

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL.

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WHOLE No. 52

On the Art of Soul-Winning.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.

SOUL-WINNING is a divine art. The schools for mental culture cannot impart this spiritual accomplishment; it can be learned only in the school of the Holy Spirit by that oldest and greatest of teachers—Experience.

No purely human philosophy ever valued the soul aright, nor devised a sufficient remedy for its recovery from sin, and its renewal unto holiness. Divine revelation gives the highest conception of the soul's value, and divine wisdom alone can impart skill in winning men from hell to heaven. "The fruit of the righteous is a tree of life, and he that winneth souls is wise." In this proverb is found a logical and vital connection between the fruit of the righteous and the work of soul-winning. The righteous—those who are in Christ as the branch is in the vine—will necessarily bear this precious fruit. If the Christian life be in us, it will become manifest in fruit according to its nature. Christ Jesus came into the world for a like purpose. As the Father sent the Son, so has the Son sent his disciples. And the commission to the Church to disciple all nations has never been repealed. The obligation to fulfil this law of love is still operative. The command has both a local and universal application. One is: Go out into the streets, lanes, and highways, and compel them to come in. The other is: Go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.

In the presentation of this subject, Winning Souls, I would first deal with motives. Methods will in a great measure take care of themselves. If this master passion possesses us we shall readily acquire such methods as recurring occasions demand. Individual souls require independent treatment. In physical life the specific remedy successful with a certain disease in one patient may prove valueless for the same disease in another patient. In the spiritual realm there is but one remedy for every diseased soul; but in treatment there must needs be variety of method. Our Lord followed no fixed rules. He adopted no inflexible system of homiletics. The adaptation of his sermons to the needs of each case is worthy of careful study. He healed one blind man with clay and spittle; he healed another by commanding the light to shine into darkness. On one occasion he lifted the sufferer by the hand; yet again he healed another by imparting power through the fringe of his garment. His sermon to Nicodemus condemned the flesh-nature as utterly worthless, and emphasized the need of a radical second birth. In his conversation with the Samaritan woman he condemned the sins of the flesh. The one he hid look and he saved; the other, drink and he satisfied. Jesus preached righteousness to Simon, the Pharisee, but grace to the weeping penitent. He told the parents of the child raised from the dead to give her food; he commanded the friends of Lazarus to loose him and let him go. Thus did our Lord minister to the bodies and souls of the people in divers ways. He was neither hampered by tradition, nor hindered by custom. And his work was neither fanatical in tendency, nor lawless in purpose.

The special persistent aim of consecrated Christianity should be that of winning souls. Not indeed seeking to save the soul as a distinct entity, but rather to save the entire personality. Soul salvation necessarily includes bodily-salvation, but there is a physical salvation which leaves the soul groveling in its sinful state. There are schemes of reform which deal with man outwardly. To this *per se* we make no objection. But the gospel of Christ takes hold on the inner life and elevates the entire being. It penetrates to the interior spirit, and thereby renews the whole man. This divine remedy, brought to light through the gospel, saves the sinner from sin's penalty and power. For sin ramifies every department of our nature, physical and moral, per-

verting the will, corrupting the affections, searing the conscience, infecting the soul. So grace announces pardon, leads to purity, assures victory elevates and ennobles, gives promise to final redemption from sin's dire curse in complete restoration by a resurrection from the dead.

This then is the delightful and inspiring task given to every Christian believer—namely, that of winning sinners to our Lord Jesus Christ. Winning the child from evil to good; winning the ignorant to wisdom's ways; winning the heedless from Satan's snares; winning the lost to paths of virtue; winning all from the bondage of the devil to the liberty wherewith Christ makes free. Not to angels is this royal service given. Swiftly would they fly on so privileged an errand. Yet, alas, how slowly we move in this distinguished work: how leaden are our heels, how insensible our hearts, how insipid our speech, how repellent our cold approaches to the needy soul, so that our words become as idle tales, and our pretensions become an empty meaning to those whose hunger leads them to expect living bread, where they find naught but dead chaff. As those that must give account, may we watch every opportunity to win sinners to the Lord Jesus, and hereafter have golden sheaves to lay at the Master's feet.

Looking Like a Minister.

THE effect of ministerial dress and manner is very different on persons of contrary temperaments. There are those with anti-clerical bias who prefer the minister that looks like a man of the world, and is not differentiated by the cut of his coat or the tone of sanctity in his voice. It is supposed that the non-church going classes are predisposed to believe in the man who eschews the phylacteries of his profession and adopts the manners of the world. The anti-priestly instinct is strong in many people, and a Tweed suit and colored scarf are passports to their confidence. They like a minister when he does not look like one. A feeling exactly opposite to this sways another class, perhaps a larger class. They like the air of sanctity. They like the cast of countenance which suggests something more heavenly than the shops and street, and intonations that are subdued and mellowed by communion with the unseen world. It cannot be doubted that in all races there is something which yields to the spell of a priestly man. We remember two ministers living in the same town of contrary habits and appearances. The one wore a coat of superfine broadcloth, which hung straight from his neck to the calves of his legs. He maintained a gravity and dignity which checked the laughter of the boys in the street and made the week-day to be as a Sabbath. When he passed by a sacred hush crept over all who saw him. The other was perhaps as good a man as he, so far as the essentials of a good life were concerned. He carried his head aloft, wore a morning coat, carried a fine silver-headed cane and when he took his daily exercise he was followed by a splendid Saint Bernard dog. But it must be admitted that his influence in the town was a hundred fold less than the other, and though every one respected his integrity, religion and culture, there was no such influence issuing from his life as from the one who dressed, walked, spoke and looked like a minister of the gospel. We suppose there is no law binding on us in these matters, and a certain freedom must be allowed to divergent tastes and opinions. One the one hand we should avoid giving offence to those who hate sanctimoniousness more than they hate irreligion, and on the other we should consider those who think that ministers should avoid resemblance to the world in dress and manner. We are required to put a restraint on our independence and assertion of rights for the sake of others. For instance, we are not of those who think hilarity is a sign of an unregenerate nature, but ministerial hilarity in public places where

unbelievers and scoffers congregate, may lower our profession in the eyes of men. To burn the weed may be a warrantable pleasure, but to walk the crowded street with pipe or cigar in the mouth like the bowsprit of a ship often awakens aversion and disparagement of the ministry. It is necessary for ministers, in fact, for Christians generally, to study those things which lift up their calling in the eyes of the world and to ally every prejudice that exists against our Christian faith.

Religious Worship.

THE principle of religious worship in the human heart is one that is universally recognized. Whatever men are found, there in some form or other, a shrine is builded. If there are any exceptions to this, they are so insignificant as to make the rule more noteworthy. As men advance in civilization, however, worship seems to decline on the part of some. When Greece and Rome reached their highest point of development, there were in both those who discarded the forms of public worship. It is so, to a certain extent, in the nations most advanced in civilization to-day. In the most highly civilized centres of the world, there are many, especially among men who enter no church and bow the knee in no form of prayer or praise. In a recent number of the Outlook, attention is called to this fact, and the need of worship for all, for men as well as for women, is asserted and emphasized.

Various causes for this decline of the spirit of worship on the part of many are assigned. They find other, and more profitable means, it is said, to employ their time; they are too wearied with the efforts of the week's work to make the necessary exertion to prepare for public worship; the services themselves are not interesting; the sermon is dull and the music lacks inspiration; in a word the church and worship have no attractions for these, and hence they do not resort to them. Of course, it is easy to exaggerate the lack of the worshipful spirit in our various communities. But that it is lacking to an extent that one must exceedingly regret, is patent to all. Some of our churches are well filled, but there are many of them in which the accommodations far surpass the demand. In some communities, church accommodations are adequate only to a fraction of the population, but these as a whole seem more than sufficient for the demands that are made upon them.

It is difficult to prescribe a remedy, or even to suggest one for this defect which so many recognize. One thing, it seems to the writer of these lines, would be immensely helpful. Let the services be worshipful from beginning to end. Whatever addition, whatever elimination, whatever innovation is needed to bring this about, let there be no hesitation to adopt. We recognize, the importance of the pulpit. The written word can never take the place of the spoken word, and yet the pulpit should lend itself in all possible ways to this idea of worship. It should not be a place for the inculcation of information, simply. It should not be regarded merely as a vantage-ground for exhortation. Most of all, it should not be looked upon as that which is to furnish amusement. The pulpit is in our public services to lead the worship of the congregation. It is to emphasize in all possible ways the needs of the spiritual life, and the essentialness of spiritual culture. It is to give the upward look to the congregation, and to impress upon those coming within its influence the absolute necessity of worship. The obtaining of this in our congregations, would, we believe, be of vast help. It is to be found in many; it ought to be found in all. But after all that may be done in this way, the remedy for the lack of worship is the impartation of the worshipful heart. When the spirit is renewed within the man, then will he bow in adoration and praise. Then, and probably not till then, will he say with the author of the pilgrim psalm, "I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord."

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Our New Serial,

A Little Loving Life.

By ELEANOR LESLIE MACNAUGHTON.

CHAPTER II.

THERE arose before him a succession of pictures: A little boy in a fresh linen slip, trotting to market with his nurse; he could still see the bunch of cherries that attracted the little fellow, and the small hand that grasped and hid it. And now the little boy wore a sailor suit and was going to school, but he did not like the lessons and often shirked them. There were absences from school covered over with untruths, and finally complaints from the teacher to his parents. A fond mother's pleadings had warranted off deserved punishment, and another school had been tried; and now there arose before him a boat-house where four well-grown boys had often met. Yes, they had had gay times on the river. In fancy he still saw his light canoe rocking on the water by the landing place, but black bottles were stowed away in that boat-house; there sinners had enticed him, and there he had consented—there for the first time he had been drunk.

Had there been no warning words? Yes, he remembered Evelyn's pleadings, sometimes pool-pooled and sometimes met with angry denials. What a bore he had thought her, as if a fellow could be different from all the rest! What came next? He shuddered still as he remembered the day when his father, who had left them full of health and life in the morning, was brought home crushed to death by a wall which had collapsed and fallen on him as he was passing by. Mark had gone to work then and meant to do well, but when a fellow was feeling so low, a glass of something was necessary to keep him up, and somehow one glass did not suffice. Then the narrow life, the change from luxury was almost unendurable, and he was miserably paid, too. If employers were so stingy, a clerk had a right to help himself. Yet he had felt badly when it all came out, when Evelyn's small earnings, which meant so much to the family, had to go to settle matters, and even the delicate mother had to know that there were reasons why he must leave home. He had meant to do better in M—, to leave off drinking for one thing. How was it he had not done so? Here his recollections crowded and became mixed. One situation after another had been lost through intemperance; he had known want; desperate shifts had been resorted to in order to raise money, and with tarnished name he had wandered from place to place.

Through it all there had been letters from his mother and Evelyn, with such help as by rigorous self-denial they had been able to send. Then came Evelyn's letter announcing their mother's death. She enclosed a small sum of money, and begged him to use it in coming to the little home she had managed to make for herself and the younger children. The letter found him out of work and in actual want, and he resolved to go; but on his way to the station, the fierce craving for drink, which he had not been able to satisfy for some days, came over him and everything was forgotten. When he came to himself, in a low drinking place, his money was gone and the door of hope that had been opened for him seemed to have closed forever. Shame prevented him answering Evelyn's letter, and just then getting a chance to work on board a steamer, he sailed away to a distant city, and had never since heard

from her. During this time he had made faint efforts to retrieve himself, sometimes with some small measure of success, then there would be a fall which would carry him a little further out, till now he drifted a helpless wreck on the great ocean of life.

(To be Continued.)

Health Column.

PHYSIOLOGICAL IRRIGATION.

By A. B. JAMISON, M. D.

PART I

The scientific irrigation of land is pretty well understood by those who have financial interest in soil requiring artificial irrigation. The wonderful beauty and freshness of flower and fruit evidence what scientific irrigation can do. So from a commercial and aesthetic point of view the proper amount of daily moisture for land, tree, or vine, is of such importance that it receives the consideration of those interested. How many persons, however, in the course of a lifetime have given ten minutes serious consideration to the question as to how much water should be imbibed daily under the varying conditions of the body's garden? Those that give no consideration to the problem of how to attain and maintain a healthy and vigorous physical basis are persons that usually drift into habits for which they will sooner or later, have to pay the penalty.

For the first twenty or more years the body is, as a rule, unfortunate in not having an intelligent tenant. For he misuses his physiological estate, and lets things go to rack and ruin ere he wakes up to realize how it might have been as to length of days and strength of body and mind. Enlighten him, after he has reached adult years, on the values and needs of physiological and psychological functions, you will find that however eager he may be to follow the light, he is handicapped by vicious habits and by confirmed, destructive changes that had seized on him when he was quite too young and incompetent to care for his body. What a topsy-turvy world this is, to be sure!

It is astonishing what a number of people there are that drink little or nothing at all, and especially amazing is it to find this lack of sense in people suffering from constipation. One would suppose that they, above all others, would see the wisdom of irrigating their bowels. But it is seldom that there is one that thinks of such a thing. A cup of coffee or tea at meal time, in addition to the liquid contained in the food, is the extent of water consumption by ever so many teetotallers and other "totalers," especially women until they reach, say, thirty years of age. Such persons, as a rule, are not long lived, inasmuch as the power of resistance is small, owing to their lack of blood, a lack in quality as well as in quantity. The blood pressure in their arteries and veins is light, as evidenced by their pale, sallow complexion, and the dry, scaly, feverish skin which seldom or never perspires. The body garden has not been properly irrigated and is slowly drying up as age advances. Did you ever notice how like death such peds now appear when they are asleep? Their dull, pasty complexions alarm us then. When I see them a desire to soak these dried specimens of humanity possesses me. It is not unfortunate that we were not born with an automatic irrigator? We even lack a tube on our boiler to indicate the danger point! Deficient by nature in these little conveniences, and unaided as yet by science, man is compelled to give some attention, however indifferent or careless he may be, to the irrigation of his physiological soil!

Planters and gardeners have treatises on irrigations. Have mothers or nurses any similar guides? Such books are unknown to modern civilization. Infants, boys and girls, and adults, are brought up haphazard, and their garden of life becomes choked with weeds. The drought soon makes itself felt, and a little graveyard mound is their usual fate. Before some of us wither and fade, to what a pest-weed is our adobe changed for want of life-giving water.

Man's most serious physiological fault is the toleration of constipation; or even of semi-constipation induced by the twenty-four hour habit of stooling. In other words, his fault is the tolera-

tion of intestinal uncleanness. And next to this foollhardness is his negligence in the matter of drinking a sufficient quantity of pure, soft water daily to aid in the proper stimulation and circulation of the blood, in the proper elimination of the waste material from the body, and in the proper assimilation of nutriment by the system.

If parents would encourage their children to become bibbers of pure spring water daily it would not be so easy to make them bibbers of intoxicants in after years. I would give a child all the liquid it desires; I would even encourage it to take more rather than less; and the best liquid of all for this purpose is pure soft water. Man's body is 70 per cent. water. It is therefore a good sized water cask with a ramification of countless canals or pipes imbedded in soft connective tissues, nerves, and muscles, all of which are supported by a bony framework, through the centre of which runs the alimentary canal, down which waters may flow and disappear like unto a stream lost in the sands, to reappear and ooze from the skin, lungs, kidneys, and intestinal canal. Every organ and tissue luxuriates in water; it laves and lives in and by it. With all kinds of food it is introduced into the body. Water acts as a solvent for the nutritious element and as a sponsor for the elimination of foreign substances and worn-out tissues of the body.

Temperance Column.

Fifty years ago drunkards in St. Petersburg were punished by being compelled under the surveillance of the police to sweep the streets for a certain length of time. At the present time, the governor of the city has ordered that the names of all persons found intoxicated in the thoroughfares shall be posted in certain public places and also printed in the official gazette, without regard to either rank or sex.

A man asked Mr. Barnum whether the bad effects of liquor-drinking were seen more internally or externally, "Eternally, sir," he replied. That covers the whole ground. You may fill Chickering Hall with the best-disposed, best-born young people in New York; yes, take the pick of the Sunday schools—and if you tell me that these young people are going to dabble with alcohol, I will tell you what percentage will probably fall.

An exchange says: "Of the whiskey sellers in New York, 2,002 served their time in different state prisons, 2,655 have been confined in country prisons, and 1,769 have been 'cooled off' in the station house, leaving only 1,616 out of 8,034 who have thus far escaped the police. Of the whole number, 502 are Americans, 2,175 Germans, 3,041 Irishmen, 265 are Negroes. It is no wonder, then, that damnation is dealt out to humanity so coolly, since saloon keepers are composed of such stuff."

The man who sits down and whines that Prohibition won't prohibit, is like a man who sits down in the corner of the fence and whines that his plough won't plough of itself. A prohibitory law is only the tool with which the work of abolishing the curse of liquor is to be done, and the people must give impetus and action. To say that Prohibition don't prohibit, is only to say that the people are too indolent to make it effective. They must be waked up.

Hot milk may be safely recommended as a substitute for most stimulants. An English chemist says "that milk heated so that drinking it is barely possible, has refreshing and stimulating properties as prompt in action, and much more lasting than those of alcohol; and that those who try hot milk always afterwards prefer it to whisky or brandy when they are suffering from depression or fatigue." This is a suggestion well worthy the attention of temperance workers.

It is not often that we have seen the temperance question presented so tersely and forcibly as in the following, from the *Baptist Weekly*: "Stop all moderate drinking, and in five years there will be no drunkards; and the two hundred

and fifty thousand liquor saloons in the United States will be closed up. Moderate drinking leads to immoderate, and immoderate drinking makes drunkards. All who uphold moderate, drinking uphold making drunkards; and Christians should clear themselves of this sin: "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God."

A Suggestion.

The Canadian Baptist tells a story which may, we believe, be suggestive of a better way to many church members. We reproduce it in the hope that it may show some what they can do and ought to do. A not very strong church, in a rather poor agricultural district, was making very heavy demands upon the leading member. He felt he was giving all he could to the support of the church, consistent with the demands upon him in connection with his rather large family. It was proposed to organize a Woman's Missionary Society. He saw no way in which he could raise the money with which to pay the monthly dues for the three lady members of his family. Finally he bethought himself, "I have been using tobacco all my life. Can I continue to do so, when by giving up smoking I can have something to give to the great cause of missions?" When it became clear in his own mind that the issue was between a selfish gratification which was injurious in itself, and the claims of Christ and the perishing, he said, "I must sacrifice this bad habit, in order to help fulfill the Great Commission." He is now rejoicing in the privilege of giving to send the gospel to those who so desperately need it. Did he not do right? Are there not hundreds in our churches who might profit by the example of this brother? The amount spent on tobacco by a good many fifties of our people, would total up enough to each fifty to support a missionary. Save the money for the Lord's treasury and for souls, brethren. Can we doubt what is the will of God?

About Failures.

"That kind of a sermon makes a man feel awful mean," said one to his pastor at the close of the service. The sermon had been on the failures of Christians and of the Church. The word "mean" may not be the best word to express what was in the mind of the speaker. He possibly meant a feeling of self-disparagement and depression. It is not the worst thing in the world to have a touch of depression now and then, providing it does not become chronic and undermine the soul's energy. Failure might be, in fact often is, the stepping stone to success. As night precedes the day, so darkness and defeat go before gladness and victory. The history of revivals shows that in nearly every case great spiritual depression and death preceded great awakenings. In a sense they follow as effect follows cause. Out of failures are born confession, prayer, a turning to God in helplessness, and these are the beginning of an era of spiritual prosperity.

There is a way, however, of speaking of failures which hurt rather than help, which destroy hope instead of inciting it. One has said "there is no word in our language that conveys so much sinking of heart as the word failure; it is one of those words which should be used sparingly and with discrimination." It is a fact which cannot fail to arrest the attention that successful men in every sphere of life are buoyant men. Nine optimists succeed to one pessimist. This is strikingly true in the church. The great preachers, the awakening evangelists have been almost always men of redundant hope and energy. When a man becomes a complainer and wailer over the badness of things his sun is setting, his day sinks into night. But it might be asked if an earnest man is to be blind to multiplying evils, is he not to lament and denounce them? This needs no reply, but it might be said that in every case when a man succeeds in overcoming the evils, there is invariably the tone of hope and courage. Those who knew Mr. Spurgeon will have noticed that peculiar buoyancy in his preaching even when he denounced the coldness of the church and prevalent evils. The people who listened

were not so much depressed as energized to overcome them. The tone of courage and assurance ran through his most denunciatory preaching.

Ministers and Christian workers whose lives and labors are set to the minor key necessarily fail. A congregation can stand only a limited amount of religious drizzle. Those who speak as if they were all going to the bad never do much to stop them going there. Chronic complaints and ominous forebodings are as disastrous in church work as misereces and direcs would be, if played by the hand on the field of battle. The joy of the Lord is strength.

But we are doomed to hear the wail of failure every day. What does it mean that so much is written about it? How shall we understand it? People are saying civilization is a failure, education a failure, democracy a failure, missions a failure, the pulpit a failure, Christianity a failure, life itself a failure. And they are all failures—in part. Looking at things from the standpoint of the ideal, judging them by the perfect standard, measuring success by our hopes and aspirations, then, indeed, we see failure everywhere. The mixture of evil with the good, of misery with happiness, of wrong with right, of doubt with faith; compell in us a feeling of failure. No one hardly ever dies without feeling that his life has been a failure, at least, only a partial success, and the higher his conceptions of life and its possibilities, the greater his sense of disparity between what his life was and what it might have been. Paul was almost an exception in saying: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith," etc.

It is well though, to remember that there are triumphs as well as defeats, and things to rejoice in as well as things to deplore, things to boast of as well as things to be ashamed of. Shall we say our glorious climate is a failure because sometimes blizzards sweep down upon us, or that the fertility of the soil is not great because here and there are arid plains and sterile hills? Shall we say Christianity is a failure because all the sores of the world are not healed, because consciences are not instructed or public sentiment is not wholly pure? Shall we say the church has failed because some of its members are not living ideal lives or because all souls around it are not saved? We should remember that faith is not dead and piety is yet a tree of life among us.

Acknowledgement

I wish to make grateful mention of the reception of a check for \$50, in June, from Bro. J. S. Titus, Treasurer of New Brunswick Convention, being a donation from Second Johnson and Second Grand Lake churches and from several personal gifts of friends. Dear friends, to me this is very cheering and helpful, as it lifts a burden of care and anxiety from my heart, and will undoubtedly in a way aid in my recovery. I am glad to be able to report that my lung trouble has almost entirely gone, but my doctor pronounces my liver in a bad condition, which still gives me much suffering from time to time, and causes great weakness, yet we are hopeful of being able in the spring to resume labor in some needy section of the Lord's great vineyard "if he wills." Again I say to all who have remembered me with their gifts and in their prayers, "Thanks" and may God bless you.

Cordially,

S. D. ERVINE.

Parth Centre, Vic. Co., N. B., Jan. 18th.

Permit me through your columns to make grateful mention of the kindness of Havelock friends in a cash donation given through the medium of a Christmas tree. This particular tree showered its blessing liberally upon the Sunday School—upon scholars and teachers alike. A carefully arranged programme was carried out by the Sunday School, which was fully enjoyed by all present.

J. W. BROWN.

Havelock, January 12th.

"We cannot gather too much of the Christian spirit—the spirit of forbearance and peace and sacrifice—the spirit of brotherhood and charity—the spirit of purity and devotion to Him through whom comes all that renders life noble and true.

Religious News.

ST. ANDREWS,
CHARLOTTE CO.

Moving along quietly, indications encouraging, congregations slowly increasing, prayer meetings lively. Observed the week of prayer in union with the Presbyterians and Methodists, and the meetings were of such an encouraging character that we resolved to continue this week, holding one in each church. Our prayer is, God revive thy work in this town and surrounding country.

CALVIN CURRIE.

SAINT STEPHEN,
N. B.

The cup of joy and the cup of sorrow often stand side by side and God permits his people to drink them in quick succession. Such has been the experience of the Baptists of St. Stephen during the past fortnight. On the third of January occurred the annual "roll call," which was regarded by all present as the most delightful and encouraging gathering of the kind in the history of the church. All departments gave good accounts of themselves. Financially the church surpassed the record of any previous year by several hundred dollars. In addition to this a new debt of a thousand dollars, incurred by the repairs made on the property during the past summer, had been provided for by pledges payable in four years. The free pew system was adopted. Officers for the new year were elected. When the roll of membership was called, 154 responded in person or by letter. Refreshments were served and pastor and people went home full of joy and thanksgiving, desiring and expecting a more decided advance during the first year of the new century. One to rejoice with us and who had contributed in large measure to our success was Edwin B. Keirstead, the efficient treasurer. When his name was called he rose and with unusual force, for he was by nature extremely reticent, he said, "I have been wondering all day what I could say in response to my name that would indicate my present attitude toward the church. I love the church as I have always loved it, and I know that I have passed from death unto life because I love the brethren." This proved to be his valedictory to the church and to the world. On the following Tuesday evening he went to St. John with his son Will, who was returning to his studies at Wolfville. On Wednesday afternoon he took the C. P. R. train for home. The train reached McAdam and moving out toward Vaneboro before Mr. Keirstead realized that he was being carried by. He rushed into the pullman for his overcoat and then to the platform of the car and stepped out. In some way not yet explained he was caught or slipped back after the snow, in a moment the train hands felt the jar and realized something was wrong. The train was quickly stopped and there beside the rail lay the bruised and mutilated body. Within an hour life was extinct. Mr. D. H. Bates of St. Stephen, who chanced to be on the same train identified the body and wired the sad intelligence to friends here, and the writer had to go with the terrible news to the bereaved family, still awaiting the loved one's return. No event in the history of the town has come with such a shock and made so deep an impression on the entire community. The deceased was a member of the firm of Ganong Bros., a member of the Town Council, the treasurer and a trustee of our church, a member of the Masonic order, the Knights of Pythias and the Foresters. Mr. Keirstead was a man of noble impulses, a humble and devout Christian, loved and respected by all who knew him. The loss to the town, the church, the home, appears to be irreparable, but God makes no mistakes. What he does now we cannot understand but we will learn by and by. The funeral took place last Sunday. The services were held at the church. Not a third of the people who came to show their respect could gain admission. The ministers of the town assisted. The pastor gave an address. A quartette of male voices sang with sympathetic sweetness. The long procession reformed and proceeded to the cemetery. After the committal service by the pastor, the Masonic burial service was read and then we wended our way homeward, but with a better understanding of the words: "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yes, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow

them."
Jan. 17.

W. C. GOUCHER.

We have begun the fourth year of our pastorate and are happy to say we are not without manifestations of the Lord's presence. As usual our people are kind to us. December 26 we were the recipients of a donation of about \$80. Among useful articles were a sleigh robe and rattan rocker. Of late we have given special attention to Christian beneficence and are now able to say the financial condition of the church is greatly improved. The weekly offering system has been adopted, enabling the church to raise their pastor's salary a hundred dollars, for which he wants to express his most hearty thanks. O. P. BROWN.
January 9.

The Leinster St. Church begins special services on Lord's Day, Jan. 13th. Mr. Hugh A. McLean, the Solo Evangelist, who comes highly recommended for his spirit and work will be with us for at least two weeks. The pastor will be assisted the first week by Rev. A. T. Dykeman and the second week by Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, and hopes to have the aid of other pastors. We shall be grateful for the presence and assistance of any and all of the members of the various sister churches of the city and their esteemed pastors. We would ask the prayers of God's people.
IRA SMITH.

We are expecting to get into our new Church building the first of March. When completed it will cost something over \$5000. On account of lack of funds we are leaving the vestry unfinished and will seat it with chairs for the present. Our main room will give us a seating capacity of about 500. We have already paid on the building and ground nearly \$2000. The closing of the cotton factories last week is a great blow to us as a large number of our people worked there. Some of them are just about leaving the city to obtain work elsewhere. If we can raise \$700 more it will relieve us from all anxiety. Will not some of our Baptist friends help us to raise this amount?

Orient Pictures.

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We will send 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 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 right to guess.

Romanism lay met with a sharp rebuff in Portugal. A priest in one of the towns brought an action against a Protestant gentleman for circulating tracts which assailed the religion of the State—the Roman Catholic religion. The case was heard in the presence of a crowd numbering at least a thousand persons. The accused was defended by an able advocate, who delivered an eloquent speech, in the course of which he described the conduct of the priest as worthy of the days of thequisition. The verdict of the Court was "Not guilty." The remarkable forward movement of Protestantism, which led to this abortive prosecution, is further illustrated by the fact that the services at all the Protestant places of worship in Lisbon are announced in *El Seculo*, the most important paper in Portugal.

Married.

LEWIS WOODWORTH—On the 2nd of Jan. at the home of officiating clergyman, by Rev. Miles, Surrey, John B. Lewis, Surrey, N. B., to Miss Bessie Woodworth of Albert Mines, N. B.

WATSON—At the home of the bride, Jan. 2nd, by Pastor W. J. Gordon of J. W. Watson, Frank W. Watson of Burton to Hattie B. Allen of Upper Georgetown.

PERKINS-ANDERSON—At the Baptist parsonage, Sussex, N. B., Dec. 14th, by Rev. W. Camp, Charles Perkins of Jefferies corner, Kings county, to Miss Francis Anderson of Woods Creek.

HILL HILL—Oak Bay, Charlotte Co., at the Baptist parsonage, by H. D. Wordan, Alexander Hill of Hill's Point to Mrs. Ella Hill of Tower Hill.

MORRELL-BARTLETT—Oak Bay, Charlotte Co., at the Baptist parsonage, Jan. 1st, by Rev. H. D. Wordan Chester Morrell of Oak Bay to A. Susie Bartlett of Bartlett Mills, Charlotte county.

MANNING-PARLEE—At Petitcodiac, Dec. 12th, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Robert T. Manning of New Town, Kings county to Mary Jane Parlee of the same place.

AYER-KEITH—At Steeves' Settlement, Westmorland county, Dec. 25, by Rev. I. B. Colwell, Albert E. Ayer of Reading, Mass., to Laura Mabel Keith of Steeves Settlement.

HENRY GELDEBT—At Goshen, N. B., Jan. 1, by Pastor H. H. Saunders, Robert Henry of Lewis M. L., N. B., to Alma Geldert, of Goshen.

McCONNELL-McNICHOILL—At the home of the bride, La Tete, Charlotte county, N. B., by A. H. Lavers, on Jan. 1, Everett B. McConnell, to N. L. McNicholl.

MARSHALL-FERRIS—At Cambridge, Queens county on the 7th January, by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, J. Norwood Marshall, merchant of Milo, Maine, and Alberta Ferris of Houlton, Maine.

THURSTON-TOWER—At the home of the bride's parents, Rockport, N. B., on Jan. 9th, by Rev. Bynon H. Thomas, Arthur E. Thurston, to Eliza B. Tower, both of Rockport.

WISHART-PORTER—At the home of Henry Porter, Salmon Creek, Chipman, N. B., on Dec. 20th by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, John Henry Wishart of Norrifield, Sunbury Co., to Maggie Ellen Porter.

McLEAN-FERRIS—At the home of Nathaniel Ferris Briggs Corner, Chipman, N. B., on Jan. 2d by Rev. D. McD. Clarke, Archibald D. McLean of Cambridge Queens Co., to Minnie C. Ferris of Chipman.

HATT-DODEDELL—At St. George, N. B., by Rev. A. H. Lave's, Price A. Hatt and Miss Jessie Goodell, all

of St. George.

GARNETT-HOLLAND—At Letang, Dec. 13, by Rev. A. H. Lavers, James Garnett and Mary Holland.

MAXWELL-THOMPSON—At the Baptist parsonage, Dec. 2, at St. George, N. B., by Rev. A. H. Lavers, William J. Maxwell, of St. George, and Miss Annie A. Thompson, of the County of York.

MORSE-PANSON—At St. Andrews, Charlotte county on Jan. 5th, by Rev. C. Currie, Mr. Hiram Morse of Grand Manan, Charlotte county, to Mrs. Olive Hanson of Boacabe, Charlotte County.

SPELLVAN-FISHER—At the residence of Edward Fisher, Esq., uncle of the bride, January 17th, by the Rev. J. W. Manning, D. D., John Sullivan of Freeport, N. S., and Annie M. Fisher of St. John, N. B.

WETMORE-WHITE—In this city, on January 10th, at the residence of E. Wetmore, uncle of the groom, by Rev. Ira Smith, Miss Pearl White to Burp. Wetmore, general manager at Fredericton for the Noxon Company of Toronto, all of Fredericton.

Died.

PATTERSON—Drowned at Back Bay, Charlotte Co., Frederick Patterson, leaving a wife and three children and a large circle of friends to mourn their loss.

LAUNSBURY—At Lewis Mountain, Westmorland county, Dec. 15, Elizabeth, beloved wife of James Launsbury, aged 69 years. Sister Launsbury, for a number of years was a follower of Christ and died in living faith. She leaves a husband, who is very feeble and nine children.

BENT—Fell asleep in Jesus, at Bayfield, N. B., on Dec. 25th, Arthur W. Bent, in the 57th year of his age. Bro. Bent was born in Fort Lawrence, N. S., and lived there during the first twenty years of his life. In 1891 he was convicted of sin and, having surrendered to the will of his Master, followed d his command and was baptized. Ever since that time he lived the Christian life and now he is not for God hath taken him. During the past nine years his home has been the home for ministers and the writer has enjoyed many happy hours within that abode of peace. Owing to the prevalence of small pox, his funeral was quite private, but we are assured that "a great multitude whom no man can number" welcomed him to his home beyond the grave.

WELLS—On January 2nd the remains of W. W. Wells, barrister and M. P. for Westmorland, were carried to their last resting place. Mr. Wells was in the prime of life, aged 40. He died in a sanatorium in the province of Quebec. The Methodist pastor at Port Elgin, his place of residence, being permitted to come through the corridor of the small-pox, and other clergymen found themselves, found themselves, with all the mourning friends, debarred, by an official of the Board of Health, from entering the residence of his aged father and mother, where the remains lay, the house being under the ban, because his widow and another friend had visited it. The circumstances were distressing in the extreme, no friends, no words of consolation, no prayer. The ministers, however, prevailed upon the official to allow them to enter, and Drs. Chapman and Steele read the Scriptures, prayed and addressed words of comfort to the grief stricken parents. It was a strange experience, to see the pastors carrying the remains out of the house to the hearse, assisted by the brother of the deceased, Mr. Wells was a man of a thousand, of fine natural gifts, great amiability, and a humble Christian.

BECKWITH—At his home, Harvey Albert county, N. B., Jan. 10th, John Beckwith, aged 72 years.

RICHARDSON—James L. Richardson, aged 47 years, died suddenly of congestion of the lungs at the home of Mr. Founds, Harvey Bank. He was respected by all.

EAGLE—On Friday morning, Jan. 11, Sadie, only daughter of Samuel and Annie Earle of Carleton, departed to be with her Lord. Though under physicians' treatment for past ten weeks, no one had thought of a fatal termination until a few days before her death. Our young sister was a member of the Carleton church and a teacher in the Sunday School where she will be missed. May the Lord grant his gracious upholdings to the parents and brethren their bereavement.

OLMSTEAD—At Fredericton on January 1st 1901, Minnie Merville only daughter of James W. and Frankie L. Olmstead, aged two years and twenty three days.

Death's angel came at early morn,
To the paternal bower,
And from the fond maternal stem,
Plucked off the little flower.

BABBITT—R. T. Babbitt died at his home in Gagetown on Thursday, aged 69 years. He resided in his county in the legislature for several years. For more than twenty years he had been registrar of Queens County. He was active in public affairs, and leaves many friends who will mourn his death.

ARCHIBALD—Mrs. Archibald, Principal of the Ladies' College at Sackville, died last week in New York, where she had gone for the Christmas vacation.