

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 34.

The Doctrine of Conscience.

By W. E. GLANVILLE, Ph. D.

George Washington's well-known exhortation to his fellow countrymen, "to keep alive that little spark of celestial fire called conscience," was a modern version of the wise man's statement that "the spirit of man is the candle of the Lord." Conscience stands for justice, pure, absolute, inviolable justice. Conscience stands for right, right which cannot be challenged, and will not be bribed. Conscience stands for truth, truth at all hazards, truth which must not be trimmed and clipped and accommodated to serve base ends and purposes. Conscience stands for duty, that which is due, that which ought to be done, and must be done, always done. Conscience declares that the soul of the universe is a soul of justice, right, truth and duty. God's great tribunal of judgment is erected in man's soul and is called conscience. Conscience must be instructed and educated.

Conscience is the minister of justice in man's soul, but the minister of justice has no right to exercise his office according to whim or prejudice or ignorance, but according to enlightenment, sound judgement, right and truth. Conscience is a new-borne babe in its most elementary and rudimentary state. It is usually years before conscience wakes up and assumes its office in the child's life. Meanwhile the child has to be governed, and sometimes through its physical sensation by parents and tutors. No man can be acquitted for what he has said or done on the plea that he was acting according to conscience unless it be shown that his conscience was enlightened by reason, intelligence and sound judgment. Conscience, while supreme in its sphere, is not irresponsible. It must take counsel with reason and truth and God. If it fails to do so, if man wrests conscience from its proper relationship to the other powers of the soul, then conscience becomes a minister of cruelty, injustice, and savagery. The history of an unenlightened conscience sharpened and fired by fanaticism, hate, sectarianism and partisanship is a history of blood and tears and suffering and broken hearts and crushed lives. There has hardly been any instrument of torture in human history more cruel than an unenlightened conscience, a madened, relentless conscience blinded by fury and ignorance. In the name of conscience some of the darkest crimes in the history of Christianity have been perpetrated.

In the name of conscience many-tongued scandal and slander have tripped forth to disrupt families, break up homes, sow discord in churches and cleave society into warring camps. Wherever you find the bigot, the fanatic, the wild-eyed, fiery stout-lunged crusader, in the majority of instances you find a person whose conscience has escaped the guidance of wisdom and has run amuck in the community to the peril of the commonwealth. Such a conscience is out of place; it is morbidly abnormal; it is unreasonable and uncharitable; it is fired not with the inspiration of the Almighty; but with the fuel of the pit. In the realm of ethics it corresponds to Holmes' description of the red Indian: "A bundle of nerves, dancing about, and flourishing a tomahawk." It matters not, except to aggravate the offense, that such a conscience protests that it is acting in the name of religion or good morals. A good cause never justifies the use of infernal weapons. A conscience wrested from its lawful God-designed service as the enlightener and director of moral conduct, is a grievous affliction, an intolerable nuisance.

What we need is the enlightened conscience, the conscience quickened, educated and instructed by reason, truth and judgment. And in all history there is no finer illustration of an enlightened conscience than is to be discerned in the life of Jesus Christ. Because we so often associate conscience with guilt we suppose that conscience played hardly any part in the life of the Son of Man. This supposition is groundless in fact. A more conscientious man than Jesus Christ never breathed. He put conscience into all that He did. In his perfect soul the power of conscience was illuminated by the wisdom of God,

the eternal truth for right living, which made his life peerless and unique. Measured by the standard of an enlightened conscience Jesus strides the narrow world of men like a Colossus. With a sublime disregard of the religious puerilities and pedantries of his time, ignoring the social caste system of his day, Jesus lived out his divine life freely, broadly and humanly, his master passion being to do the Father's will whether people praised him or blamed him, crowned him or crucified him. This is the quality of conscience which Christian people need to cultivate, a full-rounded, intelligent, clear-eyed conscience, the lamp of God, the soul, enlightened by the Divine Spirit, not a easy conscience which excuses itself from manifest duty by saying, "We don't like that kind of work," not a microscopic conscience like that of the Pharisees, "tithing mint and anise and cumin," scrupulous and exacting, fussy and vexatious about little things, while omitting "the weightier matters of the law."

The Abuse of Conscience.

We hear sometimes of "a stifled conscience," a "seared conscience," the "remorse of conscience." All of these phrases express certain conditions of conscience, for conscience may be juggled with. A man may know the truth, know his duty, know what is right and, at the same time resolutely refuse to do it. His conscience is enlightened but by an act of the will he determines to fly in the face of conscience and do otherwise. His conscience pleads with him to do the right thing, to do the true thing, to do his duty, and by so doing to become the true man, the godly man he should be, but he heeds not the merciful voice of conscience; he "stifles" conscience. That is the first step in the abuse of conscience.

Let a man habituate himself to his attitude towards conscience, let him habituate himself to the thinking of those things and the doing of those things, against which conscience protests, and in time he will have what is called a "seared" conscience. He will take delight in doing the forbidden things; he will become a bandit and a pirate socially, commercially and politically. The light that was in him has become darkness and how great that darkness is! That is the second step in the abuse of conscience.

Of such men it is sometimes said that they have no conscience. That is not true. Their conscience is abused but not annihilated. The candle of the Lord is still in the soul. It is not extinguished, and it is one of the awful mysteries of our soul life that man never can extinguish it, try as he may. Having refused to allow the candle of the Lord to shine in the soul as the lamp of truth and goodness and love and righteousness, the seared conscience, like a smoldering fire breaks out in the nature and fills the soul with the lurid terrors of hell! Hell! Hell! Hell! the torments of the damned, damned by their own choice, damned by their own efforts, damned by their own willful persistency against light and truth and better knowledge that is the terrible outcome of an abused conscience. That is "the worm that dieth not," that is "the fire unquenchable," that is the "outer darkness where is weeping and gnashing of teeth." They cannot get away from it in this world or in any world. He may seek to escape from its fury by fleeing to Alaska or Australia, but he takes his abused conscience with him wherever he goes.

He may seek to escape from it by committing suicide, but he cannot cut away his abused conscience; he cannot shoot that out of existence.

Remorse of conscience. That is hell. That is the hell which Richard III. knew, who had butchered and killed all who might dispute his occupancy of the throne, and who on the night before his final conflict with the claimant for the crown, had his sleep disturbed by the ghosts of all his victims who crowded into his soul, shrieked their detestations at him for his inhumanity, and sent him forth to the battlefield on the morrow a cowed man, with no strength in his arm, no judgment in his brain, no courage in his heart, a defeated and slaughtered man before the fight began!

Man can never be a fugitive from divine justice. The claims of God's justice are never outlawed by lapse of time.
Anamosa, Iowa.

Christ's Gift of Himself.

"He gave himself for us," that he might win us for himself "for a possession." Yes, in the commerce of love, nothing but a heart can buy a heart nothing but a heart can pay for a heart. Jesus gives himself to me, that I may give myself to him. That is the only gift that satisfies him. The only result which he recognizes as being the fruit of the travail of his soul, which is sufficient for him, is that we poor men, broken down from our selfishness, emancipated from our sins, with our wills set free, should go to him and say, "Lord, Thou art mine, and I, poor as I am, little as the gift is, I am thine."

We shall only be this in the measure in which we are "purified." And it is his love that purifies us, and his gift that purifies. For that gift sets in operation within us a whole multitude of new motives and new desires. And, more than that, he gave himself that our sins might be taken away. But there is the present gift, as well as the past one, for he is giving himself still moment by moment, and hour by hour, to every one that cleaves to him. And that gift of himself comes into our hearts as, according to Luther's old metaphor, the Elbe was turned into the stable to sweep out all the filth, and make all things clean.

So, dear friends, let us cleave to that Lord. Let us see to it that we have fathomed, and not only fathomed, but accepted, the great gift of himself in its most transcendent form, in its mightiest efficacy, the gift by which, by his death; he has taken away the guilt, and by his life within us breaks the power of our sins, and makes us eager zealots, enthusiasts for all manner of "good works."—Dr. Alexander McLaren.

Sympathy.

"Be ye kind one to another—tender-hearted." (Eph. 4:32).

A child needs sympathy as much as he does love. "Ten are loved where one is sympathized with." Lack of sympathy on the part of parents in a cause of great unhappiness in families, and yet there is no surer way of gaining the ear of your children than by sympathizing with their joys and sorrows, lessons and play; every true child needs it.

Parents, if you feel that sympathy is not easy to show, cultivate it diligently; remember, if you lose opportunities of showing it, your children will turn to strangers, for sympathy they will have. By this bond of sympathy mothers can gain their girls' confidence, fathers can enter into the life of their boys; and difficult ways are made smoother.

Have sympathy with your children's tastes. If they have a bent for any one thing, do not try to quench it. If your boys or girls come to you for advice, enter as far as possible into their wishes; if impracticable, sympathize with their disappointment. If religious doubts arise, do not try to stamp them out by severity; talk matters over, and show your sympathy with difficulties.—Frances S. Hallows.

Man must work. That is certain as the sun. But he may work grudgingly, or he may work gratefully; he may work as a man, or he may work as a machine. He cannot always choose his work, but he can do it in a generous temper, and with an up-looking heart. There is no work so rude that he may not exalt it; there is no work so impassive, that he may not breathe a soul into it; there is no work so dull, that he may not enliven it.—HENRY GILES.

The three highest titles that can be given a man are those of martyr, hero, saint.—W. E. GLADSTONE.

The Home Mission Journal.

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Notice.

The Southern New Brunswick Baptist Association will hold its twenty-first session with the First Baptist Church in Johnston, Queens Co., commencing on July 7th, 1900, at 10 a. m.

W. Camp, *Moderator.*

J. F. Black, *Clerk.*

Within The Lines.

Reminiscences of The Civil War.

By MRS. M. M. HUNTINGTON.

(Continued from last issue)

VI.

"Then oh God has proved us: Thou has tried us as silver is tried. Thou broughtest us into the net; Thou hidest affliction upon our bins; Thou hast caused men to ride over our heads. We went through fire, and through water, but were brought out into wealthy places."

The room given us at the hotel was a large one, containing three beds. A door and window opened upon a veranda. There were no fastenings upon the door, and the short curtain to the window left two feet of the lower sash exposed. A chair was extemporized as fastening for the door, and removing our heavy belts, which by this time had become burdensome, I threw myself down by the sleeping children, resolved that no nervous fears should prevent me from obtaining the much-needed rest. Very soon there came a tap at the door. Opening it and being answered by a female voice, I admitted a lady in night wrapper, one of the passengers on the train that day. She informed me that from her window in a wing of the building she could look upon the veranda and door of my room, and that a large, burly Negro was watching us below the curtain of that window. She immediately conjectured that we had money and were in danger; as soon as my light was out he left, and she had come as soon as possible to give me warning. I dressed, took my light and went down to the clerk and acquainted him with the facts, telling him I must have fastenings and lights to last through the night. He professed not to credit the story and himself came up, fastened the door and left a supply of candles. Soon after he came again and brought a lady, he said, to occupy the room with me. Her face was completely hidden by a huge sunbonnet, and she threw herself heavily upon the bed without removing the bonnet or the cowhide booths that protruded from her dress. No answers could be elicited to my questions, so that I was not greatly comforted by her presence. By dawn he or she was gone.

The vehicle the German sent for us was the shabbiest old carryall imaginable, literally in rags. Two mules and a boy constituted our team and driver. Altogether we looked like poor white folks, and it was well we did, for we were out of town only a short distance when we began to meet squads of cavalry. They scarcely gave us a glance. Once the officer in command of a squad stopped and eyed us suspiciously and bade us a civil good morning. My heart was in my mouth, but I managed to answer pleasantly and asked him about a field of a new kind of sugar cane close by, all in a rude dialect of the uneducated class of whites. He seemed satisfied and passed on, much to my satisfaction. We stopped to eat the lunch which I had procured at the hotel at a shady place by a stream, and reached the plantation at

dusk. I gave a pleasant-looking man a letter the German had directed me to deliver, and he took us into the house. It contained four rooms, all very comfortable; a cheerful light wood fire burned in the main room. The man and a Negro and his wife were the only occupants. Soon after we reached there a company of cavalry rode up and demanded to stay all night. The proprietor told them that he could not keep them, for he had a family staying with him over night. One of them in a rude manner questioned Henry, who was helping the driver attend to the team, asking our names and destination. Henry told them we were going to Fort Gibson, and answered his other inquiries as shortly as possible. Another came into the house and looked me over without a word as I sat by the fire with tired little Curlyhead on my lap; then he went out and they soon rode away. We had supper and a comfortable room.

I was ill all night and when morning came could hardly rise, but we must go on. Ordering breakfast for the boys and then settling our bill, we started. The old carry-all was comfortable, if shabby, and the roads were good. Reaching Fort Gibson about noon, we found there was no hotel or place of public entertainment. To be left in the streets of a strange place in the heat of the day seemed forlorn enough. Looking around I saw a pleasant cottage on a rise of ground not far distant. Leaving the boys in the carry-all, I went up alone. The door was opened by an old, grey-haired gentleman, who, in answer to my inquiry if I could stop with him a short time and could get some dinner for my boys, said: "Certainly you can; bring in your boys!" I called them and he went for his wife, a pleasant, dignified lady. As she left the room he closed the door after her and said: "Now, who are you and where are you going?" I had never thought of any way but to tell the plain truth, that I was a northern woman; my husband, if alive, being at the north or west, having left us in May; that we had not heard from him since that time; that we were anxious to reach him or hear from him, and that we were now hoping to get to the river and be put upon a transport.

"Now," he said, "you are all right to tell me this, although I am a southern man heart and soul, but you must not tell this to any one else, if you do you will never reach a gunboat; this is the most difficult part of your journey; to go farther you must have a pass. The river and the roads are so closely guarded; the provost marshal boards with us, and I will try to get you one. You and the boys, meanwhile, keeping quietly out of the way. Have you no friend down the river?" I replied that my husband had an uncle in Louisiana. Turning to the boys, he said: "Now, remember, you are going to your uncle's in Louisiana; that is all you must tell any one."

When dinner was ready I sent my boys to the table, but was too ill myself to desire any food. The lady of the house came to me and, finding me feverish, recommended my retiring to my bed. She took me to a cool, quiet room and sent for a physician and directed a colored woman to attend to me, while she herself took my boys into her back yard, where they could amuse themselves with safety. When I expressed my gratitude, she said: "My husband has told me you are a northern woman. I have a son in a northern prison. I hope some one will be kind to him."

(To be Continued.)

The Anglican ministers in Ontario have been endeavouring to get the co-operation of "the denominations," as they would call them, in an effort to secure the establishment of sectarian schools. The Methodists have just taken action, declaring themselves against the project. Earlier, the Baptists and Presbyterians had declined to co-operate. Acting with out the support of three so important religious bodies, the Anglicans are not likely to succeed in having sectarian schools established.

But if thou give thyself to favor of spirit thou shalt find much peace, and feel less labor, through the assistance of God's grace, and the love of virtue.

If you begin to wax lukewarm, it will begin to be evil with thee.

"Unfit for the Ministry."

The other day a decision was rendered by certain authorities in the Methodist Church concerning one of its ministers against whom certain grave charges were made. The verdict was "Not guilty, but unfit for the ministry." Of the accusation we know nothing, nor of the reasons for the decision. It suggests that grave moral defect is not the only reason for refusing a place in the ministry to those who desire it. The charges affecting the moral conduct of ministers are very small considering their number and the peculiar temptations they are exposed to, and the number of ministers who fail in their ministry on account of moral defect is almost infinitesimally small. Many of those who do not succeed in their pastorships are men of unblemished character, deep sincerity, and considerable mental ability. There are certain qualities essential to fitness which lie outside these things. The faculty of "getting on with people" is sometimes hard to define, but it is one of the prerequisites to success. Common sense is not distributed to the many, but to the few. Tones are not as vital a thing as orthodoxy, but in so far as they pertain to success they are often more important. We do not know why it should be, but somehow well regulated beliefs are two frequently found in company with insufferable dullness. There are qualities of character which awaken confidence every where—openness, sincerity, spontaneity, unselfishness and earnestness. The absence of these and kindred qualities determines one's unfitness for the ministry. An ugly man with a fair soul inside will win his way, but a man of good appearance who has an ugly soul inside will, by and by, be without friends or a church. There are many who have supernatural facility in doing and saying the wrong thing. There is not a corn within twenty feet of them which they do not tread upon. If a little fire smoulders among their people, instead of letting it alone, or trying to prevent its spreading, they d'late their abdomen and blow upon it with all their might. It strikes us that our Educational Boards and ordination councils limit the scope of their inquiries concerning the candidate's fitness to a few theological matters. A man's belief should never be taken apart from what he is. There are certain idiosyncrasies that are incompatible with pastoral fitness.

Faith Will Triumph.

Missionary work has many phases, but at all periods essentially one problem and resisting human heart. While in the first century of modern Christian missions a large part of the work was accomplished among the lowest of tribes, the church now confronts the more intellectual, but not less essentially sinful ancient religions of the East. The fight was once against coarse animism, while now it is largely directed against subtle theories and decrepit philosophies. But the foes and the forces really reduce to one style of desperate spiritual combat against the carnal-heartedness of man. And if Christianity conquered in the first century of the Christian era, when it encountered not only Roman and Grecian animism, but as well the most subtle and specious of old-world philosophies the church of God may encourage itself with the reflection that the faith that Jerusalem, Athens and Rome could not successfully resist will never be extinguished by the pagan propaganda of the present day.—*New York Observer.*

One reason why we do not find more new things in the Bible is because we do not search it expecting to find them. There is not a single chapter or verse which we have exhausted.

"They shall walk with me in white: for they are worthy." They shall be arrayed in those garments of glistening purity which were with difficulty kept white in the world, but which in the world to come divine favor shall keep free from every stain.—WILLIAM MILLIGAN, D. D.

Be watchful over thyself, admonish thyself, and, whatever becomes of others, neglect not thyself.

The Book Of Job

REV. A. J. HUGHES.

PART II.

Next to the hero of the Book of Job, the Book itself deserves attention. The prologue, which is in prose, depicts the patriarch as a scrupulously religious man, living in the enjoyment of great prosperity. The devil regards him as serving God for worldly profit, and so accuses him to Jehovah. He is given the privilege of testing the sincerity of his faith, which he does by despoiling him of all his worldly possessions, and bereaving him of his children, with most bewildering and terrible rapidity. Job is anguished by his calamities, but resigned, his only comfort being, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." The devil, still sure that Job's piety is a matter of selfishness, asks to be permitted to afflict him in his body. God grants his second request, and the patriarch is smitten with elephantiasis in its worst form. Still his faith in God remains unshaken. Reduced now to the worst depths of misery, banished from his house to the ash-heaps outside the city gates, railed at by his wife for still holding on to his integrity, and urged by her to renounce God and make way with himself, his reply was, "Shall we receive good from the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" In this doleful, but trustful, situation, Job is visited by three friends, who come to console with him because of his misfortunes, but who are so amazed at his changed situation that for seven days and nights they sit in speechless bewilderment and sadness. So ends the prologue.

The poem, in the words of a recent commentator on the book, consists of "three elaborate cycles of discourse, in which Job and his friends affirm and answer, reprove and re-terminate one another." The colloquy is begun by Job, who, unable longer to restrain the pent up anguish of his soul, curses the day of his birth, longs for the release and oblivion of death. To this wail of anguish and surprise, Eliphaz, the Temanite, apparently the oldest and wisest, and certainly the most delicate and considerate of the three friends, makes reply. His reply is to the effect that suffering is the entailment of sin, and he lets Job make his own application of the doctrine to his present state.

To this speech of Eliphaz the patriarch makes answer, defending the rashness of his previous words, complaining of the inadequacy of Eliphaz's doctrine to meet his case, interrogating God as to why he has been so mysteriously and sorely smitten, and beseeching him to lift away from him his heavy hand of affliction.

This self-justification, and arraignment of the Almighty, on the part of Job excites the wrath of Bildad, the Shuhite, who retorts in a similar strain with Eliphaz, thought without his gentleness and courtesy, charging the patriarch personally, or else his children, with sin, declaring that the end of the wicked is to be rooted out of their habitation, and assuring Job that if he is the perfect man he claims to be, God will fill his mouth with laughter some day, and his lips will sing a song of joy.

To this deliverance of Bildad Job replies with all the pathos of a man baffled in his attempts to understand God. When told as he is with griefs which are an enigma to him, he declares justice to be an unknow quality. As to God's omnipotence, however, that is visible everywhere, and the poor patriarch feels that he has been made the victim of its afflictive might. Then comes the cry for a Daysman—"a Messianic outreach from the depths," as one calls it—One who might stand between him and God, and save him from the strokes whose meaning he could not divine. Believing in his innocence, in spite of the recriminations of his friends, he closes by remonstrating with God for subjecting him to the evils that are making so miserable his life.

This remonstrance kindles the indignation of Zaphar, the Naamathite, who charges on Job with coarse invective, telling him that his judgment is less than his desert, but that if he will repent, God will restore him to his former estate of health and prosperity.

This speech puts a gulf between Job and his friends. Regardless of their good opinion now, or of their feelings either, he flings at them the sarcasm, "Of a truth, ye are the people; and wisdom will die with you!" Then their follows,

after a glowing tribute to God's almightiness, as seen in nature and providence, an arraignment of these men as acting the part of "pleaders for God" for reward's sake, another avowal of the blamelessness of his life, and sad queryings as to the cause of his terrible calamities. Then he seems to drop into a kind of scilloquy, and utters those words so familiar as forming a part in every service for the dead, beginning, "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down; he beeth also as a shadow, and he continueth not." Words, these, in which the patriarch seems to be in a conflict as between hope and despair, one time regarding the grave as the goal of life, and then, by a sort of intuition of the yearning of God towards the work of his hands, expecting to hear his voice resounding in the charnel-house, with resurrective import, to which when it greets him, he will make glad answer.

(To be Continued.)

Repentance.

• In the year 1680 Mr. Philip Henry preached much on the subject of faith and repentance from various texts of Scripture. He told of Noah, who warned the people to repent before the flood came, but in vain. He reminded of the people of Nineveh, all of whom repented at the preaching of Jonah, and were saved. He quoted Zaccheus the publican, who, when he believed in Christ, restored fourfold for what he had unjustly gained. "If I were to die in the pulpit," he said, "I should wish to die preaching repentance; and, if I die out of the pulpit, I hope to die practicing repentance. He who repents every day for the sins of every day will, when he comes to die, have the sins of but one day to repent of."

"Carry Sunshine With You."

A bright, fresh, sunny face is always inspiring, and it always denotes good health as well as a happy heart.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which, though black when they are passing over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold along the sky.
HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A Official Trip

Rev. Dr. Carman, General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, has just started on a three months' trip to England and Jerusalem. He will attend Conferences in England, Ireland and Scotland of delegate from the General Conference of the Canadian Methodist Church.

To those who, while able to give much, give little and grudgingly to Christian missions, Dr. Parkhurst says a single dollar may look large, but when spread over a year it is too thin to lie down upon and pray, "They Kingdom come."

Power Of Love.

When the life of a beloved son is hanging in the balance, no one can persuade his mother to take rest. You may tell her that others are watching, that everything is being done that can be done, that it is her "duty to take a respite;" but you might as well speak to the deaf, for she is his mother, and her mother-love will not let her be content with less than her own personal ministry to her boy. But does she think then of doing merely her duty to him? Is she measuring her conduct by any standard of rectitude? Nothing of the kind! She has risen above all standards and all duty. She does just what her love impels her, and all she does is so little able to content her, that she is only sorry she can do no more. Now, it will be the same with us and the service of God, if we only attain to love of him for what he is to us, and for what he has

done for us in Christ. It will lift us above legalism, and make the mere doing of duty seem but meagre and unprofitable. It will keep us from murmuring, and preserve us from self-complacency; for duty can be satisfied with its doings, but love can never do enough. "Thank God," said one in dying, "I have done my duty." "Alas!" says the expiring Christian, after all he has done, "I am an unprofitable servant." There is the difference between the two. Let us, then, get to this love of God in Christ, and the exactions of the Christian life will not oppress us, while the meeting of them will not puff us up; for we shall have the courage to go forward to them, and the humility not to be complacent over them.
W. M. TAYLOR, D. D.

Of the contributions to Christian missions in 1899 Great Britain gave \$7,000,000; America, including the British colonies, gave \$5,500,000; and the rest of the world gave \$2,000,000. If what the British colonies gave were added to that given by British Empire furnished considerably more support to missions than all the rest of the world.

The Lord's Day.

A tradesman was sent for one Sunday to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV., as his Royal Highness was leaving town early the next morning. That tradesman was one who feared God more than man. At the risk of offending the Prince and losing his valuable custom, he declined to attend on the Lord's day, but took care to be at the palace early on Monday morning. "I sent for you yesterday," said the Prince. "Why did you not come?" "Your Royal Highness," was the answer, "the King wanted me." "The King! I thought my father never sent for tradesmen on Sunday." "Please, your Royal Highness, I do not mean the King your father, but the King of Kings."

* Have faith in God, and have it handy; that is the point. Faith is like a shield. Do not let it hang up in the armory. Take it, strap it on your arm, and, instead of running away, up with your shield. According to the Scriptures, faith is a breastplate. What does the Word say we are to do with it? "Putting on the breastplate of faith and love." Shall we call faith an anchor? Well you know the story of the Dutchman's anchor, which was no good to him, for he kept it at home. That is what some people do with their faith. Oh, take it out to sea with you.

Religious News.

The plans for special work
FIRST HARVEY. Have been providentially broken up by sickness in my family. The confidence, sympathy and good will of my people who practically and feelingly set forth in a very kind address, setting forth their ability to weep for others' woes especially when it was their pastor. The address was attended with a purse of \$70. This being in addition to salary became at once a silver lining to the dark cloud. Such expressions are appreciated, not only for the cash but as well for the sympathies, and prove valuable as an inspiration for our soldiers to become better soldiers of Jesus Christ. May the donors realize fully the force of Scripture which says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," and may their souls be fed and strengthened both for service and enjoyment in such Christlike ministrations with which they have abounded toward us during our sojourn in their midst. We desire hereby to publicly express our heartfelt appreciation of the sympathy and kindness so graciously expressed.
REV. T. BISHOP.

TABERNACLE,
ST. JOHN.

The power of God is still being manifested among the people of the Tabernacle Baptist Church.
Pastor Stackhouse baptized a happy convert at the close of the evening service April 29th. Others are to follow in the same way soon.

The Hillsdale-Hammond Baptist Normal Sunday School
HILLSDALE, N. B. Class spent a pleasant evening at the home of Mr. Spurgeon Smith on the 17th inst. Before parting an address, accompanied with a gift was presented to the pastor, Rev. R. M. Bynon, in grateful acknowledgment of his interest in the class and his valuable labors on their behalf. In reply the pastor said the surprise had been complete, that the study had afforded him much pleasure as well as work, that he appreciated the kind words and offering, but higher still the spirit which prompts such words and work, and that it is exceedingly gratifying to be able to state that all things point to this class leading the Province in Sunday School Normal work. He also states that somewhat over twenty had already stood their examination before him. C. A. S.

ELGIN, N. B. For three months we have been settled with this group of churches, and it gives us pleasure to report some progress in the work. On last Lord's Day morning, one was baptized at Kaye Settlement. This little church is moving forward in several ways having adopted the "Individual Communion Service," and are now erecting a commodious shelter for the horses, and also intend soon to repair their church, making more suitable arrangements for the choir. At the beginning of our pastorate, it was resolved that the churches should undertake to raise all funds for pastor's salary and general expenses, by free will offerings. The plan and needs of the church were carefully set before each section, and each section's regular offering stated. Three months' trial has been highly satisfactory, and now it looks as though the financial difficulty was solved. With the opening of spring we see increase in the number of worshippers, and are hoping that every phase of our work will brighten as the days go by. A visit from sister Archibald was much appreciated. I wish she could have spent a fortnight around these hills and valleys arousing a deeper interest in our foreign mission work. April 19. H. H. SAUNDERS.

BRISTOL, N. B. Since closing our special effort at Simonds we have been at work at Bristol, and notwithstanding the bad roads and unpleasant weather the attendance has been good and a good interest manifested. Last Sunday it was our privilege to baptize in our natural baptistery, the St. John River, Mrs. Cassie Rogers and Mrs. Ella Higgins. Others are moving and we hope to see them come forward soon. A. H. WAYWARD. April 19th.

STYVEN, N. B. Our work is encouraging. We have good congregations who give attention to the preaching of the Word. Last Sunday evening we gave the right hand of fellowship to three—Mrs. Marshall Price, Mrs. C. H. Trueman, Miss Mary Gray. Unlike a recent writer who thinks these names are "soft and uninteresting" I like to see the names of those who unite with God's people and to identify themelves with Christ's servants. W. CAMP. April 18th.

CARLETON. A deep thoughtfulness has prevailed in all the services of late. Two were baptized on the 8th and four on the 15th and one on the 22nd. Others are to follow. M. C. H.

THE TONGUE. Just a line to say that I have returned from a visit up Tubique. I first accompanied Bro. Young, we had a good time. Then I went up to fill appointments and was received very kindly by all. I have received, and accepted a call to the field, and will take charge at once. After I get settled in the work, I will, d. v. r., report frequently through our paper, my circuit covers from Birch Ridge to Reilly Brook. F. R. B. CHARLES STIRLING.

You grow older every day; if you had had habits, they grow older too; and the older they grow, together, the harder they are to separate.

Baptized eight on the evening of Easter Sunday, all but one coming from the Sunday School. The Pastor's eldest son was among the number. Others have expressed the purpose to live for Christ, and will before long seek admission to the Church; we are fortunate in possessing a band of earnest and efficient workers. W. C. GOUCHER.

ST. GEORGE. Our services are being well sustained here. The Church is taking especial interest in our week evening services and Sabbath School. The Sabbath School at Second Falls is doing an excellent work, and the same may be said of the schools at Mascarin and Carthiness. We baptized a very promising young man at St. George a few Sabbaths since. A. H. L.

Married.

GRAY-GRAVES. At Mount Pleasant, Albert Co., N. B., April 15th, by Pastor B. H. Saunders, Charles E. Gray to Georgia E. Graves, both of the Parish of Elgin.

STEVENS MILLER. At Baltimore, Albert Co., in the home of the bride's father, April 3rd, by Pastor S. W. Kiernstedt, Archie H. Stevens, of Hillsboro, and Viola F. Miller of Baltimore.

KING THEAL. At Carleton, St. John, in the home of the bride's parents, on April 5th, by Rev. M. C. Higgins, J. Lyman King, and Isabel D. Theal, all of St. John, West.

ALWARD WOOD. On April 11th, at the home of the bride, by Pastor P. J. Stackhouse, Harry E. Alward, and Bessie E. Wood, both of St. John.

Died.

KEITH. Deacon Lewis Keith fell calmly asleep in Jesus, at the home of his son-in-law in Havelsick, Mr. Freeman Alward, two weeks after the departure of his beloved wife, aged 77 years. Brother Keith and his estimable companion spent most of their lifetime in New Canada, where they raised a family of five children, three sons and two daughters, who still survive them. About a year ago by the earnest request of their two sons to come and make them a good long visit at their homes in the State of Montana, they proceeded thither with the hope that the change of climate and rest from farm labour would regenerate his failing health. In the autumn they returned and took up their abode for the winter with their daughter and family. Mr. Keith's health continued to fail, but Mrs. Keith seemed to be well and hid fat to live for many years, but early in February she was taken ill and passed away on March 10th. From this unexpected shock Brother Keith never recovered, but gradually declined until March 24th. He was buried beside Mrs. Keith in the old cemetery in Canada, a large cortege attending. Rev. F. T. Snell attended both of these funerals, and preached appropriate and impressive sermons. Mr. and Mrs. Keith were much loved and respected by the whole community, and will be very much missed as they were active workers and strong supporters of the Baptist Church in Canada during their sojourn there. To the bereaved ones we tender our warmest sympathy.

Friend after friend departs:
 Who has not lost a friend?
 There is no union here of hearts
 That find not here an end.

[This notice was prepared at the proper time, but was mislaid in the printing office.]

SCOTT. Jane, the beloved wife of Deacon John Scott of Stony Creek, left all here to glow for "the home over there" on March 22nd, in the 78th year of her age; also her sister, Miss Esther Hopper. Their death was simultaneous and very unexpected. Both of them were buried together at Lower Coverdale on March 25th. For 52 years Sister Scott was a faithful and affectionate companion of her husband. She was kind hearted and Christian in her home, always ready to entertain friends and strangers, especially ministers of the gospel, to whom she loved to minister in the things that pertain to their needs and comfort. To Brother Scott who is now in his 83th year, we tender our strong sympathy, and pray that he may find solace and comfort from on high in these his lonely and declining years.

How happy are the souls above,
 From sin and sorrow free;
 With Jesus they are now at rest,
 And His bright glories see.

DOWNING.—Miss Eliza Downing died trusting in Jesus for the resurrection and the life everlasting, at Riverside, Albert Co., on March 24th, aged 70 years. Much sympathy is felt for her aged parents, she being the only child at home with them. May the affliction be sanctified to their good.

WOOD.—Mrs. John Wood sank to rest on March 26th, aged 68 years, at Hopewell Cape, N. B. For many years she lived in fellowship with the Baptist Church. She leaves a husband and four children, two sons and two daughters, in sorrow, but not without hope. Her pastor attended her funeral and preached an impressive sermon.

PETERSON.—Thomas Peterson died April 5th, after only three days sickness, aged 76 years, at Albert, N. B. He never made a public profession of faith in Christ, but professed to love the Lord Jesus. His funeral took place Sunday afternoon. Services conducted by pastor, assisted by Rev. Charles Comben, (Methodist.)

BARLEY.—At Upper Knosford, Carleton Co., on the 29th ult., Jane, widow of the late Thomas Bartley, aged 79 years. Our sister was born in Nova Scotia, where she professed faith in Christ and joined the church while in early life. She is remembered for strong faith and active service to the Master. She leaves six children, three sons and three daughters to mourn the loss of a faithful Christian mother. Appropriate funeral services were held at Upper Knosford Baptist Church on the 31st ult.

CLARK.—At Coldstream, Carleton Co., March 30th, of measles, Wilnot Clark unexpectedly to his family and friends departed this life. About twenty years ago he professed faith in Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and was baptized by Rev. Herman Shaw. During his closing hours of this life he was sustained by a triumphant faith in God. On Sabbath a large concourse of people assembled to sympathize with the widow and six fatherless children. Services at the home and the church were conducted by the pastor J. D. Wetmore, assisted by Rev. S. Linton, (Primitive Baptist.) Brother Clark was 47 years old.

STRANGE.—At St. John, West, on Friday, March 23rd, Mrs. Julia Strange in the 76th year of her age, who professed faith in Christ in the early life, and has been a worthy member of the Carleton Baptist church. "They shall walk with me in white for they are worthy."

WEAVER.—At Upper Blackville, April 6th, Nathaniel Weaver, in the 60th year of his age. Brother Weaver was one of the oldest settlers on the Mimatchi, his wife being left to rear one and a half years ago. He has spent his last declining days in the comfortable home of his son Thomas, at whose home the funeral services were held, after which he was interred in a recess of the deep woods a number of young men carried him to his grave on the Morehouse Hill.

JARNAVY.—At the home of her daughter, Mrs. James Gray, St. James St., West End, Mary M., widow of the late Elder J. Mos Jarnavy, in the 84th year of her age. Our late sister was converted in Newport, N. S., under the ministry of a former pastor. Throughout her entire life she has manifested a cheerful unswerving faith in her Lord and Redeemer. Her cheerful disposition was always an inspiration to all who visited her. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

STEEVES.—A Fethic died, Feb. 19th, of cancer, Charlotte Steeves, 62 years of age. Our sister whose faith in Christ was firm, endured her severe suffering with the greatest of patience. And comfort the sorrowing children.

HOLDES.—At St. John, West, March 5th, Ralph Holdes, in the 94th year of his age, some thirteen years ago our brother professed of conversion and joined with the Carleton Baptist church. The closing days of his life were spent in sweet fellowship with his Saviour. He was a man respected by all for his consistent life. The funeral services which were largely attended, were conducted by the pastor, assisted by Rev. J. C. Clark, (Methodist) and Rev. J. O. Morley.

ALWARD.—Phoebe, wife of the late Ben Alward, March 21st, aged 69. The funeral services were held at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Newton Keith, March 23rd, Rev. Frederick T. Snell, officiating.

STEVENS.—At Albert, Albert Co., N. B., April 15th, Joseph D. Stevens, aged 62 years. Until a few months before his death he resided in Elgin, where his remains were brought for burial. During his last illness he was fully conscious of the near approach of death, but was also conscious of the Saviour's presence, and could confidently intrust all to his care. Two daughters deeply mourn his death, only six months after the mother was suddenly taken. God's promises are rich unto them.

ANDERSON.—At Penobscot, March 24th, Mr. Charles Anderson, aged 84 years. His wife died in November last, since that time he was very lonely. Some two or more weeks before his death he was taken ill and suffered intensely. Just before death came his pain left him, and calmly and peacefully he fell asleep in death. He was highly respected by his neighbors. He was honest, upright and truthful. His motto was the Golden Rule. This he was trying, and to this standard he sought to conform his life. Everything that loving hearts could devise, and willing hands perform was done for him to smooth the pathway to the grave.

ANDERSON.—At Penobscot, April 16th, Mary Anderson, aged 26 years. Three times since last November, we gathered at this home to carry the dead to their last resting place. First the wife, then the husband and on Wednesday last, the grand-daughter. Miss Anderson had been ill for more than a year, and for about six months confined to her room. She was very anxious to regain her health that she might go West and see her mother from whom she parted a number of years ago. God ordered otherwise and took the spirit to himself. Miss Anderson was an earnest, active worker for Christ. For a number of years she worked three miles and conducted a Sunday school, and then returned to the school in her own neighborhood and taught a class. She was identified with all the religious work in the Penobscot, ever ready to perform any service for Christ to which the church appointed her. She lived a true, pure life and was highly respected by the entire community. Although so young she did more for the Master than many another who has lived twice her age. She was very happy in the prospect of meeting her Saviour. Before death came, she heard sweet songs of heaven and told her loved ones by her bedside how sweet the music sounded. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. W. Camp assisted by Revs. Prosser and Corey.