

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 130

There have been more new subscriptions come in than we expected, and the last issue of this paper is mostly all gone. Will those to whom we sent for distribution packages return to us any numbers of the 14th of January that they have on hand not disposed of. We need some for new subscribers. We hope that those who have not reported concerning them will soon do so by giving us some new names.

In the School of Christ.

Any one gaining an adequate estimate of Jesus Christ in his early ministry must realize that he was the world's teacher as well as redeemer. He came to teach the truth in order that he might bring the world to a conviction of its sin and need. The admission made by Nicodemus, when in his perplexity he frankly said, "Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher from God," must be the confession of all who listen to Jesus' wonderful expositions of truth. Wherever he met a life there was his school room. The universe was his text book. What he taught had authority, for he had received truth from its fountain source. His credentials bore the mark of divinity.

The method and purpose of Jesus show that he, as teacher, came to tell man of his relation to the whole universe of God. In every sphere of life and in relation to every object about him, man sustains an essential place. God and truth are everywhere, and as man cannot evade God, so he cannot live in this world unrelated to truth. As God and truth are one, so man and truth should be brought into unity. The lesson of Jesus is that the great truths of God from everywhere must find lodgment and embodiment in human lives, in order that both man and the whole world may respond fully to the will of God. To this end man must not only acquire knowledge, not simply gather facts in order to take advantage of the world in which he lives, but he must also bring himself into willing harmony with the truth. Man is not only to link himself to the world on the side physical and material forces, but of the moral and spiritual as well. He is not to live for the sole purpose of mastering forces that assail him, but of being obedient to the truth which appeals to him.

Under the tuition of Jesus man is to learn that all truth which has to do with human welfare for time and eternity is truth that appeals to the whole man. He who is trained in intellect alone has but a fractional life. The word that Jesus put the emphasis upon was education of the whole man if a full life is desired. Religion is but truth and man in harmonious cooperation. Religion appeals as much to the intellect as to the heart. A true education never produces a partial character. God cannot educate a man on the side of his intellect alone. He must have the whole man. Jesus has shown us, both by his methods and the object of his instruction, that the highest form of education is which admits truth into the entire field of human nature and enforces it upon the desires and purposes, as well as upon the feelings. In the school-room of Jesus we are taught real manhood and womanhood and not the special things which are supposed to give success in worldly enterprises. It is this which gives the best equipment for life's duties, and such results constitute a true education.

It is the personality of Jesus which constitutes him the chief among teachers. He shows how truth, which gives the largest power, must operate through man's highest nature and make him essentially religious. No man can be irreligious without being ignorant. He is not educated if he has not been willing to accept and live the truth he has been taught. Such training as Jesus gives can alone enable men to be all they ought to be and will alone help in the right solution of the educational problem of our age.

A Call for Heroes.

By Cornelius Woolkin, D. D.

The characters who proved influential in molding the world's history have been relatively few. All great events have turned upon the heroism of a few valorous souls. Every great cause has its crisis periods. They prove to be times of searching and sifting. Character is revealed in the crucial experiences. The insincere, the faint hearted, and the self-seekers drop out of the ranks; but the few who are left are those in whose soul an unquenchable fire burns. These are the men who make history. They are the men of valor whose hearts the Lord hath touched.

If this be true in the history of national and social reform, it is yet more abundantly true in the progress of the kingdom of God. Numbers, if they weigh at all, weigh against rather than for a successful issue. God never did great things with large numbers. When men were true-hearted, earnest and faithful, He did mighty works. "There is no restraint to Jehovah to save by many or by few." When Gideon sounded the trumpet of war, thirty-two thousand men mustered for service. But they were a dress parade army. They all looked alike and shouted the same. But there were only three hundred whose hearts the Lord had touched. The rest welcomed an excuse to muster out before the first shock of battle. Had they remained, they would have dampened the ardor of the true-hearted and spread the contagion of fear, which is always the presage of defeat.

Every religious awakening and revival centers about a few royal souls. Multitudes come in for the benefit, but the blessings come through a few. They are always men of valor whose hearts the Lord has touched. They do not always look like a noble company. Like those who joined David in the cave of Adullam, they look unpromising and are subjected to criticism, jesting and scorn. But the future generations appreciate their prophetic spirit and unflinching heroism. When the crisis is past and the victory won every critic would like to ride in the victor's chariot. Indeed, the crowd joins the procession and shouts as though it had achieved the conquest.

In Christian work every generation offers such a crisis and opportunity. We are in the midst of one now. Men have felt the dearth of spiritual power and the paucity of conversions despite all our religious machinery. The atmosphere of skepticism and disbelief has deadened our pulses. There has been a mighty crying unto God for a visitation and the hour is on the stroke for men to rally—men of valor whose hearts the Lord hath touched. Men who will put their hand to the plow and not look back till the end of the furrow is reached. Men who will cease parading and join issue in battle. Men who will cease all talk about soul winning and go in for the doing. Men who will humbly themselves with confession and contrition. Men who will make God's work first. They need not be many, but they must be true. The call of the hour is for men of sincerity, courage and tenacity; men of valor whose hearts the Lord has touched.

Railroads and Cigarettes

No other Railroad has joined the list of those which forbid the use of alcoholic beverages or cigarettes by their employes when on duty. The Board of Directors of the Union Pacific has passed such an order, and at a recent meeting of the Board in New York it was enforced to the letter by the directors upon themselves, thereby setting a good example to the men for whose benefit chiefly the order was made.

In an interview with President Harriman, of the Union Pacific Board, he is quoted as saying that the new rule has been found necessary, because cigarette users become "dopey" and worthless. He said that the company might just as well go to the county lunatic asylum for its

employes as to retain cigarette smokers in its services at big salaries. When our boys and young men begin to realize that the use of cigarettes erects a barrier in their path of promotion in business, it may be they will come to their senses and abandon the offensive habit—*Ram's Horn*.

The action of the officials of the ROCK ISLAND ROAD in placing a ban on cigarette smoking on the part of employes, will not fail to impress the public mind with the fact that the movement against the cigarette is one of business and not of sentiment.

When the railway managers and the doctors get together on the cigarette question, all defence of the pernicious habit might as well be abandoned.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Did Not Know It Was There.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one morning accosted by his pastor, who said: "Poor Widow Green's wood is out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have the wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor replied: "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of the Forty-first Psalm before you go to bed tonight." The deacon consented, delivered the wood and at night opened the word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him, and keep him alive; and he shall be blessed upon the earth; and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness."

A few days afterwards the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the now-enlightened man, "I do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the poor widow's wants"—Selected.

A Business Man's New Year Resolution.

To be joyous in my work, moderate in my pleasures, cheery in my confidences, faithful in my friendship; to be energetic but not excitable, enthusiastic but not fanatical; loyal to the truth as I see it, but ever open-minded to the newer light; to abhor gush as I would profanity, and hate cant as I would a lie; to be careful in my promises, punctual in my engagements, candid with myself and frank with others; to discourage shams and rejoice in all that is beautiful and true; to do my work and live my life so that neither shall require defence or apology; to honor no one simply because rich or famous and despise no one because humble or poor; to be gentle and considerate toward the weak, respectful yet self-respecting toward the great, courteous to all, obsequious to none; to seek wisdom from great books and inspiration from good men; to invigorate my mind with noble thoughts as I do my body with sunshine and fresh air; to prize all sweet human friendships and seek to make at least one home happy; to have charity for the erring, sympathy for the sorrowing, cheer for the despondent; to leave the world a little better off because of me; and to leave it, when I must, bravely and cheerfully, with faith in God and good-will to all my fellowmen; this shall be my endeavor during the coming year.—J. H. Tewsbury.

The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XIX.

It must be owned, however, that the day when the young minister was expected at Rosecroft there was something of a flutter in that dovecote. Elsie grew more and more nervous as the hour approached when the five-thirty train should be due; she had never met Mr. Adams, and discolored his coming. Rosie too, seemed unwontedly flustered; she was busy in the kitchen now preparing a most tempting supper, for "the minister, poor lad," she declared, would be "clammed with hunger after a six hours' ride in the cars." Miss Hathaway was by kept out of the kitchen for she knew Rosie's efficiency and that she liked to be by herself when in the full tide of preparation. But, aided by Elsie, she set the table in her own faultless way, and a pretty picture it made with its damask cloth, white as the lilies whose graceful pattern it bore, its delicate flowered china, glittering silver and glass. Fragrant flowers smiled from crystal vases and through the big bay window opened up the rear garden came the odor of kindred blossoms and of new mown hay.

On a graceful stand at one side, draped with a white scarf embroidered in blue, stood the pretty tea service, and a basket of silver, in which were daintily arranged golden slices of the sponge cake Miss Hathaway had made that morning. The snowy frosting was as faultless as the cake, and near by stood a dish of delicious raspberries and a pitcher of rich cream.

The dining room, like the cosy room, now selected for Mr. Adams' study, had been freshly papered that spring. Both were done in warm terra-cotta with a graceful oriental pattern of black in the cornice and dado. Some fine engravings and a few appropriate paintings hung upon the walls, while the handsomely upholstered and some other articles of furniture were family heirlooms. The bay window formed a little alcove, reached by two low steps. A cosy nook was this, with room for a narrow row of shelves, filled with books, while overhead, secure from Rolfo's reach, hung Miss Hathaway's canopy, singing jubilantly in the mellow afternoon sunshine.

At the mistress of the house felt somewhat nervous herself, she gave little sign of it outwardly. When everything was ready in the dining-room she went quietly to the parlor, and taking up a book, sat down to read. Elsie, planting herself upon the second step of the cosy nook in the dining room, also selected a book and tried to fix her thoughts upon it. But it was hard work, and when the clock upon the mantel piece sounded its note for half past five her heart gave a great thump of apprehension. The next moment Rosie's flushed but becoming face appeared in the doorway. She gave one comprehensive, admiring glance at the supper table and the adjacent stand, then said with an affective address to Elsie: "The tables just look beautiful, and if it's myself that says it there'll be a supper to match. My fried chickens are that ten o'clock they'll just melt in your mouths, and my ruskies are light as a feather, and polished off most beautifully on top. And now I must be fixing my potato croquettes, for I suppose the young minister, bless his heart! will soon be here."

"Yes, I suppose so," suppressing a sigh. "Trust you for getting up the nicest kind of a supper, Rosie, always!" she hastened to add, nodding her thanks for the compliment Rosie whisked away, while Elsie turned another leaf of her book. It was Stanley's "In Darkest

Africa," and this time her eye was caught by an account of one of the famous explorer's most exciting adventures. As she read on she became absorbed in the story, so much so that she forgot everything else, and did not hear the sound of carriage wheels approaching the door. But in a moment more Miss Hathaway's eye was aroused her.

"Mr. Adams has arrived, I see. Come and give him a welcome, but first look to Rosie, please."

But that prompt damsel was already on hand, and now ran to open the gate, and to take down the hand luggage. Her face was radiant at the cordial greeting she received from the young minister who had been invited to Rosecroft during the preceding winter, and who had not forgotten the pleasant-faced hand-maiden.

"To think of his remembering my name all these months," she said afterward to Miss Hathaway, "and as polite and pleasant in his way of speaking to me as if I'd been a lady born! Ah, it's the fine Christian gentleman he is, and he'll be a comfort and blessing to us all I'm sure."

Miss Hathaway was standing in the front doorway as Mr. Adams came up the steps, a large portmanteau in his hand, which he had just deposited in a corner, thinking it too heavy for Rosie, who was obliged to content herself with his umbrella and fishing rod, which he had tied up carefully together. Like many a brother of Christ's successful "fishers of men," Norman Adams was fond of sports, and his enthusiasm for cricket, football and all manly exercises was often an "open sesame" to the hearts of the young men and boys he was so anxious to reach.

Elsie, who stood timidly behind Miss Hathaway, felt the moment she saw him that she should like their boarder. His character was stamped upon his face, and though it could hardly be called handsome it pleased her more than many more classically moulded. Uncompromising sincerity and truth mingled with a genial kindness and a noble refinement of expression that won confidence at the first glance.

Norman Adams was of a fine, robust physique; tall, large framed with broad, square chest and shoulders, and an arm that could lift and swing easily weights that would have staggered a man of ordinary strength. His complexion, naturally blond, was tanned and ruddy from frequent exposure to all sorts of weather; he had a profusion of curly brown hair, and large light blue eyes that sparkled with almost startling brilliancy even his enthusiasm or religious wrath was never of it. He wore no beard, and his bronze moustache over-shadowed rather than concealed the finely cut but genial mouth. As he set down his bag to shake hands with Miss Hathaway, who welcomed him in her own quiet way, he expressed again his gratitude and delight that she was willing to receive him into her lovely home.

After expressing her pleasure that Mr. Adams was to become one of their little family, Miss Hathaway presented Elsie. As the young minister shook hands with his new acquaintance, his eyes met hers, with that kindly personal interest which he felt for everyone with whom he came in contact. All Elsie's misgivings vanished at that moment; it was the beginning of a life-long friendship, destined to grow richer and sweeter as the years went on.

"Well, my lass," said Rosie's mother the following Sunday afternoon when the young woman was visiting her family, "and how do you all like the young minister, and is it pleasant to have him in the house?"

They were all gathered about the tea-table, a family of five, three daughters and two sons. All the children were in service of some sort except sixteen-year-old Floy, who remained with her parents, and was a great help in the house.

"Pleasant, mother? I should say it was!" said Rosie, with her cheery laugh.

"Why, I don't know whatever we'll do without him now!" Such a kind, friendly, obliging young gentleman, and no airs about him for all the fine training he had in schools and colleges before his father lost his property, poor man! What do you think but he's out at work in the garden half the morning before anyone but me is stirring! Andrew never kept things looking

as he does, and then my dear lad couldn't afford to have him as often as he needed to. Miss Hathaway was shocked when she found what Mr. Adams was about, but he laughed and begged her like a boy to let him keep on, because he loved the work so! And every once in a while he brings us home the nicest dish of fish that he's caught himself!"

"Fish!" broke in the good mother, a little scandalized, "how can he spare time from the Lord's work to go fishing, Rosie?"

"Well, now, mother, it was a bit shocked I was myself when I first set eyes on his fishing-rod, and I suppose I like with my umbrella. But mind, he only goes off for as a bit of play, sometimes, and he needs it, for if ever there was a faithful, hard working young servant of the Lord it's Mr. Adams! Breakfast and prayers are scarcely over—and it's just beautiful the way he conducts family worship morning and evening, and a great comfort to Miss Diantha, who asked him first night to take charge—when he's off to his work. So full as his hands are already, visiting the sick and dying, to say nothing of the regular church calls, and the strange, as he goes to see, who drop in on prayer-meeting and Sunday. I'm so thankful our dear Dr. Noble has such a helper, for he had too much on his hands. Then there's the mission that he's so interested in. Miss Diantha, Elsie and I were there Thursday evening, and it would bring the tears to your eyes to see them poor souls crowding round Mr. Adams, sitting thick as blackberries on the very platform steps, drinking in every word as he talks to them so beautiful and simple-hearted like about the Lord Jesus. He can manage the roughest men and boys with a word and look, and I do believe we'll have another revival there before long."

"Well, we must go and hear him," said wistfully Mr. Dean, "only hope, Rosie, he's not working so hard that he'll break down."

"Well, he's very strong you see, and though he often comes home alternately pretty tired, he throws off care like a boy, takes a good rest in the hammock under the trees, frolics with Rags and Rolfo. Then, when it grows dark and the lamps are lighted, he takes turns with Miss Diantha and Elsie reading aloud, joins in music and singing. For a lot, he says it's the sweetest home he's been in since his parents died. And I tell you what, no aunt or mother could look after him sweeter than Miss Diantha does, and Elsie, she's like a little sister to him already."

"And I warrant you do your part toward making him comfortable, Rosie," said her brother Robert, looking affectionately at the good elder sister who had always been so devoted to her family.

"Well, I try my best," said Rosie with modest pride. "The good Lord seems to have given me a talent for cooking and homework, and I do want to use 'em in his service. Tell you what, I feel sure I was just ministering to the saints when I can do anything to make those blessed folks at Rosecroft comfortable and happy!"

(To be Continued.)

I have seen much of this world, but I never knew how to live till now. All the comfort I have, and that is more than the whole world can give, is, the feeling of the God of Spirit in my heart, and reading in this good book, the Bible.

You are now in the prime of your age and vigor, and in great favor and business; but all this may leave you, and you may one day better understand and relish what I say to you, and then you will find that there is more wisdom, truth, comfort and pleasure in retiring and turning your heart from the world to the God of Spirit and God, and in reading the Bible, than in all the Courts and the favors of Princes.—*Queen Christina, Queen of Sweden.*

The Bible is my church. It is always open and there is my High Priest ever waiting to receive me. There, too, I have my thanksgiving my praise, and a field of promises; in short, all I can want there I find; and a congregation of whom the world is not worthy—prophets, confessors and martyrs.—*Charlotte Elliott.*

What the Bible is to Us.

By Rev. E. B. Mooly

The Bible is to us what we are to it. If the heart is a desert, the Bible will be a dry and sandy plain. If the heart is a well of faith, the Bible will be a well of living water springing up into everlasting life. To the man of the world, the Bible is Marah—bitterness. To the man of God, the blessed book is a Eden—twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees—food, water and rest in the midst of the wilderness.

The scientific mind may understand the mysteries of nature, but only a spiritual mind can penetrate the mysteries of God's Word. As the secrets of animalcular life are microscopically discerned, so the hidden truths, or hidden truths of the Bible are spiritually discerned. The keenest eye will need a microscope for the one, and the brightest mind a spiritual sense for the other. A man might as well attempt to repair a watch with a hammer and tongs as to sit in judgment upon the Word of God with a sharpened intellect; for "the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God; for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." That is why Christ said to Nicodemus: "Except a man be born from above he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Take Warning

A banker in Allegan county, Michigan, three or four years ago voted to license the saloons, and they were brought back into the country. A few weeks ago ex-Senator Humphrey was at a hotel in Allegan, and looking out he saw the banker walking back and forth in front of the hotel bar-room, and looking in when anyone opened the door. The Senator went out and spoke to the banker.

The banker said, "Senator, I am uneasy about my boy. Do you think he may be in the saloon; did you see anything of him?"

"Yes, I saw him in the back room of the saloon, playing cards, and drinking," replied Senator Humphrey.

The father seemed speechless for a moment, and then from a heart full of distress, cried out, "Oh, God! how shall I save my boy from ruin?"

"You have a grave problem to solve,"

"I would give half what I am worth to destroy every saloon in the country," said the banker.

"Ah! It seems cruel to remind you of it now, but you should have come to that conclusion when we wanted you to join us in the fight to keep them out of the country. Now they have your boy, and I do no what you can do. May God help you."

Why should not the father expect his boy to fall in with what he endorses? Parents! think of that, and vote to outlaw the saloon.—State Issue.

It is a foundation truth in connection with life that no man lives for himself. The life of one is so entwined with the lives of others as that everything that pertains to it has some influence on them. And yet there are cases in which a man may consider himself alone in the acts that he decides upon, or at least as if he stood alone and there were no others in any wise related to him. There are a few lines of conduct that he should do and take for his own sake. It is said of Lord Shaftsbury that he said he would be pure in thought and speech, even if he alone were to be concerned therewith, just as he would keep himself clean in person though there was not another with whom he might come in contact. Persons often make grave mistake here, and think that if so and so is not known to others it makes no difference. Anything deviating from the line of exact right, influences injuriously the person himself though known to no one else. There are many things, therefore, that we may do for our own sake because of its influence upon us. We may often think of the divine Father as being influenced in this way, if such a conception is possible. Where there are none to see, his pictures of beauty are painted, and where there is no human being to receive his acts of benevol-

ence these are performed. He seems to work for his own sake because of the reflex gratification such a man gives. We suppose that this is the thought in the current maxim, "Virtue is its own reward." It is and as for the recompense that may come from others, men for any true act receive wages in themselves.

Cigarette Wrecks.

Superintendent W. A. Vaughn, of the Georgia Central Railway, states that cigarettes caused the wreck of a train on their road. In an interview regarding the wreck and the order issued, that no cigarette smokers would be employed on the road, he said:

"I was impressed with the importance of a rule of this kind some time ago, when a collision occurred on our road. The flagman who was to blame was one of the most careful on the line. The accident was not a very serious one, as no one was hurt, but he took the blame on himself and reported that he was asleep at the time when he should have been at the rear end of his train. I thought it very queer that a young man who had been so reliable as this fellow should go to sleep while on duty, but, taking his word for it, I discharged him without further explanation. A few days afterward this young fellow happened in my office. I questioned him about the wreck and asked him how he could go to sleep. He rather evaded my question, but, as I asked it, I noticed his cigarette-stained fingers on the table. I then said to him, 'I'll tell you what was the matter; you're a cigarette fiend.' At this he jerked his hand under the table and looked confused. 'Oh, you needn't hide your hand. Your face tells the story!'"

"Then he admitted that he was a confirmed cigarette smoker, and while he had reported that he was asleep at the time of the wreck, still that was not the real cause. While on the way back to flag the approaching train, he said, he felt sick and stepped into the caboose to get a drink of water. He suddenly became unconscious and sank to the floor. The rear of the approaching train brought him to his senses, but it was too late to avoid the accident."

Re-Converted Christians.

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

"When thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren." These words were not addressed by the Lord Jesus Christ to an impenitent sinner; they were addressed to Simon Peter before his disgraceful denial of his Master. "Simon says the heart-searching Saviour, 'Satan has asked to have you that he might sift you as wheat; but I have made supplication for thee that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted strengthen thy brethren.'" Three important facts stand out in this declaration. The first one is that Peter was not at that time a stranger to true religion; for Christ recognizes that he has "faith." The second fact is that while Satan was about to sift poor Peter with a terrible temptation, Christ had interceded for him that he should not fall away into utter apostasy. The third fact is that Christ foresaw that after his disgraceful fall there should be a recovery, and the impetuous Peter would be one of the most powerful of his apostles.

The word "convert" in the New Testament signifies to face about or to turn around. It describes the movement of a ship when it is "put about" on an opposite course—or the action of a flower when it turns towards the sun. Reconversion is not regeneration. The Bible gives no hint of a second or third new birth of the soul. Reconversion is neither a second awakening of a sinner, nor a second regeneration of one who is a true Christian. It is simply a penitent return to God and to the path of duty on the part of an erring and backsliding believer. Peter did not cease to be a Christian on that night of his shameful denial. Nor does many a church-member cease entirely to be a Christian during his or her seasons of spiritual declension. There is life there, but it is life at a pitifully low ebb. Like an apple tree in mid-winter, their roots may be still alive under all the biting cold; but there are no fruits of the spirit on their bare and barren

branches.

Peter's heart-process in reconversion was similar to that in original conversion in two vital particulars. He sorrowed for his sin and repented of it. He came to Jesus in genuine faith and entered on a new path of obedience. Reconversion is a turning unto God; it differs from a first conversion in two respects—viz., the point

Rev. Robert Collyer, for some years pastor of a Unitarian church in Chicago and New York, is still living at the age of 83, and is in vigorous physical health. Some one asked him how it came about, and his reply was that he had walked on the sunny side of the street. There is very much in this, walking on the sunny side of life; and it can almost always be found if one looks for it. That is to say, shady though the way may be there may be sunshine found somewhere if only we are in the mood to seek and find. We make sunshine or shadow in ourselves more than we have it made for us by others. Some one has said you must seek for the fountain of youth within yourselves or you will ever search for it in vain. Sunshininess of life will be looked for to no purpose unless the source of it is within us and having it within us we may always have it without us. We may always thus walk to a greater or less degree on the sunny side of the street. We shall find it a wonderful help if we thus do, not only to ourselves but to others. We may likewise find it aiding us to as green a vigorous old age as that in which Dr. Collyer now rejoices.

Letter From Rev. A. H. Hayward.

We have spent three weeks with Rev. R. Mutch and his church at Upper Gagetown. The place like many others in New Brunswick has suffered by deaths or removals. We had a very pleasant visit with Bro. and Sister Mutch and the good people. A good interest was developed at Burton. Six candidates were baptized and others, we trust, converted. We then went at the request of Bro. Kierstead to Campbellton and from thence to New Richmond, P. Q., where a good interest has been developed during the fall but we found on arrival that we were too late in the season as a foot of snow fell the day we arrived (Nov. 7) and no suitable place of worship was available, so we quite reluctantly returned to Campbellton. We visited Flat Lands, Metapedia, Mann Settlement, McDavid's Mountain and Mores Settlement. We spent our Sabbath in Campbellton while Bro. Kierstead went up to Mann Settlement and baptized two sisters. Bro. K needs an assistant on his large and promising field. Our next visit was to 2nd Kingsclear and Prince William where we enjoyed a rich blessing with Bro. Sables last winter. We greatly enjoyed hearing the testimonies of those who came forward at that time. We had the privilege of baptizing four candidates Dec. 6th, into the fellowship of 2nd Kingsclear Church. Bro. Currie now has charge of the two churches, it being one of his former pastorates. From Kingsclear we proceeded to St. Andrews and Bayside where we spent two weeks. The heavy rains which prevailed at that time hindered us in our work. We enjoyed the fellowship of the faithful few on that field and trust some good was done. We spent our Christmas at home. Since that time we have visited and preached at Plaster Rock, Sisson Ridge, Andover, Perth, Fort Glenn and Aroostook Junction. Bro. Demmings is holding the fort on the Andover field where they are preparing to build a new house of worship.

On the Tobique and Grand Fall's fields we have no pastors when they are so sorely needed. Let us remember our Lord's command, pray to the Lord of the harvest that he would send forth more laborers into his harvest, the harvest is plentiful and the laborers are few. We have entered upon the new year. May it prove under God a year of great blessing to all our pastors and churches.

A. H. HAYWARD,

Florenceville, N. B., Jan. 13.

Pastor I. N. Thorne writing us from Whitteville says his people favoured him during holidays, with wool, hay, oats and other useful articles, for which he expresses thankfulness, and prayer for the donors, that refreshings from on high may be enjoyed by all. He says, the readers of "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL" always have a welcome for it when it comes. We obtained several subscriptions for it there last summer.

Religious News.

No financial burden now CAMBRIDGE, MAC rests upon any church of DONALD'S CORNER this group, but for precious AND MILL COVE. souls we have much concern of mind. The annual donation visit came on the 10th inst., and a fire word took the following day. Everybody seemed happy and at home. Especially so the pastor and his family who were presented with an address and the sum of \$75.00 mostly in cash. Brother M. C. Macdonald, M. D. was the treasurer and a spokesman for the company. Mr. H. unreckoned fool yet remain. J. N. ATKINSON.

A Roll Call of the Hopewell Church was held at Hopewell Hill on Wednesday, Jan. 13. The forenoon was given up to a business meeting, in which matters relating to the whole field was considered. The roll call proper was held in the afternoon. In the evening a platform service was held in which strong and vigorous addresses were given by Rev. J. B. Gibson, B. D., of Hillsboro, and Rev. A. F. Brown of Harvey. The presence of these brethren was much appreciated by the church and a hearty vote of thanks was extended to them at the close of the service. An offering of \$88 was made in the afternoon towards paying the debt on the parsonage, and an offering of about \$8.00 was taken in the evening to defray expenses. The parsonage matter, concerning which there has been some misunderstanding is now in a fair way of being amicably settled. Special services are being held this week at the Cape. We are looking to the Lord for a blessing. Evidences are abundant that earnest faithful work was done by my predecessor Rev. F. D. Davidson. One sows and another reaps. A very large and enthusiastic Normal Class has been formed at the Cape for the study of Hillman's Normal Lessons, meeting at the parsonage on Monday nights. J. W. Brown.

The Heritage of Comfort

By Charles C. Earle.

The death of loved ones is an inexpressible bereavement, even when they die in the Christian faith. All that Christianity is to us, regarding the future life, consoles us, so that we sorrow not as those who have no hope. But the night is starless for the departing, while relatives or friends pass into eternity without a word or token of repentance, without a sign of comfort or assurance of salvation. In their life time these departed ones may have shown every consideration for the loved ones around them providing the necessities of life, and some of the luxuries, being indifferent and neglectful, only respecting religious things. These subjects were avoided, and members of the household and intimate acquaintances came to know by preference to them was objectionable. They made home attractive, so as in the congenial, and the way of life pleasant for all around them. The religious life alone made division. Some members of the household were Christian, other were not. Some were interested in spiritual concerns, and thought of the future, while other lived only for temporalities. Yet all loved equally and sought to increase each other's happiness as far as the present was concerned. But when death came and called away those who had no hope for the future,

those who had done so much to make life radiant for dear ones, they went out in the night, leaving them disconsolate and without hope. Comfort concerning them during the rest of life.

Do husbands, fathers, and other relatives and friends think of the hopeless sorrow their loved ones must endure after their departure, if they die without giving an indication that "all is well" for eternity. Let all those who make life one sweet song for those whom they cherish, remember to sing a song for the night of 80,000 when the shadows of death fill the home. Such a heritage of comfort is the greatest blessing which a bereaved household can receive. Whether or not we can leave an estate, or a inheritance great or small, we can do better if leaving a light burning at the portals of death, while we take our departure, which shall be a beacon evermore to those who shall come at last to follow us, until they stand with us on the eternal shore. LAWRENCE, MASS.

Married.

NICHOLSON FLANNAN.—At Andover, Dec. 24th, by R. W. Dennings, Douglas M. Nicholson, an Flannan both of Leconsfield, Vt. Co., N. B.

McDONALD HARR.—At the home of the bride, Potopoc River, Dec. 23rd, by R. W. Dennings, Isaac Harr and Daniel McDonald of Lower Kintoon, Vt. Co., N. B.

WRIGHT CAMPBELL.—At Andover, Dec. 23rd, by R. W. Dennings, Frank C. Wright and A. Hep Campbell, both of Irons Ridge, Vt. Co., N. B.

AYLES D. LEWIS.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, Tuttle Creek, Dec. 23rd, by Pastor F. B. Seelye, John Ayles to Nora Douthett both of Little River, Albert Co., N. B.

VAY RUSSELL.—At the home of the bride's parents, M. and Mrs. Gray-Russell, Nov. 23, by O. E. Steeves, Henry A. Vay and Mary Russell, both of Newcastle, Northumberland Co., N. B.

AMOS PIERCE.—At the home of the bride's parents, Augustus, N. B., by O. E. Steeves, Spurgeon Amos, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Amos of Lowery, and Ethel Free, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Free.

WEST HANNAING.—At Perth, Vt. Co. on the 16th inst., by Rev. L. A. Fenwick at the residence of Frank Hannaing, Lester West, and Maud Hannaing both of Perth.

WEYMAN HARTLEY.—At the residence of the bride's father Birchwood, C. Co., on the 16th inst., by Rev. L. A. Fenwick, Chester Weyman and Ethel daughter of Arlington Hartley.

KEITH KEENE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Cape Cod, Queens Co., on the 21st day of December, 1914, by Rev. David Putters, M. Leand, R. Keith to Miss Helen J. Keene.

WHEE PHILLIPS.—On the 16th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Wellington Phillips, Harwood Creek, by Rev. E. O. DeWitt, Mr. Elman B. Webb to Miss Vesta A. Phillips, all of Gladston.

DALZIEL INGLESH.—At the Free Baptist church, Great Cove, Grand Manan, Dec. 18, by Rev. A. M. C. Maxwell, Coleman Dalziel, of North Head, and E. G. C. Ingersoll, of Seal Cove.

HARVEY FOSTER.—At the home of the bride, Grand Harbor, Grand Manan, Dec. 23rd, by Rev. A. J. McNabb, Abner Harvey and Alice Foster, both of Grand Harbor.

PETERSON DEUSE.—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Marysville, Dec. 23rd inst., by Rev. H. H. Ferguson, Mr. Jacob H. Peterson, of Marysville, N. B., to Miss Bertha Danvers of Gibson, N. B.

HOLMAN SOMMERVILLE.—At the residence of the bride's mother, M. Daniel Somerville, Dec. 23, by Rev. B. H. Nobles, William B. Holman of Sussex, and Alice J. Somerville, of Norton.

TRACY CURRIE.—At Tracy, S. Co., on the 21st inst., at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. B. Daggott, Earl E. Tracy to Miss E. Thelma Currie.

MEREDITH PHILLIPS.—At Tracy, on the 20th inst., by Rev. J. B. Daggott, Ramsford Meredith to Miss Martha Phillips.

LEWIS EAGLES.—At the residence of the bride's father, Dec. 31st, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Mr. Coby Lewis and Miss Carrie M. Eagles, both of Salisbury, West Co.

McDONALD McLEOD.—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Moncton, on Dec. 25th, by Rev. Gideon Sain, Hugh McDonald and Maggie McLeod, both of Moncton.

PERRY HETHERINGTON.—At the home of the bride, Dec. 23rd, by Rev. C. N. Barton, Betsy Hetherington to DeOlan Lee Perry, both of Johnston, Queen's Co.

BILLINGS WHEELER.—At the residence of the bride's parents, at Grafton, on Dec. 30, by Rev. F. Allison Currier, A. M., Mr. Levi S. Billings, of Hainesville, to Miss M. Wheeler of Grafton.

GOODARD WILCOX.—At Black's Harbor on the 18th of Dec., by Rev. F. M. Munro, Henry Goodard and Amy Wilcox, both of Black's Harbor, Charl. Co., N. B.

PERRY FLEWNE.—At the parsonage, Havelock, Oct. 21st, by Pastor J. W. Brown, Ethel M. Perry to Helma B. Thorne, all of Canaan Road.

RICHARDSON CHAMFORD.—At the home of the bride's father, Norton, on the 6th inst., by Rev. A. W. Currie, Robert Richardson, of Beverly, Mass., and Maud M. Crawford, of Norton Station.

KEENEAD BUTTERFIELD.—At the home of the bride's mother, Lower Cape, Dec. 12th, by Pastor J. V. Brown, Norman M. Keenead of Bangor, Maine, and Christina E. Butterfield of Lower Cape, Albert Co.

NEWCOMB BAMBER.—At the home of Joseph A. and Mrs. Albert, Dec. 23rd, by Pastor J. W. Brown, William H. Newcomb of Albert, and Miss Sarah J. Bamber of San Francisco, Cal.

ROBINSON QUINN.—At Bailey, Dec. 24th, at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. C. J. Steeves, a Forest Robinson and a Cassie Quinn.

MEREDITH TRIMBLE.—At the residence of the officiating clergyman, Bailey, Jan. 1st, by Rev. C. J. Steeves, Charles F. Meredith and Estlin M. Trimble both of Meredith, N. B.

McNEILL CAMPBELL.—At King Clear, on the 20th inst. at the home of the bride's parents, by Rev. C. H. Howard, Dr. Frank McNeil of Keswick Ridge, and Annie, daughter of John A. Campbell, M. P. P., all of York county, N. B.

BANKS SMITH.—At the home of the bride, Dec. 23rd, Owen Banks and Amy Smith, by Rev. R. Smith, both of Burton, Sunbury Co.

WARD BRIDGES.—At the home of Herman Ward, Hopewell Cape, Jan. 6, by Pastor J. W. Brown, John A. Ward and Olivia Bridges, both of Hopewell Cape, N. B.

Died.

McGLASHING.—At Fairville, West Co., Jan. 1st, AMY, beloved wife of A. McGlashing. Our sister was a member of the church at Cape Tormentine, a meek and lowly Christian, a kind and loving mother. May the Lord bless the husband, the two dear little children and her brothers and sisters in their hour of trial.

SMITH.—At Elgin, Dec. 20th, Edna Smith aged 25 years, leaving a young wife, to whom he was married but a few months. With parents, five sisters and a brother to mourn their loss, in his death the church has lost a true and faithful member and the community a young man much beloved.

HAY.—At Greenwood, Dec. 6th, suddenly of paralysis, Charles H. Hay, formerly of St. John, in the 70th year of his age. He leaves a widow, a sister, a daughter, and two sons. Mr. Hay was a consistent Christian and most highly esteemed by the entire community in which he lived.

POND.—Mrs. Annesse Pond, Tallow, N. B., aged 65 years passed to her Father's home on high. She had suffered with blindness for two years, and longed to enter the land of light to be with her Saviour. A large number of friends gathered to express their sympathy with the husband and two sons. Our sister was a member of the Ladies church.

MOORE.—At Sussex, Jan. 2nd, Mrs. Henry Moore of Greenwood, Albert Co., N. B., aged 57 years. This sister for some time was afflicted with tumor, it was thought necessary to perform a surgical operation, but it proved fatal. Nine years ago our sister united with the church in meetings conducted by Bros. Ingram, and Internment took place at Hill country on the 1st day, Jan 7th services at house and grave conducted by Geo. H. Eganman.

BLAMAN.—At Prosser Brook, A. Co., N. B., Jan. 26th, 93, deacon Wilfred Blaman, aged 64 yrs. and 5 months, who fell a prey to cancer of liver after long service for his Lord for 34 years, a large proportion of this time serving as deacon, in the 2nd Elgin Baptist church. His presence at Conventions, associations and Quarterly meetings will be much missed. Bible truth, faith and hope in Christ were very real until the morning when he fell asleep. A widow, daughter and three sons and 13 grandchildren remain to reverse the memory of a husband and father. By request, Rev. I. N. Thorne, of Whitteville, Northumberland, N. B., preached the sermon to a full house from 2 Tim. 4th, 67-68.