

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 33.

Angel and Brute.

BY WALTER BAKENDALE.

"Abide ye here with the ass; and I and the lad will go yonder and worship"—Gen. 22:5.

Thus early in the world's history worship was looked upon as the special privilege of a good man, in pursuance of which he had to leave many things behind, whatever would tend to distract his thoughts, or interfere with his purpose; the ass is left at the bottom of the hill, and even the young men are left there, doubtless for very good reasons on the part of the patriarch. Abraham was the servant of God, and the eyes of such a servant will always be upward and towards his Master; Abraham was the friend of God, and there is no true friendship without communion. If you go into the narrative further, there were some that Abraham must leave behind him; the son may be privileged, Isaac might go, but the rest of the company must stay behind. If they had been fit, if they had been worthy, or ever, possibly, if they had been desirous, it might have been otherwise, for there is always a reason for these separations and choices and privileges in life. When Christ went into Gethsemane, He took with Him three of His disciples, the rest of them He left at the garden gate. And even with these three there was a further separation. "Sit ye here," He said, "while I go yonder and pray," and "He was parted from them about a stone's cast." Into the inner chamber the priest must go alone; of the more solemn side of Gethsemane, it is true, that men were apart, and the disciples slept; and so, on a lower level, Abraham, the friend of God, climbing the mountain to worship, must leave these his companions behind him for awhile. Inevitable as a law of God, going up to the higher things, we leave the lower things of necessity behind.

Men differ in constitution and in habits. What is appropriate for one man is not always so for another; the frame of mind in which we live decides this, although sometimes we are hardly conscious of it, and accept the separations and decisions and positions without a thought. The brute beast cannot worship, cannot pray; at least so far as we see, it is so. And there are men like this, they have no desire, to yearnings, no aspirations, no longings after the eternal, none that are apparent, none that show themselves upon the surface. There is no response to the sound of church-going bells, no answer to the call to prayer; and they are satisfied that it should be so. When the man of God is climbing the hill to worship, they tarry with the ass below; and they are content to tarry. If it were only an accident of the situation it would be sad, it is sad. Worship is so exalted a privilege that it places men by the side of angels and the intelligences of heaven; to miss so noble a prerogative, from any reason, may well be called a calamity; but when it proceeds from a fixed attitude of mind, or from gross and habitual carelessness, it is a denial and a casting away of our highest heritage. The ass cannot worship, why should we place ourselves upon the level of the ass? More than that, faculties through long disuse become atrophied, and the neglect is fatal. There are birds which have wings, but for long generations they have not attempted to fly, and now it is impossible for them to fly. And if we live like the brute, if we never bend the knee or lift up the heart to God, we have taken our side with the brute. It is a very solemn thought, but men are divided here, and in this way. There are those who tarry with the ass, and there are those who climb with the saint; there are those who are satisfied with the valley, and there are those who are forever seeking the mountain-top. The soul either aspires or else it expires. The man is either more and more one with the angels, or he is one with the brutes; by the very law of his nature he must either be going upward or downward, improving or degenerating, standing with the asses, or mounting heavenward with the friends of God.

In daily life this is very much a matter of choice, and not of compulsion. True, our circumstances may stand between us and our privileges, our duties themselves may keep us at

time apart from the place of prayer. It may have been so here, some one must care for the asses, some one must sacrifice himself to the common and lowlier necessities of life. The more need, however, that we should seek for the place of our privileges when the opportunity occurs. We are so much with the brute possibly, and necessarily; we have to give so much to that side of our nature, to sleep, to business, to providing for our daily wants, we should be all the more anxious for those hours when we escape from this, when we leave the valley and climb the mountain. Abraham is the type of the spiritually minded man, he *must* go and worship yonder. Nor more certain is that mysterious instinct, which birds feel in the autumn, so that they fly away to sunnier lands, not more definite in its calls and movements than is the instinct to worship in the heart of a right-minded man. Daniel must draw aside from the affairs of state, and leave the world behind, and go into the little chamber, and open the window that looks toward Jerusalem and the temple of his God. His very enemies know this. The soul has its demands as well as the body; "man cannot live by bread alone;" and these claims are imperative with the good man—"I and the lad will go yonder and worship;" "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord."

And though this thought separates men, and must separate them, it is natural and inevitable. We believe in God, and if we are honest we must act as those who believe in Him. It is not a case of those who know Him not, even as the dumb beast at the foot of the mountain knew Him not, but of spirits that are intelligent and act, or ought to act, according to intelligence. The fatal want is with men who are with the saint in what they know, and with the brute in what they do. So strangely are we made that it is possible to have the knowledge of a man, high aspirations and noble longings, even as Lord Byron had, and yet live a merely animal life, sensuous, sensual, and in this lower down in the scale than the brute. "What a fool I have been!" said the brilliant Churchill, as he ended his days in disgrace and ignominy. If the Christian cannot live without the living bread, in contrast with that there are thousands of men who do live without it; abide at the foot of the mountain, stand in these matters where the brutes are. They are immersed in other affairs; they are given over to other duties; they are left behind in the progress upwards; their ambitions are of the earth earthy; they tarry with the asses; you do not find them on the mount of sacrifice; you do not see them in the Mount of God.

And these principles go onward to the future, the angel in the man, and the brute in the man struggling for the mastery, until either the one or the other becomes supreme. What is it we are listening for in life, the voice which bids us climb upward, or the voice which bids us tarry below? One or the other we must obey, and the final outcome is either here with this or there with that. It is a law of life that progress means separation—the nearer the angel the farther we must be from the brute; and what is the hope of Eternal Life to any one of us but in responding to this call? Heaven is only the goal where worship is perfected; if we climb it is that we may be nearer God and with God. The incentive, the motive, the struggle, the climbing, the progress higher and yet higher is for this. And therefore we leave much behind, we can but leave it behind, the brute nature, the deadness, the apathy of men who live only for themselves, and for this present life. Do they tarry? Let them tarry! Then we must say, though we say it in sorrow, "Abide ye here. I and the lad will go yonder and worship."

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer, without flowers, and like a homestead without a garden. It is the joyous day of the whole week.

You can find men who are more ready to sacrifice their money than their prejudices for the sake of advancing Christ's kingdom.

Greatness.

We sometimes wonder why God did not make us great as he has others, and are inclined to charge God with being partial. We think it unfair that he has so much more richly endowed others than us. We forget, however, that God makes no one great only in embryonic possibility. Greatness is not conferred, but acquired. The greatest man that ever lived would not have been great, could not have been great, had he not striven to be great.

The simplest, most obscure man is truly great if his life, his purposes, his plans are linked with God. This is the real test of greatness. Men long to do something great, but who knows what is great? No act, no life is truly great which does not fall in with God's sublime purposes. No act can be small which finds a place in that which helps humanity forward. It may not look great, men may not call it great, but God does.

The highest aim in life, then, is to find out when our activities will best fit into God's purpose, and then do perfectly the work given us. A tiny cog in a great machine may not be seen. It may not make much noise, it may seem to be doing nothing, but it is absolutely necessary to the working of the machine. If it stops the machine stops. It produces the work of the machine as truly as any other part. We are not parts of a great machine, but we are participants in a great providence. All are needed to make up the complete product of human life, and the smallest, most unseen and insignificant life becomes great as it truly enters into and helps to produce the completed result of all great true human life.—*Christian Work*.

If Christians Would Only Learn.

It is hard to believe that money would be lacking for missionary work if some of the facts of that work were realized by persons of means. For example, with an appeal to the Christian heart to know of villages in India relapsing into heathenism, and of others craving for Christian teachers to lead them out of its darkness, and of heathen chieftains in the South Seas losing their faith in a noble missionary's word that a missionary would be sent to them, and he had not come because funds at home were insufficient, and of a school in China where the missionary had to send away forty applicants for places. Truly, "the harvest is great," but the laborers are few, because, for one thing, the income is not forthcoming.—*The Christian*.

Rules for Conquering the Worry Habit.

Consider what must be involved in the truth, that God is infinite and that you are a part of his plan.

Memorize some of the scripture promises and recall them when the temptation to worry returns. Cultivate a spirit of gratitude for daily mercies. Realize worrying as an enemy which destroys your happiness.

Realize that it can be cured by persistent effort. Attack it definitely as something to be overcome.

Realize that it has never done and never can do the least good.

It wastes vitality and impairs the mental faculties. Help and comfort your neighbor.

Forgive your enemies and conquer your aversions.

The world is what we make it. Forward, then! Forward in the power of faith, forward in the power of truth, forward in the power of friendship, forward in the power of freedom, forward in the power of hope, forward in the power of God!—Henry Vincent.

The Sermon on the Mount is practicable in the sense that the ideal is practicable. It sets forth the celestial conception of the ideal life on earth.

The Home Mission Journal.

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Notice.

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

W. Camp, *Moderator.*

J. F. Black, *Clerk.*

Within The Lines.

Reminiscences of The Civil War

By MRS. M. M. HUNTINGTON.

(Continued from last issue)

V.

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

After landing I walked beside my guard to the point where we could take the train. I carried little Willie; Henry carried the luggage, while little Carly-head skipped on before, the only light-hearted one of our company. My position looked discouraging in the extreme. What if I could not prove the charges false. I was accused of being a spy in communication with the enemy. I had come from a bombarded town. I had no friends at hand. All the afternoon as little Willie slept I could not restrain my tears. My guard seemed sorry for me and tried to comfort me with suggestions of hopefulness, saying as soon as we reached Meridian he would see the provost marshal and try to obtain a pass for me. We reached Meridian at five o'clock, and the short run to the nearest hotel was nevertheless so long that we were thoroughly wet. I felt so hopeful that the guard would obtain a pass for us that I hesitated to remove our wrappings until he returned after an hour's absence to say that he could do nothing for us at present. Meridian had been an important place, railroad centre and headquarters of the western division of the Confederate Army. It was partially burned by the Union forces a short time before and was built again in a hasty manner with rough lumber. The hotel where we stopped was makeshift; an old house with additions and a rough dining-room. The room assigned to me was long and narrow, containing three beds and four occupants besides ourselves. That night Willie was attacked with croup, there was no fire and no way to make one. I had no remedies and it seemed to me that my darling could not live an hour.

After rummaging about I found an old iron spoon in the room, and, breaking off the end of the tallow candle, I melted it in the flame. In a few minutes after administering he was better, and toward morning dropped into a quiet slumber. Other prisoners were in the house, among them a surgeon, but they were closely guarded and I never spoke with them. In a few days little Willie became very sick. I asked and obtained permission to find more suitable quarters, and after some search found a quiet room, with well-shaded yard where my boys could play. But my babe grew no better and I was full of trouble. There was no physician, the surgeon of the division was absent, but his assistant, a young man of twenty, came to me offering to furnish remedies and assist all in his power, but he frankly admitted that I was better able to pre-

scribe for my child than he was. Fortunately, I had all my life been accustomed to the care of the sick, but nothing we could do was any avail. His cries were so piteous that only Henry and myself could stay and hear him. Sometimes a lady from the hotel would come in offering sympathy and all the aid in her power.

On the morning of Aug. 16 I was so exhausted that I slept with my head resting upon the cradle, although I knew my child was dying. Oh, mothers, you who have laid away the dear little forms amid the tears of sympathizing friends, and as the coffin lid was closed felt that nothing was left undone which skill and love could suggest, you will know how to pity and forgive, as I know the dear Father has forgiven, the hours that followed. I had prayed with such faith to that blessed Jesus who loved little children to bring me safe through my journey to my husband with all my children that it now seemed as if we were deserted and nothing but sickness and death awaited us. At the last my babe was easy and passed from the sleep of earth to rest in heaven. He died about noon. The soldier who had been in the house to guard us, a rough, kind hearted man, made the little coffin. It was of pine, but with his help I lined it with material from my trunk and made it soft and pretty for the dear little body; a sad task, and when it was done I gave way to the smothered grief that would not be stayed. The first words of comfort came from Henry, who told me he believed that we would now get through, that it was hard to leave little Willie, but he was gone from the suffering we now feared lay before us. I took these words to heart, asking myself if I was wiser than God. The next day we buried him. The soldier carried the coffin in his arms. The family went with us to the grave. One offered a prayer; then the soldier with tender thoughtfulness stepped into the grave and laid the earth quietly on the coffin that I might not hear it. There he lies now, and to-night many a northern mother's heart aches with mine to see only that little spot of earth that covers her darling far away in Mississippi.

The next day I was very ill. The young surgeon came and said: "We must get you out of this or we shall have you on our hands." He and the lady at the hotel, who had before been so kind, were very active in their efforts to obtain a pass. The next day she sent for us to come to the hotel. On arriving there she came in trembling with excitement and handed me a book in which I registered our names, ages and place of residence, and then she soon brought me a pass. This would only take us to Jackson, but she said I should have no trouble after reaching that point. At least she did not, and she had been as far as the river several times, but we might not take any baggage and must not go in disguise. I cared very little about anything except our lives. Our money was still safe in our belts. Knowing the exact amount had been telegraphed to the authorities, I was surprised that it had not been molested. Of the Confederate money I had plenty, and it was still in use in the country, although so depreciated that I paid \$100 for calico for a wrapper.

After disposing of our wardrobe, selling some, giving away some and leaving the rest, we started on the afternoon train for Jackson. The beautiful farming country through which we passed was uncultivated, desolate and almost depopulated. The people upon the train wore an air of dejection which I had never before seen. The evening brought us to Jackson, and a most wretched hotel received us for the night. Soon after supper a servant informed me that a gentleman wished to see me in the parlor. With much surprise I went down and found a plain-looking German in waiting, who inquired if I wished to go to the river, saying he would take me for a certain sum and would send a conveyance for me early in the morning. He thought by taking no baggage and dressing like poor white folks we could get through.

(To be Continued.)

Those who are trying to set their lives to the standard of the question: What would Jesus do? should devote themselves earnestly to learning what He did do when He was on earth. The careful study of the Sunday School lessons for 1900 will aid in this direction.

Religious News.

RICHMOND, CARLETON CO.

We are plodding along but making slow progress. The congregations at Union Corner are good, but very small indeed at MacKenzie Corner. The latter, known as the South Richmond Church, is so much depleted by removals and deaths that they will soon need help from the Home Mission Board to enable them to keep a pastor, otherwise they cannot maintain one. The people are willing to do all that they are able, but there are not enough of them to pay a pastor a sufficient salary. The present pastor has for the last two years been receiving considerably less than three hundred hundred dollars.

C. CURRIE.

UPPER QUEENSBURY,
YORK CO.

Three months ago I came upon this field to look it over with a view of settling as pastor. I found there were quite a number of obstacles to be overcome. We have been working on patiently looking to the great Head of the Church for guidance and help. At times the clouds gathered thick and fast, but God has heard our prayer, honored the faith of his children, and the way begins to look brighter, the clouds are lifting and we are looking and praying for complete victory. We have good congregations and the people seem to appreciate and enjoy the gospel message. Last Sabbath morning the pastor preached at Upper Queensbury from the words: "Jesus Christ the same yesterday and today and forever." At the close of the service the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered. In the afternoon the pastor preached at the Barony, and in the evening to a large and attentive congregation at South Hampton. The theme of the evening was by request 'Eternity.' We hope in the future to be able to report greater progress. We ask for the prayers of the Church that our efforts may be crowned with abundant success, that God's children may be quickened, and the unsaved be led to repent and turn to God.

April 7th.

C. W. SABLE.

HARTLAND.

God has been pleased to bless his Zion in this place. Twenty-one have been baptized, and the church much strengthened and encouraged. We praise God for it.

J. D. WETMORE.

HAVELOCK.

The Rev. J. W. Brown of Nictaux Falls, N. S., has accepted an unanimous call to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Have-lock, the pastorate to take effect on May 1st. Rev. F. T. Snell has been engaged to supply the church until that time.

On Wednesday evening, FIRST HILLSBORO. March 28th, a large representation of the friends from the Salem section of our field met at the home of Mr. Harris Steeves and gave us a very generous donation. A spirit of genial kindness seemed to animate everyone present. With happy converse, pleasant games, and cheerful music the time passed quickly by. The central point of interest was the presentation to the pastor. This was made in a kindly speech by Mariner Steeves. After a grateful response from the recipient, some excellent speeches were given by Deacons O. and M. Steeves, Jeremiah and Benjamin Steeves. The amount handed in was \$29; \$19 being in cash and \$10 in produce.

C. W. TOWNSEND.

GERMAIN STREET.

The interest in this church continues good. Two were baptized on the 1st inst.

FLORENCEVILLE.

Last November I resigned the Hartland Church that it might unite in calling Bro.

Wetmore to that field in connection with Rockland. God is blessing our brother's labors on that field, he has baptized twenty at Hartland during the winter, and is now at work at Rockland. I am now closing up my 10th and 11th years' work on this field expecting to leave it at the end of the year. On Sunday, March 25th,

we baptized a young man at Simonds, and gave the hand of fellowship to two last night.
March 28th. A. H. HAYWARD.

GIBSON. One young man was baptized since our last report. Our Sunday School in spite of bad weather and sickness has been doing excellent work of late. Bro. Bradley enjoys the co-operation of a fine corps of teachers, officers and large attendance. Recently on the eve of departure from home for a few days, an envelope containing a goodly sum of money found its way through the parsonage door. Such thoughtfulness does not make the pastor here feel as though "some strange thing had happened" unto him. This is good environment for the cultivation of appreciation of kindness that wears not out.

J. B. CHAMPION.

St. JOHN, WEST. The showers of blessing are falling on the people of the Carleton Baptist Church. Pastor Higgins had the pleasure of baptizing two believers at the close of the evening service on the 8th inst. Others have expressed their desire to follow their Lord in baptism on Easter Sunday. Still the good work goes on.

Arrows from a Hunter's Quiver.

It was the privilege of the scribe to take an extended trip among several of the churches of Western Ontario, after the New Year, to engage in special services. The churches, in many cases, while not large are of a strong type. And though not so ready to respond to religious movement as the Maritime churches, are nevertheless moveable and aggressive. The standard of church life and the quality of its ministry is higher and better every year in Ontario, and thus it should be.

THE THEOLOGICAL BEST TIME.

The most pleasing social function of the year was the Theological Rally held at the residence of the Chancellor some time ago. With the hard grind of study, many engagements to service and the whirl of city life it is even difficult to get acquainted with University companions. Hence the need of the rally where all the Theological students with their wives and prospective wives meet and mingle for a long evening's social enjoyment. In this capacity a feature and quality of life discover themselves and make a place in life and memory never to be given to anything else.

THE GRADUATES OF 1900.

Thirty-five will graduate in Arts, and twenty will either graduate or finish in Theology at McMaster in May. What reaction will result for good in society when these personal factors are in action no one can presage. But if evil should manifest itself it will not be the fault of this University training. Chancellor Wallace has toiled hard all the year in the forward movement with the result of enlarging the hearts and the constituency of the patrons of the University.

J. HARRY KING.

Toronto, April 2nd, 1900.

—M. & V.

Friends of God.

"Ye are my friends." O friends of God, why do you not make more of your transcendent privileges? Why do you not talk to him about all that worries and worries you, as freely as Abraham did, telling him about your Ishmaels, your Lots, and his dealings? Why do you not fall on your faces while God talks with you? Life should be one long talk between God and us. No day should elapse without our talking over its history with our patient, loving Lord; entering into his confessional; relieving our hearts of half their sorrow, and all their bitterness, in the act of telling him all. And if only we get low enough, and be still enough, we shall hear his accents, sweet and thrilling, soft and low, opening depths which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, but which he has prepared for those who love and wait for him.—F. B. MEYER.

Christians Should be Healthy.

Dr. Cyrus Edson, New York's most famous physician, was recently asked what are some of the ways in which the highest health may be maintained. He replied.

"We find in religious teachings the highest hygienic rules that have ever been devised. He who really lives up to the teachings of Christianity will keep his body in perfectly healthy condition. It has been truly said that the wages of sin is death, and death is caused by the effect of vice. A vicious person contains in his body the seeds of his own destruction. The Christian is the best fitted of all persons to withstand disease and live healthily."

Honey Out of the Rock.

BY THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

The traveller through the wildest regions of ancient Palestine was sometimes surprised by coming upon a thrifty olive-tree growing on the scanty earth that covers the flinty rocks. Or in the clefts of the rocks he would find a busy colony of bees; and the comb would be dripping with the delicious outflow of wild honey! All the more welcome to him would be this liquid sweetness because found in an unexpected place. Rare, bald, bleak rocks may furnish a perch for eagles, or a nesting place for wild conies; but golden wheat never waves over them, nor does the vine mantle their tough cheeks with purple clusters. Yet out of these very rocks came the fuscious honey-comb; and out of their crevices grew the fruitful olive tree! To these facts the song of Moses refers—in the Book of Deuteronomy—when he says that the Lord's people shall "suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock."

Beautifully does this fact in natural history illustrate how the Christian often finds rich blessings in unexpected quarters. No season may be so honey-yielding and oil-producing as the flinty days of adversity. At such times his religion is more prized, and the things of earth lose their lustre. When earthly cisterns dry up, and earthly treasures vanish, the soul finds in Jesus a truer possession and a sweeter satisfaction. The honeycomb does not fail. All precious graces—the godly contentment—the sense of assurance in the Beloved—fellowship with the Comforter—hopes of heaven—all these flow forth from the inward union with Him who is the fount-head of the life everlasting. A believer with the Bible in his hand, and the Saviour in his heart, can even in the seasons of sharpest trial, draw "honey from the rock."

How wonderfully God discovers to His people their perennial comforts and consolations in the flinty places of sore troubles and bereavements! Do we lose our property? Then we go up to our divine treasurekeeper, and inquire after our soul's investments, and find that they are all safe. Do our fair-weather friends drop away in the dark days of adversity? Then we draw up closer to Him who said, "I will never forsake thee." Do we bury up under the turf the darling of our cr. b, or the sweet-voiced wife that filled home with heart melodies, or the dear old mother whose armchair was next in sacredness to our family altar? Then our thoughts fasten more closely on that homestead beyond the clouds into which the spoiler never enters. The unseen things become visible. Christ becomes nearer and infinitely dearer. Prayer takes stronger hold on the promises. Faith has a clearer vision; and life becomes more disentangled from the harassing worries and absorptions of worldliness. Probably we were very loath to be driven away into these rock-regions of trial. We pray to be kept out of them; for there is not a living Christian—even the best of them—who covets affliction. But when we were forced into the flinty places of adversity or bereavement, how delicious was the honey which faith drew out of the rocks!

What a happy thing it is for us that we cannot choose our own lot! What awful blunders we make when we think that the most desirable places are the rich alluvials of abounding prosperity—and the best days are the cloudless days, and the best air is the soft, vernal air of worldly success and popularity! Do we ever ask God for a hurricane? Yet many a hurricane of trial has driven a sinner to Calvary, and many a back-

sliding Christian back to his forsaken posts of duty. Do we thank God for a deluge? Yet stubborn hearts have been softened, and barren lives been made fruitful by such down-pours. Very much of the choicest, purest, deepest, and strongest portions of a Christian's character have been engendered in these seasons when worldly friends were pitying him or condoling with him. If angels could speak, they would congratulate him.

He who orders our pathway into regions of trial conceals the honey-comb for us in the rocks, and makes the oil olive to grow out of flinty clefts. My fellowpilgrim, instead of listening to the murmurs of unbelief, listen to the music of the promises; instead of complaining at a hard lot, seek for the honey that lies hidden within it. Selfishness chooses velvet paths, and flowery meads; but where Jesus puts you, He goes there with you. He can make desert places blossom with roses. This life will look very different when you study its geography from another world. As you look back upon it from the realms of glory, no portion of your earthly pilgrimage will appear to have yielded such unexpected mercies and benefits as those days of trial, when you drew honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock.

Pulp and Pluck.

This is not an age of heroic Christianity. There is more pulp than pluck in the average Christian professor when self-denial is required. The men and women who not only rejoice in doing their duty for Christ, but even rejoice in overcoming uncomfortable obstacles in the doing of it, are quite too scarce.

The piety that is most needed is a piety that will stand a pinch; a piety that would rather eat an honest crust than fare sumptuously on fraud; a piety that works up stream against currents; a piety that sets its face like a flint in the straight, narrow road of righteousness.

We need more of the Christianity that steadily sets its face towards Christ's word and holy will. An ungodly world will be compelled to look at such Christly living as at "the sun shining in its strength." God loves to look at those who carry Jesus in their faces. Of such is the kingdom of heaven.

What am I Doing to Make the Church Prosperous?

ALBERT C. APPELGARTH, PH. D.

It is said that the ancient Pharisees put on others burdens which they themselves would not bear. In no such spirit do I approach this topic. The preacher is only a member. The question applies to the pulpit as much as to the pew.

In the beginning, we should know that God's Word makes it plain that the greatest power of the Church has not passed. I believe it is yet to come in the future. To-day, we have only to meet as Jesus desires. Then we can claim the promise—greater things than these shall ye do.

God wants his Church to prosper in the future more abundantly than it has in the past. Why should we not? If we do not, where rests the responsibility? Sometimes we imagine that the success or failure of a church lies absolutely with the pastor. Such opinion is error. Of course, the minister has his share. But God never regards the under shepherd as a mere scapegoat for the sins of the people. In every city there is a mayor. But what can he do without the co-operation of the citizens? Is it not true that every resident must contribute his part towards the success of the community? Why should the matter be different with the church?

It is to be borne in mind, also, that the gifts of men vary. Some are called to one thing; some to another. The talent of some may be singing. For others, it is speaking. To still others, it may be praying. But it is possible for all to do something. Hence the question arises, What am I doing to make the church prosperous? I cannot, of course, even outline all the ways in which you can help your church. I must mention a few.

While God gives us health and strength we can attend the appointed services of the church.

Remember, every time you stay away, you make it that much harder for the minister to reach the unconverted. God is represented as our Heavenly Father. If we love our earthly parents, no place is more delightful to us than their home. You see the analogy. If we really love Jesus Christ, will church attendance be glad some or irksome? The Master said, By their fruits ye shall know them. When we are present we can participate in all the services. Such conduct pleases God, and makes the church prosperous.

It is possible for every man, woman and child to give something of their means to God's cause. In my life I have had the opportunity of meeting every class of society. In all of them I have known hundreds of individuals who wasted more money in foolishness than they ever cast into the Lord's treasury. Can such conduct be right? It is possible for a person to be a church member, and—give nothing. But, after viewing the matter in every possible light, I am at an utter loss to understand how any one can be a Christian and act thus.

We may make the church successful by paying for it. Regularly, every day, how many ask God's blessing upon the services on the Sabbath? In your own families, perchance, you have unconverted members. Moment by moment, are you beseeching God to lead them out of darkness into light?

Are you helping the church by your personal work? Do you speak of its services, so as to attract your friends? Do you invite your acquaintances? Do you set them a good example by always being in your place in the Lord's house? If an individual is foolish enough to call upon you when the church bells are ringing, do you forget all about your appointment with the Master? Have you ever told that man who, week by week works by your side, that you were anxious about the salvation of his immortal soul?

Each of us can help the church by living an untarnished, a godly life. This is even more important than all the rest, because all the rest flows from it. Why do not men attend, give, pray, and work for the church? Because self remains in us. Let us then die unto self that we may live unto God. Do not pray that God will send the Holy Spirit. He is here. God has sent the Spirit into the world. Much rather our constant petition should be that God will enable us more and more to open our hearts, so that the Holy Spirit may enter and reign within us. Behold, says the Saviour, I stand at the door and knock.

But these things are known to all. It is not a time for speech, but for action. Let us go down on our knees before the throne of grace. And may the Holy Spirit of the great God make us willing—nay, eager, to do anything, to do all things, which will bring prosperity to the Church of Jesus Christ.

A Boy's Religion.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb, and yell like a real boy. But in all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against the larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And above all things he ought, now and then, to show his colors. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement, that for things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

Never to give up, but ever to keep up and to keep at it, is the duty and the test of heroism in times that are hard and in hours that are dark.—H. Clay Trumbull.

The Ambitiousness of Faith.

By PHILLIPS BROOKS.

There is a great deal of danger of our forgetting that to believe much, and not to believe little, is the privilege and glory of a full-grown man. There will come times—and upon such a time our lot has fallen—when men are led to sing the praise and glorify the influence of doubt. Assuredly it has its blessings, but while we magnify them we ought never to forget that they are always of the nature of compensation. The blessings of doubt are like the blessings of poverty, not to be chosen for themselves, but to be accepted thankfully when they come to mitigate the unmanliness of the condition into which a life missing of its true purpose and success has fallen. There do come times when you must cut a tree down to its very roots in order that it may grow up the richer by and by; but a whole field of stumps is not the ideal landscape. The forest, with its wealth of glorious foliage, is the true coronation of the earth. There is a great deal of danger lest the tendency to dwell upon the blessings and culture of doubt may come to make a full and rich faith seem to be almost a burden instead of a treasure; a thing for a man to be pitted for, and not to be congratulated upon.

It is, I think, no very unusual thing for men who believe little to look at one who lives in the richness of a large, full faith with something almost like commiseration, somewhat as there is a tendency in settled invalidism to count exuberant health a somewhat gross and vulgar thing; and their feeling is very apt to communicate itself to the believing man himself, and make him half ashamed and mistrustful of his own belief.

Against such a tendency we want to warn one another, and to warn ourselves. Seek faith—as full and rich a faith as you can, and try to know all you can about God and your own soul. Count every new conviction which is really won a treasure and enrichment of your life. There are dangers in accumulation of every sort—danger lest the thing accumulated should lose some of its value as it becomes more plentiful; danger lest the sense of possession should lose for us some of the discipline that can only come in search—but these dangers are as nothing to the danger of the despair of faith, the terrible danger of coming to think that God is darkness and not light, the terrible danger of ceasing to hear His perpetual invitation to His children to come into ever more trustful and certain knowledge of His purpose, of His love, and of Himself.

Trust.

The following recollection from the *London Academy* gives very subtle and sweet expression to a thought that may carry comfort to many fearful hearts.

"And underneath are the everlasting arms." When I hear these words spoken, when I think of them even, I see a little boy—a tired little boy—sitting in church and thinking: "I am so sleepy; but I must keep awake, father would be cross."

Then the lights in the aisle spout flame, the figures in the painted windows dance, his head nods, his eyes close. A minute later they open with a start to find his father's eyes fixed on him—that stern father in whose strenuous life there was no place for a little boy, a clumsy little boy who knocked against people on the streets, and sometimes fell down when there was nothing at all to make him fall. "Even if I close my eyes for one minute father will be angry," thought the little boy.

The preacher droned on. The little boy's chin sunk upon his jacket. When he awoke, his father's eyes, angrily, the little boy thought, were again fixed upon him. His father moved: the little boy trembled. Then, wonder of wonders! he was lifted from his place, his father's arms were underneath him, around him.

Thus, without fear—indeed with an exquisite joy and in great confidence—the little boy fell asleep in those kind arms. So, I believe, it will be with us who are older when our time comes.

Keep thyself pure, if thou wouldst have power.

Obedience Better Than Sacrifice.

A wealthy man called on his dentist in great distress over a broken front tooth. The dentist told him it must come out. "No, you must build it up," exclaimed the man of riches. "I can't spare that tooth. Its removal would make my mouth look like an open porthole." "Oh, well, I can replace it," complacently answered the dentist. "The old one must certainly come out, but I will put in a new one that will make you look better than ever before. It will be firm and regular and much handsomer than the old one." "Ah!" muttered the wealthy man. "That's what I want, make it as attractive as possible. Say, doctor, couldn't you set a large diamond in the middle of it?" "Oh, no, I wouldn't do that," replied the dentist, hastily. "Of course I know that you could well afford it, but it would look—well, just a trifle too conspicuous, don't you know." Perhaps the rich man was only joking, but there are a good many people who wear their profession of religion like that. It is all show and display, and no loving obedience or humble service in it. One ounce of obedience is worth a ton of showy sacrifice.—Anecdotes and Morals.

Taste For Yourself.

An open-air preacher at Haymarket, Edinburgh, at the close of an address said that a boy in Greenock once had brought to him, as a treat, by his father, a jar of honey. After the boy had tasted, his father asked him how sweet it was. The boy, in attempting to answer said, "It was as sweet as—" and finding no word suitable, he simply said, "It's very, very, very sweet."

"But," demanded the father, "do please say how sweet it is." At the boy's second attempt he said, "It's as sweet as—as—as—Oh, father, it's very, very, very, very, very sweet." The father again demanded a comparison, and the boy, giving up in despair, said, "Here it is, father, taste it for yourself."

"And so," said the preacher, "I may multiply the 'veries,' and tell you its very, very, very, very, very sweet to be forgiven, but if you wish to have an incomparable experience, an experience that words cannot explain to others, come to Jesus. 'O, taste and see that God is good.'"

Died.

FANJOY.—At Lower Newcastle, Queens Co., on the 29th inst., of consumption, Martha A., wife of Duncan Fanjoy, in the 54th year of her age, leaving three sons and two daughters, besides her husband to mourn her loss.

Sister Fanjoy professed religion some thirty years since and was baptized by Elder A. B. Macdonald. She was sustained with a Christian hope and as her sufferings increased she longed to be at rest. Death to her meant a joyful welcome to her Master's presence.

REES.—At Millford, Mass., on the 6th inst., Elder Peter O. Rees, formerly of Zealand Station, York Co., N. B. Bro. Rees has been known in this Province for many years, having labored in various parts as pastor, becoming incapacitated for further active duty in the ministry, he went some two years since to reside with some of his family in Millford, Mass. Here he patiently awaited the Master's call. An attack of apoplexy coming upon him completely overcame him and soon he fell asleep in Jesus. He was 75 years of age.

An aged brother resides at the old family home in Upper Newcastle, Queens Co.,

BELVEA.—At Chipman Station, after much suffering, Mrs. Sarah Belyea, aged 86 years. The deceased had found a hope in Christ many years since, and though deprived of her companion while her children were yet young. She was enabled by the blessing of God to meet all the difficulties and hardships of life's struggles. Two daughters with one of whom she resided, were her comfort and support in her last days. As her sufferings neared the end she longed to depart and be with Christ. On the 8th inst., the call came and she entered the eternal rest.

STEPHENSON.—At Coldstream, Carleton Co., on Feb. 25th Sister Sarah Stephenson fell asleep in Jesus after a lingering illness of heart disease, at the age of 80 years. For many years she had been a member of the Coldstream Baptist church and lived a consistent Christian life. Two sons and three daughters realize the loss of a loving mother.

DAVIDSON.—At Campbellton, N. B., March 12th, Maggie the beloved daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Davidson, very peacefully passed to the heavenly home at the early age of 19 years. Her illness was protracted, but borne with Christian patience and resignation.

WASSON.—At Cumberland Bay, on the 8th ult., Robert Wasson, leaving one son and three daughters to mourn his sudden removal.