

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 138

## The Lips and the Life.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

Every true Christian, whether in high or humble station, is bound to be a preacher of the Gospel. Remember that there are manifold ways of preaching Christ's Gospel without choosing a text or addressing a congregation. Wilberforce and Lord Shaftsbury preached God's truth on the floor of the British Parliament; Dr. Wayland, Mark Hopkins and James McCosh on the presidential chairs of a college. William Carvoso, the saintly Methodist class leader, brought hundreds of souls to Christ; the humble John Pounds, the shoemaker who baited poor street boys into his shop with a biscuit or a potato, was the founder of "Ragged Schools"; Jacob A. Riis is the orator of the slums, and the sailor, Frank T. Bullen rang out his message from the forecastle. Haliburton, when laid aside by illness, made a sick bed his pulpit. "It is the best one I was ever in," he said; "I am laid here for the very end that I may commend my Lord and Savior."

A Christ loving heart is the true ordination after all. "As ye go, preach!" "Let him that heareth say, Come!"—these are the heavenly commissions to every one who has felt the love of Jesus in his or her soul. Knowing the Gospel fixes at once the obligation to make it known to others. If I have drunk from the well of salvation I am bound to call out. "Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters!" God has a vast variety of pulpits for His servants to preach from. Yours, my friend, may be in a Sabbath school teacher's seat, or in the nursery, or a mother's arm-chair, or it may be a work bench or in a counting room. You may preach by a Bible or a tract or a loaf of bread or a poor man's table, or by an earnest talk in a mission school or a faithful pleading with an impenitent soul. Any way that will give you a hold on a sinner's heart and draw him to the Savior. Any way so that he "w to heareth says, Come!"

But there are other methods of saying "Come" besides the voice or the printed page. Clean, consistent Christly living is a mighty magnet to draw souls to Jesus. A godly example is the most powerful attractor towards heaven. Even the most eloquent pastor will find that his people look at him during the week to find out what he means on the Sabbath. Preaching piety on one day of the week does not counteract the practicing of selfishness or cowardice or compromise with wrong on the other six days. If we say "Come" with the lips it is well; but if we say "Come" with the life it is still better.

Bible religion made attractive to others is the most potent instrument for the conversion of souls. But few people are eloquent with the lips; yet every Christian may rise to the eloquence of winsome example. If you cannot utter a truth from the desk or the platform, you can live out the truth; that is the best preaching after all. No infidel can answer that. It draws silently but surely. It says Come by showing the way. The "living epistle" never needs a translation or a commentary. It is in plain English, that a child can understand. An arrant skeptic once spent a day or two with Fenelon, and on leaving he said to him, "If I stay here much longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Stanley also confessed that when he left London for Africa in search of Livingstone he was "as much prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel" but a few weeks of companionship with the glorious old heroic missionary so impressed him that he said, "I was converted by him, although he had not tried to do it."

More eloquent often than words is the silent beauty of conduct and Christly character. A poor sick girl, for example, is wearing away her young life in a chamber of confinement. All day long and all the night for weary weeks and months the patient sufferer suffers on. But she bears the sorrows of her lot so meekly, she speaks of her discipline so sweetly, she exhibits such quiet trust in Him whose strong arm is under-death her, she lives out so much religion in that sick room that her worldly minded father and

her fashion-loving sisters are deeply touched by it. Her example is a "means of grace" to that whole family; they get no better preaching from any pulpit. Her deep tranquil joys beside the well of salvation are a constant voice speaking to them, "Come, come ye to this fountain!"

I might multiply illustrations of this truth that godly acts often speak more impressively than words. A God-fearing youth occupies the same room with two or three giddy scoffers—his fellow clerks or fellow students. Night and morning he bends the knee in prayer before them. They make game of him at first; but he prays on. The daily reminder of that fearless act of devotion awakens presently in the minds of his companions the memory that they, too, had once been taught to pray, but now have learned to scoff. Example is an arrow of conviction; they, too, "remember their God and are troubled."

In his day, the Rev. John Angell James, of Birmingham, was the most popular and influential of the evangelic preachers and writers in England. He said in one of his discourses: "If I have a right to consider myself a Christian, and if I have attained to any usefulness in the Church of Christ, I owe it, in the way of instrumentality, to the sight of a companion who slept in the same room with me and who always bent his knees in prayer on retiring to rest. That scene roused my slumbering conscience, and sent an arrow to my heart; for, though I had been religiously educated, I had neglected prayer and had cast off the fear of God. My conversion soon followed and my preparation for the work of the ministry. Nearly half a century has rolled away since then; but that little chamber and that praying youth are still present to my mind, and will never be forgotten even amidst the splendors of heaven and through the ages of eternity."

Sabbath desecration is sadly on the increase, and the loose example of too many church members has something to do with it. On the other hand, the best defense of the Fourth Commandment is found in the higher lives and spiritual character of those who remember God's day to keep it holy. In no direction was Gladstone's influence more impressive; and I often recall his words to me: "Amid all the pressure of public cares and duties, I thank God for the Sabbath, with its rest for the body and the soul." The clear brain and the full purse of the total abstainer are the best temperance lecture. Actions speak louder than words. If you wish to move others, move yourself! Caesar never said to his troops, "ite!" He took the lead and cried out "Venite!" Paul acknowledged the power of example when he said "be ye followers of me." Even the lips of our adorable Redeemer do not so move us as the study of His sublime and sinless life and the power of His self-sacrificing death. Godly living is what this poor ungodly world is dying for today. If the vital union of believers with their Divine Head means anything, it means that Christ Jesus pours Himself into the world through the lips and lives of His representatives. "Ye are My witnesses." It is not I that live, exclaimed the hero-apostle, but it is Christ that liveth in me.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

John Stuart Mill said, "You cannot have a better precept for practical life, than just to do as Jesus Christ would have done in your place."

Carlyle said, "Man, know thy work, and do it!"

It is better to reflect without talking than to talk without reflecting.

Heaven is never deaf but when man's heart is dumb.

The happiest heart that ever beat

Was in some quiet breast

That found the common daylight sweet,

And left to heaven the rest.

—John Vance Cheney.

## A Success Scored by Liberalism.

William Ashmore, D. D.

We have no wish to blind our eyes to it. The sooner we face the truth the quicker will our people be put on their guard. For at least two generations, within the scope of our own recollection, has "Liberalism," as it has loved to call itself, been clamorous for recognition as a member of the household of faith. Its criticism has been, "Don't be so narrow and exacting in your fellowship. Let us all come in together on the same footing, Unitarian, Trinitarian, Orthodox, heterodox—and what not, and make one happy family together." It does not matter much what a man believes in the way of religion—God-man or no God-man, devil or no devil, atonement or no atonement, Jehovah or Jove. What difference does it make? Are we not all heading the same way and all looking for the same good time coming?

Quite a successful response to this sort of reasoning has lately been achieved around Boston. Dr. George A. Gordon, a Congregationalist, and Dr. DeNormandie, a Unitarian, have exchanged pulpits, and the exchange has been followed by another one by another Congregationalist and another Unitarian in the same way, and now we look for a pretty general interchange.

The secular papers are specially cognizant of the fact and devote carefully elaborated editorials to its commendation to all others to go and do likewise. It would seem to them that the millennium, so far as they have any idea of a millennium, is in a fair way to be ushered in with the glow and freshness of a May morning. One paper goes so far in its hilarious suggestions as to make up a slate for a dozen other ministers to go by. Baptist ministers are to speak in Universalist pulpits and *vice versa*. Indeed our Methodist friends have rather out-heroded Herod, for at a recent social Union meeting they had a Unitarian, a Swedenborgian and a Baptist all yoked up almost after the manner of an old Roman chariot. Our Baptist champion was a man who never hides his colors and is never afraid of mortal man. He told them some plain truths which must have been enlightening if not convincing—but the others were manifestly delighted with their success in achieving a mixed fraternityship.

Are these healthful signs? We cannot so regard them. They are not indicative of progress but of retrogression. Two cannot walk together if they are not agreed. The two sides are coming together—that is true, but it is not the Unitarians that are approaching the orthodox, but it is the "otherdodox" that are veering over to the Unitarian. If we are correctly informed as to the teachings of George A. Gordon he is himself a Universalist and he appears also to hold such views of sin and salvation that there is no need of separating himself from Unitarians and Universalists and Socinians. They can walk together because they are agreed.

It is a rooted conviction with us that the time is at hand when our Baptist papers and our Baptist pupils will be called upon for ringing utterances in defence and advocacy of the faith delivered once for all to the saints, for who can deny that that faith at this time is being imperilled even in our own Baptist schools of theology, and by students who go out from them denying the truth of Christ's words when He said, "For this is my blood of the New Testament shed for many for the remission of sins." They say that God Himself does not need any reconciliation and thus make the death of Christ the most inexplicable enigma in the universe.

We talk much of revivals nowadays. What is needed among us is a revival of doctrinal preaching of that positive and sturdy kind which made Herod quail and Felix tremble. The Book of God is full of the material. Alas, for the man who is afraid to use it, and blessed is the man who dares to use it. He is the true witness for God.

## The Home Mission Journal

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### Notice.

This paper, **THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL**, will hereafter be published at Fairville, St. John county. Our patrons will therefore address no more communication to **THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL** at 14 Canterbury Street, St. John. But until further notice, all correspondence and papers must be addressed to me at 2 Canard Street, St. John North. All matter for insertion in the paper should reach us not later than every second Monday in each month to insure prompt publication. Correspondents will therefore govern themselves accordingly. Subscribers when moving will please give us their new and former address, that we may know who they are, and where to address their papers.

J. H. HUGHES,  
Managing Editor.

### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER VI.

As the newly named craft took the water and glided out into the stream with a proud grace, a tug made fast to it with a line, as though to remind it that its mission in the world was a very practical one, in which mere sentiment had only an incidental part.

After the launching a bountiful lunch at Henton's expense was spread in a big building in the yard, to which all the visitor's were invited. Speeches outlining the purpose of the cruise were made, Gospel songs were sung, more prayers were offered, and then the exercises concluded with the singing of the patriotic hymn:

"My country, 'tis of thee!"

On the workmen in the yard, the occasion and the manner of its celebration made a deep impression. And as the happy crowds, still singing Gospel hymns, dispersed, one of the veteran foremen was overheard to exclaim:

"Well, that beats all! That's the strangest launching I ever saw in this old yard!"

The months went by, and finally the new yacht fully rigged and appointed, was pronounced ready for sea. As it rode at its anchor a short distance off shore it was a very pretty sight, attracting the admiring comments of passengers on steamers passing by. Although John Henton was abundantly able, unaided, to fit the yacht thoroughly it was a pleasure to him to feel that many of his friends had contributed to its equipment. The people of the church he attended furnished a beautiful church pennant, to be run up to the main masthead when service was being held aboard; the Christian Endeavorers supplied a fine cabinet organ; one of his relatives provided a plentiful supply of hymn-books; while a few of his society friends presented a splendid American flag.

Henton himself took an ardent pleasure in looking after every detail of the yacht's equipment, supplementing the gifts received by a plentiful supply of Bibles, tracts in all languages, books of general interest to seamen, medicines, surgical supplies, dainties for the sick, comforts for the convalescent, comfort bags," clothing, including "Cape Ann" suits of oil-skins, and provisions of all kinds. Everything that careful and prayerful forethought could foresee would be necessary, was provided for the long cruise.

Finally, one fair spring day a farewell service was held on board the *Glad Tidings*, in which many well-known Christian workers participated; much good counsel was offered to the Hentons,

who, remembering their own youth and want of experience, accepted it all in good part, and many fervent prayers were offered for a voyage that should be successful in the best sense. John Henton felt happy indeed that memorable day. (He—the new John Henton, saved by grace—was the owner of a noble yacht, consecrated to the cause of caring for seamen of all nations, and fitted to serve as a floating headquarters for all kinds of Christlike work.

It was with a beating heart that Captain Henton, after bidding the last of his visitors good-bye, stood that May afternoon on the bridge of his superb boat, and with a quick, decisive motion of his arm, signalled to the engine room, "Full speed ahead!"

Soon the screw began churning the waters, and the *Glad Tidings* was off on its long cruise for the Cross.

It was a curious sensation to Henton to leave behind him the busy scenes of American life in a great metropolis. He was not sorry to part from the serrated rows of skyscrapers in Manhattan Island, and to draw apart from the label of the world of business, although he gratefully acknowledged that, if it had not been for the business enterprise and integrity of his father, he would never have become possessed of the means to carry out his mission of a world-wide cruise.

As night descended on the Sound, Henton and his sister Grace paced the quarter deck for hour after hour, enjoying the quiet beauty of the scene, as the moonbeams falling on the water before them seemed to furnish a silvery pavement up through which the yacht kept steering. Henton was reminded—almost with a shudder—of that moonlight night in Newport Harbor when he had had his last long talk with the godless Oakes. Now he was in better company, on a holier mission, and that former life of sin now seemed like a nightmare.

By the next afternoon *Glad Tidings* was running by Newport, but its master did not stop, for Henton had small interests in those gay scenes now. The first stop was Vineyard Haven, where Henton renewed his acquaintance with good Captain Perkins. He encouraged the crew of the *Glad Tidings*, all Americans and all picked men, to attend the Bethel meetings, where many professed conversion, including the first mate, William Howard—who had served as sailing master of the *Sea Gull*—a staunch and true seaman, whom Henton had always regarded highly.

The *Glad Tidings* took daily spins out in the waters of Nantucket Sound, where the crew were exercised at the boats, until they could cast off the lashings, swing out the davits, and lower away on the falls as handily and as rapidly as a boat's crew on a man-of-war. Henton never knew when he would be called upon to order the boats away—for he was now to attempt deep-sea sailing in earnest. Then a final adieu was said to the Bethel, and to Captain Perkins—whom Henton would gladly have taken with him on his voyage, as a missionary worker, but the captain was wedded to his work among the coasters. An excellent man by the name of Joel Nickerson, a Nantucketer, was engaged as first officer in his place.

Soon the Highland Light on Cape Cod was dropped astern and the *Glad Tidings* was breasting the surges of the Atlantic. Nothing eventful happened until the yacht reached the banks of Newfoundland, when heavy fogs were encountered. Henton ordered the engines slowed, from fear of collision. After running some hours through the fog the lookout forward gave a sharp cry, "Disabled craft on the starboard bow!"

Instantly "Stop!" was signalled to the engine room, and Henton and Nickerson rushed to the right of the bridge. A few moments more and a fishing schooner, dimasted and water-logged, was sighted drifting slowly toward them on the waves. Three men were clinging to the stumps of the masts—evidently the rest of the crew had been drowned. The men were too exhausted to haul the yacht, but there was no need of advertising their extremity. A boat was immediately lowered in charge of the first officer, and was quickly alongside the schooner. The three men were carefully helped into the boat and brought on board the yacht, where they received the kindest care. Soon they recovered their spirits, and told Captain Henton that their schooner, a Gloucester fishing boat, had been dimasted in a furious squall, and all hands swept overboard except the three who were picked up by the *Glad Tidings*. Henton tried to impress the

hardy fellows with a thought of the goodness of God in sparing their lives. He told them that they would be carried to England and a passage home secured for them. The men were deeply affected by the serious speech and kindly words of the manly young Christian skipper. They had not been used to anything but the harshest treatment. They more than hinted that there was no good reason why their boat should have been capsized. The truth was that it was unseaworthy, and a drunken captain was at the helm when the squall struck them. With brain fuddled with drink the drunken fool did just the wrong thing when the tempest swept over the Banks. "Such shipowners and such skippers ought to be sent to prison!" exclaimed Henton, with righteous indignation.

No sooner had the *Glad Tidings* gotten under way again than it had a close brush with a huge Atlantic liner that came recklessly rushing through the mist. Later the ship's company felt the chill of several big icebergs, past which the yacht crept cautiously.

A big storm was encountered in the "Roaring Forties." The noble vessel stood the punneling of the huge waves finely, though she tossed around like a chip on the waters. Henton and Grace were fine sailors, and did not mind the weather so far as that was concerned, but Henton's look became serious as the storm increased. Now and then when he could be spared from the bridge he stole aside a few minutes for prayer, and encouraged the men off duty to do the same, for, as he was fond of saying, "Prayer and provender hinder no man's journey." He would have altered the adage, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry" into "Trust in God and keep the engines going!" The staunch triple-expansion engines of the *Glad Tidings* kept its head steadily to the surges, so that it never fell off into the trough of the sea, and finally came through the storm undamaged except for the loss of one boat and some of the forward rail—though at one time it was necessary to heave to, head on to the sea, keeping the screw turning just enough to maintain that position until calmer weather was experienced.

(To be Continued.)

### Maine Leads.

A conclusive answer to the oft repeated liquor cry that Prohibition is a stumbling block to prosperity, is shown in the savings banks' reports for this state during 1902. Maine does not produce large fortunes, yet its savings banks show 183,108 depositors out of a population of about 650,000, with deposits amounting to \$66,132,677, or more than \$360 for each depositor. This does not include the money deposited in commercial banks and in the loan and trust companies, aggregating nearly \$50,000,000 additional. No other state in the Union can show such a record of General saving. —*Religious Intelligencer*.

### High License a Failure.

This is proven by the liquor dealers' own testimony.

The *Brewers' Journal* says: "High license reforms nothing, and wherever it has been given a fair trial it has been to the liquor dealers eminently satisfactory from a financial point of view."

The *Bar*, the official liquor organ of Chicago, says: "A good high license to help pay the tax of the temperance fanatics will pacify their conscience."

A Boston liquor dealer believes in high license because it puts his business on a more respectable foundation, and he says: "The State offers me something which protects me in my business."

*Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular*, referring to the Brooks law, says: "Increase of the license fee in Pennsylvania from \$500 to \$1,000 will be the best investment the liquor interests ever made."

The *Vine and Spirit Gazette* says:

It must be admitted that the Philadelphia liquor sellers, whose stores are at present bonanzas, favor the increase of the annual license fee to \$2,000.

The higher their fee the better their chance of crowding the little fellows out of the business, and creating a monopoly by which a few will make large fortunes.

The president of the Liquor Dealers' Protective League says:

The true policy for the trade to pursue is to advocate a high license as they can in justice afford to pay, because the money thus raised tends to relieve all owners of property from taxation, and keeps the treasuries of the towns and cities pretty well filled. This catches the ordinary taxpayer.

Mr. Peter Her, the leading distiller of Nebraska, after several years' experience of the high license system, in a letter written for the guidance of liquor dealers in another State, says:

High license does not hurt our business, but, on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it. \* \* \* \* I believe somewhat that high license lessens the quantity of liquors used \* \* \* \* I would be in favor of high license rather than trust to the non-enforcement of law under prohibition.

**Father in Heaven I Cry Unto Thee.**

By Henry Harvey Stuart

Father in Heaven, I cry unto Thee,  
Bending low the adoring knee,  
Look not in anger upon Thy child  
Who by the tempter has been beguiled.

Father in Heaven, O hear Thou my prayer!  
Where but in Thee is there refuge—O where?  
Where but in Thee can my spirit find rest?  
Naught! But Thy voice can bring peace to my breast.

Far from the narrow way, Father, I've strayed;  
Devious pathways in sin I have made;  
Far from the Cross have drifted away;  
Satan hath bound me for many a day.

But to Thy service I fain would return;  
Shelter me, shield me, my prayer do not spurn.  
Lay Thou upon me what seemeth Thee best,  
But on Thy bosom allow me to rest.

**Why He Cobbled.**

It is told of William Carey, the pioneer of missions in India, that after cobbling shoes in his little room all day, he would go from village to village at night preaching the Gospel. One day, in the midst of these itinerant preachings, a friend came into his room, where he was stitching away, and with a very serious face began to remonstrate with him: "Mr. Carey, I want to speak with you very seriously." "Well," said Carey, "what is it?" The friend replied: "It is this—by your going about so much, preaching as you are doing, you are neglecting your business. If you only attend to your business now, you would be all right, and would soon get on, and prosper; but, as it is, you are simply ruining yourself by neglecting your business." "Neglecting my business?" said Carey, looking at him steadily. "My business, don't you know, is to extend the kingdom of God! I am only cobbling shoes to pay expenses." A little more of the spirit of William Carey in our day might make things move.—*Religious Intelligence.*

"When you save a man, you save a unit; when you save a child, you save a multiplication-table."—*John Wanamaker.*

There can be no stability without ability.

When it rains it is better to smile and say, "it will lay the dust," than to grumble and say "it will make mud."

It is a sad thing when the heart is a sepulchre of dead resolutions and departed ideals.

**Religious News.**

**CHIPMAN.** Four young men were baptized at Chipman on May 1st. Our meetings continue and the work of grace is deepening. We expect to visit the baptismal waters again next Sunday May 9, 1904. E. T. M. P. S.—The church is greatly revived and strengthened and the members are taking up the work in good earnest.

Baptized two on Sunday, May 8th. "The 'Tour Party,'" which began its itinerary in St. John last week, meets with the Charlotte Co., S. S. Convention, to be held in St. Stephen 13, 15. It is believed the visit of these brethren will intensify the zeal of all Sunday School workers who are fortunate enough to attend. A large delegation is expected. W. C. GOTCHER.

**CAMPBELLTON, N. B.** About the 2nd week of Feb. we increased the number of prayer meetings from two to four. The first few nights

the extra meetings were not very well attended but they so grew in interest that by the end of the 2nd week our vestry was well filled every night and some twelve or fifteen had confessed Christ for the first time. At this stage Rev. J. Harry King came to us and assisted for a fortnight. His visit was greatly blessed. The whole church was much refreshed and about fifty in all surrendered to the Lord. We have had baptism nearly every Sabbath since the 20th of March and up to the present twenty-eight have been received into the church, and there will be several more at our next communion. To God be the praise. J. W. KIERSTAD, Pastor.

**LEINSTER ST., ST. JOHN.** Two persons were baptized on Sunday May 15th by Pastor Christopher Burnett.

**CARLETON,** Since last report three have been received into our fellowship one by baptism and two by letter. B. N. NOBLES.

**HOULTON, MR.** Rev. J. A. Ford, M. A. received 62 persons into the First Baptist church, Houlton, during the months of March and April. This makes 125 additions to the church in a little over two years.

The Lord is blessing us. It was my privilege to baptize fifteen believers, five a week ago and ten yesterday. Others are seeking the Lord. I wish also to mention the kindness of the people. In Feb. last a large number of the church and congregation met at the parsonage and made us a donation amounting to nearly \$50. May God's blessing rest upon the people. MILTON ADDISON.

Surrey, N. B., May 16th, 1904.

**A Midnight Alarm.**

By Rev. C. W. Townsend, of St. Martin's.

In the tower of our Church at St. Martin's the town clock is placed, which was given to the community several years ago by a wealthy citizen, who was also a Baptist. The clock is thus a striking symbol of a Christian who, while adhering consistently to one communion, is a blessing to all sorts and conditions of men. On each of three sides from which a view of it can be obtained a large dial tells the unceasing march of time. Connected with the clock is a powerful bell which sonorously sounds forth the passing hour, and also serves to announce our Sunday and week-night services. I may explain that our Parsonage faces the Church, on the opposite side of the street.

On one of the coldest nights of last winter, my wife and I were suddenly roused from our slumbers by the sharp, loud, somewhat jerky, but continued ringing of the aforesaid bell. We knew by the manner and continuance of the sound that it was more than the ordinary stroke of the clock. To be awakened thus, in what Shakespeare calls

"The dead vast and middle of the night," is something more solemn in such a season than ringing on a cold winter's night. In my past experience seems to sleep more lightly, and waking more general experience. It strikes me that when the great dramatist, ere the appearance of the ghost upon the platform at Elsinore made one of his characters exclaim "Tis bitter cold," it was not accidental, but part of his design to prepare us for the shuddering fear which the sight of the dread apparition should occasion. Anyway, it is far from comfortable to have to leave a warm bed when the thermometer is below zero.

Then there was something mysterious about the alarm; we knew not what it foreboded. At first we thought it might mean fire, or that, perhaps, a ship was in distress (for on this coast several disasters have happened), and that some one on shore who knew of it was summoning a rescue party. As we hastily dressed we could say with Edgar Allan Poe:—"Hear the loud alarm bells—

Braken bells!  
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!  
In the startled ear of night  
How they scream out their affright!"

I may add that after some minutes of agitated ringing the bell ceased. We were speedily downstairs, and I was soon on the street. The Church door was closed and locked, so that if any one had entered the tower for the purpose of ringing the bell he must quickly have left again. No glare of fire was anywhere visible. Not a person was in sight. So after satisfying myself that no real cause for alarm existed, I went indoors, and concluding, which proved to be a correct surmise, that something had got wrong with the works of the clock, we retired again. Soon we heard once more the now familiar sound; but this time we refused to heed the "mad expostulation" of an irresponsible and unreasonable bell, and betook ourselves to sleep. We learnt next day that, through the cold, the works had become disordered, which accounted for the automatic ringing of the bell. Others had heard it, several of whom, remembering a similar occurrence in the past, judged rightly as to the cause; while a few, like ourselves, had got up, and, living at a greater distance from the Church, had appeared upon the scene after our investigation was over.

Such a circumstance set me thinking of the time when the real summons shall come to each of us to meet our God. It may come very suddenly, perhaps when we are least expecting it: what will it mean to us to leave the warmth, cheer, and comfort of life, and enter upon the cold of death? If we are reconciled to God through Christ Jesus, and are faithfully doing the work He gave us to do, we need not fear. In answer to a remark—"That death which we all dread," Frances Ridley Havergal wrote, "I do not fear death. Often I wake in the night and think of it, look forward to it with a thrill of joyful expectation and anticipation, which would become impatience were it not that Jesus is my Master as well as my Saviour; and I feel I have a work to do for Him that I would not shirk, and also that His time to call me home will be the best and right time, and therefore I am content to wait." And she tells how she was once in the dark, and felt it might be her last conscious hour on earth, and she adds, "I never spent a calmer, sweeter hour than that." So should it be with every believer, since Jesus came to deliver those who through fear of death were all their life-time subject to bondage. But if we are without Christ, and consequently without hope, death surely will be to us the King of terrors. When we are called to meet Him—"How that summons will the sinner's heart confound."

Many Christians, however, do not look for death; but are longing for the glorious appearing of their great God and Saviour, Jesus Christ. He will come as a thief in the night. "At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him!" How will that cry fall upon our ears—as the sound of wedding bells, or with a melancholy menace in its tone? When He cometh, will He find us watching or sleeping? Oh, let us all examine ourselves and seek to be ready! It has been well said that the voice of corrupt nature to Christ is "Depart"; the voice of luke-warm profession says, "Linger"; the voice of longing love says, "Come." Let us each watch with the glad welcome on our lips: "Even so, come, Lord Jesus." "Blessed is that servant, whom his Lord when He cometh shall find so doing!"

**Foes in the Household**

The indifference of many fathers and mothers in the matter of the books read by their children would be incomprehensible if life were not full of similar contradictions and follies. Men work day and night with almost breathless eagerness to make their children physically comfortable; women take up uncomplainingly a cross of self-denial, which often ends in a veritable martyrdom, for the sake of securing something which seems to them to be the happiness of their children; and yet many of these same self-sacrificing fathers and mothers never so much as look at the titles of the books over which the boys and girls are poring as they sit about the evening lamp. It is obvious, of course, that this strange commingling of things so far apart as self-effacement and indifference comes about through ignorance, through failure to understand that peril may be intellectual and spiritual as well as physical; that the mind may be poisoned, the heart corrupted, the life perverted, with any external temptation; that in the midst of comfortable homes, housed from evil companionship, a child's nature may be strained or distorted almost beyond recovery.

The air we breathe and the water we drink may be, and often are, more perilous to us than the possibilities of accident by land or sea. The poisons that lurk in these universal elements are much more destructive of life every year than derailed and burning trains, sinking ships, falling buildings, or the fierce tongues of conflagration. And the peculiarity of the peril lies largely in the fact that its presence is rarely suspected until after the seeds of disease and death have borne indubitable fruit. A better knowledge of sanitary laws is subjecting both air and water to constant and rigid tests; and, having learned how deadly these apparently innocent things may become, we are no longer content to live in a fool's paradise of ignorance. Books, to the children of this day of countless cheap presses, are as common as air and water, and as full of possible peril. It is high time that busy fathers and overworked mothers awoke to the fact that while they are guarding the front door the devil of impurity and untruth may be finding ready access through the back door. It is idle to pour out one's life as a sacrifice to secure the comfort of a child whose mental and spiritual health are being permanently destroyed; better a thousand times let the child suffer some loss of luxury, and take time to look after its mind and heart. Many a father makes himself a slave to business for the sake of a child with whose thoughts and feelings he has as little acquaintance as if the two had never been brought in contact.

No book ought ever to come into a child's hands that has not first been read by the father or mother, or the character of which is not thoroughly understood as a matter of trustworthy report. The more intelligent the parent is, the more rigid will be this inspection; he will not be content with the assurance that a book is free from impurity; he will insist that a book be also sound, true and healthy in tone. Impure books abound; but, fortunately, they wear vice on their very faces, and it is easy to shut the door on them. Peril of a more subtle if of a less deadly kind comes from another quarter, and is often overlooked. Hosts of children are reading books today which ought to be taken out of their hands because, although good in intention, they are morbid, unhealthy, and untrue in teaching and illustration. There is a great mass of so-called "religious reading" which a wise parent will carefully keep out of the house because of its sentimental, unreal, and essentially untrue presentation of the most serious themes. The puerile materialism of many books which ge-

into Sunday-school libraries is a thing to guard against as one would protect a child from disease. Sound, healthy, noble, natural ideas of religious things are of the utmost moment, and the difficulty of finding them in books for children is one of the most serious perplexities of parenthood. To give a child a true and noble thought of God and its own life, a thought which will deepen with knowledge and widen with experience, without forcing, later on, the painful and dangerous process of doubt and reconstruction, is a duty which no intelligent father and mother will surrender to another. Above all things, keep books which teach religion on a low plane, or present it as a morbid experience, or vulgarize it by familiarity, or falsify it by untrue illustration, off your table and out of your house. An immoral book is not necessarily a shocking book; but it is always an untrue book. There are more immoral books in the hands of children than parents suspect, for the reason that many people confound the substance of immorality with its representations. There are numberless episodes in the Old and New Testaments, and numberless great works of literature, which portray immorality and which are yet profoundly moral, because they exhibit the working out of sin into its inevitable losses and penalties. There are, on the other hand, multitudes of books which do not touch flagrant sin of any sort, but which are both immoral and demoralizing, because they are untrue pictures of life; because they furnish low instead of high motives of action; because they separate actions from their consequences; because they substitute a weak sentimentalism for the health and vigor of deep principles; because they make an easy and magical thing of something which all experience declares to be a very difficult thing, to be attained only by patient and faithful struggle. A story which deals honestly with repulsive sins, and shows how they issue in inevitable misery and degradation, is not a book for children, but at bottom it may be a much more moral work than one in which the hard and fast lines of real life fade out in an atmosphere of sentimentalism. Stories for children of a distinctively religious tendency need especially to be scrutinized with the utmost care, and no book should ever go into a child's hands which substitutes familiarity for reverence, a magical piety for downright faithful living and working, and an abnormal experience for sound, healthy, natural growth.—*Christian Union.*

**Married.**

**McGRATH-TILLITS**—At the residence of Mrs. Edward Tillits, by Rev. M. P. King, May 10th, Mr. Charles McGrath to Miss Dora Tillits, all of Little River, Sunbury Co.

**Died.**

**DAVIS**—Mrs. Ann Davis of Hatfield's Point, Kings county, widow of the late Zebulon S. Davis, fell asleep in Jesus, April 30th, after a brief illness, in the 95th year of her age. She and her husband both professed religion after their marriage, and united with the first Baptist church in Springfield of which they continued active members during a long life. Their house was known as the home of ministers generally when visiting the Point. Mr. Davis preceded Mrs. Davis to the heavenly home nine years ago. They raised a family of nine children, two of whom, a son and daughter have passed on to the home of immortals. Mrs. Davis leaves to cherish the memory of a kind mother, seven children, thirty grand children, and thirty-two great grand children. Sister Davis was what might be termed "A mother in Israel," and will be much missed at the Point. A large cortege attended her interment, and her pastor Rev. W. M. Field preached an appropriate and impressive sermon on the occasion. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

**ANDREWS**—Mrs. Letitia Andrews departed this life in the 78th year of her age, at her home in Little River, Sunbury Co.

**DYKEMAN**—At Jenseg, Queens Co., on the 24th December, William H. Dykeman, aged 79 years.

**GRAHAM**—Mrs. Thomas Graham, departed this life in the 83rd year of her age, at the home of her son John, Upper Newcastle, April 28th, 1904.

**REECE**—At Cumberland Bay, on the 10th inst., Mrs. Ann Reece, aged 86 years. Our sister was baptized many years ago by Rev. Elias Kierstead, and lived a consistent member of the church all her days.

**WASSON**—At Jenseg, Queens Co., on the 20th April, Julia Wasson, aged 16 years, beloved daughter of Capt. James Wasson, Esq.

**TITUS**—At Jenseg, Queens Co., May 19th, Dorcas Ann Titus, aged 80 years, widow of the late Deacon Benjamin Titus of blessed memory.

**FREEZE**—Died at the home of Trueman Freeze, his nephew, Havelock, May 9th, Mr. Harvey Freeze, aged 83 years. Early in the winter he was taken with a gripe from which he never recovered. The long and tedious illness was to be seen with Christian fortitude and patience looking forward to future and final rest in heaven. He was the last of a family of five and was highly respected by all who knew him. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. E. C. Corey of Petticoctae.

**PERRY**—At Havelock, April 26th, Isabell widow of the late Gardner Perry, aged 73 years. Mrs. Perry had just returned from the States where she had been living with her children, came home to visit her old friends and died two days after her arrival. She was a faithful member of the Baptist church and beloved by all who knew her. Two sons and two daughters survive to cherish her memory. The funeral service was conducted by B. V. E. C. Corey of Petticoctae.

**KEITH**—Died at Havelock, May 1st, Owens Keith, aged 80 years. He was stricken with paralysis and after two days passed away to his eternal reward. He united with the Havelock Baptist church under the ministry of Rev. J. A. Smith over 40 years ago, and was a faithful attendant until the close of life. In his death the community have lost a worthy citizen. One son, Dr. Keith of Harcourt, and two daughters Mrs. S. Perry of Havelock, and Mrs. J. Ritchie of St. John survive to cherish the memory of a kind father. A large congregation filling the Baptist church attended the high esteem. An appropriate sermon was delivered by E. C. Corey from Eph. 1.18.

**WATSON**—At Gibson, N. B. April 23rd, C. Arthur, aged 1 year and 8 months, only child of Charles and Nettie Watson. Rest in the arms of Jesus.

**SIBLEY**—At Clair's Settlement, York Co., N. B., April 12, James Sibley, aged 80 years. The deceased was a quiet man and honorable. The burial service was at Grafton.

**MOXOM**—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. Geo. Little, Woodstock, N. B., from cancer of the stomach Mrs. Henry Moxom, aged 73 years, passed away April 9th. She was a patient Christian woman. The burial was at Benton. Two daughters and one son reside in N. B., and two sons and one daughter are in California.

**DONALDS**—At Upper Belleville, April 30, Nathan Donalds aged 74.—Our brother had been ailing for some time, passed peacefully away to be forever with Jesus. He had been a member of the church for many years, and when enjoying health strongly supported the various interests of the denomination. He was kindly ministered to at his brother's Elijah Donalds.

A man does not become an artist by merely reading about pictures, but by learning to paint them; so a man does not become truly a Christian by merely reading about the Christian life, but by daily learning to live it.

Christianity means far more than the saying of the creed, and attendance at church; it means a religion which leavens a man's whole life and character, which makes it impossible to tell a lie, or to do a mean dishonorable act, or to take advantage of another's weakness, or to be cruel or unforbearing in word or deed.

There are some who try to put a little gilded washing of religion, as it were, once a week on a life which is only base metal; the religion of a true Christian is solid all through.