

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL.

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WHOLE No. 47

Christ's Doctrine of Wealth.

THE parable of the Rich Fool and its context, is an instruction of our Lord which is singularly pertinent to some of the controlling tendencies of our time. The world has never seen wealth accumulate in any country so rapidly as in our own since the close of the Civil War. The noted fortunes of antiquity look small in comparison with the resources at the command of a number of American millionaires, and the zest for the pursuit of wealth probably was never keener than it is in the United States in the closing year of this century. In view of such facts as these, it is of the greatest importance that our ministers and teachers should apprehend correctly the doctrine of Jesus in regard to material possessions.

A salient teaching of this passage is that the attainment of wealth should be strictly subordinate to the attainment of character. In "The Beatitudes" there is no blessing placed upon those who are simply rich. The grave error in the man described in the parable, and that which made him a fool, was that he thought that abundance of material possessions could minister to his soul. He not only put his wealth first, but he thought that riches were all-sufficing. A man's life, to a certain extent, is dependent upon things; but even as to the necessary things, Jesus inculcated an attitude of having trust in the goodness of the Father, who knows His children's need of them. Our Lord sharply enforced the truth that "abundance of things" does not make up "life." Man has capacities, affinities, and aspirations that cannot be satisfied with the ground, nor with anything that comes out of it.

Our Lord also suggests the great temptation of wealth. The peril of riches that was most prominently in His thought was not that they encouraged luxury and self-indulgence, but that they tended to make a man unsocial, unsympathetic, and independent of his fellows. It has been well said that man "finds his highest good in making his life a part of other lives." The possession of riches fosters independence of others, carelessness of their rights and interests, and self-centredness that leads to hardness of spirit.

In the parable of Lazarus and Dives, that was the fault of the rich man. He thought only of himself. The sight of Lazarus did not move him. The dogs of the street were more sympathetic than he. In his parable the man's whole thought is engrossed upon his own comfort. He has enough, and his only care is to keep it and enjoy it. When we are poor we think what a joy it would be to help others, and become a beneficent part of their lives. A true instinct leads us to imagine those pictures; but as riches increase we lose that vision, and we are tempted to think only of ourselves. As a general rule, the most cynical and unsocial people are not those who have been deceived oftenest by their fellows, but those who, because they have gained wealth and independence of others, think they are sufficient for themselves.

One of our Lord's utterances that throws much light on the use of wealth, is His declaration that if one cannot be faithful in the unrighteous mammon, he is unfit to be entrusted with the true riches. Material things are like the counters with which they trade in a business college. The discipline and insight acquired in those of these substitutes qualifies for the use of money, and the principles, the experience, and the motives developed in the pursuit and use of riches, form character and capacity to acquire and employ the "true riches." The wise management of pounds fitted for the rule of cities. Riches are not only an opportunity of those who possess them,—the use of them is a discipline of character, and a severer discipline of character than is sometimes imagined.—*Watchman.*

"Ill fares the land to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

"One of the Sweet Old Chapters."

Mother was dying, and we, her grown up children, were gathered in the old-fashioned room to witness the closing scene. We had known for some time that it was coming, for she walked with a feeble step each new day, and a sweeter smile rested upon her face every time we looked into it. Mother's smile had always been very sweet to us, but it seemed to become more tender and heavenly as the days went on, and we sometimes thought that she was looking right into the glory of the better life. Her eyes grew brighter at times, just as though unseen hands had lifted the thin veil between this world and the one to which she was going.

All that day we sat or stood around her couch of death, although it did not seem like death at all. The smile lingered constantly on her face, and her eyes were as clear and bright as the summer sky. She was evidently too happy to talk to us, and too much absorbed in heavenly things to notice earthly scenes. Sometimes her thin lips moved as if in prayer, and once she sang in a tremulous voice, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

None of us dared to weep in mother's presence, even if we had felt like it for we caught, too, something of her holy joy and peace. So we could do nothing but smile also, as we stood around her bed.

Just as the light of the setting sun crept into the west window and fell upon her pillow, she suddenly said:

"Read to me one of the sweet old chapters."
"Which one, mother?" we all asked in unison as the old family Bible was brought out.

She did not answer, and one of our number began to read the last chapter in the book that she loved so well. When the fifth verse was read she repeated the words.

"And there shall be no night there, and they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light and they shall reign forever and ever."

We thought that mother did not notice any more of the chapter as it was read, for a far-away absent look crept over her face, and she kept repeating that one verse.

Soon a sweet, solemn stillness settled down upon her, and we knew that her happy soul had gone home. At first we thought that the sunlight upon the pillow had stolen up to her face and thus glorified it, but we soon saw that it was a fairer light than of setting sun. The peace of heaven was hers at last, and she would never need to listen again "to one of the sweet old chapters," for all of its precious promises had been fulfilled and blossomed out into eternal joy.

How sweet to meet the Master with the wedding garment on—how blessed to drift out upon the pulsing sea with every white sail unfurled in the pure breeze! Mother was ready to go, and this was why she went so sweetly away with the King of Glory.

MRS. M. A. HOLT.

Made Like Unto God.

A crystal is sometimes formed in the embrace of a boulder of granite. To clear it of its rough inclosure, and to bring its beautiful facets to the light, nature submerges it in deep waters, shatters it by tempest, and abrades it by contact with stones and mud and the rubbish of the sea. Thus a redeemed soul is, by the plan of God, immersed in the cares and toils and enticements and usefulness of a world of sin, so that by sheer resistance to evil, and abrasion with depravity, it may be polished to the transparent image of Him who made it.

AUSTIN PHELPS, D. D.

It is a significant and undoubted fact that no one was ever sorry for making the Christian decision. The only grief of converts is that they did not make it earlier.

Cost and Value.

BY CORA S. DAY.

"The value of kind deeds is out of all proportion to their cost," some one has wisely said.

A sympathetic, kindly smile is easily bestowed upon some timid, hesitating one. It is cheap—it costs no money and little effort; yet its value to the recipient may be beyond computation.

A cordial handshake and a pleasant word are easy to give. All they cost is a little of the love for our neighbor that was enjoined so long ago by One who put only the higher love to God before it. But only He who knows the hearts of men can reckon the value of the renewed faith that may spring in the downcast heart, at the warm touch and the kindly word.

You do the little, kindly deed of helpfulness that comes to your hand, and go on your way forgetting the service that was so easily performed for another. Yet that soul remembers; and because of that unselfish service, done without hope or thought of reward, believes once more in the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.

You all know the story of the man who helped one in distress and afterwards refused all recompense, saying simply: "Pass it on to some one else." Suppose that man, out of the fullness of his gratitude, had "passed it on," not to one alone, but to many others, and each one of these in turn had "passed it on," in the same way, how gloriously out of all proportion to the cost would be the value of the sum total of fellowship and good will that would thus come about!

From Pastor Snell.

We clip the following from the *Acton and Chiswick Gazette*, of October 12th, which may interest the many friends of Bro. Snell, formerly pastor at Havelock. We are glad to hear of his settlement at Acton, within eight miles of the city of London, and trust that much blessing may follow his labors there.

"At a large and representative meeting of the members of the Acton Evangelistic Church, on Tuesday evening, a resolution was unanimously passed to invite the Rev. Frederick T. Snell to the pastorate, which had been vacant since early in May by the resignation of Mr. Outey. The resolution was at once conveyed to Mr. Snell, who, coming into the meeting, expressed his willingness to accept the invitation. His decision was received with much satisfaction and pleasure, and it is now hoped that bright and prosperous times will come to the church, which has shown in the past that it has a work to do, and can do it. Expression of thanks were passed to the officers who have during the recent anxious months done so much to maintain the work and institutions of the church.

We are able to give our readers some information respecting the Rev. F. T. Snell, who comes with good credentials, and by whom it is anticipated a useful and successful work will be accomplished in Acton. He has, since his arrival from Canada, preached in the Evangelistic Church on six Sundays. He is an associate of the Pastors' College, was for many years an evangelist, and led a very busy life in this branch of Christian work for a long period under the direction of the late C. H. Spurgeon. During four years of this time he edited a monthly magazine called "The King's Messenger." In 1888, at the desire of Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Snell commenced a work on the island of Guernsey, which so rapidly grew that by the end of that year a Baptist church was formed, and a church edifice purchased. Thus under his leadership was founded the first English Baptist church on that island. At the end of 1890, Mr. Snell left England for America, and settled in Augusta, Wisconsin. At this time C. H. Spurgeon wrote of him: "He is a splendid pioneer, full of energy and sense," and gave him the following testimonial.—"This is to certify that Mr. Snell has been an evangelist under

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my direction, and has done good service as a Baptist evangelist. He has founded and built up a church in the island of Guernsey, and has proved himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. If a hard-working, zealous minister is needed, who can initiate work and carry it forward—well, Mr. Snell is the man. I can recommend him without reserve. He is the man to succeed among a living, enterprising people like our American brethren. The Lord be with him! Mr. Snell stayed less than two years in Wisconsin, being compelled to seek a warmer climate. Four years were now spent in Georgia, and then after a year's rest in England he and his family went to Canada, from whence he has come about ten weeks ago. In all these places testimonials to hand show much successful effort for God. It is not too much to say that Mr. Snell has not only brought with him a good record of splendid work, but the loving esteem of his brethren in the ministry both in the States and Canada.

Is Your Soul Insured?

"Pa," said a little boy, as he climbed to his father's knee and looked into his face so earnestly, as if he understood the importance of the subject. "Pa, is your soul insured?"

"What are you thinking about, my son?" replied the agitated father. "Why do you ask that question?"

"Why, pa, I heard Uncle George say that you had your house insured and your life insured, but he didn't believe you had thought of your soul, and he was afraid you would lose it; won't you get it insured right away?"

The father leaned his head on his hand and was silent. He owned broad acres of land that were covered with a bountiful produce, his barns were even now filled with plenty, his buildings were all well covered by insurance; but, as if that would not suffice for the maintenance of his wife and only child in case of his decease he had, the day before, taken a life policy for a large amount; yet not one thought had he given to his own immortal soul.

On that which was to waste away and become part and parcel of its native dust he had spared no pains, but for that which was to live on and on through the long ages of eternity he had made no provision. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"Little Buttons"

No. III.

(Continued from last issue.)

As Flossie came down the street one day with the nurse, she suddenly spied her little "Button-boy" peeping out of the door, and, dropping the nurse's hand, she started to run to him, but stumbled and fell, striking her head against the curb.

Little Buttons dashed out, picked her up, and was halfway up the stoop of the big house before the nurse could reach her. The sweet blue eyes were closed, and the little dimpled hands hung limp and lifeless. Mrs. Clyde stood at the window as Little Buttons came up the steps, and met him at the door with a face like marble. She took the child from him gently and carried her in, while Little Buttons rushed down the street for a doctor, and was back before any one

had gathered their wits enough to know what to do.

In his fright and anxiety he forgot that he had left "The Grosvenor" door standing wide open.

As soon as Flossie became conscious and the doctor pronounced her not seriously injured, only that she must be kept quiet for some days, Little Buttons suddenly thought how he had deserted his post. No one in "The Grosvenor" had witnessed the accident but he. But Mrs. Leo Hunt had unfortunately been the one to find the door standing open and Little Buttons nowhere to be seen. She, of course, made it her business to inform the janitor, and poor Little Buttons found himself disgraced, and shrank from the withering glance of his ever-stern judge as he faced her in the hall on his return.

"This settles it for you, sir," she emphatically announced. "How dare you leave the door open in that careless way, for thieves to run through the house?"

Of course it was true that thieves might have come in, but they had not, and, under the circumstances, she might have spared her severity.

"Oh, I am so sorry, Mrs. Hunt," he tearfully said; "but I could not help running to pick up little Miss Flossie;" and his sobs nearly choked him, for, after all, he was only a very little boy.

Mrs. Hunt took the matter seriously in hand, although Thomas tried to mollify her by saying, with a knowing twist of his head, "O'll attend to the thing, Mrs. Hunt;" and he made an errand to Mrs. Benson and informed her that he felt very bad "down dape in his mind." Motioning toward the floor, he said, "she intends him to go, Mrs. Benson, and go he will, in spite of us all. Och, we'll not find another loike him, Mrs. Benson. Those missinger and bell-b'ys do be mostly a bad lot." Having thus freed his mind, he went away sorrowfully shaking his head.

Mrs. Hunt kept agitating the matter, as she thought this was a good pretext for getting rid of the bell-boy. She had a good deal of trouble with Marion nowadays, who, in spite of everything, would still show her admiration for him. Mrs. Hunt did not mind changes so long as she did not suffer by them, so she enlarged upon the risk of having so young and irresponsible a person in that position. She met with little sympathy from the others, but was politic enough to know where her power lay, and did not hesitate to affirm that if the agent chose to keep him, out would go Mrs. Leo Hunt and all her belongings. This threat settled the business, as she meant it should, for it was not a desirable time of year to lose a tenant, especially one who was paying nearly double the rent of the former one, and Mr. Blake felt that he could not afford to displease her. Therefore, in spite of his own compunctions, for he was not a hard-hearted man, and in spite of the copious tears of Marion, and the indignant protestations of Mrs. Benson, it was decreed that poor Little Buttons must go.

His good friend began turning over in her busy brain all sorts of schemes, possible and impossible, to provide for her little protégé; but before she could carry any of them out something quite unexpected occurred.

Little Buttons stood ruefully looking over at the big house, thinking of the little girl that had so won his interest and affection.

In his own fleeting glimpse of its beautiful interior it had seemed to him like fairyland, a fitting home for the sweet lady and the little white fairy.

Almost more painful than the thought of being homeless again was the fear of never again seeing her, and a big sob came up, and out came his small handkerchief, which was one of a set given him by Mrs. Benson. Even the sight of that accelerated the flow. When, indeed, should he ever again find any one that would be so good to him as she had been? The poor, motherless, homeless little boy was nearly sobbing his heart out, all by himself, in the dark, dismal hall, when the door-bell rang.

With his eyes buried in his handkerchief he had not seen a servant coming from over the way. He hastily wiped his face, and tried to keep out of sight as he opened the door.

Mrs. Clyde's man, James, espied him behind the door, and looked very good-natured as he said, "What's up, Little Buttons? Don't cry; little Miss Flossie is all right, only she is very restless, and asks for you all the time. If you

can be spared, Mrs. Clyde would like to have you come over and help amuse her. How would you like to live over there, little fellow?" asked the good-natured James.

How would he like it? All the answer the poor little fellow could make was a simple "Oh!" like an involuntary sigh of pleasure.

He felt sure he saw a rainbow close in front of him; whether it was the colored window-glass reflected through his tears, or the sudden prospect of dwelling in that paradise across the street, he could never tell. It passed in a moment, but it left some of its radiance behind in the little face.

"Call the janitor," said James, briskly. "and let me deliver my message to him."

There was a thrill in Little Buttons's voice that brought Thomas swiftly at the summons. There he stood, with his eyes shining like stars, and his cheeks like June roses.

"Tell him about it," said James, encouragingly; and Little Buttons slid his small hand into Thomas', in a half-regretful way, and raised his eyes to his face.

(To be Continued.)

Religious News.

We are enjoying a good measure of the divine favor in our work here. We are suffering here (in the whole county) from a religious drought. However, those who can in any wise read the signs of the times, are prophesying a revival interest all along the line. In our work at Albert St. we see a marked improvement along spiritual lines. We are having excellent congregations on Sundays, morning and evening. Our prayer meetings are growing in interest and power, and we all feel a spirit of courage and confidence born, we believe, of the Holy Spirit. Our Sunday evening services are strictly evangelistic and are bearing fruit in conversions. We hold an after meeting after each service where we try to gather up the fruit of the day's work. We have an excellent male quartette which adds largely to our Sunday evening interest. Above all we have some precious saints who know God and who know how to pray.

W. S. M.

ELGIN, N. B. It was our privilege to baptize three young sisters into the fellowship of the Pollet River Church on October 14th.

H. H. Saunders.

WARD'S CREEK, On Sunday, the 14th inst., we held a very successful Roll Call and Thankoffering. The money raised is for the purpose of making repairs on the church building in Ward's Creek, Sussex. The people of this community are an earnest, devoted band of Christians. They attend the preaching services in large numbers, and are ever ready to work for the Master. Deacon Josiah Anderson is a devoted and faithful servant of Christ, and exerts a great influence for good in this field. I have found this branch of the church ever ready to work for Jesus.

W. Camp.

CUMBERLAND BAY. I wish to thank the friends of Cumberland Bay for the generous donation of \$35.00, and also express in a public way my deep appreciation of the great kindness they have ever shown me during the summer I have labored among them. They have shown me every consideration as I have endeavored to be about my Master's business. By my leaving Cumberland Bay a very important field is left vacant, one needing a pastor very much. I hope that God will send them a good man to break unto them the Bread of Life and lead them in the way everlasting.

Frank O. Erb.

LEDGE DUFFERIN. The church is moving on slowly with fair prayer meetings. Our brethren are few, and sisters are few as well, yet they are true and good. We have passed under the rod of affliction yet the banner of love has been over us through sovereign grace. We have baptized two here and received three into the church. We also

baptized two and received four into Rolling Dam church and two into Oak Bay church. Thanks be to God for these tokens of grace received on this field. We have one dear good faithful deacon in this Ledge Dufferin Baptist church. Bro. James M. Young is always faithful, ready to help any and all that are in distress, always at prayer meetings ready to lead in the absence of the pastor. May God bless our brother and raise up many more in our churches like him.

Oct. 12th. H. D. WORDEN.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B. Important and much needed repairs have been made upon the interior of the church building during the summer. A new choir gallery has been built at the right of the pulpit, the old gallery being utilized for additional pews. The walls have been newly papered, the woodwork tastefully painted, and various minor improvements made. When the new carpet is laid, and the new cushions in place, the Baptists of Saint Stephen will have a house of worship admirable in every respect for neatness and good taste, and well adapted for further aggressive work. The cost of improvements will exceed a thousand dollars. This we have arranged to pay off in four years. "Rally Day" in the Sunday School was appropriately observed on September 30th; there were 252 in attendance. All departments are in good condition, and an excellent spirit prevails.

W. C. GOUCHER.

Oct. 18th, 1900.

DORCHESTER, N. B. The church has called as its minister Rev. B. H. Thomas, late of Digby, who has been supplying the pulpit for some weeks. Mr. Thomas has accepted the call of the church and has moved his family to Dorchester.

ANDOVER, N. B. For a long time you have not heard from us at Andover. Now lest you forget we are here, we want to tell you we are living and moving on in the old way slow and sure. The faithful few are trying to hold on the faith of the Father's. Every Sabbath morning good congregations come up to hear the Word, we do not wonder at this for our Pastor Demmings gives us journey bread for all the week and we feel we have sustained a loss if we are absent. The services in the week are fairly well attended through we are feeling the loss of quite a number of our best workers among the young people who are away from us; just now we are somewhat strengthened by having our Bro. Ervine with us occasionally, yet we mourn that the Master has seen fit to lay aside his devoted servant from active service, only the Master knows why. On Oct. 14th after the morning service, with joy in our hearts we gathered at the water side, while our pastor baptized his first candidate. Was it not fitting that this one was his wife? Two weeks later she, with another sister coming to us by letter from Grand Falls church, were received into church fellowship; we are hoping and praying that others may soon follow. The field is large and the laborers few. Our pastor is working hard, holding regular services at a number of outlying stations beside other pastoral work. We are often anxious fearing he may not be physically able to stand all the work he is called upon to do. Then we cry Lord give all needed strength and grant to him, and to us of his flock that we may be more zealous and careful to hold up his hands, and lend what aid we can in saving the perishing around us.

Rev. B. N. Nobles, the new pastor of Carleton Church, St. John, Baptist church entered upon his duties last Sunday, Nov. 4th, and was greeted by large congregations. The Sunday school held a "Rally Day" service in the afternoon, at which an appropriate programme was carried out.

Remember that if the opportunities for great deeds should never come, the opportunity for good deeds is renewed for you day by day.

The Ways of Faith.

Faith has many aspects, and the narrative of the healing of the Gentile woman's daughter, puts into salient relief some of its most important phases.

Those who saw Jesus and came under the influence of His personality had inspired in their hearts certain impressions concerning His nature and claims and power, which put them in the most favorable situation for that personal response of their souls to Him which is of the essence of faith. It is no wonder that those who heard His voice and looked into His face, and came under the direct influence of His personality, believed on Him. We often wish that we could share their high privilege. We feel that in such conditions our faith would be readily inspired; but the position of this Gentile woman comes nearer to our own. In some way, through the testimony of neighbors or that vague impression produced by popular rumor, she came to believe that Jesus could heal her daughter. It may not have been a thoroughly reasoned conviction, but there can be no doubt of its strength. Moved by it she sought our Lord with the direct, simple cry in which the whole force of her woman's soul was condensed: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou Son of David!"

Seldom did Jesus put confidence in Himself to a severer test than that to which He subjected the faith of this woman. She is reminded that she is a "stranger from the covenants of promise;" but just as the stream rises behind a barrier until it overflows it or sweeps it away, her desire and confidence could not be repressed by a rebuff. Her face became the stronger, and she had a swift vision of the truth that the mercies of God are larger than any covenant: "Even the dogs mays eat of the children's crumbs."

Still, it was not merely the testimony that she had heard about our Lord that brought her to the attitude she finally assumed. With it was combined the extremity of her need. She felt intensely for her daughter. Perhaps one reason why our faith often is not stronger, is that we do not realize the depth of our need. It is the consciousness of sin that quickens and sharpens the soul's moral perceptions. Faith in Christ is strengthened by need, not simply because when we realize our necessity we grasp, like drowning men, at straws, but because the face-to-face view of the reality of things makes the soul's movement clear, direct, and intense. Anything that weakens the consciousness of guilt and the sinfulness of sin robs faith of its clearness and energy.

The way this Gentile woman came to faith marks out the path for us. Like her we get our impressions of Christ from the testimony of others. But the persuasion that arises in the heart from this may lead to controlling convictions, to an unshakable confidence, to a personal tie between the soul and Christ, and to the verifications of faith that come from the response of the Lord to our desires.

Acknowledgement.

I suppose it is both becoming and expected that I should send some report to the press, that those who may be interested in our welfare might know how and where we are. At present we are at the old homestead at Andover. Here I first saw the light of day, and was carefully reared by kind and loving parents. As I write many memories of the past force themselves upon me. Those of the kindnesses and prayers of parents, and the love and fellowship of brothers and sisters, now scattered, and of the associations of the best lot of young people I have ever met to associate with. But oh how changed are the scenes of those days. How scattered are the associates of other days. Only a few of them remain.

Then the remembrances of the vital change of heart, conviction, repentance, profession of faith, practical Christian living, call to the ministry, struggling in rebellion against calls of duty, final surrender, going forth in obedience, failures and successes, ordination, removal to other parts of the province. O how God has led me. Now in my physical weakness I am here again, either to regain the vigor of the past, or continue to decline as God, whose I am and whom I serve, wills.

My coming at this time to this point is a lot of choice, but it seems to be the guidance of the Divine hand, and "Where he leads me I will follow." Hoping in the near future to be led out into some sphere of usefulness in the Lord's vineyard.

The Springfield churches are vacant and desirous of a suitable pastor. Regarding them I would say that during the four and three quarters years I spent there I have no evil report to make. Myself and family received many expressions of kindness, and ample support. Had my health been continued I have no doubt but our relationship, as pastor and people, might have continued to a much longer time. The coming man need not fear, but just let me say that he who comes asking a \$700 salary, etc. need not apply. Such a demand is beyond the means of the people. But no servant of the Lord Jesus will suffer on this field if he works and trusts, that is, works for God and the people, and trusts in both. For the extra and unexpected experiences of kindness extended in our affliction I tender my hearty thanks, praying that God's richest benediction may rest upon them.

I would also make mention of the very kind and generous remembrances of the brethren at the New Brunswick Convention in so tangible a form—a \$50.00 gift, which with other kindnesses were presented, are aiding us materially aided us in hard places. To those contributing in any way we say thanks. May God bless you all.

S. D. ERVINE.

Andover, Victoria Co., N. B.

The Lord Reigns.

When in 1865 President Lincoln was assassinated, a mob, swayed by fierce passions, gathered in front of a hotel in New York in which James A. Garfield was a guest. He came to the balcony in front thereof, and quieted them with the sublime quotation from the 97th Psalm: "The Lord reigns, let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof. Clouds and darkness are round about Him: righteousness and judgment are the establishment of His throne." Beneath the influence of these words, the passions of men grew still and somehow they felt that though the head of the government and his chief adviser were stricken down, the government itself would live because God was still upon His throne. In the face of a great catastrophe, in the presence of some vast problem, or beneath the shadow of some overwhelming sorrow, we are wont to creep within the circle of the trust evinced by Mr. Garfield. We know that we are not of ourselves equal to the solving or the bearing, it may be, of that which is before us, and we reach out for some stronger hand than our own. We have not to-day the childlike trust of the old Hebrews. Everything that came to them, every manifestation of the forces round about them, was but a putting forth of Jehovah's power. The clouds were His chariots, the thunder was His voice, and every daily gift was the direct product of His care.

To some extent we have banished God from His world. We have put the reign of law in the place of His sovereignty. We think, perhaps, more of the operations of secondary causes, than of the sceptre of the First Great Cause. We have to do this in some measure because of the greater light we possess along certain lines. We know more of secondary causes and world-forces than did the Hebrew of old. We know that they have their mission, and that in their free play, they accomplish definite results. We have to remember these things, or we should vastly fail in our interpretation of Providence, and reverse Whittier's dictum, and declare, that good in him which evil is in us. We need constantly to be on our guard in this direction. And yet we want to be more on our guard lest by scrupulous care here we banish God from His universe. Above the natural force, behind the control of law, He sits who set the force in motion and who is and ever has been the Law-Giver. Let us not banish the Divine from either private or public life. The Lord still reigns, and righteousness and judgment are now, as in the past, the establishment of His throne. Amid all the unnamable atrocities of the present situation in China, we should not in any wise forget this great fact. The unfolding of the future are hidden from us. The wisest statesman is powerless to forecast solutions for

the problems that confront him. When we seek interpretation of the awful tragedy that we still fear may occur at Pekin we are dumb. We can only shake our heads, and say, "We do not know. But somehow, somewhere, behind the dim unknown, Jehovah reigns. We may hold fast to this, feeling that out of slaughter, disaster, and atrocities, He will yet bring that which shall be for His glory and men's good. Here, in this trust, is rest. On the outer circle of the whirlwind is a force that tears to pieces everything that stands across its path. At the heart of it, they tell us, there is a calm that would not disturb an infant's sleep. Trust in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," and herein is quiet that cannot be disturbed.

Health Column.

LONG LIFE IN TEN WORDS.

The essential conditions of long life may be indicated in the following ten words: Heredity, environment, cleanliness, exercise, regular habits, contentment, filial reverence, purity, life mission, godliness.

The case of Gladstone, for example, is an illustration of the presence of all of these conditions and some of them in a marked degree. Barring accidents, such a person is almost certain of long life.

HOW NATURE CURES.

An eminent nerve specialist has lately explained how and why it is that tried persons find in the parks and in the country, unconsciously to themselves, the rest that restores their worn and weary nerves. The scientific theory, stated in plain language, is that a change from the office or shop or noisy street to the calmness and beauty of nature actually switches the nerve currents to new lines of sensation, just as "central" at a telephone switchboard opens a line of communication, unseen to the caller, when the bell rings. In this entire change of thought and of sensation lies the medicine that ministers to a nerve diseased.

Every person of discernment knows that Nature is the best doctor, and it is pleasant to find science admitting it. Those who seek her ministrations will not believe in nor enjoy them less upon learning that they have a well-ascertained physical basis. It seems entirely reasonable that the over-strained nerves of concentration, for example, are relaxed and therefore rested when thought is suspended or diffused in a sort of miscellaneous enjoyment of the delights of the park or the fields. The frayed nerves of worry and perplexity and annoyance must get a respite when one is listening to the song of a robin or to the soft sifting of the wind through the pine branches. To start the currents on the nerves that convey to the mind impressions of pleasure—of the calm and peace and ineffable content of of nature—is "treatment" that none the less effective because it costs nothing and you are not thinking about it.

Indeed, the nature cure is better than the faith cure in this, that you don't have to exercise your faculties or your faith to receive its benefits. You simply sit still or walk or ride, and Nature, through your five senses, does the rest. It is not a new discovery, but the reason given for the fact is interesting.—N. Y. World.

The Reverse of it.

It is one of the commonest questions with congregations who are enjoying the ministrations of a new pastor—"How do you like our new pastor?" They like to hear him well spoken of and their own confidence and admiration are perceptibly heightened or depressed according to the nature of the reply. Their opinion is always affected by the opinion of others. A slighting remark made at the end of a sermon by a stranger in the congregation works injury to the esteem in which the church holds its pastor. Careless and critical words are arrows that wound to the death. A church is always affected by the general esteem in which the pastor is held. They like to know that he is "liked." But there is

another side. It is of some importance that a pastor likes his people. Not how do you like the minister, but how the minister likes you. There needs to be mutual liking. When the pulpit depreciates the pew is an evil scarcely less than when the pew depreciates the pulpit. No man is at his best unless he esteems very highly the works and character of those he ministers unto. It is his duty to think large and generous thoughts of them, to be appreciative and commendatory, to recognize and encourage their devotion and love. It belongs to the people also to gain for themselves the affection and esteem of their pastor, and to commend themselves to him as loyal co-workers and receptive hearers of the truth he preaches.

Temperance Column.

A QUAKER TO A SALOONKEEPER.

Several persons, among them a Quaker, were crossing the Allegheny mountains in a stage. A lively discussion arose on the subject of temperance and the liquor business, and these engaged in it were handled without gloves. One of the company remained silent. After enduring it as long as he could, he said:

"Gentlemen, I want you to understand that I am a liquor dealer. I keep a public house at —; but I would have you to know that I have a license, and keep a decent house. I don't keep loafers and loungers about my place, and when a man has enough he can get no more at my bar. I sell to decent people, and do a respectable business."

He thought he had put a quietus on the subject, and that no answer could be given. Not so. The quaker said:

"Friend that is the most damnable part of the business. If these would sell to drunkards and loafers, they would help to kill off the race, and society would be rid of them. But thee takes the young, the poor, the innocent and the unsuspecting, making drunkards and loafers of them. When their character and money are all gone, thee kicks them out, and turns them over to other shops to finish off; and thee ensnares others and sends them on the same road to ruin."

Mission News And Notes.

In Uganda upwards of 5,000 converts were baptized in 1899.

There are 335,000 Protestant Christians in Dutch East India.

Fifty years ago there was not a Christian on the Fiji Islands; now there is scarcely a heathen.

Of the 34,000,000 people of South America it is estimated that 30,000,000 have never seen the Bible.

It is well to pray for the conversion of the heathen. It is consistent and helpful, also, to try to assist in answering our own prayers.

The whole empire of Japan is open to the Gospel. The first Christian was baptized in 1364. To-day there are over 10,000 converts to Christianity.

There are now 487 medical missionaries at work in the various countries of the world, of whom 246 are from America, 174 from Great Britain, and 21 from Canada.

Jesus gave the commission in "Matthew" to the apostles and above five hundred Christians. It was not to the apostles simply, nor to an organized church. Mission work appeals to the individual at conscience, is a personal duty.

Twenty-five years ago the great island of New Guinea was in total darkness regarding Christ and His gospel. Now there are 117 places of worship and a large proportion of the people earnestly studying the Word.

In New Guinea, a little more than a quarter of a century ago, there was not a spot in that great island where the name of God was heard nor

117 chapels can be pointed to where He is worshipped, and in those a large proportion of the people will be seen with open New Testaments in their hands.

Married.

MOSHER-DELOREY—On October 16th, at the Baptist parsonage, Chester, by Pastor W. Jenkins, Wallace Mosher and Maria DeLorey, both of Western Shore, Chester.

PERRY-BARTLETTE—At St. John, N. B., on October 12th, by Rev. J. L. Shaw, Silas Perry of Johnston, Queens Co., and Lizzie Bartlette of Cornwall, Kings Co., N. B.

CORSWALL-VAUGHAN—At the home of the bride's mother, on October 17th, by Rev. N. A. McNeill of Hampton, Rev. S. H. Cornwall, pastor of the Baptist church at St. Martins and Annie L. Vaughan, daughter of Mrs. E. M. Vaughan of St. Martins.

HANNAH-BOYD—Lodge Dufferin, October 18th, at the home of the bride, Spruce Point, Light Station, by Rev. H. D. Worden, Mr. Herbert LeRoy Hannah to Miss Roberta Beatrice Boyd, both of Charlotte County, N. B.

DIXON-WHITE—At the parsonage, Hampton, Oct. 1st, by the Rev. N. A. MacNeill, Ralph Dixon and May White, both of Bloomfield, Kings county, N. B.

SERAG-KINNEY—At St. George, N. B., Oct. 24th, by Rev. A. N. Lavers, Allen Sprag to Josephine Kinney, both of St. George.

LASKIE-PHILLIPS—At the parsonage, Coldstream, Oct. 28, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Elvin S. B. Laskie to Genella E. Phillips, both of Mount Pleasant, Carleton county.

SMITH-WRIGHT—At the Baptist parsonage, Andover, N. B., Oct. 26, by the pastor, Charles H. Smith of Bath and Mrs. Emma Wright of Fort Fairfield, Me.

HART-GOODSELL—At St. George, N. B., Nov. 5th, by Rev. A. N. Lavers, Price Albert Hart to Jessie Goodsell, all of St. George.

Died.

GRAHAM—At Newcastle Bridge, Queens county, N. B., on 16th inst., Thomas Graham, aged 80 years leaving a wife, four sons and two daughters to mourn.

BISHOP—At Gasperaux, Chipman, N. B., on 14th inst., of cancer of the stomach, Charlotte, wife of Elias Bishop, aged 48 years, leaving four sons and five daughters.

BOWSER—At Sackville, N. B., in the closing hours of the 6th of October Brother George Bowser, in the 88th year of his age, entered into rest. For many years our departed brother has confessed himself a pilgrim and a stranger on earth. For the past twelve months he has been living within the sound of the softest ripple of the eternal sea. He found the grace of God sufficient. He has left behind him to his widow, his children and his church the memory of a righteous life. As a citizen he was highly respected by all. In his death another of the links that bind us to the past has been broken. His departure was in peace.

FREEMAN-MACMACKIN—At Lime Hill, Havelock, Kings Co., N. B., Oct. 19th, at the home of the bride's father, Deacon Elijah MacMackin, by Pastor J. W. Brown, Burro Freeman, of Amherst, N. S. and Bertha MacMackin.

ISHOP—At his residence, Harvey Bank, Albert county, N. B., Oct. 28th, Thomas Ishop, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

TAIT—At St. George, Oct. 2, of typhoid fever, Mr. Robert Tait, leaving a wife and one child and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

McLAUGHLIN—At St. John, N. B. Oct. 30, Charlotte, infant daughter of Rufus and Stella McLaughlin. The parents brought the body to Goshen, Albert county for burial and appropriate services were conducted by the pastor and Dr. Jos. Crandall. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

ORCHARD—At Mill Cove, Queens Co., Oct. 23rd, after a few days illness, Phebe Orchard, aged 73 years, beloved wife of John Orchard and daughter of the late Deacon Ephraim Briggs. Our sister was baptized 51 years ago by the late Jos. A. Smith, and united with the church at her home of which she remained a consistent member till her death. For many years she had been a great sufferer from asthma, but was upheld by the Spirit and Word of her God. She was in her usual health up to a few days of her death. She was very happy in her last sickness, almost constantly she talked of going to her heavenly home, and being with Jesus. Calmly, peacefully just at the setting of the sun, those who were watching heard her whisper, "I Jesus Saviour come, and without a sigh or struggle sweetly as a child falls asleep, she passed away to be with Jesus. The remains were taken to Macdonald's Corner, the home of her childhood, where an impressive funeral service was conducted by the Rev. A. B. Macdonald, after which the casket covered with beautiful white flowers placed there by loving hands, was laid away in the family lot, to await the resurrection of the just. One brother alone survives her. Much sympathy is felt for the family in their bereavement, especially for the aged husband who has walked by her side for 46 years. They were all present at her funeral, except the youngest daughter, who was in a distant land.