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WHOLE No. 48

Struggling and Seeking

BY REV. ALEXANDER MACLAREN, D. D.

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."—Psalm 34:10.

IF we may trust the superscription of this Psalm, it was written by David at one of the very darkest days of his wanderings, probably in the Cave of Adullam, where he had gathered around him a band of outlaws, and was living, to all appearance, a life uncommonly like that of a brigand chief in the hills. One might have pardoned him if, at such a moment, some cloud of doubt or despondency had crept over his soul; but instead of that his words are running over with gladness, and the Psalm begins: "I will bless the Lord at all times, and his praise shall continually be in my mouth." Similarly here he avers, even at a moment when he wanted a great deal of what the world calls "good," that "they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." There were lions in Palestine in David's time. He had had a fight with one of them, as you may remember, and his lurking place was probably not far off the scene of Samson's exploits. Very likely they were prowling about the rocky mouth of the cave, and he weaves their howls into his psalm: "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good."

So, then, here are the two thoughts—the struggle that always fails, and the seeking that always finds.

1. THE STRUGGLE THAT ALWAYS FAILS

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger." They are taken as the type of violent effort and struggle, as well as of supreme strength, but for all their teeth and claws, and lithe spring, "they lack, and suffer hunger." The suggestion is, that the men whose lives are one long fight to appropriate to themselves more and more of outward good, are living a kind of life that is fitter for beasts than for men. A fierce struggle for material good is the true description of the sort of life that hosts of us live. What is the meaning of all this cry that we hear about the murderous competitions going on around us? What is the true character of the lives of, I am afraid, the majority of people in a city like Manchester, but a fight and a struggle, a desire to have, and a failure to obtain? Let us remember that that sort of existence is for the brutes, and that there is a better way of getting what is good; the only fit way for men. Beasts of prey, naturalists tell us, are always lean. It is the graminivorous order that meekly and peacefully crop the pastures that are well fed and in good condition—"what things are an allegory."

"The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger;" and that, being interpreted, just states the fact to which every man's experience, and the observation of every man that has an eye in his head, distinctly says: "Amen, it is so." For there is no satisfaction or success ever to be won by this way of fighting and struggling and scheming and springing at the prey. For if we do not utterly fail, which is the lot of so many of us, still partial success has little power of bringing perfect satisfaction to a human spirit. One loss counterbalances any number of gains. No matter how soft is the mattress, if there is one tiny thorn sticking up through it all the softness goes for nothing. There is always a Mordecai sitting at the gate when Haman goes prancing through it on his white horse; and the presence of the unsympathetic and stiff-backed Jew, sitting stolid at the gate, takes the gilt off the gingerbread, and embitters the enjoyment. So men count up their disappointments, and forget all their fulfilled hopes, count up their losses and forget their gains. They think less of the thousands that they have gained than of the half-crown that they were cheated of.

In every way it is true that the little annoyances, like a grain of dust in the sensitive eye, take all the sweetness out of mere material good.

And I suppose that there are no more bitterly disappointed men in this world than the perfectly "successful men," as the world counts them. They have been disillusioned in the process of acquirement. When they were young and lusted after earthly good things, these seemed to be all that they needed. When they were old, and have them, they find that they are feeding on ashes, and the grit breaks their teeth, and irritates their tongues. The "young lions do lack" even when their roar and their spring "have secured the prey," and "they suffer hunger" even when they have fed full. Ay! for if the utmost possible measure of success were granted us, in any department in which the way of getting the thing is this fighting and effort, we should be as far away from being at rest as ever we were.

There is always something lacking, for our desires grow far faster than their satisfactions, and the more we have the wider our longing reaches out, so that, as the wise old Book has it, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase." You cannot fill a soul with the whole unification of modern times, as I take it, ends, or all but ends, with a sentence something like this, "Ah! who of us has what he wanted, or, having it, is satisfied?" "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger,"—and the struggle always fails.—"but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing."

2. THE SEEKING WHICH ALWAYS FINDS.

Now, how do we "seek the Lord?" It is a metaphorical expression, of course, which needs to be carefully interpreted in order not to lead us into a great mistake. We do not seek Him as if He had not sought us, or was hiding from us. But our search of Him is search after one who is near every one of us, and who delights in nothing so much as in pouring Himself into every heart and mind, and will and life, if only heart, mind, will, life, are willing to accept Him. It is a short search that the child by her mother's skirts, or her father's side, has to make for mother or father. It is a shorter search that we have to make for God.

We seek Him by desire. Do you want Him? A great many of us do not. We seek Him by communion, by turning our thoughts to Him, amidst all the rush of daily life, and such a turning of thought to Him, which is quite possible, will prevent our most earnest working upon things material from descending to the likeness of the lions' fighting for it. We seek Him by desire, by communion, by obedience. And they who thus seek Him find Him in the act of seeking Him, just as certainly as if I open my eyes I see the sun, as if I dilate my lungs the atmosphere rushes into them. For He is always seeking us. That is a beautiful word of our Lord's to which we do not always attach all its value, "The Father seeketh such to worship Him." Why put the emphasis upon the "such," as if it was a definition of the only kind of acceptable worship? It is that. But we might put more emphasis upon the "seeketh" without spoiling the logic of the sentence; and hereby we should come nearer the truth of what God's heart to us is.

So that, if we do seek Him, we shall surely find. In this region, and in this region only, there is no search that is vain, there is no effort that is foiled, there is no desire unaccomplished, there is no failure possible. We each of us have, accurately and precisely, as much of God as we desire to have. If there is only a very little of the Water of life in our vessels, it is because we did not care to possess any more. "Seek, and ye shall find."

We shall be sure to find everything in God. Look at the grand confidence, and the utterance of a life's experience in these great words: "Shall not want any good." For God is everything to us, and everything else is nothing; and it is the presence of God in anything that makes it truly able to satisfy our desires. Human love, sweet and precious, dearest and best of all earthly possessions as it is, fails to fill a heart unless the love grasps God as well as the beloved dying

creature. And so with regard to all other things. They are good when God is in them, and they are ours in God. They are nought when wrenched away from Him. We are sure to find everything in Him, for this is the very property of that infinite divine nature that is waiting to impart itself to us, that, like water poured into a vessel, it will take the shape of the vessel into which it is poured. Whatever is my need, the one God will supply it all.

You remember the old Rabbinical tradition which speaks a deep truth, dressed in a fanciful shape. It says that the manna in the wilderness tasted to every man just what he desired, of whatever dainty or nutriment he was most wishful; that the manna became like the magic cup in the old fairy legends, out of which could be poured any precious liquor at the pleasure of the man who was to drink it. The one God is everything to us all, anything that we desire, and the thing that we need; Protean in His manifestations, one in His sufficiency. With Him, as well as in Him, we are sure to have all that we require. "Seek ye first the kingdom... and all these things shall be added unto you."

Let us begin, dear brethren, with seeking, and then the struggling will not be violent, nor self-willed, nor will it fail. If we begin with seeking, and have God, be sure that all that we need we shall get, and that what we do not get we do not need. It is hard to believe it when our vehement wishes go out to something that His serene wisdom does not send. It is hard to believe it when our bleeding hearts are being wrenched away from something around which they have clung. But it is true for all that. And he that can say, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee," will find that the things which he enjoys in subordination to his one supreme good are a thousand times more precious when they are regarded as second than they ever could be when our folly tried to make them first. "Seek first the kingdom," and be contented that the "other things" shall be appendices, additions, over and above the one thing that is needful.

God's Protection of Our Missionaries.

ALBERT ARNOLD BENNETT.

Mr and Mrs. Salquist, now on the steamship "Doric," on their way to America, reported, on reaching Yokohama yesterday, that the Baptist missionaries of the West China mission had all safely escaped to Shanghai. The Salquists had a quick passage down the Yang-tse—only thirteen days. It takes about three months to ascend this river in the ordinary way to their station at Sway-fu or Su chow-fu as it is sometimes written. Evidences of God's great mercy to escaping missionaries are continually reported. To-day I learned of a number of such instances to members of the China Inland Mission who had escaped from Homan. Mr. and Mrs. Gracie report that they came through great perils and had wonderful deliverances. They also speak of the kindnesses experienced at the hands of many Chinese. For one instance, they were obliged to leave behind them the baby's wetnurse, and the little thing would have suffered seriously had not over twenty Chinese mothers at different times nursed it as if it had been their own infant. It arrived at its destination well and in good condition. Mr. MacFarlan, the local secretary of the China Inland Mission at Hobart, Tasmania, was visiting China, and was robbed of everything even to his shoes, but he escaped. Miss Anderson and Miss Egstrom had a terrible time, and had "their heads actually laid upon the block" (a figurative expression, for "the block" is not used in Chinese cruelty) and were delivered when death seemed imminent. Mr. Argento, an Italian by birth, and at one time a Roman Catholic but now an earnest Protestant, was so beaten as to be insensible for about two days. When he awoke to consciousness, he found himself on a pile of wood prepared for burning. He escaped to a friendly house, and when the Boxers came,

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the inmates told them there were no foreigners there. Mr. Argento was put in a corner, and although the Boxers remained in the room long enough to eat rice, they supposed the pitiful-looking creature in the corner only a Chinese beggar, and left him unmolested.
Yokohama, Japan, August 17.

"Little Buttons"

No. IV.

(Continued from last issue.)

"YOU can't guess what it is, Thomas, but I know you'll be glad, because you've always been so good to me. Only just now I felt so bad about going away from you and dear Mrs. Benson and little Marian, and thought I might never see little Miss Flossie again, and here I am going to be right with her!"

"Well—well—well!" ejaculated the surprised Thomas.

"Did you ever know such a lucky boy, Thomas?"

"Bedad, I never did," said Thomas. "Good luck go wid ye, me boy," he said, huskily, giving the little hand a squeeze that made its owner wince.

Then James delivered the remainder of his message, which was that Mrs. Clyde would pay for a boy in Little Buttons's place until they found one to suit Mr. Blake and the occupants of "The Grosvevor," as she wanted Little Buttons to come right away.

"I'll come over and bring back these clothes, Thomas, as soon as I can," he said, cheerily. "Your new bell-boy ought to have them."
"No, no," said Thomas; "they will not fit the new boy, I am sure; keep them to remember us all by, Little Buttons," and he drew his hand hurriedly across his eyes.

He begged James to wait a few minutes while he ran up to say good-by to his good friend Mrs. Benson, and to leave a message with her for little Marian.

Mrs. Benson was rejoiced at his good fortune, and made him promise he would come and see her.

"Yes, indeed, I shall," he said, wagging his small brown head wisely. "I shall tell Mrs. Clyde and Flossie all about you."

After bidding him good-by she watched him go across the street, holding James by the hand; the door closed behind them, and Little Buttons was ushered into his new home.

"How I shall miss the little fellow!" she thought, as she turned away.

It turned out that good fortune was on the way to Little Buttons when he thought it was the darkest hour of his life.

Mrs. Clyde had often told Flossie of a dear little brother she had when she was a baby. She always had been very tender toward little boys, and had felt a growing interest in Little Buttons since the day he brought the flower to Flossie.

She had a half-formed plan in her mind regarding him, at the very time of Flossie's accident, and his ready thoughtfulness in that emergency pushed it toward completion. At Flossie's importunity for him she resolved to have him come, and to complete her plan afterward.

As he now came in with James she met him in the hall, and, taking him by the hand, thanked him warmly for what he had done, and led him in to Flossie.

Little Buttons thought she had the sweetest smile he had ever seen, yet there was something so sad in her face that he felt that she must have some great trouble.

She left him to play with Flossie a while, and then showed him the cosy room next the nursery that he was to occupy.

A happy little boy slept there that night, and dreamed of a beautiful princess hovering about him. Lower and lower over him she bent until her lips touched his cheek, and then he slept dreamlessly until morning.

When he woke he thought at first he was still dreaming, till in a flash came the remembrance of the eventful yesterday.

Here he found himself in the very place he would have wished, if some good fairy had given him his choice.

It seemed too much to believe, and, while dressing, he kept repeating, "But it is true!"

Mrs. Clyde, coming in through the nursery-door, heard him, and asked with a smile, "What is true, Teddy?"

With a blush and a happy little laugh he answered, "I am only trying to make myself known I am truly here."

He was not to be called "Little Buttons" in the Clyde household, although Flossie could not at first understand why.

When told to call him "Teddy," Flossie shook her silky head, saying, "No—no; Button Boy." Mrs. Clyde had given Teddy instructions how to win over her young ladyship to the new name, and when Flossie found that he did not heed her if she called him anything but his real name, she soon yielded.

Mrs. Clyde watched Teddy so intently that she sometimes seemed to forget herself, and sat with her eyes fixed dreamily on his face, until recalled by his softly asking her, "Did you speak to me, Mrs. Clyde?"

"No, Teddy, I was only thinking," she would answer, and sigh so heavily that his kind little heart longed to comfort her.

"Most every one has some trouble in some way or other, don't they, Mrs. Clyde?" he said one day.

"Yes, Teddy, I think they do; but what makes you think of that?"

After a little embarrassed pause, he said: "Well, I often hear you sigh, and your eyes most always look so sorry."

She walked out of the room, making no reply, but as she passed him patted him softly on the head. His tender sympathy had apparently touched her deeply.

She was much pleased to see how quickly and easily he adapted himself to his surroundings, never putting himself forward, yet keeping Flossie so quickly happy and amused all the day long that she soon seemed as well as ever. The time soon came when she must decide in what capacity he was to remain as a member of her family.

Mrs. Clyde had not done this thing rashly. After taking him thus into the inner sanctum of her home, she knew she could not set him adrift again in the great world. She was becoming attached to him, as indeed were all the members of the household. He won his way all unconsciously, and was simply happy in his present security and comfort. He grew rosy and healthy, for now that Flossie was well again, Mrs. Clyde sent him out in the air a great deal to play, and took him often with her and Flossie to ride, at which Mrs. Leo Hunt smiled scornfully.

"Really, there is no accounting for tastes," said the haughty woman to Mrs. Benson, as she saw them come and go.

"He is a dear little fellow, whatever his birth may have been," bravely persisted Mrs. Benson, "and his present prosperity agrees with him. How handsome he is growing, now that he has plenty of exercise, and is surrounded by kindness!"

She was watching him as she spoke, going up the steps, with Flossie clinging to his hand as if fearing she might lose him.

Mrs. Clyde had learned a good deal about his former life through her questioning, and his fragmentary recollections strangely interested her. Mr. Lendrum, her lawyer, came often of late, and wore almost as anxious a face as Mrs. Clyde when they came from their consultations in the library.

One day, as she and Mr. Lendrum saw Flossie with her arm close about Teddy's neck, and laughing merrily, she said, "I shall adopt him! I

cannot give it up! See how fond she is of him, M. Lendrum! He has the name and he shall fill the place of my boy."

To which the lawyer replied, in a low voice, "Do not be rash, Mrs. Clyde, I beg of you. Wait a little longer, that you may have nothing to regret."

(To be Continued.)

A Model Man.

By REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D., LL. D.

DANIEL is one of the model men in the Old Testament; in some respects he is about the best character for young men to study and to imitate. In his youth he faced ridicule by refusing to touch the king's wine; in his later life he was not afraid to face the king's lions. There were two or three things about his course in this last matter that young people ought to notice. In the first place he did not sent any apology to the king of Babylon. Apologies for doing a right thing only belittle the act and take off the grace of it. In the second place, he did not brag about what he was going to do. There was no bluster or big talk. When I was a pastor, I used to be rather distrustful of people who, when uniting with the church, made very loud professions and promises. They reminded me of Peter's boastful speech to his Master, "Though all men forsake thee, yet will not I."

Daniel neither apologized nor played the braggart. He saw that there was serious business before him; he knew all about the ferocious lions in the royal park, and had made up his mind to face them when the time came. So he quickly went up to the chamber on the roof of his house; he threw open his lattice, and worshipped God in prayer, "just as he did aforetime." Actions speak louder than words. The old hero went down on his knees three times a day; busy man as he was, he took time to pray; brave man that he was, he did not care who saw him, or how soon his godly conduct was reported to the king. Daniel did not ask God to muzzle the lions; nor was there any intimation given him that if he did his duty there would be any miracle wrought in his behalf. Martyrs, when they make up their minds to suffer for the right, always expect that lions will bite and that fire will burn.

There are two roads for every young person in the journey of life. They cannot take both, and every young man must decide which of them he will take. The one is a smooth and easy path of connivance and compromise, with no lions to encounter. The other is by the air-line of duty as God's word and conscience reveal duty; whoever treads that path must expect to be battered with ridicule, and often bespattered with misrepresentation and reproach. There are two kinds of church-membership. In the one case, Mr. "Facing-both ways" tries to stand with one foot in the church and the other foot over in the world; he is secretly distrustful by both; he has to much profession of religion to suit worldly people, and too little practice of religion to please the people of God. The other type of religion is that of one who comes out squarely on Christ's side—not as pleasing men but God, which trieth the heart. This latter sort of Christianity is at a premium in these days, for it is quite too scarce. If courageous Christians encounter opposition, they are, after all, the only ones who win converts to Christ.

Daniel dared to be singular, both when he refused the king's wine-cup and when he defied the king's lions. The young man or woman who follows the fashion and runs with the crowd, counts for nothing. When they turn around and face the crowd for conscience' sake, they may encounter hard knocks, or scoffs, but they save their own souls, and are in the right attitude to save the souls of others. Every young man who determines to keep a clean conscience, and obey Christ's commandments, will encounter some lions in the course of his experience. In business he must often decide between selling his conscience and selling his goods; he must prefer to be poor rather than to put a dirty dollar into his purse.

In social life he must not be afraid of being branded as "puritanical" in his habits. In poli-

tics he must "bolt" whenever his party heads on the wrong track. I have watched the career of thousands of young men for the past fifty years. The great majority of those who fail in life have failed for want of courage. They had no fibre to face lions of any kind. I have seen others who had the conscience and the courage to take Daniel's course, and they have discovered that God had "shut the mouths of the lions" and given them victory. If facing a duty and standing up for Christ costs dearly, it pays gloriously in the end. Retreat always brings ruin. My friend, ever be afraid of one thing, and that is the frown of God! His smile means heaven; His frown means hell!

Health Column.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Question—I am greatly troubled with sleeplessness, but have a morbid horror of anything in the form of a sleeping draught. Can you recommend any plan for promoting sleep—other than drugs—and which is not injurious to health?

Answer—Take a moderate amount of exercise in the open air, during the day, but be careful to stop short of fatigue. Do not read any exciting books or papers during the evening, or at least for an hour before retiring. Do not eat a meal just before going to bed; the last meal should be taken from two to three hours before retiring. Lie perfectly on your back, without a pillow—the spinal column perfectly straight. Now take at least a dozen long, deep, full breaths, and fix your mind earnestly on "sleep," "rest," "restful sleep." Then turn quietly and gently on the right side, and before you are aware, the "drowsy god" will have claimed you, and sweet balmy sleep will be yours. Try it.

Question—Can you inform me why sea air is so helpful in a large number of cases, and yet positively injurious in others? And to what is the beneficial effects of sea air due?

Answer—The tonic effect of sea air is mainly due to the ozone, which is produced by the action of the oxygen contained in the air, upon water in motion, such as waves and breakers. Some of its bracing effect is held to be due to the presence of iodine and chlorine, which are disengaged from the sea water by physical and atmospheric action. Ozone is found in mountain air, and in winds blowing over dewy fields in the early morning, but there is a bracing quality in sea air superior to any of these, and is, in all probability, due to the causes stated. Why it should be that the same beneficial effect is not manifested in all cases, it would be difficult to say. If we positively knew that, we should have made a great advance in treating disease. The fact remains that in organic diseases, sea air seems to possess but little remedial value, but in cases where the system needs toning more than anything else, sea air will sometimes appear to perform miracles in restoring the sick to health. Constitutional diseases, like rickets often mend rapidly under its influences, while rheumatism is but little helped, and frequently retarded.

Question—Will you please explain why toast is considered better, as an article of diet, even than stale bread? I know that there is a general opinion among doctors, to that effect, but I am desirous of knowing something more than the simple fact, that it is. I would know why it is so.

Answer—Toast is better, as an article of diet, than ordinary bread, for the simple reason that it is better cooked, and therefore, more easily digested. The fact of cutting bread into small pieces, and subjecting the newly cut surfaces to the action of heat, not only destroys the life of the yeast, and eliminates some of the harmful products of yeast fermentation, but the added heat practically advances the digestion of the bread, by converting the starch granules into a higher form of dextrin, so that the stomach can deal with it more successfully.

Question—My eyes are very weak, and lately they water very much, which is very annoying. My glasses suit me as they are very strong, but I am afraid they will get worse. There are no good oculists in this town, therefore I take the liberty of asking you.

Answer—It is more than probable that the watering of the eyes is due (in a great measure) to improperly fitting glasses, for it is well

known to eye specialists that that is a principal cause not only of eye trouble, but numerous nervous affections. If there are no good oculists in your town, it would pay you handsomely to pay a trip to some other city, and consult a competent man, for sight is too precious a gift to risk the loss of it for the sake of the extra expense. In the meantime, to strengthen the eyes, it will be found highly beneficial to dip the face in cold water every morning—with the eyes wide open, and to close and open them several times while immersed in the water, thus bringing the water in contact with all parts of the conjunctive.

Temperance Column.

"What Intemperance Costs Our Nation."

The great question which many people ask these days concerning a thing is, what does it cost? Sometimes this is a very proper question. At other times, to place this question in the position of first importance is the height of folly. In regard to the evil of intemperance, the primary consideration is, not how much *cash* does it cost the nation, but how much *character* does it cost. The moral issue is of more importance in the long run, than the financial issue.

But in our topic we are to deal with what the liquor traffic costs our nation—how much of the hard earnings of the people of Canada is consumed by the monster, known as Strong Drink.

WHAT CANADA PAYS FOR DRINK.

The amount is almost incredible. It is enormous. And the worst of it is, we get no real value for the expenditure. The people of Canada spend annually for drink the vast sum of \$40,000,000 in round figures. And this amount is a loss to the spender—a dead loss. When money is spent for clothing, food or other such commodities, the purchaser has value for his outlay. But when money is spent for strong drink, the purchaser is simply impoverished, and not benefited by the transaction. Then there is *all the grain* destroyed in the manufacture of liquor, which should be regarded as loss, for if not destroyed by the distillers, it would be available for other and profitable uses. And the value of the grain thus used is over a million dollars.

SACRIFICE OF HUMAN LIFE.

Estimate also, if you can, the *value of lives sacrificed* to the liquor habit. Careful computation shows that 3,000 lives are annually cut short in Canada by intemperance, each death robbing the country of an average of ten years of productive labor. It is estimated we sustain in this way an annual loss of fourteen millions. The distress, heart breaks, and misery caused by these deaths, money cannot estimate. There is also the item of misdirected work. The country loses by having about 13,000 men engaged in making and selling liquor, not actually adding anything to the wealth of the country. If properly employed, these then would add to the country an amount of wealth estimated at over seven millions.

A BIRD'S EYE VIEW.

Now in summing up all these items of cost to our country, we reach a total of over \$143,000,000. But as there is a revenue from the liquor traffic of about nine millions, we have a total loss to Canada through the liquor traffic every year of more than *one hundred and thirty-four millions of dollars*. What a startling revelation these figures make!

HOW TO END IT!

There are *three means* that may be used to end it. *First*, continue to create public sentiment without ceasing, against the curse of the liquor traffic. *Second*, let every one convinced of the evils of intemperance, become a total abstainer now and forevermore, remembering that if all the people of Canada were total abstainers the traffic would die for want of nourishment and support. *Third*, the monster evil is not to be perpetuated by license laws, but cut down by the prohibition axe, for this is the only effectual remedy for this ghastly disease on the body politic. The power to annihilate the liquor traffic resides in the government. But the people are the government, and when the people are ready to strike the final blow the work will be

done. *Vote it out.* Kill it with the bullets made of ballots, and the curse will end, provided we have behind the enacted law a strong, healthy intelligent, public opinion.

Making The Truth Plain.

It is the office of the preacher to make the truth impressively plain so as to forcibly impress. To do this one must apprehend it clearly himself. The preacher who is endowed with these gifts possesses essentials which should tend to make him great. Perhaps no preacher of his generation possessed these endowments to a greater degree or exerted a more far-reaching influence for good than Mr. Spurgeon. Impressive simplicity was stamped upon all his sermons and utterances. Whilst sitting one day in his vestry in the midst of inquirers, there entered a young man who had come all the way from Holland to ask the question so often asked: "What shall I do to be saved?" As he entered and addressed Mr. Spurgeon in broken English, Mr. Spurgeon inquired:

"Where did you come from?"

"I came from Flushing, sir, by boat."

"And you want to know what you must do to be saved? Well it is a long way to come to ask that question. You know what the answer is: 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"But I cannot believe in Jesus Christ."

"Well, now," said Mr. Spurgeon, "look here, I have believed in Him a good many years, and I do trust Him, but if you know something or other against him, I should like to know it, for I do not like to be deceived."

"No, sir; I do not know of anything against Him."

"Why don't you trust him then? Could you trust me?"

"Yes, I would trust you with anything."

"But you do not know much about me."

No, not much; only I know that you are a preacher of the Word, and I believe that you are honest, and I could trust you."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Spurgeon, "you could trust me, and then tell me that you cannot trust Jesus Christ? You must have found out something bad about Him. Let me know it."

He stood still and thought for a moment, and then said: "Dear me, I can see it now. Why of course I can trust Him. I cannot help trusting Him. He is such a blessed One that I must trust Him. Good-bye, sir," he added. "I will go back to Flushing; it is all right now."

A Wise Answer.

A young man in Massachusetts, when offered a package of infidel publications is said to have made the following admirable reply: "If you have anything better than the Sermon on the Mount, the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and that of the Good Samaritan; or if you have any better code of morals than the Ten Commandments, or anything more consoling or beautiful than the Twenty-third Psalm; or on the whole, anything that will throw more light on the future and reveal to me a Father more merciful and kind than the New Testament please send it along."

Simple Lessons, But Hard to Learn

When John Newton was in his declining years he wrote:

"When I was young I was sure of many things. There are only two things of which I am sure now; one is that I am a miserable sinner, and the other that Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour."

He is well taught who gets these two lessons. Have you learned them? They are worth more than any other wisdom. There will come a time when they will be worth more to you than all the world's philosophy or all the world's gold.

The saddest ignorance in this world is not to know the pleasure that comes from self-sacrifice.

New Brunswick Baptist Home Missions.

The Executive of the New Brunswick Baptist Home Mission Board met in monthly meeting on the 6th inst. A large correspondence was considered and reports from missionary pastors, Stackhouse, King, Sables, Henderson, Demmings, Steeves and Seelye were received and contents noted. These reports were for the months of September and October. From these we learn that seven had been baptized and two received by letter.

We are pleased to report that Rev. C. Currie goes to the St. Andrew's field where our late Bro., Rev. J. W. S. Young, was laboring so successfully when called home. We ask our brethren to remember this field and our Brother Currie. Calls continue to come for aid. Some of the fields that it was supposed last year would be self-supporting this year are disappointed in the cherished expectations. We must aid them again. On some of our fields, our workers are exceedingly poorly paid. The cold weather is just upon us, will not the pastors and members of the contributing churches see that we are placed in funds to pay out. The quarterly grants are small—too small in fact, and it would be sinful not to forward the small amounts regularly. Other fields are appealing, weak churches that must be aided if they are to have preaching. Brethren of the churches take this matter of Home Missions to your heart and let us work and pray.

G. O. GATES, Sec'y N. B. H. M. B.
St. John, Nov. 10.

Religious News.

SUSSEX.

We had, Sunday before last, a very successful Roll Call and thankoffering. A large number were present and answered to their names. The thankoffering amounted to \$67. This goes toward putting a fartrace in the parsonage.

W. CAMP.

Last Sunday I spent at Salisbury. Pastor Tiner came to the platform union jack in hand, and therefrom as a text, gave a fine discourse. He is hustling all along the lines. Tomorrow I shall preach for my old class mate, Pastor Addison, who continues to do grand work on this field. The two new houses of worship are suitable and "a joy forever."

The old Bay, that I have in boyhood days so often looked across to gaze upon these hills, is foaming today. As I write I can hear the waves roar and the stones "rubble" on the beach. Directly opposite here is Apple River lighthouse, and not far therefrom the "home of my childhood and (still living) mother." As soon as the sea is calm I shall see her. Although long accustomed to view the scenery from that side I never before set foot here. It does us good to see things from some other point of view. There are two sides to other things than politics. The elections are over and the result is a lopside. All who seemed sure have not secured seats.

Very truly yours,

F. N. ATKINSON.

Alma, N. B., Nov. 10th, 1900

HARVEY, ALBERT CO., N. B.

We have now been in charge of this part of the Master's field four months. We have become acquainted with most of our people and find them united almost to a man in desiring the prosperity of the church and the salvation of souls. Our preaching services are well attended, and what is more gratifying close attention is paid to every part of the service. The church has adopted the Individual Communion Service which we feel is an advance in the right direction. They have also paid off a debt which has been needlessly hanging onto the church with a mortgage attached for some time. One new deacon, Bro. J. B. Turner, has been appointed to fill the vacancy left by Bro. Deacon G. Bremster, who has, we regret to say, found it necessary to take up his residence on the Pacific Coast. We have a wide-awake W. M. A. S. which has raised during the past four months \$40. Meetings are well attended and good work is being accomplished. Several have professed conversion but we have no baptisms to report as yet. We feel that with a united praying and

sympathetic people desirous of a blessing, with a good house of meeting filled with a large congregation, that we have all the human conditions of success and are waiting on the Lord for his blessing.

M. E. FLETCHER.

CAMPBELLTON, N. B.

The writer had an opportunity of spending a Sunday not long since in Campbellton. It was a real pleasure to do so. He can remember when there was no Baptist church in that place. Now there is a fair, sturdy body of aggressive believers who are at work doing the Master's will. The Sunday School, under the efficient lead of Superintendent Dickie, is doing a good work. There is a W. M. A. S. in connection with the church. The congregations which assemble on the Lord's day are excellent, and the attention given to the preacher as he presents his message shows an intelligent appreciation of the great truths of the gospel. This little church somewhat isolated from other Baptist churches, has had a succession of able preachers and earnest workers, which will account for its progress during the past years of its history. The writer learned during his brief visit that the church had extended a call to the Rev. J. W. Keirstead of Port Morien, Cape Breton, to become pastor as successor to Rev. A. F. Brown who has recently settled at Newcastle under most favorable circumstances. We wish for these brethren in their important spheres great success.

A Sunday in this beautiful St. GEORGE, N. B. village, a guest at the parsonage, a service at the Upper Falls was a recent pleasant experience.

In the absence of the pastor the writer enjoyed a good day with the good people of St. George. This old church under the wise leadership of Pastor Lavers is making progress along a number of lines. A spirit of harmony and good feeling prevails. The services are well attended. The Sunday School and B. Y. P. U. are important factors in the work of the church, and these are greatly helped by members of the pastor's family who are helpers indeed. The Upper Falls church has suffered much from death and removals, but there is a faithful few who are always in their places. The W. M. A. S. in this community keeps the missionary fires burning. It is a pleasure to greet such workers and bid them Godspeed in their efforts to extend the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. St. George is prospering. It is the home of Senator Gilmor, whose name has been associated with the community for years. The great industry of the town is the Granite works, which gives employment to a large number. Deacon Dodds among others is doing an extensive trade, and the Dewar Brothers are the head of an enterprising and pushing business—the senior member of the firm is a deacon of the church and also the efficient Sunday School Superintendent. It is an interesting sight to see him and his children on their way to and from school. Pastor Lavers is to be congratulated.

M.

Personals.

Rev. E. C. Corey has resigned his charge at Shediac and would consider a call from any church desiring his services. Mr. Corey's address is Penobscis, N. B.

The church at Cambridge, Narrows, was supplied last Sunday by Rev. W. McGregor. The people would doubtless be interested and benefited by his clear and forceful presentation of Christian doctrine.

Rev. F. C. Wright who for a few months past has served the church at Hampton Station as pastor, leaves this week for Rutland, Vt., having been called to the pastorate of the church in that town.

Rev. H. F. Adams of Truro, came to St. John last week to assist Pastor Waring in a series of special services and will remain during the present week. Mr. Adams preached at morning and evening at Brussels street on Sunday and was heard with much interest. A good degree of interest is manifested in the special services.

—M. & V.

The world needs the workman, but it needs the preacher, too. Jesus quit work to teach men to worship.

The best preacher may not find believing hearers; Capernaum greeted Jesus with wonder, but not with true worship.

He preaches the gospel with authority who is first himself wholly subject to it as an authority.

Married.

HALLETT-MABEE.—In the Baptist church, Hampton Village, Nov. 8th, by Rev. I. N. MacNeill, Percy B. Hallett and Mabel L. Mabee, both of Hampton, N. B.

CHAFFMAN-HENDRY.—At St. John, N. B., on 7th inst., by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Acel Chapman of Waterhouse, N. B., to Clara J. Hendry of Cambridge.

BERRY-DOUTHWRIGHT.—At the residence of the bride's parents, on October 18th, by Rev. I. N. Thorne, William B. Berry to Ida Eden Douthwright, only daughter of William B. Douthwright, Esq., of Elgin, Albert Co., N. B.

PERKINS-McVEY.—At the bride's home, on November 14th, by Rev. N. A. McNeil, Edward L. Perkins of Norton Station and Alice M. McVey of Bloomfield, Kings Co.

SYMPER-TURNS.—At the home of the bride, Cambridge, N. B., on November 8th, by Rev. A. B. McDonald, Captain George F. Sympier of Canning and Lorena Turns of Cambridge.

Died.

GRAY.—At Waterville, N. B., Nov. 4th, of cancer of the stomach, Rhoda P. E., aged 65 years and 5 months, beloved wife of Edward Gray and daughter of the late Charles Hartley, Canterbury, leaving a husband and 3 children to mourn the loss of a faithful wife and loving mother. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

FERRIS.—At Union Station, Queens Co., N. B., on the 27th ult, of consumption, Judson E. Ferris, aged 21 years, beloved son of James B., and Adatha Ferris, leaving a sorrowing father and mother, three brothers and three sisters, and a very large circle of friends to mourn their sad loss. Our young brother did trust in Jesus, and in his last moments earnestly asked God to take him from his sufferings to the peace and rest of heaven.

JONES.—At Cambridge, N. B., on November 1st, Finetta E., in the 5th year of her age, only daughter of Simson and Addie Jones.

COES.—At Cambridge, N. B., on November 17th, Mary Elizabeth, beloved wife of Butler Coes, Esq. She was baptized by Rev. M. P. King into fellowship with the First Cambridge Baptist church. She was a good woman. "She sleeps in Jesus and is bliss."

FANJOY.—At Waterborough, Queens Co., N. B., on Oct. 21st, Jane Fanjoy, widow of the late William Fanjoy, aged 82 years. She was converted nearly 50 years ago, and was baptized by Rev. George Burns into fellowship with the Mill Cove church, of which she continued a faithful and beloved member until her removal to the church triumphant.

ROBERTSON.—On the evening of Tuesday, 13th inst., after a brief illness, Catherine, relict of the late George H. Robertson, entered into rest from the home of her son-in-law, J. B. Wilmot, St. John West. Sister Robertson was baptized by Rev. Samuel Robinson in 1841, and had been for 59 years a beloved and consistent member of the Carleton church, and at the time of her death was in the 79th year of age. She leaves to mourn two daughters, Mrs. Wilmot of Carleton, and Mrs. Bookout of Los Angeles, Cal., and a large number of relatives and friends in whose memories she will continue to live because of the sweet Christian influence she exerted in every relation of her life.

COBURN.—At Fredericton, on September 22nd, Dr. Benjamin Coburn, aged 62 years. Dr. Coburn was born at Keswick Ridge, York Co. He studied at the Fredericton Baptist Seminary, and took his medical course at Harvard. Immediately after graduating he served for a year as assistant surgeon in the American Civil War, being present at the surrender of Vicksburg. Returning to this province he practised his profession at Chipman, Queens Co., for seven years, and then at Keswick Ridge for twenty-nine years. While at Chipman Dr. Coburn was married to Miss Effie N. King, sister of Senator G. G. King and Rev. M. P. King. He united with the Maenacque church during the pastorage of H. N. Hughes. He retired from active professional work in the autumn of 1899 on account of failing health, and removed to Fredericton. A widow and four children survive him.

COLEMAN.—Odbar W. Coleman was the son of the late Rev. William Coleman, one of our most respected pastors. He was traveller for Levy & Co. of Hamilton, Ontario, and one of their most trusted employes. He had never gone by steamer to Yarmouth but after some hesitation concluded to go by the Monticello on Friday night, November 9th. With many others he lost his life on that ill-fated vessel. His body was recovered, and the funeral services took place at his home which he had just built at Moncton. He was interred at Hopewell Cape. He leaves a wife and two little children, an aged mother, one brother, Dr. Henry Coleman of Moncton, and two married sisters. He was a quiet but genuine Christian.