

# THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No 118.

The English Educational Bill recently passed by the House of Commons has created a furor of opposition among all classes of non-conformists. We give below an account of a demonstration of indignation held in Hyde Park of over two hundred thousand people who were enthusiastic in their denunciations of the measure. It is said that the king went out to see "the non-conformist Conscience." The Baptists took an active part in the demonstration.

We give below a report of the gathering:

## Parliament of the People

### The Hyde Park Demonstration By Nemo

On Saturday, May 23, the educational question of England was transferred from the floor of the House of Commons to the great forum of the people in Hyde Park. Not since the day when Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers stalked deer in this historic spot, not since the day that Henry VIII, planted the glorious trees that this day line the walks and cover the green, has there been such epoch-making scene as this gathering of half a million sturdy Nonconformists to protest around the "Reformers' tree" against the iniquitous spoiling of their educational system and the trampling of their consciences under the feet of the State Church. No wind swept forest of maple ever had its floor strewn thicker with orange colored leaves than this dense crowding of men and women to say an emphatic "No" to the London Educational Bill. The Park was radiantly beautiful—green of sward, deep green of forest tree, bank on bank of flowers touched by centuries of culture—blue of sky, flecked here and beyond with white fleeces—loping hillside filled black with masses of men—bronzed statues peering out of the crowd—yet all was still. It was an ominous stillness as though a gathering storm was making ready for onslaught. There was no noise or political clamor—the business in hand was of too much moment for froth and fume—conscience was at stake and the future welfare of the children of the Kingdom was at stake—it was the day of Judgment for the House of Commons. The appeal was to Caesar. For more than a year the outraged sentiment of the people had been flouted by Westminster, yea insolently defied. Today, Parliament meets in the Park in answer to the Parliament of the Priest. Here was focussed the revolt of the Nation against a monstrous tyranny, against a wilful and ignoble violation of the consciences of free men.

The plot against the Educational system of London and the Empire is the plot of Rome. The State Church does not need to say "We go to Rome also," they are there already. The Confessional, the high altar, incense and all the products of the Romish Church prevail in nine out of ten of the churches denominated the "Church of England." This new bill provides for the exclusive control of all schools in the kingdom by the Clerical party, paid for out of the funds which Nonconformists are taxed to raise. The children are compelled to attend these schools and be taught the worship of Mary—to be taught that nonconformity is of the devil and that only burning candles and fragrant incense will pave the way to heaven. The Bill excludes the right of women to places of authority, abolishes the London School Board and applies with rigor the religious test to all teachers—if you cannot subscribe to the Romish formula, you need not apply for a situation as teacher.

The Nonconformists of the Kingdom number more than one-half of the population of the Kingdom, and against this injustice they rebel. Every whither, passive resistance organizations are springing into existence. Principal Fairbairn leads the way. English Protestants have learned the art of going to prison for conscience sake, and the plain declaration is that they will suffer the spoliation of their goods, or even to go behind the bars rather than pay the educational rate—rather than be taxed to have their children taught that the religion of their fathers is schism and worthy only of excommunication and the gibbet.

Here it is. A child enters school and asks his teacher: "Teacher, what does Milton mean by Paradise Lost?" "Child I cannot answer, I am forbidden by act of Parliament to speak of Paradise." Another child has lost her mother, she wears a tiny band of crape on the sleeve of her dress, the teacher asks her the meaning of it—she replies—"My mother died the other day and went to heaven; teacher, where is heaven?" "My child, I cannot tell you, I am forbidden by act of Parliament to speak of heaven."

Shall we wonder then at this mighty uprising of the people. From all quarters of London they came, from the palace of the rich and the novel of the very poor—the "Coster" and the millionaire stood side by side and side by side they marched.

For long hours the streets of London were alive with the moving mass, both men and women, stalwart youth and beautiful maidens—they came with songs and banners—"Onward Christian Soldiers," "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," "When Wilt Thou Save Thy People" rent the air as they moved along the crowded thoroughfares. All traffic was halted, gay and fashionable London with patches of royalty were compelled to stop and take note. The entire police force of the metropolis was called out, not to take care of the marching host, but to direct the people who gathered along the way.

Dr. F. B. Myer, pastor of Christ's Church, the church with its Lincoln Memorial Tower, headed a vast contingent from South London—over Westminster bridge they streamed to join the assembled host on the Thames embankment—they had come across all the bridges that span the river on which rested a careless shimmer—the Egyptian Obelisk added dignity to the scene—the towers of the Houses of Parliament loomed against a radiant sky.

From the North Dr. Clifford, never so popular in the eyes of London as today, headed a little army and filed on down to the park under an aisle of trees. Just as he passed through the marble arch he met the King, who had come out in a closed carriage to see the "nonconformist conscience." He saw it. It was a big looking affair—200,000 strong—one day it shall wear a crown.

The largest crowd in the park gathered about the platform where Dr. Clifford presided and whence he hurled his philippics. It had been arranged that twelve waggons should be wheeled into the park and scattered about from where the silver Serpentine sleeps beneath the trees to the northern entrance of this place of bloom and beauty. These wagons were filled with orators and the orators were filled with the spirit of the old crusaders.

Watch this moving host with blaring bands and flying banner—banners bearing strange and significant inscriptions. On one you may read the famous phrase from the lips of the great law-giver, Justinian—"Conscience is above all law." And still another reads "Free Church men and women protest against the bill as unwieldy, unfair and unjust." "We will not submit" was a ringing phrase from Principal Fairbairn.

The people were stirred as the ocean is moved upon when the tempest makes riot with the waves. When the burning speech of men alive to the perils of the hour had gone forth into the spring air, a bugle call summoned the twelve chairmen to offer simultaneously this resolution:

"That this mass meeting of the citizens of London emphatically condemns the educational bill now before Parliament, because it destroys the London School Board, excludes women from election to the Educational authority, imposes religious tests upon the teachers, and does not provide for the free teaching of elementary, technical and high-grade education in suitable day and evening schools entirely controlled and administered by a body directly elected for that purpose."

The resolution has become only an echo, indeed the echo had not started when this mass of people broke forth in cheer on cheer like nothing so much as the sea beetling against the eternal crags. There was both menace and meaning in this al-

most deafening shout of the massed thousands until the trees in the far away reaches of the grand old park trembled with the vibration.

There was a silent moment—a moment of all most tragic stillness. Look yonder! An old man, with long white hair streaming in the May wind climbs one of the platforms—he stands erect—he, too, waits a moment—all eyes are upon him—he has the look of a score of the old crusader in his wrinkled face—wait no longer, he sings, the silvery notes ride out upon the evening air—the multitude catch the strain—the swelling tide rolls on and on. Grand old Coronation never had a sublimer rendering nor a place so fitting.

All hail the power of Jesus' name!  
Let angels prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the Royal diadem,  
And crown Him Lord of All!

The song melted with the sunset, banners of gold in the westerling sky answered the banners of conscience—the people—a mighty people in mighty concourse, turned homewards filled with a sublimer determination to do and dare for the welfare of England's children.

## Be Careful How You Build

It is not enough for a man to build a ship so that it looks beautiful as it stands on the stocks. What though a man build his vessel so trim and graceful that all admire it, if when she comes to be launched she is not fit for the sea, if she cannot stand stormy weather, if she is a slow sailer, and a poor carrier, if she is liable to founder on the voyage? A ship, however comely she may be, is not good for anything unless she can battle with the deep. That is the place to test her. All her fine lines and grace and beauty are of no account if she fails there. It makes no difference how splendidly you build, so far as this world is concerned your life is a failure unless you build so that you can go out into the great future on the eternal sea of life. We are to live on. We are not to live again, but we are to live without break. Death is not an end. It is a new impulse.—Beecher.

Mr. Spurgeon in his quaint way rebukes half-heartedness in seeking religious "privileges": "On prayer-meeting evening, Brother A. thought it looked like rain and concluded that he and his family would better remain at home. Next evening it rained very hard, but the same brother hired a carriage and took his whole family to the 'Academy of Music' to hear a lecture on the 'Intelligence of the Lobster.' Brother B. thought he was too tired to go, so stayed at home and worked at the sledge he had promised to make for Billy. Sister C. thought the pavements too slippery. I saw her the next morning going down the street to get her old bonnet done up. She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes. Three fourths of the members were represented by empty seats."

"In just that very place of His  
Where He hath put and keepeth you,  
God hath no other thing to do!"

—Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

If we would bring a holy life to Christ, we must mind our fireside duties as well as the duties of the sanctuary.—Spurgeon.

# The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

BY CHARA BROUGHTON CONANT.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was the first time such tender, motherly words had fallen upon the poor girl's ears. Tears rushed to her eyes again, rolled down her cheeks; it was all she could do to keep from sobbing aloud.

"Oh, you are just as kind as can be!" she managed to bring out, after a glance in the sweet, sincere face. "But there's something you don't know about. You would never want Rags, and he'd die without me, poor little fellow!"

"Who is Rags, Eliza?" asked the dismayed Miss Hathaway, the thought crossing her mind that this eccentric girl had perhaps adopted some little street-urchin.

"It's my dog, my poor little dog!" said Eliza, dashing away her tears, as she sprang to the window, and threw it open. "Here, Rags, my boy!"

Rags, who had been for some time, under the window, whining, barking, jumping up against it at intervals, only to be warned away by his young mistress, now bounded in, in an ecstasy of joy and excitement. He was an ugly, shaggy little fellow, of the terrier family, though not of the purest breed.

"Mercy on us!" screamed Mrs. Honeywell, climbing upon a chair with more agility than might have been expected from so stout a woman, "what a dreadful little dog! Turn him out, Eliza, turn him out this minute!"

"Rags! come here, sir!" exclaimed Eliza, for the dog, who had been leaping upon and caressing his young mistress, now made a sudden rush for Mrs. Honeywell. Her shrieks redoubled, while Rags, thinking all this excitement great fun, bounded around her chair, barking furiously, and evading with great dexterity the thrusts she made at him with her parasol. But in an instant more, Eliza had captured him, and with two or three heavy cuffs, brought him to submission. Gertrude and G'ady's, who had sought in vain to reassure their aunt for the social Rags was no stranger to them, now helped the trembling lady down, trying not to laugh, while Maud eyed the scene in silent disdain of Eliza, the dog, and Mrs. Honeywell. Poor Aunt Diantha stood mute but trembling, while Miss Sheldrake, who, beligerent woman though she was, had a morbid terror of dogs, had retreated behind a table. Feeling that she had not distinguished herself, she spoke out with all the more severity when Eliza had finally quieted the dog.

"So that is the charming pet you can't bear to be parted from, that ugly, vicious little cur! But it's just what we might have expected from a peculiar girl like you! I think both my sisters will agree with me that you can't saddle that hideous little beast upon anybody who has charge of you, and that he had better be quickly chloroformed; it would be a kindness to the dog, I'm sure, as well as to everybody else concerned."

"Chloroformed indeed!" exclaimed Eliza, glaring at Mrs. Sheldrake from where she stood beside the dog. "Oh, it's too much! I never saw such a hard-hearted woman as you! Chloroform my dog, the only creature that loves me, the only thing I have to love in all the world! Rags, be quiet, sir!" for the little fellow, quite aware that Mrs. Sheldrake was making a personal attack upon him, broke into a savage bark, stifled immediately by Eliza. But he continued to show his teeth at Aunt Minerva, uttering a resentful growl at intervals.

"And how can you expect people to love you, you disagreeable, impertinent girl!" exclaimed

Mrs. Sheldrake. "Daring to call me names! If I were your Aunt Diantha——"

"There, be quiet, Eliza, my poor child!" said Miss Hathaway, in whose heart a sharp struggle had been going on since the dog appeared upon the scene. The gentle little lady bent down and laid a soft, unglowed hand somewhat timidly upon Rags' shaggy head. "Do you really love this little dog so much?" she went on soothingly. To her surprise, Rags began to lick the kind hand raising his eyes gratefully to the lady's sweet face. The defiant light in Eliza's eyes was quenched in tears, as she said in a half-sobbing voice:

"Love him! Oh, Aunt Diantha, you don't know what he's been to me! Look here—I bought him two years ago from some boys who were going to drown him, and he's been the dearest, most faithful little friend to me ever since! He goes with me everywhere, he sleeps in my room at night, he understands everything I say to him—and he's not an ugly, vicious dog—he was only making fun with Aunt Gertrude; and you see how he likes you—he likes those who are kind to him. It would break my heart to part with the little fellow, and even if he wasn't killed or allowed to starve, I believe he'd pine away for me! Oh, I'm not saying this to get you to take him—that would be asking too much I know. But if you'll only help me to carry out the plan I spoke of, please be my guardian, and have things settled that way! and when I'm older, and have a good position, I'll do lots for you, Aunt Diantha. You won't let Rags be taken from me—you are too kind, I know."

A great sob choked her voice. Rags, who seemed to understand everything that was going on, made a peculiar, melancholy sound that seemed almost a repetition of the sob, then suddenly sat up upon his hind legs, and reached out a supplicating, shaggy little paw to Aunt Diantha. Everybody laughed and felt softened toward the dog except that cold-hearted child Maud, who wondered anybody could make such a fuss over that ugly little beast! Mrs. Sheldrake felt touched in spite of herself, and somewhat ashamed of her hard words to Eliza.

As for Miss Hathaway, Rags' supplicating gesture would have settled the matter, even if the kind-hearted little lady had not already made up her mind. Laughing softly through her tears, she took Rags' proffered paw, and put the other arm around Eliza.

"Come, come, I'll settle matters far better for you than that. You've quite won my heart, you dear, warm-hearted child, and your little Rags, too. There's room enough for you both at Rosecroft and you must come with me."

Eliza's face flushed again with mingled astonishment and rapture, yet she hesitated a moment.

"Oh, Aunt Diantha! It's too much to ask of you!"

"Not a bit. It'll do your Auntie good to have some young life in the cottage, and Rosie, too. Only 'with another silvery laugh, 'you must teach Rags not to be so Rollo!' Then her heartfelt gratitude overcoming her natural reserve and shyness; she threw her arms around Miss Diantha's neck, and hid her face upon her shoulder, while Rags, unheeded, jumped about them somewhat jealously, trying to kiss each in turn.

"Oh, you are the best, the kindest woman!" murmured Eliza: "I'll do everything you tell me. I'll never make you sorry for this; no, nor Rags either!"

(To be Continued.)

### In God's School.

Sooner or later we find out that life is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we will discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear that God means it for a school. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. We try to play in school. The Master does not mind that so much for its own sake, for he likes to see children happy; but in our playing we neglect our lessons. We do not see how much there is to learn, and we do not care. But our Master cares. He has a perfectly overpowering and inexplicable solicitude for our education; and because he loves us, he comes into the school sometimes and speaks to us.

### After Enthusiasm is Gone

There are times in every life when the soul stands on the clear heights, and no task seems to be too difficult to the boundless enthusiasm of the moment. But what is to be done when the soul has descended into the plains, and the enthusiasm is gone, and the task remains? Only to go on bravely, trusting to the clearer vision on the mountain-top, and making faithful performance fill the place of enthusiasm. The mountain and plain has each his place in Christian life—the mountain for the clear vision ahead, the lowly road along the plain for the actual performance of the journey.—Sunday-School Times.

### Life Indeed.

God has been wrestling with you patiently and lovingly for many years. He has sought by the prosperity and happiness that he has sent you to make you conscious of his tender love and care and to draw you to Him by the cords of gratitude. And when you failed to perceive Him in the daylight, He has met you in the darkness. He has thrown His strong arm around you and still you have not known Him. He has wounded you—He has had to wound you—because you struggled against Him. Can you not now see that it is He? And is it not idle to resist Him? Oh, if men only knew that God is not their enemy, but their best friend! If instead of holding Him off or trying to break away from His embrace, they would cling to Him, as Jacob did, exclaiming: 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me!' As soon as that prayer is offered the blessing comes and the morning breaks. There would have been no need of the long struggle if the soul had only yielded sooner to Him whose one supreme desire is to bless and save it.—Edward B. Coe, D. D., in *Life Indeed*.

### Opposition to Christ

On one occasion a boy, weak in mind, was asked, while rubbing a brass plate on a door, what he was doing, when he replied, "I am rubbing out the name." Little was the boy aware that the more he rubbed the more it shone. So it is with those who seek to oppse Christ; the more His truth and power are called in question, the brighter they shine.

### THE ERVINE FUND.

The following amounts have been contributed on this fund since September last:

Rev. R. M. Bynon,	\$1 00
Mrs. Joseph E. Miller,	.50
Samuel Barton,	.25
L. R. Hetherington,	1 00
Willis C. Newcomb,	2 00
Mrs. E. A. Brauscombe,	2 00
Geo. H. Briggs,	1 00
Mrs. Rachel Bonnell,	1 00
Mrs. K. M. Titus,	.50
Mrs. Jas. Kennedy,	.50
Oswald Barton,	1 00
Hopewell Cape Sunday School,	5 00
C. W. Newcomb,	2 00
Miss Nettie Secord,	1 00
Mrs. Duncan McIntyre,	1 00
Wm. Noddin,	1 00
Wm. Lewis,	.50
Hillsdale and Fairfield,	15 00
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$36 25</b>

The last report from Bro. Ervine's family is touching indeed. Readers of the JOURNAL no doubt remember that he is residing at San Jacinto, California, whither he went in search of health. His second little boy has had to undergo a pain-

ful operation in his knee and is likely to be a cripple for life. The doctor says Bro Ervine himself is in the last stages of consumption. May our Heavenly Father care for this afflicted home.

If any others think of contributing to their help kindly send in amounts at once, as I wish to remit by August 1st the total offerings.

W. E. MCINTYRE.

29 High Street, St. John.

### Why I Attend Church in Warm Weather.

I attend church in warm weather because:

The Lord has said we should not neglect the assembling of ourselves together. (Heb. 10: 25).

The Lord has promised "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." (Matt. 18: 20).

I expect my pastor to be there and should be surprised if he were to stay away on account of warm weather.

My presence is more needed in the services when there are but few than when the house is crowded.

No matter what station I hold, my example if I stay away from the services others may be influenced to do so.

If I have important business warm weather does not keep me from attending to it; and church attendance is, in God's sight, very important.

If warm weather does not stop the pleasure seekers, it should not stop me in seeking the glory of God and the highest good of my soul.

If I attend in warm weather I show my loyalty to Christ and the church.

If it is not too warm for the pastor to preach it is not too warm for me to sit still and listen.

If it is right to have services during warm weather, it is right for me to help sustain them.

I hope to receive good and do good.—*The Standard.*

### Building a Christian

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"I never let fools or bairns see my work until it is done," said a famous Scotch painter; he knew that no production of human art could be rightly judged until it was completed. I remember that when I first saw Cologne Cathedral fifty years ago, it had a stumpy and unimpressive appearance, for it was towerless. The next time I saw the edifice it was disfigured by scaffolding on which workmen were busy. But when, in the summer of 1894, I beheld the completed towers in their flashing splendor, I felt that it was a mighty and magnificent poem written in marble.

That illustrates the way in which the Master builds a true Christian. The Bible declares that the Christian is "Christ's workmanship created anew unto good works." Anyone who looked at a company of church members in a prayer meeting or at a sacramental table might say that some of them were quite imperfect specimens of workmanship, as he could testify from intimate acquaintance. Very true; but if that same person wished to purchase a melodeon he would not go into the manufactory where the different parts were being fashioned; he would go into the sales-room and inspect the completed instrument. This world is the great workshop in which Jesus Christ by His Spirit constructs Christian character. "Ye are God's building," wrote the Apostle Paul to his brethren at Corinth. Of himself he wrote at another time, "Not as though I have already attained, either one already perfect." He was still in the hands of his divine and loving Architect. The scaffolding were not yet taken down and the work of grace was not yet completed.

It is easy to discover some flaws in even the best men and women; but the critic must consider what materials our Master has to work with in frail and fallen human nature, so often disfigured and defaced by innate depravity. Napoleon used to say that "he had to make his marshals out of mud." Certain, no power less than that of the Holy Spirit could have constructed such a conscientious and effective Christian as John Newton out of so hardened and desperate a sinner.

A very eloquent and spiritual-minded minister once said to me, "before I was converted I wonder how any one could live in the house with me." During my forty-four years of pastorate, when I received converts into the church, I often recognized the fact that one candidate for membership had been reared in a frivolous and worldly family—and another had a naturally violent temper—and another was constitutionally timid and irresolute—and still another had to contend with hereditary sensualities of temperament or practice. Some of the overhasty and headlong had to be held back and tested, and some depending doubtless had to be encouraged. A study of the experience of our blessed Lord in building twelve disciples out of the material that came to his hand is full of solemn suggestion, and one of those twelve tumbled into ruin under the very eyes of the Master Builder.

Character building is like cathedral building—a gradual process. No Christian is born full grown, else there would be no sense in the divine injunctions to "grow in grace" and to "press towards the goal of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." The corner-stone of every truly regenerated character is the Lord Jesus; other foundation can no one build on without risking a wreck in this world and eternal ruin in the next world. The first act of saving faith is the joining of the new convert to the atoning Saviour. Then upon that solid foundation must be added the courage, the meekness, the patience, the conscientiousness, the honesty, the loving kindness and the other graces that make for godliness. Let no young beginner be disheartened. Oaks do not grow like hollyhocks. A solid Christian character cannot be reared in one day—nor is it to be done simply by Sabbath services or by sacraments. Some poor pinnacled stone has to be thrown out, and not a little bad timber rejected in spite of the varnish on it.

The Bible is the only plumb-line to build by; and it must be used constantly. All the showy ornamentation that a man can put on his edifice amounts to nothing if his walls are not perpendicular. Sometimes we see a flimsy structure whose bulging walls are shored up by props and skids to keep them from tumbling into the street. I am afraid that there are thousands of reputations in trade, in politics, in social life, and even in church life that are shored up by various devices. No Christian can defy God's inexorable law of gravitation. It is a mere question of time how soon every character will "fall in," if it is not based on the rock, and built according to Jesus Christ's plumb-line. It may go down in this it is sure to go down in the next. Let every one, therefore, take heed how he or she buildeth; for the last great day will test the work, of what sort it is.

Finally, let us all bear in mind that if we are Christ's workmanship, we must let our wise and loving Master take his own way. We must allow him to use his own tools. Oh, how much cutting and chiseling we often need! How keen, too, and sharp is the chisel he sometimes uses! The sound of his hammers is constantly heard; and with it are also heard the wondering cries of some sufferer who exclaims, "Why are you applying to me the file, the saw and the hammers?" Be still and know that whom he loveth he chasteneth! If we are Christ's building, then let him fashion us according to divine ideal of beauty, at whatever cost to our selfishness or pride, or indolence, or vanity. Christ working in us, or upon us—and we working with Christ and for him—that is the process that produces such structures as he will present before his father and the holy angels.

Nothing is too small—and nothing is to great, that involves a Christian's influence before a sharp-eyed world. We are to be his witnesses; Jesus Christ builds Christians to be looked at and to be studied. He rears us to be spiritual lighthouses in a sin-darkened world. Michael Angelo said that he "carved for eternity." In an infinitely higher sense is every blood-redeemed Christian carved and fashioned and upbuilt to be a habitation of God through his Spirit, to his praise, and unto his everlasting glory.

Brooklyn.

Rev. A. T. Dykeman, the energetic and justly esteemed pastor of the Fairville church is taking a short vacation. Bro. Dykeman is a hard worker, and by the help of the Lord he brings things to pass. He has earned his vacation and will be sure to enjoy it.

There is a story of an atheist's child who had learned something about God. The father wished to expunge the thought from her mind and he wrote on a piece of paper: "God is nowhere." He asked the child to read the words and she spelled out: "God is now here." The child's unconscious misreading of the atheist's creed startled him and brought him to the feet of the God whose very existence he had sought to deny. Wherever we are, we are in the presence of God.—*Dr. J. K. Miller.*

If the churches would put forth the same efforts to save souls as they do to get up and give entertainments, suppers, etc., and sell the tickets for the same, they'd gather in those who by their lives, work and financial help would do all necessary, with good work and giving on the part of all the church people, to ever keep the churches in the best spiritual and fruitful condition possible.

Will you mark this: As God always provides for everything that he calls into being, even before He gives it life, so that it may be sustained and grow to fruition, so you'll find that he has provided all the means for the growth, sustenance and fruition of every church He has planted, if the people of these churches will be led by the Holy Spirit to work and give as God helps them. Don't you remember the people of Israel in the wilderness? Did not He go before them and find even the places for them to stay in? Did he not give them manna, and water from the rock?

Oh, but some will say, "How are you to give people pleasure and make them social?" To them I must answer: "Poor souls, if your religion is so poverty stricken, get the right kind, the kind that Jesus gives, for it gives joy and makes men and women the salt of the earth." For me, I want to be a boy all the days of my life, happy every moment that passes by, being as free from anxiety as my little rogue of a boy, who has many a rollicking ride upon his father's back from the study to the dinner table.

May God help the churches to see the wisdom and blessedness of doing His work in His way for His glory.

The sole religious idea of the Hindu mind, and all Orientalists, for that matter, seems to be to reach "Nirvana" and selfishly shirk duty and service and help to the Whole. They seek only their own salvation. This is the Eastern Idea. The Christian is a worker for all. The Christian knows "it is treason to humanity to propose to work out your own salvation in a way that should secure your salvation and nothing else." There can be no selfishness in Christianity and that is the reason Christians are so full of the missionary spirit, and will give up home, future and all earthly ties to spread the grand message of The Master.

### Personal.

We regret to note the death of the son of Rev. W. C. Vincent of Winnipeg on the 6th inst. The lad was attempting to board an electric car in motion and fell beneath the wheels. He was fourteen years of age. The many friends of Bro. Vincent will hear of this event with profound sadness.

Rev. J. A. Marple, after a brief visit to his home in Truro is engaged in evangelistic work on the Dooktown field. Rev. C. P. Wilson who has been assisting him at New Salem and other points has been called to take up the work when Bro. M. leaves.

Rev. David Russell of London, England, a pastor for forty years' standing, has been visiting the province. He preached with much acceptance to the Fredericton church on Sabbath of Western Association and on 5th inst., filled the pulpit of Leinster Street, St. John. Those who heard him speak highly of the discourses.

Rev. H. P. Whidden and family are spending some weeks in this vicinity. The Brussels St.

church has been fortunate in securing him as a pulpit supply during July and August. Mr. Whidden expresses regret that circumstance make it necessary for him to give up his work in connection with Brandon College, but in order to obtain necessary medical treatment for his young son a change of residence has become necessary.

Rev. W. B. Hinson who has been of late pastor of San Diego, California, was called not long since to the pastorate of the First Church, San Francisco. A recent number of the *Standard* informs us that Mr. Hinson declines the call.

Rev. I. Wallace Corey, formerly pastor of Fairville church and during the past few years at Ravenswood, Illinois, is supplying for a few Sundays at Main Street, North End.

Dr. A. K. deBlois, pastor of the First Church, Chicago, is spending his July vacation in the woods near Portland, Oregon. He will be remembered here as principal of the St. Martins Seminary in 1892-'94.

**Religious News.**

Dear Brother Hughes:—

For the past three or four years I have been reading "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL." It affords me great pleasure to state that it contains more real good stimulative reading matter than many journals or papers do of twice its size, also during that time I do not recollect ever seeing any mention of the Hartland church in the religious news.

Geographically, Hartland is situated on the east side of the St. John river, twelve miles above Woodstock, connected with Somerville on the west side by a wooden structure known as "The Hartland Bridge."

Historically, on the third day of May, 1895, a council met in Hartland and organized what is called the "Hartland Baptist church", with a charter membership of twenty-two souls with Rev. H. D. Worden as pastor.

The preceding four or five years the Baptist interest were numerically less than half a dozen individuals, had been looked after by Rev. Joseph Bleakney, largely through whose labors, assisted by Rev. A. H. Hayward, the church organization was brought about. In 1896 the late Rev. Benjamin Jewett donated land upon which a two thousand dollar building, with the modern improvements, was erected. Now the church membership is eighty-one and a Sabbath school of eighty members in connection with the church is superintended by Bro. Frank Hagerman.

Spiritually, our church is looked after faithfully by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, who is nearly at the close of his fourth year's pastorate. During these years brother Wetmore has endeared himself to this people and congregation by the love he has shown for the Divine Master and the salvation of his fellowmen. The young peoples' prayer meeting held Tuesday evening and the regular Friday night prayer meetings are largely attended with profit and soul satisfying.

W. D. KEITH, Clerk.  
Hartland, N. B., 9th July, 1903.

Received Sister Florence Bust into the fellowship of the First LAKENVILLE CORNER, Sheffield Church, through baptism, at the close of the morning service last Lord's Day. Others are inquiring the way of life. Brethren pray for us.

On July 10th, we held our St. MARTINS, Annual Roll Call and Thanksgiving offering. Though the evening was stormy quite a number gathered. We were favored with the presence of the previous pastor, Rev. S. H. Cornwall, also with that of Rev. R. M. Bynon who brought some of his people with him. One of the most interesting features of the occasion was the reading of letters from absent members in which they spoke of their affectionate interest in the home church. These letters were accompanied by offerings. The total proceeds of the evening amounted to \$75.00, to which additions have since been made. Financially this is said to be the best Roll Call in the history of the church. Suitable musical selections were rendered under the direction of Mr. E. A. Titus.

**The Eastern Association.**

The fifty-second annual session of this body convened with the Valley church, Hillsborough, opening on Saturday, 18 inst. A meeting in the interest of the Young People's work was held on Friday evening, and at 10 a. m. on Saturday the regular sessions of the association opened. After enrolment of delegates Rev. J. W. Brown was chosen moderator and Bro. F. W. Emersons clerk.

A pleasant feature of the association was the introduction of sermons on Saturday at 11.15 a. m. by Rev. N. A. McNeil, and at 4 p. m. by Rev. E. B. McLatchy. These discourses were listened to by good audiences and proved exceedingly helpful throughout. A new church was reported at Graves Settlement, near Petticoadie, and through its delegates received into the association. Second Moncton church is in future to be known as Lutes Mountain church as that name more appropriately designates its location.

The old Sackville church, originally organized in 1733, which has long been recognized as the first in order of time in the province, disappears, as the Canning church of 1800 and some others have done, and instead we now have the main St. church, under the care of Bro. E. B. McLatchy, and the middle Sackville church, ministered to by Bro. A. J. Robinson.

On Saturday evening an Address on Home Missions was given by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Superintendent of Missions and another by Dr. E. M. Kerstead Wolfville on Education. The associational service was preached on Sabbath morning by Rev. E. H. Thomas of Dorchester. Addresses were given on Sabbath school work in the afternoon, and on Foreign Missions in the evening, concluding with an evangelistic service.

At the First church Rev. D. Hutchinson preached at 11 a. m. and Dr. Kerstead in the evening; other supplies were also furnished elsewhere. The business sessions of the association continued through Monday, with sermons at 11.15 a. m. by Rev. A. F. Brown of Harvey and at 4 p. m. by Dr. Brown of Havelock.

At all of the gatherings a good attendance greeted the speakers listening with eager interest to the very excellent addresses given. Many came in from the various sections, and returning carried with them much seasonable instruction for the work of the coming year.

**The Father's House.**

(John xiv, ii)

The Father's house is everywhere,  
The "many mansions" rise  
Wherever worlds are swung in air,  
Under our own blue skies.  
Or in far spaces none hath known  
Save God alone.

He buildeth always, room on room,  
Nor knoweth new, nor old;  
Under His hand, as blossoms bloom,  
So do the worlds unfold:  
With neither noise nor strain of strength  
From length to length.

His substance doth not fail, nor spoil,  
No over-brooding curse  
Lieth upon His tireless toil  
Who builds the Universe;  
He knows not heaviness, nor haste,  
Nor want, nor waste.

How beautiful he buildeth all  
The heavens and earth recite,  
Though slow as creeps through crannied wall  
The unreluctant light  
Our hearts let in, as 'twere distress,  
Life's loveliness.

He hath no lack for any child,  
Nor here, nor anywhere;  
Who seems to lack hath been beguiled  
Far from the gates of prayer:  
Where all may enter without stealth  
Into God's wealth.

We have but glimpsed a half-way here,  
Non tapestry of Death,  
Though wrought with curious forms of fear  
Is lifted with a breath,  
And lo, His priors stretch away  
For aye, for aye.

Robert Whitaker.  
San Francisco, Cal., March 24, 1902.

**Married.**

ALWARD McWILLIAMS.—At Petticoadie, June 3, by Rev. E. C. Corey, Bedford Alward to Etta M. McWilliams. All of Petticoadie.

GAUNCE SECORD.—At Long Creek, Queens Co., N. B. June 20th, by the Rev. H. Ferguson, Mr. Zebulon Gaunce, of Carletonville, Kings Co., to Mrs. Minnie E. Secord, of Long Creek.

MERRITHWRIGHT.—At Keswick, on the 14th ult., at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. B. Daggett, J. Woodford Merrithew to Jaggie E. Wright, both of Keswick.

OUR TEEN.—At Tracy Station, on the 24th ult., at the home of the bride, by Rev. J. B. Daggett, Samuel H. Orr to Elizabeth E. Steen.

WHEELER BODDY.—At Prince William, June 24th at the residence of the bride's parents, by C. V. Sables Walter B. Wheeler to Miss Althea Boddy, both of Prince William.

LOCKHART-ENMAN.—At the Free Baptist Church, Lower Perth, V. Co., on June 24th, by Rev. L. A. Fowick, Burns Lockhart, of Maplehurst, C. Co., and Nellie A. Enman, of Kilburn, V. Co.

HAWKINS GORMAN.—At Douglas, June 24th, by Rev. H. A. Bonnell, Frederick A. Hawkins to Miss Helen Maud Gorman, both of Douglas, York Co.

NODDEN HAWKINS.—At the home of the bride, June 24th, by Rev. J. J. Barnes, Thomas H. Nodden, of Bellville, C. Co., and Miss Minnie Hawkins, second daughter of Frederick Hawkins, of Millville, York Co.

MARTIN DIVES.—At Egin June 24, by A. A. Rutledge, Walter S. Martin, to Jesse Dives, all of Albert county, N. B.

L. MAE MORELL.—At the parsonage, Dawson settlement, July 8th, Meses Lenan to Emma Morell, all of Albert county, N. B.

TOWER-TOWER.—At the parsonage, Dorchester, June 23rd, by Rev. B. von H. Thomas, Frank Tower to Hulda Tower, both of Upper Rockport, N. B.

TOWER-COOK.—At the parsonage, Dorchester, July 15th by Rev. Bryon H. Thomas, Manfred S. Tower, of Upper Rockport, N. B., to Mrs. Annie Cook, of Amherst, N. S.

WARD-BROWSE.—At the residence of Wm H. Browser, Dorchester, N. B., July 15th, by Rev. Bryon H. Thomas, Alexander Ward to Edith H. Browser.

McDavid Mann.—At Mt. Edward, Restougue Co., July 11, by Rev. J. W. Kerstead, B. A., Jacob McDavid, of Campbellton, to Florence Mann, daughter of William Mann, of Mt. Edward.

FARRAR-MANN.—At Mt. Edward, July 1st, by Rev. J. W. Kerstead, B. A., Leslie Farrar, of Campbellton, to Jamie E. Mann, of Mt. Edward.

**Died.**

McKeen.—At Cumberland Bay, Queens Co., July 14th, Eva, aged one year and eight months, daughter of B. C. and Jessie McKeen. "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." The parents have our sincere sympathy. May the Lord comfort them in this hour of grief.

Christian intelligence is a better guide than Christian Science.