

Reva H. E. Menton

# The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 149

## A FEW WORDS TO THOSE WHO ARE IN ARREARS WITH PAYMENTS FOR THIS PAPER.

Dear Friends;—As we will not be able to call upon you before the end of this year, when we shall have to stop the publication of THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL, we earnestly request you to remit to us whatever balance is due the paper before this year expires, as we want to settle all bills against it at that time. We cannot afford to employ an agent to go about and collect for us, for it will cost us more to do so than he would collect. We will enclose addressed envelopes in your paper for you to use in sending payments. You will see dates on your paper giving the time to which you have paid for it. Jan. 1904 means that it is paid for to that date, and July 1904 means paid to that time, leaving a balance of twenty-five cents at the close of 1904. And so any dates given on the paper or on the wrapper of it means payment made to that time. Now there are over a hundred dollars due us on the paper, which if we could get it, it would clear us of all financial liabilities for it. We may possibly see some of you before the close of the year if health will permit, but do not wait for us to call upon you, but without delay send in what you owe, and very much oblige and relieve, yours in the work,

THE MANAGER.

## The Need of Spiritual Vision.

When the servant of the man of God looked out in the early morning he saw the city of Dothan encompassed by the horses and chariots of Syria. In his alarm he appealed to his master to know what could be done. With perfect confidence Elisha reassures him, "Fear not," he says, "they that be with us are more than they that be with them." And then in a word the prophet asks that his servant's eyes may be opened. "And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw, and behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." The young had an experience of the two kinds of vision. At first he looked out with the physical eye only and with his natural vision saw the camp of the enemy. A second time he looked, and with eyes opened by God, with a spiritual vision saw the horses and chariots of God. There are these two kinds of vision today. There are those who see everything from the worldly point of view—they have only the natural vision. But there are some whose eyes God has opened, who have a spiritual vision and to them it is given to see the great Divine realities back of the things of the material world. We need all of us this spiritual vision. We are constantly seeing things with the natural vision and only seeing what is on the surface; we need the Divinely opened eye to see the realities back of the surface phenomena.

We need the spiritual vision to see the real

blessings of life. Those in the world regard money, power and learning as the greatest blessings one can have. The spiritual vision detects the fallacy of this and sees that these very things may be and often are curses instead of blessings. It sees that it is not the things themselves but the way in which these things are employed that makes them blessings. And it sees that one may be happy and useful without them, if one has God.

The spiritual vision is also needed to show us the real meaning of life. There are those to whom life means simply *self-existence*. They have no higher aim than just to make both ends meet, to get along from day to day, from week to week. Our country is filled with people whose life is like that of the animal, content with something to eat and a place to sleep. No ambition for service, no thought of the higher things in life. There are those again to whom life means *self-amusement*. They seem to have no ambition beyond that of having a good time. In our country, as elsewhere, there is an increasing class of professional pleasure-seekers. They do not pretend to work, they spend their time in going from resort to resort, in a perpetual round of gaiety. The life of the human butterfly satisfies them.

Again, there is a class whose conception of life is summed up in the word *self-development*. Culture is their great shibboleth. Music, art and literature become ends in themselves. Spiritual culture receives enormous emphasis. Now this is a noble ideal compared with the first two, but it does not express the real meaning of life. Life is not self-existence or self-amusement, not even self-development, life means *self-impartation*. Self-development, yes, but for the sake of the self-impartation. We need to see this and to remember it. We exist for ends outside ourselves. We receive that we may in turn give.

We need this spiritual vision again that we may see the real privilege of life. And that is the opportunity to know God. There is no privilege like that ever given to mortal men. There are those who pride themselves upon an intimate acquaintance with this or that prominent person. What is that to the privilege possessed by even the humblest, the privilege of knowing the Creator and King of all?

One does not see these things with the natural vision. But to the eyes which God has opened they appear the fixed realities of life.

## Baptist Union Notes.

The churches that have voted on union since our last report are Lower Millstream, Mcncton, St. John (Waterloo St.), North Head, Castalia, Grand Harbour, Seal Cove, Third Tier, Lower Queensbury, Wilson's Beach, North Road, French Lake, Victoria Corner, St. John, (North)

All these churches have voted approval of union. Other churches are preparing to take action at once.

The number of Baptist churches voting approval is being increased each week.

Union will not in any way interfere with a church's right to conduct its own affairs. Every church will, as now, choose its pastor, order its

services, determine its contributions to local and general purposes, have the same relation to other churches and to the general body—in a word, will in everything be as independent as now, and act as freely.

In a note of recent date from Rev. Dr. Trotter, President of Acadia University, he says:

Had I not been so overwhelmingly buried in the administrative duties incident to the opening of a new college year, I should have written you earlier, expressing my great satisfaction at the action of your Conference. I trust the actual amalgamation may now proceed just as rapidly as it is found practicable. The Wolfville church unanimously adopted the Basis of Union a few days ago, and declared itself ready to act in all matters in accordance therewith. May the Lord give wisdom and patience in all things, and lead us to his glory.

Dr. Trotter intimates also that at the next meeting of the Board of Governors of Acadia the question of the readjustment of the Beneficiary Funds for students, etc., etc., in view of the union, will be taken up, and he has no doubt that the matter will be satisfactorily arranged.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

## Helping One Another.

Romans 5: 1-7.

The Epistle to the Romans is Paul's masterpiece, if indeed one can speak in terms of comparison concerning any particular part of the Scriptures.

The key thought of Romans in the *righteousness of God*, and the Apostle in all his Epistle is seeking to make plain to his readers that there is only one way for us to attain unto righteousness of God, and that is by the sacrifice of Jesus Christ. Paul believed in the substitution of Christ for the sinner; in other words, that Christ died that we might live, and the heart of his great Epistle in Jesus Christ, the Son of God, crucified, buried, risen and ascended at the right hand of God. Because of our offences, Jesus was delivered, and because of his ascension and our acceptance of him we are justified. But Paul was a practical preacher; he not only presented great truths as a theologian and as a profound preacher, but he presented those principles which, if adopted would make better homes, would improve the relationship between masters and servants, would make friendship stronger and the whole life indeed to be purer and better in God's sight.

One weak point in society is that we are not sufficiently catholic in our friendliness. Homes, so far as friendship is concerned, disintegrate, Mother has her set, rather his, brother Jim his, and sister Betty hers. There is too much separation, not enough of the common interest that makes strong the bond.

To grow younger daily, live much and lovingly with younger people. Read, not alone the old books you have lived by, but the new ones that are dropping from the press as the leaves drop from the trees these Oct. 6th days.

To grow younger, not older, live much in communion with heaven. On some faces a light rests, caught from the living lustre near the throne. They who have rapturous with Jesus Christ wear his s-g-e-r-ing. They are beautiful to the end, and the snow of their latest winter is roseate with glory foun on high.

## The Home Mission Journal

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REV. J. H. DUGHERS,  
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### Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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#### CHAPTER XVII.

When, some days afterward the chief engineer was overhauling the engines, seeking to learn more particularly the cause of the accident off the lee shore that awful night, which might have proved so disastrous, a twisted hand-spike, bent by contact with the machinery, suddenly tumbled out from within a mass of twisted rods.

Some evil-minded member of the crew had tampered with the machinery, inserting that bar of iron just where he knew it would do the most harm, although he could not have known that just at the moment when the break-down occurred the yacht would be most in need of its engines, off a dangerous lee-shore.

"There are only three men aboard this ship that would have stuck that hand-spike into the engines," muttered Saunders, the boatswain's mate to himself, when he heard of the occurrence. "One of them's the Lascar, another the Portuguese, and the other man Bailey. And I believe it was the Lascar!"

While the deed could not be proved to have been the work of any particular man, the mysterious break-down in the engine-room set the officers of the *Glad Tidings* hard at work thinking.

There was no time just then for speculation, as the stormy weather continued, and the *Glad Tidings* with the smallest amount of canvas set which allowed of making headway at all, labored heavily in the huge seas. At times it was obliged to lie under close-reefed main topsail, single-reefed main try-sail, and fore storm-sail. These were anxious times for all on board, and Grace Henton in her cabin spent much time in prayer. The account of the voyage of the dauntless apostle Paul in the Book of Acts greatly comforted her, as she recalled his encouraging words to his terror-stricken shipmates, "Be of good cheer!" Then she would hum softly to herself the verse of the hymn:

"Tossed upon life's raging billow,  
Sweet it is, O Lord to know,  
Thou didst press a sailor's pillow,  
And canst feel a sailor's woe!"

The third night after the *Glad Tidings* club-hauled off the lee-shore on the outermost rim of the Paracels the storm was not quite so severe, and the ship was making fair progress in her course, though still the sea ran high. In the later evening Grace sought to read a little in a corner of the main cabin by the light of a detachable lantern which swayed from a hook overhead—for it was a rule aboard the *Glad Tidings* to put out the brilliant electric cabin lights early on dark nights, lest their brilliance obscure the glow of the red and green side-lights, on whose clear recognition by approaching vessels the safety of more than one craft might depend. Grace had hardly leaned back on the pillows of the sofa to enjoy her book when a sharp cry, one of the most startling ever heard at sea, floated out on the air from somewhere overhead: "Ma' overboard!"

Instantly there was a tramping of feet on deck, and a number of hoarse orders were shouted. Springing up Grace instantly and instinctively did a curious thing. Catching the lantern from its hook she held it close to the cabin port hole. Afterward she found that that simple act of hers had saved the life of the unfortunate man who had fallen overboard. For though a rope had been immediately thrown to him from on deck he could never have seen the line in the darkness,

had not a ray from the lantern held up by Grace lit up the water at the precise spot where the end of the rope was trailing. Snatching the rope and clinging to it with desperation, the man was hauled on deck. Grace had saved a life, by doing as the right moment of supreme need—the only thing in her power—the holding up of a light to shine forth upon the dark heaving waters.

"You did well, sister dear!" exclaimed John later, when he knew the circumstances. And then he added reflectively, "It would be better for this poor old storm-driven world, if every Christian believer would so hold up the light of his Christian testimony that some poor sinking seaman. In the hour of his dire extremity, might have light thrown upon some promise of Scripture otherwise dark to him which, so illuminated by helpful comment, and seized as Paul's shipmates seized the broken pieces of the corn-ship, may prove the means of drawing him out of the deep waters of sin into the safety and blessedness of an eternal redemption.

When the *Glad Tidings* was hove-to that dark night in the China Sea and the man who had fallen overboard was hauled on deck dripping and limp, but not lifeless, the unfortunate seaman proved to be Bill Saunders. No one could be found who had seen him actually falling overboard, and Bill could give no clear account of how he happened to plunge into the dark sea. The first officer had noticed a dark figure in the water. His quick cry, with the instant response of an after-guard who heaved overboard a life-line, and the illumination of the waters by the rays of the lantern which Grace Henton held up, had been instrumental in effecting the man's rescue. It seemed strange, however, that so experienced a seaman should have taken a tumble into the sea and the more he thought about it, the less Saunders was able to account for his fall. His mind seemed to be a blank upon the subject of the occurrences just previous to the moment when he found himself struggling in the water. Gradually, however, his brain cleared away enough to give him a vague impression that he had been standing near the starboard cat-head or perhaps leaning over the rail when—he might have been dreaming this—a shadowy figure had stolen up and struck him. Sure enough there was a suspicious bump, which still was much swollen, and soon began to ache not a little. A startling thought flashed across Saunderson's mind.

"I wonder if that sly Lascar gave me a clip that knocked me senseless and then heaved me into the water? Just like him! If so, it must have been the cold water that revived me enough to give me wit to gripe the rope!"

But Bill Saunders said nothing of his suspicion, least of all to the Lascar himself, and tried his best to treat with a forgiving spirit the man who seemed to be his implacable enemy, all because it had been the duty of the boatswain's mate on several occasions to report the Lascar for various offences.

It was not long after this misadventure before the *Glad Tidings* drove into its "mud-hook" in the roadstead of the Hong-Kong where hurricanes are not infrequent. As a precaution against sudden disaster the top gallant-masts were sent down, the yards were secured and hoisted clear of the caps, spare yards and spars on deck were firmly lashed, and the hatches were kept ready for battening down. By this fore thought a number of severe hurricanes, that burst in quick succession over the roadstead caused the *Glad Tidings* no appreciable injury.

Grace Henton looked with wonder at the huge ugly junks which swept past the *Glad Tidings* on the strong tideway, and her brother could not help congratulating himself that he encountered those wicked-looking craft not on the high seas but under the protection of the guns of Hong-Kong.

At Hong-Kong many opportunities were afforded of holding meetings with British and American seamen. In that port too the Hentons found great pleasure in making the acquaintance of numbers of missionaries, both British and American. Some of the former were stalwart young athletes who had come from the classic shades of Oxford or the greenwards of Cambridge to share with the heroic Hudson Taylor the hardships, dangers and toils of China Inland Mission; and were about to proceed to the interior as

far as the borders of Thibet with its towering mountain ranges. Some of those devoted missionaries from England and America were destined, though the Hentons did not know it then, to lose their lives for Christ in the Boxer uprisings in a way which thrilled all Christendom.

From Hong-Kong the American yacht slowly beat its way against head winds to Shanghai, where some of the experiences at Hong-Kong were repeated, and numbers of converted Chinese were met, much to the mutual pleasure of the Hentons and the Chinese converts.

On the way to Shanghai some signs of insubordination were manifested among a few members of the crew, which annoyed Henton greatly, as he had always made it a point to deal justly and kindly with his men. But he had not a doubt but that the trouble was directly fomented by the Lascar and the designing Portuguese Antonio—who according to some rumors that had developed since he had shipped as an able seaman—had once been a captain of a small schooner which had borne a questionable reputation. Henton made up his mind that he must shortly get rid of the two men; and also came to the conclusion that Bailey had better go too, as he well knew that it is almost impossible to have a good and contented crew when a "sea-lawyer" such as Bailey or a designing rogue like the Lascar is on board; filling the minds of the lighter minded members of the ship's company with all sorts of foolish yarns and imaginary grievances. As for the Portuguese, who had been in his earlier days a whaler (and probably a good many other things besides) he knew too much, and his absence would be better than his company. There was no doubt but that the fellow was as smart a seaman as ever trod a ship's deck, but his smartness was not backed up by solid character, and John Henton wanted no man aboard his ship on whom he could not depend. But as the event proved, the captain was presently relieved from the necessity of discharging any of the three men.

After a stay of some days at Shanghai, Captain Henton decided that he would take a run up the Yang-tse-Kiang River, the "son of the ocean" as the Chinese call it. The engines had been thrashed roughly overhauled at Hong-Kong, and a run up the great water-way of China would afford many interesting glimpses of life in the interior of China. The *Glad Tidings* anchored over night at the mouth of the river. Just at dusk a small junk came alongside, laden with fruits and nuts for sale. It was remembered afterward that the three men, Antonio, Bailey and the Lascar seemed particularly anxious to trade with the crew of the junk. Antonio, who seemed to have been in every port on the globe, knew a little Chi-ese, and interpreted for his companions. The junk hung around until a little after sunset, when the first officer ordered it off. After the junk had disappeared up stream, it was discovered that the three "conspirators," as the men were ever afterward known, were missing. Captain Henton seemed surprised, but not disturbed, while Bill Saunders went about with a more than ordinarily gleeful smile on his face. "Good riddance to bad rubbish!" he exclaimed in the hearing of the amiable old boatswain, who answered with a nod of approval.

The next day a native pilot was engaged and the voyage up the river was begun. Odd and interesting sights were revealed at every turn, and Grace was heartily amused at the pigeon-English of the pilot, as he commented on the many strange objects afloat and ashore which were passed on the way, as they steamed on between the broad rice fields that lined the banks on either side. The barkentine picked her way carefully among the junks, flatboats and rafts that came floating down, or which were being laboriously poled or drawn up-stream. When it became necessary to stop for the night the yacht did not tie up to the bank, but was anchored out in the stream.

So several days passed by, when the Hentons determined to return to the open sea. The helm was put over, and the run down was made in quicker time than the voyage up. Nevertheless it was not possible quite to make the sea at the end of the second day of the return journey, and Captain Henton accordingly was obliged, rather unwillingly, to anchor in a junk-infested part of the river not far from its mouth. A double

watch was posted on deck to keep a bright lookout for any clumsy or middle-class craft that might come bumping into the yacht.

The crew with the exception of a quarter-watch were ordered to keep out of sight below decks, but to be ready for any call. The movements of the native pilot were closely watched. Steam was kept up, and a spring was put on the cable.

Captain Henton did not go to his cabin once that night. It was well that all the precautions mentioned had been taken and that the officers and most reliable and discreet members of the crew were armed.

For two long hours after midnight Henton paced the bridge. Four bells had just sounded out on the night air. The notes of the bell had scarcely died away over the waters when a dark hulk was observed floating down upon the yacht. The bow watchman reported to the bridge, "craft dead ahead bearing down on us, sir!" and then hailed, "Boat ahoy!"

No answer came floating back over the waters. The only sound was the quiet ripple of the water under the prow of an advancing boat. The bow watchman hailed again. Again no answer was returned. Then another craft was discerned approaching from a position two points off the port bow. Then another junk appeared, its high sides looming weirdly in the shadows, putting out from the nearer shore. "Piratical villains!" thought Henton to himself, instantly signalling to the engine-room "Stand by," and summoning the first officer to the bridge, while all hands were piped to muster on the berth deck, ready for service—for it was no part of Captain Henton's plan to let the pirates know at first how many men the barkentine carried in its crew. Only the quarter-watch was then on deck.

The next moment Henton ordered the cable paid out, and backed the engines. Then the quick orders followed. "Haul in on the spring! Veer on the cable!"

Immediately the yacht's head swung around, disconcerting the carefully laid plan of the junks, which was to float down on opposite sides of the yacht and with two other boats from the shore completely surround it. A moment more and engines of the yacht were started ahead, and the foremost junk was caught on the prow of the yacht and slowly pushed backward. A deft touch to the helm and the attacking craft was swayed around until it quite blocked the path of its companion boat.

Meanwhile, however, the crew of the first junk began to run in over the jib-boom of the yacht. "Let them come!" shouted Henton.

On rushed the rascals, led by a strangely familiar figure, Antonio the Portuguese! The whole gang brandished swords and pikes, and began striking at the deck watch.

"Pe pe all hands on deck!" sang out the captain from the bridge.

Immediately up through the hatchways swarmed the whole available force of the *Glad Tidings*.

"Port watch, lay forward! Starboard watch aft here!" There was need for these orders, for the other two junks from the shore were drawing near on the starboard quarter. In the prow of the foremost junk stood a villain with lighted torch ready to fire the yacht if the attack made by the other junks failed.

"Seems to me that's a queer kind of a Chinaman!" growled the burly Saunders, as he glanced at the figure of the would-be incendiary silhouetted against the glare of the lanterns held up by hostile hands behind him.

"Sweep those fellows off the forecastle shouted Henton, "and be quick about it!"

Then there ensued a scene of a rough and tumble forward. Antonio the Portuguese made a vicious lunge with his dagger at the first officer, but was knocked down and for the moment forgotten. A number of the remaining boarders were thrown bodily overboard into the sea, others were surrounded and rushed into the forecastle and barricaded there, and others still, thinking discretion the better part of valor, scrambled out upon the jib-boom and dropped back on the decks of their junk, which had remained inextricably fouled with the rigging of its companion boat.

Meanwhile the starboard watch had been standing by to repel boarders. It was a grimly determined set of men that lined up, ready to receive the first man who dared to set foot on the

deck of the yacht. Three men of the engine-room watch had made ready a hose, and when the foremost of the junks approaching from the shore came within a few fathom's distance, a stream of water was let full in the face of the heroic figure of "Hoggy" the Lascar, extinguishing his threatening torch and bowling the man over backward on the upturned faces of his fellow pirates.

"Slip the cable!" came the command from the bridge.

With a roar the chain was paid out through the hawsehole, and the yacht was free to steam where it would.

"Full speed ahead!" was signalled to the engine-room.

The helm was put hard to starboard and with a distainful blast on its whistle the sharp-prowed yacht, feeling the powerful push of its engines, crashed by the two junks that had tried to float down upon it, brushing them aside as though they had been paper boats, and as the light of a new day began faintly to streak the eastern sky, swept swiftly in a graceful curve down-stream. Before the new-born day was over the batch of captured pirates had been delivered into the hands of the proper officials in the nearest city, to be dealt with according to the tender mercies of Chinese justice. Somehow in the confusion, Antonio the Portuguese who had instigated and engineered the whole attack, and who had been knuckled into the lee scuppers, had managed to jump overboard and escape, and the native pilot was also found to be missing.

## Religious News.

Rev. E. T. Miller preached **CHUFMAN, Q. Co.** his farewell here on last Sunday of October. Mr. Miller has been with this people seventeen months and leaves to accept a call to Acadia Mines, N. S. Five important pastorates are thus left vacant in Queens Co.

Services are now being conducted here by Rev. R. H. Bishop. Our interests in this part have suffered much for want of regular ministrations, and a regular laborer is much needed. We trust the present union may prove permanent and result in much good.

Rev. W. E. McIntyre, **CAMPBELLTON.** Superintendent of Missions, recently visited this field and supplied, while Bro. Keirstead was absent to New Richmond, across Bay Chaleur. A fine opening has been made at the latter place, through the labors of Messrs. Macpherson and Porter, assisted by the pastor and evangelist Marple. The brethren here are beginning to build, and expect soon to call a separate pastor. This seems an absolute necessity to follow up the start already made. An earnest laborer will find a ready welcome.

This old and important **UPPER GAGETOWN.** Baptist interest is again vacant. Rev. Robert Mutch has removed to the home of his son-in-law at Central Norton, and will spend the evening of his days in retirement.

After about eight years of **BERLIN, N. H.** delightful and successful service at Hopkinton, I accepted a hearty and unanimous call to the pastorate of the First church in Berlin, N. H., and began work here on Sunday, July 31st. This is a young, hustling, growing city of 12,000 inhabitants, which, it is said, does more business to the square foot than any other city in New England. It, also, affords most magnificent opportunities for Christian work. But, I write nor so much to inform my many friends "by the

sea" that God has greatly blessed me since I left my native land and given me in my present charge a very promising portion of His vineyard to cultivate, as to ask their aid in the work which urgently demands the very best service I can give. Young men come here from all parts of the provinces to work in the mills and it is difficult to reach them. Now, if their friends at home will send me their names and residences I will give them the best pastoral care of which I am capable. And they ought to be cared for where temptations are so great, and the avenues to ruin so many. Friends "by the sea" lend a helping hand. **J. W. TINGLEY,**  
78 Pine St.

## Personal.

Rev. J. A. Marple and J. J. Armstrong of **Truro** recently passed through the city on their way home from the west. Bro. Armstrong will be remembered as the son of the late Dr. Geo. Armstrong, a prominent minister of our body thirty years ago. Bro. Marple expects to resume evangelistic work in the Maritime provinces during the winter.

Rev. E. R. McLatchy has begun his pastorate in Moncton, with good prospects. His former field at Sackville has called Bro. A. J. Vincent to succeed him.

Evangelist Hayward has been with Bro. B. S. Freeman of Bloomfield, Carleton Co., in special work. Bro. B. Beatty is also holding special meetings at Bristol in the same county. Several additions are reported.

## Helping Others in Times of Temptation.

Most people are ready to blame a person for falling into temptation, but are unwilling to exert the least effort to take temptation out of their way, or aid the tempted to resist the evil. People are good at scolding and fault-finding, but do nothing to encourage and help the tried and the tempted. They are much like the mother whose boy was permitted to play in the front yard but not allowed to go outside the gate. The little fellow saw no hardship in this until he went outside the gate and beheld his little companions playing some distance off. He walked to the gate and looked wistfully at them but came back and tried to amuse himself alone; three times he went to the gate with the temptation growing stronger each time. At last he could resist no longer and sped away to join his play-fellows. On his return his mother called him in, and said she would have to punish him for his disobedience, and explained to him that she had been sitting at the window and had seen him go to the gate two or three times and at last run off. The little fellow turned and said: "Mother, did you really see me go to the gate two or three times and at last run off?" "Yes," the mother replied, "I did." "Well, mother," he said, "why didn't you tap on the window and help a fellow out?" There was a cutting rebuke in this for the mother who seemed more anxious to punish the child for wrong-doing than to prevent him getting into trouble. To everyone God says, "When thou art converted go and strengthen thy brethren." We shall never know how much wrong and trouble God keeps us from.

Union will not hurt any church in either denomination, and it will help many churches in both. It will broaden the field for both, and will, also, make possible a much needed concentration of their Christian forces.

### To Those Afflicted with Catarrh Bronchitis and Asthma.

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

**J. H. HUGHES,**  
2 Cunard Street,  
St. John, North End.

### Ways of Helping Others.

Dr. W. W. Weeks, of Toronto, has pointed out that there are two ways of helping others, each of which may be illustrated in the following manner:

Seventy-five years ago a poor beggar boy stood on London Bridge. With an old violin, on which he played wretchedly, he tried to draw a few pennies from the charitably disposed listeners. A stranger who was passing asked the lad for his fiddle and after doing some "tuning," he began to play a low plaintive melody. A man paused to listen and threw some pennies into the boy's cap. Then another and another stopped, and instead of pennies, six-pences and shillings, crowns and sovereigns were thrown to the boy. In a few minutes there were thousands of people crowding the bridge and the boy's hat was filled with coins. At the last the police had to command the musician to stop in order that the street might be cleared. It was the great Paganini who had thus charmed the multitude and filled the pockets of the beggar. But it was only a temporary relief for in a few months the money

would be gone and the beggar as poor as before. That is one way of helping; helping one to be helpless. Here is another and a better method:

A few years ago a little beggar girl went to the home of Patti soliciting help. The queen of song did not give her any money but asked her if she could sing. So singing a couple of Welsh hymns Patti's trained ear detected something in the girl's voice that gave promise of future power. She arranged with the child to come to her house for lessons every day. For seven years she trained her and then introduced her to the public. Today she is earning ten thousand dollars a year for herself and blessing multitudes with her song.

Patti's method is much to be preferred to Paganini's. In our generosity we are to help others to help themselves, just as the Saviour raised people from sickness that they might go work for their daily bread.

### In the Thick of Battle.

In the thick of the terrible battle of Nanshan, just north of Port Arthur, two Japanese soldiers were wounded at the same moment. One of them, a corporal, crept to his comrade and tried to bind up his wound. "The man said to him, 'Don't trouble about me, look out for your own wound; I have believed in Jesus Christ.'" Then the corporal recited to the desperately wounded man, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil," for Thou art with me." "Yes," responded the other, "I have been laid hold of by Jesus Christ." At that moment a second bullet struck the speaker and he died. The corporal lived to reach the hospital and to tell the Christian nurse of this strange communion of souls on the battle-field. Some of the money given by Christians in self-denial and with prayer, carried the Gospel to those two pagan Japanese, and so yielded fruit a hundred fold on the bloody slopes of Nanshan.

### To Cheat Old Time.

Ignore time, if you can. Don't make too much of the fact that your early friends are passing hence. What if they are? They are merely arriving in port a little sooner than you, and joining the great company who have left "this bourne of time and space." When you read in the morning paper that some girl or boy who was your classmate once died last week in Italy or California, wave your hand and wish joy to the one who is done with strife and pain forevermore. For yourself you are here. Do your work, the better that it is as well worth doing as it ever was; the better that you have attained finer facility and a truer touch. Keep adding to your list of friends. Nothing is more to be deprecated than a friendless age. Friends may be of any period. Why not cultivate friendship with your sons' and your daughters' friends!

Religion is not something to merely profess and to think about on Sundays and special occasions. It is something to have always and everywhere creating motives and giving direction and character to actions.

The Baptists in the United States, north and south, are seeking some form of union. There is in mind especially a union that will make for more effective evangelization.

It is just as easy to form a good habit as it is a bad one. And it is just as hard to break a good habit as a bad one. So get the good ones and keep them.—*President McKinley.*

The decline of family worship is one of the most deplorable things of the time. It is fraught with danger. The neglect of family worship by parents who are professing Christians causes their children to doubt the reality of the faith and love they profess.

Try to be happy in this present moment, and put not off being so to a time to come; as though that time should be of another make from this, which has already come, and is sure.—*T. Fuller.*

A revival that does not result in better support of the church's finances, increased contributions to mission work, Christian education, and more readers of the church's paper lacks some of the essentials of a real work of grace. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

Somebody who wants to explain what the editorial "we" signifies, says its meaning varies to suit circumstances. For instance, when you read that "we" refers to the editor-in-chief; when it is "we are a little late with our work," it includes the whole office force; if "we are having a boom" the town is meant; when we received over 100,000 immigrants last year," it embraces the nation; but "we have hog cholera in our midst" only refers to the illness of the man who takes the paper two or three years without paying for it.—*Sel.*

### Married.

**FERGUSON-WATERS.**—At the residence of John Waters, Nictau, V. Co., October 18th, by Rev. T. D. Bell, Frederick Ferguson, of Riley Brook, V. Co., and Bessie Waters, of Nictau, V. Co.

**STERRITT-BEAMAN.**—In St. John, at 134 Adelaide Street, October 11th, by Rev. John A. Robertson, Mr. Thomas H. Sterritt, of Hamilton Mountain, and Miss Lenora A. Beaman, of Kars, Kings County.

**BROWN-LESTER.**—At Salisbury, October 12th, by Rev. A. Perry, A. E. Brown and Cora A. Lester, both of Salisbury, W. Co.

**LAW PARLEE.**—Edward C. Law, of Boston, Mass., and Sibyl C. Parlee, of St. John, on the 5th inst., at the home of the bride, by Rev. A. J. Prosser.

**JONES-ELLISON.**—Herbert L. Jones, of Kars, Kings Co., and Elwella Ellison, of Springfield, K. Co., on the 11th inst., at the home of Jas. L. Holden, by Rev. A. J. Prosser.

**BRYANT-FORSYTH.**—At Seal Cove, Grand Manan, October 1st, by Rev. A. M. McKittrick, Newton Bryant, of North Head, Grand Manan, to Bertha Forsyth, of Seal Cove.

**HARSHMAN LUTES.**—At the residence of the bride's father, October 12th, by Rev. Gideon Swim, Wm. G. Harshman, of Pettedocac, and Rachel Lutes, of Lute's Mountain, N. B.

**ROPER-AYLES.**—At the residence of the bride's father, October 12th, by Rev. Gideon Swim, Jarvis Roper and Dora Ayles, both of Moncton, N. B.

**FILMORE-BUCK.**—At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Y. Buck, Dorchester Cape, on Oct. 10th, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Charles A. Filmore, of Amherst, N. S., to Lena S. Buck, of Dorchester Cape.

**MILES WEATON.**—At the Baptist parsonage, Dorchester, N. B., Oct. 26th, by Rev. Byron H. Thomas, Frederick D. Miles of Chignecto Mines, N. S., grandson of the late Rev. George F. Miles, to Josephine C. Wheaton, of Upper Sackville, N. B.

**BARNETT SHAW.**—At the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Joseph Shaw, of High Gate, Carleton Co., by Rev. C. T. Phillips, Mr. Charles Edwin Barnett, son of John Barnett, Esq., Postmaster, Hartland, and Miss Isadore, daughter of the late Joseph Shaw.