

The Plague of Pessimism

It were a consummation devoutly to be wished if all the pessimists in our churches on civic life, our homes, could be transported to some barren island in mid-ocean where they could emphasize one another and indulge in their godless cater-waulings to their hearts' content. Your practiced chronic grumbler and pessimist in home, church or state makes life miserable for all about him. He is a nuisance in society, a plague to his friends, a burden to himself. What an inspiring picture will the children have to carry them through life if entomped on their memory is the recollection of a moping, jolly father and, what is worse, a sour faced, scowling mother. There are some places where the motto, "Home, sweet home; there's no place like home," would be the most grotesque and bitter irony imaginable.

HOPE'S TRIUMPH.

There can be no hope in a godless life. "Without God, without hope." Tearing away the mask of pleasure with which the godless life so often screens itself and you find the hideous marks of of hatefulness, discontent, selfishness, misery in the background. The life devoted wholly to self, to the indulgence of pleasure and accumulation of goods for selfish ends, that life of all lives is the most unsatisfactory. It spells damnation at the end. It is a base, blasted life, whether it ends amidst the cushioned luxury of a palace or the squalor of a hovel.

The true ground of hope is in God. The gospel of Christ is the evangel of hope. The Christian life is the life of hope. "My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves, so dark that men cry out against the heavens." True; yet Leibnitz is suggestive when he says that, though this is not a perfect world because of the presence of evils, still, for the purpose of man's training and discipline, it is the best of possible worlds. And the Christian apostle throws light on the same dark problem when he exclaims that "all things work together for good to them that love God." The world was dark indeed when Jesus tabernacled in the flesh, but there was no note of pessimism or despair in this ministry. He "illuminated the moral evil in the world most deeply and clearly." He knew what was in man. With unerring insight he knew perfectly the foulness of sin, the torturing nature of guilt; nevertheless he dared to say that he could save to the uttermost and that no one should be cast out who came to the Father by him. And not only did he say it, but, like all his matchless teaching, it has been proved absolutely true in ten thousand instances during the Christian centuries. The world's hope springs here and nowhere else. The light of hope streams across the ages from the height of the world. And he who is Christ smant know it. His whole soul is buoyed with it. It has become an integral part of his personal experience, a victorious power in his life. His vital identification with Christ has taught him that he has chosen the good part which can never be taken away. He has a consciousness, a conviction that he is on the right side. He believes with firmest confidence that his hope can never fail because it rests on the center of things, is in alliance with that divine spirit of truth, righteousness and goodness which, despite surface indications to the contrary, is and must ever be the moving, guiding, controlling Spirit of the universe. In this spirit he bravely faces the evils of his time. He heroically enters upon the new year before him. Evils dismay him not, for he knows out of evil good must come. He remembers that Rome was not built in a day and he knows that the kingdom of heaven will not be set up in a night. He knows that "the mills of God grind slowly"; that the obliteration of evils require time; that God will give all the time necessary, and that, although the work of the church may lag in one year, still in the aggregate of the years, progress and prosperity will be registered, and the cleansing, uplifting influence of Christ's Kingdom will gradually but surely permeate and leaven personal, social, civic and national life.

HOPE'S FRUITAGE.

Hence, like the stalwart apostle of the early days he rejoices in hope! Hope and rejoicing are inseparable. Doleful, lugubrious Christians bear not the family likeness. They can never be true members of the household of faith. The true healthy Christian is brimful of the joyousness of hope. He rejoices in hope just as naturally as the nightingale fills the moonlit woods with liquid melody and the summer sun fills earth and sky with golden sunshine. Of such Christians, true Christians, we need our churches full, our homes and towns full. "Under whose preaching were you converted?" inquired the church of a young man who presented himself for membership. "Under nobody's preaching," came the reply. "But under my mother's living. It was my mother's cheerful, hopeful Christian living and well doing that caused me to decide to live the same life." That is the best evidence for Christianity, for it is Christianity, and, like the sun, Christianity is its own best evidence.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

Ye who have but scant supply—
Angel eyes will watch above it,
Ye shall find it by and by.
He who in his righteous balance
Doth each human action weigh,
Will your sacrifice remember,
Will your loving deeds repay,
Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store—
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore.
You may think it lost forever,
But as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other
It will yet return to you.

It was something like flickering faith. No sooner did Andrew make this little suggestion than he felt ashamed and evidently would have withdrawn it. The improbability of his expedient being practical occurred to him, and he anticipated the objection suggested on rationalistic grounds. "But what are these among so many?" How often faith suffers eclipse by the shadow of our poor reason coming across its face! These dreadful "buts" are always arising in our hearts, to cloud our rising faith. Yet, truly, apart from Jesus' power, "What are these among so many?" What are all our resources in comparison with the vast needs of poor shepherdless humanity? What are our science, our philosophy, our philanthropy, our civilization, our organized schemes of help and deliverance? How little headway we make against the world's sore need! Truly all we have is but five barley loaves and two small fishes, which are nothing until placed in His Almighty hands, who can multiply them indefinitely; but if brought to Jesus, and then used with His blessing, will prove more than enough.

"There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." Just a little lunch which he had brought with him that day. Of course, this laddie's small supply among so many but the very fact that it was mentioned to the Master is evidence that Andrew had some thought working in his mind, that if once it were suggested, the Master might do something with it. Perhaps Andrew was thinking of how the Lord had made the water wine at Cana, and possibly He might do something of the kind if only He had the means to work with. Here, at least, was something. Andrew was a resourceful man—a man of quicker thought and readier action than the others. It was he who first went and found his brother Simon Peter, and brought him to Jesus. Well, this was but a little faith. Yet he offered it to Jesus, and, as it turned out, it was accepted, and his suggestions became the basis of a glorious miracle. Let us not be afraid or ashamed of proposing what comes to our mind, no matter how small it is, or how ridiculous it may look! David

thought of his sling and stone, and God did not despise it, but used it.

Now for our little fishes and our few barley loaves. Let us not be ashamed of them; but above all, let us not begin to distribute them as they are, for surely they will fail. Give them, not first to the multitude, but bring them to the Lord, and put them in His hands. He will not despise them, but accept them from us. Jesus will feed the multitude with our bread, but it must first be placed in His hands. The widow's mite cast into the treasury with her whole heart, given to the Lord and not for ostentation, is more than the unconsecrated wealth of the rich. Bring your poverty, your weakness, your lack of training or worldly influence to the Lord; place it in His hands, and see what will come of it, for "It is not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." The "waters of Shiloah that go softly" are better than the armies of Egypt. If we could only learn this lesson, what multitudes of poor, hungry, starving souls we might feed! It is not that if we all bring what we have, and combine to make much, but each bringing our little, and giving it into the hands of the Lord, the supply is multiplied and blessed.

Ordination and the English Bible.

The following report of the Committee to suggest the scope of an examination on the English Bible for candidates for ordination appearing before the Permanent Council of Baptist churches of New York and vicinity was adopted by the Council at the meeting on Monday, December 21: To the Permanent Council of Baptist Churches of New York and Vicinity:—The committee has corresponded with teachers in all Baptist theological seminaries in the United States, and with other well-known Bible students, announcing the purpose of the Council concerning an examination of candidates for ordination on their knowledge of the English Bible, requesting an opinion thereon, and asking for suggestions as to the specific duty for which it was appointed. The limits of this report will not allow quotations from the letters received, which, without exception, heartily approve our course. It is a matter for congratulation that we have the enthusiastic endorsement of presidents of seminaries, members of their faculties, the denominational press, intelligent laymen of our own communion, and able representatives of other Christian bodies.

After two protracted sessions, and after careful study of suggestions by our correspondents, your committee recommends as wise, and possible under present conditions:—

I. That examinations of a candidate for ordination be upon

- (1) His Christian experience;
- (2) His call to the Christian ministry;
- (3) His knowledge of the English Bible;
- (4) His views of Christian truth.

II. That in the examination on the English Bible no difference as to scope be made between graduates of theological seminaries and those who have not such advantages, since some knowledge of the Bible is essential to qualify any person for entrance upon the Christian ministry. The Council can easily adjust the minuteness of its examination to the educational history of each candidate.

III. That, as a minimum, the scope of the examination on the English Bible embrace:

- (1) The names and classification of the books of the Bible;
- (2) The contents of any book in the Bible;
- (3) Biblical history, including principal biographies;
- (4) The life of Christ.

IV. That the resolution stating the purpose of the Council, and this report be sent to each church in the Southern New York Baptist Association, with the request for its endorsement of our action.

W. C. BITTING, J. L. CAMPBELL,
W. A. GRANGER, E. S. HOLLOWAY,
R. P. JOHNSTON, C. S. MORRIS

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XX.

The summer months fled happily by, and early in September Elsie began to attend a private school for girls in Berwick, kept by the Misses Van Alstyne, two accomplished maiden ladies, old friends of Miss Hathaway's. The young girl had looked forward with some apprehension to her school days; as usual she dreaded meeting so many strangers, and feared besides that she would be found backward in her studies. To avert this evil, if possible, she applied herself diligently to her books during the summer, though watched over carefully by Miss Hathaway, who would overdo herself and miss the exercise and sleep she needed.

She had the kindest of helpers in both Miss Hathaway and Mr. Adams. Aunt Martha instructed her in English literature, French and German, while the young minister gave her lessons in Latin and mathematics. Both were delighted with Elsie's comprehensive grasp of any study, her remarkable quickness and tenacious memory.

"She is one of the brightest young creatures I ever met," said Mr. Adams one evening to Miss Hathaway. "It's an awful pleasure to teach her! I profess that she will take a high stand at once in the Misses Van Alstyne's school, and be ready to graduate in two years, without overtaxing herself either. Then she can aid ought to be sent to college. She richly deserves the chance. As you know, she has a great ambition to be a teacher, and I believe that she would make a most successful one. She has such a noble Christian character, that if she is spared to grow into womanhood I am sure her influence over any young people placed under her care will be most helpful and far reaching."

"I'm delighted that you think so highly of the dear girl," replied Miss Hathaway. "And she shall go to college, if it is possible, during the fall. Her eyes glowed with a thoughtful, somewhat anxious expression as she spoke. She was too well aware that the sum Mr. Hadley squandered his daughter for her education would be hardly sufficient for her tuition in the Misses Van Alstyne's establishment, and was considering what sacrifices she could make to give her the chance that would mean so much to her.

"Now, my dear, good friend," said Mr. Adams kindly, "I beg you won't take any anxious thought about this matter. I am well acquainted with one of the trustees of Vassar, a wealthy, large-hearted man whose delight is to help young people of ability but of small means to a college education. I am sure he would be interested in such a bright girl as Miss Elsie; and Dr. Noble, too, who looks so much of her, would use his influence with him. I have not a doubt that we can procure a scholarship for your niece in Vassar College."

"How can I thank you enough for all your kindness?" began Miss Hathaway, but the young minister would not let her go on.

"Now don't say another word of that sort. If in any way I ever be of some help to you dear, kind people who are always doing something for my pleasure and comfort, I shall think it a privilege, I assure you."

Again the June roses are in bloom, as luxuriantly beautiful in Berwick as upon that summer day fifteen years before, when Elsie arrived in the pretty rural town. Berwick has grown since then; some new public buildings and a number of stores and private houses have been erected in the course of years.

In the handsome, commodious school house, surrounded by well kept grounds, where the Misses Van Alstyne held sway so long, there is a tinge of excitement and expectation in this June morning. It is "Commencement Day," and from the new principal of the school, who assumed charge of it last fall down to the youngest pupil all are full of the spirit of the occasion.

Mr. Adams' prophecies had been fulfilled, while some changes had taken place that had not anticipated.

At seventeen Elsie had graduated with high honors from the Misses Van Alstyne's establishment. She was one of their favorite pupils, and they, as well as her other friends, were very anxious that she should be sent to Vassar. The worthy friend of whom Mr. Adams had spoken, and who was one of the patrons of the school, was present at the graduating exercises, and Elsie was presented to him afterward. The good man, who had been much pleased with her appearance and the way in which she had acquitted herself in her studies, with her graduating essay and the valedictory she had been selected to deliver, has his favorable opinion confirmed by an interview with the bright, interesting young girl, so full of enthusiasm for the noble profession she had chosen.

It was not long before he made the offer to send her to Vassar College the following autumn. Elsie and her friends were grateful beyond measure, though, with her usual noble independence of character, the young girl asked that she might be allowed to return the price of her tuition by quarterly payments when she herself should be earning a salary as a teacher. Pleas'd with her independent spirit, her friend agreed to the arrangement, and with heartfelt thankfulness Elsie began her preparations for entering Vassar in the fall. Her only regret, and a deep one, was that she must be separated from her beloved aunt so much of the year. But that was inevitable; it was a great comfort to her that Rosie was, as ever, her mistress' right hand and that Mr. Adams was still an intimate of Rosecroft, as devoted to his hostess as she was thoughtful of him.

Such as Miss Hathaway felt the parting from Elsie, she bore to it with her usual cheerfulness. The autumn came softly round, and Elsie, having passed a successful examination, entered Vassar College. We will not dwell upon her happy sojourn in this noble institution, nor the friendships she formed there, some of them destined to last through her life. When she left Vassar—graduating with honors—it was with a change of address, and broadcast by the beneficent atmosphere of the college.

Elsie had scarcely graduated from Vassar when the Misses Van Alstyne made her an offer at a position as teacher in their school. She accepted it gladly, for both she and Miss Diantha were delighted at this opening, which permitted them to remain in Berwick.

Elsie was a born teacher, with a magnetic personality that influenced every pupil with whom she came in contact. Her scholars loved and respected her in equal measure. So important an element did she become in the school, that when, after some years, the elder Miss Van Alstyne died it seemed only natural that the younger sister should ask Elsie to take the position of assistant principal, which she herself had occupied so long.

Elsie's objection, and a strong one, was that her Aunt Diantha, in order to remain with her, would be obliged to leave her beloved cottage and live in the school. Miss Van Alstyne, who dearly loved Miss Hathaway, had herself proposed this, declaring that she and Elsie should have two of the pleasantest rooms in the commodious building, and that, furthermore, she would find a position in her household for faithful Rosie. As for Mr. Adams, he had departed two years before, to the great regret of our friends and all who knew him. Called to be pastor of a church in a neighboring city, he had taken an affectionate leave of his friends, but sometimes came to visit or to preach, accompanied now and then by the lovely young wife whom he had married soon after leaving Berwick. Another valuable assistant had been secured for Dr. Noble.

(To be Continued.)

The Perfect Way.

As for God His way is Perfect,
His wisdom is our staff and stay;
He who would his will interpret
Shall not fall or go astray.

Seated on His throne in glory,
Yet beholds poor sinning men;
Knowing how from Him they've wandered,
Seeks to win them back again.

From the horrid pit he takes them,
Out of the mire and filthy clay,
In His own Royal Robe enwraps them,
Sets their feet in the narrow way.

In their mouths He puts a new song,
Highest praises to their King,
Joining with the saints in glory,
To His feet their tributes bring.

As for God, His way is perfect,
Though thy path be dark and drear,
On His blessed word relying,
Stay thy zeal and dry thy tears.

Rev. Fredk. T. Snell,
Acton, London, W.

Interesting Baptist Items

By E. C. Romine.

It was a Baptist who wrote *Pilgrim's Progress*, a book next to the Bible for usefulness.

The father of William Penn was a Baptist. John Hart, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, belonged to the Hopewell, N. J., Baptist church.

Henry Clay, the great orator, had a Baptist father and his half brother was a Baptist preacher. Samuel Houston, the noted statesman and patriot of Texas, was a Baptist.

Thaddeus Stevens honored the memory of his Baptist mother by liberal bequests.

The mother of Abraham Lincoln was a Baptist. Mr. Lincoln said: "All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother."

T. U. Walter, a noted architect, who designed the dome of our National Capitol and of the Girard College buildings, was a Baptist deacon. The late President Wm. McKinley insisted on being immersed.

A Baptist, Rev. S. F. Smith, wrote the popular hymn, "My country 'tis of thee."

The richest man in the United States, probably in the world, John D. Rockefeller, is a Baptist. His son teaches a Baptist Bible class of 200 men.

Rev. William Howe, Cambridge, Mass., aged 97 years, is the oldest Baptist clergyman in the United States. He graduated from Newton in 1830.

The largest Protestant church edifice in America Grace Baptist Temple, Philadelphia.

The Mayor of Philadelphia is a Baptist. The first Sunday school was started by a Baptist, Robert Rakes.

The first Bible society was started by a Baptist, Joseph Hughes.

The first Gospel preacher was a Baptist. His name was John.

The first man to secure soul-liberty in America was a Baptist, Roger William, who founded Rhode Island colony, and located the city of Providence.

It is said that Mr. Spurgeon used to tell of a man who would say to his wife: "Mary, go to church and pray for us both." The man dreamed that he and his wife had reached the gate of heaven, and on asking for admission, St. Peter said: "Mary can go in for both."

To our Readers.

Our story "Research" will close with our next issue. After that we will begin another very interesting serial, called "Crusading for the Cross," which will not only be a story, but will be somewhat biographical and geographical in its detail. It may not interest some of our juvenile readers who prefer one of a more novel style, but we are quite sure they will find it entertaining and profitable, and the older folks will prize it the more as it is. We are pleased to have renewals coming in with payments, and new subscriptions taken by those who send them. They will please accept our thanks for these new names being added to our lists. We hope there will be many more very soon, and that there will be no more orders to stop sending the paper. It is too late now for these orders, as we are now entering upon the second month of the new year. Last year there were several who ordered their paper stopped after they had been getting it from two to four months over the time for which they paid for it. This is not fair to us. We regard all subscriptions as permanent until payments are made and orders to discontinue are sent in. To leave the paper in the post-office refused without paying up all dues, and not notifying us is neither lawful nor fair. Several during the last year have changed their place of residence and have not let us know where they have gone, so we do not know where to send them their paper, nor where to call upon them for payment. This course of action seems to be more than carelessness. Any one can tell by looking at the date marked on their paper how much they owe for it, for we always mark to what date it is paid to. It is always to Jan. or July in each year. These are the months that the paper begins. We make no account of any months between. Some to whom we have sent packages as sample copies for securing new subscribers with them, have sent us some new names; but others from whom we have not heard let us hear from them also; and if any of you have any of the Jan. 1904 copies on hand not disposed of please return them to us. We want some for new subscribers who want them from the first of this year. Address them to J. H. Hughes, 2 Conrad street, St. John, N. B. Conrad street begins at the head of the public steps on Main street, Indian town. All papers in exchange or otherwise, and all letters should be addressed to J. H. Hughes, as above.

The N. B. Baptist S. S. Convention.

We are looking forward toward the securing of a Baptist Field Secretary for our S. S. work in this Province.

Personally we heartily endorse all that has of late been said through your columns of the work of the Interdenominational S. S. Convention. There can be no doubt that much valuable service has been rendered the cause by that institution, and that it will continue to do blessed work in which we can all join hands. But we just as emphatically assert, and about. There is at hand for the statement—that there is a room and an absolute demand for a Baptist S. S. Convention for this province. We are being more assured of this fact as we continue to learn of the condition of our Sunday School work.

We must as a Denomination put more force in our S. S. work if we expect the largest results in the future. We cannot expect a Baptist S. S. to be organized in a mixed community through the influence of an Interdenominational S. S. Convention. In all fairness the new school thus organized will likely be a union school, and will likely remain so even if Baptist influence should

the center largely or dominantly in that particular community. We must do for our own work. It is more necessary that we should have a Baptist S. S. Convention because we have an Interdenominational S. S. Convention.

Directors are sending in lists of Baptist schools in each county. When all are in it is our purpose to address them in a circular, asking them to guarantee at least 5 cents per registered member toward paying the salary and expenses of a Baptist Field Secretary.

Two schools, Chipman and Briggs' Corner, Queens Co., have sent in their acceptance of the sets per minute proposition. This is good. Let other S. S. show their enthusiasm in the same way. Let all the directors complete their work as soon as possible, and let us all by a united and determined effort lift our S. S. work into a better condition. J. W. BROWN, Sec'y.

Hopewell Cape, Jan. 19.

Resting in God's Lamb.

Being the Story of a Remarkable Conversion.

Some years since there might have been seen, in the streets of one of our English watering-places, a tall, gaunt-looking man in clerical habit.

Years have passed away, but I shall never forget that face, pale and emaciated, with a look of unrest that told its own tale. As it proved subsequently, deep exercise of soul was there, unrelieved by all the vigils, fasting, and ams-giving he had tried. He had no peace, and death was at the door. A few months more, and he would be in eternity. Oh, how one's heart ached for him! and how many prayers went up to God on his behalf.

He had, in a remarkable way, come to lodge under the roof of a friend of mine, who ventured several times to speak to him, offering for his perusal various little books and pamphlets; but for a long time every attempt was indignantly repulsed.

"Don't you know," he would say, "that if I only had the strength I could preach a much better sermon than anything you can say or read to me?"

But the Lord had his own way and time of bringing the truth home with power to his heart, as will be seen from the following account, given me by the friend alluded to above:

I had been very ill myself, and a dear Christian lady deeply interested in us both, sent some books and papers to cheer me in my weakness, and also for the use of this dear invalid, who was then too weak to receive visitors of any kind. One of these papers was a number of *God's Glad Tidings*, containing the touching narrative headed *Light at Eventide*. This I asked him to read, which he did, and appeared to be much impressed by it. Others were afterwards given to him, and received by him gratefully, though as yet he had said nothing of what was going on within. A few days later he asked to see me; and when I went into the room where he was sitting alone he said, "I have been reading those papers you gave me, and am very much struck with their contents. One is called *Redemption* [by C. S.], from the words 'When I see the blood I will pass over you.' Ex. 12:13. I find from this that I have only to rest in Jesus who finished the work on the cross; that God looks at that blood, and accepts me for Jesus sake."

Indeed, that is quite true," I remarked. "I am so glad to hear you speak so, for I have been praying and longing to know whether you were really safe in Christ."

"Oh, yes," he replied, "I see it all now, and I have perfect peace through the blood of Jesus Col 1:20. It is all finished. John 19:30. Peace through that blood has come to me. I have also been reading another little book, *The Place of Security*, and it says the same, that Jesus has cleared the ground for His people. He took the sinner's place, died the sinner's death; that he was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him; (2 Corin. 5:21) and that if we believe in Him we are as safe as He is."

"Yes, it is all quite true," I rejoined; "it is God's word, not man's."

"I know it," said he, "because I have accepted it, and have perfect peace in the knowledge of it."

By this time he was quite exhausted, and I could only silently thank God for his great goodness, and ask him to continue his gracious work in the soul of this dear man.

Next day he was speaking of the wondrous work of redemption, and I asked, "Where is your Bible? Let us read the wondrous words from that."

"I have no Bible here," he answered, "I have only the prayer-book. I always thought that it had as much of the Bible in it as I wanted for use."

I fetched my own Bible, therefore, and together we looked into the various passages in connection with the subject. When too weak to go on with this, he said, "Will you lend me your Bible?"

"With pleasure!" I replied; and from that time he would not allow any one to read from the prayer-book, but preferred God's Word to any other book. That book of anxious distress, which he had always worn, now left his face, and one of holy calm and peace, telling of a soul at rest before God, took its place.

A few days later, when I asked him how he was, he said "*Resting in God's Lamb*." I have been reading another little book you gave me, on the "Feasts of the Lord," and there it says, "Through *God's Lamb* we enjoy *God's Rest*." How nice to have the same object of rest! God rests in His own Lamb, and thus receives me as a sinner; and I rest in His Lamb too, and receive salvation."

Shortly after this I thought he looked rather distressed, and asked if he were not so well?

"I have been thinking!" he replied, "of my short-comings."

"But," I said, "there is the same blood to meet those, and put them away. Prov. 28:13.

"Yes, but I was thinking of my poor people, whom I have been leading in the dark all this time, and it is now too late for me to set them right."

"Well," I said, "we must ask God to do what you cannot. He says, 'When I see the blood I will pass over you,' and that blood cleanseth from all sin."

"Thank you for reminding me of that." "Have you been long in the ministry?" I inquired.

"Twenty years ago," he said, "I gave up the world and entered 'the church'; but I never knew until now what it was to be a Christian. I have served God as a hard Master, afar off; but now I find, by His grace, that I am a child of God, and have perfect peace. All these years I have allowed my ritual to come between me and my God. I worked very hard in my parish from real pleasure, and love for my work; but I was in bondage. Now I have liberty of soul before God, through his grace."

He now became much weaker, and was obliged to keep in bed entirely; but it was indeed a privilege to minister to his wants in any way. He was so grateful for all that was done for him, and always so considerate and anxious lest those about him should be over-fatigued. All who came into his presence (the doctor included) were astonished at the calmness and patience with which he bore his intense sufferings. When asked at any time how he was, he did not appear to think of the body, for the answer nearly always was, "*Resting in God's Lamb*," or, "At perfect peace through the blood."

One morning, after a weary night of distressing restlessness, I said to him, "You have had a trying night?"

"Yes, very restless."

"In a little while you will enter into His rest."

"Yes," he said, "the same rest fully enjoyed."

On one occasion his words were, "Rest in him now, with him then."

As he was now so very ill, his wife's sister, wishing to see him came for a few days. Just after she came his wife went out and brought a clergyman in with her; as the doctor had said the invalid could not last many hours. On entering the room she said, "Dear E—, I have brought

a good priest to confess you."

He was too weak to speak at first, and she said, "Do try to confess to him; it will relieve your conscience, and you will die easier."

After a few minutes, with great difficulty he articulated, "I have confessed for the last time to man on earth; now I have to do with the Man Christ Jesus. He is my Priest."

"Dear brother, surely you will not die an apostate!" exclaimed the clergyman.

"I shall die rejoicing in the full and glorious liberty of a child of God!" was the sick man's exultant response.

After the clergyman had left the room the sister-in-law of the dying man, also the wife of a prominent clergyman, said to the dear sufferer, "Dear E—, how is it you would not confess? What has made this change?"

"I am resting in God's Lamb," he replied. "His blood has cleansed me from all sin, and I have perfect peace."

"But what has made such a change in you?" she further inquired.

"Show her! show her!" he said.

He was too weak to converse with her himself; and I understood that he wanted me to show her the words which had been used to him and which he always kept under his pillow. I took them out and read them to her. Among the papers was a hymn on a leaflet which I had given him to read entitled, *Trust the Everlasting Arms*. Several of the lines began with the word *When*—"When the time of trouble comes," "When the time of sickness," "When the time of death," and each ended with, "Trust the Everlasting Arms." The word *When* in each line he had crossed out, and over it written *Now*. Turning to his sister-in-law as I read it to her, he said, "Oh K—, trust the everlasting arms now before the time of sickness and trouble can come."

The Lord fastened this upon her at once, and she became much distressed about her own state of soul. All that night she could not sleep, and I came early in the morning asking for a Bible, that she might search it for herself; and we spent an hour or more together over the precious Word.

Her sister coming into the room was vexed to find her in such a state, and said, "K—, you have always been good all your life. What more do you want? I have no patience with all this fuss!"

"Oh, dear C—," she replied, "I have nothing that I can meet God with! I know that I have plenty of outward righteousness, if you like; but dear E— says he can meet God. Oh I could not do that if called now!"

"But your life has been blameless," her sister rejoined.

"Yes," she said, "before man; but how can I meet God?"

After a three days' struggle the light broke in, and she went to the bed-side of the dear sufferer, and said, "Oh, dear E—, I see it all now, and I too have peace through the blood of Jesus."

He turned to her, and sweetly observed, "Then dear K—, we are united in the closest tie of love to Jesus, and shall have a glorious meeting with Him." Is. 53: 17.

Religious News.

For the past two weeks LEINSTER ST. BAPTIST CHURCH, held by this church for the ST. JOHN, deepening of the spiritual life. They will be continued this week in the form of evangelistic services. Four persons were baptized last Sunday evening among them being a husband and wife. In other directions we have great cause for gratitude to God. A net \$1500 was expended upon repairing the exterior of the meeting house last summer, which amount has been pledged beside which the current expenses have been well maintained. The church has adopted the duplex envelope for weekly offerings, by which it hopes to increase the income for both current expenses and missionary objects.

CHRISTOPHER BURNETT.

I am entering upon my 1ST SPRINGFIELD fourth year with the above AND KARS, named churches having received an unanimous call.

The past year has been to me, one of more than ordinary labor, and I feel that the work has received more than ordinary blessing as the hearts of our people have fairly overflowed with a reality and kindness toward us, since we last reported. We were not forgotten at Christmas times by our friends. Among many other gifts, Mrs. Field received a valuable gold watch chain. This with \$50 received in the fall, and other tokens of kindness, tend to strengthen the ties of friendship between the congregation and pastor. We are now hoping and praying for a refreshing season from on high. WM. M. FIELD.

The year just closed has 2ND SPRINGFIELD. Been one of unusual interest, full to the brim of varied experiences, pleasurable, hopeful, painful, or trying, and of hard work. While it is closed with us now, we have had numerous tokens of God's presence and approval. The great rest among us is enthusiastic, earnest interest in the cause of Christ by the rank and file of the church. The uniform kindness and appreciation of some tend to make our stay one of very great pleasure. May all who leave the gates of Zion pray that the Lord may accomplish his great and gracious purposes amongst us. We hope before long to recall the fact that precious souls have been gathered into the Master's Kingdom. Feb. 1, 1904. WM. M. FIELD.

CARLETON, ST. JOHN. The report submitted to our annual meeting indicated substantial progress in all departments of our work. In some cases quite remarkable results have been achieved, notably the raising for the third year in succession of upwards of \$2000 for local expenses besides generous contributions to denominational and philanthropic enterprises. While we have not had large accessions to our membership, we find occasion for thanksgiving in the measure of peace and goodwill that prevail in the body, as also for the large congregation that wot upon the ministry of the word. Several persons have publicly expressed their desire for the experience of religion and of these a number occasionally speak in our social meetings, while we have reason to believe that many of the congregation have secretly accepted Jesus as their Saviour. May the day of ingathering be hastened. B. N. NOBLES.

I have been waiting for NEWCASTLE, N. B. something in the way of church news to report, but would indicate progress, failing in this, and having a long list of deaths to forward, I would improve the opportunity while writing to some of my brethren in the work. I am struggling along in the darkness. What with building railroads and opening up coal mines and other worldly affairs there seems to be very little time to devote to matters of the kingdom. However, amid all the clamor there seems sometimes to be a divine breath. May the heavenly winds come with greater power is the prayer of the faithful few, and thank God brethren, there is always the faithful few. Only for them I see no way of continuance in any of our churches. I would not like to tell of my predecessors, and they have been many for sorry I am to have to say in this field like a great many others have thought nothing of breaking the pastoral tie. Let him go some one else will be along by and by, ah brethren, such work has been a great injury to our churches. We have not held our ground, nor will we hold it by such hap hazard work. A god of Presbyterian said to me the other day "There are two things I have against the Baptist, "they do not keep their minister long on high, and they do not half pay them." I said I did not mind how much you publish that abroad, and it is all too true. My predecessors may not be to blame, but there seems to be all too much wood, hay, straw, stubble. Put the Lord's mark on every time brethren, and then your successor will not have such a hard

time hunting up the sheep. Trusting we may have something more cheery to note in the near future. M. P. KINS.

Married.

Mrs. BAL STEVENS. At the home of the bridegroom Dec. 24th, by Pastor A. A. Rutledge, Don. J. Archie McEae of Cal. donor to Wm. A. Steeves of Baltimore, Anne Co., N. B.

Mrs. FARLANE McHAYDEN. At the Baptist Parsonage, Ferrisburg, Va., Jan. 27th, by Pastor A. A. Rutledge, Clarence McFarlane of East Waterville to Jeanne McHayden of West Waterville, York Co., N. B.

MAXWELL COPP. At the home of the bride, Jan. 27th, by Pastor Maxwell of Rockport to Myrtle Sartman Copp of late Verbe Road, West Co., N. B., by Rev. Frank P. Dresser.

Mrs. NELL CAMPBELL. At the residence of the bride's parents, Jan. 20th, by the Rev. Geo. Howard, Dr. James McNeil of Keswick Bridge and Annie P., youngest daughter of John A. Campbell, M. P. E., of Kingsport, York Co.

Mrs. FLORENCE KING. At the home of the bride's parents, Feb. 2nd, by the Rev. N. A. MacNeill, Wm. A. Buchanan of Ferrisburg and Jennie Rose King of Steeves settlement, Westmoreland Co., N. B.

Died.

Mrs. GEORGE HICKS. At Village, N. B., Jan. 17th, Mrs. George Hicks in her 106th year of age. Mr. Hicks was born in the little village of Warrington, county of Somerset, in the west of England and came with his parents to this country when four years old. He settled in Hampton when a young man and carried on the business of wheelwright. In the course of time he accumulated considerable property, and by his steady integrity and worth of character won the respect of all his neighbors. Mrs. Hicks was married to J. S. to Mrs. Frances E. Fremont of Ferrisburg, who survives him. His surviving children are, Allen W., of the city of Hampton Village and Mrs. Robert H., north of Hampton Station, three sisters also survive, Mrs. Samuel Miller of Garland, Carleton Co., Mrs. Joseph Sherrod of Jacksonville, Carleton Co., and Mrs. Silas Lockhart, of Fenobiquis, Kings Co., deceased was an esteemed member of the Hampton Village Baptist Church, having been baptized by the Rev. George Howard in his early days.

Mrs. STEWART. Myrtle E. Stewart, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James R. Stewart of Washington Bay, died suddenly asleep in Jesus on the 16th of Jan. in the 22nd year of her age. She was a gentle soft hearted with an unconquerable disease—consumption. But she endured it all with a calm trust in her dear Saviour who suffered and died for her. When her illness near she bid good-bye to the family, saying she was going to a better home. She has left to mourn, father, mother, one brother and one sister.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed she be; From which none ever wakes to weep.

SAUNDERS. To the land where hills no shadow and knows no pain, the ransomed spirit of our respected brother G. Washington Saunders passed on to pay the 29th in the 67th year of his age. Brother Saunders was born in Eastport, Maine, June 20, 1837 and when he was but eighteen months old his parents removed to Helton where he has since resided. In the 21st year of his age, he was baptized by the Rev. E. N. Harris and united with the Helton Baptist Church. On Jan. 4th, 1862, he was married in marriage to Margaret N. Chipman. Of her and four daughters were given them as the result of this union. Two daughters, the widow and one grandchild survive him. Mr. Saunders was a good man and we think of him as a Christian of the Goodly type. "His works praise him." For 15 years he faithfully superintended a branch Sunday School among the colored people of Greenville, a settlement just a few miles from Helton. He had an organic heart difficulty, and for some time past he has shown signs of failing health. Seven weeks prior to his death the last of his long out life, attended of the monthly Center meeting of the Church. To the bereaved we extend our sympathy in this hour of trial. Appropriate services were held at the house and grave. A fitting memory of the just is blessed.

TURNER. It is with feelings of sadness we hear of the death of James B. Turner of Harvey, Albert Co., Va. We have no data to write an obituary from. But we can say that he was a man we always esteemed very highly. We have known him for many years to be a man of sterling principle; honest, kind hearted, generous and sympathetic. In his home we always were made to feel at home. His place in the community and in the church will be difficult to fill. As a sea-captain he was a success. As a deacon in the Baptist church he was conscientiously of a retiring man, but always ready to help toward any good work. As a merchant, honest and fair to deal with customers. He was a man Harvey could ill afford to spare.