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WHOLE No. 53

Facing the New Century.

By REV. THRODORÉ L. CUYLER, D. D.

THAT great clock of Time which measures the march of man, and the progress of Christ's kingdom, has struck the completion of another century. We are facing a new century. The one whose history is just completed brought to us, in the good providence of God, many great material benefits, and many great spiritual blessings. It gave us manifold useful inventions in steam and electricity, in telegraphy and photography, and divers other practical contrivances. It gave us foreign missions. When it began, five godly students at Williams College were praying beside the historic "haystack" that God would show them how to reach the lands of heathenism; when it ended, there were a million and a half of converts in foreign missionary churches. It gave us the noble and heaven-blessed AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY, with its millions of evangelical publications; it gave us Young Men's Christian Associations and the Christian Endeavor Society, and a vast number of benevolent and philanthropic institutions.

The history of all the converting work wrought upon immortal souls by the glorious gospel of redemption has gone up to swell the praises of heaven. The widespread revivals in our land during the first two years of the nineteenth century checked the progress of French infidelity and put a wholesome leaven of religion into the newly settled West and Southwest. From 1825 to 1835 there was a great tide of revivals under the preaching of Finney and Nettleton and Lyman Beecher and other rousing preachers. In 1858 occurred the wonderful outpouring of the Holy Spirit, whose chief characteristic was the noon-day prayer-meetings. During the latter quarter of the century one of the most conspicuous figures has been Dwight L. Moody; and in Great Britain the late Charles H. Spurgeon. These two fearless servants of their Master made a deep and abiding mark on the souls of thousands and on the religious history of their times.

There is no denying that several evil things have drifted out of the by-gone century that are now an ugly obstruction to the progress of Christ's kingdom. We have got to face them in this outset of the new century. About the worst of these bequests of the dead century is a lamentable lowering of respect for God's holy day. In America are pouring not only millions of foreign population, but the pernicious Continental ideas as to the Sabbath. Godless Sunday newspapers are about the worst inventions of the departed century; they block the way to Sabbath worship; they block the way to the gospel in multitudes of hearts. I wish I could say that all church members are guiltless of supporting these desecrators of the day which their Creator has commanded to keep holy.

We have to face also a sadly shaken faith in the perfect infallibility and supreme authority of God's revealed word. The subtle poison that is doing so much mischief is the really the vital element in the Bible. Cut that out, and you cut out the divine authority and the spiritual power of the Book of books; and you cut the courage and confidence out of the ministers and Sunday-school teachers who preach and teach the Bible. I have no doubt that this deplorable knocking of the under-pinning out from under God's day and God's Word have done more to "hyprotize" the churches and to hinder the work of converting souls than any other two evil agencies. The enormous growth of wealth has had its effect in making too many Christians worldly-minded; it is this increased self-indulgence that sends so many to the theatre and the haunts of pleasure who ought to be at their prayer-meetings or in benevolent labors. To keep up a high tone of spiritual life in adversity is a great deal easier than to do it in the flush of prosperity. "It is the sunny day that brings out the adders."

There are several other evil customs and tendencies that we have got to face as we enter this century—such as the growing neglect of family worship and the growing rage for light reading, often of a poisonous character. In short, Satan has come into this new century, and he has come to do all the mischief he can and to stay as long as he can. What then? Are we, who profess to be the servants of the omnipotent Lord Jesus, to turn white in the lips, and play the coward? Are we to lose faith in prayer and the precious promises? Shall we say that the gospel of redemption has lost its power and the armor of God which he gave to our fathers is worn out? Shall we listen to the current nonsense that "revivals are obsolete," and that the new century demands a new theology? Nothing would delight the devil more than to have Christ's churches and ministers swallow such deadly delusions.

Christ's order to his people now is "to go forward!" In China missionaries have become martyrs; but their blood calls aloud not for revenge or retreat, but for *advance* in the holy cause. The time demand fearless, faithful preaching to the unconverted. Rich men and women are called now to do what Arthur Tappan and William E. Dodge did in the last century, and that is, give their money, time and influence to Christ and their fellow-men. Personal effort to win souls will do again what it did when Harlan Page and Mary Lyon made it their meat and drink to lead sinners to the Saviour. Good books and awakening tracts will accomplish the same blessed results they ever did. Brethren and sisters, God has infinite blessings ready and waiting for us if in facing this new century we set our faces right towards *Christ*—right towards *Calvary*—and right towards *Pentecost*.

Hating Sin.

C. E. WETHERBE.

POSSIBLY some of us who think that we hate sin do not hate it to the extent that we often imagine that we do. It may be that it is the effects of sin which we hate, instead of sin itself. Perhaps it is the results in ourselves of the sins which we have committed that we hate, rather than the real sins themselves. There is a wide difference between the two things. To hate sin, because I suffer from the pain which it gives me by its indulgence, is not necessarily hating the sin itself; it is hating the suffering. The question is, Do I hate the suffering from my sin more than I hate the sin itself? Is the damage to one, as the result of my sinning, of greater concern to one than is the fact that I have committed the sin? If I be sorry, is it because I have committed a certain sin, or rather because I am enduring the penalty of that sin? Perhaps I, in supposing that I was hating my sinning, have been hating only the pain and shame which my sinning has brought on me. I have been thinking more about what I have been suffering from my sinning than I have thought of the wickedness of my sinning. In other words, I have been hating the effects upon myself of my sins rather than the sins; or, I have been hating the effects in one of my sins more than I have been hating the sins themselves. Is it wrong, then for one to hate the results of his sins? No; but one ought to have a far greater hatred of sin itself than he has of any of its results. Is it not a great deal easier for us to hate sin while we are suffering from the effects of it than it is for us to hate sin as a principle, or because it is opposed to God and all goodness? It seems so. It ought to be as easy for us to hate sin as an abstract principle, as a thing which is itself hateful, as it is for us to hate it while we are suffering personal damage as a result of its operations. And I am confident that the nearer like God that we become the more strongly inclined we will be to hate sin itself, rather than its con-

sequences. Then, too, I think that, as a general thing, we are far more apt to hate sin as seen in the lives of other people than we are to hate sin when committed by ourselves. Moreover, we hate the effects upon ourselves of other people's sins, but are not apt to hate the effects upon others of our own sins. This is sinful selfishness. We ought to hate all sin, because God hates it, and also because it is opposed to righteousness and holiness.

The Imperial Protestant Federation, with headquarters in London, has sent out 28,000 copies of a petition against the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland. The petition is being extensively signed in all parts of the country. The Federation enrolls voters pledged to support only such candidates as will oppose the schemes of Rome. Such enrolment of voters has been in about four hundred places in the United Kingdom, and a considerable number of elections are influenced. It is well for Protestants everywhere to stand together against the wiles of the Papacy.

Life Sweetened By Work

SAYS the *Church Record*: It is wonderful how much the genuine manifestations of our appreciation of others do brighten and sweeten our relations with them. In the home especially we are wont to take too much for granted. We reason that the members of our families know how much we think of them, and there is no need of our telling them about it. That is true; but, there are other ways of showing our kindness than that of telling about it. Tone may be quite as significant as words, and manner always carries with it a multiplicity of shouting. But then there are times when words are not out of place, and they carry with them a blessing that is not forgotten. Sometimes the most precious thing in the world is a few words.

The Story of the Chain.

DID you ever read the story about the chain that an old blacksmith made? He lived in the heart of a great city, and all day long people could hear the clanging of his hammer upon the anvil, and they knew that he was forging a chain. Now and then idlers dropped in to watch his work, and as they saw how faithful and patient he was and how he would never pass over a link till it was absolutely perfect, they laughed at him and told him he would get ever so much more accomplished if he did not take so much pains. But the old smith only shook his head and kept on doing his best, making every link as strong as if the whole chain depended upon it. At last he died, and was laid away in the churchyard, and the great chain which lay in the corner of his shop was put on board a ship. One day there came a fierce gale. The ship toiled through the waves and strained and groaned as she obeyed her helm. They let go her anchor, and the great chain went rattling over the side of the deck into the gloomy waves. At last the anchor touched the bottom, and the chain, made by the old blacksmith, grew taut and stiff as a bar of iron. If one link, just one link, was imperfect and weak they were lost. But the faithful old smith had done his best in each link; and the vessel, and all her precious lives, were safe.

What had saved her? The chain, you say. Well, yes, but what was the quality that had been wrought into the chain? Fidelity. And don't you see what a parable it is of our daily character-building? Link by link, deed by deed, we fashion it, and when temptation comes, it will test our work.

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A Little Loving Life.

By ELEANOR LESUEUR MACNAUGHTON.

CHAPTER III.

WHILE these recollections passed through the mind of Mark Torrington, his weakness increased, and the dread arose that he might not have strength to accomplish his purpose. He must at least get out of sight, and he arose painfully; but exhaustion overcame him and he barely managed to drag himself a short distance in amongst the trees when he sank down in a mossy hollow and was soon in a deep sleep.

The pictures of his past life that he had been recalling pursued him in his sleep, and most persistently that of his little self, the happy faced little lad in the blue sailor suit. They turned over picture books through, elmed trees, ran races, and now they were resting under the shade of a great tree. The little fellow chatted away. How plainly he could hear him speak, "I want you to come to my feast." That was not a dream voice. Was he awake? No; he could not be, for the child of his dreams still stood before him his bright brown curls shaded by a big straw hat, his blue eyes fixed intently on Mark's face while with a pleading expression he repeated: "I hope I haven't sturbed you; I only said it very low, and I do want you so much to come to my feast."

"Want me," said Mark in a bewildered way. "Yes," said the child; "I've been looking for you nearly all the afternoon. I made a feast, like the king in the story you know, and 'vited Sammy Forbes, and he 'scused himself because he wanted to go fishing, and I felt very bad to have the feast wasted, and then I 'membered about the king and how he sent his servants out to bring in the people that were in the highways, and I thought I would go myself because I haven't any servant. But they must have been diff'unt highways near the king's palace, for I looked and looked and could find nobody, and I was just getting 'scouraged when I found you. Please, sir, will you come right off?"

"Where is your feast," said Mark, "and what is your name?"

"My name is Toto Marshall, and my feast is in my own little house."

"I can't go to any house," said Mark. "I—I don't feel well."

"I'm so sorry," said Toto, "but perhaps you would feel better indoors, and my little house isn't far. Look, you can see it on the bank of the river. Uncle gave it to me for my very own. Perhaps, if you were to lean on me, you could get down to it. Do try, I'll be so 'pointed if you can't come."

He clasped Mark's hot hand in his little moist palm, and the man yielded to the touch and staggered to his feet, but had to steady himself by leaning on the child's shoulder. The sturdy little fellow braced himself up, proud to be of assistance, and the strange pair walked down the hill, struck into a side path just above the bridge, and a few paces brought them to a little cabin. The door stood hospitably open, and Toto helped his guest in, and seated him in an old rocking-chair in front of a small table, while he took his place on a three-legged stool at the other side.

"Isn't it nice?" he cried delightedly. "When the sugarmaking was over, uncle bought this cabin for my playhouse, and next spring Sammy and I mean to make sugar in it. That corner where you see all the pine twigs is the bedroom, and the place by the window is the parlor. That

is why I put all my pictures there, all except this one. It was about the king's feast, and I thought it would look best in the diningroom."

"This one" was a fair-sized print, representing the marriage supper at the point where the king confronts the man who is without a wedding garment.

"But we'd better begin," said Toto cheerily, "and I hope you won't be 'pointed, Mr.—"

"Mark," said his companion.

"Thank you," said Toto, "I was going to say, Mr. Mark, that perhaps I oughtn't to have said that my feast was like the king's supper. It may have made you think that I had things like they had, wedding cake and salad and chicken and ice cream. Mine has just to be made out of little things I save. Sarah gave me these two cookies this morning and this is my gingerbread from tea last night. I gathered the raspberries, and Aunt Amy gave me the milk and bread and butter for running three errands."

He passed the articles named to Mark as he spoke and filled him a tumbler of milk, but the man made no attempt to eat. Toto looked distressed, then a thought struck him, and flushing up he said, "Perhaps you would like to say grace, Mr. Mark. Please 'scuse me for forgetting. If you don't feel well enough I could say mother's grace."

"I should like to hear you say it," said Mark mechanically.

Toto bent his bright head at once, clasped his hands reverently and said, "On what we are about to receive may the Lord command a blessing."

"Now you'll feel all right," said he, and Mark, seeing that otherwise his little host would not eat, drank a tumbler of the rich cold milk, ate a slice of bread and butter, and let Toto help him to raspberries.

"I live at Uncle Phil's now," said Toto. "My own home's more than a hundred miles away; but father (he's a doctor, you know), said I must go to the country, so mother sent me to stay with Aunt Amy."

"Have you been ill?" asked Mark. "Yes, very ill. There was something the matter with my head, and I had to stay in bed for a long time. When I opened my eyes, mother was always there sitting beside me. Were you ever ill like that, Mr. Mr. Mark?"

Mark suppressed a groan as a vision rose before him of the large darkened room in which he had once lain during a serious illness in childhood. He could still see the night-light dimly burning and the quiet figure at his side ever ready to minister to his slightest want. "Yes, I was very ill once," he said, "and my mother nursed me."

(To be Continued.)

Health Column.

PHYSIOLOGICAL IRRIGATION.

By A. B. JAMISON, M. D.

PART II

Two or three pints of cold water at a temperature of forty to forty-five degrees, drunk at intervals of half an hour will reduce the pulse from eight to thirty beats. The copious drinking of cold water will act as a diuretic, removing stagnated secretions, and will, at the same time, improve the quality of the pulse and the arterial tone. The drinking of warm water will increase the pulse from five to fifteen beats, and will relax, at the same time, the vessel walls, and also increase the cutaneous secretions to a marked degree.

The drinking of a large quantity of water not only increases the secretions of the kidneys—assisting them in the work of carrying off solid constituents, especially of urea—it also increases the secretions of the skin, saliva, bile, etc. Under proper conditions the internal use of water acts as a stimulant to the nerves that control the blood vessels, a stimulant similar to that produced by its external application.

I advise the drinking of a copious quantity of water daily. There need be no fear that this practise will thin the blood too much; as the ready elimination of the water will not permit such a result to ensue. I would further advise

the generous use of water (temperature 60°) at meal times. I pray you do not drink to wash down food; a bad habit of most of us. Drink all you desire; and if you are like many who have no desire for water, cultivate it, even if it takes years. The imbibed water will be in the tissues in about an hour; and the entire quantity will escape in about three and one-half hours. The demand on the part of the system for water is subject to great variation and is somewhat regulated by the quantity discharged by the organism. Physiologists declare that water is formed in the body by a direct union of oxygen and hydrogen. But those that have cultivated the drink-little habit need not hope to find an excuse for themselves in this fact: chronic ill health betrays them. Water in organic relations with the body never exists uncombined with inorganic salts (especially sodium chloride) in any of the fluids, semi-solids, or solids of the body. It enters into the constitutions of the tissues, not as pure water, but always in connection with certain inorganic salts. In case of great loss of blood by hemorrhage, a saline solution of six parts of sodium chloride with one thousand parts of sterilized water injected into the nervous system, will wash up the stranded corpuscles and give the heart something to contract upon.

When water is taken into the stomach its temperature, its bulk and its slight absorption react upon the system; but the major part of it is thrown into the intestinal canal. When it is of the temperature of about 60° it gives no very decided sensation either of heat or cold; between 60° and 45° it creates a cool sensation; and below 45° a decidedly cold one. Water at a temperature of 50° is a generator of appetite. A sufficient quantity should be taken for that end; say one or two tumblers, an hour or so before each meal, followed by some exercise. Those who have acquired the waterless habit and the many ills resulting from it, will hardly relish cool water as an appetizer; but if they would become robust they must adopt the water habit—a habit that will refresh and rejuvenate nature.

Water of a temperature between 60° and 100° relaxes the muscles of the stomach, and is apt to produce nausea. Lukewarm water seems to excite an upward peristalsis of the intestines and thus produces sickness.

Temperance Column.

THE powers of Europe seem to think that the prohibition of the liquor traffic is a great good thing for the Turks; if not for their own people. It is stated that the Sultan has ordered the discontinuance of the sale of intoxicating liquors in Constantinople, and the six powers contiguous to the North Sea,—Great Britain, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany and Denmark—have entered into an agreement whereby the sale of such liquors to Turkish fishermen is prohibited.—The Statesman.

A very curious temperance society exists in the Siberian village of Ashlyka. Every year in September the members meet in the church and make a solemn promise to abstain from wine and spirits for a whole year. They also sign an agreement that any person breaking the pledge shall pay a fine of 25 rubles to the church and submit to be spat upon by his more continent fellows. The most peculiar feature of the whole business, however, is that the members on the one day of the year when the pledge expires allow themselves wine and brandy during the few hours which intervene before the pledge for the ensuing year is made.—Selected.

"I have made a thousand dollars during the last three months," said a saloon-keeper boastfully to a crowd of his townsmen.

"You have more than that," quietly remarked a listener.

"What is that?"

"You have made wretched homes—women and children poor and sick and weary of life. You have made their mother a broken-hearted woman. O yes, you have made much—more than I can reckon up—but you'll get the full account some day; you'll get it some day."

The editor of a leading liquor organ gives this view of the resolutions which conferences and assemblies pass concerning the saloon: "In fighting prohibition we do not recognize the church as our principal opponent, nor have the prohibition papers any basis whatever upon which to claim the church a prohibition institution. Prohibition does not receive at the polls two per cent of the votes of preachers and church members, so the assumption that the church is a political prohibition institution can be regarded only as a harmless jest. It is true the preachers at their conferences, synods, etc., pass prohibition resolutions, and all that sort of slushy buncombe, the same as the politicians promnigate flowery froth in their platforms. But when it comes to voting, and to influencing their fashionable congregations as to voting, they are almost unanimously standing in with us."

Read that paragraph again. Read it slowly. Read it candidly. Weigh the whisky editor's words. Then answer whether that pencil, soaked in rum, has not told the truth.—*The Epwaite Herald.*

Orient Pictures.

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We will give the whole set of these choice pictures, 36 in all, to anyone who will send us their subscription to THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL for 1901, with 75 cents. This offer is for both old and new subscribers, provided that any old subscriber who is in arrears, add to the 75 cents the amount of such arrearages. Send in your orders quickly, so we can order the pictures from the publishers at once.

Another Prize Offer of

\$10.00

To anyone who will send us a paid up subscription (50 cents) for this year, we will give them a chance to win a prize by guessing the number of inhabitants in this province when the census is taken in April. The number at each of the last three decades stood as follows:

1871	1881	1891
285,594	321,233	321,263

When taken now there ought to be considerable increase over 1891. Anyone who owes anything to the paper needs to send that amount with the 50 for this year thus paying up to 1902.

To the one who gives the nearest guess we will give five dollars, and to the next nearest two dollars, and to the next three one dollar each. Those who order the pictures will have the right to guess

We are never free from temptation's presence, though we may be free from its power.

Religious News.

HAVELOCK, KINGS COUNTY. On December 2nd, 1900, a Mission Band was organized in Havelock Baptist church. The name of this Band is "The Hope Holders." There are forty-nine members. The officers are: Miss Mamie Keith, president; Mrs. Reid Keith, vice-president; E. Alward, treasurer; A. Z. Alward, secretary.

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B. The new century has begun and the first month of the new year is gone. Our New Year's resolutions are being tested and find them very much the same as former ones. We are now three months on our eleventh year on this field; counting a former pastorate of a year it is the twelfth. We are now holding special meeting at Simonds and Feel. I have baptized a husband and wife and added to the little church at Simonds. We are looking for others to come forward soon. O Lord reveal thy work in the midst of the years.
A. H. HAYWARD.

CARLETON, ST. JOHN, N. B. The audience room of the Carleton Baptist Church which has been under repairs for the past few weeks is completed and with its covering of steel which has been painted, and its electric lights presents a fine appearance. The church with Bro. Nobles as their pastor are united and are praying for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in their midst.

SACKVILLE. This church is being somewhat quickened. Since the coming of our new pastor, and assistant pastor, Revd. E. B. McLatchey, and F. O. Erb. These brethren have entered upon their work in right good earnest, and congregations are increasing when weather and roads make it possible to gather for worship, prospects for better times religiously among us are brightening. Our ministers are both winning the hearts of our people; their services are highly appreciated. May the Lord display his power to save soon among us.
F. W. E.

GINSON, N. B. This church is being much revived through the labors of their new pastor Rev. W. R. Robinson. A better state of things exists now than has obtained for a long time. The membership of the church is more co-operation in religious activities than formerly, and the congregation are increasing and several have united with the church by baptism, and by letter, and others are giving evidence of a new life by their testimonies for Christ. We are praying and looking for a wider spread work of grace. May the Lord grant it.

OAK BAY. The Lord is blessing the labors of pastor Worden, and evangelist Marple here. They have been holding special meetings for several days, and the good work of grace is moving on with much power. Pastor Worden baptized ten converts last Sunday February 3rd., and several others are being received by the church and will be baptized next Lord's Day.

The membership of the church are much revived, and we hope there are better days in store for us in the future. Praise the Lord for His grace and mercy.

KESWICK, N. B. Church news is always interesting, even though there is not much of special interest to report. We are enjoying good roads and large congregations over this extensive field and the "power of the Lord is sometimes present to heal." The people are kind and considerate all this year round, but they never forget the annual "donation."

CENTRAL GROVE, LONG ISLAND. We have just concluded a series of special revival meetings in Central Grove. This place is about midway between Freeport and Tiverton. The faithful in Zion have been greatly blessed. A number of backsliders have returned and some young people

have experienced a new found hope. The young people have started a Sabbath evening prayer service.
E. H. HOWE.

TABERNACLE, ST. JOHN. Spent Sunday Jan. 27th, with the Sussex church. In response to an appeal made for funds towards our new church building the church very generously subscribed \$113.
P. J. STACKHOUSE.

Personals.

Rev. Milton Addison has received and accepted a call to the Surrey and Demozelle churches, and entered upon the work in this field. We wish him much success and prosperity in his new settlement;
His address will be Surrey, Albert Co., N. B.

Rev. E. P. Calder has accepted a call to the pastorate of the First, and Second Grand Lake churches, and now about beginning his work among these people. This is a very important field, and our brother Calder will find plenty of work, and he ought to find plenty of support both in spiritual and temporal aid. May his coming to them be in the fullness of the gospel of Christ.

Rev. I. W. Corey, formerly pastor of Fairville, N. B. has lately resigned at Kenosha, Wisconsin the term of his pastorate there ending with Feb. 1st.

Rev. S. D. Irvine now at Perth Centre, Victoria Co., writes: "I am at present here trying to rest. If it were not for the sick headaches which have followed me for years I should soon pull up. My lung affection has almost totally disappeared. My brethren have been very kind to me. May God bless them abundantly for their thoughtfulness and kindly gifts."

Act of Incorporation.

A meeting of the committees appointed by the three Associations to prepare an Act of Incorporation of Baptist churches in New Brunswick, being called for on the 6th inst., only a very few members were present. Rev. J. H. Hughes was chosen chairman, and F. W. Emmerson secretary. A copy of the proposed Act was presented for adoption, which after deliberative discussion was adopted with slight amendments and it was resolved to send a copy of the same to each of the three committees for their approval or suggested amendments or omissions, all of which are to be returned to the chairman, who will call another meeting in the near future to take final action in regard to the Act. They will then submit it to the House of Assembly for enactment. Brethren receiving these copies of the proposed Act will please return to Bro. Hughes. A notice of the next meeting will be given shortly.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislative Assembly of New Brunswick to pass an Act entitled "An Act to Incorporate Baptist Churches in Connection with the New Brunswick Eastern, Southern and Western Baptist Association."

F. W. Emmerson,
Secretary to Committee.

February 6th, 1901.

Seal the minister seek the church or shall the vacant congregation seek the minister? The former is now the universal custom, and it is bringing numberless evils in its train. The congregation looks upon the minister as one engaged for so much money, to do so much work, to be dismissed at pleasure. Is it not possible to change the order so that the minister is no longer a suppliant for the favors of a congregation.

"The Tactics Of Conversion."

SPENSER B. MEESER.

HALT! About face! Forward march! There you have it, tactics of conversion.

Stop sinning. Do not go in that direction any longer. You will never reach Christ, if you go that way forever. That is the way to hell. The longer you go that way, the farther you get from the Christian life. You are faced wrong, and marching from the Captain.

Turn about completely. Not to the right, nor to the left; not half to the right or left; but all the way about. Make it an angle of 180 degrees. It is a matter of great concern that you do not vary a fraction of a degree; but turn square around. The direction determines the goal you reach. He is a runner cutting across the cinder path. He will never reach the goal, though he run as swift as an Indian. Keep in the path and face about. You have been wrong all your life. Never mind the crowd, it is wrong also. About face!

Now go forward. Do not attempt to stand facing God. Forward march! If you do not, the crowd going the other way will bear you with it, backward into disaster. You will have to push through the mass for a while; but soon others will turn with you and together you can make your way. It is something that moves us, this Christian life. It collects a crowd when it is lived in earnest; and the whole crowd with us. Make advance if you would not be pushed back.

It is hard, for some reason, to make real to us that becoming a Christian is, not a process of becoming better and better, until we reach the goodness of Christ, and so are saved; but that it is being saved so that we may become better and better. It is hard to see that it is not a veering and a tacking and a circling around until we find the true way; but is simply an about face, and a forward march.

There is a direction to which we must turn; and that turn must precede all else, though there is a long march of discipline afterwards. To turn partly will not lead us to Christ. Christ is directly back of the sinning man, and heaven and nobility lie in the opposite direction to which he is going.

We are saved by the personal and divine power of Jesus Christ. The power continues through life; so that, in one sense we are always being saved; always being taken away from the sin, that ruled and controlled our life. But there is a point where we begin; where we turn; where we step over a line and out of the enemy's country and his authority, into the country and the authority of Jesus. It is Jesus who says, "About Face!"

When we have made that turn is when we begin to be Christian. When we have consciously made that choice is when we come to Christ. That is when we should confess Him, as Teacher, as Captain, and King; and begin the march forward toward the ideal life. Then is when we should avow ourselves as His, and unite with His followers.

To be almost led to this choice, to turn almost away from sin, to make the turn part of the way is not sufficient. Safety and obedience lie in one direction only. A miss is as good as a mile, in this matter. To half turn still takes us away from the goal. It simply deflects the life from one evil to another. Right and truth are back of us until we go toward Christ, making the whole turn without compromise.

Worcester, Mass.

The Practical Interest of Religion.

AFTER all, may not one ask whether religious intuition is not as safe as speculation? It is sometimes said with a good deal of assurance that we must be guided by reason. But those who claim to be guided by reason have founded the speculative *isms*; those who are guided by practical interests and religious intuitions have been the world's most valuable religious teachers. It is queer, is it not, what we call inspiration has never speculated, never philosophized. The nearest approach

to speculation in the Bible is found, it seems, in the book of Job, and in Ecclesiastes, perhaps, the least important parts of the Divine Word for the purposes of piety and the cultivation of the religious spirit. But both these books are in certain respects intensely practical, and had without doubt a practical end in view, not the satisfaction of a speculative curiosity. Religion aims to apprehend truth, philosophy, to comprehend truth; religion walks by faith, philosophy by sight. Religion throws itself in the life, philosophy in the thought. Religion is pre-eminently a practical interest; Religion wishes to feel God and thus know him; philosophy wishes to comprehend him, Religion satisfies to a large extent, philosophy to a small extent.—*Baptist Courier*.

Never Know Him.

A TOUCHING story is told of the child of a well-known French painter. The little girl lost her sight in infancy, and her blindness was supposed to be incurable.

A famous oculist in Paris, however, performed an operation on her eyes and restored her sight.

Her mother had long been dead, and her father had been her only friend and companion. When she was told that blindness could be cured, her one thought was that she could see him; and when the cure was complete, and the bandages were removed, she ran to him, and trembling, pored over his features, shutting her eyes now and then and passing her fingers over his face as if to make sure that it was he.

The father had a noble head and presence, and his every look and motion was watched by his daughter with the keenest delight. For the first time his constant tenderness and care seemed real to her. If he caressed her, or even looked upon her kindly, it brought tears to her eyes.

"To think," she cried, holding his hand close in hers, "that I had this father so many years and never knew him!"

How many of us are like the little blind girl?

How Rest May be Found.

THERE is rest in faith. The very act of confidence is repose. Look how that little child goes to sleep in its mother's lap, secure from harm because it trusts.

Ard, oh! if their steal over our hearts such a sweet relaxation of the tension of anxiety when there is some dear one on whom we can cast our responsibility, how much more may you and I be delivered from all disquieting fears by the exercise of quiet confidence in the infinite love and power of our Brother-Redeemer, Christ. He will be a covert from the storm, and a refuge from the tempest; as "drivers of water in a dry place, and the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." If we come to him, the very act of coming brings repose.

The Testimony of a Prison Chaplain.

THE blessing of good literature and the curse of bad reading are alike emphasized in the following letter addressed to one of the Secretaries of the Tract Society by the Chaplain of the Tombs Prison in New York City, who writes:

"I desire to thank you for the very valuable donation of books sent me some time ago by the American Tract Society for the use of the prisoners of the Tombs.

"I need hardly say that many of these books are now in use, and not only are they greatly appreciated by the prisoners who read them, but I believe they are doing a splendid work. I am satisfied from careful investigation that one of the most prolific causes that fill the prisons of our land to-day is bad literature.

"Only eternity will be able to tell how many lives have been helped and influenced for good through the books you sent me.

"JOHN J. MUNRO, Chaplain."

The most accomplished persons have usually some defect, some weakness in their characters; which diminishes the lustre of their brighter qualifications.

Married.

DIXON-BENNETT—At Hovey, Albert county, N. B., on Feb. 10th, by Rev. N. E. Fitch, Rev. James Dixon to Blanche Bennett, both of Alma.

HAMILTON-DORMELL—At the residence of Mrs. Abner Hamilton, 27 John street, Woodstock on the 27th, by the Rev. Thos. Ford, Hamilton W. Hamilton of Hamilton, Me., and Marjorie G. Dormell of the same place.

DEWINGS-SAVAGE—At Halifax, N. S., January 29th, by Rev. T. L. Fash, Warren DeWings, formerly of Chipman, N. B., to Laura Savage, of Ebersmore, Hants Co., N. S.

Died.

EVANS—Deacon James Isaac Evans, an old Baptist standard bearer at Shediac, passed triumphantly over the swellings of Jordan, into the heavenly Canaan, on the 29th of January, in the 84th year of his age. Brother Evans was a man of rare excellence; one of the most sapiently Christians we have ever been acquainted with. The Bible was his law book, and Jesus was his exponent of it. To Him he looked for counsel and example, for help, and for comfort. The grand doctrines of the gospel were to him meat and drink. He loved his denomination dearly, and he loved the house of God above all other places of resort. The place he occupied among the people of Shediac, and has now left vacant will be difficult to fill. May the Chi-f-Shepherd care for the little flock there, and comfort those who are left to mourn.

KEIRSTEAD—Rev. Seth W. Keirstead passed quietly and peacefully away at his home in Dawsonville, Albert Co., on Wednesday, Jan. 23rd, to enter into the "rest that remains for the people of God," after a lingering illness of several months. Revs. B. H. Thomas, A. A. Rutledge and C. W. Townsend attended his funeral and took part in the service which was of a very impressive nature, and although the day was stormy a large number of people gathered to show their respect to our departed brother. We are not in possession of any data concerning Brother Keirstead and therefore cannot give any account of his life and labors. Mrs. Keirstead is lying very ill at her home, and any kind remembrance that may be sent in to her in this time of her sore affliction will tend to lighten and brighten her dark and lonely hours.

McLEAN—At Cool Creek, Chipman, on January 26th, August Milton, son of Charles H. McLean, aged 2 months and 15 days.

LOYD—At his home in Michigan, on the 7th inst, Charles H. Lloyd, aged 43 years, son of the late Thomas Lloyd of Chipman. The deceased took the typhoid fever last fall, after partial recovery, hasty consumption, followed. He leaves a wife and two children, besides nine sisters and two brothers residing in different places. His mother was a daughter of the late Elder Michael Doyle, resides with one of her daughters at Collins, Kings County. Brother Lloyd professed his faith in Christ some twenty-one years ago, uniting with the First Chipman Church. He has been absent from the province 18 years, residing in Michigan, where he also was married. To all the mourning ones we tender the comforting grace of the gospel as their only solace in this hour of affliction.

WEBER—At Briggs' Corner, Chipman, Kings Co., on the 23 inst, Annie Behna, infant daughter of Fred and Jane Webber, aged two weeks.

ACKERMAN—At Gaspereaux, Chipman, Queens Co., on the 29th inst, Nelson Ackerman entered into rest. Mr. Ackerman had been twice married, having ten children by each wife. Eight of the first family, and seven of the second survive him. His eldest son, now living, is 73 years of age, and from this, with other evidence of a similar nature the departed is thought to have been over 100 years of age. It was a rare incident on the last day of the old century to lay away to rest a man whose life had extended in all probability through each succeeding decade. Mr. Ackerman was born near French Lake, Sunbury County, but settled in Gaspereaux over sixty years since. He enjoyed good health until the last three or four years. These have been as the Psalmist has well expressed it, years of labor and sorrow.

ROGERS—At New Zion, Northfield, Sunbury County on the 1st inst, Hattie Matilda, daughter of William and Louisa Rogers, aged two years and ten months.

FULLERTON—Etta Maud Fullerton, beloved daughter of Robert Fullerton of Brookton, Albert County, was called to the home above, on January 28th.

How Faith Comes.—I prayed for faith, and thought that some day faith would come down and strike me like lightning. But faith did not seem to come. One day I read in the tenth chapter of Romans, "Now faith comes by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." I had closed my Bible, and prayed for faith.