

Rev. W. E. McIntyre

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WHOLE No. 70

Building Up Yourself.

BY REV. E. T. HISCOX, D. D.

THE epistle of Jude is a short one and somewhat peculiar. In tone and topic it reminds one of Peter's second epistle. Much of it is occupied with a description of certain classes of ungodly men who oppose the gospel, some of whom even affect to be ministers of righteousness. Of such he warns the saints, "beloved in God the Father," to beware since they are deceivers. Jude was one of the Lord's brethren, though he simply calls himself "the brother of James," and "a servant of Jesus Christ." Short and peculiar, and somewhat obscure as is his writing, it has some things in it that touch the very heart of the gospel and the very soul of spiritual godliness in the personal Christian life. Such things are greatly worthy of study.

"Building up yourself on your most holy faith" is an exhortation which, could it be heeded, would correct a thousand inconsistencies in the common Christian living of today, and make twice ten thousand weak and comparatively worthless church members strong in the Lord; strong to bear burdens and to perform services; strong to withstand the allurements of the world, to separate themselves from sinners, and to live godly in Christ Jesus, all of which, while professing to be dead to the world, they are not now doing. A great mass of nominal Christians are not building themselves up in or on their most holy faith, nor are they being built up either by the preaching of the gospel, or by private devotions, or by the inward witness of the Spirit. Some of them are most assiduously building up themselves in worldly goods and gains, in wealth and respectability, in position and influence, but not in Christ, not in Christian knowledge or experience, not yet in conspicuous Christian usefulness. He who is not striving to build himself up in Christian grace and strength cannot be built up by any means whatever. And these multitudes who are neglecting Christian culture by divinely appointed means and methods, like old neglected buildings, are going fast to decay.

Building up, is the literal rendering of the word here used, as in the erection, enlargement, repairing, or embellishment of a house. It is here, by a figure of speech applied to the development of a Christian life and character, Paul uses the same word quite often, with a similar intent, but in his case it is always rendered "edification," and to "edify"; never "building up," as an edifice is constructed, repaired, enlarged or embellished. He laid much stress on edifying one another, and the church of God. He would have all things done to edification in spiritual things. Alas, that so little often is done in the cause and Kingdom of Christ to build up, to edify Christians, especially young Christians, on this most holy faith. Faith here is taken objectively, and means the system of gospel truth, the entire plan of salvation by which men are made anew in Christ and grow up into Him, building up themselves and being built up and edified by all the means which are divinely provided and prescribed.

The grandest, the most beautiful product of the gospel is an individua, disciple of Christ, who bears most perfectly his Lord's image. It is not a boasted civilization, only as he is a part of that. The great Christian ideals in a community are not grand edifices, eloquent preachers, elaborate and attractive services, or institution called Christian; these are good, and may be called great relatively; but these are human ideals. God's ideal is a soul born from above, with a character which is a transcript of Christ's and a deportment which repeats that of His soul. If candidates for the Hall of Fame were selected by a spiritual insight, the first names admitted there would be those of some humble saints, transfigured by Christ's indwelling. They would be those of whom the world has not heard, but of

whom the world is not worthy.

Why is there so little edifying one another among Christians, and so little edifying the church? Doubtless a true and a sufficient answer is because there is so little following Jude's injunction, "building up yourselves on your most holy faith." Hence it is that so many Christians are so weak, and their example and personal influence so ineffective to stimulate and edify others; hence it is that so many pulpits, while they may be interesting and informing, are not edifying to the spiritual lives of those who sit under their ministry. Their religious characters are not developed; they do not grow in grace. We talk of strong churches, usually meaning churches with a large number of members, or having members of wealth, intelligence and prominent public standing. Those things do not and cannot make strong churches. They make conspicuous churches; churches to be vain of, and over which a cruel pride may boast. But as to spiritual vitality, the power of true godliness and an endless life, they may be very weak churches, and usually are.

This self-culture in a spiritual life, this exercising one's self into godliness, this building one's self up on his most holy faith is strictly according to the analogy of human growth and development in all other respects. There is no profession, trade or calling which men intend to enter, and in which they hope to succeed, for which they do not train themselves by patient study, usually under competent instructors, building themselves up in that particular faith and practice that they may be thoroughly furnished to its longest possibilities. The professional man, the merchant, the mechanic, the artisan, even the disreputable pursuits, exhibit a practical wisdom and devotion to the type they copy and the end they seek that might well shame the Christian's indifference to his own growth in grace. It is positively amazing, when you come to consider it, to what extent of overcoming themselves men go in training for even the most neccallings and professions—the pickpocket, burglar, the prize-fighter, and others like. What painful discipline, what self-denial, what brave persistency, building themselves up on their faith, though it be withal a most unholy faith! All this to accomplish their end, though it be a most unworthy end; all this to become expert and accomplished in their calling, though it be a most unholy calling.

The Christian profession and calling is about the only one in which those who enter it seem to have no ambition to attain excellency, either in character development or in ability for conspicuous service. And yet no other calling is like this to inspire the latent energies of the soul: A high calling, a holy calling, a calling of God, a calling to exalted service, and finally to endless glory. And yet how little effort is there among the mass of those called to be well fitted for the calling, or to achieve success in it; how little building themselves up on their most holy faith.

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

An Appeal.

I wish to call attention to the proposed fund to be raised in behalf of Bro. Ervine, who is now in enfeebled health at Perth, Victoria Co. As his many friends know, our dear brother is laid aside from active service and has been for more than a year living in retirement. At our convention in Hartland it was agreed that an appeal should be made to present him with a fund similar to that raised last year. It seems but fair that the churches should remember in their sympathies and assist those who have faithfully ministered unto them in spiritual things. We now ask all who feel it in their hearts to assist a most worthy object to send their offerings in as soon as possible. Will not some of our young people in the churches where our brother was well known aid us by collecting what they can without delay? These amounts may be forwarded

to me at any time, and I will see that all are sent together.

W. E. MCINTYRE.
Chipman, N. B., Oct. 15th.

Purposeless.

Like some instrument of music,
Made with great, exceeding skill,
Framed for sounds of sweetest rhythm,
Lying always mute and still;
Left where no man knows the secret
Of a single, noble chord,
Melody for ever silent,
Is thy life without the Lord.

Incomplete as some rich setting—
Finely chased, of purest gold;
Left without the priceless jewel
It was made alone to hold
Useless as some hidden treasure,
When none knew the magic word
To unlock the secret chamber,
Is thy life without the Lord.

Thou, created for His glory—
Is thy purpose unfulfilled?
Have thy heart's deep chords of music
Never by His touch been thrilled?
Is thy soul without its jewel?
Is thy power a hidden hoard?
Is thy spirit dead within thee?
Is thy life without thy Lord?

Notes.

This poor lost world that has swung out into the cold and the dark doesn't know anything about the love of God, and if we do not love men with the same kind of love that Jesus had for this lost world, we are not going to reach them. I wish we could rise to a higher plane of duty and let love be the motive power. How easy it is to work for God if the heart is filled with love! And if it is not filled with love, let us pray God to fill it with love. What we want is to be baptized with the love of Christ for this world, and if we are full of love for the perishing, we are sure to succeed.

It is one thing to help us in our plans; it is quite another thing to ask God how we can be helpers in his plans. Every man is glad to have God's help; only now and then is found a man whose first thought is how he can help God. What is your chief desire in your morning prayer for the day? Your honest answer to that question may reveal to you your spirit and purpose in life.

A Methodist clergyman told the writer this summer that he never knew a stinging church to be a spiritual one, and vice versa; and our personal experience backs up that statement. The good Baptist who carried his pocketbook into the water with him, so that it might be baptized, too, had a vital religion.

Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) bears testimony to this, that there is no preaching of Jesus Christ and Him crucified—the preaching of the cross, where there is now the living Lord, not hanging upon the cross, but, with the cross as a background, the Lord alive forever.

The nation holds the front door of the saloon while the devil tends the back door that leads to the gutter, the brothel, and hell.

It is only in proportion as men return to the great Foundation truths of the Gospel—of Sin—Repentance—the Atonement—the Deity of our Lord—and Faith in Him—that there can be a revival of religion. There is a feeling of weariness all round. Many ministers are weary of their failure, congregations of their coldness, and "outsiders" of their disappointed hopes. Now, then, is the time to proclaim, as never before, the Saviour's Divine invitation, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*The Christian*.

Do we fear that our work is beyond our strength? He over to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength th.

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God Knoweth Best.

The Gates of love swing either way
On noiseless hinges night and day,
One enters through the open door;
One leaves to return no more,
And which is happier, which more blest,
God knoweth best.

We greet with smiles the one who comes
Like sunshine to our hearts and homes,
And reach our longing hands with tears
To him who in his ripened years
Goes gladly to his heavenly rest,
God knoweth best.

He guards the gates. We need not dread
The path these little feet must tread,
Nor fear for him who from our sight
Passed through them to the realm of light,
Both in his loving care we rest,
God knoweth best
—Mary Wheaton Lyon, in U. G. N.

Ordination.

Rev. B. S. Freeman, formerly of Newport, Hants Co. N. S., was ordained pastor of the Centreville Baptist church on Monday evening Sept. 30. There was a good representation from the Baptist churches of the county. Joseph McCready, Jacksonville, was Moderator and John Farley, Bristol, clerk. The council was unanimous in advising the ordination which was accordingly proceeded with. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. A. Cahill; prayer by Rev. C. A. Horseman; charge to the candidate, Rev. C. M. Barton; hand of fellowship, Rev. A. H. Hayward; benediction, Rev. B. S. Freeman.

Queens County Quarter's Meeting.

The recent session of this body was held with the Range church, opening on Friday, 11th inst. There were present at the meetings Revs. W. J. Bleakney, J. Coombs, W. E. McIntyre, W. S. Martin and E. K. Ganong, besides a goodly number of lay brethren. At the business session on Saturday morning it was resolved that in future the churches be urged to send their pastors, releasing them from Sabbath engagements at home. The officers were elected as follows:

Chairman, Bro. Joshua Colwell.
Secretary, Rev. J. Coombs.
Treasurer, Bro. E. A. Franciscombe.
Evangelist Martin opened the conference in the afternoon with an excellent address, after which a large number took part.
Rev. E. K. Ganong preached on Sabbath to large and interesting congregations. The other brethren were compelled by urgent circumstances to return to their fields. The place of next meeting was left in the hands of the chairman and secretary.

Robert Dale Owen tells us that he had to examine 150 books to procure an item for one of his.

Without Being Sept For.

BY REV. H. T. MILLER.

WHILE visiting a government office one afternoon I found that the staff had had a very busy time. All at once a clerk from a great firm came in, and this meant more business. One of the officials met him with the pleasant banter "You are like bad weather, you come with out being sent for."

How many things come to us without being sent for! Sickness and pain, drought and flood, loss of friends and enjoyment, what unwelcome visitors are these! And yet they come. Man lives in a disturbing element and progress by antagonism seems to be the law of life.

Paul desired that he might have a prosperous journey by the will of God to come to his brethren at Rome. What is a prosperous journey? A good ship, an able commander, intelligent officers, an obedient crew, plenty of provisions, a fair wind, and a safe arrival? Aias, how soon Euroclydon came down upon them, part of the cargo had to go overboard, and the masts were cut away; neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and all hope was taken away. Then came shallow water, shipwreck, and loss of everything but life.

Coming to higher things, I appeal to my readers who follow the Saviour, whether they were not formerly in the same situation. Salvation came to them without being sent for, and when they entered the secret presence chamber of the King to receive pardon and eternal life, did they not read over the portal, "I am found of them that sought me not?"

"Why was I made to hear thy voice,
And enter while there's room;
When thousands make a wretched choice,
And rather starve than come?"

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast
That sweetly forced us in;
Else we had still refused to taste,
And perished in our sin."

Oh, sovereign pleasure and power! "Thy Lord hath visited and redeemed his people."

Religious News.

CHIPMAN, N. B. We are in the midst of a gracious revival season in this place. Evangelist Martin has been with us preaching the Word with earnestness and power, and God is saving the people. Already fourteen have united with 2nd Chipman church by baptism, while many others have decided to serve Christ. To the God of Israel be all the praise.
W. E. M.

HOPEWELL. Sunday, Sept. 29th, was our roll call at the Hill and we had a very successful meeting. In the morning the pastor preached from the text "Ye are the light of the world." In the afternoon we had the roll call and a large number responded to their names. We were especially pleased to hear from our non-resident members. At the close we observed the Lord's supper and we used the Individual Cup. The Hill has recently purchased a set, so we have two sets, one at Albert and one at the Hill. The evening was stormy but a large congregation assembled to listen to a sermon by Rev. Milton Addison. His text was "More than conquerors" Romans 8:37. All enjoyed the strong discourse delivered by our brother. At the close Bro. Geo. M. Russell was ordained to the deaconate. Collec-

tions and contributions of the day \$50.00
F. D. DAV

ELGIN, N. B. After the toil and dust of a long summer, our churches have granted us four weeks vacation. They have prefaced our departure with various gifts, Elgin giving \$35, Forest Glen \$25, Pollit River \$22, making the generous amount of \$82. It is hoped that a rest with our friends in Brockton and other points in Mass., will put us again in physical and spiritual condition for a vigorous winter's work. We gratefully acknowledge the above donations, and pray that the abundant blessing of God may rest upon the people.
H. H. SAUNDERS.

Oct. 3, 1901.

CAMPBELTON, N. B. On the sixth inst., six candidates were baptized upon confession of their faith in Christ and were given the hand of Christian fellowship into the Campbellton Church.
J. W. KRIBSTEAD.

HAMPTON STATION, N. B. A very pleasant college vacation spent on this field has just passed. The work was begun under discouragements but the interest gradually deepened during the summer months until we were well assured that God was blessing us. Our congregations in the five churches increased to satisfactory degree. The prayer services received the promise of the Master and some found Christ. The people everywhere were very kind and hospitable and contributed over \$200 as salary. Now she field is pastorless. Will not some man of God come to the rescue and carry on the good work where the promise of a rich harvest is so manifest.
D. J. NEELY.

Dear Editor:—A few notes from Fairville might be of interest to your readers. I have just entered upon my fourth year's pastorate with this church. The three years spent here have been of a pleasant and harmonious character. The people have been exceptionally kind and sympathetic to me and family. During these three years there has been a fair measure of prosperity in the church, both in spiritual and material things. There has been an addition of sixty-seven to the membership. Last year we were able to reduce the debt to the amount of four hundred dollars, and in August of this year we made another payment of three hundred dollars. There is an old place of worship at Grand Bay that I found in a dilapidated condition. As a result of the kind donations of Messrs. Raulph and Baker C. Woodman and Mr. Jordan, of lumber, and Mr. T. Wilson and A. Fair of nails, we have now a respectable place in which to worship God, with new foundation, new roof, new coat of paint and new blinds. I have recently finished a series of illustrated sermons on the "Tabernacle," which have been very instructive to myself, and I have reason to believe to the congregation also. There are nine beautiful maps that go with the series, thus making an impression through the eye as well as the ear. I would heartily recommend the use of these maps to pastors in teaching the wonderfully significant symbolism of the Mosaic Tabernacle with its furniture. Three new members were received into our church by letter last Sunday morning. In the evening we held our Sunday School "Rally Day" concert. About five hundred people were present, all of whom must have felt the importance of Sunday school work. The outlook for the Fairville church is very hopeful.
"Mercy drops round us are falling,
But for the showers we plead."
A. T. DYKEMAN,
Fairville, Oct. 10th, 1901.
M. & V.

Death of Thomas H. Hill.

The death occurred suddenly at half past three o'clock Thursday afternoon of Thomas H. Hill, a prominent King street business man, at his residence, Orange street. Although Mr. Hill has been in failing health for the last few weeks, it was not thought that the end would come so

soon. Thursday morning, however, it was felt that he had but a few hours to live.

Mr. Hall was born in Nova Scotia in 1837, and when but young went to Eastport, Maine. From there, in his twenty-second year, he came to this city, and has resided here ever since. At first he was employed with the firms of Magee Brothers and Lansdowne and Mackin, but in 1861 he went into business for himself as a bookseller. This was his fortieth year in active business for himself.

He was prominent in the work of the Baptist denomination here and was one of the foremost men in the New Brunswick Baptist convention. He was connected with the Leinster street church and for many years was one of the directors of the choir.

He married a daughter of Charles H. Estabrook, who survives him, along with their sons, Charles W. Hall of Fredericton, Frank, Kandall and Thomas of New York, Walter of Sydney, and their daughters, Mrs. J. L. Marsters of Wilmington, Del., Mrs. A. B. Carr of Sydney, Mrs. Dr. Benner of South Framingham, Mass., and Miss Hazel of St. John.

To the family we tender our sympathy in their sorrow. May the God of all grace grant them divine consolation.

A Word to the Weary.

BY REV. G. FLAVEL HUMPHREYS.

THERE are various motives for desiring the accomplishment of learning, but none are more noble and elevating than the desire to be helpful to humanity. What this world wants more than anything else is help. Those that are able to give it have a supreme satisfaction that honor and distinction cannot bestow.

It was a supreme gift that God bestowed on Isaiah: "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." The wisdom of knowing how is a rare secret to learn. When youth masters this, whatever else life may deny them, they will be a blessing to the world. When we are able to meet a supreme need with a supreme wisdom, we are doing the best work we could possibly do.

Only the Lord can give us this wisdom. It is not learned from books; it can not be acquired from experience alone; it is not inherited, although we greatly differ in their power of personal approach to people. It is a divine bestowment, sought for, prayed for, studied for, acquired often through humiliation and mistake. Moody was called crazy when he began his career of spiritual helpfulness to men, which was so marvellous and phenomenal.

If man lack this wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, but there must be an undoubted faith behind the asking. It is of vital importance that we fully understand that God alone can equip us for this work.

The word is to be "in season"—at the right moment, when the Spirit working through you offers a weary soul for comforting. A word in season, how good it is! When opportunity and ability synchronize, then some soul is helped. When the cogs of the wheels fit each in its fellow, then the final purpose of the machine is realized. The delicate and marvellous spiritual machinery of life is often dependent upon some unnoticed cog in some obscure wheel. How many great lives, distinguished in the earth, have had their birth because of some obscure soul speaking at the right time the right word.

The makers of great lives, humanly speaking are often these humble people who speak "in season" the magic word that makes a new birth-hour possible. Here is a career open to all, great enough to make one loved of God and helpful to men.

This word, given by God, and uttered in season, comes to a peculiar class.

"Him that is weary!" How much pathos and want there is in these words! There are a great multitude that belong to this class. If we have eyes to see them, ears to hear their plaint, and tongues to speak the word, we shall be perpetuating Isaiah's work, although we have not lips to prophesy. The cry of the wounded and the conquered comes up to the ear of Christ, a vast wail, and he has delegated Christians all over this earth to do the work of comforting him that is ready to fall. We might spend money

like water, if we had it, and not do half the good that the word "in season" will do to some sore soul.

The Angel of Hope.

The narrow gorge stretches before us, with its dark overhanging cliffs that almost shut out the light, the path is rough and set with sharp pebbles; it is narrow, winding, steep; often it seems to be barred by some huge rock that juts across it, and there is barely room for the broken ledge, yielding slippery footing between the beetling cliffs above and the steep slope beneath, that dips so quickly to the black torrent below. All is gloomy, damp and hard; and if we look upwards, the glen becomes more savage as it rises, and armed foes hold the very throat of the pass. But, however long, however barren, however rugged, however black, however trackless, we may see, if we will, a bright Form descending the rocky way, with radiant eyes and calm lips—God's messenger, Hope; and the rough rocks are like the doorway through which she comes near to us in our weary struggle. . . . Never mind how black it may loom ahead, or how frowning the rocks. From between the narrowest gorge you may see, if you will, the guide whom God has sent you, and that Angel of Hope will light up all the darkness, and will only fade away when she is lost in the sevenfold brightness of that upper land, whereof our "God Himself is sun and moon"—the true Canaan, to whose everlasting mountains the steep way of life has climbed at last through valleys of trouble, and of weeping, and of the shadow of death.

"Just Because I Loved Them."

"**H**OW did you come to know so much about flowers?" said a lady to a little country girl, who in a half hour's walk had showed her more beautiful and interesting things about the wild flowers of the region than her own eyes had ever discovered.

The child thought a moment before she answered. Then she said very sweetly, "I guess I learn about them just because I loved them."

That was a wise answer. It is easy for us to learn when we love. The dates of great battles which took place centuries before we were born slip out of our minds, but it is not hard to remember the birthday of a dear friend. Sometimes we have to use all our resolution to memorize a dry paragraph in which we are not a bit interested, but the little poem which speaks to our hearts, and says so beautifully what we have felt blindly and have wished we could say, is learned with hardly an effort. And once learned, we could not forget it if we tried.

We talk about God's will sometimes as if it were strange and mysterious and perplexing. But that is one of the things we cannot learn without loving. As long as there is any doubt or bitterness in our hearts, it will be difficult to understand. Only perfect trust can make it plain. We cannot learn it without loving it.

Extract from Amelia Barr's A Ticle upon Worrying.

TO say we are worried to death is a common expression; but do we comprehend the terrible truth of the remark? Do we realize that the hounds of care, anxiety and fretful inability, may actually tear and torment us into paresis, or paralysis, or dementia, and as virtually worry us to death as a

collie dog worries a sheep, or a cat worries a mouse? And yet, if we are christian men and women, worrying is just the one thing not needed, for there are more than sixty admonitions in the Bible against it, and the ground is so well covered by them that, between the first "Fear not" and the last, every unnecessary anxiety is met, and there is not a legitimate subject for worrying left.

Are we troubled about meat and money matters? We are told to consider the fowls of the air; they sow not, neither do they reap nor gather into barns, yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?

Have you some malignant enemy to fight? Fear not; if God is with us who can be against us?

Are we in sorrow? I, even I, am He that comforteth you.

Are we in doubt and perplexity? I will bring the blind by a way that they know not. I will lead them in paths that they have not known. I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight.

Do we fear that our work is beyond our strength? He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength.

Are we sick? He has promised to make all our bed in our sickness.

Do we fear death? He has assured us that in the valley of the shadow of death He will be with us.

Is the worry not for ourselves, but for wife and children that will be left without support and protection? Even this last anxiety is provided for. Leave thy fatherless children to me, and let thy widows trust in me, and I will preserve them alive.

Now, if we really believe that God made these promises, do we think that God will not keep His word? Do we doubt His good will toward us?

When he says He will make all things work together for our good, is the Holy One lying to our sorrowful hearts? Thirty years ago I was thrown helpless, penniless and friendless, upon the assurances of God, and in thirty years he has never broken a promise. He is a God that keepeth both mercy and truth. I believe in his goodness. I trust His care. I would not, by worrying, tell Him to His face that He neither has the power nor the good will to help and comfort me.

His Resignation.

A certain Dr. H. was called to a church. He reached the town on a late train Saturday night, was entertained at the home of one of the deacons, and the next morning entered the pulpit and preached his first sermon as pastor. Returning after service to the home of his host, he learned incidentally that in the call tendered him there had not been the unanimity that he supposed was implied. The vote had been twenty-eight for and twenty against him. Imagine the surprise of the congregation at the evening service to hear the following: "Inasmuch as I was not correctly informed concerning the voice of this church in the call extended to me to become its pastor, I hereby tender my resignation, to take effect at the close of this service."

To show that he was in earnest he rose at five o'clock the next morning, quietly left the house where he was entertained, and walked six miles to another station in order to escape the questioning of his parishioners.

The Lord Knoweth Them That Are His.

The other day a picture by Rubens was discovered in an old picture shop in London. An expert with keen eye went to the shop, and amid a heterogeneous mass of rubbish he detected, under the grim and soot and dust of years, a masterpiece of Rubens. Crushing down the quiver that came to his voice, in as calm a tone as he could command, he asked the picture dealer what he would take for

this old bit of canvas. The picture-dealer looked at it and said, "I will sell it you for thirty shillings." The thirty shillings were paid and the purchaser took it home, got it cleaned and put right; and out from the grime and dust there shined today a £2000 picture by Rubens. I tell you that can do more under the falling and fainting, the grime and dust of his weakest child's faith, the masterpiece of His Son. His likeness shines through your experience, and the Lord can read the facings of His own uniform. He never makes a mistake, and only in this uniform can He save you.—*Selected.*

The Presence of Christ.

BY THE LATE PRINCIPAL JOHN CAIRD.

MEN sometimes speak as if our Christian faith and hope—our belief in Christ were a thing that stands and falls with the sifting of historic evidence, with the proof of the authenticity, credibility, and consistency of ancient documents, and demonstrated accuracy of every incident in the records of Christ's life on earth. I believe that these records have in their substance stood the test of criticism, but I believe also that our faith in the Christ they reveal rests on the basis more impregnable than historic evidence, even on the inward witness to the perpetual presence and operation of the ever-living spirit of Christ, that spirit of redeeming, purifying, hallowing love that was incarnate in him, and that is still and forever, if we will but open our hearts to receive it, living and breathing within us.

How do we know that the principle of life, the germinating, animating force and energy of nature, has not departed from the world? We know it because every successive spring we witness the annual miracle of nature's revival, every summer and autumn the waving corn clothing the fields with fertility, and the leafy woods waving with foliage and ringing with the sounds of multitudinous life. How do we know, as we read the works or contemplate the productions of the master minds, the great poets and artists of the past, that the spirit from which they drew their inspiration is not a thing that pertained to a dim and distant age, and that has long vanished from the world? Partly we know it because in communion with them we feel it. By the inner response, the sympathetic thrill, which the unyielding products of their genius awaken in our own minds, by the thoughts, emotions, aspirations, which at their touch leap to life within us—by these experiences we have the assurance that the spirit that was in them, and without which their works would be a meaningless blank to us, in some measure lives and moves within our breasts, and is not therefore a transient visitant, but a perennial presence and power in the thought and life of man. In like manner, but in a far higher sphere, we may know that the spirit that was in Christ, and that made all His human life resplendent with the glory and beauty of the eternal light and love, has not passed away, and will never pass away from the world. We need not go up to heaven to bring Christ down from above nor back in thought to a dim and vanished age to receive a fading image and memory of the past. He is near us here and now, the light of all our seeing, the ever-present, inexhaustible fountain of spiritual life and strength. If we do not realize His presence the hindrance is not in Him but in ourselves. The eye of the soul may be darkened to the heavenly light, the ear dulled or deafened by the tumult of earthly passions to the heavenly Voice. But He is never far from any one of us, the divine element of His presence surrounds us, even when in our hardness and coldness we know and think not of it, like light rippling round blind eyes, or sweet music seeking entrance into deaf ears; and nothing but our own moral opacity and dullness hinders it from penetrating and suffusing our souls.

"Beloved."

TERMS of endearment came into common use among the early Christians, and remain so until now. It was natural for them to call one another "beloved," and to express themselves in affection-

ate speech. We are so accustomed to this endearing language that we never stop to inquire why we see it. It is unique; it is characteristic of Christianity; it is a custom that sprang up in those little brotherhoods that were formed in the first century which we call churches. It had not been the habit of any people before then to make such use of this language of the heart, and it is not common to-day among any societies or religions outside the Christian realm. Why is such language natural to the Christian? A new spirit begets a new vocabulary, and when I've come into the world language was bound to attest the fact. A deep, tender spiritual life cannot help expressing itself in this way. A new tie binds Christians together. It is a sign of the all pervasive love of Christ which enriches the soul with emotions of fraternity. Of course, there are natures which do not respond to endearing languages, and eschew everything that is tinged with sentiment. And sometimes, it must be confessed, the strong language of affection which was first used by the apostles and early Christians towards each other, when repeated without discretion, degenerates into sickly sentimentalism and offensive inunctions. Religious expressions often become repellent cant, and alienate others instead of drawing them to us. But while this is true, it should not be forgotten that language of affection is the natural fruit of a religion of love, and is one of the significant credentials of our unique and transforming faith.

Notices.

When we mailed the last issue of this paper we enclosed two hundred and fifty addressed envelopes, to be used by subscribers in remitting payments for this paper. We have only heard from a few of these as yet. Friends, we need money to keep the paper alive. Every time the paper is printed it has to be paid for, and the postage on them also has to be paid before they leave the office. We are now with this issue enclosing fifty more of these addressed envelopes in hopes of hearing from many more of our patrons in the near future. This paper has no advertisements to keep it up, and if we do not get the subscriptions paid in some time during the year it makes it hard for us to carry it on; but with our present subscriptions paid in we can keep it going all right. As we said before, any one whose subscription ends in any month of this year since the first of Oct., if they continue to take the paper for another year will get it the remaining months of this year gratis.

Married.

- KENT-THEALL**—At Louisville, Sept. 4th by Rev. M. Buchanan, Martin J. Kent of Halifax, N. S., to Millicent G. Theall, daughter of Frank L. Theall, St. John, West N. B.
- ACKERMAN-BROWN**—At Big Forks, Kent Co. on 20th inst., by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Robert Ackerman of Chipman to Sarah E., daughter of Jas. L. Brown of Harcourt, Kent county.
- GODDARD-TAYLOR**—At the Baptist parsonage, Sussex, N. B., Oct. 2nd, by Rev. W. Camp, Mr. Austin Goddard to Josephine Taylor, both of Penobscus, Kings Co.
- STOCKTON-LEWIS**—At the Free Baptist church, North River, Sept. 25th, by Rev. Abram Perry, C. F. W. Stockton of St. John to Sarah Lewis of North River, Westmorland Co.
- TAYLOR-SMITH**—At the Methodist church, North River, Sept. 25th, by Rev. Abram Perry, Lovell Taylor of North River to Elizabeth Smith of Fredericton Road, Westmorland Co.
- QUICK-WASHBURN**—At the Union church, Lansdowne, C. Co., N. B., Oct. 2nd, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Austin J. Quick and Miss Jennie, daughter of the late William Washburn, all of Lansdowne.

BRIDGES-PURDY—At the residence of the bride's father on Oct. 2nd, by Rev. W. J. Gordon, Hollie B. Bridges of Shelburne, N. B., to Hattie Maud, daughter of Fred Purdy of Upper Jenseug, Queens Co., N. B.

KENNEDY-MERRITHW—At the residence of the bride's father, September 25, by Rev. Geo. Howard, William A. Kennedy, of Woodstock, Carleton Co., to Bertha A. Merrithew, of Keswick, York Co.

GARCELON-ARMSTRONG—At the residence of the bride's mother, Oct. 2nd, by pastor C. N. Barton, Arthur A. Garcelon of Oakfield, Maine to Myrtle Armstrong of Benton, York county, N. B.

CORNEY-VICKERS—At the Baptist church, Underhill, Sept. 25th, by Rev. M. P. King, Thomas W. Corney of Blackville, to Sarah J. Vickers of the same place.

ROBINSON-HOBEN—At the residence of the bride's father, Gibson, N. B., Sept. 11, by Rev. J. H. MacDonald, Rev. Wm. H. Robinson to Francis Hoben, both of Gibson.

BRAMAN-HEUSTIA—At the home of the bride, on Sept. 24th, by Rev. Wm. M. Field, Frank Braman of Buelah to Fannie Heustia, of Heustia Landing, N. B.

BELEYA-HAMM—At the Free Baptist church, Narrows, Queens Co., Sept. 18th, by Rev. H. A. Bonnell, Charles E. Beleya and Lily E. Hamm, both of Johnston, Queens Co.

MOLLINS-BUDD—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Moncton, Sept. 20, by Rev. G. Swin, Charles Mollins and Mina Budd, both of Moncton.

GILDIART-WILSON—At Little River, Coverdale, on Sept. 25th, by Rev. W. W. C. F. S., Florence Gildart to Horace Wilson, of Little River, Elgin.

PALMER COLWELL—At the residence of the bride's parents, King street, St. John, West, on Oct. 10th, by Rev. B. N. Nobles, Harry Aeward Palmer to Bertha Louise Colwell, both of St. John, West, N. B.

FIELDS-McRAE—At Campbellton, N. B. Oct. 3, by Rev. J. W. Keirstead, B. A., Jane McRae, of Campbellton, was united in marriage to Geo. A. Fields, commercial traveller of Montreal.

LANG-YOUNG—At the parsonage, 51 Queen street, St. John, Oct. 7th, by Rev. J. D. Freeman, William Arthur Lang and Mabel Louise Young, both of St. John.

WILSON-MAGUIRE—At the parsonage, 51 Queen street, St. John, Oct. 8th, by Rev. J. D. F. Mac, Andrew Wilson and Hattie Frances Maguire, both of Pisano.

Died.

BROWN—At Nixco, Albert Co., on Oct. 4th, of bronchitis, Cecil, son of Philip and Mary Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown have our strong sympathy in their sad affliction. We pray that sustaining grace may mitigate their sorrow.

POSSLEY—At Centra, Cambridge, Queens county, N. B., October 1, John Possley, aged 92 years and 8 months. Deceased was a member of the Lower Cambridge Baptist church, having professed faith in Christ some thirty years ago.

BROWNELL—At Jollicore, Westmorland county, Sept. 12th, Sarah Helen, daughter of Edgar and Maude Brownell. Though but in her seventh year, it is sad as if Helen had been with us a much longer time. She was a lovable child and had endeared herself to a large circle. Two little girls comprised the children and the separation is very severe. But the Good Shepherd has taken this lamb to his own fold. A touching service was held at the home, participated in by Rev. Messrs. Steele and Marshall.

CHURCH—At Fort Lawrence Cumberland county, on Oct. 4th, Thomas Church, a much respected man and an old member of the Amherst church, passed on to the heavenly country, aged 82. Dr. Steele conducted a funeral service at his old home. Mr. Church leaves a son, Charles, who occupies the homestead, and one brother, Jeremiah, of San Jose, California, who is the last member of a large family.

BROWN—In Roxbury, Boston, August 19th, Miss Margaret Brown was born in Hampton, Kings county, New Brunswick. She found the Saviour in her early womanhood, and was baptized into the membership of the Brussels street Baptist Church, St. John, of which she was a consistent member until 1875, when she removed to Boston, where she identified herself with the Clarendon Street Baptist Church, of which she continued a member until her death. She was a firm believer in the doctrines of evangelical Christianity, and for many years illustrated them in an active consecrated life. In her later years she became an invalid, and walked, like others of God's best children, in the shadows incident to the eclipse of faith; but there came at last the breaking of the day, and the flight of the shadows when she opened her eyes to the vision of the face of her Lord in heaven. She was the third daughter of the late John Brown, of Belle Isle, Kings county, N. B. Four sisters survive her—Mrs. Robert Miller, of Portsmouth, N. H.; Mrs. Caroline E. Waters and Mrs. Francis N. Simpson, of Rochester, Mass.; Mrs. M. E. Hughes, of Providence, R. I.