

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

VOLUME V, No. 18

ST. JOHN, N. B., SEPTEMBER 24, 1903.

WHOLE No. 122

The White Stone

By Rev. Francis Edward Marsten, D. D.

The Church of Pergamos had done well. It had also very grave faults. Our Lord, praising where praise is due and blaming where blame lies at the door. For the false thoughts and false ways of some among them the Master utters his condemnation. He follows with a call to repentance: fairly lured with the forecast of coming doom for the unrepentant. The Master never forgets, never fails to include his whole in praise for those whom he loves. Praise and blame fall with impartial exactness. Then he pours in the wine and oil of promise and consolation. "To him that overcometh," he says, "I will give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving he that receiveth it."

Thus the Master gives unto the faithful the promise of divine sustenance and enduring friendship. Let the second hold our contemplation.

The white stone is the symbol of a quietude the judge gave to the accused when he found no fault in him. He who had it could boast that he was free from the shadow and condemnation of the law. "See," he cries, "I have the white stone—the judge finds no fault in me." It was also the symbol of victory and honor. The conquering soldier returning from the battle of his country was given the white stone by his admiring countrymen. Within it were crystallized the victor's deed, the plaudits of the crowd, and the honors of years to come.

But there was still another use to which the white stone was put among the ancients. It was the symbol of friendship. It spoke to him who held it of the undying affection, devotion and loyalty of his absent friend. The single stone was cleft in twain. On the one half one friend wrote his name, on the other half the other inscribed his. Then they exchanged these pledges of their esteem and love. Years might pass. Wide spaces of land and ocean might separate the friends. They might lose sight of and forget even each other's appearance, but if by any chance they met these half stones would reveal identity and reknit the severed threads of friendship. And when they died, to the sons of these men descended the precious heirlooms. Should they meet even in distant lands and unexpected places, these half stones indicative of their father's friendship made them friends as well, and the pledge was renewed in the second generation.

So the Master says to his beloved, "I will give to him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." That stone to the Christian is the symbol of acquittal, of victory and eternal friendship. That friendship is ever present and unbroken. No matter how hard the days, or how dark and desolate the nights, the pledge remains. Jesus is a friend ever ready to prove his friendship.

He is ever present and ever watchful of the interests of his own. What strength it puts into life to have such a friend, to lean upon his strong arm, to know that he is near and ready and willing to assert his friendship. The very knowledge that he is present and able and willing to exert himself in behalf of his own is comforting and tranquilizing in the extremest need. His is a protecting friendship. A little child awoke in the night. Restless and nervous he called for a drink. The father ministered to his need. But sleep did not come. So the child called to the father: "Papa, can I sing myself to sleep, as you sing me to sleep?" "I suppose so," said the father, "if you cannot sleep you might try." So the child sang. But now the problem arose as to how anybody else in the house could sleep, and still the child sang on. So the father was obliged to tell him to stop his song and try quietly to sleep. But the darkness and nervous fear oppressed the child, and he called again to his father: "Papa, are you there?" "Yes, my child, I am here." "Papa," again called the child from his crib, "Papa, is your face turned

toward mine?" The father answering said, "Yes, my child, my face is turned towards yours." Because his father's face was turned towards him in the night the child's fears were hushed and he sank into slumber.

Such is the friendship of Christ; his face is ever turned towards his disciple. There is no night so dark that the face of the Master is not shining towards the face of his beloved. What confidence and repose he gives the restless troubled spirit to have the assurance of his presence and to know that his face is ever near and ever sure. The Master's face is turned in friendship towards his own. "And I will give unto him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

It is the friendship of communion. The friend gives his life to his friend. His best thoughts, his wisdom, his counsel, his rarest affection is reserved unreservedly for his friend.

And it is the friendship of acknowledgment. That white stone, pledge of service, claims recognition at the court of heaven. When the adventurous King James gave his ring to the Highland lass, she little knew the power to sever her that lay within the grasp of the donor. But in her need and peril that signet ring revealed to her the source of her country's power and the august majesty of him whom she had served and whose promise was her ample protection. The Divine King, when he makes promise and gives pledge, does not hide his sceptre or his throne from the soul that trusts him. It is heaven's King that gives his pledge of friendship, and on whom the soul may rely to redeem to the utmost the fulness and glory of his promise. The white stone and he who bears it shall have full recognition at the King's court amid universal triumph.

New Brunswick Convention

The tenth annual session will be held with the Oak Bay church, Charlotte Co., beginning on Saturday, Sept. 26th, at 10 a. m. Delegates coming from St. John will take the N. B. Southern line, on Carleton side, at 7.50 a. m., arriving at Oak Bay, 1 p. m. Those coming from the west side of the province by C. P. R. will arrive in St. Stephen 11.30 a. m.; then taking the N. B. Southern for Oak Bay, five miles distant, will reach there at 2.30 p. m.

Delegates will please forward their names to pastor H. D. Worden, Oak Bay, for entertainment. At the close of Convention those who wish can attend the Young People's meetings to be held in St. John, Tuesday and Wednesday, 25th and 30th, on their return that way.

P. S.—Those attending the Convention at Oak Bay will observe the following conditions:

The Shore Line (N. B. Southern) will issue tickets at one fare for round trip; the Salisbury and Harvey Railway and steamer lines also give free return if ten or more have standard certificates over that line; those coming by C. P. R. should purchase usual return tickets, as their special conditions are of benefit to us. Persons coming should ask for standard certificates at starting point, stating they expect to attend the convention.

Arroostook Association, Me.

At the meeting held at Oakfield, Rev. J. A. Ford was chosen moderator, Rev. Wm. B. Chase clerk, Rev. A. W. Lorimer treasurer, and Dea. A. P. Daggett of Snyrna auditor. The annual sermon was by Rev. J. A. Ford of Houlton. The report on the State of religion by Rev. A. W. Lorimer of Presque Isle was encouraging and showed that the Baptist cause is growing in the county. Thirty-eight have been added by baptism, twenty-six by letter, five by experience, and three have been restored to membership in the churches. There is a net gain of twenty-four in the membership.

"Whiter Than Snow."

Once when I was paying parochial calls, and dropped in on a washer-woman who had just got out a line of clothes, I congratulated my friend because they looked so white. So, very much encouraged by her pastor's kind words, she asked him to have a cup of tea, and we sat down. Whilst we were taking the tea the sky clouded, and there was a snow storm; and as I came out the white snow lay everywhere, and I said to her:

"Your washing does not look quite so clean as it did."

"Ah," she said, "the washing is right enough; but what can stand against God Almighty's white?"

So you may think that you are clean, because you have never seen God. When you see God, your holiest day will seem imperfect; you will abhor yourself, and repent in dust and ashes, and you will need to say, "Forgive me my debts as I forgive my debtors."—Rev. F. D. Meyer

Withholding The Saff From Christ

Dr. T. L. Cuyler tells of calling on a rich merchant in New York one cold winter's evening. As he left his door, and the piercing gale swept in, he said, "What an awful night for the poor." The merchant went back, and bringing a roll of bank-bills, he said, "Please hand these for me to the poorest people you know." After a few days, Dr. Cuyler wrote to him, thanking him on behalf of the poor whom his bounty had relieved, and added, "How is it that a man so kind to his fellow-creatures has always been so unkind to his saviour as to refuse Him his heart." That sentence flashed conviction to his soul. He sent for the doctor to come and talk with him, and speedily gave himself to Christ. He has been a most useful Christian ever since. It was the first time the personal claims of Christ had been pressed upon him.

Rev. W. B. Hirson

This beloved pastor of the San Diego Church is in San Francisco. He has been invited twice and again to become pastor of the First Church. Twice he has reluctantly declined the call. As we write he is trying to settle the most serious problem of his life. Last Sunday the congregations that sought to hear him were phenomenally large. He preaches once more, at the mid-week evening services, and then returns to his San Diego home. In that city of 20,000 people he has baptized hundreds in the last three years, and has 500 members in the church. There is a strong conviction that if he comes to San Francisco, he would soon gather thousands into the church. And so the church is waiting hopefully that his final decision will be that he will undertake the hard work that is before a pastor here in this, the greatest city of the Pacific coast.

August 26, 1903.

Mrs. D. L. M. Curry bequeathed \$76,000 for a statue of Dr. Curry. She leaves \$5,000 for the publication of a memoir of his life and \$1,000 for the Baptist Home for Aged Women in Richmond.

Rev. Ralph E. Trotter has accepted the pastorate of the church in Aylmer, Ont., to succeed Rev. J. Vining, who becomes the representative of Northwest Missions in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces.

It is not with a rush and spring that we are to reach Christ's character and attain to perfect sainthood; but step by step, foot by foot, hand over hand, and we slowly and often painfully to mount the ladder that rests on earth and rises to heaven.

—Dr. Guthrie.

The Home Mission Journal.

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

All communications, whether containing money or other wise are to be addressed to

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

Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XI.

"I am glad you like our home," said Miss Hathaway, pleased with the girl's delight. "And here comes my good Rosie to give us a welcome," she added as the faithful domestic, her face beaming with joy, came running from the kitchen-garden down a side-path to the front gate.

Elsie, who had had her secret fears of Rosie, felt relieved as she saw this plump, good-natured-looking woman. She was very trim, to be sure, in her neat, dark-blue calico, snow-white apron and cap, but she did not look at all stiff or severe. Her blue-gray eyes were full of sunshine and good humor. Rosie was Scotch-Irish, and a Protestant, a good Christian woman, who, during the eighteen years she had served Miss Hathaway, had become thoroughly imbued with the atmosphere of love and sunshine that surrounded her.

"Well, well, Miss Hathaway," she said, as she shook her mistress' outstretched hand, "It's glad I am to see you back, for I've missed you dreadfully!"

"And I'm so happy to be back, Rosie, and to see your bright face again. And this is my niece, Miss Elsie Hardy, whom I wrote to you about, and who has come to make her home with us."

"And it's right glad I am to see you, Miss Elsie," cried Rosie, shaking the hand the girl held out in her turn, "and a pleasant thing it will be for us to have a young girl in the house to make things lively. And the little doggie, too; my! but he's in spirits!" for Rags, who, evidently approved of Rosie, was frantically barking and wagging his tail.

"But let me help you out, Miss Hathaway," she continued. "It's tired you must all be after your long journey, and hung y, too."

She assisted her mistress to alight, and took out the hand luggage, while the hackman attended to the trunks, and Rags barked afresh at sight of a big Maltese cat which had started to come down the walk, but paused and arched his back at sight of the dog.

"Why, there's old Rollo!" exclaimed Miss Diantha. "Pussy, Pussy, come to your mistress," she called, as they entered the garden gate.

Pussy, thus adjured, came trotting down the walk with one eye on Rags. Miss Diantha took up her pet, who nestled against her cheek, purring loudly.

"Poor Rollo! dear old Rollo!" Miss Hathaway went on, stroking the cat, "Rosie will you show the hackman where to put our trunks?"

"You must be friends with little Rags, Rollo!" she went on to her pet, as Rosie, bearing the hand luggage, led the way for the hackman. "You are to live together, you know. Please hold Rags nearer to me, Elsie."

Elsie did as she was asked, but Rollo at once stopped purring, and eyed Rags with suspicious, sullen disapproval.

"Good Rollo! Poor, nice little Rags!" said Miss Diantha, stroking them each alternately. "Now kiss and be friends!"

Rags thrust out his shaggy little head in an inquisitive though friendly fashion. But Pussy's only response was an angry snarl.

"Naughty Rollo!" said Miss Hathaway, giving him an admonitory pat; "to treat poor little Rags that way! 'Well, they might get used to each other and become friends in time. Don't you want to put Rags down now, Elsie? I'm going to carry Rollo into the house."

Elsie released Rags, who quickly vanished to make the exploration of the grounds.

"This trellised walk is like an arbor," said Elsie, looking up at the rose-canopied latticed roof overhead.

"Yes, it's a pretty approach to the house, and, as you see, our little porch is embellished with climbing roses too. But come in now and welcome to your new home. May we all be very happy together!"

She kissed Elsie as they entered the door, and the young girl returned the caress warmly.

"Dearest aunty," she said, "I can't tell you what this home is to me! May I be nothing but a comfort to you always!"

"I'm sure you'll be a great comfort and blessing to me, Elsie. Why, what is this?" she exclaimed suddenly as her eye fell upon a graceful archway of foliage and flowers above her parlor door, in which letters forming the word "Welcome" in white and crimson immortelles were skillfully interwoven upon a background of green.

"How lovely!" exclaimed Miss Hathaway, "an ornament to the drawing-room door too!"

At this moment the hackman came down stairs, followed by Rosie. Miss Hathaway paid the man, and after he had gone she turned to the maid with the words:

"Rosie, is it you who have been decorating so prettily here?"

"No, no," laughed Rosie; "it's your young lassies from the Sunday school were here this morning, axing could they put these decorations up in honor of your coming home."

"The dear girls!" exclaimed Miss Diantha, a gentle moisture in her eyes, "How I long to see them! Well, Elsie, shall we go up stairs?"

Rosie followed them, a merry, expectant twinkle in her eyes.

"Why those dear, naughty girls have been decorating here too! Dear little souls, how they must have worked; robbing their gardens, I'm afraid, as well as the woods and meadows!"

"Well, it's only fitting they should give you pleasure, Miss Hathaway, for you're always doing something kind for them. I was only afraid they'd make a fearful mess but they swept and brushed up everything after they got through," explained Rosie.

"Everything just shines, Rosie; you have kept the house in the most beautiful order, but you ought to have had some help."

"Sure, it would only have made me extra work and worry. And now I'll go down, for I'm sure you'll be hungry after your long journey and want your tea early."

"Yes, we shall be quite ready for it, Rosie."

The girl hurried down sure that the travelers would appreciate the supper she was preparing for them.

"See, Elsie," said Miss Hathaway, "what a lovely arch of white roses with their foliage those dear girls have placed above the door of my Aunt Grace's room. That touches me so much, for though she passed away before any of them were born, they know how lovely a woman she was, and that roses were her favorite flowers. I will show you the room later. I often sit there with my books or sewing, for it's the favorite

chamber in the house to me. This room adjoining is yours, opposite mine, across the hall. Ah!" her face beaming, "the girls have decorated your door as well as mine. They must have heard from Rosie that you were coming and wished to give you a friendly welcome."

"It was very kind of them to think of me," said Elsie, glancing up at the pretty archway with its word of "welcome."

"I must make you acquainted with them Sunday and will have them here to tea soon. But come, let me introduce you to your own little nest."

"Oh!" exclaimed Elsie, as they entered the room. Then she stood speechless a moment gazing about her. Could it be possible that this was for her, the despised Eliza, to whom had been assigned a little rear chamber in the fourth story of her stepfather's house? Anything was considered good enough for Eliza, and she never forgot a remark she overheard her mother make to Miss Trump, when the child was about ten years old: "Oh, Eliza has no more love for the beautiful than a cat! She doesn't know whether a thing is pretty or ugly, and is so destructive. Besid s it is much better to give her ugly things to ruin!"

The sneer rankled in Eliza's heart, for, though her ruling passion was for books, and she spent most of her pocket money for them, as she grew older she really did like pretty things, and only needed to have the taste cultivated and developed.

And now this chamber was given her, such a contrast to the one she had left, and though not very large, nearly twice the size of that cheerless little room. The walls were of a pale cream tint, with a cornice and dado of blue and pink morning glories, exquisitely painted, and entwining gracefully amid their foliage of tender green. The pretty toilet-set and most of the furniture were cream-tinted too, and ornamented with the same pattern of flowers. Beautiful engravings and some charming paintings hung upon the walls. There were hanging bamboo shelves full of interesting-looking volumes, a little rosewood writing desk and a pretty sewing table.

Elsie turned suddenly and hid her face upon Miss Hathaway's shoulder.

"My head just swims with it all!" she exclaimed, choking back a sob. "How can you trust this beautiful room to a girl like me! Why it's like fairyland!"

Miss Hathaway had tears in her eyes as she replied, softly stroking the girl's hair: "I shall love to think of your enjoying this little room, Elsie; my aunt gave it to me when I was ten years old, thinking it was time that I had a chamber of my own. When I was twenty she gave me the 'violet room' across the hall, because I was so fond of violets; she painted this and the other three bedrooms on this floor with her own dear hands."

"How talented she must have been!" exclaimed Elsie.

"Yes, she had an exquisite gift for painting flowers," responded Miss Hathaway.

"Oh, aunty, I don't know how to thank you for this lovely room, and I will try to keep it in the best of order," continued Elsie.

"I'm sure you'll keep it nicely," answered her aunt. "There is a closet where you can hang dresses and so forth. And now we must get ready for tea."

Left alone, Elsie stood a moment, gazing about her with moistening eyes.

"It seems as if life had begun for me again all new and fresh and beautiful! What has made the difference? Dear Aunt Diantha, she has come into my life and changed it already. Oh, is there a love greater, sweeter even than hers, a love that has brought me here, and that will help me to grow into a woman like her? It is the love of God!"

(To be Continued.)

Rough On Saloons

Rats are a r. tinacious nuisance, and the best remedy for them is rough on rats.

Saloons are a pestif. rous plague, and the most powerful extermin. t. r of them is Prohibition.

Saloons are a greter curse to society than bugs are to potatoes.

They have been rough on society for a long time, and now it is time for society to retaliate and be rough on them.

Extricate them and peace and plenty will reign in the land.

They are nasty places, and a rendezvous for nasty people. Drunkards visit them naturally as a hog does a mud hole. Decent folks, who have any respect for themselves, keep out.

They are foul, vile, corrupt, like a nest of unclean birds.

They are no more ornamental in our cities than warts on our noses.

They are more noxious than weeds, more subtle than serpents, and more voracious than grasshoppers.

They are great absorbers, like the bogs of Ireland. Time, money, health and reputation invested in them is lost.

They are Satan's mousetraps, by which he catches thousands every year.

Keep out of them as you would out of a crocodile's mouth, for the best and safest side of a saloon is the outside.—*James A. Stolbert.*

Backbiting

The late Dr. M. D. Hoge, of Richmond, tells of two Christian men who "fell out." One heard that the other was talking against him, and he went to him and said:

"Will you be kind enough to tell me my faults to my face that I may profit by your Christian caudor, and try to get rid of them?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other. "I will do it."

Then he went aside, and the former said: "Before you commence telling what you think wrong in me, will you please get down with me and let us pray over it, that my eyes may be opened to see the faults as you will tell them? You lead in prayer."

It was done, and when the prayer was over, the man who sought the interview said:

"Now proceed with what you have to complain of in me."

But the other replied: "After praying over it, it looks so little that it is not worth talking about. The truth is, I feel now that in going around talking about you, I have been serving the devil myself, and I have need that you pray for me and forgive me the wrong I have done you."

Doctor Hoge tells the story very well, and here and there in almost every community is a man or woman who might profit by it.—*Religious Herald.*

Daily Bread and Daily Cross

By Rev. Joel B. Slocum

We do not shrink to ask for daily bread
Of Him who taught to us that daily prayer;
And should it fill our souls with nameless dread,
That He asks us our daily cross to bear?

His gifts are every morning new and sweet,
And every evening they are plenteous still;
But in return, He simply doth entreat
That we should wear His yoke and do His will.

We take His daily boon with eager hand,
And like ungrateful children cry for more;
But when He begs our help in every land,
We turn Him empty-handed from our door.

Lord, teach us how to pray and how to live!
To know that daily bread means daily cross;
That who get are poor unless we give,
And losing self is gain instead of loss.
Concord, N. H., January, 1903.

Needing A Rest

A Scottish congregation presented their minister with a sum of money and sent him off to the continent for a holiday. A gentleman just back from the continent met a prominent member of the church, and said to him, "Oh, by the by, I met your minister in Germany. He was looking very well. He didn't look as if he needed a rest." "No," said the church member, very calmly, "it was not him, it was the congregation that was needin' a rest."

The Power of the Blood of Christ.

Some are telling us, even in the church to-day, the professing church at least, that the old-fashioned doctrine of salvation by a substitutionary sacrifice will not do for this day of advanced thinking. Some one is constantly coming forward with some new theory of the atonement beside that given in the Bible, that "That He who knew no sin was made sin in our place, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him." Now anybody that knows that these exploited theories are not new but have been exploited literally for centuries, and they will never in all history have shown their power to bring a sinner's guilty conscience peace. But is the old doctrine played out? I affirm to you to-night that our preaching to the unsaved has centered and been built upon one fundamental truth, that of the vicarious atonement on the cross of Calvary. The doctrine of atonement is as old as Paul, yea as old as Jesus, yea as old as the 53d of Isaiah and the 12th chapter of Exodus, as old as Isaiah and Moses. Has it done the work of God. Yes, The Chinaman has listened to the Gospel, spoken first by my lips and then repeated through an interpreter, and he has been saved. The Japanese has received it; the philosophic Hindoo has received it; the colonist of the South Seas has received it; Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen have received it. The same old doctrine of salvation by Christ's atoning blood has proved its power 35,000 miles around the earth. Will anything else do it? Well, if it will why don't you use it?

The Saloon Must Go

The saloon must go,
With its crime and woe,
And all of its evils that burden us so,
The careless church member—
Who fails to remember
That duty should spurn him to master the foe—
His actions say not;
But yet it will go.

The saloon must go,
Though the drunkard says no,
For blear-eyed and wretched he hugs his worst foe.
While for a short season,
Benefit of his reason,
The poor hardened sinner his "wild oats" will sow.

But oh, the sad reaping,
The wailing, the weeping!
The saloon must go,
Though drunkards say no.

The saloon must go,
Though brewers say no,
For profits unrighteous from beer barrels flow.

They find their chief pleasure,
In heaping up treasure
That's rung with hearts broken with sorrow
and woe.
Though the brewers say no,
The saloon must go.

The saloon must go,
Though the barkeepers say no,
While each year more hardened and shame-
ful they grow.

They ruin the lives
Of the children and wives,
They cause all the sorrow the hunger and
woe.

That evermore come
To the victims of rum,
Barkeepers say no;
But still it must go.

The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!
While viewing the heartaches, the ruin and
woe.

The brewer and the vender,
In spite of their splendor,
Must shoulder, though for it they heaven
forego.

The saloon must go,
Though the devil shouts no!

Awake! Face the foe!
Fan the ember aglow,
That still in the conscience are slumbering
low.

While the victims are weeping,
Can Christians lie sleeping!
For God and His cause strike the death-
dealing blow.

The saloon must go,
For God's word says so.
--*Ram's Horn.*

"Wanted, A Bartender."

The other day I picked up a newspaper, and glancing over the advertisements for help, read as follows:

"WANTED—A Bartender. Must be a total abstainer. Apply," etc.

Is not that a curious advertisement? What should we think of such an advertisement in any other line of business? How would an advertisement like this look?

"WANTED—A Barber, who never has had his hair cut. Apply at the barber shop on the corner."

Or this?

"WANTED—A salesman in a shoe store. He must go barefoot while on duty. Apply at Blank's Shoe Store."

What other business finds it necessary or desirable to advertise for help pledged to make no use of the goods sold? Can it be that the liquor traffic finds it has wrought so great demoralization among its followers that it is forced to draw upon temperance or total abstinence fanatics in order to continue its business?

For some years many of the great railroads, banks, and other corporations have insisted upon partial abstinence from intoxicating liquor by their employees, and now liquor dealers themselves are advertising for total abstainers to sell their product, thereby confessing the demoralization wrought by it; and yet we are told that the United States army cannot be maintained, and that discipline among the soldiers is at an end unless liquor saloons are maintained by the government.

What a humbug the liquor traffic is!—*The Safeguard.*

"To trust God when our warehouses and bags are full, and our tables are spread, is no hard thing; but to trust Him when our purse is empty, but a handful of meal and crust of oil left, and all the ways of relief stopped—herein lies the wisdom of a Christian's grace."

'Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him what'er betide;
Thou'll find Him in the evil days
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the rock that naught can move."

Religious News.

I have not done very much UPPER OTSABOG. preaching since I wrote last about two sessions at Otta- bog and held one missionary meeting at Otta- bog. After the Association I spoke to some people living on the hills back of St. Mary's. They wished me to preach for them, and I have been holding meetings there every fortnight and the Lord is blessing the work. A fortnight ago there was one occasion reclaimed and by holding up their hands to be prayed for. Last Sunday there were four backsliders reclaimed and two wished to be prayed for. Sunday night I spoke in the upper end of Fredriksen. I have spoken there for three Sunday nights. They are going to rent a larger place for me to speak in on Sunday evenings. The work would be more prosperous if it had more attendance. The people on the hills say I do not come often enough. They wish me to come every Sunday, but on account of my loss this spring I am not able to attend any oftener than I am doing at the present. My house has been burned and about everything I had so I have got to prepare a house for winter. The people there are only able to pay my way up there every fortnight. Nox I wish to tell you about our church at Otta-bog, since the visit of Rev. W. E. McDevote of Otta-bog. Tuesday after he left seven of our young men volunteered to go to work on the coast and do what they could, also three members went to myself. We have got our floor cleaned and tidied up and got quite a piece of flesh a long way. We are going to try to finish up sheathing and get the line out. Brethren pray for us that those young men may be as willing to work in the church of Christ as they are to work on this one, also pray for our work in St. Mary's for the prayer of the night our prevail to mine.

Your Brother in Christ, CHARLES L. JOHNSON.

The Gospel as a Beacon

The New Testament makes it very clear that the Christian life on one side of it involves limitation, self-sacrifice, self-denial. There are some motives to which the disciple of Jesus is inaccessible, some things that he will not do. But this self-repression and self-restraint is never for its own sake. It is always that the soul, though it may attain a nobler power a larger freedom, a diviner peace. It is not that just the truth that too much of our popular Christianity fails to recognize. We teach the necessity of self-denial; we do not make equally clear the rich and large life into which discipleship opens and for that reason the call to discipleship seems like a call to gloom and depression, instead of what Jesus always made it a summons to life and power and joy.

But no man can utter this invitation who has not verified the reality of the promise in his own experience. You may speak the whole dictionary full of words about the blessedness of following Christ, but what you say will only be words unless you have seen and felt this blessedness in your inner life and are speaking about what you have known rather than what you imagine or what you think you ought to say.

There have been many explanations of the remarkable triumphs of the early Christians in the first four centuries. Gibbon's famous chapter in the causes of the spread of the Christian faith enumerates some of those that are most palpable even to a skeptical observer. But it is evident that neither Gibbon, the skeptic, nor Milman, his Christian commentator, is satisfied with the explanation. The one vital, important thing that both these men overlook is that the early Christians showed by word and act that they had discovered the great peace and joy. The Epicurean found them happier than himself with all his self-indulgence. The Stoic found that they had

attained a peace and a power for which he had striven in vain. We have only to read the inscriptions on the tombs and monuments of Christian Rome, which Lanson has unrolled, to be deeply impressed with this. They speak of present joy and strength in terms that convey the stent and prodigal Roman that they were describing realities. They speak of the future life with as much certainty as the Roman of the days of Tiberius spoke of Gaul or Britain, though he had never visited those lands.

We do not believe that in any age any man have greatly succeeded in commanding Christianity who have not been able to press it as a boon that they have personally tested. And those who have presented it in that way have seldom failed to elicit a deep response in the hearts of the men of their time. Such preachers may have been defective in their details; they may have mistaken a part of the truth for the whole, but like Philip when he went to Samaria, like the woman of Samaria hurrying to the men of her town like Peter at Paphos, and like Paul at Corinth, they declared that they have found a boon that would make life rich and strong and victorious and happy. The self-denial to which such preaching called is not a mere self-denial and self-conquest as a mere rule of living, but a denial of a part of the ground of the laws that one may win a spiritual prize.

The Comfort of God's Staff

The Shepherd's staff was the means for expressing the Shepherd's faith in guiding the sheep, and by it the sheep was led into the path which the shepherd desired. God's staff for us is the manifestation of His will and His providence by which we are led to the path of duty when we are striving Him. When we come into a valley of darkness and are afraid, it is a great comfort to look back at the clear indications of God's will and leading, which brought us to that place, and which we could not have discovered without asking what we believed to be God's path for us. We can say: "It was God's leading that brought me into this place of darkness, therefore I will fear no evil." "They told me they could not find me." - Rev. Adelt A. Bennett.

Married.

MATTHEWSON FLEMING - At the residence of Mrs. S. P. Quinn, at R. V. E., W. Va., on the 21st, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

MATTHEWSON HARRISON - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. Richard Elliott, of Applegate, to Miss H. H. Harrison, of Applegate.

STEPHEN MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

CAROL STEVENS - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

ALICE MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

BOON C. MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

DORIS HARRISON - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

CLARA MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

BEARNAE MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

B. B. HARRISON - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

CHRISTY MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

MARIE MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

ELLEN MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

HARVEY MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

YARLE MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

PAUL MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

Bel.

WALTER MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

FREDERICK MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

EDWARD MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

CHARLES MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

JOHN MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

WILLIAM MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

ROBERT MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

GEORGE MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

ALFRED MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

THOMAS MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

EDWARD MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

FRANK MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

CHARLES MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

JOHN MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

WILLIAM MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

ROBERT MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

GEORGE MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

ALFRED MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

THOMAS MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

EDWARD MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

FRANK MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

CHARLES MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

JOHN MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.

WILLIAM MITCHELL - At the residence of the bride's father, Sept. 11th, by Rev. J. M. Quinn, of R. V. E., W. Va., to Miss C. Fleming, of Chapman, N. D.