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WHOLE No. 121

What is the Baptist View of Sanctification?

The Baptist view of any Christian Doctrine is simply the interpretation of the Bible teaching on that doctrine. What does the Bible teach that Sanctification is?

If we could divest ourselves of preconceived notions and turn to the Bible as if for the first time the way to an answer would be easy. Look first into the Old Testament:

We meet the word there in Gen. 2:3. What does it mean?

"And God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." Evidently the import here is the simple thought of Separation and Dedication—separation from the other days and dedication to a special use. The same simple idea is the word in Exod. 13: "And the Lord said unto Moses, Sanctify unto me all the first-born both of man and beast: it is mine." It is in this sense that people are said to sanctify themselves: "Hear me, ye Levites, sanctify, now, yourselves." 2 Chron. 29.

This root idea, of separation and dedication, running through the Old Testament, is also the basis of the New Testament meaning of the word:

John 10: "Say ye of Him whom the Father hath sanctified and sent into the world, etc."

John 17: "Sanctify them in the truth." For this cause I sanctify myself."

Here is the Old Testament thought of setting apart for a special service. This is true both of the master and the disciples; for He says of them: "As the Father hath sent me so send I them." Ver. 18.

In 1 Thess. 4 the word is found with the single idea of separation. "This is the will of God even your sanctification that you abstain from fornication." And Peter uses it with one thought of "setting apart" when he exhorts the suffering brethren "to sanctify Jesus as Lord in their hearts."

Sanctify is clearly marked off from washing, cleansing, justification, purification, growth in Christian character; e. g., 1 Cor. 6: "Such were some of you but ye were washed, ye were sanctified, ye were justified." So in Ephes. 5, speaking of the church, the Holy Spirit says:

"Even as Christ loved the Church and gave himself for it, that He might sanctify it, having cleansed it by the washing of water and the word." Rev., Ver.

The "cleansing" precedes sanctification; then the development, or character-building (growth) follows. "That he might present to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, that it should be holy and without blemish." With the thought in mind that sanctification is separation and dedication all this is plain.

Sanctification, then, is not a process in the biblical meaning. It is an act of God, complete. Purification and character building are gradual; sanctification is instantaneous, at the moment of salvation. We grow in sanctification; but not into it. It is for this reason the Apostolic writers speak of all the saved as also sanctified—even the corrupt Corinthians.

1 Cor. 1: "Unto the Church of God at Corinth, to them that are sanctified in Christ Jesus."

1 Pet. 1: "Elect according to the foreknowledge of God in sanctification." Also in 2 Thess. 2:13.

With this meaning in mind, we can understand the writer of the Hebrews when he says,

speaking of the covenant of grace:

"By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the body of Christ." "For by our offering He hath perfected forever them that are sanctified."

We may think of sanctification as the whole process of separating a child of God from everything contrary to God and contrary to his fitness for the inheritance of the saints in light. This is the theological sense of the word. But the Bible use of the word is more simple.

"Should a Christian seek sanctification?"

No, he should seek "to walk in the 'Spirit'" so as not "to fulfil the lusts of the flesh" that he may actualize a sanctification already completed by his Heavenly Father. He should do with sanctification what the beloved Apostle says of purification: "Every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure." John 3.

Every one who has placed the blessed hope "in pure" in God's reckoning and therefore, John affirms, purifies himself, i. e., actualizes in life what is a fact in the divine plan. So in regard to sanctification: We must seek the power of the Holy Spirit to live "as become saints," or sanctified ones. We are called to be saints, i. e., sanctified persons. We are to walk worthy of our high calling. He who you are already reckoned. Actualize on the human side what is true on the divine side of the picture.

"What is entire sanctification?"

A QUESTION RE ENTIRE SANCTIFICATION.

The only text that would suggest such a division of sanctification as entire and partial is found in 1 Thess. 5:23:

"And the God of peace Himself sanctify you wholly and may your body, soul, and spirit, be preserved entire, without blame at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. The text as it stands in our English translation seems to teach degrees of sanctification. But the Apostle's prayer is not for degrees of sanctification for soul or body; but that all parts of the individual, the whole of him, body, soul and spirit, be consecrated to God. He desires that they may be kept from dissolution (entire) until Christ comes; that they (the three parts) might be blameless when He comes. Paul recognizes only this division in sanctification, viz., that one may be sanctified, that is, set apart to God, in soul, but fail to realize that the body too must be for God. And the spirit, the highest part of human nature is for God. When all is dedicated to God and used for His service, all is blameless. Each child of God should be thus wholly sanctified—body, soul and spirit given up to God. "I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies living sacrifices," etc. Rom. 12:1.

Rev. F. B. Meyer presided recently at a great meeting which was held in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London. The meeting was called to pray for: Divine guidance in the education fight, "an I through every part," says the *British Weekly*, "there rang the clear note of coming triumph." There were many well-known men beside Mr. Meyer on the platform, including Revs. Charles and Thomas Spurgeon, Arthur Mursell, and Rev. J. R. Wood. Mr. Meyer asked that special prayer should be made for those who were to appear before the magistrates at Alnwick on the next day. If they went in the spirit of the Winksworth men, it would, he said, be an act of devout and holy consecration to God. Some of those men, Mr. Meyer told the audience,

were local preachers, and they were preaching the greatest sermon they had ever preached. Before we went to the magistrates," Mr. Meyer continued, "we all stood together in prayer, and asked that God would use that Act to kindle a flame to burn right through the North of England. . . . I believe that this turning of men's minds upon the great principles of Non-conformity as against priestcraft is going to bring about the revival of that old spirit of our fathers." Mr. Meyer spoke of an old lady of ninety who had been consulting him as to the course to take in refusing the rate.

It is related of Richard Burke that when found in a deep meditation after listening to one of his brother's splendid speeches in Parliament, he excused himself by saying, "I have been wondering how Ned has contrived to monopolize all the family; but now I remember, when we were at play, he was always at work." The natural talents of Richard Burke were scarcely inferior to those of the great statesman; but while the one sleeps in Westminster Abbey and is held in grateful remembrance by an admiring country, the other is forgotten. When opportunity knocked on their door, one said, "come in" the other said, "please wait until I am ready."

Nothing could be more commonplace and incidental than that of a thirsty man asking a woman for a drink of water, and yet by means of this apparently insignificant incident, Jesus was enabled easily and naturally to turn the attention of the woman to the greatest of all subjects. The wise soul-winner need never be at a loss either for an opportunity or of a method of introducing the great subject of salvation to sinners. A cup of water is a good enough text. God does not require great things with which to accomplish His testimony. A sling and a stone, an ox gourd, a lamp and a pitcher and trumpet, even a shepherd's crook, is good enough for Him to use in bringing His people out of Egypt. It is not the instrument, the words, or the occasion, but the power of God that makes weak things mighty.

It is common for the unthoughtful to be surprised at the term Jesus used toward His mother when he addressed her as "woman." The term woman was not one of disrespect. It is only so with those who have allowed this noble word to be abused and made to mean something less and lower than it does. Indeed, this term is the noble one by which either wife, mother, or full grown maid can be addressed. What can be nobler in this world than a true "woman"? Every true woman is a lady in the best sense of the word, but there are many "ladies" in the world's sense of that word, who are by no means "true women." When Jesus was on the cross in the last hours of His agony, His filial thought and love turned toward His mother, and when He committed her to John's care, He used this term of high respect and endearment: "Woman, behold thy Son." When we speak of our mother we do not say, "She was the best lady that ever lived;" but, "She was the best woman that ever lived." We are glad that Jesus sanctified, by the use of it to His mother, this noblest term by which we designate ours.

There is a duty of prayer, most sacred and holy, but prayer is by no means the only duty. The answer will never come while we stay on our knees, but only when we rise up and go forward.—J. R. Miller.

Watchfulness keeps us prayerful, and prayerfulness keeps us watchful.—Maclaren.

God's promises are stars that are always shining for the eye of faith.—Exchange.

The Home Mission Journal.

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REV. J. H. HUGHES,
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Rosecroft
CHAPTER X

In an open carriage, hired by Miss Hathaway at the Berwick station, the little lady and her two proteges were on their way at a brisk pace to her cottage home.

It was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, and the loveliest of June days was at its height of beauty. There had been much rain the week before, refreshing showers that had left a spring-like sparkle on the air, and brought the roses out in rich profusion. They bloomed in every garden, covered the walls of houses with their beautiful and fragrant tapestries, made fairy bowers of rustic arbors, and filled the air with their perfume. The afternoon sunshine bathed the earth and air in its mellow brightness, and the singing of the birds echoed from every garden, grove, and orchard. No wonder that Elsie exclaimed in delight at the beauty of the town, and that Miss Hathaway's heart was aglow with happiness as she found herself again in the place she loved so dearly. She had lived here so long that every object seemed familiar, from the humblest cottage to the mountains that in majestic, yet graceful beauty overlooked the town.

As for Rags, he was in ecstasy at his release from the hated car, and Elsie found it hard work to hold him in her lap. Two or three times he nearly escaped from her arms so great was his anxiety to spring into the street and chase the birds and butterflies that flew across the roadway.

"Don't worry, dear," said Miss Hathaway good-humoredly. "No wonder he is wild with joy to escape from that car and to find himself in the fresh air again. We'll soon be home now, and he'll have a chance to stretch his legs."

"Aunt, I think Berwick is the prettiest place I ever saw. The air is so fragrant, and the birds sing so sweetly. And Rosecroft must be lovely, I'm sure."

"Well, you will find it a very simple little home after your father's big house and extensive grounds; but it is pretty, and I hope in time you'll come to love it as I do. The house was built by two maiden ladies, sisters, whose parents came from Holland to America when their daughters were little children. Some years after their parents died, the sisters—they were then middle-aged women—lost the bulk of their property through the mismanagement of the man who had charge of it. They resolved to sell the old homestead in New York City—hard as it was for them to leave the house where they had lived so long, and to move to Berwick, where they had friends. One of these, an architect whom they had known for years, agreed to build them a cottage in the Dutch Colonial style at a very reasonable price. The house was built, and the Misses Siebold were delighted with their cottage and garden. They lived here happily for ten years or so when the news came from Holland that they were heirs to a large property left by a wealthy relative. They resolved at once to return to their native land, and sailed as soon as possible, leaving the cottage and grounds in charge of their friend to be sold or rented as he judged best. The place stood vacant for ten months and then was bought up by my Aunt Grace, who had been left a young widow with a small property. She had come to Berwick, looking for a home where she could bring up her little daughter in the country air. The cottage and grounds took her fancy at once, and, as they were offered at a reasonable price, she bought them. Everything was in good condition except the bit of pasture ground adjoining the house. Here weeds and grass were running riot together,

but Aunt Grace was delighted to find a sweet-brier bush in a corner of the pasture, growing most luxuriantly and covered with lovely buds and flowers. Roses were the delight of her heart, and she at once named her new home Rosecroft."

"Ah! I see how it came to be called so; such a pretty name, too!"

"Well, the little croft ceased to be a pasture after she took possession of the place, and with cultivation became the pleasantest part of the garden. Sweet-brier and other roses grow there luxuriantly still, as they do on all sides of the house. I try as much as possible to keep everything about the place as it was when my beloved aunt was with me."

A tear trembled in Miss Hathaway's eye and Elsie nestled up to her as she whispered:

"Now you must have missed her, dearest aunt!"

The tear overflowed, yet a smile broke through as Miss Hathaway replied, putting her arm around her young companion:

"I could not tell you how much, darling, but I thank my Heavenly Father I have nothing but the sweetest remembrances of her and of our life together. Even during her long illness she was a sunbeam in the house. And then I know that we shall meet again in a world even more beautiful than this where there is no more death, no sorrow, nor crying—"

The sweet voice faltered, and there was silence between them. For Aunt Diantha's words were a mystery to Elsie—a mystery that awakened vague hopes and yearnings, but which she could not understand as yet.

"But there is Rosecroft!" suddenly exclaimed Aunt Diantha as they turned into a side street lined with pretty cottages and gardens. "Look, darling, there's our home, that gray stone cottage, about two blocks away. In talking with you I quite forgot to watch—"

She spoke with almost a girlish eagerness and delight as she pointed out the home she loved so dearly, and Elsie replied impulsively:

"Dear little aunt, I believe I'm as happy as you to get home. And what a lovely place!" she exclaimed as they stopped at the garden gate.

The two-story cottage was painted a warm gray hue, the shingles of the roof, gables, and dormer windows a brownish red. A Virginia creeper climbed the east side of the house, a graceful rose vine the front, both growing luxuriantly, though skillfully pruned for, like her Aunt Grace, Miss Hathaway did not wish to shut the sunshine from her windows or to have the walls of the cottage too thickly mantled with flowers and vines. But although the rose had not entirely its own sweet way in that pretty garden, it was easy to see that it was the established favorite. True, there were other flowers, among them lilies, peonies, geraniums, pansies, hollyhocks, and violets. But turn where you would, you saw roses, smiling in every garden, and a doermer, scattered at intervals upon the vines. I was and draping a rustic arbor and the trellised walk that led to the garden gate.

(To Be Continued.)

Ordination

In response to a request of the 3rd Harvey Baptist church, a number of pastors and delegates assembled in Council at Water-side, Albert Co., N. B., on Aug. 12 to consider the advisability of setting apart to the work of the Gospel Ministry Mr. Ritchey Elliott, B. A.

After listening to Bro. Elliott relate the story of his conversion and call to the ministry, the Council proceeded to the examination led by Pastor J. B. Ganong. That the candidate was sound in the faith and doctrine of the Baptist Association was proven by his answers which were of a very satisfactory nature.

After Bro. Elliott had retired, the Council gave expression to the highly favorable opinion they had formed of the candidate and was unanimous in advising the church to proceed with his ordination.

At the evening service the following programme was carried out:—Rev. R. Hurst read

ing of Scriptures, Pastor J. N. Thorne Prayer, Pastor J. B. Ganong Ordination Sermon, Pastor M. Addison Ordaining Prayer, Pastor J. N. Thorne Charge to the Church, Pastor A. A. Rutledge Charge to the Candidate, Pastor J. B. Ganong Welcome to the Ministry, Benediction, Pastor Ritchey Elliott. Bro. Elliott begins his work among kind people and we trust that great blessing may attend his labors with them.

M. ADDISON, Moderator.
A. A. RUTLEDGE, Clerk.

New Brunswick Convention.

The tenth annual session will be held with the Oak Bay church, Charlotte Co., beginning on Saturday, Sept. 20th, at 10 a. m. Delegates coming from St. John will take the N. B. Southern line, on Carleton side, at 7.50 a. m., arriving at Oak Bay, 1 p. m. Those coming from the west side of the province by C. P. R. will arrive in St. Stephen 11.30 a. m.; then taking the N. B. Southern for Oak Bay, five miles distant, will reach there at 2.30 p. m.

Delegates will please forward their names to pastor H. D. Worden, Oak Bay, for entertainment. At the close of Convention those who wish can attend the Young People's meetings to be held in St. John, Tuesday and Wednesday, 27th and 30th, on their return that way. The usual traveling arrangements will be provided for.

Casting Down Strongholds of Sat. n

By Rev. Arthur S. Burrows

The relation of the churches to the world-wide Christian mission is one of the important questions of the day. Pagan strongholds are apparent. The help of the Lord against the mighty must be invoked and obeyed. A recognized statistician gives the following interesting figures, to which are added brief definitions, concerning the present religious condition of the world, the earth's population being estimated as 1,600,000,000.

Christianity, Protestant and Roman Catholic, 477,000,000. Confucianism, Chinese moral code, by the philosopher Confucius, born 551 B. C., exclusively aimed to fit men for honorable and prudent living, 256,000,000. Hinduism, the religion of India, composed of hymns of the most remote antiquity, materialistic, not rising above earthly necessities and objects, 190,000,000. Mohammedanism, the religion of Turkey, by Mohammed, born 570 A. D., whose foundation principle is, There is no god but God, and Mohammed is His prophet, 176,000,000. Buddhism, philosophy of northern India, established by Gautama, born 463 B. C., a belief that, after physical death, one's spirit immediately appears in some new form, animal or spiritual, according to merit or demerit in former life, 148,000,000. Polytheism, belief in more gods than one, a plurality of divine beings superior to man and each having part in the government of the world, 177,000,000. Taoism, religion of Laotze, Chinese philosopher about 500 B. C., 43,000,000. Shintoism, Japanese nature, ancestral, and hero worship, possessing no ethical code, no doctrinal system, no priests, no public worship, and its temples and shrines contain no idols, 14,000,000. Judaism, the religion of the Jews, 8,000,000.

For the world's evangelization Protestant churches give annually about \$15,000,000. This sustains a missionary force of 14,200, of which 4,300 are ordained native helpers. About 80,000 toilers in all. Stations and outstations exceed

25,000. Communicants exceed 1,300,000, and increase at the rate of 75,000 annually. All adherents are estimated as 3,500,000.

Pitiful letters from sacrificing missionaries abroad implore our boards not to reduce appropriations for the work. Boards earnestly appeal to perhaps 17,000,000 professed evangelical followers of Christ in our favored land to obey the commission of Christ to go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature, according as God enables them to do so. Not because of political or social oppositions, but because of withholding of money by home churches, startling retrenchments have been made. One Board needed recently to send forth thirty-six workers, but only five have been sent because of lack of money. Is not Christ still saying, Ye shall be my witnesses unto the uttermost parts of the earth? Has He not set before us the open door of almost every land? It cannot be that Christian people do not believe their own prayers, and do not want to see the world evangelized. But many do not think of Christ enough to give regularly to sustain Him.

A NOTE FROM BRO. ERVINE

"Again I have to thank my brethren in New Brunswick for their great kindness to us in so often rendering such timely aid. Surely God has been good to us in giving us so many kind friends in the dear home-land, the dearest to me in the wide universe. The kindness so tangibly expressed is more than I could reasonably expect. This makes it the more appreciable and the comforts derived the sweeter. I trust the dear Father of Lights, the Giver of every good gift, may richly reward all those who have so kindly ministered to my necessities during my lingering weakness.

I often wonder why I am so long a poor sufferer, but it is all right, for it is the Father's will. Just at the present time I keep around trying to do a little light work nearly every day. But I find my strength is waning. To me the grasshopper is a burden.

The news from the churches at home speak of the cause as languishing. It seems discouraging. But it is God who builds the house and watches the city. If it were not His cause it would certainly be overthrown, but He reigns, and will have the supremacy and the ultimate glory.

I am glad to notice the approaching meeting of the New Brunswick Convention, and trust the session may be a very profitable one. I do wish I could be there. But we shall all meet in the sweet by and bye. In the meantime let us trust the dear Father for all our care and supplies. I will try and send a few lines to the Convention to let the brethren know that I am still interested in the work and appreciate their kindness.

We have had some quite hot weather here, though it has not reached the degree of heat that it did last summer, which was 118 degrees. The hottest days of this summer were 110. At that temperature I felt like keeping in the shade.

It may interest you to know that Rev. Augustus Freeman, formerly of Newcastle, Queens Co., has on account of heart trouble been compelled to retire from work of all kind. He is now living with his son Dr. Freeman at Long Beach, Cal., some twelve miles south of Los Angeles. The doctor has fitted up a private hospital, and I learn that they are having a heavy run of patients, but only the rich can patronize it as charges are very high.

R. J. Burdette, the former lecturer and humorist, has recently taken charge of a new Baptist interest in Los Angeles. It is a two hundred-

member fragment broken off of the First church. He has within a few days been ordained to the ministry.

But I must close for the present. May God bless the missionary work at home. I was pleased to learn you had a good man at Grand Falls; I trust he may be able to help the cause there and counteract the losses of the last few years.

With kind remembrances to all the dear friends, I am as ever your brother in Christian love,

S. D. ERVINE.

San Jacinto, Cal., Aug. 17, 1913.

THE ERVINE FUND

Elsewhere will be found a communication from Bro. Ervine acknowledging a remittance of thirty dollars just sent. The spirit of this letter is truly apostolic, and the message of itself worthy of general circulation. How wonderfully God gives grace for every trial. Below will be found the amounts received since last acknowledgment:

Any who feel inclined to add to this fund will please forward to me at 29 High St., St. John.

Harry King,	\$5 00
Mrs. W. C. King,	5 00
Andrew Miller,	5 50
James Jardine,	1 00
R. Branscombe,	2 00
St. Martin's S. School,	6 50
Mrs. C. A. Bradshaw,	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Titus,	1 50
Rev. J. A. Cahill,	2 00
Mrs. Catharine Rees,	1 00

Total, \$25 50
W. E. McINTYRE.

Notice.

The next session of the York and Sunbury Quarterly meeting will be held with the Second Sheffield church, Little River, beginning on Friday Sept. 11th at 7.30 p. m. The churches are requested to send pastor and delegates.

Profitable and unprofitable Reading

We seem to be a generation of readers. Every railroad train appears to proclaim it, with its array of spread-out white sheets as it flashes past. Cheap magazines, with their lists running up into the hundreds of thousands, seem to corroborate it. Innumerable novels, passing into edition after edition, and the circulating libraries with their network of agencies add to the testimony. And yet we venture the assertion that a vast deal of that which these things represent is not reading. It is the mere dissipation of printer's ink. Needful much of it is, but needless, and worse more of it is, and in either case it is not reading in the highest sense. Indeed, the matter is not in many of these publications of sufficient worth to justify the term reading in connection with them. They are for the passing moment, for excitement or amusement, or to lay hold of the events of the day, to be forgotten almost as soon as the eye had ceased to scan them. This, we repeat, is not reading. To read in the true sense is to live long enough in the thought of an author to become acquainted with it and so to constitute one's self its possessor. It is to follow the lead of your guide into the realm in which he reigns and live with him there and master his thought and get his inspiration and secure his impress on the soul in such fashion

as that you cannot and do not want to lose it.

It was this kind of reading that Phillips Brooks had in mind when he somewhere said, "Literature is our daily food"; and it is such reading and such only that can furnish us with our needed sustenance. It was such reading as this that Dr. Howard Furness had in thought when to the graduating class of the University of Pennsylvania he commended Homer and Horace and Shakespeare and Carlyle and Tennyson—monarchs in the realm in which they planted their thrones. It is that which, as he says, "will open to us the kingdom of thought and all the boundless regions of conception."

The sad thing about our modern methods of reading is that they to so great an extent disqualify us from entering and possessing this promised land. It would be something to be ever grateful for if we could resolve always to have some standard book on hand, back on which we could fall. It would not be amiss if in the present summer vacation season we should do something like this. It would give background to our thought that may be more or less vagrant otherwise. It would impart an inspiration that would give rest vastly above that of mere idleness. The beneficence of a continuance of reading like this cannot be measured. It puts one in the possession of sunshine no clouds can dim. It makes us the associates of the crowned heads in the wide realms of thought. It secures us friendship beyond the vicissitudes of fortune. Its entrance requires no pass-word, and abiding in it demands no rank but that of brain and heart, and its bestowments are perpetual benediction.

Religious News.

Aug. 9, Rev. H. D. Worden OAK BAY, N. B. baptized three at Oak Bay and received into church.

Good work progressing favorably.

H. D. WORDEN.

Rev. W. E. McIntyre of St. GRAND FALLS, N. B. John, has visited this field and speaks very promisingly of it. The Baptists expect

to erect a meeting-house in the near future—all we lack is men of prayer and money. Pray that the work may be carried on, the church built up and funds raised for its support, and may God have all the glory. We are expecting to have with us Bro. Hayward to conduct special services.

ELIAS AUGER.

ROLLING DAM, CAR. CO. Have been holding special service. I was strengthened somewhat by assistance of

Rev. A. H. Hayward. They appreciate Rev. Mr. H. His sermons were helpful and some decided to follow Christ.

H. D. WORDEN.

The work on this field is very encouraging. On Sunday the 23rd we had the joy of baptizing three young converts, Phebe O'Brien, Rachel McMaster and Frank Grearson. A large and orderly multitude witnessed the baptism in the beautiful basin at the foot of St. George Falls. Extensive repairs are being put on the parsonage by Sewing Circle. This noble band of women are untiring in their efforts to make our home comfortable. The church is to be remodelled in the Spring. Subscriptions towards the Second Falls Building Fund are still coming in. The building is going up rapidly, and the prospects for good work in that section are bright.

M. E. FLETCHER.

We are glad that we can re-
NEW MARYLAND. port progress in our work.

On Sunday Aug. 30th, at the close of the morning service Bro. Thomas Audery Philips who is deaf and blind related his experience and offered himself as a candidat for baptism and church membership, and was received by the church and at the close of the afternoon service our brother followed the Lord in the ordinance of Baptism; a large congregation gathered at the site to witness the scene; just as the brother was being let down into the water by the Pastor he said I am blind in this world but I expect to see in Heaven, and he exhorted the people to turn to Christ. At the close of the evening service Pastor Sables extended the hand of fellowship to the brother; and a collection of \$5.00 was taken up for the work of the Home Mission Board. We expect to visit the baptismal water at Nashwaak on Sunday Sept. 6th.

REV. C. W. SABLES.

CARLETON. Since our last report a young man and woman have been received into our fellowship—the former through baptism.

Sept. 1. B. N. NOBLE.

Rev. Mr. Hayward, the St. LEONARD'S Evangelist has been with us N. B. holding special meetings for the past week. Some inter-

est was shown in the meetings. Sunday Rev. Mr. Hayward had the pleasure of baptizing four—two young men and two young ladies. About fifty were on the shore witnessing the ordinance. Our prayer is that God will continue the work and send laborers for this field.

ELIAS AUGER.

Bro. Steeves and I were NEWCASTLE, N. B. privileged to labor for the Lord with this church for nearly two weeks. We found the church quite weak but met a number of earnest workers. Mr. Steeves having to return to college we could continue no longer. God blessed us, some asked prayer and we believe a good work could have been done. Bros. Thorne and O Steeves were with us at different meetings and helped. As I have not had a week for about a year I am now taking a short vacation supplying on Sunday.

G. H. BEAMAN.

Rest Yonder

This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has passed away.

There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never sin again.

You may be doing God's will with one hand consecrated to Christ and making your own autobiography with the other consecrated to self.—Henry Drummond.

Appearances Fig. 1921 Hirm

A Scottish parish minister was going from home, and procured the clergyman of a neighboring parish to officiate on Sunday. His servant, who was also the beadle, was sent over to the station to drive the reverend gentleman to the manse.

When the train arrived, the beadle asked him to be good enough to wait a while, as he had some errands to do before going home.

It was two hours before he returned. The good man was furious and threatened to report him to his master.

"Weel, sir, ye can dae that if ye like," said the beadle; "but he tell't me himsel' t' wait till it was dark afore I drove ye ower; for if the folk o' the village saw wha was to preach naebody wad turn out the morn."

Christ's Prisoners.

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

These two words, when read together, sound like a singular pair of bedfellows. For to be behind the bars of a jail in our day commonly indicates an accomplice of Satan. But in apostolic days imprisonment often was a badge of honor. The chiefest of the Apostles, when he wrote a letter to his Colossian friend, Philemon, signed himself, "Paul, a prisoner of Jesus Christ." The old hero is Christ's ambassador in Nero's fetters—a prisoner not for evil-doing, but for well-doing, his menaces are badges of honor; and while his scarred body is bound, his soul is rejoicing as Christ's freedman from the yoke of sin, and there is not a happier man in Rome.

The essence of imprisonment is to be confined in one place without the permission or possibility of going where one chooses. In this sense there are a great many good people who are Christ's servants, and yet are prisoners. They are *shut-ins* without their own consent. Some of them are unable to get into God's house on Sabbath, though the Lord of the house comes to them. Some have been confined within the walls of one room for long weary years. During my pastorate I used to visit, year after year, a lovely and cultured young lady who knew nothing of the outdoor world, except the glimpses she got from her bedroom window. What sermons that brave girl used to preach to me on the beauties of Christian patience! I learned from her what a sweet rest there is in the "Everlasting Arms." She never uttered to me one syllable of discontent during the whole fourteen or fifteen years of her imprisonment in that sick chamber! When I read to her some cheering passage from God's Book, or gave her a sip of honey from that inexhaustible honey-comb, a joyous smile passed over her face (which was sadly distorted by long disease), as if she were saying, "Oh, how good that tastes!" If there was one room in Brooklyn that the Master "ofttimes resorted to," it was that in which this bright, sunny-souled girl spent all her youthful years as a "prisoner of Jesus Christ."

Just why it is that the all-wise and loving Master permits some of His choicest servants to be laid aside from all active service, and to be tortured often by sharp bodily pains, I cannot understand. When every voice is so needed to teach and to preach His Gospel, why are so many doomed to silence? When every hand is needed in His service, why are so many of His soldiers destined to lie helpless in the hospitals? It is not my business to explain all these mysteries. But there are some explanations that give a partial relief.

One is, that the Christian life is a school for the promotion of that vitally important thing—*Christ-like character*. And some of the most beautiful traits can only be got through suffering. Hot furnaces often make the brightest Christians. It is not those whom He hates, but those whom He loves, that He thus chasteneth. The Master sits as a *refiner* beside the furnace of affliction. He heats it until the metal melts, and the dross of selfishness and impatience and unbelief runs off. He often keeps His silver in the furnace till He can see His own face reflected in the clear metal of the heart as in a mirror. Then the affliction is doing its appointed work, and Jesus has made the vessel unto His own honor. During my pastoral experience I have discovered that some of the most attractive and well-ripened Christian characters belonged to those who had been schooled by intense bodily sufferings. Perhaps when such reach heaven, they may be more than content that in this world they were among the Lord's *shut-ins*.

The prisoners of Jesus Christ may be among the useful of His servants—I mean useful to others. Paul did some of his best work when a prisoner. A gaoler locked him up at Philippi; but in a few hours he had that very gaoler at his feet, crying out, "What must I do to be saved?" At Rome he preached the Gospel to those around him, until there were many converts in Caesar's household. He wrote seven of his inspired epistles while he was Nero's captive—one of them was the letter to Philippi, which is the special epistle of gratitude for divine mercies, and of exultant joy under sharp afflictions.

I need not remind my readers of the case of John Bunyan, who would probably never have written the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress" if he had not been an inmate of Bedford Gaol.

Miss Charlotte Elliott composed that wonderful hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea," and some others of her exquisite songs of the soul, while she was imprisoned in a sick chamber. An invalid lady, who could no longer be a tract distributor in her district, spent her time in folding and directing leaflets of awakening to the impatient, or consolation to the troubled—and these she sent through the post or by special messenger. You may imprison a body, but you cannot imprison a soul that is luminous with the light of Jesus, and vocal with the inspirations of of His spirit.

Married.

WHITE-NASON.—In New Maryland, Aug 26th, at the residence of bride's mother, by Rev. C. W. Sables, F. Willis J. White of Stanley and Miss Pearl D. Nason of New Maryland.

Died.

ALLWOOD.—In St. John, Aug. 30th, Sarah Louise, wife of William Allwood, aged 68 years. Sister Allwood was a daughter of the late Z. G. Gabel and a grand daughter of Rev. Jarvis Ring. She was especially active in the W. M. A. Society of Brunswick St. church, and took a deep interest in all Christian work. Besides her husband, two sons, Frank S. Allwood of this city, and Zebedee G. Allwood of Boston, with an adopted daughter remain in mourning.

WILSON.—Sister Wilson, beloved wife of Hiram Wilson of Prosser Brook, Albert county, fell sweetly asleep in Jesus on April 28th in the 74th year of her age, leaving to mourn a husband and six children, four sons and two daughters. She experienced the saving grace of God when very young, and was baptized by Rev. James Blakney, of precious memory, when she was fifteen years old, and united with the Second Salisbury church, in Kinnear Settlement; later in life she moved with her family to Prosser Brook. She was a faithful Christian; and in her illness longed for the time to come when she would be called up higher. Sister Wilson was the second daughter of the late Rev. James Horritt of Butternut Ridge. Her funeral services were conducted by her pastor Rev. J. N. Thorne, who preached a very impressive sermon on the occasion.