

The Home Mission Journal.

VOLUME VI. No 22

ST. JOHN, N. B., NOVEMBER 24, 1904.

WHOLE No. 150

THERE WILL ONLY BE TWO MORE issues of this paper. We will stop the publication of it at the end of December. It will be a great convenience to us if every one to whom we are sending addressed envelopes would be kind enough to remit the amounts asked for from each one, before the last paper is sent out to them, so we could mark each one's payment on their paper of Dec. 22nd. It would save us the trouble and expense of sending receipts afterwards. Now friends do make a grand rally and let us have your remittance as early in Dec. as possible, and be sure and give your name and post-office address when you remit, and see that the money you intend to send is put in the letter. We received a letter from Hopewell Cape with 25 cents in, but no name signed, also another mailed at Princetown with no name to it, and one from some place we could not make out the post-office, there was neither money nor name in it, although it stated there was payment inclosed. Please be particular and prompt, and very much oblige

THE MANAGER.

The Child and the Sanctuary.

In the Sunday School lesson a few weeks ago Joash, king of Judah, is minded to repair the house of God, and under disappointments and hindrances perseveres in his purpose until the repairs are made and the Temple is beautified for Divine service. Was this holy desire due to his early experience within the sacred precincts, and did he as a child form a purpose to make the Temple a fit place for its Divine Resident whenever he should come to power? It is often the case that the achievements of manhood are traceable to the ideals and imaginations of early days.

Except the home there is no place of more holy associations to a child than the sanctuary, where the solemn silence, the reverent prayer, the glorious praise and the honor paid to the Invisible make impressions on the wondering mind and tender heart never to be effaced and to be recalled when years ripen as the most beautiful things of life. When we go back to the old church the actual reality has no romance, but the past was beautiful in the setting of childhood. Why has Mr. H. H. Rogers built a million dollar church in Fairhaven, Mass., unless to express his tender affection for the worship of his childhood and as an expression of his present happiness in the memory of that olden time? How golden to us are the scenes of childhood when we had no sense of proportion and saw all things in magnified measure. Those are our days of legend and romance, sweeter than Arthurian tales.

It is a great mistake for parents to assume that the church service is not the occasion for a child's attendance because it is long and wearisome to a little mind. They do not realize how the im-

agination paints the edifice with tints of glory, how glimpses of higher things and perceptions of duty to God and men are formed. It is a well-known fact that the questions of a child are hard to answer, and it is because they go to the heart of great subjects. If such deep thoughts are awakened in a little mind, who can estimate their impression on the moral nature and their spiritual uplift to the heart. There is no art gallery that can impart refined taste to the student as the house of God imparts to a child the impressions and influences and associations that set the character for life and affect the ideals of the soul. There is the school of saints, the birthplace of moral heroes, the mould of eternal life, so far as any place can be under the supreme power of the ever-present and ever-working Spirit.

A man who has never had a church experience in childhood has missed that which would have blessed him with nobler, purer and higher influences in life. It is said of those who are unusually grave and serious that they never had a childhood. To lose the peculiar happiness of that period is most regrettable. It is recognized now that children should have their childhood days spent for the highest advantage and happiness of that period of life. The sanctuary should not and need not be made a place of weariness and agony to a child. It is true that the free, wild nature needs to be trained to acquire attentive hearing. All the arts must be learned, and hearing is an art to be gained by practice. Good congregations of attentive hearers are trained to listen, follow and enjoy. Training should begin in childhood to enable one to acquire perfection of attention and interest. When the child pricks up his ears and hears a word or a sentence, he has learned the first lesson. Others follow rapidly.

Any minister may take on courage when he observes a child listening. A word of thought is opening and a spiritual vista is perceived that is never lost, pointing into heaven. The fragrance of the flower seems never so sweet as in its opening, and the joy of those early thoughts of God that come in childhood while seated in God's house seems fresher and purer than at any later period. The blessing of the sanctuary and its services should not be withheld from the child. He may never realize his loss if he is ignorant of what the reality is and what the memory retains, but he has been really robbed of his Divine birthright and his seniors are verily guilty if they have not given him the privilege of public worship of God.

The Noblest Self-Defence.

"Do you think it would be wrong for me to learn the noble art of self-defence?" a young man inquired of an old clergyman.

"Certainly not," was the answer; "I learned it in youth myself, and I have found it of great value during my life."

"Indeed, sir! Did you learn the old English system or Sullivan's system?"

"Neither. I learned Solomon's system."

"Yes; you will find it laid down in the first

verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: "A soft answer turneth away wrath." It is the best system of self defence of which I have ever heard."

A Child's Evening Prayer.

By C. Julian Tuthill.

Our God and our Father
We thank Thee today
That all through life's journey
Thou leadest the way.
We thank Thee for making
Us children of Thine.
We praise Thee for giving
This world bright and fine.
We bless Thee that Jesus
Came down from above.
O keep us forever
In Jesus's dear love.

Amen.

A printed bill of fare is no substitute for a good solid meal, and yet in their relation to the Savior many are trying to satisfy themselves with simply the bill-of-fare of divine things. But Jesus Christ alone is able to satisfy the hungry soul, and no historic knowledge of facts, no mere intellectual conceptions that we may hold concerning him, can ever take the place of Christ in the heart—a vital, saving knowledge of Him gained through personal experience. To scan the scheme of salvation is one thing; to "eat the flesh" and "drink the blood" of the Son of God is a vastly different matter.

Henry B. Williams.

The distinction between an evangelical and an evangelistic church was drawn by Dr. A. C. Dixon in a recent address on "soul-winning." It is not enough, he said, to be evangelical. We must be evangelistic. The evangelical church is a reservoir of pure water without a pipe running anywhere. If you will take the trouble to go to it and climb the embankment, you will get a good drink. The evangelistic church is a reservoir of pure water, with a pipe to every heart in the community and every nation in the world. Evangelical may mean a bombproof for defense; evangelistic means an army on the march with every face toward the foe. Evangelical sings, "Hold the fort, for I am coming;" evangelistic sings, "Storm the fort, for God is leading." The need of the church is not evangelism as a force to fight with. The evangelical creed merely held and defended becomes a fossil, only a thing of interest; but the evangelistic life, which feeds upon evangelical truths, is a force against which the gates of hell can not prevail.

An evangelical may be a mere formalist and there is no recognition of him in the New Testament, except as he is rebuked; but a New Testament evangelist is a man full of the life of God, and making alive those to whom he ministers.

The Home Mission Journal

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The next port which the *Glad Tidings* entered was Tientsin, whence the Hentons took a flying trip to Pekin. On their return the yacht was headed for Port Arthur and after that touched at Newchwang. A passing look was taken at Korea, and then a run over to Japan was made. In the Japan Sea the yacht was tossed to and fro like a chip in a mill-race, and Grace Henton was not sorry when the anchor was let go after some days in the harbor of Nagasaki, and it became possible, in quietness and comfort, to gaze from the deck at the beautiful shore of the Island Empire. "Dai Nippon," and to pick out with the binoculars many a picturesque bit of architecture nestling beneath or seeming to cling to the very sides of the hills. The little Japs were a source of never-failing interest and of frequent amusement. At once muscular in build and mild in manner, alert and inquisitive, and yet missing in many instances the true meaning of American Christianity which is the source of American civilization, the men of Japan became to the Hentons objects both of admiration and pity. Yet it was encouraging to observe how the Gospel was beginning to affect Japanese life, to note how eager the better classes of the Japanese were for everything new that seemed to promise to work for national greatness, and to talk with the optimistic, hard-working missionaries, who were persuaded better things of the Japanese—the things that "accompany salvation."

It was very interesting to observe too how the officials of the Japanese government were introducing reform after reform and instructive to trace more than one of these improvements in social life, education, or hygiene, to the direct or indirect influence of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Yet a vast deal of superstition remains in Japan, and John Henton sighed as he thought of the darkness yet shrouding great masses of its people, of the fields white unto the harvest, and of the fewness of the laborers who were entering in to reap for the Lord.

Running back in part on its course, the *Glad Tidings* after a little began scudding southward from Tokio, whither it had gone from Nagasaki, in the direction of the Philippines, which John Henton felt he could not pass by without a brief visit.

At Manila many opportunities to work among the soldiers, sailors and marines were found and improved. Many delightful acquaintances were formed with Army and Navy officers, and in some cases with their wives, who had ventured to leave the homeland and join their husbands on their distant stations.

Several weeks were spent in the Philippines, and John Henton spent many hours in prayer, in the cabin of his yacht, that the God who is the Creator and Judge of all men would bless all the good seed sown, and guide and control America in all its relations with the Philippines, so that the political connection established by the battle of Manila Bay might issue to the glory of the divine Name and result in the higher moral development of the various races in the Philippine Archipelago.

John and Grace Henton were not loath, when the time came for them to proceed on their cruise, to exchange the muddy waters of Manila Bay for the deep green waves of the broad Pacific. Taking aboard all the coal, stores and provisions that the barkentine could carry, with spare spars lashed in convenient places about the decks, and

extra canvas, cables and all sorts of ships' supplies stowed below, the *Glad Tidings* steamed gracefully out of the harbor, dipping its colors to the noble men-of-war as it swept past.

The weather was calm for several days, and when Sunday came it proved an ideal day for the holding of a service on the quarter-deck. The melodeon was accordingly brought up from below, and church was "rigged" in due form, and as there were several becalmed merchantmen in sight, the beautiful church pennant was run up to the masthead, while an invitation to "Come on board for church" was extended by the international signal code. Soon a number of crews were to be seen rowing in the direction of the *Glad Tidings*. A joyful and memorable service that was, held on the broad Pacific, then tranquil as a lake, with the blue dome of heaven for the ceiling of the sanctuary, and the soft zephyrs playing gently with the leeches of the sails as the barkentine rose and fell on the swell which never ceases on any sea.

The service over, the men who had come aboard from the neighboring merchantmen, after many rough but hearty expressions of their thankfulness for the chance thus once more to go to church out on the Pacific so far from their home land, tumbled into their boats, which had been swinging from the yacht's booms, and toweled leisurely back to their respective vessels.

The rest of the Sabbath passed by peacefully. Its hours filled with happy, quiet talk about the great mysteries of life and the hereafter, themes over which thoughtful souls in all centuries on land or sea have wonderingly brooded. The sea it self, seemingly the symbol of eternity, stretched out on every side far as the eye could reach, smooth as a mill pond, with only now and then a fleck of cloud appearing overhead in the sky. Occasionally a slight breath of air roughened for an instant, as with a fitting frown, the surface of the water.

As John and Grace Henton reclined under the awnings aft, they tried to read, but soon laid down their books, preferring to decipher, if they might, the larger handwriting of the Creator which he has written large across continents and seas.

"How vast are these stretches of ocean!" was the thought that came again and again to the brother and sister. They seemed to be becalmed on a shoreless sea, and their boat to be but a speck in a limitless existence. How strange it all appeared! How the still vastness of those amplitudes of sea and sky seemed to mock their tiny human strength!

"What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" murmured Henton, following the Psalmist's thought.

"And yet," rejoined Grace, "man, though a mere atom in comparison with this great globe, is in the sight of God worth more than this whole ponderous planet, for man has an immortal soul!"

"Yes, and the souls of some men at least we are trying to save, sister dear!" added John, his handsome face lighting with a smile which spoke of an inward peace, such as the world with all its gold and glitter, and pomp and pleasure, can never give.

By sunrise of the next day a fair breeze sprang up, and all sail was made on the *Glad Tidings*, even the stun-sails being clapped on, whereupon the yacht began to surge through the gently rolling billows in fine style. Grace was early on deck, and from her steamer chair aft gazed long and admiringly at the belying canvas, every square foot of which seemed to be drawing aloft and aloft. As the breeze freshened still more, the dancing spray began to drive over the cat-heads or even sometimes to sprinkle the quarter-deck. All this Grace Henton, dauntless American girl that she was, enjoyed immensely. The yacht seemed to her to be a living creature—like a great frigate-bird joyously spreading its wings to the powerful blasts that swept over the Pacific.

By noon the wind freshened so that stun-sails were taken in, and by two bells in the afternoon watch, the order, "Lay aloft to take in sail!" was given, whereupon the nimble topmen ran up the ratlines like monkeys scampering up the rounds of a ladder. Henton was not a reckless skipper, and did not believe in "clapping on" too much, especially when time was no particular object, and hence gave the order to take in the royals and top-gallant-sails. Still the breeze

freshened so much more, even after sail had been shortened, that the barkentine all the rest of that afternoon and the following night tore through the darkening waters like a war-horse through a field of grain.

The wind held strong for many days thereafter, enabling the *Glad Tidings* to make a run under sail alone, which delighted the heart of John Henton. It was time now to study the chart still more closely, for there was more than one atoll ahead, past which the barkentine must sail cautiously. After spending a half hour poring over the charts of Micronesia, spread out on the table in the chart room, Captain Henton climbed to the bridge. He ordered the fore-topman in the cross-trees to keep an extra bright lookout. It was now about four bells in the morning watch, when suddenly the cry floated down from the fore-cross-trees, "Sail ho!"

"Where away?" hailed Captain Henton from the bridge.

"Two points off the starboard bow, sir!" came the response.

A sail in that part of the broad Pacific is none too common a spectacle, and all hands were interested to take a look at the stranger, when after a little the sail ahead could be made out from the fore-castle of the barkentine.

It soon became evident that the *Glad Tidings* was rapidly overhauling the stranger—and another fact that became apparent was that, as Captain Henton had supposed from his reckoning, both vessels were in the neighborhood of a lonely atoll. Taking his binoculars, Captain Henton laid aloft to the fore-cross-trees, in order to get his bearings a little more distinctly. The outlines of the island could then be made out with clearness. It was evident that the ship ahead—a small brig—was intending to pass the island a mile or so nearer than the course which the *Glad Tidings* was holding would carry the barkentine.

"That brig looks like a Yankee-built boat!" exclaimed Henton, as he returned to the bridge. "Yes," said the First Officer, "and her skipper is taking a good many chances running as near he land as that!"

A few moments more something appeared to be wrong with the brig. Its helm was put hard up, the brig sheered around, and it was evident that its captain was trying to come up into the wind, and to beat off across the bows of the *Glad Tidings*.

Running up into the cross-trees again, Captain Henton soon discerned the cause of this sudden change of course. A line of white a half mile beyond the brig revealed the presence of a sunken reef. It was this sudden sight of "breakers ahead," that awful menace at sea, that had compelled the skipper to change his course in the greatest of haste. But, as Captain Henton from his perch aloft could easily see, the maneuver came too late. The brig missed stays, rolled uneasily about, sagged steadily to leeward, while her people were running excitedly about her decks—all but a little group of cowering women in the stern—and then, with a few frightful yurcs, grounded violently against the sides of the sunken coral reef, where it continued to pound with an intermittent heave and roll that betokened no good to its now thoroughly frightened passengers. The spray of the breaking waves began to dash over the unfortunate brig from stern to stern, and but a few hasty glances were enough to tell the officers of the *Glad Tidings* that the situation of the stranger craft was most desperate.

Regaining the bridge at once, Captain Henton ordered steam to be gotten up immediately, in case the engines should be needed, and laid his course to windward of the stranded brig, meanwhile studying the situation, and answering the distress signals of the grounded ship with a set of fluttering flags which, according to the international code, spelled out the cheery signal, "Will stand by to assist!"—soon following this signal with another message, "Will send boats alongside to take off ship's company!"

It was one thing to bend these significant flags on the signal halyards and a more difficult matter to fulfil, in the high seas then prevailing, the promise of rescue thus made. When steam had been gotten up, Captain Henton tried the dangerous experiment of standing in as near as he could to the brig, which was now so far on the reef as to make the task of hauling it off quite

impossible of fulfilment. Then came the order from Captain Henton, "Let go the anchors!"—when with a roar and rattle the anchor chains paid out, until they were stopped just short of the end. Then sending down an order to the engine room to steam slowly against the sea, in order to take the strain off the cables, Captain Henton gave his attention to lowering the boats. His orders came in sharp succession: "Clear away the stow and cutter and the life-boat! Lower away! Look alive now! Let go, clear the falls!" By this time two full crews had tumbled into the boats, of one of which Henton took charge, while First Officer Nickers sat in the stern sheets of the other. It was a task of great difficulty to clear the ship in the raging sea without being dashed to pieces against its heavy sides. But soon the boats were swept astern by the wind and current, and almost before their crews realized it, were alongside the brig. An exciting scene followed. The women of the boats, catching the lines thrown them from the brig, hung on as best they could, while the coxswain and men amidships gradually, by means of boat-hook and oars, worked the boats to the lee side of the brig.

With the greatest difficulty the passengers and crew of the brig were taken off one by one from the slippery deck, the women shrinking from the ordeal of entering the barge and cutter—so frail and small seemed the tossing boats—while all around the big waves were rolling. But the brig itself was rapidly becoming uninhabitable. It was only a question of time when it would break up. With many short, earnest prayers accordingly the women passengers committed themselves to the refuge of the rescuing boats, while the sailors of the doomed craft, used to tumbling about in dirty weather, philosophically stowed themselves away between the thwart.

It was a desperately hard pull, and a long one, back to the *Glad Tidings*, which had been left in charge of the second officer. Grace Henton stood on the bridge and waved her handkerchief to her brother as he sat in the stern seats of the cutter, while he in turn cheered on the cutter's crew, toiling like Trojans at the bending oars. For a time it seemed as though the boats would be swept back to leeward and dashed against the weatherside of the brig, and again at another instant as though, heavily laden as they were, they would be swamped by the water washing over the gunwale. But by careful steering and by dint of constant bailing the stout little craft were kept afloat until they came near enough to the stern of the yacht to allow of their being hove to them, when the exhausted oarsmen obtained relief from their severe exertion. It was not long before willing hands on board the yacht hauled the boats alongside, whereupon, with the utmost care, one by one the passengers were drawn with slings up the side of the yacht and lifted to its deck, the nimble sailors following afterward in quick order. Even when the boats were lightened of their previous cargo, it was no easy job to get them aboard without staving their sides in or twisting a stanchion. But finally the cutter and barge were swung in-board and snugged down in their accustomed places.

Then while Grace busied herself in caring for her new and unexpected guests, Captain Henton, with the aid of his experienced first officer, saw to getting the yacht under way again—a delicate task, with two anchors down, the gale increasing and a great amount of chain out, while the engines steamed none too well. But finally the anchors broke water, and the barkentine, obtaining a good slant of wind, stood off clear of the reef on which the brig, both of whose masts had gone by the board, was rapidly pounding itself to pieces.

When a good thing had been made and the *Glad Tidings* was bowling along over the deep sea, with a good mile of water under it, Captain Henton left the bridge, and, seeking the cabin, looked for Grace, to see what more he might do for the strangers whom he had been the means under God, of rescuing from the sea. To his surprise and pleasure Grace told him that the passengers, both men and women, were missionaries to Micronesia, who had been traveling to their different stations on the chartered brig, whose skipper had blundered in his navigation, having, as it appeared afterward, only indifferent charts on board and a poor chronometer.

Long and joyful were the songs of praise that rolled up that night from the main cabin of the *Glad Tidings* when the young Christian shipmaster and his sister joined with their English guests in giving hearty thanks to the Supreme Ruler of earth and sea for the timely deliverance brought to his servants, who otherwise would have perished.

For a day or two the weather continued stormy, and the rescued passengers of the brig kept below, seeking a welcome rest after their hard experience of exposure amid the breakers of the reef. The missionaries felt very grateful to their American friends who had been the means of saving their lives, and all that they asked was to be put ashore at the nearest island from which they could find passage in time for their various posts in the South Seas. But John Henton would not listen to any such proposal, for he considered that God had given him the means to be of greater assistance than that to the devoted laborers for Christ, with whom his lot had been temporarily cast; and so, after an earnest prayer-meeting, held one fair day on the quarter-deck, a council was held, in the course of which Captain Henton learned more particularly the plans of his friends which had been formed when they had left their home land.

Immediately Henton made up his mind what he would do. The *Glad Tidings* should live up to its name, and if its owner did not himself go as a missionary to the islands of the South Seas, at least he would carry each missionary in turn to the post assigned to that worker in the original plan of the missionary society by which all had been sent out.

This decision of Henton's was hailed with great joy by the self-denying missionaries, whose hearts were cheered unspeakably by the further opportunities thus afforded to associate with two noble young Christians on a roomy and well-appointed yacht, enjoying luxuries which for many a year thereafter would never be theirs to possess. Tears were freely shed as one by one—or in some instances two by two—the workers were left at different points in Micronesia, to take up their life-work among people who were well-nigh savages, although, some of the missionaries went to islands where Christianity had already obtained a lodgment, as was evidenced by the little white sanctuaries that dotted the landscape here and there. As the *Glad Tidings* cautiously felt its way into this or that harbor, the natives in their canoes would crowd about the shapely vessel, sometimes ejaculating phrases of welcome in broken English, which brought a smile to the faces of the Americans on the deck of the yacht, while they caused the hearts of the arriving missionaries to thrill with joy, realizing as they did that, though so far from their home land, they were yet among "brethren," even if of a dusky type.

That was good work which the *Glad Tidings* did in the South Seas, locating consecrated missionaries at many a lonely and desolate spot; and ever afterward John and Grace Henton carried with them the memory of the sweet, brave faces of those devoted laborers, self-exiled for the sake of Christ, for whom they had given up all, and in all their future days they felt the inspiration which came from such near contact in a remote part of the globe, where heathenism reigns almost unchecked—with men and women of whom the world is not worthy.

(To be continued.)

Living and Giving in the Light of the Cross.

By Charles A. Cook.

A true vision and proper appreciation of the sacrifice made by Christ on the Cross will inspire to holy and heroic living. Contemplation of what Christ endured and accomplished for us, by the shedding of His blood, constrains and impels to the fullest and gladdest self-sacrifice for Him. The whole of the Christian's life needs to be lived in the presence and under the power of the Cross. As a rule we live too far away from the spirit of the sacrifice of which that Cross speaks. We allow the spirit of the age to influ-

ence us rather than the Cross of Christ, and the spirit of the age is neither heroic nor self-sacrificing. It is easy-loving, money-grasping, pleasure-hunting, self-seeking.

He who stands in the same attitude as that taken by Isaac Watts when he wrote that peerless hymn—

"When I survey the Wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,"—

must be moved to the same humble devotion to Christ which followed that survey. After saying to his soul—

"See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?"

his soul will be moved to say—

"Were all the realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all."

The life of the redeemed man should not be taken up with trifles. It was no trifle for Christ to die for us. It cost him infinitely beyond anything the human heart has ever yet measured or imagined. Can we meditate upon that cost and then live at ease, spend our time and strength for things that sink into insignificance in the light of the Cross, and do our utmost to escape making sacrifices for Christ's cause? Should we not rather say with all sincerity, as we think of Christ's sufferings and death for us,—

"All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood."

Some people wear a little cross as an ornament. It would be well for us all to do so if thereby we should be constantly reminded of Christ's sacrifice for us, and be led to bring all our daily doings, all our getting and using of money, and all our dealings with men into relation to and under the power of that sacrifice. With, or without it, thus should our lives be lived. The Cross should sanctify all life and unite it all to Christ's sacrifice for the salvation of the world.

Men may measure the value of Christ's Cross to themselves by the measure of the same spirit of self-sacrifice for the salvation of the world which they possess. If they are never moved to make sacrifices, in order that men everywhere may be saved, the Cross of Christ has come to mean very little to them. The Cross of Christ means most to those who, having made the greatest sacrifices for Christ, do not think of the sacrifices they have made because their hearts are so occupied with Christ's sacrifice for them. What Christ has done for them is seen to be so great that what they do for him is as nothing.

One of the great needs of the age is a mighty baptism of the spirit of the Cross. If the church of Christ throughout the world should receive such a baptism, and abide under it for a decade, the whole world would be evangelized within that time. Millions of dollars would be devoted to the spread of the gospel where now only thousands are given, thousands would go to proclaim the good news of redemption where now there are only tens or hundreds. The spirit of sanctified heroism would seize the church, and instead of one quarter of one per cent. of the church's actual wealth being given for the evangelization of the heathen nations, while open doors and crying needs call for greatly increased reinforcements and a decided advance movement all along the lines, there would be an abundance of means and men to literally give the gospel to every creature.

It was surely something of this baptism of the

spirit of the Cross that moved that husband and wife to give as they did, whose story was told in the January *Home Mission Monthly*. One of them had been a Catholic, the other a Lutheran. They found their way into a Baptist Mission, and came to know Jesus Christ as their Saviour. On one day they were together welcomed into the church; they placed in the pastor's hands a purse containing three hundred and seventy-five dollars to go toward the extinction of the church debt. Was it because they were wealthy that they gave such a generous sum? Not at all. Dollar by dollar, through years of their married life, they had saved it hoping some day to make a trip to their dear homeland across the sea. But they had come under the power of the Cross and in the same spirit that led Christ to die for them, the spirit of loving self-sacrifice, they gave up what would have been a great pleasure to them, and laid the money as a free-will offering on the Lord's altar. Their giving was in the spirit of the Cross. What need there is for more of that sort of giving. In view of all that Christ has done for us how much more of that kind of giving there should be.

Give as you would—if the angels
Waited at your door;
Give as you would, if to-morrow found you
Where giving would be no more.
Give as you would to the Master
If you met His searching look.
Give as you would of your substance
If His hand your offering took."

Bloomfield, N. J.

To Those Afflicted with Catarrh Bronchitis and Asthma.

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

light customs duty on it also. I will also send to patients the Drs. little booklet, and other publications. In sending for samples of the remedy inclose a two cent post stamp to mail it with. Write your name and post-office address plainly.

J. H. HUGHES,
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St. John, North End.

Religious News.

SACKVILLE. I have finished my pastorate of almost four years with the Main St. Baptist church of this town. The work has been progressive from first to last. About fifty have been added by baptism, debts, repairs amounting to (\$1500) have been fully met by the free-will offerings of the people. They have nobly sustained their pastor in every way and I can assure the coming man of a warm reception at his coming and a noble support during his stay. They have on hand some \$350.00 for a pipe organ which should be installed in the near future.

Nov. 1st, 1904.

E. B. M.

CARLETON. Just a word or two by way of report.—1. The pastor has recently returned from a most enjoyable vacation during which he had the privilege of studying the methods of church work and worship in some American cities and hearing such men as Henson of Boston, Hillis, of Brooklyn, Simpson of New York and others. 2. A Boy's Brigade, one of the largest in the city was organized sometime since in connection with our congregation and is prospering under the discipline of its officers and instructor E. P. Gardner. 3. With the change of season we find an increase in attendance at Young People's services and at Sunday School, while the Sunday services continue to be well sustained—especially the evening service.

B. N. NOBLES.

HOPWELL. Last Sunday we had the privilege of baptizing one believer in Christ at Hope well Cape. While on my vacation, Rev. Isa. Wallace occupied the pulpits of "the field" for one Sunday. His sermon at the Cape was the Lord's message to this young lady that led to her decision for Christ.

Began work with the MAUGERVILLE and SHEFFIELD churches Sept. 1. Prospect hopeful, marked by the fact that pastor and people are already growing interested in each other. A new pump has been put in the washroom of parsonage, the barn moved back and a new woodshed erected between it and the house. A proper sewerage and cesspool has been dug. The Maugerville and Second Sheffield churches after listening to a talk on the Union Question unanimously adopted the resolution suggested by Union Committee. The visit of Rev. H. Y. Corey, who had meetings at Upper Maugerville, Maugerville and First Sheffield, was greatly enjoyed and we believe most profitable.

Married.

SULIS-LEAVITT.—At Woodstock, on 3rd inst., by the Rev. F. Allison Currier A. M., Mr. Frank Sulis to Miss Viola Leavitt, both of Smyrna, Me.

VAN WART.—At the Free Baptist Parsonage, Bolyea's Cove, Q. Co., Nov. 8th, by the bride's father, J. Arthur VanWart, of Hampstead, Q. Co., and Mary J., only daughter of Rev. S. J. Perry, of Wickham, Q. Co.

DEAN GRANT.—At the residence of the bride, on Oct. 14th, by Rev. A. A. Rideout, Mr. John Dean to Miss Hannah Grant, both of Fredericton, N. B.

KENNEDY-McINTIRE.—At the residence of the bride, on Oct. 24th, by Rev. A. A. Rideout, Mr. John Kenne y to Miss Matilda McIntire, both of Fredericton, N. B.

PARSLEY-BREWER.—At the F. B. parsonage, Fredericton, N. B., by Rev. A. A. Rideout, Mr. Thos. E. Parsley, of Hampstead, to Miss Christie Brewer, of Gibson, N. B.

FOSHAY-PURDY.—At the home of the bride, Jemseg, on the 9th November, by Rev. A. B. MacDonald Sylvester and Emma Myrtle Purdy, third daughter of Archelaus Purdy, Esq., all of Camoridge, N. B.

EVERETT-WOLHANTER.—On Nov. 16, at the home of the bride's father in Jacksonville, William Hingson's, by Rev. J. A. Cahill, assisted by Revs. J. N. Barnes and A. H. Kearney, Mr. Frank E. Everett to Mrs. Laura M. Wolhanter.

Died.

STEEVES.—At Hillsboro, Oct. 28, from convulsions the infant son Roy of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Steeves aged 4 months. Rev. Z. L. Fash, officiated.

McCULLY.—At Salford, Albert Co., Oct. 9th, suddenly from heart failure Mrs. Maggie L. McCully aged 47 years. Mrs. McCully was a consistent member of the First Hillsboro church and leaves a husband and many friends. Pastor Fash conducted the service.

EVERETT.—Hannah A. Everett, aged 77 years died at her home Jacksonville, N. B., Oct. 27th, 1904. In her last sickness she suffered much bodily pain but her end was peaceful. A good woman and a worthy member of the Jacksonville Baptist church. Loss gone to her rest. Our sympathy is with the mourners. In the absence of Pastor Cahill Rev. Atkinson, of the Richmond group, officiated at the funeral.

STEEVES.—From typhoid fever, at Salem, N. B., Oct. 12, B. Watton Steeves, aged 30 years, son of W. Street Steeves. A wife and two little children are left. This young brother had by his energy built up a large meat business. He was an active Christian and stood for every good work. He will be greatly missed. A large circle of friends and relatives mourn his sudden departure but know it is well with him. The funeral which was largely attended was conducted by Pastor Fash assisted by the Rev. O. Steeves, Newcastle, N. B.

ASH.—At Tracadie Road, on Nov. 6th, '04, Mrs. Elizabeth Ash passed peacefully away at the age of ninety five years.

MESSEURAU.—At Doaktown, Nov. 3rd, George Messerau, aged 88 years. He was one of our oldest and most respected citizens. He was a faithful member of the Blissfield Baptist church. He was one of the early standard bearers of the church, and was interested in her welfare to the last. In his waiting moments for the Master he prayed for Zion. He was eager and ready to go to the rest that remains for the people of God, having given his heart to Jesus 67 years ago. He gave the last for his funeral to the pastor several weeks before he left us. God was with the early congregation that attended his funeral.

BARTLETT.—At Bartlett's Mills, Chas. Co., Nov. 9th, from internal trouble, May F. Bartlett aged 16 years and four months, youngest daughter of Edward and Fannie Bartlett. The depra ted was a faithful member of the Bartlett Mills Baptist church. Three days before she passed away, and just before being operated on she sang "Tell me the old old story." On the night before her spirit went to God she gave away to the members of her home and friends her earthly possessions, and asked her father to read from John the 15th and 16th chapters. Her faith in God never wavered in the dark hours of her short illness. May the consolation of the Heavenly Father be with the parents, sisters, brothers and relatives. The bereaved ones have the heart felt sympathy of the entire community. Pastor W. J. Gordon assisted by Rev. Spargo (Methodist) conducted the funeral service.

COREY.—At Queensbury, York Co., on Oct. 22nd, Mr. Alexander Corey, aged 37 years, Mrs. Corey's death came very unexpectedly and was a great shock to the community as well as to the family. For a week or so she had not been very well, but no one supposed her dangerous, until she fell to the floor from which she was lifted by her husband, when it was found that her spirit had its flight. Sister Corey was baptized July 22nd, 1899, by Rev. J. W. S. Young and about two years later united with the Queensbury church, of which she was a member at the time of her death. She leaves a husband and six young children as well as a large circle of friends to mourn the sad loss, but we believe that what is their loss is her eternal gain. May the Lord comfort in the trying time.