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WHOLE No. 49

The Solitary Places of Life.

By GERARD B. F. HALLOCK, D. D.

IT is said of Christ in the garden of Gethsemane that "He went a little further," to endure the agony he had to bear, apart from his disciples. They could not follow him in person or in spirit all the way. Their sympathy was sweet and helpful. In presence they could go with him a certain distance. But when it came to the supreme measure of the anguish of the hour no human heart could help. He must be alone with God.

Just so are there times in our lives when all human help fails to help. However loving and willing to render aid our friends may be, and however responsive to them and unwilling to separate ourselves from them we may be, yet there must come a place of division, a point from which, with all our thoughts and longings and heart-needs, we must "go a little further." Companionship must stop short of the depths of our Gethsemane. Christ "went a little further," and was alone with God. So must we go into some of the solitary places in life, the heart and the flesh crying out for the living God, and with no one but God able to meet us or understand us, commune with or comfort us as we tarry in the depths of the garden of grief or solitude into which we have entered.

What are some of these solitary places in life? One is the Gethsemane of bereavement by death. Friends may be ever so kind, may do ever so much, may send sweet messages, or say the most tender and sympathetic words, and yet we must "go a little further." All companionship is left behind and we suffer alone. No one can appreciate just how lonely we are without the loved one, just how much he or she was to us and how deep the grief we experience. Even a mother or loved wife or dearest sister or brother could not be made to understand fully our feelings. We have gone "a little further" than companionship can go, and we are alone in the garden of grief.

Another such solitary place is the Gethsemane of enforced decision of duty. This was one special feature of Christ's solitariness in the garden. Would he go on the cross or not? Was it his duty to go on? In this human nature, Christ shrank from death, as we all do, and he even prayed that the cup might pass from him. The struggle of duty was fought out to a decision there in Gethsemane. It was a struggle Christ had to make entirely alone. His disciples could not help him. No one could. Alone he fought; alone he won. It was a mighty spiritual victory, for when he retraced his steps from the garden's seclusion it was with his face steadfastly set toward Calvary.

Just so there are decisions of duty we must all make; and every place of such decision is a solitary place. Friends with their advice and sympathy and help may go part way, as Christ's disciples went with him into the garden; but there comes a place where they may stop, and we go "a little further" on; for in its final analysis every decision we make must be our own. Indeed, unless we make it, it is not our decision at all. If we make it, it is our own, and when made, it had to come from us in a solitary place, where no one else was by.

Another such solitary place is the Gethsemane of bodily pain. No one can feel your pain but yourself. No one else can endure your weariness. How powerless you were when your sick child lay moaning in feverish anguish, to enter into his soul, and diminish his suffering by sharing it. He was your own dear child, but were you not shut out as by a wall of adamant? Just so also are your friends shut out from you when you are in pain, for you are in another of those solitary places in life when you went "a little further" on.

Another such solitary place in life is in the Gethsemane of disappointed hopes and aspirations. People have disappointments of which they can never tell. Some, of our fondest hopes have been foiled, and yet we could not utter even a

whisper about them in any ear. Some of our highest aspirations, unrealized, have put us into a region where we dare not unburden our souls to any one, no matter how near and dear.

There are many such solitary places in life, but we mention only one other, the valley of death. We die alone. If you have ever stood at the death-bed, then you know what we mean. Have you ever seen a soul start off on the long journey? then you know how lonely a thing it is to die. Loving friends may be about the bed, and glad to go just as far along as ever they may, but there comes a point of separation. They must stop and the soul go on—alone out into the great unknown!

But we are not quite right in speaking of these solitary places in life as being necessarily absolutely without companionship. When Christ went "a little further" in the garden, God was with him. And, blessed be God, when we must go into our Gethsemane we may have Christ with us, a companion and friend who can understand us and help us. He can do for us what no other friend can do. When bereaved, or deciding duty, or in bodily pain, or when disappointed in our hopes and aspirations, he will be with us, if we have taken him for our friend, to guide and to cheer. And at last, when we come to die, he will be our faithful guide, and we shall be able to say with David, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." The fact that there are solitary places in life only serves, then, to give emphasis to that other fact of our need of Christ for a friend. He will be your friend and mine if we let him. He stands at the door of your heart. Let him in.

The Christian Life.

THE earthly parent trains his son, or his daughter, for earthly occupations. These last a little while. God trains us for an eternal end. Holiness, likeness to God, is the only end which is worthy of a man, being what he is, to propose to himself as the issue of his earthly experience. If I fail in that, whatever else I accomplish, I fail in everything. I may have made myself rich, cultured, learned, famous, refined, prosperous; but if I have not at least begun to be like God in purity, in will, in heart, then my whole career has missed the purpose for which I was made, and for which all the discipline of life has been lavished out upon me. Fail there, and wherever else you succeed you are a failure. Succeed there, and wherever else you fail you are a success.

That great and only worthy end may be reached by the ministration of circumstances and the discipline through which God passes us. These are not the only ways by which he makes us partakers of his holiness, as we well know. There is the work of that Divine Spirit who is granted to every believer, to breathe into him the holy breath of an immortal and incorruptible life. To work along with these there is the influence that is brought to bear upon us by the circumstances in which we are placed and the duties which we have to perform. These may all help us to be nearer and liker to God.

That is the intention of our sorrows. They will wean us; they will refine us; they will blow us to his breast, as a strong wind might sweep a man into some refuge from itself. I am sure there are some who can thankfully attest that they were brought nearer to God by some short, sharp sorrow than by many long days of prosperity.

But the sorrow that is meant to bring us nearer to him may be in vain. The same circumstances may produce opposite effects. I dare say there are people who will read these words who have been made hard and sullen and bitter and paralyzed for good work because they have some heavy burden to carry, or some wound or ache that life can never heal. Ah! brother, we are often like shipwrecked crews, of whom some are driven by the danger to their knees, and some

are driven to the spirit casks. Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill-health, or similar afflictions that come in your daily life mar you instead of mending you. See that they send you nearer to God, and not that they drive you further from him. See that they make you more anxious to have the durable riches and righteousness which no man can take from you, than to grasp at what may yet remain of fleeting earthly joys. So let us try to school ourselves into the habitual and operative conviction that life is a discipline. Let us beware of getting no good from what is charged to the brim with good. May it never have to be said of any of us that we wasted the mercies which were judgments, too, and found no good in the things that our tortured hearts felt to be also evils, lest God should have to wait over any of us, "In vain have I smitten your children; for they have received no correction."

ALEXANDER MACLAREN.

A Poor Dinner Made Rich.

By REV. J. E. SHEPARD, F. G. S.
(Prov. xv. 17.)

POOR people do not often have rich fare. It is not often that poor children make a fuss over what they have to eat, for they are generally ready for their meals. It is possible to have rich fare, and yet not have a good dinner; to have plenty to eat, and yet not enjoy it. There is something needed to make the best spread enjoyable, and that will make the humblest fare a feast. That something is love.

What a wonderful thing love is! How strangely it enters the heart! How it sweetens and beautifies all it touches!

There is beauty all around
Where there's love at home

When we have love in our heart we bring sunshine to the table, and so make it delightful to ourselves and all in the home. Once there was a dinner given, and it only consisted of barley bread and fish, and yet it was a grand time. Everybody was hungry, and so they were glad of it. Then Jesus blessed it, and gave it out; so His presence made it a feast to be remembered. They would not say the bread is coarse and the fish full of bones, but just eat with glad and grateful hearts; and when they went away they would talk about it for long enough. If we have Jesus in our hearts He will make the most common meal a very banquet. Have you ever thought how love comes into our hearts and what it does? I had a kind of dream the other day. I thought I saw a bright shining angel with wonderful powers leave heaven. I watched this angel come down the pathway of light; as it got near the earth it grew invisible and was lost to sight. I wondered where it went and what it had come for. Suddenly I saw a little girl; I looked into her face, it was so sweet and beautiful. She smiled upon me, and spoke so kindly. As I looked into her face I thought, How very like some face I have seen before hers is. Where can I have seen her, or who is she like? Then it dawned upon me, why her face is like the angel's I saw coming down from heaven. So I learnt that love imparts its likeness to all with whom it dwells. It comes gently into the heart, and climbs into the face, right up into the eyes, and seems to speak a language all its own. Love makes us more beautiful than anything else can do. Beautiful in countenance and in character; love gives us what riches cannot buy; it gives contentment. It says, "I've only got a poor dinner, but I might have had none, and so I'll make the best of it. It's only herbs, but how delicious they taste." Once John Wesley was out in the country travelling, and got very hungry. He had nothing to eat with him, and there was no house nigh. At length he saw some blackberry bushes, and, getting down from his horse, he plucked some and ate them, saying, "Thank God for the blackberries." That is the spirit in which

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we are to eat our meals, so that we may enjoy them. This is just what my text was written for. I wonder whether anyone who will read this, ever shrugs their shoulders and turns up their noses at their dinner? "Oh, it's cold meat again"; "I don't like this kind of pudding"; "We're always having this." You know how cross mother has been sometimes when you have said this. It's hard work, perhaps, to get it for you, and it's not so nice to hear you complain. Then there are others who never know what they want, and who, when cook has done her best, only grumble. Just let love come into your hearts, just let love have its way with you, and you will be surprised how you will relish your meals, and how happy you will make your mother and how pleased cook will be, and how joyful and delightful some will be the moments you spend at the table.

"Little Buttons"

No. V.

(Continued from last issue.)

Some days passed on and nothing further was decided as to what should be done with Teddy. In his innocent answers to her questions she gathered by degrees his pitiful story.

He had been but poorly cared for as far back as he could remember, and seemed to have no recollection of any one who was dear to him. A man who last had care of him told him he had been left to him at the death of a friend, and this man seemed to be the only one of whom he could talk connectedly. It was a tale of dissipation and poverty that made her heart ache. As Teddy said to her in speaking of him, "Sometimes he drank dreadfully, Mrs. Clyde, and then he used to sleep for hours in the daytime," and he told her how he had been sent out for food when funds were short. "Sometimes Mr. Hamor made a lot of money at a time, after working hard all night long, and then we used to have plenty to eat," he said, in a tone that told her more than his words. "But he was always good to me," he said, in his old-fashioned, common-sense way, as if anxious to give him all the credit he could, "and he never whipped me but once, and I always remembered it!"

Mrs. Clyde caught her breath with a sob, got up, and came to him, and he could not tell why it was there came such a great lump in his throat, when she laid her hand on his shoulder, and looked into his eyes so searchingly. It seemed to him she looked for something for which her heart was hungering.

When he tried to tell her a little about a woman that he dimly remembered, and thought she might have been the man's wife, she became greatly excited. Putting her arm about him, she eagerly, "Try and remember more—try hard, Teddy!" But he could only tell her disjointed bits of a wandering life in England and France, and could give no definite locations, as they changed their home so often. He remembered the woman dying suddenly one night, and then this same wandering life went on and on, until they came over in the steerage of a ship to America. "Then, a short time after that," he said, with simple pathos, "I was all alone. Mr. Hamor went out one night to try and make some money, and he never came back again. Then I had to look for little jobs of work, such as sweeping sidewalks and running errands; and

then Mr. Blake, you know, put me in 'The Grosvenor' as bell-boy; and now—*here I am with you and Flossie!*" he ended, brightly."

His child heart put by all the misery of the past and revelled in its present happiness. As he looked up he found the tears streaming down her face. Laying his hand softly on hers, he said, "Did I make you cry, dear Mrs. Clyde? I'm so sorry! I never want to tell you any more about those dreadful times."

"No, Teddy," she answered, "we will try to forget it all. We will not talk about it any more."

* * * * *

"Oh, mamma! what do you think?" cried Mrs. Hunt's madcap little daughter, bursting in upon her a few days after that, her brown eyes dancing with excitement. She tried to catch her breath long enough to tell the wonderful news, "Little Buttons is Mrs. Clyde's own, own little boy" and that dear little Flossie is his own sister!" she triumphantly announced. "Now, mamma, I am sure you are sorry that you tried to make me stop playing with him. I didn't thought," wickedly added the unruly child.

"Marion, hush," angrily said Mrs. Hunt. "What are you talking about? Who has told you this nonsense?"

"'Tisn't nonsense, for Thomas was telling it to Mr. Benson down in the hall just now," and she waltzed about the room in her delight.

At this juncture the bell rang, and Mrs. Benson came in, saying:

"I suppose you have heard the news, Mrs. Hunt?"

"Marion, do be quiet, and let me hear the story connectedly, if you can," said her mother, sharply.

Mrs. Benson then related the story as Mr. Benson had learned it from Thomas.

Mrs. Clyde's husband had died when Flossie was a baby. Afterward she was very ill, and the maid who took care of little Teddy became very careless and insolent, and Mrs. Clyde, unawfully told her that on her recovery she would dismiss her. The woman took it quite calmly; soon after dressed the little boy, and took him out, ostensibly for his usual airing; but the hours slipped away, and when night came she had not returned. From that day to the present the distracted mother's life had been one incessant search for her lost boy.

The usual mistakes and delays in pursuing the wrong clues gave the woman a chance to escape out of the country. Partly from spite, and also for the large reward which she knew was sure to be offered, she had quickly formed a plan for temporarily abducting the child. She had a worthless husband who followed her about, and he found her just as she was planning her return to America to claim the reward she had seen offered through the columns of a prominent journal. She then changed her plans and tried to evade him, and then she had been taken suddenly ill and died without giving him the slightest hint of her plans and intentions. He gambled and drank up every penny of her earnings and his own as fast as he got them. The pretty child, which she pretended to him was her dead sister's, had won his affections to a certain extent, and he tried to keep him from starving. He had managed to shift along until a few months before, when they had come over to America, as Teddy had been telling Mrs. Clyde.

(To be Continued.)

We are really becoming old when we outgrow our enthusiasms.

Fraternal Greetings To The Baptists.

AT the annual gatherings of Baptist churches we frequently receive fraternal greetings from paedo-Baptist bodies. As these greetings differ somewhat in outer form, in country places where our cause is weak, I think it my duty to publish a copy of one received recently by the Baptists of this district. I give this to show our position in every case where the conditions give the same advantage, and I hope our people will profit by it. The following is a copy of the letter I received. "Wishing you continued success" by the body sending it.

"EMERSON, September 17th, 1900.
Rev. H. G. Mellick,
Pastor Baptist Congregation,
Emerson.

DEAR SIR,—

I am directed, by the Trustees of the Methodist Church, to inform you that the services conducted by you in the Methodist Church at the Marais, must cease on Sabbath, September 23rd, 1900.

Under an arrangement with the Trustees, the Church buildings will be occupied by the Episcopal Body, Rev. John W. Gartyn conducting the services at the hour and dates formerly occupied by yourself.

Wishing you continued success,
Sincerely yours,

DAVID WRIGHT,
Secretary-Treasurer Trusts Board.

A few words may be needed to explain the situation.

Nearly 25 years ago, Rev. D. McCall, a Baptist minister, settled in this Marais district, eight miles west of Emerson. He commenced the first religious services held in the district. These services have been continued winter and summer until our expulsion from the building on the above date. Some years ago, this building was drawn to this place. Baptists shared liberally in the expense of fitting it up and building sheds, with the understanding they would have a right to hold their services in it at the usual hour of their services. This right was conceded, but the Methodists secured the deed in their name. A year ago the building was put in good condition, the Baptists helping liberally.

Having left themselves at the mercy of this body for a place of worship, this letter indicates the mercy they received. The Baptists did not intrude on their hour or day of services, nor intrude their doctrines upon them, nor is there any unkind feelings against the Baptist pastor or people personally. The only provocation is *we are Baptists*. The letter conveying these 'greetings' to us was registered, although dropped in the office where I get my mail. The evident intention of this legal procedure was, that in case I ignored the notice to 'cease,' I would be prosecuted for trespass, and made to pay a fine or go to jail. I feel in duty bound to make this known, as our people have been and will be deceived and defrauded by such unions.

I have had considerable experience and observation in the Ministry, and as far as my knowledge goes, every time such bodies get the whip handle, we get the lash with a vengeance equal to their strength and advantage.

All this soft talk about wishing us success is not founded in a spirit that will bear a test. That our differences are unimportant, and only bigotry on our part keeps us from communing together and having church union with these bodies are descriptive sentiment. There is a great gulf between Baptist and paedo-Baptist doctrines and principles, and the conflict unto death; they cannot live together! Our people must awake to the tremendous responsibility resting upon them, to contend for the truths that distinguishes us from these bodies as well as those in which we are agreed. Our pastors should keep these vital truths before their congregations. We should shun every form of union with these denominations; where our mouths will be closed and the door shut against us if we express our conceptions of the Word of God.

These few Baptists are now turned out, after exhausting their means in a union, and as it is a matter of vital interest to the whole denomination, recalling the history of our ancestors, this little flock should be assisted to build a chapel of their own. A few dollars would do it, and the work would be established upon a proper foundation.

Emerson,
Sept. 24th, 1900.

H. G. MELLICK,
—Northwest Baptist.

It is an abiding comfort to remember that the Most High cares more about the advance of His Kingdom in the earth than we by any possibility can. In our moments of discouragement and weakness, we have to throw ourselves back on that fact, and it should be more constantly present in our minds, in our time of strength and hope.

Intemperance.

The following has been sent us by Mr. McPhee for publication. We do not hold ourselves responsible for all the views of correspondents. This paper is in favor of solid prohibition.—Ed.

The question of the day is, How can the influence of intemperance be stopped, by legal suasion, moral suasion, or prohibition? I say, neither, but moral suasion comes nearest of the three. You may coax and persuade a man to stop drinking for a short time by joining some temperance society, but the temptation comes in some shape and he has not the power to resist; consequence, a fallen hero. The enemies dart has pierced him. There is no rescue, no rock to hide him.

Next we will take legal suasion. A man is found intoxicated, he is arrested and put in the lock-up. Next day he is tried and sentenced to a fine or a certain period in jail; consequence, as soon as opportunity offers he is drunk again.

Next comes prohibition. You can stop its importation, but when that is done they will manufacture it themselves. It will never be put under until the prince of this earth is under bondage and the Son of God triumphs. Nothing but the grace of God can reclaim the drunkard. The duty lies with the pastor, Christian people, and with God. Can we as Christians force a sinner to repentance? We can persuade. God must prepare the heart. Can we force a drunkard to abstain from drink? We can persuade, but God must change that heart.

So pastors and members of the church of Christ it is your duty, with God's help, to reclaim the drunkard.

I have often thought while reading of the many campaigns going on throughout the universe, these campaigns had been for the cause of God instead of men, what great revivals should have taken place. If those that labored day and night in those campaigns for the cause of man shall I say, yea, in a measure, work so for God, but the rest judge for yourself.

These are the sentiments of my mind.

THREE IMPORTANT QUESTIONS.

1. Why did not God reveal Himself to the children of Israel?
2. Why were the two thieves crucified with Jesus, and what do they represent?
3. What is the great sin of sinning against the Holy Ghost?

If space permits, please publish this in your valuable paper, for public opinion.

Yours Truly,

D. MCPHEE.

The Home Mission Board.

THE Home Mission Board met on Tuesday the 4th inst in the *Messenger and Visitor* rooms Germain Street. The chairman, Rev. W. Camp, not being present, Rev. J. H. Hughes was chosen chairman pro tem. The meeting was opened with prayer by Bro. J. S. Titus.

Brethren present, Revs. Dr. Gates, J. H. Hughes, R. Barry Smith, H. H. Saunders, H. F. Waring; Brethren, A. E. Wall, Deacon James Doyle, J. S. Titus, H. Haley. Revs. Dr. Manning, B. N. Nobles, C. S. Sterns, were present and invited to seats.

Letters were read by the Secretary from several brethren laboring under the direction of the board, and from some asking for appointments, payment due were voted to be paid. The Treasurer, Bro. Haley reported payment voted at the last meeting all paid, and funds enough to meet present claims. Dr. Gates presented his resignation as member of the board, and as Secretary, in consequence of his leaving the city and province to take the pastorate of the church at Windsor N. S. A resolution of regret at his leaving, and in recognition of the value of his past services was adopted. Rev. B. N. Nobles was unanimously appointed to fill his place on the board, and as Secretary. Bro. Hughes reported a visit to Shediac, and requested that the little struggling interest be looked after by the board. Bro. H. H. Saunders was requested to make them a visit in the near future. The board then closed to meet the Second Tuesday in January 1901.

Religious News.



REV. B. N. NOBLES.

A very pleasant time was enjoyed by the Baptist people of Carleton when a large number of the membership and congregation assembled in the vestry of the church on Wednesday evening, the 28th of November to give a reception to their new pastor, Rev. B. N. Nobles. A very cordial and appreciative address was given in well chosen words by Deacon J. R. Richards; and a kindly and hopeful reply was made by the Pastor, after which a number of addresses suitable to the occasion were given by Revs. Dr. Gates, Black, Manning, Hughes, Smith, and Stackhouse.

A number of solos and recitations were given in good style by several of the young people. An enjoyable time was spent in friendly greetings and conversations by the people as a whole until a late hour, when coffee and other refreshments were served by the ladies, who are always competent to suit the most fastidious. The outlook for Bro. Nobles' success in his new pastorate is rather hopeful.

May the chief Shepherd abundantly bless him in his work.

NORTH RIVER.

The Lord has graciously blessed us here; the church revived and thirteen baptized. The church also made us a present of upwards of twenty dollars for all of which we are very grateful.

I. B. COLWELL.

SALISBURY, N. B.

Baptized four last Sunday, Nov. 25th, into the fellowship of the 1st Salisbury church from the Steeves Mountain Section. Work on the Father Crandall Memorial church is going on satisfactorily. When completed it will be an ornament to the village, and a credit to the Baptists of this place. Is there not some brother or sister who would like to help in this worthy cause?

J. E. TINEE.

PORT HILFORD, N. S.

The Sunday School, lately re-organized, is doing good solid work. A new library has been added to its equipment at a cost of \$35. Pastor Fisher has devoted much energy and enthusiasm to this work. Also by his clear presentation of the truth he is awakening us to duties to God and one another, hitherto unperceived or ignored.

COM.

ST. ANDREWS, N. B.

God in his wisdom has taken from us our beloved Pastor, Rev. J. W. S. Young, calling him to a higher and holier service. While we bow submissively to the Divine will we desire to express our sorrow at his sudden, and what seems to us early death, and realizing the great loss sustained by the church, we deem it fitting to place on record our appreciation of his valuable service to the church and community. We respected him as a man, we valued him as a friend, we loved him as a pastor, we are thankful that we were permitted to know him, to sit under his ministry for a few brief but blessed months. We desire to

express to the bereaved widow and family the sympathy of our hearts and the assurance of our prayers that God's comforting grace may prove all sufficient in her loneliness and sorrow. May the great Head of the church sanctify to our up-building in holy things this providence strange to us but plain to him. On behalf of the church,

JOHN WEBBER.

On Sunday, Nov. 25, our SACKVILLE, N. B. pastor, Rev. E. E. Daley, preached his farewell sermon to crowded houses in both Bethel and Main Street churches. He and his family left the next morning for their new home in Bridgetown, N. S., followed by the best wishes of not only the members of this church and congregation, but of the entire community. During his three years' pastorate the church has been blessed of God, over one hundred and twenty-five having united herewith by baptism. The church has certainly been most fortunate in the men they have called to be their pastors. The names of McDonald, Hall, Warren, Vincent and Daley are endeared to the hearts of many in this community. On the 16th inst., our assistant pastor, Rev. W. R. Robinson, who had preached most acceptably to us since March 1st last, left to assume the pastorate of the Gibson church. We are now without any under shepherd. We are praying that the Lord of the Harvest will send us one of his own choosing.

F. W. EMERSON, Church Clerk.

Nov. 26.

HOPEWELL.

The roll call and reopening of the house of worship at Hopewell Hill was a pronounced success. The storm did not prevent the people in large number from being present, and a larger number answered to their names than usual. The Rev. C. W. Townsend was unable to be present on account of the death of their child, and the pastor was compelled to fill in the gap. The Rev. M. E. Fletcher rendered valuable assistance and delivered an eloquent and appropriate address to the Deacons who were ordained in the afternoon. The Rev. Mr. King (Methodist) was with us in the evening and assisted the pastor, who again had to speak.

The repairs have cost us over \$1400. During the past fifteen months we have raised five hundred dollars which left us a debt of nine hundred dollars. The collections of the day amounted to three hundred and thirty-one dollars and ninety cents. Since then the sixteen dollars have been sent in. We have a beautiful house of worship and with God's blessing we hope to liquidate the balance of our debt in the course of another year. W. A. West was the contractor, and his work has given universal satisfaction. The plans and specifications were drawn up by Watson Reed, Esq., Architect, of Riverside, N. B., and we are very grateful for his help. The ceiling attracted a good deal of attention. It is the first one of the kind in these provinces. The material was manufactured by George Prescott's mills in West River, Albert Co., and is composed of three ply hard wood glued together like veneering; and the consensus of opinion was that it was very handsome. The walls are spruce finished in the natural wood. The building is heated with hot air. Mr. Hatfield of Harvey did the painting both outside and inside and he has maintained his reputation as a good workman. The houses of worship on this field are now in fairly good repair and we are in a better position to do the Master's work than ever before. The music during the day was very fine. The different choirs united and formed one grand choir to the edification of all. Six have recently received the hand of fellowship and the light is beginning to shine.

F. D. DAVIDSON.

The Third Springfield Baptist church has engaged BELLISLE STATION, KINGS COUNTY, the services of Rev. E. K. Ganong for the fourth year. There is always a good attendance at Lis services, which shows his popularity as a preacher. This church has undertaken to build a place of worship. The foundation is built and the sills laid; will prepare during the winter to push forward the erection in the spring. It appears to us that the existence of the church depends on the success

of the undertaking. The membership is not large and it will mean a hard struggle, but we think the Baptists of richer and stronger churches will aid us, we are sure they would if they knew the circumstances which deprived us of the use of a house of worship, we helped to build, as a union house in connection with a sister denomination. Our building is within a few rods of Belleisle Station.

SUSSEX, N. B. In a previous communication I mentioned the fact that Mr. C. T. White and

Mr. G. H. White, members of our congregation had undertaken certain repairs on the parsonage. This work is now completed. A lot was purchased and added to the parsonage lot; the parsonage was raised and put upon a stone and brick foundation; a study was built for the pastor, and other work was done to the barn and house, which cost in all about two thousand dollars. As pastor of the church I feel deeply grateful to those noble-hearted men for their generosity. We have now as fine a parsonage as can be found in the Maritime Provinces. Our people in Sussex are kind and generous. About \$5,000 have been expended on our church property since I became pastor. At the same time our people have given generously to the benevolent objects of our denomination. We have an earnest band of faithful, loyal workers. I wish to say that we have a number of young men and women from other Baptist churches who have found employment in Sussex and have come in with us and are giving faithful services for the Master. Special services are being conducted at Wood's Creek with encouraging results, which I will report later.

Yours in the work,
W. CAMP.

I have not sent any report from this field for some time, owing to extra care on account of sickness at my home. My wife has been under the doctor's hands for over two months and I have found it exceedingly difficult to fill my appointments. I regret that I was unable to attend the Convention at Waterborough also on this account.

The churches here have been exceedingly kind to me and have extended a unanimous call to remain another year.

F. B. SEELYE.

Notes.

Bro. T. Allen Hoben of Gibson has been supplying the Baptist church at Wawatosa, Wisconsin, during the illness of the pastor. A council to consider the question of ordaining Bro. Hoben was appointed to meet at the First Church Milwaukee, on November 19th.

Mr B. W. Ward of Boston, who spent some time recently in New Brunswick, is now assisting Pastor Gravitt of Galilee church, Denver, Col., in holding revival services. The attendance at the Bible readings has been large.

Rev. J. C. Archibald and wife our returned Missionaries have been of late in Denver, Colorado. They have given much assistance to pastor David Reddick of North Side Church, during their sojourn there, and find the climate helpful to them.

Rev. Robert Hurst has been supplying the church at Harcourt, Kent Co., during the past summer and the services have been much enjoyed in the various settlements.

Rev. Calvin Currie having accepted a call to the pastorate of the St. Andrews Church has removed to St. Andrews and desires his correspondents to note the change in his address.

Rev. Jos. A. Cahill has removed to Jacksonville, Carleton Co., having, as we understand, accepted a call to the Jacksonville and Jacksonville churches.

Notice.

The story "Little Buttons" ends with the next issue of this paper. With the following number begins a new serial entitled "A Little Loving Life," it being a true experience of a young love. We do not publish fictitious stories; but a true experience or reminiscences of note, that is interesting and instructive, we will occasionally give as many of our young readers like historical facts put in story form. We have no doubt but that the one we begin with our next issue will interest and please our young friends and old ones too as it is a thrilling story.

It will take four or five months to get through with it.

Notice.

The names of the successful contestants for our prize offers will be given in our first number in January 1901. We give the number of words each one has made in excess of e ch other.

Prohibition Works.

THE city of Waltham, Mass., makes the following showing in arrests for drunkenness for three years of prohibition and the two preceding years under license.

1895 . . . License	747
1896 . . . License	882
1897 . . . Prohibition	311
1898 . . . Prohibition	262
1899 . . . Prohibition	181

Previous to 1895 the city was under prohibition.

Another Example.

The city of Peabody in Massachusetts also gives an object lesson in the respective results of license and prohibition. This city voted for prohibition for 1897 and 1899, but was under license in the intervening year of 1898. The arrests for drunkenness and the total arrests for these years, are given in the following table:

	Total Arrests.	Drunkenness.
1897 Prohibition	190	65
1898 License	2,141	907
1899 Prohibition	178	73

An Awful Record.

The Royal Templar for October, contains no fewer than six sad records of Canadian fatalities, directly traceable to intoxicating liquor. Among them were the death of Isaiiah Warner at Toronto, the result of a quarrel at the Humber tavern; the murder of Charles Bostock at Nelson B. C., by a drunken companion; the killing of Elinu Baril, of Sophie, Que., who was pounded to death by boon companions in a drunken brawl; the death at Toronto of Fred Barnes through excessive drinking; a similar fatality to Dr. Arnold, of Stanley, N. B.; and the murder of a young girl by George Arthur Pearson, of Hamilton, who had been freely using strong drink for some time prior to his unexplainable crime.

Dr. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, (Baptist) Boston, has just refused an addition of \$1,000 to his salary. The church voted the increase while Dr. Lorimer was on his vacation. When the action was communicated to him, he wrote the church that he was getting enough, and declined their generous offer. His salary is \$7,000.

Married.

GIBBON-FOSTER—In this city, on December 5th, at the residence of the bride's brother, William Thomas Gibbon to Jennie Bell Foster, by Rev. P. J. Stackhove.

HURD-FRENCH—At 52 Winter Street, St. John, December 6th, by Rev. H. F. Waring, Milton A. Hurd and Bertha French, both of St. John.

TURNER-WEST—At the home of the bride's father, Lambert E. West, Vancouver, B. C., on November 15th, by Rev. Truman Bishop, Howard A. Turner and Mabel West, both of Vancouver but late of Harvey, Albert Co., N. B.

JOHNS-CORAM—At the Baptist parsonage, Fairville, on November 26th, by Rev. A. T. Dykeman, Phair Lodge, of Fairville to Jennie Coram of the same place.

ESTABROOKS-LALETTE—At the Baptist parsonage, Sackville, N. B., on November 21st, by Rev. E. Daley, Charles Estabrooks of Upper Sackville to Cynthia, daughter of Phillip Lalette of Upper Sackville.

NEWCOMB-JONES—At the home of the bride's father, Petticoat, on November 21st, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Joseph D. Newcomb, of Hopewell Hill, Albert Co., to Charlotte D. Jones of Petticoat.

PICKLE-HENDERSON—At the Baptist parsonage, Richmond, Carleton Co., on November 7th, by Rev. C. Currie, Ward Pickle to Jennie Henderson, both of Debec Junction, Carleton Co.

McKINLEY-HANSELPAKER—At the home of the bride, on November 28th, by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, Alexander McKinley and Dora Hanselpacker, all of Cambridge, N. B.

COREY-CLARK—At the residence of Pastor W. S. Martin, Woodstock, N. B., Nov. 21, John C. Corey of Temperance Vale to Mrs. Amelia M. Clark of Peel.

WOOD-BULMER—At the home of the bride, Nov. 21st, by Rev. R. M. Bynon, Henry Wood of Butouche to Carrie Bulmer of Cherryfield, Westmoreland county, N. B.

Died.

PATTERSON—Mrs. Hugh Patterson died at Albert, Albert Co., Oct. 26th, in childbirth. She was a member of Hopewell Baptist church. She leaves a husband and six children, the youngest being the little babe, besides an aged father and mother.

TINLEY—Rachel, wife of Miles Tinley, departed this life at Riverside, Albert county, Nov. 18th. She had been suffering for some time with cancer in her breast, the result of which proved fatal. She had never made a public profession, but was a praying mother. She leaves a husband and five children, besides a large circle of friends to mourn.

LONG—Very suddenly of heart failure at his residence, Sad Island, Tobique River, N. B., Nov. 16th, Capt. D. W. Sadler, aged 67 years and 7 months, formerly of St. John, N. B. A wife, four sons and two daughters are left to mourn the loss of kind husband and affectionate father. Deceased experienced religion when a young man, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Waterloo Street Free Baptist church, St. John, and through his whole life was held in high esteem for his Christian character and sterling qualities. In his death the church and community have lost an active worker and true friend.

BEAMES—At Piosser Brook, Alb. Co., on November 13th, after a few months of failing health, Eddy Day, aged 31 years and eight months, eldest daughter of Deacon Wilford Deacon. Our sister was baptized by Rev. J. C. Steadman, and united with the Second Elgin church when but a young girl. She found Jesus precious to her soul even until death. For a number of years she served the choir of her church as organist with marked ability. Our loss is her eternal gain. Her pastor preached to a crowded house on the occasion of her funeral, from Thes. 4:14.

TOWNSEND—At the Baptist parsonage, Hillsboro, on November 24th, Ella, infant daughter of Rev. C. W. Townsend, aged 12 days. Of such is the Kingdom of heaven. We tender the bereaved parents our sympathy.

EVANS—Mrs. Ann H., beloved wife of Deacon James J. Evans, after two weeks of severe suffering from pneumonia went peacefully asleep in Jesus on the 22nd of November at her home in Shediac. Sister Evans was a sincere Christian lady. In her home she was quiet, friendly and obliging. She always made it enjoyable for ministers to share the hospitality of her home and was helpful to her husband in his endeavors to keep up and promote the welfare of the church, and denomination to which they belonged. Rev. E. C. Corey attended her funeral, assisted by Isaac Howie (Methodist) We tender brother Evans our sympathy in his lonely and declining years.

BISHOP—At Chipman Station, Nov. 12th, after a brief illness, Ross Wiley, infant son of Everett Bishop, aged four weeks. Of such is the Kingdom of heaven.

HAMM—Charles Hamm, of Grand Bay, passed away on Sunday, Nov. 25th, in the 78th year of his age. Mr. Hamm had a slight paralytic stroke about a year ago, and has been ailing ever since. He was stricken down with peritonitis last Wednesday and after four days of suffering entered into rest. The departed was a good citizen, a kind husband and a loving father. One brother, in California, a sorrowing wife, two sons and three daughters and a large circle of relatives and friends survive him to mourn his departure.

WILSON—In his vessel at Machiasport on Nov. 23, Capt. Jacob Wilson of St. John, aged 64 years, leaving five sons and four daughters. He was baptized in 1867 by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, becoming a member of the Second Cambridge church. During the last twenty years he lived in St. John. Whenever he lived and wherever he sailed he was the same faithful confessor and follower of his Lord and Saviour. His body was borne to the Narrows, where the friends and companions of his earlier life, who knew his worth and who loved him well, committed it to the tomb to await the "right immortal" meaning.