

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 36.

## Jacob Become Israel.

By BISHOP E. R. HENDRIX, D. D., LL. D.

Jacob become Israel, the "supplanter" become a "Prince with God," is a real case of leopard changing his spots. But the change was wrought by the same divine power that changed Saul the persecutor into Paul the slave of Jesus Christ. Jacob was as much a trophy of grace as was the dying thief taken home to Paradise by his Lord to show how captivity itself could be taken captive.

Jacob is none the less a sinner because Israel is so a saint. Each character is perfectly consistent with itself and with its name. It is only grace, and grace abounding to the chief sinners, that makes it possible to identify in both Jacob and Israel one of the twin sons of Isaac and Rebekah. But we need to study Jacob by himself before we study Israel by himself.

His mother's boy, inheriting her energy and the craftiness that belonged to herself no less than to her brother Laban, Jacob, like some animal, and a very strong one; what change has Jacob against him save in his wits? Rebekah will see to it that her favorite son, apparently her constant companion, shall not only be taught to cook, but that his very skill in making the red pottage shall some day prove as valuable as Esau's skill in the chase. She remembers, even if Isaac has forgotten it, in his desire to bless Esau, that the strange prenatal struggle was attended by the assurance that the elder shall serve the younger. Jacob so completely fills the heart of Rebekah that she is prepared to go to great lengths, even against her husband and her elder son, to advance his fortunes.

There is nowhere in the Holy Scriptures any countenance of Jacob's early sins. His mother, who prompted the grossest of them, suffers in consequence, living to have her son an exile from home to escape his brother's curse, and never permitted to see his face again. Jacob not only merited Esau's hatred, but our own, for his covetousness and his meanness. Possibly only Judas, the traitor, is more despised than Jacob, the traitor.

The deceiver is himself deceived, as the veiled, weak-eyed Leah is given him in place of his beloved Rachel, with her gazelle-like eyes; can Jacob forget that he himself donned a strange attire to deceive blind Isaac in that darkened room? Did he lie unto his aged father, and use a kid of the flocks to deceive him? Years afterwards his own crafty sons go to the flocks for the means of deceiving aged Jacob, when their covetousness has put a price on Joseph's head. The bitter cry of Esau which smote his unheeding ears and his selfish heart, is to be echoed when Jacob rends his garments and puts sackcloth upon his loins and mourns for his son, whose cries for pity were unheard and unheeded by his cruel brothers. He had bereaved Esau of his birthright, but "we have ye bereaved of my children." No wonder he tells Parash, in memory of such experiences and his unrealized hopes from ill-gotten gains, "few and evil have been the days of the years of my life."

Jacob no more pleases men than he pleased God; Israel pleases men because he pleased God. He prevails with men by the same qualities with which he prevailed with God. There is a growth for the better with the younger son, despite his early meanness and despicable selfishness, but there is a deterioration in Esau from the frank, openhanded hunter, inconstant though he be, until we find him the would-be murderer who allows the sons of twenty years to go down on his implacable wrath. "Cursed be his anger for it was fierce," as Esau came against Jacob, and four hundred Edomites with him. But there are no weapons in Jacob's hands, even of cunning. All his devices so skillfully planned the night before Jacob met Esau near the brook Jabbok have not stopped the oncoming of the angry and injured brother.

Jacob he hates, and Jacob he will slay. But is that really Jacob yonder, bowing himself to

the ground seven times, until he comes near his brother? He would fain pay back out of his twenty years of hard labor the birthright which he wanted but never had gotten from Esau as the eldest son. That is very unlike Jacob to pay what he does not owe. That is true repentance, when one is sorry for sins that he wanted to commit but lacked only the opportunity, when the intended robber hands his victim the goods that he would have stole if the officers of the law had not come so soon, even though he has worked for twenty years to be able to make this strange restitution.

Always free-handed, Esau declines the gift. "I have enough, my brother, let that thou hast be thine." But no, since Jacob had seen God he can prevail even with Esau. The proffered gift is left in the hands of Esau, who calls him brother once more, to tell us that he who has won the favor of God can win the favor of men, even though once deserving his anger.

A new force has come into Jacob's life which enables him to be called a son of God, so that the very man who once despised him must confess the change. Esau turns his hand of robbers toward the desert, where other caravans may be attacked, and leaves Jacob, or rather Israel, to go on his way in peace.

Even Jacob is hitherto "well spoken of by them who are without." Dull as are his moral perceptions, Esau knows a true man when he meets him. Jacob had been created anew in Christ Jesus. An heir with Abraham of the same promise, his name is to appear on the calendar of saints both as Jacob and Israel.

The self-conquered man is God's prince. He is an Israel, an Israelite indeed, who prevails with God and men. Jacob was to learn that it was not his energy, his tireless industry, any more than his early cunning, that was to give him success. All these may be the slaves of an unholty ambition that cannot abide God's time to keep the divine promise. It was not these qualities which won the blessing. Jacob had what Esau lacked—an appreciation of spiritual things. The unseen world was real to him. Nay, it was the most real of all; only he sought to win it by sinful means. It was more than the elder brother's double portion that Jacob sought. It was precedence, authority after his father's death, and even the domestic priesthood, all of which Esau despised or looked away from as unworthy of the man who lived wholly in the seen. Jacob in winning what he esteemed, and what possible association with Abraham during the last fifteen years of the old patriarch's life taught him to esteem, needed to learn that there is no true love of God or of spiritual things which is consistent with a selfish heart that ignores the rights of man.

"If, therefore, thou art offering thy gift at the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way, first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." Religious blessings can wait on righting wrongs done to our fellow man. God is the champion of the wronged. Jacob never really saw the face of God until he had made all possible restitution to Esau. Even spiritual blessings must be rightly won. As the principles of right control a man's own soul he has power with God and with men.

God became so real to Jacob that all the wrongs that had ever done Esau or Isaac are lost sight of in the far greater sin against God. He had sought Esau's pardon, but he needed God's. More than reconciliation and peace with God. No shallow repentance can avail, no patched-up peace with an injured fellow man; God must be reckoned with. What an antagonist is God when He calls men to account! It was then that Jacob knew himself, all his littleness and meanness, his falsehood, his treachery. How he hated himself as Esau had never hated him! How he longed to leave himself behind, unwilling to be left alone with himself after that night vision.

## God's Providence.

During the retreat of Alfred the Great at Athelney in Somersetshire, after the defeat of his forces by the Danes, a beggar came to his castle there and asked alms. When Alfred was told that there was only one small loaf remaining, which was insufficient for themselves and their friends who were gone to seek food, though with little hope of success, the king replied, "Give the poor man half of the loaf. He who could feed five thousand with five loaves and two fishes can surely make the other half of the loaf more than enough for our present needs." Accordingly the poor man was relieved, and this noble act of charity was soon rewarded by a providential store of fresh provisions with which his people returned.

## As Thy Day.

As this my day! O promise blest!  
Sweet words of comfort, words of rest!  
No more with hoding fear I wait  
To read to-morrow's hidden fate.  
Whate'er its toils, whate'er its tears,  
Whate'er its perils, pains, and fears,  
While sin and stars and worlds endure  
The old, sweet promise standeth sure.  
The Hand that holds the world upbears  
My weary heart with all its cares.  
The Eye that slumbers not has seen  
My graveyard monuments with grasses green.  
My Father's pitying love has read  
The pain behind the tears I shed.  
How comforting His words to me,  
"Child, as thy day thy strength shall be."

As this my day! My little day;  
My broken, troubled, thwarted day;  
The day whose tosete morning bloom  
Was quenched and darkened into gloom,  
The morn of grief! The noon of loss!  
The lengthening shadow of the Cross!  
Once more, my Father, say to me,  
"Child, as thy day, thy strength shall be."

—MRS. MARY H. FINN.

## Sin.

Disheartened by the dangers of their position, a Russian army resolved upon retreat. The general expostulated in vain. Carried away in a panic, they faced round. They were forcing a mountain pass where the road, between huge rocks on one side and a foaming river on the other, was but a footpath broad enough for the step of a single man. As a last resource, the general laid himself down there, saying, "If you will retreat, it is over my body you shall go, trampling me to death beneath your feet." The flight was arrested. The soldiers could not trample their general under foot. They wheeled round and resumed their march. But for us who have renounced sin to turn back to its pleasures is a greater crime. Jesus, as it were, lays Himself down in our path. None can become backsliders from the ways of holiness without trampling Him under their feet.

## Seed Thoughts.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfill another.—George Eliot.

God estimates us not by the position we are in, but by the way in which we fill it.—Edwards.

It is a good rule never to do for the sake of gain what one wouldn't do for the sake of love or duty.—Edward Garrett.

The nobleness of life depends on its consistency, clearness of purpose, quiet, and ceaseless energy.—Ruskin.

Cheerfulness throws sunlight on all the paths of life.—Jean Paul Richter.

## The Home Mission Journal.

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### Notice.

The next session of the Queen County Quarterly meeting will be held with the Second Grand Lake church at the head of Cumberland Bay, beginning on Friday evening, June 8th. Sessions continue over Sabbath.

### 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.

(Continue I from last issue)

#### VIII.

"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 brought out into wealthy places."

On our return we were made welcome for the night and assured they were not surprised that our attempt had been a failure since all such efforts were accompanied with difficulty and danger. After supper, while I sat upon the veranda with my boys, tired and half sick, dreading to go into that large room with so many others, Mrs. Daniels came to me and said, "Madam, my daughter and myself have decided to give you a room on our floor." I gratefully accepted the offer and we were shown to a large room provided with two beds well covered with mosquito nets which were at that time a great luxury.

The morning found me sick indeed. The younger lady came to see me and said she feared I would have a fever, and added that she had in the house a small dispensary of medicine and if I wished she would prescribe for me. I was only too glad to have her take me in charge, and after three or four days I began to mend under the kind treatment. My boys remained at home playing with the children of the family and a Negro woman waited upon me. During my stay Confederate officers came and went every day and my pass was frequently examined. At the end of the week I was well enough to resume my journey and was most restless to get away. Thus far I had represented I wanted to go down the river, but I felt guilty in deceiving these kind friends longer, and one day I told the younger lady my whole story—my northern birth, interests and destination. She was deeply interested, and said, "Now I am glad you have told us just as it is. You do not want to go down the river and we have all the time been trying to get you a pass that way." After that she tried to get me a pass to the river, but without success. A Union gunboat lay in the river a mile away and in plain sight from the observatory of the house. If I

could only reach the gunboat she thought I might be able to induce them to take me on board, as it was rumored they held themselves in readiness to take refugees and send them up the river on transports.

At last she came to me and said, "If you feel able to ride I am determined to take you to the river, and to do this I shall have to run you through the lines." "But you may suffer for it," I said. "I think not; I have done them so many favors," adding, "we must start at daylight and pass the picket line at their breakfast hour." I sought the elder lady and thanked her warmly for her kindness and offered to pay her for our entertainment, but she would take no pay. "If you receive nothing from all these people whom you entertain," said I, "how can you take care of so many?" "We are always provided for," she said, and then repeated that precious promise, "Do good and so shalt thou dwell in the land and verily thou shalt be fed."

That evening we all gathered in the library, a beautiful octagon room paneled in oak and walnut, with cases of books and rare pictures and curiosities from all lands. During all the trying years and terrible scenes through which they had passed this room had been their Bethel. Here every morning and evening were gathered all the household and guests for family worship, and here they gained that strength and fortitude which enabled them to endure all the changing vicissitudes of their eventful lives. An old, white-haired clergyman read from the sacred word and commended us all to God in a solemn, impressive prayer. I noticed that my kind hostess and family seemed unusually sad, and I was able later to account for their depression when I learned that it was about that time that Atlanta fell. Bidding all good-by we retired. At day-break a plain covered wagon, drawn by mules and driven by a Negro, stood at the door. Mrs. Daniels and ourselves entered and were driven toward the river; as we came near the lines she ordered the driver to drive as fast as possible. We almost held our breath with excitement, but soon passed the post, apparently without notice. We drove immediately to the bluff, at a point overlooking the river where the Union gunboat lay, and signalling with our handkerchiefs were gladdened by seeing a boat put off, bringing the captain.

We unfolded our situation and desire to go on board his boat and await a transport up the river. He replied that the gunboat was no place for a woman, and made many inquiries in regard to the lady in the carriage. I answered as little as possible, fearing to compromise my friend, and he ended by positively refusing to allow me to go on his boat. I pleaded with him. "But they tell me transports seldom pass except at night." "With this shore within the Confederate lines how could you send a boat for us?" "I cannot," he answered, "and you must wait for a day boat." "For how long?" I asked. "A day or two, perhaps." "And where shall I stay meanwhile? The town is out of sight of the river." "Perhaps you can find accommodation at the house on the bluff. A boat may pass to-day and you will have a good chance to see it." "But if no boat comes to-day, to-night I shall be in the Confederate lines without a pass." "Can't help it," he roughly answered, and pushed off from shore.

With a sinking heart I returned to the carriage and told Mrs. Daniels. She seemed surprised and said, "The gunboat captain at our land was very humane and cared for all refugees, but see if you can be admitted to that house." I found only two little girls and a Negro man who seemed to have charge. They said their parents were down the river for a few days and that they did not occupy the house at night, and we were welcome to stay, although they had not much to eat. Hoping it might be only for a few hours I decided to stay, and returned to bid Mrs. Daniels a tearful good-by and watch her until out of sight. After we returned to the house the Negro man came in to do some errand and I eagerly questioned him in regard to the movements of the river boats. He replied that none would go up the river until Monday afternoon. It was then Friday morning. Henry was sitting by the window watching the river. "No use, young master," said he, "I tells you true, get mighty tired watchin' that old river 'fore dat." The prospect of staying there until Monday and alone

at night seemed fearful. We watched and waited the rest of the day.

(To be Continued.)

### The Book Of Job

REV. A. J. HUGHES.

#### PART IV.

The purpose of the Book of Job demands final attention. The author who writes without a purpose writes to no purpose. The author of the Book of Job wrote with a purpose. What was it? It would seem to have been fourfold: 1st—To contradict the devil's slander that Job was serving God for worldly profit. "Doth Job serve God for naught?" was his question. "Hast thou not set an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?" he continues. "But put both thine hands now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face," is his verdict touching the Patriarch. To which God replied; Behold all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thy hand. Agreeably to the privilege thus given him, Satan goes forth from the presence of the Lord, and upon a certain day, never to be obliterated from the memory of Job, he directed two marauding bands against his property, and a tornado against his children, with the result that the Patriarch was suddenly stripped of possessions and children alike. But the devil was disappointed, for instead of the Patriarch opening his lips in malediction against God, they were opened in noble resignation to His will. The devil, however, was hard to convince as to the singleness of Job's religious motives, and so, when he stands before the Lord a second time, he alleges that if God will afflict Job in his body, the disease being all-inclusive, his bones and his flesh coming under its loathsome sway, then, for sure, he will curse God to His face. God permits Satan to carry out this fell design also; the Patriarch is smitten with his deadly and repulsive scourge; but instead of cursing the Almighty, he submissively asks, "Shall we receive good from the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And thus the devil's slander is contradicted a second time. But Job refutes the devil's charge not only in what he says in the Prologue; he does it, with greater emphasis, in the attitude he maintains throughout the entire Book. He is enveloped in darkness, and loses the sense of the Divine Presence; but his heart turns to God as the needle to the pole through it all, thus making it manifest that his piety was real, and not assumed, and that his motives were disinterested and pure.

Now, this was a worthy purpose for which to write a book. The world is full of slanders, because it is full of people who impugn motives. And the man who makes a practice of attributing sinister motives to his fellows thereby incriminates himself as a dissembler. "Religion pays," say some men, with a sneer. They said it back in the days of Job; they say it now. And, unfortunately, there are some who give warrant to the sneer, inasmuch as their religion is a self-centred, and not a Christ-centred thing. But to say of all men, and the best men, that they are time-servers in their relations with God, is an impeachment so degrading to humanity in its best estate, and so derogatory to the holy ministries which God has established with human lives, as that, to believe it, would mean the nullification of all divine effort in behalf of men, and all power of response thereto in human nature. Religion a matter of pelf! The man who retails that slander, impugns the honesty of the world's best people, and the good sense of God, and eliminates from human nature all honor and hope. The truly good resent the slander, for they know its falsity. The author of the Book of Job resented it for the same reason, and gave to it a living contradiction in the hero of his splendid drama.

2nd—Another purpose of the Book seems to have been to prove the falsity of what was known as the "Wisdom Philosophy" of that time. The teaching of that Philosophy was that if a man was good, he would be prosperous; if bad, he would be the reverse. It would seem to have been the orthodox creed of Job's time, as it was of centuries later. Christ dealt it a withering

blow when he exonerated the Galilean worshippers whose blood Pilate had mingled with that of the beasts they had brought to the sacrificial altar, and the eighteen upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, from the charge of being sinners above all the men who dwelt in Jerusalem. But it is a persistent creed, and lives to-day, and many a man is totally misjudged because of its survival. It is as much a scientific as a theological creed to-day. Natural law is substituted for a personal God, and disease is its brand whereby it proclaims the transgressor, as the scarlet letter worn by Hester Prynne announced her shame.

If the author of the Book of Job lived, as a recent writer affirms that he did, about the time of King Hezekiah, he was a brave man, for the "Wisdom Philosophy" was dominant at that time, and to combat it alone took rare courage. But he did it because, no doubt, a witness to its baneful effect upon human lives. Sickness or disaster would smite men, and they would fancy that the hand of God had gone out against them on account of sin, and so their sorrows would be an hundredfold increased. It was, among other things, to comfort such as these evidently that the author wrote his book, and to assure them that God's afflictive dispensations were either sent or permitted sometimes to His most honored servants, and for reasons which, while not disclosed, were nevertheless commendable and right. There are sorrowing ones to-day who need the same blessed teaching. The devil's lie, for the "Wisdom Philosophy" was that, and is, gets credence with many a soul when it enters the gloom of adversity. Its feeling is that, for some past unworthiness, God has cast it off, forgetful of the fact that his best people have had their Via Dolorosa in which to tread, and that even His Best Beloved when here had His vision marred as was no other man's by the griefs of earth. To dissipate such a delusion, and destroy its power over the mind, is worthy of any author, of any book. It is a noble conception, the way in which the author makes Job, who, when he enters the enveloping shadow of his great trial, believe in the creed of the ancients, as to the meaning of adversity, slowly, but surely, renounce that belief, and rise, through suffering, to a nobler and truer idea of God. Nor is the Patriarch alone in having walked a stairway that slopes through darkness up to Him.

(To be continued)

## NOTICE.

The Albert County Quarterly Meeting will meet with the Hopewell Cape section of the Hopewell Baptist Church, on June 5th, at 2.30 o'clock. The Rev. C. W. Townsend will preach the quarterly sermon; missions will be spoken to by Rev. H. H. Saunders; temperance, Rev. John Miles; education, Rev. Milton Addison. We hope to see a goodly number present.

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

## Give, and it Shall Be Given.

A certain wealthy abbey had been noted for the largeness of its almsdeeds; but the Abbot died, and his successor diminished the bounty. The revenues of the abbey also grew less and less. At last a meeting of the brethren had to be held to discuss how expenses were to be provided for. Many schemes were proposed and rejected, when at last an old man rose and said, "We used to have two good servants in this abbey, and while they were with us everything prospered. Their names were 'Date' (give) and 'Dabitur' (it shall be given). We drove away 'Date,' and 'Dabitur' left of his own accord. Let us recall the one, and the other will return also. The old man's advice was followed. They began once more to give, their former prosperity soon returned.

The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The reward of one duty is the power to fulfil another.—GEORGE ELIOT.

## Health Column.

**Relieving a Cough**—A sudden and wearing attack of coughing often needs immediate attention, especially in consumption and those chronically ill. In an emergency, that useful remedy, hot water, will often prove very effective. It is much better than the ordinary cough mixtures, which disorder the digestion and spoil the appetite. Water almost boiling should be sipped when the paroxysms come on. A cough resulting from irritation is relieved by hot water through the promotion of secretion, which moistens the irritated surfaces. Hot water also promotes expectoration, and so relieves the dry cough.—*People's Health Journal.*

**Causes of Appendicitis**—Dr. Hanchette says in a paper he read before a medical society in Minnesota, that the chief cause is constipation, as it blocks the passage of the colon, and causes the gases to press the liquid fecal contents into the appendix. Frequent injections of hot water will overcome the difficulty.

Medical advertisements are causes of disease—Some years ago a lady said to a physician who advertised his remedies, that his advertisements made her ill of the very diseases to which he called attention, and which his remedies were intended to cure; to which he replied, that is my object in advertising them. Without producing such effects I should not be able to get patients. For this reason invalids should avoid reading medical advertisements of every sort; and so should the healthy, especially the sensitive and sympathetic, because the power of suggestion is so strong that we unconsciously take on disease, or cure, as statements may influence us. The same may be said concerning the publication of the details of crime. They really do suggest to those of a vicious tendency, criminal acts, and no doubt crime is propagated in this way. So far as possible all sensible and honest people should use their influence to prevent the reading of matter that suggests either disease or crime.

Pure air and sunshine essential to good health—An old writer says: "When people lived in houses of reed they had constitutions of oak; now when they live in houses of oak they have constitutions of reeds." This is a picturesque description of the injury which may come to us from fine houses too closely confined to keep out the air, and too heavily encumbered preventing the entrance of sunshine, which is almost, if not quite as important as air. But it is not at all necessary to have our fine houses unhealthy, and it only requires intelligence and thoughtfulness to render a brick house as good a promoter of health as a cabin. Fresh air will come into a well ventilated modern house as well as through the open cracks of a house of reeds, and sunlight through a window in a palace as well as a hovel.—*Family Doctor.*

John Ruskin called tobacco the most natural curse of modern civilization.

## Dedication of New Church at Waterside, Albert County, N. B.

Sunday, May 13th, was a red-letter day in the history of the Baptists at Waterside, for on that day they dedicated their new house of prayer to the worship of God. Notwithstanding the adverse weather, a large congregation assembled for the morning service, and by the afternoon the numbers had grown so that both the main building and the vestry were crowded. All who came were favorably impressed with the new church. It is excellently designed, substantially built, and beautifully finished. The plan of it is quite modern, being, thought of course on a smaller scale, similar to that of the Main St. Church, St. John. The building is wood, with the pulpit on one side, and behind it an alcove for the organ and choir. Facing the platform is a commodious vestry, which by means of folding doors, is made to form part of the audience room when occasion requires. During the day light is admitted by two large and handsome windows, while at night the place is pleasantly illuminated by means of a beautiful central chandelier. From outside the church has a striking appearance and forms a fine feature upon the landscape, standing as it does upon a rising point of ground, it can be seen at quite a distance. The total cost of the

structure and furnishing is about \$2,100, and everybody has been surprised that the work could be effected at so reasonable an expenditure.

The following ministers were present, and assisted in the dedication: Revs. J. H. Hughes, C. W. Townsend, S. C. Moore, F. D. Davidson, I. N. Thorne, and the pastor, Rev. Milton Addison. The dedication sermon was preached by the Rev. C. W. Townsend. His subject was the Ministry of Reconciliation (2 Cor. 5:20.) The preacher in a clear and forcible manner dwelt upon the office, the message, and the earnestness of the Gospel minister, and closed with a powerful and pathetic appeal to the hearers to embrace the offers of mercy.

In the afternoon the Rev. J. H. Hughes was the preacher, and was heard, as he always is, with much interest. Speaking upon a congenial theme, the Lamb as the Light (Rev. 21:23), he showed how essential to all spiritual illumination is the substitutionary sacrifice of Jesus.

In the evening the Rev. F. D. Davidson delivered a most earnest and practical discourse, on God's building (1 Cor. 3:9), which held the close attention of a large audience.

At each service Pastor Addison made an appeal in behalf of the amount of \$300, required to clear the entire indebtedness, and he proved himself to be adept in the art of begging. Though his people had done so nobly before the opening day, yet, in response to his skillful advocacy of the cause, \$200 were given or pledged at the dedicatory services, leaving only \$100 yet to be raised.

Mr. Addison has done great things in church building, this being the second house dedicated on this field during his pastorate. He is much beloved by his people, and they have given tangible expression to their appreciation of his services by placing in the vestry, a large and handsomely framed copy of his portrait.

C. W. ANDERSON.

Waterside, Albert County.

## N. B. Home Missions.

A pastor inquires as to the needs of our fields asking for a statement of facts, for the benefit of all who take an interest in our home work. I submit a statement as nearly correct as the records will furnish: Number of fields aided this year 21; number of churches, 42; number of stations 88; number of missionaries, 21; average attendance, 4,740; estimated expenditure this year, \$2,600; amount needed before end of year, \$800. If all our pastors would kindly present these figures to their congregations, I am sure the help required would speedily come. As it is, many of our missionaries have had to wait some weeks for remittances overdue. How are we to do? We are now refusing to give further grants even though they are deserved, simply because we are not able to pay present claims. Brethren in the churches, what is to be done? On whom will the responsibility of neglected fields rest? Are we not able to help more than we have? These are questions we wish every church and every church member to consider. Besides there are now several students open for summer supplies who could give four months in helping many of the destitute places. If we had but the means we could settle a dozen of these young men in various parts of the province. Any church wishing student labor may send to the secretary for recommendation. Let all the laborers be employed. While God is calling forth the men and the fields are whitening for harvest let us not fail in our part, in providing the means. May we have a ready response.

W. E. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

"I did not come here to drink champagne, but to work," was the characteristic reply of Cecil Rhodes when asked to celebrate the finding of a diamond on the claim next his own in Kimberly. He went on digging, while his neighbors were "wetting the stone." That was twenty years ago. His neighbors are poor to-day, while he is worth fifty millions.

Christ says, "I am the way." Wherever you are at whatever point of experience, at whatever stage of sin, this way begins where you are, and you have but to take it and it leads to God.

## Religious News.

A note just received from Rev. E. W. Kelly, tells us of his safe arrival in Mandalay, Burma, on April 1st, after a very pleasant journey. Mr. Kelly says: "We are in the midst of our hottest weather, but so far the heat has had no ill effect on me. I am rather lonesome for St. John sometimes, and remember gratefully the fellowship and privileges enjoyed during my furlough." Bro. Kelly needs no assurance from us that his kindly feeling for his St. John friends is fully reciprocated. We all feel that he gave much more than he received while with us. May much strength for glad and blessed service among his beloved Burmahs be given him.—*M. and T.*

Bro. J. W. S. Young has been laboring on this field some weeks and a good work is being done. As the result of a unanimous call from the churches Bro. Young has decided to remain with us six months  
May 14. C. W. M.

We have reached the above place, having passed through "the perils by the way." We find the people most considerate and sympathetic, and are impressed that we are among a people that will continue most kind-hearted and generous. The opening here for earnest and well directed work is unusually large. Brethren pray for us. Will correspondents note our change of address.  
May 14. J. W. BROWN.

Our congregations have been cut down quite a little by sickness, during the last two months. Since coming here, I have attended twenty-one funerals. There are a large number sick at present. Eight church members have died during the winter. We are longing for spring but old winter holds on with a terrible grip and seems loath to let go. I asked my people for a plate collection for the famine sufferers in India, and they gave \$116.11. Mrs. Isaac Prescott had collected \$5.35, which she gave me to send with this, making \$121.46, the postmaster, Mr. Atkinson, kindly paying for Post Office orders himself. We were very sorry to lose Bro. Bishop from Harvey, but hope the health of his family may be improved by the change. Bro. Addison has completed another house of worship on his field and the dedication services will take place on the 12th inst. We are hoping to report something more encouraging later on.  
F. D. DAVIDSON.

Since our report two weeks ago, three more have been baptized, a brother well advanced in life, and two young persons. A collection of \$62 was taken last Sunday in aid of the "Famine Fund." Of this amount the Sunday School contributed \$22.  
May 9th. W. C. G.

Since we last reported four persons have been baptized, three in Freeport and one in Tiverton. Two persons in Central Grove have experienced religion but have not yet been baptized. Weekly prayer meetings and the Sunday Schools well attended all over the field. At East Ferry, where we have held a few meetings, a good interest is awakened and a number of people have requested prayers that they may find the light.

E. H. HOWE.

Sunday, April 29th, was a red letter day for this place. ST. ANDREWS, CHARLOTTT CO., N. B. I am told by those living here 30 years, they never saw such an interest religiously. I had the very great pleasure of baptizing seven converts among them, 3 brothers, Blakney, all the sons of Bro. Nathen Blakney, and the wife of the eldest son, another young man and his wife, Wallace by name and 2 others, a daughter of Deacon Rigby, and a young man, Homes, in the presence of hundreds of witnesses. It was a high day for St. Andrews, and others are coming. Pray for us, that we may see greater things in the Master's name.  
J. W. S. YOUNG.

The Baptist Church here is KARS, KINGS CO. without a pastor, Rev. W. J. Gordon having resigned.

On May 6th the Sabbath School at the Bethel was reorganized with Bro. Melbourne Merritt as Superintendent and Bro. George Jenkins as Assistant Superintendent. We are thankful to notice an increasing interest in the Sabbath School and trust that it may prove a greater blessing than ever to the church and that God's blessing may rest upon us here.  
Pray for us brethren. JAS. W. TOOLE.

## The Power of Prayer.

God has put it in our power to help each other in many ways; sometimes by deeds that lift away burdens, sometimes by words that inspire courage and strength, sometimes by sympathy that halves sorrow. But there is no other way in which we can serve others so wisely, so effectively, so divinely, as by intercession. Our hands are clumsy and awkward, and oftentimes hurt the life we would heal with our touch or strengthen or uphold with our strength; but in prayer we can reach our friend through God, and his hand is infinitely gentle and never hurts a life. We lack wisdom, and oftentimes the help we give is untimely or unwise. We lift burdens that God wants our friend to carry. We make the way easy for him when God has made it hard for his own good, for the development of his powers. We save our friend from hardship or self-denial, or hold him back from perilous duty or exhausting service, when these are the very paths in which God would lead him—the paths to honor, to larger usefulness, to nobler life. Oftentimes our love is shortsighted. We think we are helping our friend when really we are hindering him in the things that most deeply concern his life. But we can pray and ask God to help him, not in our way, but in his own way, and his help is never untimely nor unwise. He never lifts a load which our friend will be the better for carrying. He never does things for him which he had better be left to do for himself, nor spares him hardness or suffering which will make him more a man.—J. R. MILLER.

## What a Man Did For His Minister.

IAN MACLAREN.

His first experiences in his new parish were very discouraging. One day he forgot everything in the middle of his sermon; another day, in expounding an Epistle of St. Paul, he had got his thoughts into such a tangled skein that he had to begin again and repeat half his exposition. On that occasion the young minister was so utterly disheartened that he formed a hasty resolution in the pulpit to retire, and went into the vestry in the lowest spirits. There an old Highland elder was waiting him to take him by the hand, and to thank him for "an eloquent discourse."  
"It is wonderful," he said in his soft, kindly accent, "that you are preaching so well, and that you so young, and I am wanting to say that if you ever forget a head of your discourse you are not to be putting yourself about. You will just give out a Psalm and be taking a rest, and maybe it will be coming back to you. We all have plenty of time, and we all will be liking you very much. The people are saying what a good preacher you are going to be soon, and they are already very proud of you."

Next Sunday the minister entered the pulpit with a confident heart, and was sustained by the buoyant atmosphere of friendliness; and, as a consequence, he did not hesitate nor forget, nor has he required since that day to begin again. It is little wonder that his heart goes back from a city to that Highland parish with affection and gratitude, for it is owing to the charity of his first people that he is in the ministry.

## Public Service.

We are not in the world to do our own will. We are here to do, not what we like, but what we ought. If the duty is a pleasant one, well and good. But we are not to consider too care-

fully whether it is pleasant or not. It is our duty, and the thing is to do it. If, therefore, there is any demand for our service in the world or the church, we ought not to be heard saying: "I do not care for that kind of work." That is not the question. The faithful servant will not pick and choose. Nor will the servant of the Lord who hopes to be called at least good and faithful, be picking and choosing.

Modesty is good; refinement is good; self-effacement is good; the fellowship of kindred minds is good. But what if it is not so much these things that are keeping us in the background, as timidity, or indolence, or fastidiousness, or fear of offending, or preoccupation with our own affairs? There may, after all, be no justification for that quiet, pleasant life we are living. It may be a cowardly and sinful life. It may be that we are not really caring at all seriously for the things for which we ought to be caring the most; or that we are not willing to take up the cross, or do anything against the grain, in order that God's kingdom may come and his will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.—Rev. H. Arnold Thomas.

## Died.

LEIGHTON.—Henry Leighton departed this life, April 16th, at Hopewell Cape in the 84th year of his age. He formerly resided in Great Village, Colchester County N. S., but came to this province about forty years ago. His health had been poor for some time but his death was altogether unexpected. He professed faith in Christ many years ago, and had a good, strong hope in his last days. He leaves two sons to mourn their loss, but they are comforted in knowing he is so much better off.

COLEMAN.—Mrs Coleman, wife of Dr. Coleman of Moncton, died of la grippe, after only a few days illness, April 22nd, aged 41 years. Her body was brought back to the old home at Lower Cape, where the services were held in her father's house. She was Abram Bray's eldest daughter. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. F. D. Davidson, assisted by Rev. C. C. Burgess of Dorchester. She was very much loved for her Christian character. God's ways are not our way and we know it must be for the best. She leaves a husband and two children, a boy of 14 years, and a girl 8 years of age. Also an aged father and an only sister. May the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort be with them all.

WOOD.—At Hillsborough, April 23rd, Helen, the beloved and only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Council Wood, aged 9. This dear little child was very sick about a year ago, and her life was then despaired of, but she appeared to recover marvelously. She looked well, entered with zest into childish pursuits, and became again the brightness and joy of her home. The malady with which she had previously suffered however, was still lurking in her system, and re-asserted itself with fatal effect. The fond hopes of her entire recovery were sadly disappointed, and the sweet flower faded here, to bloom with new and perennial beauty in the Paradise of God. Great sympathy is felt for her parents, whose only remaining family is one son. Her father particularly we have remembered with tender prayer; for, being away in charge of his vessel, which was detained by contrary winds, he was unable to look again upon the face of her he loved so dearly.

ALBRIGHT.—At the home of her nephew Syphers Cove, Queens Co., N. B., on 8th inst., Charlotte A. Albright, aged 80.

BLAKNEY.—At Elgin, N. B., April 20th, Orley, son of Douglas and Amanda Blakney, aged 11 years.

MARSHMAN.—At Forest Glen, Westmoreland Co., N. B., April 27th, Mabel, aged 6 months, child of Joseph and Mary Marshman.

MCREA.—At Caledonia, Albert Co., on May 11th, after an illness of over three months, Lucy Ellen, aged 11 years, daughter of John McRea. May the Lord comfort the sorrowing family.

GROSS.—At his home in Penobscot, on the 12th inst., after an illness of several months, Mr. Joel Gross, aged 60 years. Mr. Gross had been station master at Penobscot for about 30 years, which position he filled with entire satisfaction winning the confidence and respect of the community, and making hosts of friends in different parts of the province. He leaves a wife, three daughters and three sons to mourn their sad loss. At Hillsboro, his former home and native town, he leaves two brothers and three sisters. Another sister and brother live in California. Mr. Gross was a son of Deacon Isaac Gross, who for many years was a consistent member and officer of the 1st Hillsboro Baptist Church. Mr. Gross was a noble man, kind and generous. He will be greatly missed, not only because he was a good citizen but because he was a generous friend of every good cause. He was a liberal supporter of the Baptist church. His funeral service, which was conducted in the Baptist church, which was perhaps the most largely attended of any seen here for many years, friends coming from adjacent communities, speaking strongly of the esteem in which the departed was held. May the God of all comfort, sustain these sorrowing friends in the time of their bereavement.

'Man is the only animal who lies standing up.'