

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 83

## How the Young Bartender Was Saved.

SOME years ago in Boston, a young man and his sister came to see me one evening in great trouble concerning their brother. The story they told me was one of those heart-breaking stories that come so often to the ear of the minister of a large city church.

These young people were from Nova Scotia. Their father had died some years before, and the mother had been left with a large family, with only one of them old enough to be of any help. This boy was the young man who had come to see me. He told how his mother had dreaded to have him leave home, but there had to be help from the outside, or the family would be broken up and scattered, and so with a breaking heart she let him go away to Boston to work. Tears ran down his manly face as he told of the last night at home, of the Bible his mother gave him, and of her earnest pleading with him to lead a Christian life in the strange city.

Well, he came to Boston, got a job of work, joined the church and had got along well. He sent back all his wages that he could spare to help the mother and the children at home. After a while the next one to him, a girl, became old enough to come to Boston and enter into domestic service, and now, for three or four years, the two had been working to make the burdens lighter for the old mother in the far-off Canada home. They were both earnest Christians and honest, self-respecting young people. And now they came to the burden of their story which had brought them to me. They were not members of my church, but as I had been very closely identified with temperance work, they had hoped I might be of value to them in their great emergency.

This was their trouble: "Two years before, George, a younger brother, and the very idol of his mother's heart, had also come to the city. He had had the same careful training by his devout Christian mother as the others, but he had gotten employment where he had been thrown into evil associations, and had been led into the habit of drink. This had lost him his place, and, in spite of all they could do, he had taken a place as a bartender some six months before their coming to me. After this his downfall had been rapid. He had drunk and drunk until he was bloated, and his beautiful features were becoming coarse and revolting. They had come to me hoping that I might be able to advise them. They had not written their mother about his condition, for they feared it would kill her if she knew; and I have seldom in my life seen anybody in sorer trouble than were that brother and sister.

I must confess that it seemed like a very hopeless case. We prayed together about it, and I urged them to keep on praying for him, and to use every influence they had to get him out of the business, and, in the meantime, if any opportunity offered, to bring him to me, so that I might talk with him.

About two weeks passed, when the young woman came to see me alone, saying that her brother had lost his place as bartender, because of his drunkenness, and she was hoping that now there might be a chance to do something. It so happened that, the day before her visit, the proprietor of a newly established sanitarium for the cure of drunkenness had met me on the street and told me that if I would send them some one in whom I was particularly interested, they would treat the case free. I told the young girl about this, and begged her to bring her brother to me, and see if we could not persuade him to go to this sanitarium. She immediately caught at this, for he had been sick for a few days, and was now thoroughly sober, and seemed to be more repentant, and to have more feeling concerning his condition than he had shown for a long time.

The next morning she brought the young man to my study. In spite of the awful traces of dissipation he was a handsome young fellow, and

bore in his features and especially in his eyes, the unmistakable traces of real manhood. Poor fellow, he had been caught in the devil's net by his genial heart and his feet had been tripped from under him, as have the feet of ten thousands of others, almost before he knew it. I saw that he was now thoroughly ashamed of himself, and that, while willing to do anything, he was almost entirely hopeless of any good coming of it.

I had a long talk with him about it, told him of several cases that had come under my own observation, of men who had been greatly helped by medical treatment in overcoming the drink habit, and after I had got him thoroughly interested, and somewhat encouraged, I quietly urged upon him the greater cure for all sinfulness that was to be found in the Great Physician. I suggested to him that all his troubles had come to him because he had been tempted out of the path in which he had been brought up. That after coming to Boston, none of his wickedness would have affected him if he had retained his habit of Bible reading, and prayer, and church-going which his mother had taught him—putting himself in the hands of the Saviour. At the mention of his mother he was deeply moved, and as I talked gently and tenderly about her, his pride seemed to break down completely, and he cried like a child.

"Oh! I know it! I know it!" he said. "She is praying for me! I have tried to forget it for a year but I know she is still praying! It would kill her if she could see me now." Then I assured him that his mother's God was also his God, and that if he prayed to him, even now, in his sin and sorrow, God would hear him and forgive him. When I asked if he would like to have me pray with him, he exclaimed most eagerly, "Oh, yes, do!"

It was borne in upon me by the Holy Spirit that it was the crisis hour of the man's soul. We knelt down together, I on one side, and his sister on the other. I poured out my soul in prayer, and she followed in supplication. I do not think I ever heard such a prayer for another as that sister poured out to God. I doubt if she had ever heard her own voice in prayer before. She was a timid little body and I do not imagine that she had ever prayed out loud in meeting in her life. But, oh, how she prayed that morning! She told the whole story over again to God. It was a new parable of the Prodigal Son except that it was a mother waiting at home, and the poor prodigal, with the smell of the swine still on him, was just now coming to himself.

When the sister had finished her prayer, I urged him to pray for himself, and he did so, in broken, incoherent sentences at first, but soon in a perfect flood-tide of repentance. And then suddenly, a great thing happened. I never could tell just how it came; it reminded me at the time of the words of Jesus to Nicodemus, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit." So it was in this case. Suddenly the agonizing man ceased to agonize. He stopped praying right in the middle of a sentence, and though his tears still flowed, and the great sobs shook his frame, both the sister and myself felt that a great change had come. I turned to look at his face and found him turning to look at me. His face was wet with tears, but there was infinitely joyous wonder shining in his eyes, and I said:

"George, are you forgiven?" And he said, and with the very first words his joy increased:

"My burden is gone! Yes! He forgives me!"

And then we all sprang to our feet, and the sister hugged him and kissed him, and we all cried again, but this time they were tears of joy.

Soon I began to speak about the arrangements for his going out to the sanitarium. Then he turned to me and said, "I do not believe I will go."

"Why?" I inquired, astonished.

"Well," he said, "I came intending to go, be-

cause there seemed nothing else to do. It was my only hope, and I had not much faith in that. But now it seems different. God has forgiven me. I have Christ, my Saviour, to help me, and I am going to trust him."

Of course I was greatly astonished, and not entirely easy as to the outcome. But there was something about it all so strongly indicating the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, that I did not try to change his purpose. After gratefully thanking me, they went away. I kept track of them for many months, and during all that time George lived a strong and courageous Christian life, having gained constant victory over all temptation from the old appetite which had so degraded and despoiled him.

There were several factors in the young bartender's salvation. First of all, on the human side, was that faithful mother whose prayers and Christian fidelity he could never forget. Second, there was the loving faithfulness of that Christian brother and sister, and finally, there came my opportunity, and the leading of the Holy Spirit to impress me to seize the critical moment when he could be won to surrender himself to God. It was one of the clearest cases of instantaneous conversion, which thoroughly transformed the man, that I have ever witnessed.

"Let us each day make ourselves happy by asking in some possible way to the happiness of others; comfort some sorrow, relieve some want, add some strength to our neighbour's virtue."

"The path of all excellence lies in the following of advancing ideas which rise as we approach them, and which are perpetually calling to us from loftier heights."

In the largest idea, love is everything. It is the key to life, and its influences are those that move the world. Live only in the thought of love for all and you will draw love to you from all. Live in the thought of malice or hatred, and malice and will come back to you. This is an immutable law.

If you can overcome yourself you will be prepared to conquer all things.

## Special Notice.

I have been confined to my home ever since November last with a severe case of asthma; and have not been able to do any calling upon our subscribers in the country. I do not expect to be able to go out any before the warm weather comes in. Now I wish to express my gratitude to those subscribers who have sent in payments for "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL," and you dear friends, who are in arrears for the past year or more will greatly oblige me if you send in payments, and continue taking the paper. It costs me nearly thirty dollars every month to pay for printing and mailing the paper, and correspondence. That requires sixty subscribers paid in every month to keep the paper alive. Several have paid in for the present year, to whom I am very thankful. Will others do likewise? The outlay for the paper has to be paid for as we go on with it; and if the income for it is not forthcoming it leaves me in a very trying position as I am not able to do any collecting.

J. H. HUGHES.

Manager of "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL."

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### Railroading With Christ.

BY REV. CHARLES A. S. DWIGHT.

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#### CHAPTER V.

##### SUFFERING FOR ANOTHER'S FAULT.

**J**AMES SUMMERS kept quietly watching for a chance to ruin Joe Benton's prospects. At length the opportunity seemed to offer.

The through freight had one evening been lying for the half-hour on the long switch at Walnut Siding, when, finally obtaining the right of way westward, it slowly pulled out on the main track. Then it came to a standstill to allow Joe Benton, who had been assigned to that duty, to close the switch behind it, leaving the train track clear again for through travel. Joe performed this task in his usual thorough manner, carefully inspecting the switch in the bright light of his lantern to see that it was securely locked. Then as he regained the platform of the caboose he swung his lantern as a signal to go ahead. But the freight had not pulled on its way more than a train length when a slight break-down on the engine occurred, making necessary another stop. The delay lasted only for a few minutes, when four sharp whistles sounded from the locomotive, calling in the brakeman who had been sent down the track with a red light. The man who was so sent happened to be Jake Summers.

That very evening when the freight slowly crawled into the yard at Hammerville the crew learned that a serious accident had occurred shortly before at Walnut Siding. The faces of the trainmen immediately became grave, fearing as they did the investigation which would surely follow as to the handling of their train when at the siding—for the despatch announcing the disaster also mentioned the fact that an open switch was the cause of the derailment of the unfortunate passenger train.

The next day it was reported that no lives had been lost as a result of the accident, though a few trainmen had been severely injured, and two cars had been overturned. The railroad authorities did not feel at all amiable over the affair. The papers were all criticising them severely, and clamoring for a thorough investigation of the cause of the catastrophe.

Accordingly in due time the crew of the through freight were summoned to appear before an inquisitive board of railroad officials. The freight had been the last train to pass Walnut Siding before the accident, and the evidence all pointed to gross culpability on the part of some member of its crew.

Joe Benton admitted that his duty on that

particular night was to close and lock the switch. "Why then did you not do so?" sharply demanded the Superintendent, who served as chief inquisitor.

"I did, sir!" replied Joe, his face flushing hotly.

He knew that he spoke the truth, but under the sharp scrutiny of the official examiners he was conscious of blushing painfully—they thought guiltily.

"Do you mean, sir, in the face of all this evidence against you, to deny your guilt?" demanded the Superintendent, who prided himself on his knowledge of human nature and his ability to detect all culprits.

"The evidence may be against me, sir," replied Joe, quietly, regaining somewhat his composure; "but I know that I locked the switch, and looked it over afterward carefully with my lantern to make perfectly sure!"

"I don't believe a word of that! You were the last man to handle the switch before the passenger train struck it. The evidence is all against you. I'll teach you men not to be careless of the Company's rolling-stock, and the lives of its passengers! That no men were killed outright the other night was not your fault. You are discharged, sir!"

"But Superintendent,—" began Joe.

"Not another word, sir! You leave the room!"

Joe's face flushed scarlet. He felt that he was suffering from a cruel injustice. He had not been half heard in his own defence, nor allowed to say anything of especial weight in rebuttal of the charges. The fact of the case was that the Superintendent, in his haste to find a victim on whom to unload the burden of the public's fierce wrath, was intolerant of any contradiction, or even discussion, of the truth of his hastily-formed theory as to the identity of the culprit in the case. Joe knew well enough that Jake Summers had had a key to that switch as well as himself; he recollected Summers' pointed threats; and was aware who had carried the red light to the rear, and thus secured an opportunity of tampering with the switch, that dark night the train was delayed at Walnut Siding.

But Joe had been given no chance to say aught of all this, nor could he prove the truth of the facts of which he was absolutely certain in his own mind.

So, feeling bitterly, and cruelly smarting under a sense of the injustice done him, Joe Benton hurried from the brilliantly lighted room where the investigation had been held, out into the damp, chilling fog of the evening—which seemed cheerlessly to symbolize his deep perplexity of mind. Sick at heart he felt that he could not go home at once and burden his mother so soon with the unwelcome news; and so dejectedly, with all the pathetic sense of vagabondage and want which attends the laborer out of work, he stumbled along in the dark. Here and there the thick gloom was relieved by the garish gleam of the lights in some saloon, around whose doors, despite the hard times, scores of loafers were loitering, like moths hovering about a candle, waiting for a good chance to singe their wings. In his desperation Joe was strangely tempted to yield to the enticing calls of a saloon-keeper of oily manners, who stood by a door-way inviting Joe to enter his establishment and have a drink. But just then, in utter contrast with the smooth-shaved countenance of the tempter, there arose the vision of a sweet womanly face—that of the dear mother at home, who even then seemed to

be saying to her boy: "Joe, let the deceitful cup alone; and remember however great at any one time may appear to be your difficulties, to try to drown them in the wine-cup is but to exchange one trouble for another, and that a worse one!"

Instantly thereupon the charm of the serpent-eyed rum-seller seemed broken. Resolutely Joe Benton turned away, and sought his home instead of the saloon. After a little his composure somewhat returned. These words of his Sunday school teacher came to his mind: "Faith is for the darkest hours. When you cannot see, anchor and wait, as does the sailor. The fog may lift when morning breezes blow. Trust in God, and He will help you through!"

Then too, just as Joe Benton, rounding the street corner, came in sight of the light which he knew his thoughtful mother had placed in the parlor window for his benefit, there occurred to him the words spoken so lovingly by his father in the round-house that day, just before John Benton started out on the fatal run toward Giant Mountain: "Joe, be a man."

It almost seem as if the spirit of the father who had perished so heroically was again with his own, and strength came with the thought, and a strange new peace, and a surer confidence.

(To be Continued.)

#### Pardoned.

In an English bank were two clerks. "I want you to lend me half a sovereign," whispered one. "Watkins" said the other, "you know I cannot afford to. Please do not ask me." "Then" said the first, "I will report you," and the face of the other grew pale, and the money was found and given. There was a secret behind that episode. That clerk was a refugee from justice, a deserter from the British army, liable to arrest and life-long punishment, and the other knew his secret, and basely took advantage of it, and for years had, like a vampire, preyed upon his blood. And so it went on, until one day the wretched victim looking over his morning paper saw a strange announcement, that Queen Victoria, in honor of her Jubilee, offered to grant a free pardon to every deserter from the army who would make application stating all the facts. He trembled violently as he read the lines over and over again, and then he hurried to the office of the Adjutant and asked if it was true. The clerk thundered out, "Are you a deserter?" And he trembled and hesitated to answer. But his danger mastered his fears, and he frankly acknowledged it. Then the clerk handed him a blank to be filled out, in which he had to write his name and address, and all the facts of his history and his crime, and as he wrote it he shuddered under the awful shadow of his peril. But a few moments later another officer handed him a sealed package containing a pardon signed by his Queen, and with winged feet he hurried to his office, no longer afraid. That dreadful blot was gone from his memory, that awful shadow from his life; and when the knave at the next desk stealthily crept up to him again and demanded another sovereign, he calmly answered, "Not now." "Then I will report you." "Report away," said the other, and he showed him his pardon; and his knavery was baffled. Was that not liberty? Ah, dear unsaved friend, a heavier burden, a darker shadow rests on you, but God for Christ's sake offers you today, free and full forgiveness, and the power to forget even your darkest sins. But to have it, you must frankly acknowledge the worst; you must take the sinner's place. You must take it without reserve, you must take it now; and then you may claim the sinner's Saviour, and for you, henceforth and forevermore, memory will cease to be the red light of terrible warning, and will become the day stars that illumine your heavenly way, and the beginning of a future which shall be like the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

**DENOMINATIONAL FUNDS.**

**NEW BRUNSWICK.**

Elgin, 1st church, F. M., \$5.20; Harvey, 2nd church, H. and F. M., \$4.70; G. W. Titus, H. and F. M., \$40; Germain street church, (H. M. Soc. F. M., Soc. D. W., \$76.25). Total, \$77.25; Emma E. Estabrook, F. M., \$3; Sussex church, D. W., \$10.88; Lewistown, Sunday School, support of Nat. Helpers, \$25; Springfield, 1st church, F. M., \$2; Moncton, 1st church, (Sunday School, Grande Ligne, \$12.85; B. V. P. U., support of Miss F. Clark, F. M., \$84.85). Total \$97.70; Carleton church, (H. M., \$2.83, F. M., \$2.82). Total, \$5.65; Campbellton church, H. and F. M., \$6.50; Fredericton church, D. W., \$179.75; James Bagley, (Cardwell church), F. M., \$2; Beaver Harbor church, H. M. \$2; Germantown church, F. M., \$4.10; Harvey, 1st church, (Midway Sect.), F. M., \$2.40; Queens county Quarterly Meeting, F. M., \$3.50; Salisbury, 1st church, F. M., (Steeves Mt., \$4.90; Allison, \$3.75; Boundary Creek, \$2.20, Village, \$2.40); Total, \$13.35; Leinster St. church, D. W., \$8; Jones Boyle, (Cardwell church), H. M., \$2; LeBaron Corey, support of Nat. Pr., \$5; Total, \$516.67. Before reported, \$99.62. Total to Feb. 1, \$1,426.29.

**Religious News.**

We are still continuing our special services. Two more were baptized Sunday, February 9, and several will be received tomorrow evening. Rev. H. F. Adams is with me this week, and is presenting the gospel to my people in a pleasing and forceful manner.

A. T. DYKEMAN.

Feb. 13th.

**SUSSEX.**

The work in this church is progressing favorably; the congregations are large; and souls are being saved. Last Sunday evening in the presence of a very large congregation, the pastor baptized two candidates—Miss Bessie Dabron and Mrs. Arthur Fairweather. In connection with our Sunday School a large and flourishing Bible Class is conducted by Mr. C. H. Perry who is a most excellent teacher. Our B. V. P. U. is increasing in interest and numbers. Our president of the Society is Mr. Gordon Mills, who brings to the work consecration and wise executive ability.

**ST. ANDREWS.**

In sending news from the churches, we should be careful to be exact and truthful. I believe that I can truthfully say, that the interest in the little church here is stronger than it was a few months ago. The prayer-meetings are often seasons of refreshing. The Sunday congregations are small for a town church, but the close attention given to the preaching is a very encouraging feature, making it comparatively easy to speak. If we have not the inspiration of a large audience, we do have what is equally as good—viz., the inspiration of an appreciative one.

CALVIN CURRIE.

**PROBOSQUIS.**

The annual business meeting of the Cordwell Baptist church was held last Thursday evening. The treasurer's report showed that \$145 had been raised for all purposes during the year. Mr. Joseph Moore was appointed

Sec'y-Treas. of the church; Mr. S. T. Morton Superintendent of the Sunday School; and Mr. Joseph Moore and Mr. Marshall Stewart assistant deacons to the church. Mrs. Albert Stone and Miss Jessie McLeod were appointed a committee on missions and other benevolent offerings of the church.

**HARVEY 1ST, HARVEY, A. CO. N. B.**

We held special meetings in this church for three weeks in January. The result being thirteen professed a desire to begin the Christian life. Some of these are expected to come forward for baptism. On Jan. 22nd, one of those old fashioned donation parties invaded the "preacher's" home and after spending a pleasant evening retired, leaving \$85 in cash. When the people of Harvey make up their minds to do anything they generally carry it through in good style. These cash donations are much more sensible and acceptable than gifts of furniture or glass or other things which a pastor can get along without. Glad to see a man has been appointed to work after the interests of the Century Fund, and from the way Bro. Adams is taking hold of the work he seems to be the right man for the appointment. We have just started special meetings in Lower New Horton.

M. E. FLETCHER.

**SURREY.**

Twenty persons professed conversion in this place. Seventeen were baptized and united with the church. We are now in the midst of a grand work at Albert Mines, already a number have made a move toward the Kingdom. We are looking to the Master for a large blessing.

J. A. MARPLE.

**NEWCASTLE, N. B. CO.**

Last autumn the church in this place made extensive repairs in their church building. The interior was made more attractive and more comfortable. Pastor Brown and his wife have worked most energetically. Good congregations greet him on the Lord's day. The field is a very important one and full of promise. It will be good news to the Baptist brotherhood to learn that Bro. Geo. A. Lounsbury, one of the most successful business men in the town has promised to give to the 20th Century Fund, \$400. It will not be so pleasant reading to learn that this good brother is ill. We hope the dear Master may soon restore him to his wonted strength. The church is self-supporting and has paid for all recent improvements. The outlook is encouraging.

**JEMSEG, QUEENS CO.**

Since my coming here death has removed some of our most faithful members. Deeply we feel the loss of dear Bro. Springer and Dea. Geo. Colwell. They were most faithful in the Master's work. Their presence with us was a great inspiration. We had a Roll Call on our last conference day, February 1. The responses to the call were from those present and by letter from the absent. Seventy-seven of those present were heard from. Some of the voices had not been heard in a conference meeting for two years. The offering amounted to \$55.70. Part of this was sent by absent members, with a statement of their experience. We visited the baptismal waters on December 22, one sister being baptized. We started meetings two weeks ago but the stormy

weather has broken them much. One has been received for baptism and we are looking for others to follow. "Brethren pray for us." There seems to be a lack of helpers in this great work. Our prayer is that God's people might be greatly revived, and the lost may be led to the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." Yours in the work.

W. J. GORDON, Pastor.

**The Signals of the Spirit.**

By THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

It is well for our churches to realize their entire dependence upon the Holy Spirit. Without His presence and His power, all efforts for the salvation of souls will be fruitless; all the best-constructed churchmachinery will accomplish nothing, unless it have "the living spirit within the wheels." To watch for the Holy Spirit and to work with the Holy Spirit is the supreme duty of the hour. An incident in Old Testament history illustrates this vital point. When the Philistines were about to attack the armies of Israel, God commanded David to "fetch a compass behind the Philistines, and come upon them over against the mulberry-trees. And let it be, when thou hearest the sound of a going (or a rustling) in the tops of the mulberry-trees that then thou shalt bestir thyself, for then shall the Lord go out before thee." That peculiar sound was to be the signal for an advance. It was the token of the divine presence. David heard and obeyed the signal. When God moved he moved, and the result was a glorious victory. This unique incident is full of practical suggestion. Faith must always watch Providential leadings, and when God moves in our time to "bestir ourselves;" if we move with Him, success is quite sure to come; if we move without Him, then the failure is our own fault. How clearly was the divine signal manifested to that little company in the upper room at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost! The Holy Spirit came upon them, and the apostles fell into line with the Spirit's leadings; they co-operated with the Spirit, and thousands were converted in a single day.

If the history of the most powerful revivals is studied this same truth appears—the signals of the Divine Spirit were recognized, and they were obeyed. God opened the way, and His servants bestirred themselves to special efforts and redoubled prayers.

Not more plainly does God indicate seed-time and harvest-time to the farmer than He often indicates to pastors and churches that the time has come for them to thrust in the sickle and reap. The biographies of such master-workmen as Dr. Lyman Beecher, Dr. Spencer, of Brooklyn, Dr. Edward N. Kirk, Mr. Finney, and Mr. Moody contain repeated illustrations. Dr. Lyman Beecher watched for tokens of the Holy Spirit as a sea captain watches for a favorable wind, and when he feels the first rustling of the breeze through the rigging he hastens to spread his canvas.

Seasons of spiritual awakening often come suddenly in a congregation, or in a community; sometimes they come as a blessed surprise, but the measure of success is always the readiness of Christians to co-operate with the Holy Spirit. When the Master works, we must work; every hour then is golden. My own experience as a pastor tallied with this truth, almost without any exception. There were times when my people talked, looked, and hoped for a revival, but no special outpouring of the spirit came; at least there was no special awakening of the impenitent, or frequent conversions to Christ. Revivals have come when no one confidently predicted them. One rule—however, I have followed, and always found it safe and successful. Whenever I discovered unmistakable evidences of the presence of the Holy Spirit in the awakening of several souls, I have felt sure that special effort and special prayer should be made immediately to reach and move others. The "sound

of the rustling in the tree-tops" was the Spirit's signal to beatr ourselves. During my earliest ministry in a small congregation, the call of a godly woman at my house to inform me that one of her family was under deep conviction led me to appoint a special prayer service at her house on that very evening; and a hurried summons from house to house filled her dwelling with a most wonderful meeting. A more powerful out-pouring of the Holy Spirit I have never witnessed. It reminded me of some of the scenes described by Charles G. Finney in his Autobiography.

During my ministry in New York, I observed that in the course of an afternoon's pastoral visits there were earnest inquirers in several of the families visited. I called my church officers together; we appointed meetings for every evening, followed by conversations with inquirers. The results were rich and permanent. The memorable revival in the Lafayette Avenue Church, Brooklyn, in 1866, began in a prayer-meeting in my own house. We obeyed the signals of the Holy Spirit, and for three months there were conversions every day; the number ran up into the hundreds. All the preaching, praying, and working went forward with no outside assistance.

Now there was nothing novel in my experience; it has been the same as that of many other pastors. Whenever a minister and church recognize the peculiar presence of the Holy Spirit, and promptly *co-operate with the Spirit*, they are sure of a blessing. With God, victory is certain; without Him all attempts end in mortification and failure. When human machinery is set in motion to "get up a revival," and the vital, indispensable factor of the "power from on high" is left out, the results cannot but be mortifying and melancholy. Faith must pray; faith must work; faith must watch the signals of the Spirit, and faith must be content to let God have His own way. And to Him, and not ourselves, must be all the glory.—*The Evangelist.*

**THIS PRAYER BOOK.**

It is said that a church once began to complain about its minister who had lost his power, and when they came to him, he said, "Yes, and the reason is I have lost my prayer book." "Why," they said, "we thought you were a dissenting clergyman." "Yes," he said, "but my people are my prayer book; and they have stopped praying for me, and I have, therefore, lost my prayer book." God give you the ministry of prayer. You will get back just what you ask for, all the blessing you give your pastor. You will wonder how he will meet your difficulties, answer your need, and speak every word you are waiting for, and just because you prayed for him. And so may our ministry be strengthened by the ministry of prayer, and we speak "as of the ability that God giveth."

**TRUE SYMPATHY.**

In the city of Edinburgh a little child seven years old was brought to the hospital half-starved, and she had been so beaten by a drunken mother that her life was just ebbing away. We had to stand by and watch her die, and you may be sure that the nurse who watched by told her of the Good Shepherd. The child heard it evidently for the first time, and when the pain was very hard to bear, the name of Jesus seemed to bring her peace. Just as she was dying she clasped one of the nurses by the hand, and said: "Oh, won't you go and fetch the rest of them?" She was thinking of the other little homeless, helpless children. "Won't you go and fetch the rest of them in?"

**Notes and Comments.**

That is a wise saying of Marcus Aurelius that "one should stand upright, not be propped upright." The people who have to be propped when they ought to stand without it consume a

large part of the energy of the church that should be expended in helping the fallen to their feet.

A lady who professed religion, but whose daily practice was not in harmony with it, once said to the Rev. Rowland Hill: "I am afraid lest after all, I shall not be saved." The prompt reply was: "I am glad to hear you say so, for I have been long afraid of you, I assure you."

A effective sermon on the value and necessity of Sunday observance was unwittingly compressed in the answer of the boy in Pennsylvania, who was asked by a stranger concerning a field full of mules, "These are the mules," said the boy, "that work all the week down in the mine; but on Sunday they have to come up to the light, or else in a little while they go blind." Men, as well as mules, "go blind," and need Sunday light to save soul sight.

This is a good time in the churches to make practical application of Paul's motto for advance, and "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forward to those which are before," to pursue the mark for the prize. While remembering all the way in which the Lord has led, it is profitable to forget the past discouragements and discouragements, to lay aside every hindering and handicapping weight, and to press toward the better achievement and brighter hope. To be discouraged by past failures or to sleep on the field of past successes is alike fatal to the realization of the divine will.

By rooting out our selfish desires, even when they appear to touch no one but ourselves, we are preparing a chamber of the soul where the presence and power of the Devine may dwell.

ELLEN WATSON.

The power to love—God's greatest gift!

Forget it not dear heart. It will lift the weight of burdens heaviest, when thou rememberest that the best He gives is thine—thou still can'st love!

MARY P. GILMORE.

A calm restful temper grows as self is learning to loose itself in God. Such grace tells gradually on the daily life; even the minutest details may be brought under the power of God, and carried out in union with him.

Would'st thou bring the world to God? Then live near to Him thyself. If the devine life pervades thine own soul, everything that touches thee will receive the electric spark, though thou may'st be unconscious of being charged therewith.

L. M. CHILD.

When preparation were being made for the celebration of the American centennial, in 1876 General Grant was asked to write a message to the Sunday school youth of the United States, and his words are worthy to be recalled and re-impressed to day. He wrote: "Hold fast to the Bible as the sheet anchor of your liberties; write its precepts in your hearts and practise them in your lives. To the influence of this Book we are indebted for all the progress made in true civilization, and to this we must look as our guide in the future." There is no better motto for nation or individual than that—"Hold fast to the Bible."

**Married.**

WILSON-McLEAN—On Dec. 23, at the Baptist church, Hampton, by Rev. Mr. Shaw, Dr. Edson M. Wilson, of this city, to Lela, eldest daughter of Jas. McLean, Hampton.

BECK DYSART—At Elgin, January 20th, by Pastor H. H. Saunders, William Beck to Jennie Dysart, both of Elgin.

TAYLOR-KIRKPATRICK—At the Baptist parsonage Sussex, on the 29th inst., by the Rev. W. Camp, Irvine Washington Taylor to J. Maud Kirkpatrick, both of Pictou, N.S., Kings Co.

STICKLES-HARTLEY—At the residence of the bride's parents, Marysville, by the Rev. W. R. Robinson, Thomas Stickles of Gibson to Mary Jane Hartley of Marysville, York Co.

SMITH-BRADSEY—At the residence of Wm. Bradley Esq., Gibson, on New Year's Day, his daughter, Laura M., was united in marriage to Herbert E. Smith of Hampton, by Rev. W. R. Robinson.

GALLUP MARGISON—At the Baptist church, Upper Knoxville, Jan. 29, by Rev. B. S. Freeman, Whitfield to Gallup of Knoxville to Ethel Margison.

**Died.**

CHASE—At Upper Brighton, Carleton county, on the evening of the 13th, of consumption, Alberta, beloved wife of George Chase, fell asleep in Jesus. A strong faith in the finished work of the atonement sustained our sister through all the days of her declension and she was sweetly cheered with the abiding presence of the Comforter divine. She departed at the age of 10 years and left to mourn a husband, two children, an aged father and mother, brothers and sisters with many friends and acquaintances whose loss is her eternal gain.

FRASER—At Chipman, N. B., on 10th inst., Mrs. Hannah Fraser, a native of Inverness, Scotland, aged 82 years. M. S. Fraser came to New Brunswick with her husband, the late John Fraser, Esq., moving from Nova Scotia in 1846. A member of the Presbyterian body, her sympathy and friendship went out equally to all Christians, and she ever rejoiced in the prosperity of Christ's kingdom. She belonged for many years to the W. M. S. Missionary Societies of both Presbyterians and Baptists in this place, and the cause of Foreign missions was especially dear to her. Two sons and three daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Cox, the W. M. A. Secretary for N. B., remain to cherish her memory.

HORSMAN.—At Elgin, N. B., Feb. 3rd, Sarah, wife of Christopher Horsman, aged 63 years. Our sister was converted in early life, was baptized by Rev. John Hughes and united with Hillsboro church. For many years has been a member of the 1st Elgin church. The husband and six children are left to mourn; but cherish the hope that she is at "rest."

ANDERSON.—At Hartland, Jan. 27th, Thomas Anderson entered into the home of which Jesus said "I go to prepare for you," at the age of 70 years. He was born at Oromocto, Sunbury county. Intellectually bright, his early life promised much success, but at the age of 26 had a severe illness which left him infirm the remainder of his life. But he had "anchored his soul in the haven of rest." God was the strength of his life, his light and salvation. Although on earth he never had a home of his own, yet wherever he went Christian homes were open to him. God was his father and all God's people were his brethren and sisters. He had read the bible through over thirty times. It was continually his delight. Brother Anderson always enjoyed the assembling of God's saints and was rarely absent from any of the Associations or Quarterly meetings in the western counties of the province. The attendance at his funeral was among the largest held in this place, showing the esteem he was held in by all. He was a member of the Jacksontown Baptist church.