

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

VOLUME V, No. 11

ST. JOHN, N. B., JUNE 11, 1903.

WHOLE No 115.

Pulpit Fervor.

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

A MEMBER of the Stock Exchange told me recently that he had gone into one of the noonday services in Trinity Church, and had listened with deep interest to an eloquent Lenten discourse by a young minister, which was delivered with such fervor that the sweat started on the speaker's face. After describing the effect on himself and other business men around him by this imposed discourse, he inquired, "Why don't all ministers put more fire into their sermons?" This question of my friend the stockbroker is a very pertinent one for every man who addresses his fellow-men as the message-bearer from the living God.

The preaching of the Gospel is spiritual gunnery; and many a well-loaded cartridge has failed to reach its mark from the lack of powder to propel it. Preaching is, or ought to be, a message-bringing from the Almighty. The prime duty of God's ambassador is to arrest the attention of the souls before his pulpit—to arouse those who are indifferent, to warn those who are careless, to convict of sin those who are impenitent, to cheer those who are sorrow-stricken, to strengthen the weak and to edify believers. An advocate in a criminal trial puts his grip on every jurymen's ear. So must every herald of Gospel-truth demand and command a hearing, cost what it may; but that hearing he never will secure while he addresses his audience in a cold, formal, perfunctory manner. Certainly the great Apostle at Ephesus aimed at the emotions and the conscience as well as the reason of his hearers when he ceased not to warn them night and day, with tears.

It cannot be impressed too strongly on every young minister that the delivering of his sermon is half the battle. Why load your gun at all, unless you can send your charge to the mark? Many a discourse containing much valuable thought has fallen dead on drowsy ears, when it might have produced great effect if the preacher had had what the Trinity Church preacher had—inspiration and perspiration. Many and many times, a sermon that was quite ordinary as an intellectual production has produced an extraordinary effect by a direct and intensely fervid delivery. The minister who never warms himself will never warm his congregation. I once asked Albert Barnes, "Who is the greatest preacher you have ever heard?" Mr. Barnes, who was a very clear-headed thinker, replied: "I cannot answer your question exactly; but the greatest specimen of preaching I ever heard was by the Rev. Edward N. Kirk, before my congregation during a revival. It produced a tremendous effect." Those of us who knew Mr. Kirk knew that he was not a man of genius or profound scholarship, but he was a true orator, with a superb voice and a pleading persuasiveness, and his whole soul was on fire with a love of Jesus and a love of souls.

It is not easy to define just what that subtle something is which we call pulpit magnetism. As near as I can come to a definition, I would say that it is the quality or faculty in a speaker that arrests the attention and kindles the sympathy of auditors, and when aided by the Holy Spirit, produces conviction in their minds by the "truth as it is in Jesus." The heart that is put into the speaker's voice sends that voice into the hearts of his hearers. As an illustration of this, I may cite the celebrated Dr. Stephen H. Tyng, the Rector of St. George's Church of New York, who was one of the most magnetic speakers I have ever heard, in the pulpit or on a platform. Every sentence he uttered went like a projectile discharged from a gun. I remember that one evening Henry Ward Beecher and myself were associated with him in addressing a public meeting called to welcome John B. Gough on his return from a temperance campaign in Great Britain. When we had finished our speeches we went to the rear of the hall and listened to Dr. Tyng's rapid rolling oratory. I whispered to

Beecher, "That is fine platforming." "Yes, indeed," replied Beecher; "he is the one man in this country that I am most afraid of; I never want to speak after him, and when I have to speak before him, when he gets agoing, I wish I had not spoken at all." And yet Dr. Tyng's sermons or addresses when put into cold type lost most of their power! Everybody wanted to hear him; very few ever cared to read his books; his soul-conveying power was in the pulpit.

It is an undoubted fact that pulpit fervor has been the characteristic of nearly all the most effective preachers of a soul-winning gospel. The fire was kindled in the pulpit that kindled the peeps. The discourses of Frederic W. Robertson of Brighton were masterpieces of fresh thought, and pellucid style; but the crowds were drawn to his church because they were delivered with a fiery glow. The king of living sermon-makers is Dr. Maclaren of Manchester; his vigorous thought is put into vigorous language and vigorously spoken. He commits his grand sermons to memory and then looks his audience in the eyes, and sends his strong voice to the farthest gallery. Last year after I had thanked him for his powerful address on "Preaching" to the thousand ministers in London, he wrote to me: "It was an effort; for I could not trust myself to do without a manuscript, and I am so unaccustomed to reading what I have to say, that it was like dancing a hornpipe in fetters." Yet manuscripts are not always "fetters";—for Dr. Chalmers read every line of his sermon with thrilling and tremendous effect. So did Dr. Charles Wadsworth, in Philadelphia, and so did Phillips Brooks, in Boston. In my own experience I have as often found spiritual results flowing from discourses partly or mainly written out, as from those spoken extemporaneously.

Finally, while much may depend upon conditions in the congregation, and much aid may be drawn from the intercessory prayers of our people, yet the main thing is to have the baptism of fire in our own hearts. Sometimes a sermon may produce but little impression; yet that same sermon at another time and in another place may deeply move an audience, and yield rich spiritual results. Physical conditions may have some influence on a minister's delivery; but the chief element in the eloquence that awakens and converts sinners, and strengthens the Christian, is the unction of the Holy Spirit.

Your best power, my brother, is the power from on high. Look at your auditors as bound to the Judgment-seat, and see the light of eternity flashed into their faces! Then the more fervor of soul that you put into your preaching, the more souls you may bring to your Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

Griffing the Commonplace.

That is what is being done now in nature, if in nature or any where else there is anything really commonplace. Every leaf is being transfigured and every wayside weed is putting on its crown. There is no hillside that does not spread before you a panorama of beauty, and if you live in the country you cannot look from any window and not see a picture no artist can rival. And yet it is commonplace if it is not, the weed by the path, the leaf fluttering to your feet? But God puts his brush upon them and as you look you say, "Call nothing common or unclean." Cannot we carry nothing of the same spirit into life? May we not see an autumn glory spread over the whole of it? It is the common spirit in us that makes anything common. It is the drudge who causes any work to be drudgery. George Herbert speaks of a spirit which carried into every effort shall make both it and the action great. Fanciful might have been that servant girl of whom somewhere Mr. Spurgeon speaks, who into the meanness of her daily toil carried so much of the sentiment of redemption that it became symbolic. Washing dishes syllabed prayer, "Cleanse me with hyssop," and when she swept a room it but told her of taking the dust

from the soul. Fanciful it might have been but it glorified her life. And so may all of life be glorified, even the commonplaces of it. It is the spirit of the slave that makes anything slavery. It is the menial spirit that demeans and not the work. At the work bench as in the bank a man may hold up his head if he will. The lowliest task may be glorified if glory is in the doer of it.

Notice.

The Western New Brunswick Baptist Association will meet with the Marysville church on June 26th at 2 p. m. It is expected that the New Brunswick Southern Baptist Association will meet with the Baptist church in St. Stephen the 4th of July at 10 a. m.

We were much pleased to see Rev. J. D. Wetmore on his return from a visit to his old home in Springfield, Kings Co. He is being blest and much encouraged in work at Hartland and vicinity in Carleton Co.

At the Christian Ministerial Association Conference held in St. John last week, references were made to closer union of Christian bodies which are nearly alike. Rev. Dr. Gates, who read a paper in the Conference, expressed his pleasure in meeting with the ministers of the Christian body. Their meeting was, he said, an indication of the fellowship that exists between the body he represents and the Disciples of Christ. He regretted deeply that those who had advocated the one believers' baptism should maintain a separate organization. It was true that there was now hope for Christian union, especially of those bodies having generic or intellectual affinities. He thought the Methodists, Presbyterians and Congregationalists should be one, as should also the Baptists, Free Baptists and Disciples of Christ.

R. W. Stevenson, speaking for the Disciples, expressed himself as entirely in accord with Dr. Gates' expressions, and he looked for the time to come when representatives of the Baptists, Free Baptists and Christian churches would meet to draw closer the bond of unity.

The *Intelligencer* rejoices to hear these expressions of opinion from the brethren, and hopes the time may come soon when the bodies mentioned, and others of substantially like faith, may be one. Such a union would make greatly for the extension of Christ's Kingdom.

—*Intelligencer*.

1. The need of salvation is told in Isaiah. "All we, like sheep, have gone astray." When we realize this fact how comforting to be told that "the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all."
2. The completeness of the sacrifice is shown in Luke. For us Jesus Christ gave His body and His blood. According to Hebrew ideas this meant His life.
3. The timeliness of the salvation is shown in Romans. "While we were yet weak"—"sinners." It is worth while for young people to notice here that sin is spoken of as weakness. Some seem to think that it shows boldness and strength to sin, but it does not. In this world it is always easier to sin than not to sin. The really strong ones are those that resist temptation and keep on the side of the right.
4. The proper results of the salvation by Jesus Christ is shown in I. John. If He laid down His life for us we ought to lay down our lives for Him. What would you think of a person whose life had been saved by another who would refuse to risk his life for his savior if he were in peril? The life that has been saved belongs to the one who saved it. Your life belongs to Jesus Christ.

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 otherwise are to be addressed to

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

Terms - - 50 Cents a Year.

Rosecroft.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

CHAPTER IV.

THE three great-aunts who had come out to Colorado to attend Claude Fullerton's funeral and look after their nieces were seated in the large handsome library, where we found them at the opening of our story.

Mrs. Sheldrake, Eliza's particular aversion, was a tall, imposing-looking woman of about fifty-eight years. Her hair, once jet-black, was now thickly threaded with gray, but her large, tall figure was perfectly straight; in fact, she had quite a military bearing. Her keen, black-berry-tinged eyes scrutinized you through the gold eyeglasses perched upon her Roman nose, in a superior, critical way, quite embarrassing to a diffident person. She looked what she was a hard-headed, business-like woman of the world, as thoroughly satisfied with herself as she was imperious and critical toward others.

Mrs. Honeywell, three years younger was short and stout. Her round-shouldered pillow figure was the secret despair of her fashionable dressmakers; but she had a handsome face, large lustrous eyes, much the color of a black pansy, and a profusion of light-brown hair, in whose rippling masses there was scarcely a gleam of white, despite her age. Mrs. Honeywell had a voice soft and musical, quite a contrast to her sister Minerva's imperious, high-pitched tones, and a gentle manner that was misleading. For at heart she was as selfish and as keen to look out for her own interests at the expense of other people as Mrs. Sheldrake.

The third sister and the youngest, Miss Diantha Hathaway, looked quite unlike the others; for she was petite and graceful, with a face like a white rose that has lost its first freshness, but has still a fragile beauty of its own. Though she was barely fifty, her hair had an exquisite silver hue. She looked like a pink, as Eliza had reflected, somewhat caressingly, even after her long journey. Her gray traveling suit, and the little black bonnet with its cluster of violets in front, the black kid gloves upon her tiny hands, all looked as fresh as if she had just started. Her expression was full of kindness, and there was something almost childlike in its innocence and purity, something timid and appealing, too, though this lovely face had character, and the little lady bore herself with gentle dignity.

Her mother, a noble Christian woman, had died when Diantha was only two years old. Among her last requests was an urgent one that her baby might be given to her only sister Grace, who was a childless widow. Mr. Hathaway was willing, and Grace Vernon gladly adopted the child, and found a balm for her own sorrow in bringing up this motherless little girl. When she died, nearly thirty years after, Diantha felt that she had lost a second mother. As her father had passed away two years before, and her two sisters were married, she determined to

remain in the little vine-wreathed cottage which her aunt had bequeathed to her, and in which they had lived so long and happily together. It was situated in a pretty country town in New Jersey, and Diantha had no wish to leave this rural home and the beloved church of which she had been a member so many years for new scenes in a great city. Her sisters had both suggested, in a half-hearted way, that she should rent or sell the cottage, and make her home with them by turns. But Diantha would have preferred her independence, even if the invitation had been more warmly worded. Besides the cottage her aunt had left her a legacy in money—not large, for Mrs. Vernon was not wealthy—and her father had bequeathed her a few thousands, leaving the bulk of his immense property to his son and the elder daughters who had pleased him by making what he called brilliant marriages. He had never forgiven Diantha for refusing to marry a friend of his whom she had met while on a visit to her father's house. This man was not only a decided skeptic, but coarse-minded and tyrannical. That mattered little, however, to Mr. Hathaway. The suitor was immensely rich, and that was enough. Exasperated with Diantha for her gentle, but firm refusal and with her aunt for upholding the young girl in her disobedience he resolved to punish his daughter by leaving her but a small legacy, and that only for her mother's sake. For he had really loved the gentle, Christian woman, though he was so unlike her, but instead of trying to fill her place by another marriage, he invited a maiden sister to live with him, who was as worldly-minded and ambitious as himself. Under these influences the two elder daughters grew up very unlike their mother, for though Gertrude seemed to have inherited her gentleness, she was really selfish at heart. Mrs. Fullerton was the daughter of their only brother, and we have seen what her training must have been.

Miss Diantha's income, though not large, was sufficient for her simple way of living, and she always had something to spare for others. She was much beloved in Berwick for her beautiful character, and for the kindness with which she ministered to the poor, or to any who needed her sympathy and help. A competent house mistress, she had carefully trained Rosie, the young Scotch-Irish girl who came to her after Janet a faithful colored servant had been laid to rest in the peaceful Berwick cemetery. Rosie, who had entered the cottage a raw, inexperienced trembling girl of seventeen, had developed, during the years that followed into a most valuable servant. Honest, capable, thrifty, devotedly attached to her mistress, she had come to be Miss Hathaway's right hand, and the little lady was much envied by less fortunate housekeepers.

(To be Continued.)

N. W. FOME MISSIONS.

At the request of the Board I have undertaken the superintendency of the fields for the coming year. It is my purpose if spared to visit each in turn and confer with the churches and laborers directly. I shall be glad to receive information as to their needs at any time. Quite a number of promising candidates are seeking the work and with the Divine blessing upon our efforts good results may be attained.

I would like to ask the missionaries in future to direct their reports and communications to me at 29 High St., St. John. Churches and fields requiring student labor will also write at once. Will the members of the Board take note that Quarterly Meeting in June is deferred until the 9th inst? This is done in order to give the former secretary time to get in all the reports up to June 1st.

W. E. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

Power of the Sweeter Song.

We can fight the world's evil best, not merely by trying to shut it out of our life, or ward it off, but by having our heart so full of good that the power of the evil will be more than counter-balanced. In the old legend the sirens sang so sweetly that all who sailed near their home in the sea were fascinated and drawn to their shore only to be destroyed. Some tried to get safely past the enchanted spot by putting wax in their ears, so that they should not hear the luring, bewitching strains. But Orpheus, when he came found a better way. He made music on his own ship which surpassed in sweetness that of the sirens, and thus their strains had no power over his men.

The best way to break the charm of this world's alluring voices is not to try to shut out the music by stopping our ears, but to have our hearts filled with the sweeter music of the joy of Christ. Then temptation will not have power over us, because there is a mightier power within us. A deep love for Christ is the best antidote against the debasing influences of sin.

THE KAM'S HORN.

The influence of beauty is universal, and influence to which every one will confess himself susceptible, whether it be the beautiful in nature or in art. But the beauty of the human face is perhaps the most impressive, and yet there are few who think that it depends at all on cultivation. The commonly received idea is that one is born good or ill looking, and cannot help himself, which is a very injurious notion.

There may be cultivated upon every face an enchanting beauty—an expression which will kindle admiration in every one who looks upon it, which will attract attention and win love far more than any mere physical combination, any perfection of form or coloring.

The psychologist insists that the character is indelibly stamped up on the face—that what one uniformly thinks and feels, traces itself in unmistakable lines on the brow and cheek.

It may seem a foolish motive to present to a child the desire to be beautiful, and it might very easily be misconstrued and misapplied.

To attempt to cultivate the expression without the qualities of heart on which it alone depends, would be very likely to stamp upon the face a meaningless simper, a hypocritical smile which would be anything but pleasing. Our first impressions of a person are derived from the expression of the face and manner.

We hear every day the expression, "There is a good face, I like that countenance," or "What pleasing manners," and these are generally true indications of character. And a face from which we involuntarily shrink, will be almost sure to belong to a character from which we should shrink.

A woman called one day on the late Dr. Chalmers in great distress of mind. "Oh, Doctor," she asked, "what must I do to get peace?" "Do!" replied the Doctor: "Nothing!" exclaimed the discomfited inquirer: "Nothing! is that all the comfort you have for me?" "Yes, that's all," said the Doctor, "you have nothing to do; but you have something to take. It's all done. Christ has done it. He has bought a pardon and peace for you, and you have just to take it." "I see it, I see it," replied the woman joyfully, and left in peace.—Sel.

—Prof. Henry C. Vedder, D.D., in his new book on "The Baptists," says: "According to the best statistics obtainable, which are by no means complete, there are now in the entire world 58,000 Baptist churches, with 5,454,700 members. Adding the numbers of those sects that are essentially Baptist, the grand old total is nearly 6,000,000 of whom four-fifths are found on the American continent." This shows a remarkable growth, and affords ground for great thanksgiving, especially when it is remembered that the greater proportion of this growth has taken place in the last 150 years.

The Resources of Grace.

WE know quite as much about the Apostle Paul as about any man who ever lived—not about the external events of his career perhaps—though even here the sources are ample, but about his disposition, his purposes, his ideas. He has poured forth his inner life in a series of self-revealing letters that are without an exact parallel in literature.

In the light of this knowledge of the man we must estimate the story of his conversion, which we study in our Sunday School lesson this week. If he was an impressionable, sentimental and unstable character we shall appraise the record accordingly. But the unconscious self-revelation of the Apostle gives us a very different portrait. He knew the nature and worth of evidence, and was little likely to be moved by what did not satisfy his judgment. His ideals and purposes and his conceptions of Christianity underwent a swift revolution from which there was no change in the course of a long life, which subjected him to every test. And the hatred that he felt for Jesus and His followers was transmuted into an affection for Him that is the key to his character—the dominant note of the rest of his life. The genuineness of Paul's conversion is attested by a kind and weight of evidence that makes cavil or skepticism about it irrational.

Many lessons may be drawn from the narrative, but to our mind few of them are more significant to the thought of our day than the simple fact of this man's spiritual transformation. We do not say that we are to expect that all conversions, or perhaps a large proportionate number of them, will conform to the type of Paul's; but his conversion affords a measure of the power of the Gospel. The force that unfolds the petals of an oak blossom is not measured by that phenomenon, but when we see the acorn thrusting asunder the rock into the bosom of which it has fallen we appreciate the infinite reserves of vital power. The grace of God manifested in such an experience as Paul's gives us a new impression of the resources of the Gospel.

Perhaps many of us would not lead such weak and halting Christian lives if we had a more vivid impression of the power of God's grace. Everywhere the tendency is strong to classify Christian experience with the results of education and culture, and to regard it as the outcome of the operation of natural forces. The conversion of Paul brings us face to face with the supernatural in Christian experience. And it is our privilege to believe that the power which transformed his nature working a moral miracle as stupendous as any physical miracle, works in every redeemed heart.

And this faith in the power of divine grace to transform human souls, that appear incorrigible, lies very near the heart of aggressive Christian service. If we believe that the only resources for transforming human character are education, environment and heredity, we shall hold a very different relation to the preaching of the Gospel and to all missionary activity from the one we shall sustain if we believe in the supernatural power of the Gospel. Then we shall recognize that there is an incalculable divine element in Christianity, which may at any time overleap all our forecasts and, reversing every human expectation, turn the hearts of men to God.

A woman of high literary attainments recently said, as she returned from church with an aching heart:

"After working with books all the week I go to church fairly hungry for something nourishing; for while good literature furnishes mental food, there is no soul food that compares with the old Gospel plainly preached. This is what I want, but what do I get? Quotations from Browning, quotations from Lowell, quotations from Thoreau ad nauseam. Metaphors and similes are crowded upon each other, poetical questions are discussed. The published views of mush, room writers are delated upon, and a few moral platitudes bind the whole together."

Mother

By Rev. A. S. Gumbart, D. D.

Mother! How much is summed up in this single word. What memories it awakens. There is no word in human vocabularies the mere mention of which so mellows the heart. A mother's power for good or evil is utterly beyond our power to calculate. A mother's heart is the holy of holies to which the earnest loving soul of motherhood brings the welfare of the child. Here the blood of self-sacrifice is sprinkled upon the golden altar of devotion; here earnest, tearful prayer, life-fragrant incense arises to God for the child even before it is born. Her cherubim spread out their wings in comfort over the soul often troubled concerning the misfortunes and the sins of the child that is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. The seed sown by a mother's devotion in the hearts of her children will bear fruit long after the mother herself shall have passed away. As a rose after it has withered and died still fills the room with fragrance, so the memory of a mother's devotion fills the heart with sweetness and the life with strength when mother herself has folded her weary hands in the last sleep. A faithful motherhood—how much it speaks of silent heart-aches and secret tears, of sleepless nights, of uncomplaining sacrifice, of hopes urged into fruitfulness by daily devotion to the family! The mother's reward is not always found in this life; but we may hope that somehow it will find its reward in the life to come. If some angel could write for us the history of the world's motherhood, what a pathetic, heroic, noble record it would be!

Prayer

By Rev. O. P. Gifford D. D.

The Bible is an art gallery whose walls are hung with pictures of men at prayer. Men in all ages, under all conditions, have prayed. The body is bound to the earth by the force of gravity, mind goes out to mind in thought, heart goes out to heart in love, the soul goes up to God in prayer. There would be no mental life without exchange of thought, there can be no spiritual life without prayer. Prayer is the soul's gravitation toward God, prayer is the soul's exchange of thought and life with God.

Men doubting the force of gravity would not build but burrow; men shrinking from exchange of thought soon cease to think; men neglecting prayer burrow in the animal life, and become bankrupt in soul.

In prayer we do not so much seek to yoke God's will to the chariot of our purpose, as to find what God's will is concerning us and get strength to do it. We do not so much seek to get favors from God as to get God Himself. We seek electricity that we may use it for light and power; we seek God that He may use us, making us the light of the world, His power in the earth. We bring our needs to Him that He may satisfy them or show us how needless they are; we bring ourselves to Him that He may fill us with Himself.

When the sun rises even the foolish virgins need no oil. When the Sun of Righteousness arises and shines through the east window of prayer, we cast our empty lamps behind us to be forgotten. With sufficient grace the thorn in the flesh becomes a nail driven in a sure place on which to hang the wreath of victory. Holding the golden chains that bind the round earth about the feet of God, our hands are empty of our own needs, but so full of God that we know not our own needs with which we came to pray.

The Awakening of China

In this great SOUL AGE, the Spirit can do more in one year than it formerly accomplished in ages. Humanity has now stepped up on to a new plane, the NEW FOURTH GREAT CYCLE (January 1, 1901) and all are now more receptive to the Vibrations of the HOLY SPIRIT than ever before.

In every part of the world the souls of men are waking up into a consciousness of their relation to the great GOD, the Loving Father of ALL, and

are now listening to the Message of His Son, The Master. This is especially true throughout the Orient, which from now on will surely and speedily become Christianized.

In China, Japan and India the outlook for Christianity was never so good. Those in authority in those countries who only several years ago bitterly opposed and fought the Christian Missionaries are now looking up to these missionaries of the Christ for Light, Guidance and Direction.

The hand of God has at last grasped China, and that country, with its great and wonderful resources, is to come into the vibrations of the New Era and become a highly progressive and prosperous country. Many souls in China aspire to live in the highest and are looking to CHRISTIAN AMERICA for help, and to that end are rapidly taking up "Americanism," which is only another name for Christian Ideas. The Chinese leaders in the government, social and commercial spheres are beginning to learn the English Language, and there is now a great and growing demand for English education. This great change has come about in two years.

The Rev. W. A. T. Martin, a Presbyterian missionary from China, addressed a large congregation in the Washington Heights Presbyterian Church at 155th street and Amsterdam avenue, New York City, and, among other things, he said that the outlook was never so hopeful for Christianity in the Orient as at present, and he sketched the efforts of missionaries to convert China and the many obstacles they have encountered. Since the troubles of two years ago, however, he said the Empress Dowager is a changed woman. She is learning English and exhibits a better spirit in dealing with foreigners.

Mr. Martin will soon start for China to take charge of a new university.

The mystic adepts who work for spreading the English Language and "Americanism" in all parts of the world say that it has been revealed to them that in time China is to be an English-speaking Christian country under the Stars and Stripes. This is to come about in a natural and divine way through Christian Love and not by conquest.

Many American educational schools, institutes and universities will be founded and given to China with Christian Americans behind them as Christian Dollars to establish and support them.

The Secret of Good Health

By George Matheson, D. D., LL. D.

"I wish, above all things, that thou mayest be in health as thy soul prospereth."—John 3: 2.

There is a very strong connection between the health of the body and the health of the soul. One side of the connection is universally recognized; we all feel that the body has an influence on the mind. But we are less prone to recognize the other side—that the mind has an influence on the health of the body. Yet it is this latter connection that St. John specially emphasizes. He would seem to suggest that the larger number of our physical troubles have their root in something mental, just as the larger number of our mental troubles have their root in something physical. I believe he is right in this. I think the majority of outward ailments originate in the thoughts. How did you catch cold yesterday? "By standing in a draught," you say. But you stood in the same draught the day before and got no hurt. "Ah, but," you say, "I was predisposed to cold yesterday; before coming out I got a letter which chilled me." There it is! the draught came not from the street corner, but from the anxious moment. There are times when we pass through the fiery furnace, unburned—it is in moments of mental enthusiasm. Men tell us that the dread of the pestilence exposes us to its contagion. Why? Because fear is the mind's paralysis. You would be equally liable to that pestilence if you were in dread of another. If there is a cloud over the mind, it can rest on one valley as easily as on another. The dread of life is as liable to the pestilence as the dread of death. If I would pass scathless by, I must pass by on the uplands. I must be free, not from any special fear, but from fear itself.

Lord, let me take Thy prescription for perpetual youth! I desire to have the eye undimmed and the natural strength unabated; place me on Mount Nebo, show me the Promised Land!

Often have I thought of Thy words, "Hast thou faith to be healed?" Human physicians would have said, "The body first and the mind afterwards." Not so Thou. To Thee the root of the body's cure is the spirit's wing. Thou takest the invalid to the Mount before Thou healest him. Take me to the Mount O Lord! I have long outward matches to make; how shall I prepare for them? Shall I practice the movement of the feet? Shall I mure myself to fatigue by long stretches of walking? Nay, that is not Thy method for me. Not by my walking but by my flying wilt Thou prepare me—not by the body's labor, but by the spirit's song. Thou art calling my soul to the hills, my heart to the home of the morning. If my heart is on the hill, my feet will not slide in the valley; if my soul is in song, my body will not bend to the dust. Give me the joy before the labor, the mount before mire, the lark before the jostling, the wing before the winter, the clarion before the cloud! The secret of my health will be the prospering of my soul.

Religious News.

The Lord is still manifesting 2ND GRAND LAKE his saving power in our CHURCH, CUMBER- midst. Sunday May 17th LAND BAY, N. B. we baptized three more believers. "By grace are we saved through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.

At Jacksonville, May 10th, JACKSONVILLE. six young people were baptized into Christ, who with one by letter were received into the Jacksontown and Jacksonville churches.

J. A. CAHILL, Pastor.

The 62nd anniversary of our CARLETON. church was quietly observed on the last Sunday in May.

At the evening service Rev. Samuel Howard preached an excellent sermon. The thank-offering was \$268 which has since been increased by cash and subscription payable in a few weeks to \$324. All departments of our work seem in good condition. The Sunday services are well attended, and our prayer meetings fairly so and exceedingly helpful. Our Bible school under the superintendence of Bro. John Ring, with an efficient staff of officers and teachers has had a most prosperous season, the attendance frequently approaching close to 200. The Aid Society maintains its record for interesting and well attended meetings while the Y. P. U. and Junior Society are doing finely. These are among the forces making for vigorous, intelligent and spiritual life among our people, young and old.

B. N. NOBLES.

No doubt your readers have ST. GEORGE, N. B. read in the daily papers of the terrible forest fires which have been and are still raging round this locality. It has been a very anxious time for everybody. One section of this field has been entirely wiped out. Boney River, with its Post Office, R. R. station and a large lumber mill, which gave employment to many of our young men. The settlement at Second Falls had a narrow escape. We are sorry to report that the church has been burnt to the ground and this small community is without a place of worship. The prospects look gloomy. Not only have many homes been destroyed but the great lumber resources of the place are being desolated in all directions. Brethren pray for the church at Second Falls and its pastor.

M. E. FLETCHER.

Re opening at Lutz Mountain.

On Sunday, May 24th, the Lutz Mountain church re-opened their meeting house. It has been extensively repaired inside. The walls and ceiling have been covered with metal sheathing of a very neat design. The chandeliers have been replaced with lamps, which give a very fine light, while the whole interior has been repainted. It represents a very pleasing appearance and reflects great credit upon the church and pastor. The re-opening services were largely attended, and it was a day of great interest to the church.

Rev. M. Addison of Surry preached in the morning. Rev. J. W. Brown of Havelock in the afternoon, and Rev. N. A. McNeil preached in the evening.

The work cost in the neighborhood of \$500, but there remained but a balance of \$130 at the re opening, which was fully covered by the collection of the day.

Rev. Ino. Williams the pastor is abundant in labor, and beloved by the people. Bro Williams is to be congratulated on his success in uniting Shediac and Lutz Mountain in one field of labor. The Home Mission Board has been trying for years to bring this about, but have been until now unable to do so. We trust that the union may be permanent, and that Bro. Williams may long be spared to labor on this field. He has passed through deep affliction, but we were glad to note that his old-time buoyancy and vigor had not departed, while his consecration to Christ seemed to be intensified. The Lord bless the Lutz Mountain-Shediac Field.

J. W. Brown

Havelock, May 27.

Married.

McLAUGHLIN-SCOFFEL.—At Meadows, Charlotte County, N. B., May 15th, by Rev. C. J. Steeves, Edgar McLaughlin, of Meadows, N. B., to Lucinda Scoffell, of Lubec, Me.

GRAVES-STEEVES.—At the home of the bride's father, May 29th, by Rev. Gibson Swain, Frank Graves of Moncton, and Jennie Steeves, of Lower Dover, West Co.

EAGLES-ARTES.—At the Free Baptist Parsonage, St. John, (North), May 25th, by Rev. David Long, S. Jordan Eagles of St. John, to Virginia E. Artes, of Gloucester, Sundry Co.

SAVAGE-ALLINGHAM.—At the home of the bride on the 24th inst., Edebert savage, of Wilson's Beach, and Lillie May Allingham, of Welch Po 4, by the Rev. A. J. Prosser.

WEAVER-McKNIGHT.—At the parsonage, Sussex, May 21st, by R. V. B. H. Nobles, Thomas E. Weaver, of Sydney, to Priscilla McKnight, of Colima, Kings County.

STIRLING-CARPENTER.—At the residence of the bride, on the 23rd inst., by Rev. O. N. Mott James Stirling and Adelaide Carpenter, both of Wickham, Queens Co.

HICKS-PATTERSON.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Centreville May 27, by the Rev. C. S. Stevens, McWilliam J. Hicks to Esther E. Patterson, all of Centreville.

EISENHAUER-REISER.—In Bridgewater, May 30th, by Rev. C. R. Freeman, George Eisenhauer and Lydia Reiser, of Petite Riviere, N. S.

SHERWOOD-CLARK.—On the 3rd inst., at the home of the bride, Avondale, N. B., by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Havelock Sherwood to Marjetta Clark.

FERRIS-HAYWARD.—At Baptist parsonage, Sussex, May 26th, by Pastor W. Camp, Milton Westley Ferris, of Waru's Creek, to Della Hayward of Goshen.

Died.

ROBINSON.—At Hartland, N. B., suddenly on May 20th, William Robinson aged 75 years, leaving a widow, six sons and two daughters, with many relatives and acquaintances, who sadly deplore his loss.

TABOR.—At Woodstock, N. B., May 18, Mildred aged 6 years and 10 months, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amos Tabor. Four years ago she had typhoid fever which left her weakly. Patiently she has been a sufferer ever since from tuberculosis.

GANTER.—At Woodstock, N. B., May 4, suddenly of pneumonia, J. B. Ganter aged 49 years. Three weeks and three days before this his wife died of typhoid fever. Mr. and Mrs. Ganter were baptized on the same day into membership of the Birch Ridge Baptist church, Tobique, N. B. They were not separated long by death. Mr. Ganter was the engineer in charge of the pumping station at Woodstock. He was an efficient, reliable, honorable man, and filled an important position well. Four children remain and have gone with relatives.

PIKE.—The death of our beloved Deacon Daniel Pike occurred on Friday, May 22. This is the second deacon of the Temperance Vale church that has been called from their labors in 3 months. Bro. Daniel Pike was the head of a large family, and was a good man. As an exhorter we have not met his equal and in prayer, only those who have heard him know of his wonderful power. He was the spiritual support of the pastor and was always ready for every good work. May the blessed Lord comfort the dear widow and care for those who have been bereaved of their

breadwinners. And may the blessed God raise up to this family some who will fill the place their father has left vacant in our prayer.

VAUGHAN.—On Tuesday night sister F. J. Vaughan relict of the late William Vaughan passed on to her everlasting home after a long and severe illness of cancer of stomach aged 63 years and three months. Mrs. Vaughan who was a sister of Deacon J. S. Tibus, was born in Jemseg, Queens County and baptized at the age of 15 years by Rev. Mr. Jackson, C. M. going to St. Martins many years ago and being united with the Baptist church and has ever been a faithful, consistent worker. She was also a member of the W. M. A. Society and only a few days prior to her death told a sister about her mitre box and requested her to take it to the next meeting. She leaves four children to mourn her loss, beside a large circle of friends and acquaintances. The funeral services conducted by Pastor C. W. Townsend from her own residence were impressive and largely attended.

HURD.—At Indiantown, St. John, North End, after a lingering struggle with consumption Clara C., daughter of Ralph A. L. Fournier had a well-earned sleep in Jesus on May 21st, leaving father, mother, four brothers and two sisters to mourn her departure. She was a loved member of the Baptist church at North End. In her tedious illness she was graciously sustained by a living faith and strong hope in the dear Saviour whose presence made her "lying bed feel soft as downy pillows are, while on His breast she leaned her head, and breathed her life out calmly there." A sister of hers was stricken down with the same disease a few months previously. The family have the sympathy of the neighborhood. May divine consolation soothe their sorrow.

BELMAIN.—Miss Margaret Belmain of Indiantown departed to be with Jesus May 25th, aged 81 years. She was a steadfast Christian of the old type. We remember being at a meeting over 60 years ago that was held in her native place, (Sed-ditown Grand Lake) when she, then a bright young woman, rose up and said she had for a long time been worried about election, she wanted to be a Christian, but feared she was not one of the elect, but said she, "When I gave my life to Jesus at the foot of the cross to be his for time and eternity, I found my election for sure, and I want to be baptized the way my dear Saviour was. Several others confessed Christ at the same time, and with her were baptized by Rev. John Francis that afternoon. It was a meeting long to be remembered. She lived a consistent Christian life, until her Lord called her up higher.

EDITOR.

RIPPY.—We regret to hear of the death of Mrs Rippy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Wallace of Moncton, who passed away to the home of immortals after a short illness. To the mourning parents and sorrow-stricken husband we tender our deep sympathy and pray that the all-Father will bestow on all the family the consolations of His love.

PHINNEY.—At Centreville April 30th infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Phinney. Suffer the little children to come unto me.

BAILEY.—On Friday, May 29th, at the home of his son, St. George, N. B., H. D. Bailey aged 89 years. The deceased was born at Hillsfield, Sundry Co., Sept. 14, 1814. He professed religion in connection with the Free Baptist denomination, and was baptized by Rev. W. E. Pennington in 1852, continuing a member of the church until the time of his death. He leaves two sons and five daughters to revere his memory.

HARRISON.—At Cox Point, Queens Co., N. B. Sarah Rebecca, wife of Chas. Harrison, May 31st, aged 58 years. Our sister joined the 2nd Grand Lake church many years ago, and has been a faithful follower of the Lamb. She leaves a husband, four daughters, two sons, two sisters and a brother to mourn their loss. May God be their "Refuge and strength, a very present help in their trouble."

Man can never be free from fear until he is absolutely free from sin. Sin is the only cause of fear. All fear, nervousness and apprehension is the effect of sin. Sin causes cowardice. "Thus doth a guilty conscience make e wards of us all." Go to God with all your sins, and tearfully and penitently and fervently pray to Him, the Loving Father, to forgive and pardon your sins, for Jesus Christ's sake. Then a great miracle happens. The Holy Spirit and the Holy Angels descend upon you and all your sins are forgiven and forgotten. No one can be fearless and powerful and mighty with sin in his heart. We must obtain mercy and be forgiven of all our sins, or else we will continually be overwhelmed with fear, doubt and apprehension. "Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might."

The living Christ is the light of the World.