

## How My Boy Went Down.

It was not on the field of battle,  
It was not with a ship at sea,  
But a fate far worse than either  
That stole him away from me.  
'Twas the death in the tempting dram  
That the reason and senses drown;  
He drank the alluring poison,  
And thus my boy went down.

Down from the heights of manhood  
To the depths of disgrace and sin;  
Down to a worthless being,  
From the hope of what might have been.  
For the brand of a beast besotted,  
He bartered his manhood's crown;  
Through the gate of a sinful pleasure  
My poor, weak boy went down.

'Tis only the same old story  
That mother's so often tell  
With accents of infinite sadness,  
Like tones of a funeral bell,  
But I never thought once when I heard it,  
I should learn all the meaning myself;  
I thought he'd be true to his mother,  
I thought he'd be true to himself;

But, alas, for my hopes, all delusion!  
Alas for his youthful pride!  
Alas, who are safe from danger  
Is open on every side?  
Oh, can nothing destroy this great evil?  
No bar in its pathway be thrown,  
To save from the terrible maelstrom  
The thousands of boys going down?

*Unidentified.*

## For the Boys.

Boys with hats on the backs of their heads and cigarettes and smutty words in their mouths are cheaper than old worn-out horses. Nobody wants them. Men will not employ them; girls will not marry them. They will not keep themselves. If any boy who happens to read this answers this description, let him take a look at himself and do what his conscience says is best to do. Only a little while ago a business man thought of employing a certain young man in this city. He asked about the fellow. After giving all the points possible in the young man's favor, the gentleman asked, "Doesn't he smoke cigarettes?" When informed that he did some, he continued, "Wouldn't have him at any price."—*Public Opinion.*

Dr. Henry Van Dyke has put into verse four rules for the intellectual and spiritual life, which are well worth committing to memory:

Four things a man must learn to do,  
If he would make his record true;  
To think without confusion clearly;  
To love his fellow men sincerely;  
To act from honest motives purely;  
To trust in God and heaven securely.

God permits temptation because it does for us what the storms do for the oaks—it roots us; and what the fire does for the painting on porcelain—it makes us permanent. You never know that you have a grip on Christ or that he has got a grip on you so well as when the devil is using all his force to attract you from him; then you feel the pull of Christ's right hand.—F. B. Meyer.

## "Is the Young Man Safe?"

II Samuel, xviii, 29.

"Is the young man Absalom safe?" saith he;  
Let the king have prompt reply;  
"Is the young man Absalom safe?" Ah me!  
'Tis a parent's yearning cry.

Is the young man safe? He has found his way  
From his boyhood's peaceful glen  
To a city life with its subtle sway  
O'er the vassal souls of men.

In the whiff of a dainty cigarette,  
And a cockcomb's posing air,  
There is slender promise of fruit as yet  
For a parent's pious care.

Is the young man safe when the fuming cup  
Is flushing his heart and brain,  
And his laser self is rising up  
In it's strong desire to reign?

Let the tears on a mother's cheek so pale  
The sorrowful answer be;  
Or the tone of a father's stifled wail  
"Would God I had died for thee!"

Can the young be safe, while the snares are rife,  
And the tempter rules with power?  
Shall they stand or fall in the mortal strife?  
'Tis a question of the hour.

God smite the foe of our country's youth,  
Trusting his dire design;  
And let our sons for the cause of truth  
Be girt with strength divine.

## Repentance

By G. R. Davies.

Repentance means a turning again, a leaving, a forgetting. When God forgives sins he lets them out forever. They are gone from God's remembrance. So the soul which has risen to newness of life, past sins are but as the night mists when the sun has risen in his strength.

"I daily mourn my past waywardness," I heard a penitent sinner say. Oh what doubt of God's great goodness! What useless clinging to the dead past. Do you not know that your sins are forgiven, that their penalty was borne on Calvary, and now they are no more? Can you not see that the sorrow of godly repentance, is but the sorrow of a moment, to vanish forever when the great light of truth shall shine in upon the soul? will you not understand the matchless goodness of his grace which bids you arise from the shadow of a dead past and live evermore in the sunshine of his presence?

May the goodness of God lead each sincere soul to that repentance which, forgetting those things which are behind, presses forward.

Hankinson, No. Dak.

## The Two Ways

None of us can tell for what God is educating us. We fret and murmur at the narrow round and daily task of ordinary life, not realizing that it is only thus that we can be prepared for the high and holy office which awaits us. We must descend before we can ascend. We must suffer if we would reign. We must take the via crucis (way of the cross) submissively and patiently if we would tread the via lucis (way of light). We must endure the polishing if we would be shined in the quiver of Emmanuel. God's will comes to thee and me in daily circumstances, in little things equally as in great; meet them bravely; be at your best always, though the occasion be one of the very least; dignify the smallest summons by the greatness of your response.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

## Three Good Letters.

We have much pleasure in giving the following letters a place in our columns. We get such letters every little while. They are refreshing and encouraging. But others come in too, that are dry and cold. Such as those that order the paper stopped after they have been getting it three and six months longer than they have paid for. We give the date to which each paper is paid. No one need be at a loss to know their date, for it is either July or January in every case. We have given all back months to the subscribers after Feb. to July, and all from Sept. to Jan., so as to have subscriptions begin either with the first or middle of the year. If any mistakes are made with dates on any one's paper they will oblige by letting us know. We hope to get many such letters as the first two before the end of this year, as we shall need a hundred dollars to make account for this year show a balance on the right sheet at the close of 1903. There is over a hundred and fifty that ought to be paid by the close of this year. Brothers and sisters please make a grand rally and clean this business up. It will do you good, and be a great help to us. These letters have the ring of intelligent, honest religious feeling that knows how to appreciate a good thing.

P. S.—I have been suffering intensely for the last month with asthma, not able to get out of my home.

J. H. HUGHES.

JACKVILLE, N. B. October 14th, 1903.

Mr. Hughes,

Dear Sir—Enclosed please find one dollar for the HOME MISSION JOURNAL until 1905 at 50 cents per year. I am sorry I found it so inconvenient to send it at the first of the year as should have been done, but hope in the future I may be able to be more punctual, as I enjoy the little paper very very much and want to thank you for kindly sending it right along for I would feel sorry to miss getting one copy for there are always so many helpful messages in it. My mother is with me now and enjoys it too very much and insisted upon me sending in my subscription right away as you were in and people should not worry you about such little matters. I assure you I feel quite annoyed at myself when I think how often I put off these little matters, so often for want of a little forethought. I hope your health is improved and that you may long be spared in your good work.

Mrs. A. A.

UPPER JEMSEG, Aug. 26th, 1903.

Rev. J. H. Hughes,

Dear Sir—Enclosed find 50 cents for the continuance of the HOME JOURNAL, another year. I appreciate your little paper very much and hope that your life may be long spared to edit so valuable and edifying a paper.

Hooping you are enjoying good health,

I remain yours,

Mrs. J. H. D.

MIDDLE SIMONS, Carleton Co., N. B.

Aug. 24th, 1903.

Dear Friend:—

Enclosed please find fifty cents in stamps in payment of my subscription for your paper, the HOME MISSION JOURNAL for the year ending Dec. 31st 1903. I am pleased with your paper and like it much; but am sorry to say I cannot take it another year—or rather this next year as times have changed with me financially since the last year. So I cannot take The M. JOURNAL after Dec. 31st of this year.

I remain yours, very respectfully,

Mrs. WHITFIELD S. EBBETT.

## The Home Mission Journal.

A record of Missionary Sunday-School and Temperance work, and a reporter of church and ministerial activities and general religious literature. Published semi-monthly.

All communications, whether containing money or other value are to be addressed to

REV. J. H. HUGHES,  
Central Street, St. John (North) N. B.

Terms - - - - - 50 Cents a Year

### Rosecroft.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

Who can measure the influence of a character like that of Diantha Hathaway? His was not a life that dazzled by its brilliance, but rather one that entered into other lives beneficially. Softly and gently, refining the most discordant spirits, leading them through love's sweet persuasion to find rest in Him who was so meek and lowly in heart.

The church bell was now pealing loudly and the members of the Sunday school were flocking into the green enclosure, which was pleasantly shaded by a few fine trees, with flowers smiling here and there. Soon all were collected in the chery looking auditorium, the infant class not using the room specially allotted to them till the opening services were over.

To Miss Hathaway's class was assigned one of the pleasantest corners in the audit room, near one of the large stained glass windows.

It wanted yet a few minutes to the opening services, and meantime Miss Hathaway was surrounded by friends eager to clasp her hand and to welcome her back to the church and Sunday school. So great was her pleasure at seeing her again that a stranger might have imagined that she had been absent for months instead of weeks. And their greetings to Elsie were so kind and cordial that she began to feel more and more at home and to realize that there was something specially attractive about these church and Sunday school people she had so dreaded to meet.

The superintendent of the Sabbath school, a dignified but genial-looking man of some fifty years, had been among the first to enter the room. He was delighted to find his faithful teacher in her place again, and gave Elsie a hearty welcome. And now came the pastor, whose benignant face, crowned with snow white hair, might have served a painter for a study of the disciple John in his old age. For years pastor of a church in a large neighboring city, he had been obliged, to resign the position on account of protracted illness. He recovered, but with impaired health and strength, and was told by his physician that he needed to live in a milder atmosphere. Soon after, the church at Berwick invited him to become its pastor; he accepted the call, and had now spent eighteen happy years with a people very congenial to him and his family. Since his coming many had been brought into the Kingdom; he watched over his charge with fatherly tenderness and solicitude, and they looked up to him with mingled love and reverence. Those who were gathered into this church home—and there were many—were drawn by his gospel preaching, full of Christ-like love and solicitude for souls, by his magnetic personality, and by the devoted labors and hospitable spirit of his faithful fellow workers. There were few drones in this hive—and they were likely soon to be shamed and won into activity by the inspiring atmosphere surrounding them, and by the urgent exhortations of their pastor. Dr. Noble's health had improved greatly since he

came to Berwick and now he seldom felt the slightest trace of the rheumatic trouble that had partially crippled him for two long years.

"What a beautiful old man!" thought Elsie, as he pushed near them, a smile of welcome lighting up his face as he saw Miss Hathaway. Who, after exchanging a few words with him, introduced her niece. As the young girl met the gaze of his large black eyes, gently searching, but mellow and benignant, and in the warm clasp of his hand, her heart was thrilled. So felt an intense desire to hear him preach, would that his gracious words help to drive away these doubts that had so early filled her mind and heart, and that she now fondly longed to have dispelled?

The sound of the superintendent's bell roused her from her reverie. The services commenced with the singing of a hymn, after which the superintendent, Mr. Discombe, requested the pastor to make the opening prayer.

Thrilled and impressed, yet like one half in a dream amid the new surroundings, Elsie listened to the singing, and then to the pastor's prayer, which, full of reverence, yet full also of the love that casts out fear, stirred up in the deepest yearnings of her heart.

And then the assurance from the tenth chapter of John, how beautifully it was caught by Miss Hathaway. After turning to her young charges about the infant class, she told each of his sheep that all were thoroughly interested, she turned her thoughts to Jesus, the Good Shepherd who had down his life for the flock, and could not see his children going astray. Then she went on to tell them how, risen and exalted, he is still the faithful Shepherd of his sheep, calling each one by name; how he shields them in his bosom from every danger that assails them; goes in tender search of the wanderers and brings them back; leads his flock on to green pastures, beside the still waters, and finally guides them through the Valley of the Shadow of Death into the heavenly glory.

Elsie listened intently, so interested that she soon forgot her shyness and began to ask questions like the rest.

After Sunday school came the church service. Elsie sat by her aunt, and with calm quietude even Miss Hathaway's questions and sympathies could not mar the few the young girl's heart was throbbing with interest and repressed emotion.

Dr. Noble's sermon was from the words: "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." As Elsie listened to the dear old man, whose face grew radiant with joy as he dwelt upon the precious message, a feeling came to her as sweet as it was strange and new. When gentle breathing was thus in his soul, what unseen influences tend to bring him to seek refuge from his tormenting doubts in the redeeming love of Christ? Tears were falling now, she was glad when she could bow her head with the rest and silently pray: "Oh, what is this I feel in my heart whose voice is speaking to me? Oh God is this your voice? Thou help me, send me light! I want to believe, to love to be forgiven. I want a heavenly father, a Saviour like Jesus! Oh, God, if this is your voice, in my heart, keep on speaking till all my doubts are gone!"

Few words were spoken by Miss Hathaway and Elsie as they walked kindly home together. The young girl was too absorbed in her thoughts to open her heart. As for Aunt Diantha she had seen the glimmer of tears in Elsie's eyes as she bent her head with the rest; she judged it best to say nothing as yet.

But that afternoon as they sat together in the garden at the rear of the house, Elsie's lips were opened.

The stillness of the hour, and the gentle sympathy she read in Aunt Diantha's eyes, disposed her to open her heart. Once she began, she found it easy work, for Aunt Diantha encouraged her confidences with the utmost tact and sympathy.

Elsie told her all except that she was loyally still where her mother was concerned. Miss Hathaway could not but imagine what the girl left unsaid, and loved her all the more for her reticence upon this subject. All else she learned—the growing fear of God that had been instilled into her childish heart, the skeptical doubts her stepfather's words had brought (though she spoke of the gay, sunny tempered man with a tenderness that showed she loved him), and the change in her feelings that had been taking place during the last three weeks. But when she came to speak of the experiences of this Sunday, she hid her face upon Miss Hathaway's shoulder, as she murmured, sobbingly: "Oh, I can hardly speak of it! What does this feeling mean that seems to draw me toward God in a way I can't describe? Have you ever felt it, Aunt Diantha?"

"My sweetheart, yes!" replied Miss Hathaway, tears of great joy starting to her eyes. "This is the voice of the Holy Spirit, of the Comforter, whom Jesus Christ sends if promised his disciples to send from the Father when he should be taken from them. Feel it, Elsie! I have felt this gentle presence in my heart ever since I was a child! Oh, how happy, how thankful I am that he is leading me, guiding to give her heart to Christ!"

"I can't understand it, Aunt Diantha," murmured Elsie, in an awe-stricken whisper.

"Not I, Elsie. It is a beautiful, sacred mystery. Our Saviour himself said: 'The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit.'"

"But, Aunt Diantha, I don't see how he can want to come into my heart. It is not good and gentle like yours. All my life, since I can remember, it has been full of bad, angry passions. I've had it nearly every body. Worst of all, I've hated God so that I would not even look into the book that would have taught me how good and loving he is!"

"Let me tell you something else: the Lord Jesus said that will comfort you. 'They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' Ah, my dear, we all need that great Physician. If you could look into your Aunt Diantha's heart you would see what an imperfect, sinful creature she is! But what was the verse Dr. Noble preached from this morning? Don't you remember it and his wonderful, beautiful sermon?"

"Oh yes, Aunt. It was about God's loving the world so much that he gave his only son to die for us, and that every one who believed in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. It all seemed so strange, yet so beautiful to me. I just long to believe in Jesus as Christians do."

"Well, my darling, what is in the way?"

"Oh these doubts that I've had for years; they are hateful to me now, and yet they keep coming into my mind, and torment me even when I'm trying to pray. Have you any books that will help to clear up these doubts, and is it not almost wicked for me to pray to God when they keep coming into my mind?"

"No, no, my Elsie! You are not afraid to tell these doubts to me; why should you be afraid to

bring them to your heavenly Father. He loves you far, far more than I can do. Why, Eliza, my love compared to his is only a drop of water beside the ocean. You may be sure he will bring after you far more than you can long for him and this is the meaning of the love in your heart. It is his Father calling his child, the Good Shepherd seeking his lost lamb. Yes, I can lend you books such as you ask for, and good ones, yet I would much rather you would go right to the fountain head of all love and wisdom. Study the life and words of Jesus, bring your doubts, your sins, your fears to him, and his love will soon drive the clouds away. Yes, and if there is any bitterness left in your heart toward your Aunt Minerva, pray to be delivered from that too. For you must freely forgive, my dear, as you wish to be freely forgiven. That is one of the first lessons our Lord Jesus taught, and his love has set you free from your sins, your doubts and your fears; you will not find it hard yourself to forgive and love."

Eliza pressed her aunt's hand and sat by her a moment in silence. Then she stole softly away while Aunt Diantha, seeing that the young girl wished to be by herself, remained in the little arbor to thank God and to pray for her darling.

Her prayers were soon answered. The young girl's affections were already won for Christ, and even while she pleaded with him to take away her doubts and sins, love opened wide the door, and she found herself in the everlasting arms

(To Be Continued.)

### The Worship of a Baptist Church

By A. LINCOLN MOORE, D. D.

A young lady with a plumed hat, fearfully and wonderfully made, towering about to rest upon the beholders, a waist fitted to several in her less than its natural size, and a piece of sheet music in her hands, stands up and opens her mouth and emits a series of noises in strained unnatural tones, trilling, warbling, screaming, and rolling out sounds inarticulate, artificial, unnatural, not one of them expressing an honest emotion of the heart, but simply exhibiting the compass of her voice, which frequently is as metallic as the conch shell for her performance. The careful practiced ear perhaps fails to catch *one solitary word* she utters, and the reflective listener is reminded of the ancient prediction of a time when "the songs of the temple shall be howlings in that day."

Can such a performance as this be conducive to the solemnity of divine worship? Is God pleased with pride and vanity, with pretense, with noise? Is it right to take money of the people of God and waste it for such performances? Is it right to consume the time devoted to God's worship in such empty and senseless outcries? Is it not better to lay such things aside, to sing with the spirit and with the understanding, alone, and to sing something which *other people can understand* when they sing it or when they hear it sung?

No truth need be more thoroughly impressed upon the average congregation than that God is in His holy temple. With awe the patriarchs approached the mercy seat and reverently bowed down and worshipped. Reuben prompted the psalmist to sing: "Holiness, O Lord Thy house, O Lord forever more."

How great the honor, that a mortal is permitted to come into the presence of Him whom angels and arch angels delight to worship, and bow with unrestrained confidence before the dread Sovereign of the Universe! While invited to come boldly to the throne of grace, this boldness must not degenerate into irreverence. With holy fear the worshiper must touch the golden sceptre which the King holds forth, saying: "Give me a heart to love and dread Thee."

*Spontaneity*.—In a formal liturgical service this important element is almost, if not altogether, lacking. Wherever forms of expression and prayers framed by other men in other ages are

exclusively used, their spontaneous utterance of the heart and the natural outpouring of the soul are precluded. To possess a faculty for the spontaneous expression of religion emotions and affections is a natural endowment. No one can stanch the natural flow of the soul without doing violence to his primal nature, and thereby suffering a serious loss. The service of the liturgical churches may possess superior stateliness and beauty, but I cannot but cry out in such a service, "The people seek in vain for some channel through which their emotions may flow." To find our Christ a temple to be a place wherein a simple and unpretentious cry may never arise to heaven is a serious loss. To use only prescribed forms is to forfeit the gift of tongues and grieve the Holy Spirit.

The service of a Baptist church ought to be so conducted that the worshiper may give frequent and free expression to the emotions of penitence, gratitude, joy and aspiration that surge through the heart.

Our worship should be as natural and spontaneous as the gushing of the fountain, the exhalation of the rose, the carol of the lark. What I mean by the spontaneous element in worship is illustrated by an incident in the life of Henry Ward Beecher. On a certain occasion the great preacher was invited to make the prayer. He accepted the invitation and offered a petition of wonder, awe and beauty. A few days later he received a letter from the chairman of the meeting, requesting a copy of the prayer for publication. His answer was characteristic:

"You request a copy of the prayer offered by me at the Memorial Day exercises. You might as well ask the flowers for their perfume, the sunbeams for their brightness and warmth, the birds for their music, as to ask me for the prayer which arose spontaneously to my lips, ascended skyward, and left me forever. I trust that it reached heaven and was registered by the recording angel; in that case the only copy is on High."

*Sincerity*.—Mere lip service will not suffice. Worship, to be acceptable, must be genuine, sincere. The life of the worshiper will determine the character of worship. Praise and prayer and preaching do not rise above the level of daily living. In true worship, the worship and worshiper must harmonize. Worship is holy, therefore the character of the worshiper must be holy. The psalmist emphasizes this great truth when he asks the question: "Lord, who shall abide in Thy tabernacle? Who shall dwell in Thy holy hill?"

Worship that exhausts itself in mere words and meaningless forms is a hollow mockery. Lip service and religious cant are evident signs of decay, and indicate that calamity of some kind is close at hand. Worldliness may sweep over the church like a flood and carry the members into open ungodliness, or some other way the candlestick will be removed.

It will be a sad day for our American Christianity, and a woful day for our churches, when worship becomes a thing of mere form and posture, while the heart is far from God. The Almighty looketh upon the heart. Mere lip service will not suffice. True worship must be heart worship. Worship is serious work. Worship is the highest and noblest act of man. Worship is ultimate in the scale of human possibilities, and to be acceptable must be sincere; that is, *sincere*, "without wax—like the clear, transparent lens."

When spiritually there can be no true worship, "God is a Spirit and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."

The spontaneity, solemnity, spontaneity and sincerity for which I plead are all essential, but only as a means to an end. They form the avenue of approach to the holy temple of worship itself, while by a genuine spirituality the worshiper enters into the very holy of holies and finds the mercy seat, and the Shekinah burning there.

True spiritual worship celestializes the face. The divinity within shapes the divinity without. The mightiest chemical agency in the world is divine worship. The worship of God gives a shining face, a luminous personality, an external beatification. First, the worshipful heart, then the shining face. The culture of beauty would begin in the sanctuary. There is no cosmetic, no perfume, no appliance which will adorn the countenance with such radiance as breaks over

it when the joy of God fills the soul and the wisdom of God lights up the understanding.

A spiritual atmosphere should pervade the sanctuary. Every church has its atmosphere which distinguishes it from every other church. Each has its own individuality. One is spiritual and another is worldly. I recently preached in a church so saturated with spirituality that upon entering the pulpit the influence was electrical, uplifting, inspiring, ecstatic. A spiritual atmosphere acts and reacts upon preacher and audience, stimulating the minister to his best efforts and putting the congregation into a plastic and formative state, the condition best adapted to receive holy and helpful impressions.

In such an atmosphere every soul will be conscious of a gracious uplift, and can say:

"I bent before Thy gracious throne  
And asked for peace on suppliant knees,  
And peace was given—not peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy.

As Baptists we do not profess to be a wealthy and fashionable people, but we do claim to be a spiritual people; we profess to give the Uns preponderance over the visible, the spiritual supremacy over the temporal. The congregation whose worship possesses the essentials will realize that there is in the sanctuary a Presence, unseen but real, omnipresent, reading every heart, knowing every desire, cognizant of every need; a Presence that is all loving, and anxious to help and comfort and save and sanctify every soul; a Presence that is all powerful, and able to do for men all that His infinite wisdom and eternal love prompts.

"We may not see our Master's face,  
We may not hear His voice;  
And yet we know that He is here;  
We feel it, and rejoice.  
There is music in our souls  
Set to no mortal key;  
There's a Presence in our hearts;  
We know that it is He!"

Rejoicing in the conscious presence of Christ, the worshiper can exclaim with John Wesley: "The best of all is God is with us;" and with his gifted brother Charles:

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want;  
More than all in Thee I find."

The ideal worship of a Baptist church is simple, solemn, spontaneous, sincere, spiritual—a worship so pure, so true, so heavenly, so divine, "that it only needs the rending of the veil, the removal of a few limitations, the absence of a few negotiations, and the addition of the one element of perpetuity to make it altogether fit for the upper and eternal sanctuary."

New York City.

Dear Editor:

In your issue of Oct. 8th, you print Dr. McArthur's article on Improved Services—and you invite us to say in your columns what we think of it.

I approach the matter with reluctance; for a wise proverb says, "You cannot touch pitch without being defiled," and this article of Dr. McArthur's is a regular tar barrel.

The Doctor begins by confounding an *order* of services with a *form* of worship. This confusion is continued throughout, thus making his article contain, for the size of it, an amazing amount of nonsense.

The ordinary services in an evangelical church (not including baptism and the Lord's supper) are prayer, reading of God's Word, and exposition, sermon or exhortation. The whole interspersed with singing.

As to the order which these services should follow. A Baptist church assembled for worship, finds no law of the denomination fixing an arbitrary order of services. Some begin with prayer. Some with singing. It is I think the universal custom to have prayer and reading of the Scriptures, precede the sermon or exhortations. This



natural and almost inevitable order of services, and the services themselves. Dr. McArthur savagely denounces, as "Pitifully ritualistic," as "Old, barren and unattractive," as carried on, "In barnlike structures devoid of beauty."

I am deeply grieved while I hear Dr. McArthur speak thus of the people and their services, to whom the apostle says, "Ye are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ."

The Dr. goes on to define ritualism as "The strict observance of prescribed forms in religion."

Where does he find any forms in these services which he ridicules? The hymns sung and the Scriptures read, vary continually. There is no form of prayer. There are no other forms.

What is the matter with Dr. McArthur? We scan his paper and easily see.

Lo! he wants a form of worship. He wants it to be stately, and ornate. He wants it to have warmth and color. He wants the anniversary of our Lord's birth kept. And yet he knows well, that the birthday of our Lord is not revealed in the New Testament. That it is impossible to know, in what month of the year Christ was born. He wants the anniversary of our Lord's resurrection kept. And we are now keeping fifty-two days in every year, in joyful memory of His resurrection.

He closes by saying, "We wear robes on baptismal occasions. It is sinful for the pastor and the choir to wear robes on other occasions of public worship?"

For reasons obvious to everyone, it is decent and proper, in immersion, for both minister and candidate to wear long robes. But why need you change your clothes, when you sing or read or speak or pray? A. B. MACDONALD.

**Religious News.**

During the summer months **FIRST ELGIN AND POLLET RIVER** labor on the First Elgin and Pollet River Field as assistant to Brother Saunders. Our meetings were so arranged as to provide the entire field with more frequent Sabbath services; and also to conduct prayer meetings on those parts of the field where such services were not already sustained. The people responded willingly and very generously to our efforts. We trust that God may cause some fruit of blessing to issue from our labor. P. PORTER (Lic.)

At the close of my three months' stay on this field **LITTLE RIVER, BUCKINGHAM, N. B.** am pleased to report a season in which the Holy Spirit's power has been greatly felt. At the S. S. convention here Aug. 15th and 16th many prayers arose on behalf of the unsaved; and as a result of this and recent efforts, many have made a start for the heavenly kingdom. In the conference of Saturday (the 20th), six young converts arose, requesting to unite with the church. The power of this meeting will long be remembered by all who were present. Bro. Bynon, who has on former occasions kindly assisted us, will be here Oct. 14 to baptize. I cannot close this report without requesting space in which to express my gratitude and appreciation for the kindness shown me in many ways by everybody on the field; and I trust that they in return may be blessed of Him who has said, "Lo I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." FRED A. TOWER.

Our Sunday School held its **Sr. STEPHEN, N. B.** Rally Day Service Oct. 4. 340 were in attendance. The presence of 29 members from the "Cradle Roll" department added greatly to the interest of

the occasion. One young woman was received for baptism at our last Conference.

W. C. GOUCHER.

Special services have been in **MAUGERVILLE, N. B.** progress for two weeks here, will continue next week (D. V.) Bro. I. Wallace has been with us and goes to Prince William and Kingsclear to supply Lord's Day returning next week. A man of age, yet maintaining the vigor of youth in his work, a counsellor to the inefficient and a prudent helper to the needy. A spiritual giant in dealing with souls. I expect (D. V.) to visit the baptismal waters on Lord's Day.

N. B. ROGERS.

I have entered upon my 8th **PENNSFIELD, N. B.** pastoral year with the Pennfield and Beaver Harbor churches with a fair outlook. Our preaching services are well sustained. Prayer and other services of the church are pretty regularly kept up especially with the Pennfield church. Our Sunday schools are doing finely. The pastor's salary is quite promptly attended to. The people are kind and united. The young people's meetings are held weekly. The offerings of the churches are monthly. We are praying and looking for a special season of grace. God grant it. T. M. MUNRO.

I have just closed my **HAMMONDS PLAISS AND SACKVILLE,** parsonage with the above group of churches. The Lord has blessed our united efforts. We built a neat new parsonage at Hammonds Plains and painted our church at Bedford. But best of all, sinners were converted, some of which were added to the church. The people have been uniformly kind and thoughtful and we have received many tokens of their good will, for which we wish to express our hearty appreciation. This is an important field and needs the services of a strong man at once to carry on the work. L. J. TINGLEY.

Wilmot, N. S., Oct. 3, 1903

The Chipman Baptist church **CHIPMAN, N. B.** held on Sept. 25th a Free-will Offering social at which a large number were present. A considerable sum of money were raised for church purposes. Three persons were baptized on Sept. 13th at Salem Creek by Pastor Miller. Others are expected soon to follow their example. A recital was given in the Chipman Hall by Mrs. E. L. Crosby, daughter of the pastor, on Oct. 6, for the benefit of the church. It was very successful and netted a large sum. A mission Band and a "Further Lights" Society were organized last Friday, Oct. 2, by Mrs. Miller. The congregations are good and we believe the interest of many is being gained. Since June 1st eleven have united with the church and one has been lost to us by death. The ordinance of baptism will be administered on Oct. 11 at Upper Salmon Creek.

**Married.**

**ISGALLS-MIDDLETON**—At the residence of the bride's parents, Castalia, Sept. 12, by the Rev. A. M. M. Nitch, Mr. A. LeRoy in all of Grand Harbour, to Miss Lettie B., daughter of Robert Middleton.

**MERRITT BOYER**—At Florenceville, N. B., Sept. 23rd, by Rev. A. H. Hayward assisted by Rev. W. H. Smith, B. A., O. Thiel, R. Merritt, of Bristol, to Luella A., daughter of D. V. Foyser, of Bristol.

**STEWART-JACKSON**—At the residence of the bride's father, Edward Jackson, Sept. 23rd by Rev. Abram

Perry, David R. Stewart, of Cole's Island, Queens Co. to Mary L. Jackson, of Spraghill, Kings Co.

**MILLS-SMITH**—On Sept. 18th, at the F. B. Parsonage, Wilson's Beach, N. B., Freeman Mills and Annie E. Smith, both of Eastport, Me. A. J. PROSSER

**HOBBSMAN-LEWIS**—At the F. B. Parsonage, Moncton, Sept. 23rd, by Rev. Gideon Swain, Wesleyan Minister of Henry's Mills, N. B., and Annie Lewis, of Salisbury, N. B.

**HELYEA DAY**—At Greenwich Kings Co., Sept. 21, at the residence of the bride's parents, by Rev. John A. Robertson, Mr. City W. Helyea to Miss Lily M. Day, both of Greenwich.

**MITE & NEWCOMB**—At 135 Lexington Street, East Boston, Mass., on the 7th of October, 1903, by Rev. A. J. Hughes, Mr. Archibald Mitten, formerly of Sackville, N. B., now of Boston, and Miss Marnie Newcombe, of Parisboro, N. S.

**OLIVER ANDERSON**—At the Baptist Parsonage, Jacksonville, on Sept. 30th, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Charles A. Oliver, to Miss Laura M. Anderson.

**DROST GRAY**—At the Baptist Parsonage, Jacksonville, on Oct. 7th, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, Joseph A. Drost to Miss Nettie Gray.

**LOUNSBURY PROSSER**—At the home of the bride's parents, Parkfield, Albert Co., N. B., Sept. 30th, by the Rev. N. A. MacNeil, Joseph L. Lounsbury and Welta Jane Prosser, both of Parkfield.

**KING WILMOT**—In the Baptist church, Carleton, St. John, by pastor B. N. Nobles, a sister by Rev. John Harry King, brother to the groom, on the 8th inst., James W. King and Bertha Wilmott, a eldest daughter of the late John Wilmott, A.M. of West End St. John, N. B.

**DAVIS SMITH**—At the Baptist church, St. Martins, N. B., on Sept. 30th, 1903 by the Rev. V. W. Townsend, the Rev. H. V. Davies of Salisbury to Maggie Mabel, daughter of Captain David Smith of St. Martins.

**ANDERSON-PRICE**—At the Baptist parsonage, Sussex, Oct. 14th, 1903, by Rev. W. Camp Richardson to Miss Melvena Price, both of Ward's Creek, Kings Co., N. B.

**PATTERSON HUGHES**—At the Baptist parsonage, Sussex, Oct. 14th, 1903, by Rev. W. Camp Richardson to Miss Veila Hughes, both of Starkey's Queens Co., N. B.

**GIBSON MALLORY**—At the residence of the bride's parents Woodstock, N. B., Aug. 20th, 1903, by the Rev. Z. L. Fash, Hugh D. Gibson, Northampton, Carleton Co., N. B., and Mrs. Ella Mallory, Woodstock.

**LONDON-BELYEA**—At Woodstock by Rev. Z. L. Fash, Oct. 6th, Alfred W. London, Monticello, Me., and Elsie B. Belyea, Littleton, Me.

**HOPP READ**—On the 4th inst., at the home of the bride's parents, Sackville, N. B., by Rev. A. T. Robinson, assisted by Rev. E. O. Read, uncle of the bride, William Leonard Hopp, of Sydney, N. Y., and Jane Glass, eldest daughter of Mr. Hiram Read.

**REDSTONE-McCREARY**—At the Baptist church, B. H. Station, N. B., Oct. 7th, by Rev. Wm. V. Field, Victor W. Redstone, of B. H. Station, to Isabel McCreary of the same place.

**BATES PICKLE**—At the home of the bride's parents, Springfield corner, Oct. 7th, by Rev. Wm. M. Figue, Jas. A. Bates of Long Point and George A. Pickles of Springfield Corner.

**TENANT-JOHNSON**—On Oct. 1st, George M. Tenant of St. John to Annie I. Morrison, at the bride's home in Chipman, by Rev. E. F. Miller.

**Died.**

**MANZER**—Rev. William Douglas Manzer, a well known and highly respected brother in the ministry passed into the eternal rest at his home, St. Marys, York Co., August 29th. The deceased was born at Nashwaak, Feb. 15, 1824, and at his death a little over 64 years of age. His occupation and one daughter, Mrs. Herbert Estabrooks of Fredericton, with a large circle of other kindred remain to revive his memory.

Bro. Manzer was one of our truest and most upright ministers, sound in doctrine, faithful in spirit and deeply interested in the Master's cause. For a number of years he has resided in St. Marys, preaching at New Maryland, Nashwaak, Gloucester and various localities within reach of his home. He was much beloved by his brethren and justly esteemed as a wise counsellor. He now rests for a while, and we trust enjoys the great reward.

**SNOW**—At St. Martins, N. B., on Sept. 29th, 1903, after an illness of only a few hours, Elizabeth Snow, aged 82. Our beloved sister was baptized in 1840 during a previous visitation under the ministrations of the Revs. Benjamin Cox and David Chas. She has thus been in a church Fellowship for 63 years, and during that long period it may truly be said of her that she "walked with God." She loved the habitation of his house, and the place where His honor dwelt. "Latterly, circumstances prevented her regular attendance at the sanctuary; but on the last Sunday of her life on earth, we were privileged with her presence at both services. In less than two days after she had joined the triumphant assembly of the glorified.