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WHOLE No. 67

The Real Jesus.

THE Greeks come to Philip, saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus." Philip and Andrew tell Jesus of their desire. He does not say, "Bring the Greeks along, that they may see me," but he answers, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified. Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone."

In other words, if the Greeks had seen Jesus as he then was, they would have seen the real Jesus at all; they would have seen the perfect man according to the flesh, truly divine, but only the one of whom Paul afterwards said, "I will know him no more after the flesh."

The real Jesus can be seen only as he is seen in the process of dying; until we behold the Lamb of God, we have not really seen Jesus.

A grain of wheat falling into the ground and dying is a true picture of the real Jesus, and this gives us the process and principle of Christian growth.

MORTIFICATION.

After the grain of wheat has fallen into the ground, the life in it hastens its death. It was the life in Christ (only another word for love), which prompted him to die. He gave himself a willing sacrifice. It was death through life.

So, in every Christian, there is a process of mortification by means of the Christ-life which he receives at the new birth. We must mortify the deeds of the body, crucify the works of the flesh.

Paul said, "I die daily," and in proportion as we live in Christ we die to sin, self and the world. Death means failure; physical death a failure of the body.

After the grain of wheat has fallen into the ground and dies, it is worthless. A week after a hundred bushels have been sown, if you were to dig it up, you could not sell it for five cents, but the failure is in order to success; it must fail, that it may bring forth a harvest.

So every Christian must fail in himself before he can succeed in God; he must truly die to his own strength, mental, moral or spiritual, in order that Jesus, who is the real life, may live in him. Such failure like the death of the wheat, is prophetic of success, and, until we have failed thus, we shall never truly succeed.

APPROPRIATION.

As soon as the wheat begins to die, because it has begun to live, it appropriates every thing within reach for which it has a taste; it takes in the sunlight, heat, air, moisture, earth; while it rejects foreign substances for which it has no taste.

Whatever else the new birth may be, it is certainly the imparting of a new taste. "If so be ye have tasted that the Lord is gracious." This taste may be cultivated or vitiated.

The Israelites in the wilderness did not like the manna; they said it was light food. Now, I believe that manna was the best dish this world ever saw. God made it and he knew how to make a good thing. It was a whole bill of fare in one dish, nutritious and wholesome. Just what the Israelites needed in the open air journey. Nevertheless they had no taste for it.

The trouble with them was that down in Egypt their taste had been vitiated. By eating leeks, garlic and onions. When a man likes onions he is certain not to like manna.

When one of my members absents himself from prayer meeting and ceases to take delight in Christian worship and work, I take it for granted that he had been to Egypt and had a square meal of onions and of all the distasteful dishes that can be imagined a mixture of manna and onions is the worst.

An Egyptian dog would hardly eat it, and yet that is the kind of fare with which some Christians are vitiating their tastes. Instead of keep-

ing to the manna of God's word and work which really satisfies the soul, they would mix with it the onions of worldly indulgence, and the result is that their experience is insipid and joyless.

The Christ-life in us gives us taste for what is Christly, and it should be our constant care to cultivate this taste so that it may appropriate to the fullest extent the light of God's word.

ASSIMILATION.

The dying grain not only takes in light, heat, air, water and earth, but it makes all these a part of itself. It weaves them into the very texture of its being.

So every Christian should not only appropriate the truth but live the truth; he should be like Christ, incarnate truth. The Christ-life within him makes truth into character.

TRANSFORMATION.

As the grain of wheat dies appropriating and assimilating everything for which it has taste, there goes on a process of transformation. The golden harvest field is transformed earth, light, heat, air and water.

"Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your minds." As we mortify the bad, appropriate and assimilate the good, we are transfigured into the image of Christ.

MULTIPLICATION.

As a result of its death with the life that appropriates, assimilates, and transforms, the grain of wheat is multiplied. "some thirty, some sixty, some an hundredfold."

A farmer reeks a bushel of wheat with great care for many years. It is good wheat and he doesn't want to injure it, so he protects it from wind and weather, but it does not increase in weight or quantity—some seeds have been preserved in the catacombs of Egypt for thousands of years.

But another farmer takes a bushel of wheat into the field and sows it broadcast, then harrows it in, and after a few days his wheat, in the process of dying and living, is worthless; but he is the wise farmer; he waits until the harvest and then he receives it back manyfold. He loves his wheat that he may gain it in larger measure. Every grain of it has laid down its life that it may live in a hundred other grains.

It is the mission of every Christian to multiply himself by winning another to Christ. "The good seed are the children of the kingdom." No child of God should be willing to abide alone.

GLORIFICATION.

The harvest is the glory of the seed sowing. The yellow grains in the autumn is the golden crown of spring and summer. "Herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit."

Christ said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches. The vine bears fruit only through the branches. The glory of God can shine only through our fruitfulness. In praying that we may glorify God, as we so often pray, we are simply asking for the privilege of yielding a harvest of souls.

The mortification of the flesh, the appropriation and assimilation of truth, the transformation of character and the multiplication of converts are all the glorification of Christ in fruitbearing.

The multiplication of Christians comes through self-sacrifice, Jesus, by his death on the cross, has multiplied himself a millionfold, and every one who manifests the spirit of Christ on Calvary cannot fail to win others to trust and love him.

A young man of the name of Westrup went as a missionary to Mexico, and was murdered while on a journey, and his body thrown upon a cactus plant to decay in the sun. A student in the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, hearing of this, wrote to the missionary secretary, saying that he did not have much strength of mind or body, but all that he had he would like to give to the cause, and if God wanted some one

to go to Mexico and take Westrup's place, he was ready to go, though it might be to give his life for Christ.

This, through the death of Westrup, W. D. Powell was led to Mexico. If Westrup had gone to Mexico and spent his time in self-seeking, no one would have desired to be like him or to take his place. There is nothing in this world more beautiful than self-sacrifice.

SELF-SACRIFICE.

The externals of the crucifixion, its blood, broken flesh, agony, dying and repulsive, just as the externals of the battle of Bunker Hill, with its blood and torn flesh, agony and dying, are repulsive, but a grateful nation has erected a granite monument on the spot where the repulsive battle took place. Beneath the repulsion there is the attraction of self-sacrifice. The men who died there gave their lives for others, and we forget the external repulsion while we gaze at the beauty of patriotic self-sacrifice which the monument commemorates.

If you walk Broadway, near the Post-office, in New York City, you come in view of a bronze statue; the arms are pinioned, the feet are tied, the shirt collar is thrown open and as you look into the handsome, sad face, you are reminded of an execution when a human being was hanged and there is nothing attractive in the thought; but read on the pedestal, "I regret that I have but one life to give for my country—Nathan Hale." and now you forget the repulsion of the hanging while you gaze at the beautiful picture of patriotic loyalty unto death.

THE GLORY OF THE AGE.

Christ on the cross is the glory of this age, as Christ on the throne will be the glory of the age to come. "God forbid," says Paul, "that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." Time was when I urged people to go beyond the cross. I shall never use that expression again. In heaven itself they do not get beyond the cross. "The Lamb as it has been slain," is in the midst of the throne, and the redeemed saints sing "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Jesus said, "If any man would come after me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow me." We do not go beyond or leave behind what we take up. It is our glorious privilege to believe in the risen Lord and to walk with him day by day, but even that risen Lord carries in his hands, feet and side the marks of the cross.

Amid the glory of the Transfiguration, Moses, Elijah and Jesus talked together of his death. Paul preached at Athens, "Jesus and the resurrection."

"Jesus" means a suffering Saviour. The death of Christ and his resurrection are married in Scripture, "and what God hath joined together let not man put asunder."

A CHEERING HOPE.

My heart is cheered by the blessed hope of Christ's second coming. I am not looking for death nor desiring it. It is probable that I shall die in body, and, if death comes, I will take it as a dose, just as I crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York, paying for the privilege though I knew that I would be sick most of the time, because on this side were home and loved ones whom I was anxious to see.

On the other side of the waters of death are many who will welcome me, and I am willing to die, if it be God's will, that I may be with Christ and those I love. Nevertheless, I am not looking for death; I am looking up into the sky for the coming King. While I am looking up I may fall into a grave, but, like Dr. Gordon, I will shout "Victory" as I fall.

While, however, I am looking for the coming of Christ, I would not allow the glory of that coming to make me forget the glory of his cross.

Cheerfulness throws sunlight in all the paths of life.

The Home Mission Journal.

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Paul Crandels' Charge.

BY HOPE DARING.

CHAPTER X.

TO BE CONTINUED.

It was sometime before order was restored. After a few heart felt testimonies, Mr. Carverth took the meeting in charge, and made a fervent appeal to the unsaved. It was not in vain. Soon four penitents were upon their knees, and among them was Milo Baxter.

When the services were over, Paul made his way to Mr. Baxter's side.

"God is verifying his promises," he said, cheerily. "Will you not give Milo the greatest help mortal man can give him now—a Christian father?"

The strong man turned aside his head. "He has the best mother in the world, that must do," he said, trying to smile.

Lucile heard. Ah, how she had prayed for that father and brother! Might she not hope on after this?

During the next few weeks Danesville was shaken out of its usual calm. The meetings were continued, and night after night souls were born into the kingdom of grace. Nor was this all. Gradually the estranged members of the church were coming back—coming to join heartily in all the plans proposed for work by their pastor, coming into a fullness of God's presence undreamed of in the olden days.

It was easy for eyes sharpened by love to see that Marion West's strength was fast failing. There were times when no medicine could ease her suffering, and these occasions came more and more frequently. Still, so great was her joy in the good work being done, that she seemed quite unmindful of her own condition.

"I have so little time," she said gently to Lucile one afternoon when the young teacher stopped her on the street to warn her against the damp air. "So little time, and there is so much to be done."

Lucile sighed a little despondently. "If we could only reach men like Tim Hanna! He isn't sober long enough to even think. Oh, Mrs. West, if we could only shut up French's!"

The widow smiled and bent her head to kiss the girl's rounded pink cheek. "Be patient and brave, dear. Ah, you are both, Lucile! How patient and brave, you know."

It was the first time she had referred to George Landis' falseness. The color in Lucile's face deepened; but, frankly meeting her friend's eyes, she said:

"It was very hard at first. It hurts now and always will. Your own courage has helped me and God has shown me what a satisfying portion a life given to His service may be."

"I am so glad, Lucile! Remember what I say, for in after years you will see its truth. Some day a love may come to you that will show you the unreality of this. If not, there is all eternity—the eternity I am so near."

She passed on, and Lucile looked after her with eyes brimming over with sudden tears. How she would miss this kind counsellor and trusty friend. Yet could she wish her sufferings prolonged?

The words of the girl lingered long in Marion West's mind. "If we could only shut up French's! Why not? How could this be done? Was there here one more task which the Lord was ready to let her do for Him?"

That same evening Silas French sat at his sup-

per table. The great dining-room was bright with lamp light and the glow of an open coal fire, and the table was spread with an abundance of the creature comforts so dear to the saloon-keeper.

He was alone. In an upper room lay his invalid wife; out in the world were his sons, men grown now, and both of their lives already tainted with the curse of their father's business.

A maid entered the room. "Please, sir, Mrs. West is here, and desires to speak with you." "Mrs. West," he repeated wonderingly. "What can her business be? 'Well show her in.'"

He hurriedly drained a glass of wine and left the table. When Marion West opened the door, she found him standing before the fire. He greeted her politely, and motioned her toward a chair.

"Silas French," and she came close to him, "I have come to see you on business of the utmost importance. In a few months, and it may be only a few weeks, I shall stand in the presence of your sainted mother and Elaine. What shall I tell them of you?"

He started. Elaine, his only daughter, who had for sixteen years been the joy of his home, and had then gone out of his life,—how dared any one mention her name to him? But Elaine had loved this serene-faced woman, and for the sake of his daughter he would bear with her.

Mrs. West came still closer, and laid one thin hand upon his arm. "In the past few weeks, Silas French, we have been striving to overcome the evil done by you. We have not thought it possible to reach your heart. But tonight I have come here to entreat you, with my failing strength, to pause and look at your work. Think how it will appear to you at the judgment day! Think how it looks in God's sight!"

He muttered something about it being nobody's affair but his own. She shook her head.

"Don't say that. It is a fearful responsibility for you to assume. So many homes you have made desolate, so many young lives you have ruined. Death may be as near to you as me. All my past rises up to confront me. Many lost opportunities reproach me; but God is merciful, and will pardon. Oh, I wish I could tell you of the joy which His presence will surely bring!"

He turned upon her savagely, and bade her, with an oath, to be gone about her business.

"This is my business, for it is the work of the Lord. I beg of you, in the name of the daughter you once loved, to turn to God."

(To be concluded.)

An Act of Worship.

From a privately circulated volume by Walter R. Brooks, D. D.

O LORD of all the worlds! O Father of all the lights! amid the grandeur and the greatness of Thy works I humbly call to Thee. Amid the ceaseless anthems of unspoken praise ascending evermore to Thee I humbly mingle my own weak tone of a loving worship. I thank Thee, O God, for all the expressions of Thyself in these works of Thy hand; for the curtaining clouds, the tented heavens, which, bending down and enclosing all things, do thus declare Thine all-encompassing, all-sheltering presence and providence in the world, make the great and wide immensities of space and time homelike, near and familiar to my heart; for the vast and varied beauty bathing all things, even to the commonest, and declaring the tenderness and gentleness which bathes every attribute of Thy nature, every act of Thy power.

I thank Thee, O God, for all the silent, quiet places on the hills and in the fields and in the deeper haunts of silence in the woods—silent, quiet places where Thy Spirit broods and rests, ungrieved by the discords of human life, and where my spirit finds and feels Thy presence as it does not elsewhere; silent, quiet places so like another world, and where the spirit of the dead gather on the outskirts of this world, and make their presence felt even to the spirit cumbered with its clay.

I thank Thee, O God, for all the wild luxuriance of all the humble plants which Thou hast created to cover the nakedness of the earth and to fill its empty places with all soft colors and forms of grace, declaring thus the overflowing bounty

and the exhaustless fulness of Thy creative power and loving goodness.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the mosses and the ferns, for the creeping vines and the gentle race of flowers which love the forest glades. O most blessed God, these declare Thine equal tenderness for all, both small and great, and cure the fear of barrenness in the long future to come. They, even more than the vastness of the world, are the assurance of Thy sufficiency for all the wants of all Thy creatures.

I thank Thee, O Lord, for the subtle sympathies that bind me to Thy nature and hold me in its harmonies; for the dear feeling of kindness to me which I meet in all the elements of the world, and for the sweet sense of a home in Nature, begotten of these sympathies, even when the social home is desolate.

I thank Thee, O blessed Father of all, for all the loving care the world betrays by the perfection of its minutest parts and the beauty and joy of its smallest creatures. I need not to see Thee, but only move sensibly to feel the goodness of which the world is full.

Blessed be Thy name also, O my God, for all the truth and wisdom which Thou hast written out for me in the universe of Thy works—the endless and blessed studies for my spirit in the long ages to come.

I pray Thee, O my Father, make me worthy to appear among these pure and perfect works of Thy power. Deliver me from all selfish ambitions, I pray Thee,—from all gross and sensuous passions, from all dominion of pride and covetous longings, that I may inherit Thy peace, while I share also Thy life in Thy great Nature.

O God, am I not a part of that great Nature Thou lovest so well? I pray thee, O my Father, love me! Let thy beauty be upon me also; and through all these teachings of thy love in my earthly home, I beseech thee fit me for the higher and still more divine life in Thee in the heavenly mansions. From the growth of time and the fruit of life may my soul be strong and rich for the life that opens by the gateway of the grave; and when time shall be no longer, receive me, I pray thee, into habitations of eternity with all Thine accepted ones, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Jesus, name all names above,

Jesus best and dearest,

Jesus, fount of perfect love,

Holiest, tenderest, nearest;

Jesus, source of grace complete,

Jesus, purest, Jesus sweetest,

Jesus, well of power divine.

Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

Jesus, open me the gate

That of old he entered,

Who in that most lost estate,

Wholly in Thee ventured;

Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading,

And Thy passion interceding,

From my misery let me rise

To a home in paradise.

Woe, that I have turned aside

After fleshly pleasure!

Woe, that I have never tried

For the heavenly treasure!

Treasure, safe in home supernal,

Incarnate, eternal,—

Treasure no less price has won

Than the passion of the Son.

Jesus, crowned with thorns for me,

Scourged for my transgression,

Witnessing, through agony,

That Thy good confession;

Jesus, clad in purple raiment,

For my evil making payment;

Let not all Thy woe and pain,

Let not Calvary be in vain.

When I cross death's bitter sea,

And its waves roll higher,

Help the more forsaking me

As the storm draws nigher;

Jesus, leave me not to languish,

Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;

Tell me, "Verily, I say,

Thou shalt be with me today."

It is not occasional brilliancy, but a constant shining that tells.

Convention.

The eighth annual session of the New Brunswick Baptist Convention will open at Hartland, Carleton County, on Friday, September 13th, at 10 a. m. The Sunday School Convention will hold its sessions on Thursday preceding the regular meeting of the Convention. The Baptist Annuity Association meets with the same body on Saturday at 3 p. m. The churches and the Sabbath Schools are requested to appoint delegates so that a full attendance may be assured.

TRAVELING ARRANGEMENTS

The following arrangements are announced to delegates expecting to attend the convention at Hartland, The Steamer May Queen, the Star Line Steamers, and the Canada Eastern Railway issue free return.

The I. C. R. returns free if more than ten have standard certificates. Delegates coming by this line are advised to purchase at starting point through tickets over both I. C. R. and C. P. R. direct to Hartland. The C. P. R. returns delegates passing over that line at one-third fare, if more than fifty have standard certificates.

If less than fifty, return tickets will be half fare. In all cases delegates are advised to ask for standard certificates when starting.

W. E. M.

Religious News

FLORENCEVILLE, N. B. Since our last communication we have enjoyed much of the Divine presence. We spent two weeks with Bro.

Miller at River Bank, and baptized seven, one a man over 70 years, another the youngest daughter of our lamented Bro. Young. July 26th we went to the assistance of Bro. E. LeRoy Dakin, at Union Corner Richmond. Bro. Dakin had commenced meetings two weeks before. God's blessing has rested on our united efforts. August 4th we baptized Sister Bell aged 74 years, and on the 18th inst. 11 more. Borden Maxwell, Orren Tracy, Maude McSerlin, Jennie Chase, Jennie Flemming, Jenny Tracy, Mrs. Hattie Eagers, Ruby Gildart, Almada Tracy. At 3 p. m., Bro. Dakin gave the hand of fellowship to Jennie Flemming in the McKenzie Corner church, and in the evening he extended the hand of fellowship to the other ten baptized with sister Annie Turney by letter from the Fredericton church. The meetings continue this week. We expect to baptize again the 25th. Bro. Dakin is held in high esteem by the Richmond people. Bro. A. C. Horseman of the class 1901, is spending his summer partly with the Aberdeen church the balance with us on the Florenceville group that enables me to do some missionary work that is so congenial to me. A. H. HAYWARD.

Mr. E. V. Buchanan, who has supplied 1st and 2nd Grand Lake churches for the summer, closed his labors there on Sabbath, Aug. 25th, and the field is again vacant.

Rev. I. B. Colwell has been supplying for a few weeks at Upper Gagetown. The church has during the last few years lost many of its best members, yet those who remain are anxious to have a pastor and sustain regular services.

In the Ongole mission field, during the week of prayer, the burden of petition was for 1,000 souls converted to Christ. And lately it was reported that 1,016 converted Telegus had been baptized. How long will it take for us to learn the lesson of faith and power?

TOBIQUE VALLEY CHURCH. Since the ordination service which took place on Aug. 7th, Bro. Martin of Woodstock, has been with me, as a result of a few meetings held by us, three were baptized on Sabbath last (25th), and on Thursday, 29th inst., two more followed their Lord in baptism. Oh, for showers of blessings. Pray for us. PASTOR STIRLING.

The work of grace is still moving on. Aug. 25th, p. 3RD. CANTERBURY BAPTIST CHURCH. m., four happy souls followed their Lord in the or-

dinance of baptism. One sister over 70 years after reading God's word became dissatisfied with the Presbyterian mode of baptism (sprinkling) accepted and followed her Lord in the ordinance as taught by the New Testament—Believers' baptism by immersion. To God be all the glory. C. N. BARTON, Pastor.

MEDUCTIC, Aug. 31st.

CENTREVILLE, N. E.

We came to this field during the last week of June. This is a charming village, free from those tumble-down buildings, which so often mar the appearance of our villages and towns. It is as pretty as paint, trim lawns, shady trees and a tasteful people can make it. The congregations on Sundays are large and appreciative, and the Spirit's power is manifest. On the evening of the 19th inst., being the fifth anniversary of our wedding, the young people of the congregation gathered at the parsonage for a social time together. Before leaving as an expression of goodwill and friendship, they very graciously presented us with a handsome parlor table and a most comfortable wicker-rocker. May God abundantly bless us in our relations together and draw the people to Himself. B. S. FREEMAN.

ST. ANDREWS

We have good reason to believe that the Lord is with us. Our meetings are as well attended as can be reasonably expected. Our social services are often quite refreshing.

We have succeeded in establishing a monthly conference meeting which seems to meet with much favor from a goodly number of our people. The Rev. John Hughes spent a Sunday with us a few weeks ago, preaching two excellent sermons, which were much enjoyed, and much commented on by those who heard him.

Last Sunday evening, a male quartette composed of young men from St. Stephen and Calais, sang a few pieces of music in a delightful manner. Besides singing as a quartette, they assisted our choir throughout the service. It is doubtful if there was any better music in any church in the province than we enjoyed on Sunday evening.

The Rev. Mr. White of Maine street, St. John, made a short but very friendly call at the parsonage during his visit to the town.

Sept. 3rd, 1901.

CALVIN CURRIE.

MEDUCTIC, N. B. Sunday, Aug. 18th, three happy souls, two brethren and one sister were baptized and united in fellowship with the 3rd Canterbury church. God is still calling. Sinners are trembling. Brethren pray for us. C. N. BARTON, Pastor.

ROTHESAY, N. B. As a result of two weeks special services seven happy believers in Christ were on Sunday, Aug. 25th, baptized into the membership of the Rotheray Baptist church. During the summer months the undersigned has been preaching at Rotheray every Sunday afternoon. The Baptist interest at Rotheray has to a large extent been kept alive through the earnest labors of our esteemed brother, Rev. J. W. Keirstead.

PERRY J. STACKHOUSE.

We were permitted again through the loving kindness of our Heavenly Father to baptize one sister of this place, our beloved deacon's daughter, Juna Doten. Our sister Doten is one of our choicest young ladies and a true Christian and is a grand helper. Our church is doing nicely, congregations are fine and prayer meetings good as can be expected. Our Sabbath school is improving all the time I think. A few weeks ago we collected means enough to purchase a very fine library for the school, which has helped the Sabbath school much. The books are good indeed. There is a good interest manifested in the work of our Sabbath school and I am glad to see it.

H. D. WORDEN.

OAK BAY, CHARLOTTE CO.

August 22nd.

If men could but see the dire consequences of the evil things they do they would probably try to avoid the consequences while doing the evil things.

Quarterly Meeting.

The York and Sunbury Quarterly meeting convened with the Macnaquack church, Aug. 16th. Rev. J. M. McDonald preached the opening sermon. It was a strong discourse and highly appreciated by a large congregation. Saturday morning the business meeting took place, Pastor Howard presiding. The conference meeting in the afternoon in charge of Bro. Manzer, was a season of refreshing from the Lord. The missionary meeting on Saturday evening was well attended, and a stirring address delivered by Bro. Archibald. Sunday came in clear and cool, and the people from all the region round about were early afoot. At 9.30 a. m., the Sabbath school met and listened to addresses from visiting brethren. At the morning service Bro. Archibald again filled the pulpit, and preached a thoughtful, earnest sermon in reference to the "great commission." The announcement that Mrs. Archibald would speak in the afternoon brought a vast crowd together, and for more than one hour our sister held them spellbound. That address must do much for missions in this section of country. A rousing gospel sermon from Bro. Sables in the evening followed by an evangelistic meeting led by Pastor Howard, closed one of the best Quarterly meetings ever held in this county. We were all sorry that Bro. Robinson was unable to be present. Earnest prayer was made that he might be spared. I am glad to say that he is slowly improving. The time and place for the next Quarterly meeting was left in the hands of a committee, and will be announced in due time. GEO. HOWARD.

Notice.

The Albert County Quarterly Meeting will convene with the church at Waterside, on the first Tuesday in Sept., at 2 o'clock. The Westmorland County Quarterly is expected to meet with us on that occasion and as there are matters of importance coming up we would urge the churches to send a full delegation. We would also remind the churches that this will be our annual meeting when the officers for another year will be elected.

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

On Advertising Sermon Topics.

WITHIN the last twenty-five years the practice of advertising the topics of sermons in the Saturday papers has grown up, and now prevails extensively. Probably there is a good deal to be said in favor of this practice, or it would not be so generally followed. There are certainly some things to be said against it.

An examination of these announcements, week after week, gives the impression that the ministers seek to put their subjects in a striking and catchy phrase, in order to arouse enough curiosity to lead people to come to hear the discourse. It occurs to us that curiosity might be as effectively aroused if a man who was known always to have something to say were never to announce in advance the topic of his discourse. But the effect of the announcement of a quasi-sensational topic must always be had upon the preacher, and upon those who are led by it to come to his church. In the preacher's mind it creates the consciousness that his first duty is to get and to hold an audience; and in the hearer's mind it lowers the pulpit to the level of the lecture, the success of which is measured by the box-office receipts.

In addition to this, a congregation that is built up by such methods is a rope of sand. When the preacher has an unattractive topic, people do not go to hear him, and when he announces no topic they assume that he has nothing of special interest to say. How much better is it for a minister to create the impression in the community that he will always have a thoughtful message from the Word of God to give to his congregation! Then people go to church not to hear a certain subject discussed, but in a frame to listen to any message that may seem to the minister most opportune. In the long run, we doubt if, in a congregation of three or four hundred, on the average, ten persons are drawn to attend church

because the minister announces his topics. In a year or so a minister comes to hold a fixed place in the community. The people who do not like his preaching are not going to be drawn to his church, no matter what he preaches about; and the people who honor and love him are coming to hear him anyway. The really effective advertisement of the Sunday services is not any notice in any paper, no matter how seductively it may be worded; the effective advertisement is the public estimate of the minister's sincerity, good sense, learning, devotion to spiritual things, and power of presenting his ideas with power and charm.

We do not animadvert upon this matter because we think that ministers as a class believe in this practice. We have no doubt that the majority of them believe that our position is to oratorically correct; but they are a little too ready to let some "hustling" brother in the church persuade them that the advertisement of bright, catchy topics is the way to build up a congregation. Let them have the courage of their convictions. The "hustler" in church matters never knows as much as he thinks he does. He is the last man whose advice should be implicitly followed. If a minister cannot command a congregation by faithful and sympathetic pastoral work, and sensible, clear-cut preaching, he will not build up a congregation by any of these patent devices. He will find that a series of crowded congregations gathered by sensational advertising, or a Sunday evening stereopticon lecture, is the prelude to a resignation.

Notes.

OUR DESTINY.—We will find at last that no allotment of God is arbitrary. We go to our own place. The law of moral gravitation is as certain as that of physical gravitation. Bring one hundred young men from the country to the city and let them go on some corner. Some of them go at once to a saloon, some to church according as they have been true or false to their moral nature. They are under this law. So at death some will be banished from God; some will go directly to God. God is not arbitrary in his eternal allotments.

A ROME CORRESPONDENT of the *Chretien Français* gives some startling figures bearing on the moral condition of the Italian clergy. He says that since the accession of the young King, Victor Emmanuel II., no less than 176 priests of the Roman Church have been punished by the Italian tribunals. One-third of the offences were murders, forgeries, rapes and public approbation of King Humbert's assassination. The remaining two-thirds were offences of different kinds against public morals. In many parts of Italy the priest is coming to be regarded as a kind of comic personage. The Italian press, which used to keep silence on the subject of priestly misdemeanours, is now beginning to expose them with merciless severity.

SAID A PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR to the editor of his denominational paper: "I see the greatest difference in the efficiency of those families in my church which read a religious paper from those which do not."

Pastors of all denominations say the same. The wise pastor endeavours to have the paper go into every family.

A HINDOO, Subadar Hahmed Beg, of the 1st Madras Lancers, has just published a book of reminiscences, under the title, "My Jubilee Visit to London," and here are some of his observations upon English manners and customs: "Men wear black suits in London. I believe they are bound to, under some old rule; but women are free to please their fancy in matters of dress, and they do it with a vengeance! That is why men are so wary about marrying. I believe, generally, the dress of the English ladies is a frightfully costly item to the husbands. The men are eager in the pursuit and accumulation of wealth, and are even careful in spending it when acquired, but the women squander it often in the most useless and extravagant of ways. Men are reservoirs of wealth, women are the sluices emptying the reservoirs. Men are for earning, but women

are for spending. But, poor fellows, the husbands all bear it quietly. I believe, for Englishmen are women worshippers, and they are not, on the whole, the worse for it; rather, immensely, immeasurably better than the women rulers in the East. But English women should exercise a little more pity on their husbands and save them a big bill."

The above will apply to America and Canada also.—The London Baptist.

DESERVED GOOD CLOTHES.—A gentleman was once walking behind a very handsomely dressed girl and thought: "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her hair as she does with her clothes?"

A poor old man was coming up the road with a loaded wheelbarrow and just before he reached the girl he made two attempts to go into the yard but the gate was heavy and would swing back upon him before he could get through.

"Wait," said the young girl, springing lightly forward, "I'll hold the gate open." She did so, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile.

"She deserved to have beautiful clothes," thought the gentleman, "for she has a beautiful spirit."

A VETERAN from the National Soldiers' Home at Milwaukee called at the office of the Associated Charities in that city and asked for the superintendent. He was directed to Sergeant Frelson, who, judging from the veteran's appearance that he had called to get assistance of some kind, said, "Well, what can we do for you?" The old soldier did not reply, but after a few minutes of fumbling in various pockets laid several rolls of bills on the table. Frelson counted them and told his visitor that there were \$625 in all. "I have been reading in the papers," said the old man, "about the prevailing destitution, and the pension money which I have saved I want you to use to relieve suffering among the destitute people of the city."

ACCOUNTING for the low state of spiritual life in many churches, which is apparent in lack of aggressiveness, Joseph Cook says a principal cause is "ambushed Universalism." Is it true of churches in this part of the world? What do the ministers think? They might do well to think of this. Perhaps the preaching of the time needs amending.

THE BEST FAMILIES, the most useful families, and the happiest families, says the United Presbyterian, are those in which family worship is regularly maintained, the church paper taken and carefully read, and the work of the church often talked about.

EVANGELIST "SAM" JONES, the eccentric and effective Southern preacher, gives this advice to members of churches:

"If you want a revival in your church get a piece of chalk, and make a circle on the floor, and get inside it and then say, O Lord, revive thy work, and begin with everything inside the circle." It is good advice. Try following it.

THE BAPTISTS have had their churches in Sweden for fifty years, under the auspices of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and have now 364 churches and 49,759 members, or one member in every 124 of the population. The churches are, however, poor, and the pastors usually have some other means of support than their ministry. The largest church is the First, of Stockholm, and has 1,456 members. The seminary at Stockholm is described as being a institution of high rank, but its forty students under four professors, hardly promise such an amount of training as to supply the need for ministers of 50,000 members.

A Girl's Hair.

THE care of a girl's hair during her childhood has much to do with its later beauty. In one of the current novels written by an Englishwoman, the beautiful hair of the heroine was referred to as never having been coarsened or deadened by scissors or heat. The old idea that if a girl's head is kept shingled until the age of ten or

twelve, her hair will be the better for it, is not now entertained. With the exception of an occasional clipping or singeing of the ends, where a tendency to split is noticeable, the growth of the hair should not be interfered with. It is unwise to trust the daily combing of a little girl's hair entirely to the nurse, certainly not without frequent overlooking. Hasty combing by an impatient or hurried caretaker injures the hair by breaking it. It should be carefully brushed out, the hair being separated into strand if it shows a tendency to mat. If the comb at the end of the operation, has gathered a considerable amount of knots and snarls and long hairs, the operation has not been proper. It is possible to brush out a tangle of locks and scarcely lose a hair, but it takes care and patience. It is also unwise to wash the hair too often, as it makes it dry and brittle. Profuse perspiration is bad for the hair, for which reason light and well ventilated hats should be selected for little girls' wear during summer weather. While luxuriant hair or the reverse is largely a matter of heredity and physical temperament, it is also true that proper care of hair will do much to enhance a naturally good growth or improve a poor one.

Eviler in His Home.

SIR Redvers Buller is not a person who will allow any ordinary consideration to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty. At a dinner in his house not long ago a certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so "off color" that the ladies were excessively distressed.

When dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A.'s carriage," he ordered, when the butler appeared. "I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes.

Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm and led him gently into the hall. "It is time for you to go," he said, quietly, and his guest went.—*San Francisco Wave*.

Died.

BABBITT.—At Burton, N. B., on 24th inst, after a lingering illness, John T. Babbitt, in the 84th year of his age, leaving four sons and one daughter. Bro. Babbitt has been for many years an honored member of Upper Gazetteown church and his removal, following so many others, will be keenly felt both in the church and community. He was one to whom all looked for counsel and sympathy, nor did they look in vain. The pastors of the church ever found in him a true friend and supporter and his presence will be greatly missed in the public services which it was his practice to attend. May God raise up others to fill the vacancies and maintain his cause in this community.

SIMPSON.—At Bayside, Charlotte Co., August 27th of cholera infantum, Guy, aged five months, youngest son of Robert and Laura Simpson.

CADY.—At Chipman, N. B., on the 20th inst, Larkin youngest child of Melvin and Cassie Cady, aged one month.

Married.

GRAVES-COREY.—At Upper Newcastle, on the 22nd inst, by Rev. W. J. Bleakney, William Graves of Ironbound Cove, Queens Co., to Pearl Cor. of New Zion.

V. J. GHAN-DAVIES.—At the Baptist church, St. Martins, N. B., on July 30th, by pastor H. C. Cornwall, Ernest Vaughan to Jennie V. Davies, both of that place.

BREWSTER BLAKE.—At the Baptist parsonage, Sisseton, Aug. 29th, by Rev. W. Camp, E. M. Brewster, Editor and Publisher, of "The County News" to Minnie A., youngest daughter of Robert L. Blak, Esq., all of Hillsboro, Albert Co.

TOMS DUFFIELD.—On the 23rd of August at the home of the bride, Long Settlement, by the Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, William A. Duffield of Montana, U. S., to Sarah H. Toms.

DUMPHY-DAVIDSON.—At Fredericton, N. B., Aug. 21, by Rev. J. H. MacDonald, Harry Ernest Dumphy to Margaret May Davidson, both of Fredericton.

FAULKNER-TINGLEY.—At Sisson Ridge, Victoria county, on Aug. 18th, by Rev. W. S. Martin and Pastor Stirling, Wm. Faulkner and Isadora Tingley, both of Sisson Ridge.