News.**

**NEW CANAAN.** At our last conference at New Canaan two were received for baptism, a man and a boy. The outlook here is favorable for a work of grace. We hope to be able ere long, to spend a few weeks here in special services. Our field is too large for one man.

J. W. BROWN.

**HAVELOCK.** The Lord is blessing us at Havelock. Special services have been continued for

some weeks. Last Sunday we were privileged to baptize five believers. A number of others are enquiring the way. The work of grace is not as widespread yet as we have hoped for, some members are standing aloof. We hope that our faith will not break down before they are brought in.

J. W. BROWN.

March 23.

**JACKSONVILLE AND TOWN.** From this field we have but little to report. We are thankful for a name and place among the redeemed

family. Our regular services are sustained with a degree of interest and we believe profit. Though we cannot report an ingathering, yet we hope some advance is being made. The seed of the Kingdom is being sown in the young life of our congregations and, in the redeemed of the Lord, Christian character developed. During the past winter the Jacksonville church made a donation of \$35.00. Then the Jacksonville church and congregation went and did likewise. These acts of appreciation make the pastor stronger and his preaching better. God bless and reward these kind people.

JOSEPH A. CAHILL.

**JEMSEG AND LOWER CAMBRIDGE.** As we are nearing the close of our third year with the people of Jemseg and Lower Cambridge, we feel that

the Lord leads us elsewhere. My resignation takes effect the 8th of June, after that the churches on this field will need a pastor; and we will be free to accept a call from any church that may wish our service. With many regrets we will say good-bye to the kind people, whose words and deeds have been only kindness. We trust that the Master may send them some other leader who will do his work here better than we have done. The services have been well attended and there are many faithful ones who have shared our burdens. God has blessed this people in the past. May his blessings be multiplied in the future.

W. J. GORDON, Pastor.

**SUSSEX, N. B.** One sister was baptized on Sunday last. Our work is encouraging. The pastor has completed five years of work with this people. God's blessing has rested upon the past and the outlook is promising.

We regret to state that we HARVEY, A. Co are now without a pastor. The Rev. M. E. Fletcher who has served this church with much acceptance has resigned. The church very much regrets that Pastor Fletcher feels it his duty to take this step. The church is out of debt and has no dissensions, and we are now open to receive communications from any pastor wishing a field of labor. At the closing service a resolution expressive of the esteem in which Pastor Fletcher was held by the church and good wishes for his success in the future was passed unanimously.

H. P. SMITH, Church Clerk.

For the last two week's Rev. COVERDALE 2ND. Isaiah Wallace and I have been engaged in special work in Coverdale. The Lord greatly blessed our united efforts. The Christians have been much revived and sinners converted. It was my privilege to baptize nine believers and receive them into the church. Though Brother Wallace is in the seventy-eighth year of his age he is capable of work that requires great physical strength. Some of us who have known him for a long time think that today he preaches with even greater power than in former years. I regard it as a privilege and honor to have been for a little time associated with him in Christian work. Bro. Wallace is now assisting Bro. Ganong at Weldon. Sinners are inquiring the way.

MILTON ADDISON.

The farewell Sabbath of our MAIN STREET. pastor, Rev. Alexander White, was one long to be remembered. At the morning service eleven converts were baptized. At night the church was filled to its utmost capacity and after an earnest evangelistic sermon the right hand of fellowship was extended to those who had been baptized. On Monday evening a very large congregation attended the farewell service which was addressed by all the Baptist ministers of the city and several of other denominations who spoke in the highest terms of our retiring pastor. The pastorate of Brother White closes under exceptionally favorable spiritual conditions, as a spirit of deep inquiry at present exists and distinctly accentuates the severance of the pastor's relation.

CHURCH CLERK.

Notice.

We finish with this issue the story "The Coming of Caroline," and in the next issue we will begin another very interesting serial called "Rosecroft," written by Clara Broughton Conant. It will interest both young and old. It will last through about twenty numbers of this paper. Now is a good time to take advantage of our offer made in the last paper in March to get the H. M. JOURNAL free until July next to any one who will subscribe for it from July 1903 to July 1904. In this way they will get eighteen months papers instead of one year. As we have back numbers we can supply them with, from Jan. last. We are very thankful for remittances from some of those to whom we wrote; and hope to hear from others soon. We will extend to them the offer we made until the close of this month, but not any later. Now friends let us hear from you soon, and very much oblige,

Yours respectfully,  
J. H. HUGHES.  
St. John, N. B., April 4th, 1903.

Bishop Fowler says the difference between "Crankification" and "Sanctification" is that the former is the distinctive quality of a religious fault-finder and the latter the mark of the true Christian, who has a deep, abounding love and charity for all men. "All men are the children of one God, the Loving Father of All," say all Holy Men. True Christianity is a Christian Optimism that is all-comprehensive, and not limited to "Crankism" or "Fanaticism," and sees for all mankind a brighter and better day dawning, when Poisonous Pessimism will not exist.

Can You Hold On?

By Rev. A. T. Pietsen, D. D.

Did you ever read the story of John Maynard? He was a pilot on the northern American lakes, and one time when he was guiding a great vessel and was coming near to the shore of Ohio it was discovered that the vessel was on fire. The flames were spreading with great violence, and the passengers were huddled together mad with despair. John Maynard stood at the wheel, the flames rising about him. The shore was only a few hundred yards away, and if he could stand at his post he might be able to beach the vessel, although a powerful wind was blowing against them. And the captain through his trumpet said: "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Are you there, Maynard?" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on?" "I'll try, sir!" There was perhaps five or ten minutes of silence. The flames were momentarily gaining in violence and power. Once more the captain, through his trumpet, said: "John Maynard!" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Can you hold on?" "I'll try, sir!" and he took his right hand off from the wheel, burned to a crisp, and put his left hand on the wheel to be burned. John Maynard beached the vessel and saved every life on board, but John Maynard's soul went up in a chariot of fire to the presence of God.

It seems to me that some of those who have departed this life are calling down to us that seek to stand by the ship in the midst of influences that threaten to destroy her, and they say, "Can you hold on?" and we respond, "By the grace of God we will hold on, and if the right hand is burned at the wheel it shall be replaced by the left, if need be, to be burned." But one jot or tittle we will not give up of this inspired Bible, the Word of the living God.

Married.

LONDON SMITH. At the parsonage, Centerville Carleton Co., N. B., March 21 by Rev. B. S. Freeman Douglas London to Ethel Smith, both of Bridgewater Me.

SHORT-BECKETT. At Jerusalem, at the home of the bride's father, Samuel Beckett, by Rev. S. J. Peety, J. Alfred Short to Alice M. Beckett, both of Jerusalem.

CAMPBELL-WHITE. At the residence of the bride's step-father, Mr. Joshua Jones Royaton, N. B., by Rev. E. S. Parker B. A., Mr. David H. Campbell and Miss Ethel J. White, both of Royaton.

LEAMAN LEAMAN. At the residence of the bride's father, March 21, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Ross Leaman and Minnie Leaman, both of the parish of Moncton.

CLARK LUTES. At the residence of Mr. Smith Brown, Mountain Road, Moncton, March 21, by Rev. Gideon Swin, Albert Clark and Hattie Lutes, both of Moncton, N. B.

SMITH-WIWE. At Baebouche March 25th, by Rev. H. O. Davis, Edward John Smith to Irene Beatrice Wiwe, both of Baebouche.

Died.

LANGIN. At Capereaux, Chipman, N. B., on 18th inst., of consumption, Gower E., son of Isaiah Langin, in the 19th year of his age. Deceased leaves parents six brothers and three sisters, besides a large circle of friends in mourning.

BURKE. At Ridge, Queens Co., N. B., March 21st, Helena Burke, aged 82 years. Sixty seven years ago, our sister gave her heart to God, she joined the church here a few years later, and was a faithful follower of the lamb to the day of her death. Needless to say, "her end was peace." She leaves 3 sons and 2 daughters to mourn the loss of a kind and loving mother.

FREEZE. On March the 25th, at his home in Penobscquis after an illness of about two months, Mr. Byron Freeze aged 57 years. Mr. Freeze was the son of Deacon Edward Freeze, one of Penobscquis most

honored and loved citizens whose memory is still precious. Mr. Byron Freeze was baptized by Rev. E. C. Corey, and was a consistent member of the church. He will be greatly missed in the community and church. He leaves a wife and four children, Mrs. Robert Pugsley of Missoula, Mont., Edwin at McGill College, Montreal, Frank and Gladys who are home.

JONES. At Bolyea Cove, Queens Co., February 19th, Anne, beloved wife of George M. Jones in the 21st year of her age, leaving a sorrowing husband, father and mother, two brothers and one sister to mourn the loss of a loving wife, kind daughter and affectionate sister. Though young in years she was resigned to the will of her heavenly Father, and passed away with the blessed assurance that she was going to be with Jesus. Amiable in disposition, lovely in character and kindly of spirit she was loved by all who knew her. During her illness she talked much about Jesus, and with her dying lips declared the gospel to be the power of God unto salvation. As the end drew near she gathered her four ones around and pleaded with them to seek an interest in the finish of work of Christ that they might be prepared to meet her when partings are never known. To her it was gain to die.

McCLELAN. At Albert, Albert Co. on Feb. 16th, Joseph Obed, McClelan died of la grippe in the 53rd year of his age. He was a very exemplary man during his life and in his illness expressed confidence and hope in the dear Saviour and said he was going to be with him. His funeral service was held in the Methodist church and was conducted by Rev. J. R. King and F. D. Davidson, and although the day was unfavorably being stormy, a large concourse of people attended, showing the esteem in which he was held. He leaves an aged mother, one sister and three brothers to mourn the loss of him to their hearts. We tender to the family our true and sympathetic in this sad bereavement. Five of his employees as lumbermen were his faithful bearers.

NOTES.

There is nothing so unmanageable as a concealed conscience. --Becher.

A man may have no bad habits, and have worse thoughts. --Mark Twain.

Don't make the mistake when a new man comes into the church, before you have a chance to size him up, of throwing open all the church offices to him. You are apt to be sorry for it. Instances are not wanting where the church was gladder to get rid of him after a time, than when they got him.

This is the time of year when people are supposed to settle all their indebtedness. It is a good thing to do when you have anything to settle with. Possibly the smallest bill that some of our readers will receive is the one for their HOME MISSION JOURNAL. They will have more money to pay the rest of their bills if they pay ours first.

Rev. George K. MacDonald a New York pastor, has resigned and opened a liquor saloon. He is reported as saying that he "had seen more of human nature as it is, in the few days that he has been in the liquor business than he had seen in the many years in the Baptist ministry." Any liquor seller could have told him that. Of course "the human nature" in the saloon is different from the human nature in the church, and we are glad that it is.

The dry-bones which Ezekiel saw in his vision needed only the breath of the Holy Spirit to gather the scattered parts into complete individuals, to clothe them with flesh, to quicken into life, and make them a conquering host. And if there is to be a resurrection and revival of the dry-bones in our congregations the Holy Spirit must do the work.

Truth bids us look on men as autumn leaves. And all they bleed for as the summer's dust.  
--Young's Night Thoughts.