

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 68

## Morning Hours.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER, D. D.

ONCE in every twenty-four hours we take a fresh start in our life-journey. After the refreshment of sleep, we set out with a supply of bodily and mental vigor that is "new every morning." God kindly grants us a new probation, an opportunity to repair past mistakes; he gives us a chance to save the new-born day and to devote it to life's highest purposes. One hour at the sun-rise is commonly worth two at the sun-set. The best hours for laying plans, determining decisions and achieving any effective labor are the first clear fresh hours after we have risen from our slumbers. Sir Walter Scott was at work on his Waverley romances before his guests were out of their beds. President John Quincy Adams took an early swim in the Potomac while half of Washington was yet asleep. During the dark winter mornings the night-watchmen of Philadelphia often met Albert Barnes on his way to his study in his church—lantern in hand—to lay hold of his commentaries. By that systematic method he was able to prepare his score or more of valuable volumes without trenching on his sermon-making and his pastoral labors.

When the golden morning hours, fresh and bright from the mint of time, come into a minister's hands, let him be off to his books and his sermon. After a Monday's mental rest (for a busy pastor must have one day off as much as a hod-carrier), Tuesday morning is the best time to choose his text, and lay the keel of his sermon. Then he will escape the sin and the suicide of scrambling through his discourse on Saturday. Daylight is the best time to get an insight into God's Word, and into the great themes for the pulpit; "mid-night oil" was invented to burn out brains and consume human lives. My own rule always was to post up a card on my study door, "Very Busy" during the forenoon; and the afternoons were given to the study of my flock in their own houses. I never found that the hint on the door excluded any really important caller; and it saved to me what was more precious than "much fine gold."

In the next place new opportunities to serve our Master, and to bless our fellow-men, come every morning. If the opportunities of yesterday were not improved they will never return unless they rise up to bannt us at the Day of Judgment. Yonder morning glories that opened so beautifully yesterday are all withered away. But fresh ones opened at the kiss of today's rising sun; even so doth our patient Master give us new opportunities to do His will and His work, and to make somebody the better and the happier. The secret of usefulness is—seize every chance to do good by the forelock! Our days are very much what we make them; the fruitful days and the happy days are those in which we seized opportunities and made the most of golden occasions. The torments of hell will be lost opportunities; the joys of heaven will be—the hours on this earth that were spent to please Christ, and not ourselves.

One more important thought for us is that if new duties come every morning, there is a promise of fresh supplies of grace, and of strength equal to the day. We cannot live on yesterday's meals. As the children of Israel gathered the manna fresh and sweet every morning, so we must look upward for the stock of "rations" that are to supply us through the day's march. The early hour is the hour for prayer and the Bible. Start the day with God! We know not what the day may bring—in either trial or temptat on. The most dangerous temptations are the unforeseen and unexpected. A shattered ship was towed past the window of the room in which I am writing, a few days ago; she had been run into during a thick fog, and narrowly escaped destruction. Some of Christ's professed followers have been "stoven in" by sudden, and strong

temptations; conscience had gone to sleep in the pilot-house. Upon the youthful Joseph and the royal David came the same sudden temptation. The one was ready to meet it with an eye that saw God alone; the other was overcome because he let an attractive object of lust hide God entirely.

The Master teaches us to pray for our daily bread. Yesterday's supply will not avail; neither will yesterday's supply of grace. We must live by the day and draw on our loving, inexhaustible Father in heaven every morning for strength equal to the day. I have often said, and repeat it here again, that no Christian is strong enough to carry to-day's duties with tomorrow's anxieties and worries piled on the top of them. New every morning comes opportunity; new every morning comes duty; new every morning comes the sweet promise "my grace is sufficient for thee"; new every morning comes the Master offering to lead us; and ere long, if we are faithful, another morning will break on us with unclouded splendor where there will be no need of the sun, for the glory of God doth lighten it, and there shall be no night there.

## The Moral Effect of Pretty Gowns.

BY MRS. MARY LOWE DICKINSON.

I HAVE chosen the adjective "pretty" rather than "elegant," "costly," or even "tasteful," because "pretty" is exactly what I mean. The other day at sunset I was on my way home, after hours of absence, and, with the pressure of desire to be beside my own hearth, felt little inclined to stop anywhere; but, as I passed a neighbor's a girl I knew tapped on the window, and then ran to the door, throwing it open so that the light in the hall streamed out on the shadowy street.

"Come in, dear," cried my girl friend, coaxingly; "I have something to show you." So in I went, and with real interest examined the lovely water-color, framed in carved white wood and gold-leaf, which Fanny's friend, a young artist, had sent her for a birthday present. As I said, I know Fanny, who is one of my girls, and I know her John, and they both occupy a warm corner in my heart. One of these days they are to be married, and I think they will be very happy, so congenial are their tastes, and so generous are their sympathies.

What has all this to do with the moral effect of a pretty gown? More than you imagine.

Fanny's mother died five years ago, and Fanny has been mother as well as sister to three brothers, bright, sturdy little fellows, rapidly shooting up to tall, aggressive adolescence. Fanny has a great deal to do, far too much for one so young, if Providence had not ordained it as her duty, and some time ago she began to feel that she had no time to spend on her dress.

"It is as much as I can do," she told me, "to slip into an old gown in the morning, and stay in it all day. I haven't time to put pretty dresses on, much less to make them, and then John never gets here before nine o'clock. When I expect him I dress on purpose."

Meanwhile, the boys were growing unmanageable. They were bright, loving fellows, but the street was growing increasingly attractive to them. Of their father, a lawyer, absorbed in his profession, and a recluse in his library when at home, they saw little. It depended on Fanny to tide her brothers over the critical time when boy-hood's barque slips over the bar into the open sea of manhood.

Fanny and I put our heads together and I urged upon her the trial of personal charm as a home missionary effort. I begged her to discard her old gowns. "Let your brothers see you simply but prettily dressed every day, looking bright and neat and sweet, with little touches of adornment about your costume, and observe

whether the effect will be for good or not."

The effect was at once visible in the line of a certain toning-up of the whole house. It is not for nothing that the soldier in service is required to keep his uniform and accoutrements in perfect repair and in shining cleanliness. A profound truth lies under the strict requirements of military discipline, for he who is negligent of the less will inevitably slur the greater.

Fanny's bright simple dresses made her more careful that her table should be attractively appointed as well as generously provided with viands; it made her intolerant of dust in the parlor; it sent her on a tour of inspection to the boys' rooms. She found, she could not explain how, that she had time enough for everything, time to go walking with her brother, time to talk with them over school affairs, and over the matches and games in which they took delight. The boys realized that they counted for a good deal in their sister's eyes, that she even thought it worth while to dress for them, and they were, therefore, on their best behavior.

You can fill out the story for yourself. Perhaps some of you are at work in Sabbath schools and working girls' clubs and young people's societies. Do not make the mistake of supposing that there is any merit in going into these benevolent works in a dowdy gown or an unbecoming hat. Try the effect of a pretty toilette; you will discover it to have a far-reaching influence on the side of good morals.

## Who is It?

HERE is a laughable illustration of how anger causes a man to make himself ridiculous.

Banker Rosenthal directed his book-keeper to address a sharp letter to Baron Y—, who had promised several times to pay what he owed, and had as often neglected to do so.

When the letter was written, it did not please Banker Rosenthal, who is very excitable, and he angrily penned the following:—

"DEAR BARON Y—. Who was it that promised to pay up on the first of January? You, my dear Baron, you are the man. Who was it that promised them to settle on the first of March? You, my dear Baron. Who was it that didn't settle on the first of March? You my dear Baron. Who is it then, who has broken his word twice, and is an unmitigated scoundrel?"

"Your obedient servant,

"MOSES ROSENTHAL."

OWNS BOTH.—A United States paper says "the liquor traffic doesn't have to start a new party. It already owns two.

WHAT IT WILL DO.—Prohibition might not make angels of men, but it would keep many of them from making Brutes of themselves and worse than slaves of their families.

QUARANTINE AND LICENSE.—Within ten years there have been in the United States 21,384 deaths from yellow fever, 650,000 deaths from alcohol; still yellow fever is quarantined, alcohol licensed. The same fool business is done in this country.

AN ACRE A YEAR.—"I figured out, years ago," said a prosperous farmer, "that with very moderate drinking, I'd drink an acre of good land every year. So I quit." Here is a temperance lecture, done up in a small parcel, convenient for handling.

It is better to see clearly one or two things in life than to move confused and blinded in the dust an impotent activity.

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Paul Grandal's Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.

CHAPTER X.

He was deeply agitated but attempted to hide it under a show of bravado.

"Is this a new plan to put a stop to my business?" he asked sneeringly. "You meeting folks have tried almost every other dodge. Cutie that young parson! I was a fool to give up the mortgage! I bled that old idiot Shedd well though! I made him pay me a hundred dollars extra."

"I am not thinking of your business just now," she said wearily. "I am thinking of your soul, and the Christ whom you have rejected."

He did not reply. His eyes were fixed upon the mass of gleaming coals in the grate. He feared death stronger than that he was. The power that enabled this slender woman to so fearlessly face its certain nearness, it could not be of earth. What should she fear—she with her blameless life and her many good deeds? As for him—

He stopped abruptly and turned to speak to her. She was gone! She had said all she could say, then, with rare tact, she had left him.

A sign of relief broke from his lips, to be followed a moment later by a troubled exclamation. The thoughts she had aroused could not be set aside at will. He moved restlessly around the room for a time, then hurried away to the saloon, hoping there to throw the haunting memories.

Three days went by. There had been some talk of closing the meetings, but Paul could not bring himself to do it. The harvest had been great; his heart yearned after those who were still unsaved.

On the evening of the third day after Mrs. West's interview with Silas French, Lucie was walking to the church with her father.

"Papa, why are you not a Christian?" she asked, timidly.

The question startled him. Why was he not? He could hardly say—

"You and your mother are good enough for me," he began playfully; but she stopped him.

"Don't say that, please don't, papa. I wish I could be good for you, or good enough so you could see Christ reflected in my life."

His arm trembled under the light touch of her hand. Did she care so much—this brave little daughter, whose steady lips and grieved eyes had so made his heart ache? She was changed now. Strength and a joy in life had come back to her.

In silence they walked on until the church was reached. As they were going up the steps, Lucie said, softly,

"I am praying for you, papa."

Just as the services were about to begin, Silas French entered the door and slowly advanced up the aisle. It was Hiram Kent who hurried forward and led the saloon-keeper to a seat well up in front.

Paul's sermon was a tender, thoughtful one. Life's responsibilities and God's love were the themes upon which he lingered, and tears coursed down many cheeks when the young minister begged his hearers to no longer refuse mercy and peace.

His voice had not died away when Silas French rose and began to speak.

"Neighbors, you all know how of sinners I am the greatest. I don't know as there can be forgiveness for me, but God knows my heart," and he strode forward and knelt at the altar.

Before a word could be said, Deacon Hardy sprang to his feet.

"May God forgive me for my sins!" he cried, his old face working pitifully. "Brethren, I too, am willing to kneel and ask my Saviour to forgive me for the wrong I have done the faithful few who have labored for Him here."

Soon another came forward, an erect, stalwart man, still in the prime of life. It was Lucie's father.

They knelt there together—the hardened sinner, the erring Christian, and the moral man—all asking the Son of God for pardon and help. No, it was not strange. The work of grace was being done in answer to the tears and prayers of those who had pledged themselves to the service of the Lord.

On the morrow all the liquor in Silas French's saloon was emptied into the street. It was a glad day for Danesville. Public sentiment was roused now, and another saloon would not be tolerated.

The good work went on for a week longer. Over one hundred persons had sought and found Christ. Besides this; the church was all alive with an earnest enthusiasm.

"Yes, you are saved as a church," the presiding elder said, one Sunday morning soon after, when he occupied the pulpit, "and I've noticed when a church is safe, the members individually are not in danger. Under God's blessing, you owe much to your minister, and Danesville has done much for him."

Paul knew Mr. Carveth was right. Under more favorable circumstances, it is doubtful if he would ever have attained to his present spiritual condition. Sometimes the way may be dark, but wherever God leads all will be well.

Two years passed away. Paul is still at Danesville, although he has had several opportunities of exchanging his work there for something the world would call better. "All in good time," is his reply to these suggestions.

Marion West went home to her reward ere that first summer waned. She is not forgotten. By none is the gentle woman's memory more revered than by Silas French.

He is indeed, a changed man. The old saloon is a reading-room and a gymnasium now. The two men who gave their manhood's pride to the world—Amos Shedd and Silas French—are striving, with time and money, to help the youth of their native village. They often warn the boys to beware of their own grievous mistake.

"It's a bad thing, my lad," Amos Shedd would say, "not to commence until you are sixty to do a life's work. God blesses me daily, but I wish I had begun to do His will when I was like you."

Lucie is still a teacher. If the routine of the schoolroom grows a little tiresome, she whispers Paul's own words, all in good time. So she waits, knowing that if the life which stretches so fair before her is God's will, he will make it plain.

\* \* \*

The work of the Lord lies all about us. Truly "the harvest is great and the laborers are few," but those who enter into the toils of his vineyard find therein a joy and delight unspeakable.

[THE END.]

Quarterly Meeting.

The Albert county Quarterly Meeting met at Waterside, on September 3rd. This is the 2nd Harvey church, and is ministered to by Rev. F. N. Atkinson in connection with the Alma church. Waterside is very beautiful in the summer, commanding a grand view of the Bay of Fundy and the coast of Nova Scotia. The people are generally quite wealthy, and are given to hospitality.

This was a joint meeting between the Albert and Westmorland county Quarterlies. We had six of the seven pastors located in this county present, and Revs. B. H. Thomas, J. W. Brown, Ph. D., and W. H. Smith (lic) from Westmorland. Rev. H. H. Saunders was elected president, and F. D. Davidson secretary and treasurer for the ensuing year. Reports from the churches showed sixty-one baptized since last meeting, 2nd and third Elgin, under the leadership of Pastor Thorne, had purchased a parsonage and

Hopewell was making a move in the same direction. We are sorry that Hillsboro is pastorless at the present time. Dr. Brown had a map of Albert and Westmorland counties that was studied by the brethren with great interest in reference to our Home Mission work. W. H. Smith (lic), who is spending his vacation at Port Elgin and surrounding country, gave the Quarterly a full description of that field and it was unanimously resolved to urge the Home Mission Board to put a strong man on that whole field at once. A collection of \$12.50 was taken up to assist the brethren at Port Elgin with their debt. The Coverdale churches also were discussed and a man is urgently needed for that field. Rev. M. E. Fletcher preached a very touching sermon from the text: "And Abraham called the name of that place Jehowah jireh." Pastor Thomas conducted a grand social service in which the Spirit of the Lord was manifested with power. Several rose for prayers at the close. Temperance was presented by Pastor Thorne and Missions by Pastor Saunders and discussed. It was decided that the church be asked to be raised \$1.00 per member as their portion of the Century Fund. Revs. Fletcher, Addison and Davidson were appointed a committee to visit pastorless churches and urge upon them the necessity of raising their proportion of this fund. At the request of the brethren from Westmorland a similar committee was appointed for their county, consisting of Rev. B. H. Thomas, Rev. D. Hutchinson and Rev. E. B. McLatchy. We were greatly helped by our brethren from Westmorland and wished it was possible for them to always meet with us. We took them to the most beautiful spot in the county but hope at some future day that a meeting may be arranged at some more central point, Hopewell Cape, for instance. All pronounced this one of the most profitable sessions that our Quarterly had ever held. The Sunday School Convention opened Wednesday afternoon and closed after a platform meeting that evening.

F. D. DAVIDSON, Sec'y.-Treas.

Religious News.

A Chinaman was baptized BRISSELS STREET. Sunday night, the first in the Convention. In the Sabbath School there are twenty-five names enrolled in the Chinese department which is under the efficient superintendency of Mrs. J. N. Golding. H. F. W.

TABERNACLE, ST. JOHN. Baptized two believers in Christ on Sept. 1st. Will close my work at the Tabernacle on Sept. 15th. Expect to leave for Chicago shortly after to take a course of study at the Divinity School. The church has not yet settled on a pastor.

PERRY STACKHOUSE.

Of late our hearts have been made glad by those that have heard the Word and obeyed it. One was baptized at Forest Glen, and at Andover two followed their Saviour in baptism, and on August 25th five united with Andover Baptist church, three by letter and two by baptism. R. W. DEMMINGS.

September 7.

ST. ANDREWS. We cannot report additions to the churches on this field, but we are not without encouragement. The Sunday services are attended by fairly good and very attentive congregations. Prayer meetings often full of power. Sabbath schools are in a prosperous condition. One thing that greatly helps and encourages us is the interest taken in us and the sympathy shown us by the people in the churches. This interest in us does not merely express itself in words and good wishes, but is proved by kind acts until we wonder what the people see in us to show us so much consideration.

C. CURRIE.

UNION CORNER, CARLETON CO., The work of the Lord is still going on most blessedly in this place. August 28th we

### The Convention.

The New Brunswick Baptist Convention opened at Hartland, Sept. 13th. After a very refreshing conference of an hour or more the election of officers was called for, and Rev. Calvin Currie was chosen for president for the present year. Rev. W. E. McIntyre secretary, and other appointments of vice-presidents and directors were made. Several reports were presented on denominational matters; and some resolutions passed regarding future operations. The evening meeting was of an evangelistic character. Saturday forenoon was occupied with the presentation of papers, and addresses by members of the summer school of theology. Those papers were highly appreciated by all present, and widely discussed and no doubt but that they were and will be helpful to many who were privileged to hear them. Our space will not allow us to make full mention of these sessions, nor of these papers. The attendance at the sessions was not so large as expected, owing to the smallpox scare.

At 3 p. m. on Saturday the annual meeting of the Annuity Association took place. Vice-president Rev. W. E. McIntyre in the chair.

H. Coy, the secretary, read the minutes of the last annual meeting held in Waterborough, after which the officers for the ensuing year were duly elected.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer were read and adopted. A legacy of \$2,000 from the estate of the late Gilbert White of Sussex had been paid in, thus making the present capital fund \$2,000. The association has at present fifteen annuitants, who are paid annual grants out of the general income.

Saturday evening was given to education and missions. Prof. W. F. Watson of Furman University, South Carolina, was the first speaker. He gave an interesting sketch of that institution, which is to South Carolina what Acadia is to the maritime provinces. There are in the institution twelve professors and 245 students. The churches there take an honest pride in giving generously to educate the young ministers, and nearly all the pastors are college trained men. The state abounds in doctrines and isms of every sort, and a well trained university has become a necessity.

Prof. H. T. DeWolfe of Acadia Seminary followed, speaking at some length of the progress made at the institutions at Wolfville.

Dr. Manning pre-ented an appeal in behalf of the foreign missionary cause. He urged it on the ground that all things belonged to God and that we owe in return a debt to Him both in gifts and service.

The Sabbath dawned cool and clear, and large congregations gathered in the various churches supplied by ministers attending the convention.

Rev. W. S. Martin spoke in the Reformed Baptist house of worship in the forenoon, and conducted an evangelistic service in the Baptist house in the evening.

Rev. Geo. Howard supplied the Woodstock church, and other speakers occupied the Methodist and Free Baptist houses.

The convention sermon was preached by Rev. Barry Smith, who gave an interesting and carefully prepared discourse at 11 a. m. to a crowded house. In the afternoon a model Sunday school was conducted, various speakers taking part in the exercises.

A mass evangelistic service concluded the work of the day. Over one hundred testified of a hope in Christ, and the meeting was one of great power. Evangelist Martin chose for his topic the Saviour's claim that all power was given unto Him, and gave a clear elucidation of the theme, much to the profit of all.

At 10 o'clock on Monday the Sunday school work was again taken up, occupying the attention of the delegates until eleven, when regular convention business was resumed. Prayer was offered by Mr. Hall, after which the home mission report was ordered to be published with the minutes of the convention.

A communication from the Bible class of Commonwealth avenue church, Boston, was read by the secretary. It was on motion resolved that the pastors be urged to look after absent members, communicating wherever possible with them, and also with the pastor of the church nearest to them. This would form a bond of union and save many from a course of retrogression.

It was also resolved that the convention endorse the Forward Movement missionary appeal and urge the churches to contribute liberally to ward it.

The treasurer reported collections during the convention amounting to \$15.82.

After singing Bless Be the Tie that Binds the benediction was pronounced by Rev. J. D. Wetmore.

### A Scoffer Silenced.

To a young infidel who was scoffing at Christianity because of the misconduct of its professors, the late Dr. Mason once said: "Did you ever know an uproar to be made because an infidel went astray from the paths of morality?" The infidel admitted that he had not. "Then do you not see," said Dr. Mason, "that by expecting professors of Christianity to be holy, you admit it to be a holy religion, and thus pay it the best compliment in your power."

### Cherished Bibles.

In an old English church at Windermere is a great folio Bible, bound in wood and iron, and chained to the desk. It is an impressive relic of the time when copies of the English Bible were so rare and costly that they could only be kept in churches, and even there must be bound by chains that they could not be removed or stolen away. Only from the desk by the voice of the reader was the Word of God known to the people. That was such a day as the Prophet Amos speaks of, "a famine of hearing the words of the Lord."

Many times a copy of the Bible has been the most precious treasure of persecuted and banished Christians. A family in Virginia still cherishes the Bible brought by Huguenot ancestors out of France, hidden in a loaf of bread.

### Why Foreign Missions Lag.

HAVE we not in Missionary work, fallen into the snare of worldly care? Do not missions stand in our thought too much as an enterprise of the Church, and too little as the work of God, of which the Church is the commissioned agent? Back of all other causes of the present perplexity in mission work; behind all the apathy of individuals and the inactivity of churches, all lack of enthusiasm and of funds, all deficiency of men and means, of intelligence and of consecration, of readiness to send and of alacrity to go, there lies one lack deeper, more radical, more fundamental—viz., the lack of believing prayer. Until that lack is supplied the doors now opened will not be entered; and the doors now shut will not be opened; laborers of the right sort will not be forthcoming, nor the money forthcoming to put them at work and sustain them in it; until the lack is supplied the churches in the mission field will not be largely blessed with conversions, nor the churches in the home field largely blessed with outpourings and anointings of zeal for God and passion for souls. —Dr. A. T. Pierson.

### Death Will Come One Day.

O H, friends, you may have comforts—personal domestic, social—now, and you seem to yourselves to need nothing more. Death will come one day, and the comforts will all drop out of your hand. You will go, if unbelievers, into the other world, not only paupers, but criminals, unpardoned, under the curse of a broken law, under wrath that endureth forever. Do not put off the securing of salvation. Let the dwellers in a house which has "taken fire" be aroused, and with what haste they rush out of it to save their lives! "Delay not, delay not, O sinner!" "Go in faith and penitence to God in Christ. Flee from the wrath to come, and you will be able to say at length, "Now are we the sons of God!" May the bless-

baptized Gertrude Myrshall and Florence Rouse, and on Sept. 1st John Henderson, Everett Landon, Frederick Givon, Burnam Carpenter, Mrs. Burnam Carpenter, Mrs. Mabel Blackie, Gordon Greene, Frederick Furge, James Lloyd, Grover Lloyd, Vernon Barton, Earl Barton, Fred Barton, Benson Potter, Fred Potter, Henry Potter, Judson Potter, making 31 in all since August 4th, 2 more are received for Sept. 8th and with others will D. V. go forward. I am greatly enjoying this campaign with Bro. Dakin who preaches, prays and sings with all his heart. We have no lack of water notwithstanding the very dry weather, Green's Lake some 2 miles from the church, being an ideal baptistry. Last Sabbath it was thought that over six hundred people witnessed the impressive sight of these 17 persons buried in the likeness of the Master's death and raised in the likeness of his resurrection. Six of the number were heads of families, 2 dear boys and 9 young men. We hear very kind things said all over this field of the late pastor, Rev. C. Currie, whose faithful seed sowing has much to do with the present rich harvest. We hope to begin work with Bro. Horseman on the Aberdeen field soon.

A. H. HAYWARD.

### TABERNACLE CHURCH.

A farewell meeting was held on Tuesday evening in the Tabernacle church at which a large number of people and several ministers were present to pay a tribute of respect to the retiring pastor, Rev. F. J. Stackhouse, on the eve of his departure from the city. Many commendatory speeches were made by the ministers present eulogistic of Brother Stackhouse and the good work he has done in that section of the city, and fervent prayers were offered for his future success in securing a ripper education, and in proclaiming the gospel of the grace of God which he has so faithfully done in the past.

Deacon Patterson read an appreciative address on behalf of the church, to all of the good and kind words said Brother Stackhouse made a modest reply. Brother Stackhouse leaves with the best wishes and respect of his people, and the ministers of the city, and it is devoutly hoped by all that when he graduates from the theological department of the University of Chicago to which he now goes he will return to his own native Province again and give his own country the benefit of what he gleaned and pays for abroad; a most cordial welcome awaits him.

MILTON,

Work moving along quietly, Baptized two yesterday.

QUEENS COUNTY, N. S.

Another has been received for baptism.

H. B. SLOAT.

UNION CORNER,

Yesterday was another high day in this place. Bro. Dakin and myself had the privilege of again visiting

N. B.

Green's Lake where we baptized the following 16 persons, viz., James Eagers, Zura Tracy, Annie Pickles, Mildred Lincoln, Alma Dickinson, Clara Crane, Maude Potter, Everett Potter, Clarissa Crane, Mrs. Lydia Ives, Charles Myrshall, Lyman Myrshall, Charlie Barton, Harold Barton, Claude Barton, Lillian Brown. These all received the hand of fellowship by Bro. Dakin in the evening when the Lord's Supper was administered to a large number. We expect more to follow Sept. 15th. A. H. HAYWARD.

Rev. H. H. Roach of Annapolis, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Tabernacle Baptist church of this city. Mr. Roach some time ago supplied the Brussels St. pulpit for a short time and his services were highly appreciated. We are glad to welcome him to the city, and trust that his work here may be attended by large blessings.

### Notice.

The next Session of the Queen Co., Quarterly Meeting will be held in the Upper Range house of Worship, beginning on Friday, October 11th, at 7 p. m. The churches and Sunday Schools are requested to send delegates.



ing of the God of salvation attend and render effectual his holy word!—Dr. John Hall.

As givers the Macedonian Christians were models. They gave out of deep poverty, and in the midst of severe affliction; they gave up to the limit of their power, and even beyond it, as Paul thought. And they entreated the Apostle to accept and disburse their offerings. How different from the many Christians who have to be entreated to contribute to God's cause.

**The Portfolio of a Pessimist**

Preachers need to rest when they are tired. Z. Pessim too hard on them. I am a sound friend of preachers. Want to be one myself. Tried to once. Forgot my piece. Church didn't license me. I don't blame preachers not born for that. I say let them rest when they are tired. But they don't do it. That's where I come down on them. Seem like they hate rest. Anyway they figure fifteen months ahead to get chance to preach. Very thing they claim tires them. If they can't get any chance to preach they lecture! Got to be doing something. Puzzled me amazing till I got onto it. Do they fuss fifteen months for chance to preach without pay? Not much. Now take our minister. Clever enough fellow. Claims he's awfully used up. Turns him pale to think of it. Women so sorry. So I. Off on vacation. Church praying for him. What's he doing? Going up and down the earth seeking ten dollars a Sunday to devour. Getting it too. Now we pay him. Salary runs right on through August too. Pay him better and sexton and don't do his work as well. Makes world say he preaches just for money. And not so totally used up any way. Can't call him a "dumb dog." Keeps barking the year round. If there's a rabbit up the tree. No barking where no game. This hole in the stump will bear looking into.

A PESSIM.

**Our Relation to Christ.**

A. B. SIMPSON.

**W**HEN it comes to the question of conduct our actions are to be determined by our relation to him. It is because we are in him that we are to act like him. And so we read, "Whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." To act in the name of Jesus is to act as if you were Jesus, to sustain his character, his dignity and the life that would be expected from him if he himself were here. But it is our relation to him that inspires our conduct. We need the powerful motive of his life and love. Yes, and the actual force of his indwelling spirit to enable us to live out his life in our daily conduct and conversation. How many of us are as consistent with our high calling as the simple Chinese servant in an Oakland family who applied for a situation in the family of a professing Christian. Poor John was subjected to a pretty thorough examination about his habits, but gave satisfactory and equivocal answers to all inquiries. "Do you drink?" "Do you play cards?" "No, me Clistian," and so on. He was soon at work in his new home and found efficient and faithful in everything. But one night the family had a big party and John found himself called upon to wait upon them in the usual attendance of such a function. Faithfully and silently he went through the night without a murmur, and saw them playing cards, dancing and drinking wine. The next morning he presented himself to the mistress with a short and plain announcement, "Me go, me go stay." "Why John, what is the matter?" she asked, "Me no drink, me no play cards, me no stay with heathen who drink and play cards. Me go. Me Clistian." To him there was no other logical alternative. If he was a Christian it meant to walk like Christ.

The consciousness of our high calling and our union with such a Master must lift us above the world and all its ways. It is said that the Daughin of France, the poor orphan child of the murdered Louis XVI. and his queen, was committed by his enemies to the care of a very brutal

and wicked man who was to teach him only that which was evil. The poor lad had to look and listen to nothing but that which is degrading and wrong, but often he would say when tempted to stoop to the level of his companions, "I cannot say, I cannot do such things. I was born to be a king!" Yes, there was an impulse and a memory of higher things, and it kept him above the low and the base. The love of Christ, the life of Christ, the higher spiritual consciousness which his presence gives must lift us to the place of holiness and lead us to walk worthy of the vocation wherewith we are called.

**The Art of Sleeping Healthfully.**

**I**T will be readily seen that how much sleep a man requires depends very largely upon how he sleeps. He who sleeps normally may be well and strong on six, perhaps even fewer, hours of sleep. He who sleeps as do the majority of people will be apt to find even eight or ten hours inadequate. The question is, rather, how to sleep than how long to sleep—the art of sleep rather than the abolition of sleep. There are people who never rest. Sitting or lying down, as well as walking or working, their muscles are active. On the other hand, relax all the muscles, stop thinking, and rest in this way without sleeping for a half or quarter of an hour. One may rest without sleep, just as one may sleep without rest. Sleep is very largely a matter of self-command. "How far away is the enemy?" asked Napoleon. "They will reach us in about twenty minutes," was the answer. "Then I'll have twenty minutes sleep," he remarked. And he slept calmly and restfully. Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, had the same power, so had Von Hunboldt. These men had mastered the art of sleep. Sleeping is an art—an art to be acquired, happily.

How to antagonize insomnia in a normal way is, perhaps, one of the most important problems given to a brain-worker to solve. Let me give a morsel of personal experience. After a day or more or less exacting brain activity is done, I am in the habit of using some artificial and mechanical means to get the circulation away from the head back to the extremities. I used to think that walking would do this; and it is by no means always to be relied upon. Here is a little recipe: Before getting into bed, stand on tiptoe, letting the body down slowly as far as possible, then rising again with deliberation. Do this twenty times every night at least. I have heard of an octogenarian in my neighborhood who attributes his long life and good health to a faithful observance of this little device.

**Church Work Should be Appropriate.**

Stage-coach methods do not fit our times. We need no new truths, no new gospel; but we should not fail to realize that new points of contact with sin and sinners are imperatively necessary. The church-bell is no longer a sufficient invitation to the house of worship. Church work should be appropriate to its environment. All classes of workers are needed to meet the varying needs of different localities. All kinds of methods must be employed to effectually touch the various classes the church seeks to influence. The effective application of all the talents and capabilities of the whole church to the work in hand, is the ideal, and it will readily be seen that this makes co-operation imperative. The day of individualism has passed, for churches as well as for men and business enterprises; the day of Christian co-operation is here.

The men who have ability to make large sums of money in commercial enterprises should put their talent and effort beside those of laborers in other departments of God's work, and thus push the whole work forward.

**Married.**

**BROWN GILBERT.**—At Moncton, N. B., August 25th, by the Rev. A. A. Rutledge, John Brown to Mabel Gilbert, both of Albert Co.

**FROST-TABOR.**—At the home of the bride's parents Lower Norton, Kings county, N. B., Sept. 2nd, by the Rev. N. A. MacNeill, Clement H. Frost of Hampton, and Della May Tabor.

**HAYWARD-STEEVE.**—At the home of the bride's mother, Hammond Vale, Kings county, N. B., Sept. 4th, by Pastor R. M. Bynon, Warren Hayward of Wakefield, Mass., to Celia A. Steeves of Hammond N. B.

**BARTLETT-WILBUR.**—On Sept. 4th, at the home of the bride's father, by the Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Abner E. Bartlett to Miss Flora A. Wilbur both of New Horton, Albert Co., N. B.

**MCKENZIE-WHEELHOUSE.**—At Campbellton, N. B., Sept. 8, by Rev. J. W. Keirstead, B. A., William M. McKenzie to Edith Wheelhouse, both of Campbellton.

**HAMILTON-HAMILTON.**—At Campbellton, N. B., July 16, by Rev. J. W. Keirstead, B. A., Charles I. Hamilton to Christina Hamilton, both of Campbellton.

**FINLEY-HUEKERFORD.**—In the 18th inst, by the Rev. J. D. Freeman, Joseph Finley to Florence Ruthford, youngest daughter of the late Samuel Ruthford of this city.

**Died.**

**MOORE.**—At Cumberland Bay, Queen's Co., on 4th inst. of consumption, Della Maud, wife of Harry T. Moore, in the 32nd year of her age. Deceased leaves a little boy, four years of age and a large circle of friends. Seven years ago, during the revival conducted by Revs. J. W. S. Young and S. D. Ervine, she professed her faith in Christ, uniting with 2nd Grand Lake church. During the last few years her home has been in Moncton, but finding her health failing, in May last she came to the home of her father, A. H. Clay, Esq., where her decease occurred.

**FARNHAM.**—At Perth, Victoria Co., Sept. 2nd, Jennie Beatrice, aged 6 months, child of Cyrus H. and Clara Farnham.

**CONDON.**—At Hopewell Cape, Albert Co., August 26th, Frank Tingley, one year and three months old, child of Mr. and Mrs. Hurd Condon, after only two or three days sickness. Great sympathy is felt for the parents as this was their only child. They lost a babe some years ago, and then a little girl, six years of age was taken from them in a night. God's ways are mysterious, man finding out. The funeral was largely attended, services conducted by pastor. "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away."

**MCCVICAR.**—At Otterburn, Manitoba, Aug. 27th, Mr. John McCvicar, Sr., passed peacefully to his heavenly rest in the 74th year of his age. Mr. McCvicar was formerly of Mascarene, N. B., where his only surviving brother still resides. He moved to Ontario and from there came to Manitoba, about 17 years ago. He was one of the earliest settlers in Otterburn and was greatly respected. He was one of the most highly respected and influential persons in the district. He leaves a widow, one daughter and seven sons, besides numerous other relatives and friends to mourn their loss. He was baptized about 40 years ago and when a Baptist church was organized in Otterburn, shortly before his death, he and Mrs. McCvicar and one son and the daughter became members of it. The church was organized in his house where he had lain in bed for about two years previously. He was urged by the new church to allow them to elect him a deacon, but he felt he was too near the end of his journey here to be of any service in this office. The writer, who had the pleasure of his acquaintance, conducted the funeral service. It was an impressive sight to see the seven sons bearing in their own hands the casket with the remains of their father and lowering it reverently into the grave in a beautiful plot which he himself had seen several years before on their own farm, and whose two sons were buried. The concourse of people looked upon the scene with deep emotion.

**TINGLEY.**—Vera May Tingley died at Brandon, Manitoba, on the morning of August 15th, of typhoid fever. She was born in Sackville, N. B., Oct. 18th, 1858. She removed to Manitoba with her parents Eliza and Laura W. Tingley, in the spring of 1892. She professed conversion about five years ago and was baptized by Pastor Lehigh and united with the Baptist church in Brandon. At the time of her death she was secretary of the B. V. F. U., organist of the Sunday school and a member of the Baptist church choir. During her last illness she was delirious most of the time, with few short intervals, during one of which she tried to sing "Jesus bids us Shine," the teaching of which she tried to practice in her life. In a letter from her grief stricken parents they say "She has slipped away from us and our hearts are almost broken but we sorrow not as others who have no hope for aithugh she has passed away from us the memory of her sweet pure life assures us that she was a humble follower of the meek and lowly Jesus and that is our irreparable loss in her eternal gain. Therefore we kiss the rod that smites us and rejoice in Him who is the God and Rock of her salvation and ours." Vera was a beautiful girl and her many friends and relatives will cherish her memory dearly and sympathize with her bereaved parents and the family in this their great sorrow. But we will rejoice in the victory of her faith and theirs.

**MCGREGOR.**—Rev. William McGregor died at South Range, Digby county, N. S., August 26th, aged 56 years.