

Read W. E. McIntyre

The Home Mission Journal.

VOLUME VI. No. 23

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 8, 1904.

WHOLE No. 151

We are very thankful to all those who have returned the addressed envelopes with payments, and hope that many others to whom they were sent will do likewise before the issue of Dec. 22 is struck off, as it will be the last one published, and the last one that we can mark payments on. We have sent out 200 of these envelopes, and only about 30 have been returned with payments. Surely there are many others who can attend to this matter just as well as not if they would think of the reasonableness of it. It is only a little for each one to send in, but to us, when a goodly number are sent in they help very materially to pay for the printing of the paper. And better than we expected, many of those to whom we sent the paper, marked "gratis" would not take it on these terms, but have sent in pay for it. Thank you kind friends. These remittances will help to pay for those who have left the province, and have gone to the States, or out West without paying us, nor letting us know where they have gone to.

We will again have to remind our patrons to be sure and sign their names when sending in payments. Since mentioning this before, there has come one from Newcastle Bridge with 25 cents, but no name to it. Now we do not know who to credit with payments unless the name is given also. The one that came without money or name was mailed at Petitedioe. We hope the sender will see this and rectify their mistake. We have heard from the person who sent the one at Topewell Cape without giving his name.

Prof. M. G. Evans gave a Bible exposition on "The Interpretation of Miracles," and said in part:

"There are three factors in history, Environment, Human Liberty and God. Some say mountains and rivers, and others the freedom of the will account for the development of the human race. Carlisle calls attention in a caustic way to the third factor in history, God. The North is not the same as the South land because its coast lines are different, but there is a Grant and a Lincoln, and we dominate coast lines and laugh at mountains, they are no longer barriers, and the deserts we compel to yield us fruit. The Divine historian is not one who deals with mountains and rivers, but one who has to do with God, and all things take on color as they come under the light of God's face. Human interpretation looks at the two kingdoms, North and South, but that is not all. A miracle is the undoubted presence of the Divine. Take for example, crossing the Red Sea. The Bible gives the second cause—a strong east wind blew. Now the real question is not whether there was an east wind, but whether God was there. Illustrations from history which some of us have known prove that wind could do what the Bible says it did do at the Red Sea. In another case the Israelites found manna in the wilderness and they did not know what it was, but Moses told them that it was bread from God. Fourteen years ago in Turkey the ground was covered with small white round things, which the natives ate. Some of it was sent to French scientists

who said it was a species of lichen which grows on limestone and when ripe rolls off and is some times carried far by the wind and then falls like hoar frost. Now that may have been the kind of food which Israel gathered in the wilderness. A Biblical miracle must be explained not by its manifestation of power but by its manifestation of purpose. God never works a miracle just for show. Moses took the route he did, not because he was wise, but because God led him that way in order that he might be declared 'the God of deliverance. On Carmel the contest was between deities and the contest was not to show power, but to demonstrate character. In every case the miracle shows the redemptive power of God. Going into the New Testament we behold Christ working miracles. Back of whirling star dast I see God starting it all in motion and shaping it all into glittering worlds. The Biblical miracle is never explained except from one point of view. There are various terms used in the New Testament for miracle and one of these is paradox—showing the mystery of it. Another describes its glory, another speaks of it as a prodigy, and yet another refers to it as power. What then is the inference? Why this, the miracles of Jesus were of such character that the Greeks had no one word to describe them. *The purpose of miracles.* They are simply the evidence that God is at work. *Miracles attested the person of Christ.* Nicodemus said, no man could do these miracles unless God were with him. Christ practically said to his hearers, 'I want you to believe that the kingdom of God is at hand because of what I am doing.' Miracles also showed what kind of a person Christ is. There are only two miracles in the New Testament which are attributed to pity—the feeding of the multitude and raising the widow's son. Christ said gracious words and did gracious deeds to show forth his character. Another function of His miracles was to emphasize his word and teach his disciples that he was able to do whatever he had told them. This was his purpose when he performed the miracles of the 'Draught of Fishes.' It also gave his disciples a motive for following him. The scientific difficulty does not enter into the New Testament miracles, because you believe in God. Miracles are God wisely and beneficently at work developing and completing this great plan of redemption."

God's Prerogative.

By C. H. Wetherbe.

There are specific reasons why the calling of men into the gospel ministry is exclusively the right which belongs to God. Much is being said of the duty of Christian parents to urge their sons to enter the ministry, and pastors are also entreated to select young men in their church and impress upon them the duty of becoming ministers. I am utterly opposed to such a procedure, for I am certain that it is contrary to both the Scriptures and sound philosophy. There is no intimation in the Bible that God sanctions the idea that the responsibility of selecting men for the most important work of

representing him in the great office of the gospel ministry is given to human beings, even though they be sterling Christians. There is too much risk in such a course. No Christian understands anything nearly as well as God does just what persons are properly adapted to the specific work of the ministry. Bear in mind the vital truth that God is the Supreme Sovereign of His own Kingdom, and that, as such it is solely his right to say what men shall be chosen as leaders and official instructors of his people. All of us concede the fact that the owner of a large manufacturing establishment chooses the persons who are to work for him. He never commits this matter to those who may suppose that they are competent to serve him. Applications are made to him, either by workmen themselves or by their friends, for employment, but it always remains with the business man himself to decide whether or not he will employ any of them. And this is perfectly reasonable. No sane person objects to the employer's exercising his prerogative. And surely the great God over all is entitled, beyond all others, to the right to choose whom he will to occupy the office of the gospel ministry. His judgment is unerring in relation to this matter. He never chooses an unfit young man to preach and to lead his people. He never calls an unsaved person to such a work. Nor does he ever call a professed Christian who is skeptical in relation to the Bible. It is the duty of only those whom God specifically calls to preach that have a right to do so.

Holland Patent, N. Y.

"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." Bible students tell us that the bruised reed stands for a shepherd's musical instrument made of a reed, which when once bruised gives forth either no sound, or a harsh, discordant one, and is therefore thrown away as worthless. Others understand the reference to be a reed used as a staff, which when bruised can yield no support. The smoking flax is supposed to be the refuse end of a lamp-wick, which continues to smoke a little longer after the oil is exhausted, and the last spark of the light is about to be extinguished. Nothing could be more worthless among men than such a broken reed, or such smoking flax. Yet our Lord does not reject as worthless his children whose faith and zeal are like these.

Selected.

Beside the billowy shore of time, the surf-beat of eternity is heard. A little while, and we shall no longer hear the sweet voice inviting us; we shall have passed on; our generation will be succeeded by another. Today we are heard, hungry. Today, if we will but accept his goodness, Jesus will feed us with the living bread.

"He that cometh unto me shall never hunger. He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst."

"Heaven doth with us as we with torches do, Not light us for ourselves."

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 for advertising money or other wise are to be addressed to

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

Terms - - - 50 Cents a Year.

Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER XIX.

When the last of the company of missionaries rescued from the wrecked brig had been located the post of future duty on some atoll of the the Micronesian archipelago, Captain Henton laid the course of the *Glad Tidings* for Samoa, making a call on the way at the Gilbert Islands. Arriving at Samoa without incident the crew of the wrecked brig were put ashore, Henton asking in their behalf the good offices of the German and American consuls, so that none of the men might be shanghaied, or made the prey of any "land sharks."

At Samoa there was much to be seen of interest, especially to a student of Christian missions, and John Henton took a good many mental notes which proved of value on his return to America. He had a number of long talks with United States Naval Officers at Apia, and realized how difficult in many respects is the problem before them of developing a self-respecting, clean and healthy type of manhood among the natives over whom the United States is now exercising a kind of watch-care.

One of the crew of the brig, a native of one of the islands of Micronesia, who had knocked about pretty much over the whole extent of the Pacific, begged earnestly to be allowed to ship on the *Glad Tidings*, and as he was a likely fellow, well recommended by his former skipper, and might prove to be of service as an interpreter, "Jibby-jib," as the sailors called him, was engaged as a "landsman" with the privilege of leaving the ship if he wished at some port in the Pacific, before it rounded Cape Horn into the Atlantic.

After a pleasant stay at Samoa, during which the ship was overhauled and re-provisioned, all plain sail was made one bright morning and the barkantine, gracefully dipping its pennant in final salute to the American gunboat in the harbor, cut its course with gathering speed through the billows rolling in from the outside and before long was hull down before the horizon, standing away on a course east-by-north. As the *Glad Tidings* tranquilly bowled along under courses, top-sails, royals and top-gallant sails, existence seemed one splendid rhythm of motion. It was fascinating to watch the leaping seas cresting with a foamy welcome to the shapely yacht, and it was most invigorating to breathe the ozone with which the salty breezes were laden. John and Grace grudged every hour spent in the cabin, and lived as much as possible on deck. Their hearts were untroubled with care, and they were happy in the consciousness of their sincere purpose to honor their Creator and to do good unto all men as they had opportunity. Life seemed a bright, joyous dream, and though the seas over which they had sailed had their hidden reefs and treacherous currents, the Almighty had so far saved them from sore disaster.

Many days thus passed, happily by, as the *Glad Tidings* voyaged steadily over the deep, or occasionally luffed up off the shore of some pretty atoll, and perhaps, when the sea was calm, sent a boat ashore for water, or for barter with the natives, with whom "Jibby-jib" could converse with more or less ease and accuracy. Sometimes too, Grace would trip down the ladder over the ship's side, into the captain's gig, and with her brother enjoy a happy hour examining the coral reefs, gazing down through the clear depths upon the curious and brilliant structures reared

by the tiny zoophytes, taught by the great Creator to live in colonies and by their secretions year by year to add to the work of their industrious ancestors, until from unknown depths a coral reef had emerged to view, to form in time another island which may figure on the charts of the maritime nations. There was infinite poetry hid there beneath the waves—chain-like, fan-like, and feather-like coral formations—all the work of the tireless little polyps.

"If only man obeyed the laws of his Creator as perfectly, and built as nobly as these little anthozoans," exclaimed Grace after an interested scrutiny of the reefs, "how much more beautiful and how much happier this old world would be!"

Then back to the ship they rowed, to continue their voyage, perhaps encountering in the next island visited God's wonders on a vaster scale, where some "extinct" volcano—how long destined to slumber no one could be sure—reared its colossal head in pride above the liquid level of the Pacific.

One morning when cruising in the Polynesian seas a large island was sighted on the port bow, toward which the ship's course was shaped. Captain Henton thinking that he might there obtain a supply of fresh water, and perhaps some tropical fruits or vegetables. As the barkantine drew near to the shores of the island, which was heavily wooded with palms, a commotion was caused on the yacht both forward and aft by the sight of three men on the beach waving frantically bits of white cloth. Bringing his binoculars at once to bear on the men, Captain Henton made out that they were not natives, but white men, evidently the worse for exposure and hardship. "Those fellows have been marooned!" he exclaimed to Grace, who had gained his side on the bridge. "We must do something to help them!"

The *Glad Tidings* was age off shore, near the mouth of an inlet which bent in around a bluff, and Henton ordered away the barge, of which he took charge himself, the first officer and the chief engineer accompanying him. For the sake of diversion, Grace concluded that she would go along too. It was therefore a good-sized party that stepped ashore on the beach where the three marooned men, with many signs of eagerness, stood waiting its approach. Jumping ashore, Henton entered into a brisk conversation with the men, who told him that they had been put ashore by an unscrupulous captain, and left to fare as best they could on that lonely island, which was wholly without inhabitants—except, they added, for the presence inland of four shipmates of theirs, who were at a camp which they had managed to construct, and were too ill with fever to come down to the shore. The men had watched for days for a glimpse of some sail on the horizon, and had been overjoyed at last at the sight of the barkantine, which had seemed to draw near like a phantom ship of promise.

"How far away is the camp?" asked Henton.

"Four miles inland, sir," replied the spokesman of the three sailors, a burly American.

Captain Henton gave a hasty look at the sky. The barometer had not fallen when he left the ship, and though there was a moderate breeze blowing, the ship now riding easily at anchor was in no danger it seemed of drifting on a lee shore. Gesticulating to the officer of the watch, Captain Henton gave orders to allow shore liberty to the entire crew except the anchor watch. This concession was hailed with delight by the men, who were soon to be observed tumbling into the boats and heading for the beach. As the bronzed seamen drew their boats high and dry on the beach, Captain Henton gave them strict orders to return to the shore in three hours' time, appointed boat-keepers for each boat, and then allowed all the men but the few on duty at the boats to roam at their will over the island.

Captain Henton himself, leaving Grace in the care of the first officer and a few of the starboard watch, set off with the three unfortunates whom he had found on the island, and a good-sized party of his own men to visit the camp and to bring back, for treatment on board the yacht, the fever-stricken sufferers who were said to be languishing there.

Tumbling up and down, and pitching this way and that way through thickets and morasses for upwards of an hour and a half, Captain Henton and his men, not being used to land traveling

after so long a time at sea, began to pant and some of them to fume.

"How much farther is the camp?" asked Henton wearily, of the rearmost of the guides.

"Only a half mile farther, sir!" called back the man, as he leaped forward into the brush, through which he and his two companions could be heard crashing ahead out of sight. Beckoning to his men to follow, Captain Henton sprang forward, only the next moment to pitch violently into a tangle of wildwood, followed quickly by one of his men, who could not stop in time to avoid tumbling over his captain. In the excitement caused by this sudden turn of affairs the three guides were forgotten, and when presently the captain and the fallen seamen were extricated from their ridiculous predicament, loud shouts to the guides to "Hold on!" failed to reach their ears. The little company of would-be explorers realized that they were ignominiously lost amid the mazes of an unknown Pacific island, whose dimensions were probably far greater than their volunteer guides had stated them to be.

In the meantime Grace Henton, escorted by Nickerson, who, while he had followed the sea all his life, was a thorough gentleman, had strolled up to the brow of the headland at the mouth of the creek, and while the dozen seamen in their party lounged or wandered about not far off, spent a delightfully idle hour or two talking about the different objects to be seen from their eyrie while Nickerson spun the best and most fascinating of yarns narrating his experiences in the South Seas when a boy in the merchant service, and later when on a whaling voyage. At their feet far down the bluff the big billows plunged on the coral beach, or with undulating curves swept into the mouth of the inlet. At the landing place the boat-keepers dozed by their boats, while in the offing, a few cable lengths from shore, the *Glad Tidings* swung at anchor, with few signs of life about her decks.

After two hours had gone by, Grace, looking at her watch, expressed surprise that the rescue party had not returned.

"They could hardly be back by this time," replied the first officer. "They have had to beat their way through the thickets, and if on their return they carry the sick men on stretchers, they cannot make fast time!"

This explanation reassured Grace for a time, and as it was early in the afternoon, the delay seemed indeed to make little practical difference.

But when another and still another hour went by, the face of the first officer began to wear a troubled look, which he could hardly conceal from Grace. For the past half hour they had been nervously strolling up and down, picking a few berries from the bushes, and gathering here and there a few wild flowers. As they regained the bluff again and gazed up the island as far as they could see, there being no signs as yet of any returning party, Nickerson turned to Grace and began:

"Don't you think, Miss Henton, we would better return to the ship, for—?" when he was interrupted by a quick cry from Grace:

"There they come!"

Looking instantly up stream in the direction in which Grace pointed, the first officer saw a sight which did not seem to strike him strangely at the time, although afterward he often wondered at his own mental stolidity. Five heavily laden canoes were swinging silently and rapidly down stream, in the direction of the mouth of the creek. So rapidly were the following maneuvers executed that the experienced seaman, schooled to many exciting situations, seemed hardly to have time or wit to raise his voice or give to any one a sign of warning. Three of the canoes continued straight out into the offing. One swerved from its course and, touching for a moment on the bank of the creek below the bluff, tarried just long enough in the eddy to allow the crew to leave out on the bank a number of captives securely bound, whereupon the canoe thus lightened followed swiftly in the wake of the first three canoes. The fifth canoe skirted the shore with top speed, and was beached opposite the ship's boats. Its occupants promptly sprang out into the water, and almost before they knew it, the boat-keepers were overpowered, bound, and tossed on a heap of sea-weed. Not stopping to make off with the heavy ship's boats, the crew of the fifth canoe immediately struck out with bold strokes of their paddles for the barkantine.

It seemed only a few moments, to the astonished watchers on the bluff, before the five canoes had reached the sides of the barkantine, and were scrambling on board. The boarders were a grotesque lot, armed in all sorts of ways, with cut-lasses, old muskets, and pikes and pistols. The anchor watch on board, Nickerson could see with his binoculars, made a gallant fight, led by the second officer, who laid two of the villains low with a belaying pin before he was felled to the deck. It was from the first a hopeless conflict, and soon to the utter dismay of Grace Henton, while her companion gritted his teeth in impotent rage, the sails that had been furled temporarily, began to drop from the yards of the yacht. The anchor was hove up, and the stately ship began to glide seaward, guided by hands that evidently possessed more than a savage cunning, and manned and officered by villains who could not be exceeded for dexterity and deviltry by any other miscreants in the South Seas.

One anxious, despairing look Grace took at the disappearing yacht, on which she had spent to many happy hours, and which seemed the only link between her and the life she loved at home, and then with a sharp cry, "John! John! Come!" she sank fainting against the escarpment of the bluff.

(To be Continued.)

An Isaiah-Like Ministry.

By O. P. Eaches, D. D.

The new wine of the twentieth century needs the new bottle of the twentieth century to hold it. It is not possible for one age to wear the intellectual clothing of a preceding age. Every age needs to think over for itself and express in its own way its beliefs. It remains true, however, that a man of 900 B. C. who understood God and himself and his times would, if put down in this century, understand it in its main outlines. The ministry and church of today need the vision that Isaiah had at the beginning of his ministry.

An Isaiah-like ministry needs a vision of Jesus Christ. Isaiah 6: 1 reproduced in any life will create a true prophet. John says (12:41), "Isaiah said this because he saw Christ's glory and it was of him that he spoke." The secret and power of the large prophetic ministry was this vision of the Christ. A ministry that does not see Him, get His message, understand His life, have His spirit, bring Him in contact with men must be a failure. Learning and eloquence and literary power, a leadership in reforms and social science and ethical teachings—if these be all or the predominant element, there will not be a ministry akin to Isaiah's. The foundation of the Christian ministry, its impulse and power will spring from a vision of the living Christ and a constant fellowship with Him.

How large and commanding a Christ did Isaiah see? His Christ was high and lifted up. It was a vision of a Christ with Deity in Him. Christ and Deity were commensurate terms. A Christ of the Ralph Waldo Emerson kind will not avail much for saving men. The Christ of the first century may be far surpassed by a Christ who may appear in the twenty-first century. If the pre-existence of Jesus be denied, if his miracles are myths, if his teachings are not final and authoritative, if his death is not a reconciling death, if the grave kept hold of him—we have but a small sized Christ left to us. Such a Christ will make a small sized Christianity and present a small sized gospel. Professor Bascom says: "The more intelligent we become, the more perplexing is the assertion that Christ is the second person of the Trinity." The incoming ministry and the prophetic men of today need, in a supreme way, to have a vision of a

Christ very high and lifted up.

An Isaiah-like ministry will have a vision and sense of the holiness of Christ. Recent years have had visions of God's tenderness and mercy—a widening universe has presented a larger God than Isaiah saw, but there has been a lessening sense of his holiness. Society at large needs a sight of God's holiness that there may come a tremendous influx of that power that makes for righteousness. A vision like Isaiah's alone will beget a sense of sin. This term, sin, must not drop out of our thinking until sin itself drops out of our lives. Dr. Strong said recently: "I make no doubt that one of the radical weaknesses of our denomination at the present time is a superficial sense of sin." A popular evolution has driven away the thought of sin as guilt. John Fiske says: "Theology has much to say about original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute inheritance every man carries in him." In this view men need not conversion, but culture. Education will take the place of regeneration. A popular literature that has no profound sense of sin eliminates the word hell from the language. If there be no sense of sin, there will be shallow conversions, there will be no root of conviction, no felt need of Christ, the church will become a social fellowship club and Christ himself only a large good Samaritan walking among men consulting hospitals and sewers. A ministry too aesthetic or tender to think over again Christ's thoughts and utter Christ's words will not avail much as a Christian ministry.

An Isaiah-like ministry will have a sense of forgiveness through the Cross. The healing of the lips comes from the altar. The altar has only one meaning, an atonement. It stood between God's holiness and man's guilt. It brought forgiveness from God and holiness to man. The ministry, the age, the seminary need that quickening and purifying touch that comes from the Cross. A ministry may have learning and eloquence, but the live coal from the altar is needed to awaken and sanctify the lips and life. The ministry that, in the long run, has power is that which awakens a sense of sin, brings a man to himself, brings God to the man, and brings the man to God. At the cross God and man meet together. The Cross is not example, but atonement; rather it becomes an example and inspiration because it is an atonement. Jesus the Redeemer becomes Jesus the Reformer and Reconstructor.

An Isaiah-like ministry will have a vision of service. There was a field of work, a yoke of service. They were dark times. At such a time Isaiah said, Here am I, send me. In times of spiritual uplift, when young men have visions, when Jesus Christ is real there will be no lack of men for the ministry. It will be looked upon as a privilege, not avoided as a hardship. It is a time for the brave men to work when the days are dark. Judson will toil seven years for a convert. A Baptist minister will live in an English jail thirty days rather than pay a dollar for supporting a rank untruth. Do the days at present seem dark with their unrest and questionings? There is this comfort, God has seen many a dark time in this world. God kept steadily on, the truth lived and the Isaiahs wore their yoke of service.

The age needs a vision of the unseen that materialism and commercialism may lose their control. The church needs a vision of her Master that she may repeat his life and do his work in the world. The ministry needs a double vision, one for its own up-building, one that it may transmit to the world to which it ministers.

Wanted.—A vision of the Christ that will make an Isaiah-like ministry.

Highstown, N. J.

I counted my little store;
Why was to others given more?
Why was their lips with honey fed,
While mine had labor's hard earned bread?
A weary, hopeless task seemed living!
I could not bring to God thanksgiving.

There came a poor man to my door:
I shared with him my scanty store,
When, lo! my sense of want had flown
And rarest riches were my own!
So sweet is love's divided bread,
I seemed with heaven's own manna fed.
What blessed joy there was in living!
I brought to God my glad thanksgiving.

—Marion Douglass.

CARLETON AND VICTORIA QUARTERLY MEETING.

The above named Quarterly meeting will convene with the Jacksonville Baptist church on Tuesday Dec. 13th at 10 o'clock a. m. A good representation of the churches is hoped for.

JOSEPH A. CAHILL, Secretary,

ALBERT CO. QUARTERLY MEETING.

The next session of the Albert Co. Quarterly Meeting will be held at Nixon Settlement on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 20 and 21.

The first meeting will be on Tuesday afternoon Dec. 20—Conference and news from the churches. On Tuesday evening the Quarterly sermon will be preached by Rev. Z. L. Fash, of Hillsboro.

On Wednesday morning there will be a discussion on the advisability of the Baptists of Albert Co. undertaking to support missionary in one of the northern towns of New Brunswick.

All the churches of the county are expected to send delegates. All the pastors of the county are, of course, expected to be present.

J. W. BROWN, Sec'y.

Hopewell Cape, Nov. 25.

Religious News.

ALMA. The Lord is prospering our work. There is to be baptism as soon as I can administer. Several are anxious about the salvation of their souls. I often wish that I was not so far off from the brethren, but am trusting God and going forth in his strength.

On Sunday Nov. 27th, LEINSTER ST., ST. JOHN. Pastor Christopher Burnett baptized ten converts in the presence of the largest congregation during the present pastorate. These with four uniting by letter will receive the hand of fellowship next Sunday. With much gratitude to God, we look forward to the baptism of several others in a few weeks, and report that all departments of the work are in a prosperous condition.

Rev. W. Camp's able ministrations to this church are much appreciated. Congregations are large and additions to the church are made from time to time. Some of those who for a long period have sustained the church and comforted others are

now in need of the strong consolations of God - Brother Ezekiel Kelly and Brother Jacob I. Kierstead are in the grasp of diseases pronounced incurable. But they rejoice that they are more truly in the faithful love of the church of Christ - Their faith fails not. They have long wrought well for the things that are excellent and of good report. Now the Lord does not withhold his tender mercies from them.

CENTREVILLE. The people in this place especially the church members want their pastor to keep in his place, so first he must need have a "pounding," next he must have a chaining. The first day of this month being the pastor's wife's birthday the members of the church must make a surprise. In the evening just as pastor and wife were settling down for an evening's resting, suddenly a large number came in upon them seemingly bent on taking charge of things, and after presenting the pastor's wife with a beautiful toilet set, the pastor was chained with a very fine gold chain and chain for his watch. Almost every day brings some token of our people's kindness. Words fail us in expressing our gratitude to this people. May the God of all mercies abundantly bless them in temporal and spiritual things. These people are not only kind but very baptistical, fearing the Baptists might be hurt, and the doctrine to which all their lives they have listened and which they love might be blessed by going into the proposed union, they voted not in favor, wishing rather to stand by the old "Article of Faith and Practice." Our prayer meetings are large and good, our preaching services well attended. We are hoping for greater manifestations of the Divine Power in saving souls in our midst.

Centreville, Digby Co.

S. LANGILLE.

To Those Afflicted with Catarrh Bronchitis and Asthma.

Having been very much improved by the use of Dr. Blosser's Catarrh Cure, and knowing that others who were afflicted with asthma have been benefited by its use, I feel confident that it is the best remedy for asthma now available. I have suffered untold misery from strangling, wheezing, choking and coughing for the last three years of my life, and have tried all kinds of sure cure remedies with no benefit whatever. But having had my attention called to Dr. Blosser's remedy about three months ago, I procured a supply of it, and soon found my trouble subsiding. I have continued to use it according to directions, and for the last two months I have been able to go about, and preach two and three times on Sundays, and lie down and sleep comfortably, which I could not do for nearly three years before, having to sit up in a chair most of the time day and night, I am in great hopes of a thorough cure inside of a year. And any one who is suffering with this seemingly incurable disease, I believe can be relieved by the use of Dr. Blosser's Remedy. I have been urged by several friends to secure it for them to such an extent that Dr. Blosser has asked me to act as his agent for the Maritime provinces. I will therefore send

samples of his remedy to any one afflicted with catarrh, bronchitis or asthma, free of charge, and if they desire to get more I will furnish it to them at the Dr's. price—one dollar a box and fifteen cents for duty and postage on it also. I will also send to patients the Dr's. little booklet, and other publications. In sending for samples of the remedy inclose a two cent post stamp to mail it with. Write your name and post-office address plainly.

J. H. HIGGINS,
2 Cunard Street,
St. John, North End.

A Living Compass.

On the rich prairies of the Mississippi valley there grows luxuriantly a very remarkable plant whose common, everyday name is "compass plant." Scientists, and others who like long, hard names, know this plant as *Silphium laciniatum*.

It is a hardy perennial; and a perennial, you know, is a plant whose roots live more than two years, but whose stems usually die annually. The compass plant, when fully grown, is anywhere from three to six feet high, bears pretty, yellow flowers, and leaves that are oval in outline. The leaves are the interesting part of the plant, because they invariably present their edges north and south and turn their faces east and west.

On very dark nights hunters oftentimes get lost on the prairies; but as soon as they can find a compass plant and feel the edges of its leaves they easily get their bearings. Thus, you see, it is really a compass and deserves its name. In the beautiful poem "Evangeline" a noteworthy reference is made to the compass plant. The priest, speaking to Evangeline, says:

"Look at the delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow, See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;

It is the compass flower, that the finger of God has suspended

Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveler's journey

On the sea-like, pathless, fruitless waste of the desert."

We Owe a Duty to Those Who Come

We should surround them with good and wholesome influence. We should see that the innocent are protected, for there are many waiting to mislead the strangers who land at our great ports of entry. As Canadians and as Christians we should throw protection around the young

It is our duty also to act in a truly Christian spirit in the welcome which we extend to the worthy. Every one who lands upon our shores should have good literature put into his hands, good books, and if possible, the Book of Life. The Christian Church, through its various agencies, is doing much, but it ought to do much more.

The supreme duty which we owe to those who seek homes on this Western Continent is to Christianize them. If they become good Christians they will be good citizens. There are no "dangerous classes" among those who are truly

Christian.

We ought to look upon this mighty movement of the world's population towards our country as providential. We ought to bestir ourselves and seek to lead all to Christ—the world's only Saviour. We rejoice in what the Bible Society is doing through its colporters, missionaries, and literature to Christianize the immigrants. The Christian Church, of all denominations, is under obligation to pour more money into its treasury that a greater work still may be done. God has given to us a great place in the sisterhood of nations, and our responsibility is great! To whom God giveth much from such he requires much.

The Duty We Owe to Ourselves.

The first is to discriminate. We must take a broad view of the immigration question. We know that good and bad come, but let us fondly hope that the vast majority are of the good rather than of the bad class. These make good citizens, and America owes much to people of foreign birth. We find them in all the walks of life, and it is only necessary to mention the names of Koebbing, Ericsson, Lieber, Schaff, Schurz, and Agassiz, in order to ascertain our obligation to those of foreign birth. All remember that the patriotism of the Germans of the Southwest in 1861 had much to do with the salvation of our country.

It stands to reason that we need the good. We need them in all the walks of life and in every part of the country; in business, in trade, in invention, in education and in agriculture. We ought to extend the hand of welcome to the worthy.

It is our duty to exclude the bad; the ignorant, the diseased, the pauper, the criminal, the anarchist. We must protect ourselves from pestilential influences. Even as Christians we are under no obligation to care for the pauper and criminal classes of Europe and other countries.

We are under obligation to enact more stringent laws. Our immigration laws are quite good, and it is not as easy as one might imagine to land upon Canadian soil. For various reasons, many are detained and return; which shows that Canada is beginning to get her eye open! Still, the laws should be more stringent and we should require the ability to read and understand the English language and a residence of fifteen to twenty-one years before foreigners become eligible to become Canadian citizens.

Married.

JUSTASON BERTHWICK.—On the 16th of November at the Baptist parsonage by the Rev. T. M. Munro, Thomas S. Justason, and Mary S. Borthwick, both of Bonfield, Charlotte county, N. B.

KINNEY GREEN.—At the residence of the officiating Minister, Rev. C. Sterling on Nov. 9, 1904, David Kinney, to Susan Green, both of Mineral, Car. Co., N. B.

FOSHAY PURDY.—At the home of the bride, Jess-eg, on the 6th Nov., by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, Sylvester S. Foslay, and Emma Myrtle Purdy third daughter of Aechelans Purdy, Esq., all of Cambridge.

Died.

PERRY.—At Augusta, Maine, on the 12th inst., Fred H. Perry, son of the late John W. and Ruth Perry of Coles Island, Queens county, aged 31 years, leaving a wife and one child and a number of other relatives and friends to mourn their loss.

GREY.—Phoebe London, aged 44 years, beloved wife of Willard Grey of Good's Corner, Car. Co., died Nov. 10, surrounded by husband and children and loving friends. Mrs. Grey had endeared her life to all who knew her, by her kindly, sympathetic, lovable disposition. She lived a consistent Christian life, and died triumphant in Christ. Her presence will be much missed not only in home circle, but also in Bonfield and Good Corner Church of which she was a member, and in the community where she lived. Two daughters, one son, and a husband, sisters and brothers are left to mourn their loss.