

The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 145

The Christian's Goodly Heritage.

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

The land of Canaan, as we know, was divided by lot, and was thus apportioned to the various tribes of Israel. Of course it would follow that there would be a great diversity in the heritages possessed. Some sections, as in the case of Dan and Issachar and Manasseh, would be more pleasant and fertile than others. We can imagine these with the choicest portions gratefully adopting the sentiment David expressed when he said, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage." We have no doubt that the form of his language came from the way the land was divided by "lot," and measured off by ropes and lines; but what David was thinking of so thankfully was God's great goodness to him. David believed in an overruling Providence. He believed that God had fixed the bounds of his abode and his possessions. More than that, he was—what many of us are not—satisfied with all the divine appointments. He reviewed God's dealings with him with the highest sense of thankfulness. God had promoted him from a sheepfold to a palace, from being a shepherd to being a king. But cannot every Christian claim as much? God has rescued us from the kingdom of darkness, from the thralldom of slavery to sin, and has translated us into the kingdom of his dear Son. He has adopted us into his own family, and given us the right to an everlasting inheritance in the land and to life immortal.

Think of the Christian's goodly heritage in temporal blessings. "Godliness is profitable." It blesses us now. It has promise of "the life that now is," as well as of "that which is to come." As a rule, Christian people are prosperous. Godliness blesses men in every state of life. It exalts the humble. It prospers the toiler. It helps up those born to adversity.

If we will look upon the things we have rather than upon the things we have not, no one of us can fail to find much that calls for gratitude. We have a goodly heritage in health, in friends, in the fact of living in a Christian community. This expression of the Psalmist is often used by the patriot in speaking of his country. We have a goodly heritage in a country where liberty abounds, and yet where anarchy is restrained; where men are equal, and yet where each can press forward to the highest attainments and positions.

The Christian has a goodly heritage in spiritual blessings. What a heritage we have in God's Word. How the Psalmist exulted in the possession of God's Word, and how he delighted himself in its pages. The Christian has the completed Bible as his heritage. Then, too, he has a goodly heritage in the ordinances of God's house. Here he receives spiritual nourishment and sustenance for his soul. Here he receives a new courage to continue the battle against sin, he enjoys fellowship with saints who cherish a like precious faith with himself, and gains actual strength to do well in the cause of his Master. But the Christian's best heritage is in God himself. God's blessing is upon the righteous. It is with them, around them, within them. They have life and joy and hope. They have pardon, peace and power—"forgiving mercies, adopting love, and sanctifying grace."

Think, too, of the Christian's goodly heritage of prospective glory. Some one has well expressed the Christian's good estate. "He has grace in possession and glory in reserve." The Christian is a sojourner. He is a traveler. He is enjoying the scenes of a foreign clime. But his richest possessions are at home. His real investments are in his native land. The Christian is looking toward and for heaven. He is hoping, expecting; yea, seeing its glories dimly

outlined and foreshadowed. He is having now the earnest, the first fruits, the foretaste of bliss immortal. By the temporal blessings he enjoys, and by the large hope he indulges of prospective glory at God's right hand, the Christian has a right to say: "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage."

Fulfilled.

By M. A. Maitland.

A child in a heedless way
To earth let fall
A seed that was hard and gray
And dry and small;
No palette of limner knew
The fostering mold,
Yet out of its heart there grew
The green and gold.

The breeze bore a song away
From gladful tongue;
It was but a simple lay
And crudely sung;
Yet, hearing, a chastened one
Forgot his pain,
An I hope, in a life undone,
Revived again.

A soul that had learned of him,
The Truth, the Way,
Weak-voiced, when his comrades came,
Essayed to pray!
And there was the sinner bowed,
Long used to scorn!
And there to his Father, God,
A son was born!

The seed from an infant's hand
At random thrown,
The song that the passing wind
Afar had blown,
The light of a soul made free
Shed o'er sin's road,
Wrought out mysteriously
The will of God!

Acknowledgement.

The kind people of Mauderville and Upper Sheffield met at the parsonage Monday evening the 22nd inst., and after spending an enjoyable evening, during which ice cream and cake were served. (The interest of the waiters was not limited to those inside the house). The people took their adieu leaving us about seventeen dollars enriched in finances, and, feeling that our lot has truly been cast among a kind and thoughtful people.

N. B. ROGERS.

N. B. HOME MISSIONS.

A special appeal is being sent out to the churches asking for enlarged contributions in aid of the work. Collection envelopes will be forwarded to any church requiring the same. Let us have a hearty response.

W. R. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

Dedication Service.

The church edifice at New Jerusalem, in Queens Co. has for several months been undergoing a thorough renovation and remodelling so that it is now virtually a new house. The old seats and windows were taken out, and the interior tastefully ceiled with native woods giving the building an appearance of exceptional neatness and comfort. The reopening services were held on the 21st, the writer being present with the pastor and participating in the exercises. Large congregations assembled at each service greatly appreciating the spoken message. A splendid opportunity is here offered for Christian work. The minds of the people are receptive and the grand old truths of the word enlist the sympathies of all. No modern speculations or fads have ever taken root in this community and the earnest servant of Christ finds a most generous welcome in every home. We are looking for good results.

W. E. MCINTYRE.

Personal.

Rev. N. A. McNeill has resigned his pastorate at Petticoe to take a course at Colgate, Hamilton, N. Y. He will remain at Petticoe until the end of this month.

They Favor License.

Some well-meaning but short-sighted people think high license restricts the rum traffic. The fact that the rum men favor it is the strongest proof that it is not a promoter of temperance: Here are the opinions of some leading rum sellers.

"In our opinion, high license does not lessen the consumption of liquor."—*Metz & Brothers*

"High license has not hurt our business, but on the contrary, has been a great benefit to it."—*Peter E. Her (distiller), Nebraska.*

"The two most effective weapons with which to fight prohibition are high license and local option."—*J. H. Atherton (liquor dealer), Louisville, Ky.*

It has been truly said that some Bible readers are like the butterflies which flit from flower to flower, never staying more than a moment in one place. They have no time to extract the full sweetness of the blossom, and they are soon dead and forgotten. Other readers are like the honey bees, which burrow deep into the heart of the flower, and do not leave it till they have gathered its sweet treasure. These live on with the honey they have made, when the gay, useless flies are dead.

People have faith in drugs all the world over, in exact ratio of their ignorance of their nature and *modus operandi*. If it were generally known that all the sarsaparillas, tonic pills and bitters, invigorating cordials, purifying syrups, life balsams, blood foods, nerve strengtheners and matchless sanatives of the world, which are running down the throats of the credulous and unthinking multitude, as the rivers run down to the sea, owed all their potency to charm, their virtue to cure, and their ability to delude, to some combination of stimulants and narcotics, and mainly to alcohol, opium, sugar, etc., they would not use them.

The Home Mission Journal

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REV. J. H. HUGHES,
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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Those were happy days on Lake Ismailia, the manners of the company on board the *Vixen* altering perceptibly in that short space of time, for great is the influence for good of a thoroughly converted man of social position and means. The two new friends parted with regret, for the *Vixen* was bound out for a short Mediterranean cruise. Bixby promised to stop at Port Said to see how the Armenian was getting on with his work, and to give him a word of Christian cheer.

The *Glad Tidings* was soon running slowly through the remainder of the canal to Suez, passing many a big transport or steamer on the way. As they approached Suez the Hentons were interested in studying the appearance of the surrounding country, being morally certain that somewhere there the crossing of the children of Israel under Moses must have occurred.

Through the Red Sea the *Glad Tidings* worked its way, and then sailed out into the Indian Ocean. The experiences of the ship's company on the Indian Ocean could hardly be described as pleasurable. The rays of the hot sun blistered the decks and seemed to draw the tar from the seams. Henton was anxious to get the crew into healthier atmospheres. He did all he could to make the work of the men light and to cheer their spirits. Yet some of the crew began to sicken. One or two began to weaken perceptibly day by day. Henton spent much time by their side as they lay on their cots in the sick bay and read and prayed with them, as Grace also was glad to do. The sick men—they were hardly more than boys—talked long and wistfully of home scenes in the far-away New England. In their delirium they seemed to be once again among the farms of Vermont. Henton took down what they said in their hours of consciousness, to send by letter to their relatives when port was next reached.

Finally it appeared that the end was near. Henton came close to the sufferers to catch their last words.

"Tell mother I died a Christian!" murmured the older of the two men, and soon he was asleep in Jesus. It was not long before his shipmate followed him to the far-away land. His last words were, "Save my shipmates! Tell them to give their hearts to Christ!"

A day or two after there occurred that solemn and impressive rite—a burial at sea. Henton read the service for the dead—and then the bodies were committed to the deep, there to await the summons of the resurrection angel.

The next Sabbath afternoon solemn services were held on board. The sea was calm though it seemed almost to boil with heat. The engines were stopped, and the ship's company all gathered on the spar-deck. The yacht was surrounded by a number of becalmed merchantmen, while here and there a black trail of smoke showed where a steamship was plowing its way to India or the Cape of Good Hope.

After the singing of a hymn and a prayer, Henton read a passage from the Psalms, and then made a simple but earnest address to the men in the words: "There go the ships."

"What thoughts can we gather," said Henton, "from the saying of the Psalmist, which perhaps records his impressions when once from some hilltop of Palestine he looked off over the blue Mediterranean and noted where the late-rigged craft of his day, in quest of the god of Ophir or bound back with peacock sea-hers from Tarshish, ran before the breezes? These words seem to remind us, for one thing, that as ships, like ships, have been launched have been launched

upon a great sea of existence. As ships are the handwork of skilful human builders, so souls are the work of an all-wise Creator. What a fine sight it is when a vessel is launched—it may be a monster merchantman or a grim man-of-war, which floats off to find its native element, and perhaps for years afterward to bear hundreds of travelers safely on their way, or to fight from time to time the battles of the oppressed! More impressive by far is the launching of a little child-life from out of the tender protection of the home upon the strange and often rough experiences of this mortal life. How much that soul-craft is to encounter! How many storms may beat upon it! There go the little ships. Send your prayers after them as they speed along over the waters!"

"We too, men, are like ships at sea, borne upon a vast ocean which we call 'life,' many leagues from any shore, beaten upon by storm after storm, and exposed to the treacherous pull of insidious currents which run like rivers in the midst of the sea. Yet all the while we are expected to make progress toward a heavenly goal. 'There go the ships!' They are almost continually in motion and service. Every mariner has his 'desired haven' where he would like to be safely anchored. Every ship that is not a piratical craft, outlawed by the law of nations, has its clearance papers which certify that she hails from one port and seeks another. The soul of man in like manner is expected to have in view some definite goal. It must seek the port of an eternal harbor. We must shape our course for the heavenly headlands, on which the welcoming beacons are even now burning for us, and we must meanwhile keep a bright lookout, lest in the fogs of doubt or the darkness of sin we somehow lose our way upon life's rolling deep.

"Shipmates! Two of our number have, as we trust, just made, through divine grace, the port of Paradise, and are now at peace on the bright shores of the celestial home-land. Let us make sure that we too are laying our course day by day for the quiet waters of the crystal sea, where, sometime, through the infinite mercy of a redeeming Saviour, we hope to be happy with Christ for evermore.

"And now, men," added John Henton, "let us sing the hymn we learned in childhood days:

"Out on an ocean all boundless we sail,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound!"

As the men dispersed after the meeting some went below to prepare for mess, while others lingered awhile on deck to enjoy the lurid glory of a sunset in the Indian Ocean.

John and Grace paced the quarter-deck talking quietly of childhood days, and of the divine mercy that had followed them in all their experiences since. By Henton's orders the yacht's fires had been banked, to spare the firemen as much as possible, and, as a slight breeze had sprung up, the starboard watch was sent aloft to make all plain sail. The *Glad Tidings* was then in about the latitude of the Maldives, somewhat north of the equator, and in longitude 60° East from Greenwich. The course was laid south-south-by-west. What wind there was came from the east, and the yacht therefore had it over her port quarter. As the canvas fell from the yards and the yards were braced in, the yacht began to glide through the rippling sea with an easy, rocking movement which was delightful.

Pausing in their walk on the quarter-deck to watch the red sun sink beneath the waters to the westward, John and Grace remarked on the unusual brilliancy of the scene. A noble, full-rigged ship, with its sails one mass of flaming color, had seemed almost to sail into the sun's disc as the great orb of day sank beneath the water. The sun not only appeared to glow with an intenser radiance than usual, but the sky where it had just seemed to hang like a burning celestial lamp continued to gleam as by a circular reflection some moments after the actual time of sunset.

"That is an odd phenomenon!" exclaimed Henton. "Do they have double suns in this queer region?"

"That is a curious blur of red, or blaze of lingering color," replied Grace, "and it strangely seems to light up the surrounding shadows which everywhere else are deepening about us."

At that instant the sailing-master joined the two on the quarter-deck. Henton and Nickerson brought their binoculars to bear on the apparently secondary sun. Instantly both men, as their glasses brought out more distinctly the outlines of the phenomenon, divined its cause.

"It's a ship on fire!" cried Nickerson. "It's that full-rigged ship that seemed to sail into the sun!" cried Henton.

Henton lost no time in taking his stand on the bridge. A few quick, sharp orders were given. The shrill piping of the boatswain was heard calling all hands on deck. The engine-room watch was sent below. Henderson, the Scotch engineer, was ordered at once to get up full steam. Meanwhile the yards were swung around, the helm was put over to port, the ship described a graceful circle as it came around before the wind, and while the topmen, urged on by the exclamations of Nickerson, clambered nimbly up aloft to shake out the royals and topgallant-sails, the stokers below decks were working like Trojans to force the fires and supply the utmost possible head of steam.

Then Nickerson joined Henton on the bridge, while Grace went below to see that the steward was properly getting the sick-bay into order, and to lay out ready at hand the "First Aid" kits and other surgical appliances that might be needed if she succeeded in rescuing some of the crew of the burning ship.

Henton and Nickerson waited impatiently on the bridge until they received word from the engine-room that steam could be turned on. "Full speed ahead!" signalled Henton to the engine-room, while Nickerson ran down the ladder to the deck, to make sure that every stitch of canvas was drawing aflow and aloft, and to superintend the laying out in proper shape of the hose, if it happened that the fire on the unfortunate ship ahead could be at all subdued.

Finally the near vicinity of the ship was reached. It needed but a glance through the binoculars now to tell the navigators of the *Glad Tidings* that any use of the fire hose of the yacht would be perfectly useless. All the top-hammer of the ship had pretty much burned away, and the decks with their tarry seams were now ablaze throughout almost their whole length from the wheel aloft to the capstan forward. It would have been dangerous for the yacht to come too near, with all its own sails set, as flaming firebrands were falling in all directions from the charred masts, which at any moment were likely to go by the board. The only thing to be done, and the thing that was done without a moment's delay, was to round the yacht to wind, lowering the boats, to proceed to the rescue of the surviving members of the ship's crew. Henton himself manned one boat, Nickerson a second, and the chief engineer, a third. Grace, thrilled with apprehension and full of sympathy, watched breathlessly as her brother and his companions pulled lustily under the bows of the burning ship, caring nothing for the sparks and bits of flaming tacking that everywhere about them fell spluttering into the sea. All the ship's boats but one had been burned, and that one had been capsized. Out on the bowsprit of the ship the survivors of the crew to the number of sixteen were huddled, clinging tenaciously to the spar as to a last remnant of hope, yet almost scorched already by the flames steadily creeping upon them. It was an awful scene, yet Grace Henton, from the deck of the *Glad Tidings*, could hardly turn away her eyes from beholding it, so grim was its fascination. The crew of the *Glad Tidings* who remained on board the yacht cheered lustily as one by one the scorched and maimed survivors of the crew of the doomed vessel dropped from their uncomfortable perches on the tip-end of the flying-jib boom, to which the increasing heat had forced them, into the boats which were waiting just beneath.

It did not take long to row back over the still lurid sea to the larboard ladder of the yacht, up which the almost exhausted seamen, some of them very badly burned, were lifted by strong arms, and carried below to receive every attention and comfort that a Christian sympathy and an intelligent medical knowledge could extend to them. That was a busy hour for Grace, as she sought to put to the best use her experience as a nurse, while John Henton in his less deft and handy way supplemented her efforts as best he could. Before long some of the sturdy seamen, among whom was the captain of the merchantman, an Englishman by the name of Horace Hardy, were on deck making light of their injuries, while all, without exception, rough men as they were, joined in loud protestations of gratitude to their rescuers. One of the loudest in making these protestations was a Lascar, whom his shipmates called "Hoggy," from his aversion to ham or "salt-horse," and who, Captain Hardy said, he had taken on at Bombay in place of a missing member of his crew, "Hoggy," from his aversion to ham or "salt-horse," and

who, Captain Hardy said, he had taken on at Bombay in place of a missing member of his crew. "Hoggy" fell at Henton's feet, and would have kissed his boots, but was given kindly and firmly to understand that such adulation was not expected or desired.

(To be continued.)

Notice.

The eleventh annual session of the New Brunswick Baptist Convention will be held with the Lower Wickham church, Macdonald's Point, Q. Co., beginning on Saturday, Sept. 24th, at 10 a. m. The Baptist Annuity Association will meet the same day at 4 p. m. Owing to the proposed union with the Free Baptists some changes will likely be found necessary. Delegates coming from St. John and points east will take steamer Crystal Stream from St. John on Saturday morning to Macdonald's Point; those from Fredericton and river sections will also come the same day by Star Line steamer to Hampstead wharf, thence by Crystal Stream to place of meeting. Special tickets countersigned by the secretary will entitle them to free return on each boat.

In Memoriam—John Trimble.

John Trimble, the eldest son of the late Rev. James Trimble was born in Ireland, March 7, 1841. At the age of fifteen he attended the Training School, with the late Rev. J. E. Hopper, D. D., Dr. M. C. Macdonald of Cambridge, and others. He was especially gifted with intellectual endowments and during his short career attained unusual celebrity. After his retirement from the school at Norton he went to his father's home in Elgin, Albert Co., where he died in January 1862. Here also his remains were buried. The hillside referred to in the poem was in Jerusalem, Queens Co., where the author of these verses, the late Rev. S. C. Moore of Albert Co., was a playmate with John in his childhood days. The house is still standing at Cromwell Hill, Kings Co., in which the family lived until their removal to Elgin in 1860. Near this a few weeks since a Baptist house of worship was dedicated, the result in a large measure of Elder Trimble's labors there over forty years ago. John's mother was buried at Barong, Maine; his father lies in Pennfield cemetery, Charlotte Co. A surviving brother, Mr. James Trimble, with his wife and the widow of the late Father Trimble now reside at Pennfield. The lines below were printed not long after John's death in *The Christian Visitor*. Few copies of them now remain. The following are reprinted from a manuscript copy in the father's hand, kindly loaned by Mrs. Trimble. They will revive many tender memories with the older readers of the *Journal*.

W. E. M.

THOUGHTS ON THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN TRIMBLE.

The room looks lonesome when I think

A few short weeks ago,
John bade a long, a last farewell
To all he loved below

And then with rapid glance I see
The hillside far away,
Where John and I, when we were boys,
So often loved to play.

But fleeting as the lingering rays,
Of the just setting sun,
Are all our lives, for death may come
When life is just begun.

So 'twas with John, he studied hard;
Ambition must excel:
Applause from every quarter came,
And he deserved it well.

His temper, mild as summer's eve,
Or gentle as the spring,
Would not afflict the parent's heart,
Or discontentment bring.

To parent's he was always kind,
And we can truly say
He never did by word or deed
His parents disobey.

But fifteen years have roll'd away
Their weeks of toil and care,
He takes a school at Cambridge then,
With all his prospects fair.

Beloved by all, the time runs on,
And God his love reveals,
Speaks peace to that poor troubled heart,
With blood his pardon seals.

At Upham next he takes a school,
Resolved that he will try,
And for the parents' love to him,
Their coming wants supply.

At Norton then his widespread fame
Supplies for him a place,
Whete he may grow in man's esteem,
As well as grow in grace.

There the Superior School he taught,
Though many a cheek turned pale,
To see the teacher that they loved
Become so thin and frail.

His mind was stored with wondrous care,
With history quite a store;
He read of volumes, choice and large,
One hundred and ninety-four.

And yet he reads his Bible oft,
With diligence and prayer;
That he at last might be prepared
To dwell in mansions fair.

His term is out, he quits his school;
His frame is feeble now;
Disease has laid his hand upon
That fair and noble brow.

Consumption, oh! that dread disease,
Makes haste from day to day;
Nor stays his hand, till he has snatched
The father's pride away.

He lingers now for months and weeks,
Sustained by grace we know;
While friends and kindred weeping 'round
Are loth to let him go.

But time rolls on, the hour makes haste,
His cheek is wan and pale;
His breath so short, so feeble now,
Must soon forever fail.

Oh, cruel death, come tell me now;
Cannot thy hand be stayed?
Sure, that hard heart of thine did melt,
When that kind father prayed.

Oh, no, my stroke I cannot stay;
The summons' issued now;
I cannot turn my glittering sword,
And earthly friends must bow.

Farewell, farewell, a long adieu,
To all that dwell below;
See yonder fields of living green;
To thos: fair fields I go.

He breathes his last; a cherub there,
His wings all tipp'd with gold,
Awaits to bear his spirit home
To Christ's eternal fold.

He lays his head thus sweetly down,
In Jesus goes to sleep;
Ah then, my friends, why shed those tears?
For John you must not weep.

Though he has gone, my Christian friends,
By faith just look above;
He wears a crown in that bright world,
Composed of Jesus' love.

The Church and the Rum Traffic.

The *Pioneer* (Toronto) says: Not a week goes by that does not leave us further evidence of the important fact that the Church of God and the liquor traffic are not only recognizing each other as enemies, but are more and more coming into close conflict. The dividing line will soon be so complete, and the contest will soon be so intense, that the warfare can only be terminated by a substantial victory for one or the other party.

Resolutions of Synods, Conferences, unions, and other church bodies grow stronger. Leading men in different denominations are forgetting sectarian differences in their united earnestness to effect the overthrow of the common adversary.

More and more are the Christian churches—perhaps we should say church members—coming out beyond the circumscribing boundary of mere resolutions into the broad field of active effort on practical lines of campaigning against the liquor traffic. Every week brings its story of new victories for the prohibition cause, won largely through the efforts of Christian men and women, often led by courageous clergymen, who fearlessly call upon the electors to vote in the right way. Not an unimportant evidence of progress is

the alarm of the liquor traffic. Not the least cheering of the indications is the bitter denunciation against preachers and churches in which liquor journals indulge. Further cheer comes from the growing outspokenness of church organs in their exposure of the liquor evil and their demand for better laws. We hail with joy the dividing up of the people in the struggle that daily grows in intensity, for the full development of the division will mean the complete overthrow of the evil.

Dissipation.

By Henry Harvey Stuart.

Let us revel today, for tomorrow we die—
Let us drain the red cup ere it passes us by;
Fill it up to the brim with the sparkling wine;
We'll quaff e'en the dregs e'er the glass we resign.

Our existence is short, naught but sorrow ahead;
Thick darkness behind and before us is spread;
We know not whence came we nor whither we go;
Then drink unto Bacchus to lighten our woe!

Misfortunes all fly at his merry approach;
At his word doth care cease on our minds to encroach;
Inflamed by the wine cup we banish our fear,
And the warnings of conscience dismiss with a sneer.

Again fill the glasses! Let conscience benumb—
Within this charmed circle it never should come;
For why do we tittle, if not to forget
The reproaches of honor that trouble us yet?

Let us drink and forget the ambitions of youth,
When our spirits were filled with a longing for truth;
When we saw in the future, shedding light from afar,
Arise on our pathway the bright morning star

That promised the dawn of the day of success
Which should crown all our labor with ample redress.
That that day has not come we alone are to blame;
Then let us drink deeper to cover our shame.

Let us drink to the loss of our youthful pride,
To our strivings for good that have long ago died,
To the withered hopes of our innocent day
Ere we God had forsaken and neglected to pray.

Our life is a failure, and nothing remains
To us low but the wine-cup to soften the pains
Of the bitter remorse that is gnawing the soul;
So yield we to Bacchus our spirit's control.

Then drink while life's left us, and forget
What's ahead,
Forget what's to follow when our earth-life is fled;
For in the hereafter, destruction's our doom—
Then why waste the present in anguish and gloom?

The Fruits of the Holy Spirit.

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

A bountiful crop of weeds will always grow spontaneously on any neglected piece of ground. In like manner sin is spontaneous in the carnal heart. The Apostle Paul calls the root of a very ugly brood of what he styles "the works of the flesh" in the fifth chapter of his letter to the Galatians. But wheat and corn must be sown, and orchards must be planted. Wherefore in vivid contrast to the spontaneous products of unregenerate hearts, he specifies certain most beautiful and precious "fruits of the Holy Spirit."

While many talk confidently about man's self-reforming power, yet God's Word and human experience make it certain that when men have tried to reach the highest, noblest, purest spiritual life without the aid of God's Spirit, they have lamentably failed. Bible religion is a growth, a development; and it requires a root. That root is of divine origin. The root of the best charac-

ters and the best lives is a new spiritual principle implanted by the Holy Ghost. That is the meaning of regeneration. This root is as invisible to the eye as the root of an apple tree; but the tree is visible with its beautiful blossoms in May, and its bountiful fruitage in October. The inward life of the tree overhangs the boughs with innumerable apples which the sun crimson with its warm flush, and then the "good tree" presents to its owner its "good fruit" as its consummated season's work.

There is a striking analogy between an orchard and the true Christian church—which is not a monopoly of any single denomination. It is made up of "the faithful in Christ Jesus." Christians are simply converted sinners. They have turned to God under the drawing influence of the wondrous divine love; and the Holy Spirit is the author of their regeneration.

The attempt to take the supernatural out of our religion would be as fatal as the attempt to remove from the skies the light and the life-giving warmth of the sun. God's Word meets every minister as he enters his pulpit, and every teacher or parent who desires the conversion of a child with the emphatic declaration—"With the Holy Spirit *everything*, without the Spirit *nothing*! Every true Christian is "born of the Spirit." He is created anew in Christ Jesus. To the carnal heart sinning is as natural as breathing; the incontestable evidence that the heart is renewed and under a new Master is that it bears the fruits of the Spirit.

Let us go around this godly tree of Christian character and shake down a few of these apples of gold. The first one specified by the Apostle is *Love*. It well deserves the pre-eminence. The very essence of Bible piety is to love the Lord our God with all the heart and soul, and our neighbors as ourselves. Our religion ought to be saturated with love; it ought to breathe out in our every-day talk as freely as in our prayers; it ought to ennoble a Christian's business transactions; it ought to own his purse and be felt in the grasp of his hand. He that thus loveth is born of God.

The next grace is *Joy*; and this is as different a thing from mere jollity as the steady sunlight is from the brief flash of the lightning. I have never seen this grace gleam out more brightly than when carried at the prow through a midnight tempest of adversities. A genuine child of Jesus Christ can sing in the dark and "rejoice in tribulation." Can a skeptic or a worldling do that?

Peace is the third in the catalogue of the Holy Spirit's fruits. This is the sweet serenity of a pardoned and accepted soul that has found the "rest" which Christ promised. When wicked and wayward selfishness has grounded arms in the citadel of the heart, and surrendered its will as well as its affections, Jesus says to us, "My peace I give unto you." Worries about the transient things and the temporal things ought to be no more disturbing than the ruffling of a light breeze on the surface of the great deep sea.

Long-Suffering and Gentleness are mentioned as twin graces. The literal meaning of the first word is the power of holding still under provocation. It is the rare and beautiful grace of forbearance. Christ Jesus was its loftiest embodiment when he breathed out on the cross that divinest prayer of magnanimity and patience, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

Goodness is philanthropy—the unselfish love of our fellow men, whatever their caste, color or condition. It is Christianity on foot,—with a Bible in one hand and a loaf of bread in the other—food for hungry souls and bodies too. It is not the religion that suns itself on the warm side of a well endowed church, but the practical Christ-likeness that seeks out the lost, going down in the diving-bell of practical mission work to bring up pearls for Christ's crown out of the slimy depths of ignorance and vice.

But this article is too brief to dwell on all the fruits of the Spirit in a consecrated life. There is *Faith* that join the soul to Jesus and overcomes the world; and there is *Mekness* that chooses an humble place, esteeming others before itself. By no means least comes *Temperance*, which means self-control for our own sake, and self-denial for the sake of those who might be tempted to their own destruction. Righteous law may prohibit the open haunts of temptation as slaughter-houses for body and soul; but Bible-temperance goes deeper yet, when it forbids the use of that ensnaring beverage which bites like a serpent and stings like a viper. When professed Christianity put the bottle out of its own house it is better

able to break the bottles of the dramshop.

What a glorious catalogue of fruits we have been beholding on the well laden tree of a godly life! What an evidence of the power of Calvary's atoning blood and the gospel of redeeming love! What a proof of the vital and indispensable need of the *Holy Spirit* in subduing the power of Satan and of sin in the heart, and of producing the genuine and enduring graces that beautify and bless humanity! And what a tremendous argument for fervent and importunate prayer for the outpourings of the Holy Spirit!

Religious News.

We had a glorious day last UPPER BLACKVILLE Sunday, when six young men and two young women made a public profession of their faith in baptism. The scene was beautiful, as a large crowd of all denominations gathered on the banks of the Miramichi to observe the ordinance. Bro C. O Howlett has been a great help to us.

C. P. WILSON.

Closed labours here on Aug COLES ISLAND AND 21st, while we can not report THORNTOWN. any additions to the church membership yet we believe both people and pastor have been mutually helped by the summer's work. The Word preached has been listened to with keenest attention and by large congregations. The interest has increased continually. The people are very kind and appreciative and are able and ready to support a pastor should he remain with them permanently. Owing to circumstance we were not able to hold any special services during the summer. I am leaving here to enter upon my theological course. This church would be glad to correspond with any pastor with a view to settle.

H. B. KILLAM.

During Dr. Gates absence on vacation, the Germain St. pulpit has been very acceptably supplied by Rev. A. J. Hughes of East Boston, Rev. Mr. Haughton (Congregationalist) of New England, and Rev. H. F. Adams of Wolfville.

CHANGE OF FIELD.

I desire to say a little in regard to the churches I have recently vacated. During my pastorate of eight years, I experienced nothing but kindness, and on the eve of my departure, the church at Macaquac, presented me with an address and a very valuable clock, and Mrs. Howard was made the recipient of a snug sum of money. So I left them sorrowful yet rejoicing. The field presents a splendid opportunity for work, with a beautiful House of Worship free from debt, and a large number of young people, and a fairly good salary promptly paid may perhaps be mentioned as some of the inducements for some good brother to visit the field. I am settling down to work on my new field. The outlook seems bright. The congregations are large, and very attentive to the word spoken. May the power of the Lord be present to heal."

GEORGE HOWARD.

On the 7th inst. I said farewell to SHEFFIELD 1ST & well to the 1st and 2nd SHEFFIELD churches, after a pastorate of 3 years. At the close of the evening service a request was made that, in view of the fact that a candidate was awaiting Baptism, I return for the 21st inst. When at 2nd Sheffield we baptized into the fellowship of the church Mrs. Thomas Young, in the presence of a number of spectators. After which we had service in the Little Church and the Lord's Supper was observed at the close of service.

N. B. ROGERS.

On the 14th inst. at the MAUGERVILLE, close of morning service it was our privilege to baptize two young candidates (one the second son of G. R. Camp, M. D., the other Ella Chase of Upper Manguerville) into the fellowship of the Manguerville church. At the evening service the hand of fellowship was extended and the Lord's Supper was observed. The farewell was said and the commendation into the loving care of a Heavenly Father uttered after a 3 years service. It is pleasing to note that the churches of this group do not remain pastorless. N. B. ROGERS.

On Saturday last Rev. W. C. Kierstead Ph. D., pastor of the Baptist church at Rockford, Ill., was united in marriage to Miss Gertrude L. Seely, daughter of Capt. George Seely of St. John, West. The happy couple will make their way leisurely to their Rockford home via Boston, Toronto, Niagara Falls and other places of interest.

Married.

MEYER MORAN—At the residence of the bride's father, Charles Albert Meyer, to Carlina Jane, third daughter of Captain W. H. Moran of St. Martin, N. B.

BURT CRAIG—At Cumberland Bay, by the Rev. J. Williams on the first inst, Mr. Enoch Burk of the parish of Waterboro, Q. Co., to Miss Annie Craig of St. John.

FREEZE BROWN—At the Germain St. Baptist church, St. John, Sept. 1st, by Rev. G. O. Gates, D. D. J. Arthur Freeze, Barrister, Sussex, and Miss Melissa A., daughter of the late Isaac H. Brown of St. John.

THURBER SABBAN—At the Baptist parsonage Digby June 28th, by Rev. A. J. Archibald Joseph, Willie Thurber to Edith Lulu Sabban both of Weymouth, Digby Co., N. S.

MCCORMICK-TROTT—At Springfield, N. S. Aug. 18th, by Rev. A. G. Estabrook assisted by Rev. F. W. Patterson, Mr. Fenwick McCormick and Miss Annie Trott, both of Springfield.

SPEARS DEERMAN—At the Baptist parsonage, South Rawdon, Aug. 20th, by Pastor L. J. Slaughtenwhite, Charlie Spears of Sheet Harbor, and Gertrude Deerman of South Rawdon, N. S.

TURNER RUSSELL—At the home of the bride's brother, John Russell, Aug. 17, by Pastor J. W. Brown, Amos F. Turner of Harvey, and Charlotte E. Russell of Hopewell, N. B.

DUFF WILSON—At the Methodist parsonage, Truro, N. S., on Sept. 2, 1904, by Rev. J. W. Ackens, William H. Duff of Lower Stewacke, N. S., to Alice M. Wilson of Prosser Brook, N. B.

STEEVES JONAH—At the home of the bride, Aug. 11th, by Harry S. Erb, Reuben E. Steeves of Salem, N. B., to Lilly E. Jonah of Dawson, A. Co.

BUTLAND OSBORNE—At residence of bride's father, Deacon Moses Osborne, Aug. 18th, by Harry S. Erb, James Rutland of Alma, to Carry Osborne of Osborne Corner, N. B.

Died.

SLIPP—At Coles Island, N. B. Aug. 3rd, of paralysis, Gilbert R. Slipp, aged 65 years. Our deceased Bro. was converted at the age of 18 years uniting with the Free Baptist church at Hampstead, later uniting with the Coles Island Baptist church. Our Brother was characterized by a love for the word of God, it being his pocket companion. To him the church of Christ meant much, and while not able to attend worship for a year previous to his death yet on his pastor had the joy of knowing that his trust was firmly planted in Christ Jesus. The interment took place at the Narrows, the sermon being preached by his pastor from Num. 23: 10. A large gathering was in attendance. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

GRANT—At Nictau, Vic. Co. (Tobique) Aug. 11th, Deacon William Grant, aged 83 years. The remains were brought to Homeville, Car. Co., and were interred in the Curry Burying ground, Bath. The sermon was preached by Pastorirling, assisted by Rev. L. A. Fenwick, B. A., Free Baptist, and E. Oser, Baptist.