

# The Home Mission Journal.

VOLUME VI, No. 24

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 25, 1904.

WHOLE No. 152

## Valedictory

With this issue we close the publication of "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL." The principal cause of its suspension, is the infirm condition of its managing editor. We do not mean *senile dementia*, but bodily weakness, in consequence of asthmatic trouble preventing him from traveling about securing subscriptions and collecting payments for it, especially in the winter time, and there not being enough margin on the price of the paper to pay an agent to do this kind of work, there is no alternative but to close it up. We have endeavored to make it a useful religious sheet in the homes of the people, and have succeeded in putting it into hundreds of our Baptist families where no other religious paper was taken, and among numerous others who had other religious journals coming weekly who were always pleased to have the bi-monthly visits of our little paper. And judging from the many letters that come from our patrons with expressions of regret at the closing up of the paper and the kind word of appreciation concerning helpful and instructive reading matter we are happy in the belief that our labor has not been in vain in the Lord. Not being able for several years to do pastoral work we have had much pleasure in trying to help on the interests of the kingdom by our feeble journalistic efforts. But now the burden of it is more than we can carry, and in closing up this work we tender to all our subscribers our sincere thanks for the help and encouragement they have given us during the six years that we have published this paper. We again thank all our patrons who have returned the addressed envelopes with remittances, and hope that all others who have them will not delay their return; by so doing they will help us to square up our accounts at the close of this year. And to those who have sent us presents beside their payments we render sincere thankfulness. We now have a cold winter to face, and it is a great consolation to know we have many kind friends who do not forget us in our days of adversity, and to know that we have a kind and loving Father in Heaven who promised to never leave nor forsake us, makes the dark wearisome sides of life not only bearable, but also enjoyable. And now dear friends, one and all, we wish you a happy New Year. Goodbye. FROM THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL.

## Perverting Paul's Word.

By O. P. Eaches.

In what sense does Paul use the term "holy" in 1 Corinthians 7: 14? Did he refer to a moral and spiritual condition, or was his reference entirely to a ritual condition? The two things are very far apart. Judas was ritually a holy man; there was nothing in his outward life that would keep him from the temple worship and the passover. He was morally unclean; twelve months before the betrayal Jesus called him a devil. There were broad racial and ritual lines between the Jews and the Gentiles. The Jews looked down upon all others as unclean. It required a vision from the ascended Lord to so broaden Peter's mind that he was willing to convey the message of Christ to the Roman soldier at Caesarea. The horizon of the Jewish fellowship and effort was limited to the Jewish people. The same exclusive spirit the Jewish believer brought with him into the Christian Church. The Jewish believer looked down upon the Gentile believer as one even yet as ritually unclean.

Peter, moved by this narrow feeling, could not even have social fellowship with his fellow Christians (Gal. 2: 12). To Peter the Jewish Christians were clean, holy; the Gentile Christians were unclean, unholy. He had forgotten the divine word that Jesus had utterly removed the ritual distinction between clean and unclean (Acts 10: 15). There is no one in the world; no one for whom Jesus died who may be looked upon as unclean or common.

The same spirit that separated the church into two parts threatened also to divide households. The households in Corinth were in peril. In some cases the unbelieving husband deserted the wife—he hated the narrowness and exclusiveness of the Christian faith. In other cases the believing husband or wife would be tempted to desert the unbelieving partner. How could a believer, a child of love, live rightfully with an unbeliever, one ritually and spiritually unclean? Paul interposes with arguments, and appeal that the believer should not dissolve the marriage bond and break up the household. This he got 1 Cor. 7: 13. In the following verse he teaches that "the unbelieving husband is sanctified in the wife and the unbelieving wife is sanctified in the brother; else were your children unclean, but now are they holy." In what sense does Paul use this word *holy*—with a ritual or spiritual meaning? The unbelieving husband is declared to be *sanctified*. Paul plainly does not use this word in a moral sense. He is an unbeliever open and pronounced and therefore morally unclean and unholy. In ver. 16 he speaks of the possible salvation of this unbelieving husband—the conversion of the ritually holy yet unbelieving husband into a spiritually holy man. It would unsettle the meaning of all words and subvert entirely Paul's definition of salvation to declare that the terms *holy* and *sanctified* are used here with distinct spiritual meanings. Paul does not affirm a regenerate nature of the sanctified husband or the holy children.

A recent editorial in the *Sunday School Times* inserts into these terms a distinct spiritual meaning. The article is entitled, "What Rights Have Christians' Children?" With equal force and pertinency the heading might be, "What rights have the unbelieving husbands of Christian wives?" or "What right have the unbelieving wives of Christian husbands?" If the children in such a household are called holy, it is equally true that the unbelieving husband or wife is pronounced sanctified. If the children in such a household have certain spiritual *rights*—in like manner the unbelieving husband or wife has also certain spiritual rights. The editorial has these words: "But to the harm done and the cruelty inflicted on the children of Christian parents by well meaning but fearfully mistaken parents and teachers this word of Paul should arouse attention." The Greek word "holy" here is the same as that used elsewhere of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is a rational inference from these words that the children of Christian parents have in them a holy nature, akin to that in Jesus Christ our Lord. In the Old Testament it was required that the vessels in the Temple should be holy. The same term defined the

character of Jehovah—He was holy. But there was an infinite remove between a holy vessel and the holy Jehovah. It is a dangerous thing to look upon the children of believing parents as having a spiritual birthright because of such a parentage. It is a perversion of Paul's teachings to regard him as maintaining such a proposition. If we are to follow the train of Paul's teaching and believe that the children are really holy and inherit inalienable spiritual right then we must widen our conceptions and maintain also that the entire household is made holy through one believing member. The training and Christian influence in a home where there is a believing father or mother is of vast molding power. In many a Christian home a mother leads all the household in quiet and almost unconscious ways to a life in Christ. It was a wise mother who said: "If my children are not Christians when they reach the age of eight it causes me alarm."

## On Going to Church.

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour for the service is announced to begin; then you will not disturb other worshippers.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary for the service about to begin.

Resolve that you will foster no thought fix your eyes on no object, utter no word which will tend to divert your mind from the holy purpose for which you have come.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.

BISHOP VINCENT.

It is true that love cannot be forced, that it cannot be made to order, that we cannot love because we ought or even because we want. But we can bring ourselves into the presence of the lovable. We can enter into friendship through the door of Discipleship. We can learn love through service.

To those who want samples of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, observe that we do not offer to send free of charge sample boxes, nor sample bottles of it; but sample packages, these are free, but require a 2 cent stamp to mail them. The boxes cost one dollar and fifteen cents: a dollar for remedy and fifteen cents for duty and postage, which must always be sent with the order.

J. H. HUGHES,  
2 Cunard Street, St. John, N. B.

## The Home Mission Journal

A record of Missionary, Sunday School and Temperance work, and a reporter of church and miscellaneous activities, and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly.

All communications, whether containing money or otherwise are to be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,  
Cunard Street, St. John, (North) N. B.

Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER XX.

The United States armored cruiser *American Eagle*, Captain Zeabury, ordered to look after American interests in the South Pacific, and at that particular time en route from Panama to Samoa via the Marquesas Islands, was doggedly churning up the waters one calm day not long after the events narrated in the preceding chapter. The whole ship's company had settled down to the ordinary routine of life on a man-of-war at sea, though never once was vigilance relaxed.

A dapper young ensign, Robert McPherson, walked the bridge as officer of the deck, every now and then sweeping the horizon with his binoculars. Presently in the far distance a sail was seen to shimmer. As the cruiser plowed her way onward, the distant ship was brought into clearer relief. As the man-of-war drew nearer still, the strange vessel seemed to change her course from time to time. "Must have more wind out there than we have here!" muttered the ensign. Suddenly he called:

"Aloft there!"

"Aye, aye, sir!" floated down in response from a jackie on the lookout in the fore-top.

"What do you make out that craft to be?" was the return hail.

"She's a barkantine, sir, what don't appear to know her own mind, sir!" A few moments more and the vessel was brought plainly into view. Soon through the binoculars her crew could be made out scrambling up the rigging, hauling on the braces, running about the decks, and otherwise acting with strange excitement.

"Messenger boy!"

A smart young apprentice tripped up the ladder to the bridge, and stood at attention.

"Report to the Captain and tell him with the compliments of the officer of the deck that a barkantine is in sight on the weather bow, and acting strangely!" said the ensign.

The boy again saluted, and delivered his message to the marine posted as orderly before the door of the Captain's cabin.

Presently a gray-haired officer, who as a cadet had fought with Farragut at Mobile Bay, strode across the quarter-deck and mounted to the bridge. The young ensign, saluting, explained the situation.

"That ship is trying to avoid us, McPherson," exclaimed the captain. And then he added, quietly, "But we'll give her a call!"

"Give her a few more spokes to port!" ordered the ensign, addressing the man at the wheel, and, carrying out the captain's directions.

As soon as it became evident that the man-of-war was bearing down upon the barkantine, the efforts of the crew to make their escape increased and every device known to expert sailors to drive the ship through the water was employed.

"Those fellows are good sailors!" exclaimed Captain Zeabury, with sardonic humor. "They must have been brought up on Luce's Seaman ship!"

When, however, it became perfectly evident to all on board the sailing vessel that the cruiser was determined to pay them a call, all attempts to get away were abandoned, and an effort was made to brazen out the whole affair.

With a superb curve the cruiser swept up toward the barkantine and then swung slowly around just abreast of the sailing craft. By this time the executive officer had joined the captain on the bridge, and the latter taking the mega-

phone hailed the ship.

"What ship is that?"

No response came back over the waters. Evidently the crew of the stranger were looking for some one to act as their spokesman. Finally a man rushed up to the bridge who managed to shout back, in English which had a decided brogue:

"Is he de Derrogant, Cap'n Hurley, from Calcoota to Cheelee?"

"Where is your flag?" demanded the captain.

All hands looked aloft. No flag fluttered from the peak of the stranger.

"Stand by till I send a boat aboard of you!" added the captain through the megaphone. "And if you touch a brace or a hulloard, meanwhile I'll blow you out of the water!"

Turning to the executive officer, Captain Zeabury ordered the port battery cleared away, and two boat crews, manned by sailors and marines, to board the strange craft, whose name had been suspiciously knocked off the stern. Soon the boats from the cruiser were alongside the barkantine, and the navigating lieutenant and Ensign McPherson began asking uncomfortable questions and making mental notes with great rapidity.

The whole crew were a disreputable looking lot of men. One in particular had a dark, ill-favored visage, and the look of a Portuguese. From him the rest of the gang appeared to take orders. A Lascar seemed to be regarded as chief mate, while a British-looking Englishman, even while the usual oaths were on board, did not cease from distributing oaths and blows among his shipmates.

The Portuguese, whom his crew called Captain Antonio, exhibited a dirty set of documents which he claimed were the ship's papers, making voluble explanations as to the absence of a flag—which, he claimed, had been temporarily hauled down for repairs, and concerning the omission of the name on the stern—which had been knocked off by a lot of spit thrown against it by the waves.

"Tell that to the marines!" muttered the lieutenant as he turned on his heel. Then, ordering a dozen of his men to follow him—while the rest of the marines and sailors, under McPherson, covered the motley crew with their rifles—he proceeded to make a thorough search of the ship.

"This is a boat of altogether too fine lines to be engaged in the 'Calcoota and Cheelee trade,'" he exclaimed jokingly to the petty officer following him.

In the captain's cabin nothing was found except some broken remnants of a meal. In the fore-cabin only a few dozen Chinamen were found. "Open the forward hatch!" ordered the lieutenant. That was not so easy to do. All the latches were battened down as securely as if the shipmaster had anticipated a stormy voyage around the Horn.

"This ship has auxiliary engines," remarked the lieutenant. "Before we leave, we'll take a look in the engine-room."

At this the Portuguese scowled horribly, and a vicious look came in his eye. But he could do nothing, for two marines had their rifles leveled on him.

At last the forward hatch was pried up and the exploring party descended. Working their way aft, taking every precaution to guard against surprise in any of the dark passages, the lieutenant and his men finally groped their way to the engine room.

"These have been beautiful engines," exclaimed the lieutenant as a flaming torch lighted up the engine-room, penetrating its corners with a garish light, "but they have been woefully abused!"

In none of the cabins, nor in the sick bay, had a soul been found, nor any distinctly incriminating evidence. Still the lieutenant was not satisfied.

"Let us have a look in the shaft tunnel, he said. In a twinkling the head of the shaft-alley was opened, and the petty officer, torch in hand, crept slowly in. Presently he gave a start. "Hello!" he called. "Anybody there?"

A faint sound was heard, as of heavy breathing. The petty officer crept farther in, and laid his hand on the body of a man—still alive. "Lively here, lads!" he called back. "There's a mystery here which we'll unearth!"

It did not take long for the marines to draw

forth, with that tenderness of touch which brave men know how to show, the unfortunate prisoner in the shaft tunnel. Further exploration showed that more men were still within, all of whom were extricated with some difficulty.

As soon as the first prisoner had been liberated the lieutenant sent word on deck, ordering that a message be sent to the cruiser asking for the surgeon's assistance. With the surgeon, Captain Zeabury, understanding by this time that he had a dangerous lot of men to deal with, sent a dozen more sailors fully armed. When the reinforcements had arrived on board, the whole crew of the barkantine was marched forward and a warning was given that the first man that dared to take a single step aft would be shot down.

Ten men in all were taken from the shaft tunnel, and half a dozen more were found after a further search, secreted in the deepest part of the hold. Under the skillful care of the surgeon the man first extricated from the shaft tunnel was soon revived, and by the time he was carried to the deck of the cruiser, he was able to tell his story to Captain Zeabury.

The barkantine, he said, was the American yacht *Glad Tidings*, Captain Henton, on a voyage around the world. The yacht had been left in his care as second officer while anchored off an island on which Captain Henton supposed three unfortunate sailors had been marooned. In reality the island was the home of a pirate band under the lead of a Portuguese, Antonio by name, who had formerly shipped on the *Glad Tidings*, and who, with a few others as desperate, had gathered together a motley crew of adventurers in China, and betaken themselves to the island before mentioned. Much to their surprise one day they saw the American yacht approaching, whereupon hiding their old junk up a creek, and placing three men on the beach as a decoy, they had drawn off Captain Henton and a small party into the deep woods. Then, uniting their forces in one desperate venture, they had swept down the creek, overpowered the few men left on board the yacht, and set sail on a piratical cruise in earnest. The second officer and his shipmates had been cruelly used, and two of the men had died as a result of the inhuman treatment they had received.

As Captain Zeabury heard this tale, which bore every evidence of being true, his face grew stern, and bringing his fist down heavily on the cabin table, he declared that he would at once hang the pirates from the yard-arm, if he could do so lawfully, but that in any case he would see that they were handed over to the proper authorities, who would mete out to them the punishment they deserved.

The rest of the much abused crew of the *Glad Tidings* were brought aboard the cruiser, where they received the best of medical treatment, and the pirates, heavily ironed, were lodged forward on the berth-deck of the man-of-war.

Ensign McPherson with a picked crew from *American Eagle* was placed in charge of the *Glad Tidings*, while a force from the engineer's department set to work to clean up and overhaul the machinery of the yacht.

The course of both vessels was then laid for the island where Captain Henton and his party were still presumably in exile. As Captain Zeabury was anxious to economize coal, the cruiser steamed slowly, and indeed followed in the wake of the yacht a good part of the time. And so it happened one hazy night, whether by accident or by design, Ensign McPherson was never required to explain, that the yacht dropped the "flagship" quite out of sight, and was not overtaken until the island was reached.

When on the bluff that fateful afternoon Grace Henton came out of her swoon, all her womanly resolution reasserted itself, and bidding Nicker-son lose no time in caring for her, she urged him to look after the captives who had been unceremoniously bundled out of the canoe on the bank of the creek. Running down the slope the first officer was amazed on coming nearer to the edge of the creek to discover that the men who were bound and gagged were none other than Captain Henton and the men of his exploring party!

It was but the work of a moment to wipe a jack-knife out of his pocket and to cut the lashings which bound the men hand and foot, and to release the painful gags from their mouths. Captain Henton, pale and nervous, staggered to

his feet. From where he lay he could not see the fight on board the yacht, but while lying bound in the cage he had overheard enough of the talk of his captors to forewarn him of what would happen. If ever John Henton had need of the sustaining and controlling grace of God it was then. His whole life plan seemed blasted in a moment. Nickerson lost no time in telling him all that had happened, but each man, divining the thought of the other, refrained from multiplying words. With clenched fist and firm set mouth, asking for grace to choke down the curses on the pirates that strove for utterance, John Henton climbed the slope to where Grace knelt praying. Dropping on his knees beside her, the brother added his earnest petitions to hers at the great God who had so blessed them in the past would not now withhold from them the deliverance they sorely needed.

Rising from their knees, both brother and sister felt comforted. A strange sense of peace seemed to fill their hearts; for they felt sure that God would find some way to send for them.

The first duty that lay at hand was to release the boat-keepers, and to call the roll of the little company on the island. If only they had had the force on the yacht which now mustered on the beach! But regrets were futile.

So the little company bravely set to work to build a camp, to collect food, and to simulate all the ways of civilization possible. Thus a number of days passed by—and still Grace Henton kept praying and hoping for deliverance.

One glorious morning when the Pacific, stretching broadly off, seemed like a mass of liquid gold, Grace was walking pensively along the beach, picking up here and there a pretty shell, and every now and then repressing a sigh. Suddenly around a bend in the shore there swept a large man with American man-of-wars-men, and in the stern sheets stood a handsome young naval officer, who was scanning the shore narrowly as the boat was rowed swiftly along. Grace trembled and felt faint. Was this all a mocking dream? It was now the officer's turn to be astonished, and quickly collecting himself, he ordered:

"Avast! In bows! Way enough! Toss!"

With perfect precision the oars came up to the point of salute—a compliment which Grace was too astonished to acknowledge. A moment more—and dapper Ensign McPherson, cap in hand, stood before her on the beach, presenting the compliments of Captain Zeabury of the cruiser *American Eagle*, and desiring "to know if this was Miss Henton, one of the owners of the *Glad Tidings*."

And when Grace, even amid her natural agitation not insensible to the fact that she was being addressed by a gallant naval officer, murmured that she was one of the yacht's owners, the young officer told her the seemingly incredible news that the noble yacht she loved so well was even then off the island, and would warp up to the creek, if they desired, at once.

A mighty shout from many throats rang out when the news reached the camp, and the younger men of Henton's company ran a never-to-be-forgotten race to the top of the bluff to see who would gain the first glimpse of the returned yacht. A "three-times-three" was given for the man-of-wars-men, and John Henton did not fail at an early opportunity to reassemble his men, and to lead in a few hearty, manly ascriptions of praise to God.

John Henton's heart bounded with joy when at last he trod his own quarter-deck again, and very sincere were his expressions of thanks to the captain of the man-of-war, who, however, protested that he had only done his duty. Grace felt it to be a pleasant task too to express her thanks to Ensign McPherson, whose skillful pilotage had been the immediate cause of returning the *Glad Tidings* safely to her owners.

"We will hope to meet you sometime in America," said Grace sweetly, to the Ensign. "Come and call on us some day in our home in the Berkshires!"

"When—when I am an admiral?" stammered McPherson.

"No, before that!" laughingly replied Grace. And in later years the Ensign came—and came again.

Soon the blue pennant fluttered from the mast-head of the cruiser, and the different members of

its crew who had obtained shore-leave on the island hastily reported on board. Before the *American Eagle* sailed, the ringleader Antonio had begged piteously that Captain Henton might intercede for him; but John Henton felt that he had no moral right to seek to interfere with the full execution of the law in a case of such undoubted and repeated rascality. So Antonio and his fellow conspirators were conveyed away on the man-of-war to meet their fate at the first port where legal authority to deal with them could be invoked.

The *Glad Tidings* had been so strained, disfigured, and misused by the pirates, and Grace Henton's nerves had been so tried, as to make it seem unwise to continue the cruise longer in the South Seas, and so the course was laid for Valparaiso, where the ship could be put in better shape for the tempestuous voyage around Cape Horn.

On the way a stop was made at Juan Fernandez, Robinson Crusoe's island, which the Hentons surveyed with a vivid reminiscence of childhood days.

At Valparaiso opportunities were enjoyed of associating with some noble workers for seamen, and enthusiastic were the meetings held on board the yacht and on shore. The yacht was a busy workshop by day, while machinists, carpenters, sail-riggers and other craftsmen overhauled it below and above; but in the evenings when the weather permitted, delightful services of prayer and of praise were held amidships.

Finally the ship's course was laid for Cape Horn. As the barkantine worked to the southward, warm wraps were brought out from the lockers and the crew donned their heaviest coats. As the yacht beat its way to the southward of the Cape furious gales were encountered.

The barkantine bowled steadily on, the freezing spray coating its rigging with ice. With utmost difficulty the men handled the suff canvas, and it was dangerous work laying out on the yards. The engines were used as much as practicable, two bags of cotton waste soaked in oil were trailed from the catheads on either side, which, spreading a thin film of petroleum over the waters, preserved the yacht from many a hard buffeting by the waves.

At Valparaiso the sailors had clubbed together and purchased enough silk to make a long and gorgeous "homeward bound pennant"—to be unfurled to the wind when at last they reached New York harbor—but there was more than one day off dark Cape Horn when it seemed even to Nickerson, accustomed as he was to hurricanes, that the yacht would never survive to fly that pennant off Sandy Hook.

But finally the yacht made its easting, weathered the wintry tempests which rage off the Cape, and, obtaining the advantage of a more favorable slant of wind, worked its way steadily up the South Atlantic coast.

In due time Rio was reached, then Cape St. Roque was doubled, and after that the shores of Puerto Rico were sighted, and a call was made in Havana harbor. In every port visited John Henton sought, as before, to bear some testimony to the saving truth of the gospel, or to leave behind him useful books and tracts of a kind that sailors would be sure to want to read.

The run up from Havana to the Hook was uneventful, and when at last the gallant *Glad Tidings*, battered and bruised, and not so gracefully sparred as when first it steamed out of Long Island Sound, but proudly flying from the main-masthead the long homeward-bound pennant, passed in and anchored off Quarantine, John Henton fell on his knees on the deck, thanking God for all the way he had been led, while entreating the divine blessing to rest on the good work he had tried to do, in all parts of the world while cruising for the Cross.\*

THE END.

We talk about the telescope of faith, but I think we want even more the microscope of watchful love. Apply this to the little bits of our daily lives, in the light of the Spirit, and how wonderfully they come out!

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

#### \* My Bible and I.

BY REV. FORREST E. DAGER, D. D.

"I am here not to give you an exposition, nor am I here as a professor, but simply as a lover of the Bible, a book to which this denomination has ever tenaciously clung. My Bible and I are lovers, we meet together every night, and we have many secrets between ourselves. There is and never can be any suit brought for divorce. I love this book because of its messages, because of its victories. I want to tell you how we came into touch with one another. It is through belief. I believe that the book is not that it was, but is. There is a tendency to relegate the book in its purity into the far-gone past. It was then pure, but through the ages it became contaminated. I have no sympathy with that sort of belief. I cannot believe in a kind and loving God allowing His book to become materially injured. No disciple questioned that the marred body of the Christ as He was laid away in St. Joseph's tomb was other than the body of his Lord. This book may have passed through its Gethsemanes and Calvaries, but it is still the word of God, throbbing with infinite life. For myself I believe in verbal inspiration. I think in words. A word to me is only an audible idea. It is impossible for me to get away from just that line of thought. Why is the Bible so cold and dead to so many people? I think I understand it. There is not temperature enough in cold criticism to generate the life that is in this book. What I am here for to-day is to press home the necessity of God's spirit working in harmony with this word of God. What is done by simply a touch of God's spirit with this word it is impossible to exaggerate. Do not let us yield to what is sometimes called a superior scholarship that seeks to undermine this word of God. It is not a professor's honor that is at stake, but the welfare of humanity that is at stake. I love this book by knowledge. We must know the book as well as to know about the book. It is not enough to believe in the book—we must know the book. The more and more we get hold of the book we will find that the charm of it comes in knowing it as a whole. I look upon the four evangelists as the biographers of Jesus Christ, but I look upon Isaiah in exactly the same way. I love this book in all its parts and think of it as the book of my King. In all its parts it comes to me again and again as the portrait of my Lord. If you want to get into touch with this Bible of mine, read it before you read any commentary on it. Sit down with this book and read it, ponder on it, and the spirit of God will brood over you until the truth of God is generated in your soul. Let us get a more comprehensive knowledge of this book. Another thing—I come to love my Bible through use. I use it for myself and for others. A clean Bible don't amount to much. The fact is the more your Bible is soiled through use, the less strain there will be on your soul. We are apt to stand apart from others and criticize, but we ought, like Philip, to hear the voice of God saying to us, 'Go join thyself to this man or that and tell him the message of the book.' This book has more thoroughly impregnated itself into the history and literature of the world than the writings of any other man. If you and the book would be lovers, *believe, know and use it.*"

The general centenary of Evangelical Christian missions in China will be reached in 1907, Rev. Robert Morrison having landed in the Empire in 1807.

To Those Afflicted with Catarrh Bronchitis and Asthma.

Having been very much improved by the use of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, and knowing that others who were afflicted with it, might have been benefited by its use, I am confident that it is the best remedy for this disease now available. I have suffered untold suffering from strangling, wheezing, choking, and coughing for the last three years of my life, and have tried all kinds of sure cure remedies with no benefit whatever. But having had my attention called to Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, about three months ago, I procured a supply of it, and soon found my trouble subsiding. I have continued to use it according to directions, and for the last two months I have been able to go about, and preach two and three times on Sundays, and lie down and sleep comfortably, which I could not do for nearly three years before, having to sit up in a chair most of the time day and night. I am in great hopes of a thorough cure inside of a year. And any one who is suffering with this seemingly incurable disease, I believe can be relieved by the use of Dr. Blosser's Remedy. I have been urged by several friends to secure it for them to such an extent that Dr. Blosser has asked me to act as his agent for the Maritime provinces. I will therefore send samples of his remedy to any one afflicted with catarrh, bronchitis or asthma, free of charge, and if they desire to get more I will furnish it to them at the Dr's. price—one dollar a box and fifteen cents for duty and postage on it also. I will also send to patients the Drs. little booklet, and other publications. In sending for samples of the remedy inclose a two cent post stamp to mail it with. Write your name and post-office address plainly.

J. H. HUGHES,  
2 Canard Street,  
St. John, North End.

### Religious News.

**Salisbury.** Evangelist Hayward who has just been visiting this field thus writes, "I have now spent three Sundays here and have preached at all the stations but Allison. I gave the hand of fellowship to three candidates baptized by Rev. Abram Perry a short time ago. The brethren led by Mr. Lewis and Bro. Isaac Jones held meetings some weeks ago and these came out. Two more are now received for baptism. I return home on 19th inst."

Pastor Sables says: "During the past quarter at the close of the Quarterly Meeting, several of the young people rose for prayer and expressed a desire to lead a Christian life. We have visited them, and have talked and prayed with them, and trust that they will ere long come forward and unite with the church."

**BAILIE.**—In a recent note Bro. Steeves says, "The work here is very encouraging. We are making some headway on our parsonage. There is now an opening for preaching at York Mills,

York Co., twenty five miles from here. I was there once and had a meeting which I purpose following up."

Pastor Sledge writes, "I CONFERRER A. Co. preached my farewell here on last Sunday in November."

The field has always been very prompt in paying my salary and have given a fairly good support. I am going to leave my baby with the woman who has had him all summer, as I cannot get a better person. On this account I do not wish to go too far away and would like to settle somewhere near. I am planning on visiting Harcourt and St. Marys, and hope to be able to get to school by next fall."

Pastor Thorne reports, "The WHITNEYVILLE. Allison hall is closed during NORTH Co. winter months. B. Jones' school room is a branch station of Little South creek church, and we hope to keep it open during the winter months. It is three miles farther up the river than the Littleton meeting house. The contractor of our parsonage building hopes to have it ready to occupy within a few days. I am pleased to report two candidates were received into church membership after baptism and one restored from Romanism. The family is also with us. May the great Shepherd guide her and family into the way of truth."

Pastor Wilson writes, "I Botesstown. Crossing, and am holding things until next summer, when the people expect Bro. Howlett back. The Ludlow members have asked for his return. We anticipate a large work above Botesstown; Bro. Howlett was well liked there. It needs a little more opening up before a settled man goes on the field. I think by God's power we can do this. We are paying for it at least. We are paying off the debt on the parsonage at Donkstown and the foundation for better things is widening. In winter we endeavor to teach the people to pray and sow seed to be reaped later on."

Bro. C. Frank Ridout, ABERDEEN, C. & Co. licentiate, says, "The work here is moving forward. We had a union service at Harcourt with the Free Baptists, which was highly successful. It was a most impressive meeting and its influence will be long felt. I have notified the churches of my intention to leave at close of the year. There are many expressions of regret among the people. I am sorry to leave them, but I must continue my studies. May God direct the right man who will be willing to toil here for Jesus' sake."

### Personal.

Rev. Frederick T. Snell, one of Spurgeon's men, who will be remembered by many as a highly esteemed brother among us a few years since, in a recent note gives some account of his work in England. He says, "During the past few months since I have been evangelizing great signs and wonders have been manifested in many places. I love the work, and I love the people—I love God, and best of all, God is with me. My family, always interesting to me, are just beginning to be interesting to the general public. My eldest girl is now sixteen; Florence is twelve, and my once delicate boy, now between nine and ten, seems healthiest of all. Howard, my New

Brunswick, is seven, and Freddie, another of my Canadians, between five and six. And though the journey would be great and the way long, yet if the call comes I would be perfectly willing to cross the Atlantic, cold and tough though it is in this time of the year, and engage once again in special or pastoral work in New Brunswick. Bro. Snell's address is 28 Crancker Road, Acton, London, W., England.

### A Strong Testimony.

At a missionary meeting held on board the Peninsular and Oriental steamship *Uganda*, Sir Andrew Fraser, the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, gave the following striking testimony to the value of Christian missions:—

"For myself, I have had exceptional opportunities of seeing missionary work and of testing its value, and I honor the missionary body as a whole, not only for their purely religious work, but also for their medical and educational work and their co-operation in social improvement."

"I also desire to confess my faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, in the Christian religion, and in that Holy Book from which an extract has been read to our hearing. Our Lord has risen from the dead. He had spent weeks in instructing his disciples; in explaining to them how the Cross which had shocked and undermined their faith was in accordance with what Moses in the Law and the Prophets had written and with the purpose of God; and in expounding the principles of His kingdom. Now he leads them out unto they are over against Bethany, where they had seen (if I may use the expression) the very best of his life on earth; his love and sympathy, his winsomeness as a teacher and his power as the Lord and giver of life. There, impressed with a strange sense of solemnity, they ask him whether here and now he is to restore the kingdom to Israel. His answer is that it is not for them to know times and seasons which the Father has retained in his own authority. He cannot tell them the time fixed for setting up the kingdom. But this he does tell them, that on them will be imposed the responsibility, to them will be committed the inestimable privilege of setting up that kingdom. Power from on high will be bestowed; and so empowered they will be his soldiers, his witnesses in Jerusalem, in Judea, in Samaria and unto the uttermost parts of the earth. The kingdom has been promised; 'the heathen for inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession'; and they are to wait for him the fulfillment of this promise. As he said this, he was parted from them."

"No wonder that the New Testament Church was a missionary church. No wonder that now again missionary zeal has revived. This scene is to me infinitely impressive. Our Lord's last words, his last thoughts on earth, deal with this, with our part in securing for him that for which he endured the cross and despised the shame."

"I sympathize with mission work because of the need that exists; people whom one learns to love, lack the consolations of Christ; because we would pass on them the blessings which missionaries brought centuries ago to our own island in the northern seas; and because this is in accordance with Christ's will so far as we can know it. I may add that in this promise of power from on high, I seem to hear an encouraging echo of that other saying of his, 'Fear not, little flock, for it is the Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom—for me.'"