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WHOLE No. 134

The Minister's Resignation.

"Let me see," said Miss Eleanor Banks, on the first afternoon of her visit to her aunt at Farmington village, "didn't you write to me last winter that your minister had resigned?"

"I guess perhaps I did," was the reply, in a somewhat absent-minded tone.

"It seems to me that I got the impression from your letter that the resignation did not cause universal regret," suggested the niece, after waiting a moment for her aunt to enlarge upon the theme.

"Maybe you did," said the old lady, who was apparently absorbed in learning how hard it may be for a thread to pass through the eye of a needle.

Presently she added, with the manner of one who, after all, is not quite willing to let the subject drop, "There were some of the people who thought that Mr. Pease had kind of lost his usefulness."

"He had been here a long time hadn't he?" asked her niece.

"Yes, that was just it. Mr. Pease had been here going on thirty years; and as you might say, we'd got him learned by heart. We always knew what he was going to say next, and its no use denying that he was getting to be rather dry in the pulpit. I didn't mind it so much myself, but your Uncle Andrew did, and that was worse. The preaching I could stand, but what with that of a Sunday, and Andrew's taking on about it all the rest of the week, I was beginning to get about beat out of myself.

"Every now and then somebody would come around and want him to speak to the minister about resigning. Of course, if anything of consequence is to be done in the parish, it is always your Uncle Andrew that has to go ahead with it. They would argue that Mr. Pease was comfortably off, and his wife had property besides, and so it would be no hardship for him to step aside.

"But Andrew couldn't make up his mind to do it, so things went along with the society fast running to seed, when all of a sudden, and without any help from anybody, the minister did resign.

"Well, I presume a good many felt to rejoice, but I guess nobody was quite so tickled as Andrew. For a few days it seemed as if he could not do enough to show how kind of grateful he was.

"He did the papering and painting that I had been at him about for two years, and he bought a new parlor carpet that I hadn't so much as asked for. Then he took it into his head that we must get up a farewell reception to the minister.

"Well, all the folks seemed to fall in with that idea, and if you'll believe me, they raised a hundred dollars in gold for a parting gift.

"Of course there was a general invitation to the reception, and we had to hold it in the town hall. Well, after we had all shaken hands with the minister and his wife, Andrew came up front and made the presentation speech.

"I do wish you could have heard him! Of course your uncle is gifted in speech, but I guess he surprised himself that night. Yet he didn't say anything but the truth. Mr. Pease had been a faithful minister—one that had visited the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and been helpful in sickness, and stood by us all in trouble, and tried to comfort us when we buried our dead.

"But it was wonderful the way your Uncle Andrew worked all those good things Mr. Pease had done into his speech. It took hold of us more and more as he went along, until by the time he got through and handed over the hundred dollars in gold to the minister, about everybody in the hall was having a good hard cry.

"As for Mr. Pease, he could hardly speak at first. But when he found his voice I guess what he said made full as much impression as Andrew's talk.

"He said that he had been simply amazed at the feeling that had been manifested, and it led him to think that perhaps he had been hasty in the step he had taken. Perhaps it was his duty,

after all to spend the rest of his days as the pastor of his dear flock. He went on in that way for a while, and finally he asked all those who desired him to withdraw his resignation to rise.

"Well, there were some queer looks went over a good many faces, but in a minute all those that hadn't been standing before got up from their seat.

"And the choir had been rehearsing a very handsome song for a week, but it was all about parting, and they wouldn't sing it. When they were called on they whispered together for a while, and then announced that they would sing, 'Blest be the tie that binds,' and they requested all present to join.

"Then we partook of refreshments, and the reception broke up."

"So you still have the same minister," said Eleanor, with a smile.

"Why, yes, in one sense we do. But, really, Mr. Pease has seemed like a new man ever since. It's wonderful how that reception seemed to freshen him up. He preaches a new sermon almost every Sunday, and the whole parish seems to be alive again. As for your Uncle Andrew, you'd think to hear him talk there was nobody like Mr. Pease. You see, he's bound to stand by that presentation speech. So in one sense, I suppose, we've got our change, after all."—Sel.

The Bottle.

A room, whose windows—windows in name only, since every vestige of glass had vanished, it may have been years ago, its place being supplied by rags—rattled their skeletons of frames in a stiff November gale. A few crazy tiles upon the roof kept up an intermittent accompaniment, while every now and again small cascades of mortar coursed down the chimney into the rusty and broken-barred grate.

With his head upon his arm, lying over an old table, was a man, apparently contented—aye, it may be said, happy—with his lot, since the roar of the elements made no impression, awoke no expression of annoyance, or disturbed his dreams, for he slept soundly. His face was not a good face to look upon, sallow, with pendulous, trembling lower lip and twitching features, that told only too plainly what scaffolding had reared it. Vice, passion, and drink. Behold a slave more bound than by fetters of steel, more powerless than if held in granite walls, more helpless than if guarded by an army. Upon the table beheld his fetters, his dungeon, and his gaoler—the bottle.

Upon the floor was the child, wide and hollow-eyed, gaunt with hunger, and vainly striving to get some warmth by huddling the straw upon which it lay closer to its shivering body.

Evidently it was no relation to the man, else, surely upon such a night as this, he would have clasped it to his breast for warmth and comfort; but he took no notice, though for a moment he stirred uneasily, then stretched out a hand, as if blindly groping for something that he loved. The child saw the movement and scrambled up on to its bare feet to go towards the man, but at that moment he found what he was searching for, and clasped it tightly to his heart—the bottle. The child, looking through eyes that had long forsaken weepings as of no avail, fell back shivering upon its wet, straw pallet; yet though you may believe me not, the man was father to the child. The spalding room, the drunken man, the starving child, and, triumphant over all, the bottle. It was a picture fit for the pen of Hogarth.

An hour passed, two hours, and awoke some semblance of animation in the man. The child had managed to get a little sleep, but, at the first movement of the man, awoke alert and ready. Seeing the man was not yet awake, but heavy in drunken stupor, the child rose stealthily and withdrew the bottle from the arms that hugged it to his heart, and hid it underneath the straw of his pallet, and then lay down upon it. A few minutes, and the man awoke. This time he looked around, searching for his treasure, then he lurched heavily towards the wretched bed, and dealt the child a heavy kick.

"Whersh bottle, you young devil!" he stammered. "Father!" came from the child's lips. Father! Oh! the mockery of that name! "Father, I haven't it; and father you've had plenty tonight. Don't drink more! You've had it all. The bottle's empty."

"Give it ore," he yelled. You've emptied it, but I'll

teach you to steal my drink." He seized the child by the neck and dragged it roughly off the straw, and in so doing disclosed the bottle that the child had lain upon to hide. Grasping the bottle by the neck, he dealt the child a fearful blow upon the temple. With a low moan it fell back, bleeding from a frightful wound, and the man, muttering to himself and clasping his treasure, once more sat again at the table, took a long draught, and relapsed in drunken unconsciousness, while a glint of moonlight reflected on the bottle made it appear as the eye of a basilisk, cold, malignant, and still triumphant, gazing upon the scene.

Daybreak. The man woke slowly from his debauch.

"Ned," he said; "Ned, lad, come here."

No answer.

"Ned, lad, here."

Again no answer.

"Ned, my lad." Surely those tones, so gentle, could never come from him. And yet they did; they were spoken as if he held a world of love for the lad that lay dead upon the floor, and, sunk, debased, and murderer though he was, he had loved his victim dearly.

"Ned! He must have gone out," he muttered. Then staggering up, he went to get some few sticks to make a handful of fire. What was that that lay across the floor, a dark red stream still flowing feebly from its poor head. He pressed his hands to his temples.

"My God," he cried, "my God, he is dead! He has been killed! God have mercy, I have killed him!"

In a moment he was down upon his knees, with the poor fellow pressed tightly to his breast, rocking to and fro in anguish, crying wildly.

"Ned—my Ned!"—kissing with fearful energy the dead lips of his son, as though by every passion he could bring back life to him. Alas, there was no answering kiss, and the child that had hungered for a word only a few short hours ago had now a thousand endearments showered upon its dead, dead ears. And the man who spurned him with a kick was now a broken suppliant for one last kiss.

Gazing round, his eyes fell upon the bottle, the dirty label, smeared a dull crimson. With a loud cry, as recollection forced itself upon him, he seized the accursed thing and flung it across the room to shatter it in ten thousand pieces; but it struck the straw pallet, and with a sneering ring rolled unscathed to the floor. And the man, with a piercing scream, fell senseless by the body of his son.

Night. Again he woke to consciousness to find two policemen bending over him, the light from a "bull's-eye" thrown upon his face.

Said one, "He has murdered the lad with the bottle. See where he hit him, and the label is bloodstained. That was his weapon. Come, my man, up you get."

They had placed the bottle upon the table, and, catching the reflection from the "bull's-eye," it seemed to show the dull red gleam of murder in its wicked eye of light.

With a shuddering cry he hid his face in his hands and passed with his captors out into the night. And the bottle stood triumphant up on the table. Triumphant over honor, over duty, over love, over life itself. The uncrowned king, whose monarchy was absolute, nay, whose power is supreme when once its subjects bend the knee its allegiance.—E. W. Tower, in Reynolds's Newspaper.

"Let us not waver from our purpose; victory is at hand, and will come triumphantly when the church membership shall feel its responsibility and lend a helping hand."

"Our people used to spend in strong drink the entire valuation of the state in every period of twenty-five years. But now one million dollars will far more than pay for all the liquor smuggled into Maine and sold in violation of the law."

When I was getting signatures to the petition for a prohibitory law, I found about five times as many women as men ready to affix their names. This fact led me to seriously consider what the value of woman's ballot would be on moral reform questions, and I became an advocate of woman's suffrage."

"We forbid the bans between rum, religion and politics of whatever party and whatever sect, and in the name of God and Humanity, we proclaim a union holy and indissoluble, of affection as well as of interest, between temperance, religion and politics of every party and every sect.—Neal Dow.

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER II.

Henton listlessly turned back to the stateroom to complete his toilet. Presently, after a few moments of indecision, he put his head out of the door to send a message by the cabin steward to the sailing master, to have steam up, ready to slip the moorings at noon. Henton was not a man of weak will, but of weak morals. It was not that Oakes had overpowered him by force of a mightier resolution, but he had tempted him with the prospect of another giddy carouse.

At noon both yachts were churning the waters of the bay. On reaching the light ship they took a spin for some leagues seaward, both boats putting on forced draft, regardless of the sufferings of the sweating stokers in the boiler rooms, whose labors were rendered the more arduous from the use of soft coal. A gay party from the deck of the dancing *Carenaught*, waved handkerchiefs or shouted jeers at the slower *Sea Gull* paralleling its course. All the while the breeze was freshening and the sky becoming overcast. The sailing master of the *Carenaught* ventured to remark on the fall of the barometer, but Oakes only cursed him and intimated that he did not care for God or devil, wind or wave, nor did he mind whether he swam or sunk.

After a desultory attempt at fishing, for which none of the two parties had any real love, the two boats were headed for Block Island, where the launches put them ashore, just as many of the decorous residents were wending their way to the afternoon church service. Seeking out the gayest and ungodliest resort on the island, and bringing along some of his own liquors from the yacht, Oakes acted as host to a small company of young people who could not by any stretch of the imagination be called ladies and gentlemen. Folly and frivolity reigned supreme at the "festal" board, and it was dark before the party sought their boats to return to Newport. Meanwhile there was quite a sea on in the outer harbor, and it was only by great effort that the decks of the reefing and pitching yachts were gained. Orders were given at once to start at once for Newport. It was well along in the evening before the outer harbor was cleared. Henton stood by his sailing master, keeping a sharp lookout, for the weather was very thick. A heavy mist, almost a rain, was driving down hard against the cresting billows. Henton, whatever else he was not, was a born seaman. He had not partaken so freely of intoxicants as had the others, and, clad in a Cape Ann suit, he felt the first real enjoyment of the day, as with hand on the wheel he held his boat on her way.

Still Henton kept a sharp watch on the somewhat erratic movements of the *Carenaught* close by, whose action he could not well understand, for her sailing master was an able seaman. The *Carenaught* did not appear to be steering her usual steady course. And then, too, Henton's conscience continued to trouble him. He wished that he had gone to church that morning with plain Miss Goodrich—it might have been stupider, but again, it might have been safer, so he thought to himself.

So things went on for an hour or so. Henton every now and then being compelled to change the course of the *Sea Gull* to avoid a collision with the *Carenaught*, on whose sailing master even the megaphone could not seem to make any impression. Henton swore a few strong oaths, and then wished he had not. Somehow that conscience of his would trouble him! He did not like the looks of things—way out there on a Sunday evening, on a dirty night, after a wretched

carouse with a batch of people as misguided as himself. Even his easy going and worldly parents had probably been to church at least once that day. Even they would have been disturbed to think of the situation in which their son was placed at that time. Meanwhile, some of the pet-squirking stokers in the boiler room were swearing too. The *Sea Gull* was by no means a paradise at that juncture, and the madly rushing *Carenaught* was but a floating sepulchre of character. On board that craft, in the brilliantly lighted cabin, the champagne corks were still popping and coarse jests were still being cracked. Henton, of course, could only surmise this, nor did he know that the dictatorial Oakes, with brain fuddled with drink, was on the bridge at that moment, interfering with the sailing master, alternately cursing and cheering him, every now and then sending down an order to the engine room for more steam, and otherwise making himself even more the fool than he had been before, while his pampered guests below, those of them who were not deathly sea-sick, were drinking mandlin toasts in his honor.

As a consequence of this extra forcing of the boilers the *Carenaught* after a time, drew ahead of its rival and disappeared into the mist, a number of boats' lengths ahead. Henton now slightly reduced speed, as the sea was still getting up and, the wind being from the southward, he did not wish to run before it too rapidly into Newport harbor. Another half hour went by. Meanwhile extra lookouts had been posted forward on the *Sea Gull*, as there was risk of overhauling the *Carenaught*, if for any cause she slackened speed, to say nothing of the danger of collision with shipping crossing their course at right angles.

Suddenly, without warning, the shriek of whistles was heard ahead, there was a dull sound as of two heavy bodies crashing together, and then—was it imagination?—the echo of human cries seemed to float back on the surges. Henton's blood chilled instantly. He knew—or he feared he knew—what had occurred. His hold on the wheel tightened and he rang for full speed ahead. It seemed hours—it was really only minutes—before the *Sea Gull* reached the spot—out there on the dark, rolling waters—where something had happened. The explanation was afforded by the dark hull of a coasting steamer, a freighter running from a Southern port to Boston. A part of its bow was carried away, and some of its spars were missing. Men were running about the decks and peering over its sides. Two or three dark figures appeared to be clambering up over the bowsprit. Around on the sea certain white objects—broken pieces of wreckage—were bobbing up and down. It needed no lead to the captain of the freighter to reveal to John Henton the awful truth—the *Carenaught*, with all its company of gay, godless souls had been in collision with the freighter and had sunk instantly, carrying crew and guests to a sudden and dreadful death.

Henton's face turned white as ashes. Instantly, however he backed his engines, and with the freighter stood on and off over the black rolling billows for hours. But beyond those white planks and casks that rolled about in mockery of the untimely fate of the reckless pleasure-seekers no vestiges of the once proud and staunch *Carenaught* remained visible.

According to the story told later in court by the officers of the freighter and the three surviving members of the crew of the *Carenaught*, it appeared, that Oakes, crazed with drink, had seized the wheel of the yacht, driving the sailing-master off, and not seeing the freight steamer looming through the mist, had driven the *Carenaught* directly across its bows.

There could be but one judgment by the court—the captain of the freighter was exonerated from all blame, while upon Oakes, if he had been alive, would have been visited the penalty for manslaughter.

But George Oakes had gone, to answer for the mad misdeeds of a short and sinful life, to one who makes no mistakes in all his appraisements of human conduct, who will by no means clear the guilty, and who—the revealed Word declares—is a "consuming fire."

(To be Continued.)

The sure result of opposition to missionary work, whether at home or abroad, is spiritual degeneracy.

In Memory of Lulu.

How fair and lovely looks the world,
Today all robed in white,
While merry children play about,
With face and eyes so bright;
And naught but beauty meets the eye,
While gazing here and there,
And causes one to raise his heart
To God in thankful prayer.

And yet within our little town
Today one home's in gloom,
As a loved one, a maiden fair
Has left it for the tomb
A mother mourns for the dear one,
A father's heart seems broken,
And all around loved friends shed tears,
When Lulu's name is spoken.

And yet this thought of joy have they,
E'en though they're sad and lone,
Although the body moulders here,
Her spirit's safe at home.
At home with Jesus safe in heaven,
Where all is peace and love,
Where at the last, if God they trust,
They'll dwell with her above.

She bid each one a fond farewell
Before her spirit fled,
And left a gift to each loved one
Of those around her bed.
Then with a willingness to go
The soul its clay did leave,
Into the Father's glory went
To never more be grieved.

So look to God sad-hearted ones,
Your cross with patience bear,
As God has promised those His aid
Who on Him cast all care;
And may your path to heaven be
With God's love filled complete,
Until you reach the pearly gates
And there with Lulu meet.

Written by a Friend.

The Church Versus The Saloon.

To be a child of God is to be an enemy of the saloon.

The stain of bar-room blood dishonors Christian government.

Any alliance with the liquor traffic will be an unholy alliance.

The Church should see that civil law be brought in harmony with Divine law.

To evangelize the ballot box is the high commission given Christian citizenship.

"No more license, but suppression," is the battle-cry voiced by every Christian tongue, and heard in every Christian home.

The Church is the divinely commissioned leader in all moral and social reform.

Shall saloonists dominate our churches, our schools, our culture, our enterprise, our capital, and subordinate the rights and interests of a patriotic and righteous majority to the lustful gainings of a selfish minority?

When the pulpit seeks to make men good, and leaves it to the law to make them bad, the work of the church is undone.

REV. DR. RANKIN writes: "Whiskey must go; and if every preacher in the State will do his duty, the time of its going is not far off."

The Canadian pulpit is commissioned to go up and conquer for God the temple of Canadian manhood.

If God has instituted civil government for moral ends, the Church should see that it is not used for immoral purposes.

Rum not only pulls the Church from men, but pulls men from the Church.

If a man's name has the right to be on the church license petition, it has no right to be on the church list.

A licence ballot has no place in the hands of a Christian man.

The temperance reform stands to day "upon the heights of answered prayer."

"Forward!" is the word that comes ringing along the lines from the Divine side of the conflict.

Every vote for the saloon is a vote against the Church. Therefore, vote for prohibition.

The Symbolism of Baptism.

Rev. J. S. Gatton.

It is a capital idea, in protracted meeting work, after one gets the ear of the people, to present briefly, as opportunity affords along through the meeting, the symbolic meaning of baptism. For instance, there is an important sense in which baptism symbolizes, or declares, the remission of sins through faith in the blood of Christ Jesus. 1 John, 1:7. Take as an illustration the case of Saul of Tarsus; when he was convicted of sin on his way to Damascus, Ananias was sent to preach, the Lord Jesus unto him, that he might receive sight and be filled with the Holy Ghost. Immediately after he was instructed concerning the Christ, scales, as it were, fell from his eyes and he received sight forthwith. Now notice, after he was filled with the Holy Ghost and he had received sight, Ananias commanded him to arise and be baptized and wash away his sins—not literally surely, but figuratively—baptism was the symbolical representation of the washing away of sins. Just as in the case of the leper, who came beseeching Christ to cleanse him, saying "If thou wilt thou canst make me clean. And Jesus moved with compassion, put forth his hand and touched him, and said unto him, I will, be thou clean. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him and he was cleansed." And Jesus, "Said unto him go thy way, show thyself to the priest, and offer for thy cleansing those things which Moses commanded for a testimony unto them." Notice, the Savior first cleansed the leper, made him clean, then required him to be ceremonially cleansed as a testimony to all the people that he was really cleansed. So baptism is a public testimony or symbolical declaration of the washing away of sins.

Again, the Scriptures teach that Christ died for our sins, that he was buried and that he rose from the grave on the third day. 1 Cor. 15:3, 4. Now this burial and resurrection are symbolically declared by baptism. When a child of God is buried by baptism that act points back, almost 1900 years to the burial of Christ in Joseph's new sepulchre and when the believer is raised from the watery grave, that is an index finger pointing back to the resurrection of Christ, who was raised up by the glory of the Father, Rom. 6:4, 5. Just as the Lord's Supper symbolically represents his burial and resurrection; hence the two ordinances symbolize the three great facts of the blessed gospel. Likewise our death to sin and entrance upon a new life is declared to the world in the act of baptism. "We are buried with him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." After death comes the burial—we die to sin and symbolically declare the fact by being buried in baptism; and as Christ arose from the grave preparatory to his intercessory work, so we arise from the watery grave to live a new life—we have new aims, new desires, new motives, new aspirations, etc.

The writer has made it a point, for years, in his protracted meeting work, to present the practical significance of baptism with very gratifying results. It is no uncommon thing for people of other denominations to be thus led into the truth and induced to follow the Savior in his expressive ordinance. In a recent meeting in the southwestern part of the state, there were among the nineteen additions to the church, four intelligent ladies members of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, who came out and were baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist church, thus symbolizing the truths mentioned above. The gospel in symbol is first class preaching for the masses.

Ennence, Ky.

The Right Ring in South Africa.

The Baptist Argus rejoices in the growing solidarity of the Baptists of the world. We are contributing what we can toward that end. There is a Pan-Baptist consciousness which is coming into existence. And by and by, there will be a Pan-Baptist Convention. It is coming. Meanwhile, the Baptists of the world are getting a new sense of responsibility and the heroism of duty is widening. Take this abstract of "ecclesiastical principles" as set forth in "The South

African Baptist;" "According to early Christian usage, each church has its bishop or pastor, who is assisted by the counsel of presbyters or deacons in carrying on divine worship, administering the ordinances, and directing church affairs agreeably to the Holy Scriptures. In the admission of members, and in other important matters, the judgment of the whole body of members is taken. Baptism, by immersion, of believers only upon the confession of their faith, is practiced as at the first. Each church is independent of all others in management, but by a voluntary union, they cooperate for general purposes."

Here is the right ring in doctrines and in work. The organized work is in good shape in this new land. The Hardshell sentiment cannot get a foothold among those Baptists. The last "South African Baptist" was published just before the recent annual meeting of the South African Baptist Union at Johannesburg. The leading editorial is on "Broadening Boundaries." A few extracts will give the spirit of our brethren in South Africa as they face their great work in the new empire of English peoples.

"It may be as well to suggest a wider theme of discussion. We do so under a grave sense of responsibility, and of the importance of the occasion. The truth is that the isolation of our South African church life is simply appalling. We labor far apart, and even an annual reunion, with fellow laborers and kindred spirits, is by no means a certainty for many. There is great peril in this state of things. For, first of all, our people and those whom they call to church offices get into narrow, wooden, and unprogressive methods of work. And even our ministers, missing the buoyant and brightening experiences of their college days, in the sharpening contact of mind with mind, are apt to suffer in their social, intellectual and spiritual calibre. As all our pastors and missionaries at present have received their training from other soil, South Africa itself having furnished us with neither as yet, during over eighty years of Baptist work, let us remember that the angel of the Lord has sent them down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is a desert." And the lack of touch with kindred spirits is sorely felt. Some men can no more be at their best without this than a flower can blossom without moisture. Even the Holy Spirit ministers his grace not apart from fellowship but through it. Well, we are going to meet, upon the rail, in the intervals of the session, at the houses of our hosts until far past the midnight hour; we shall have lively conversation, quick repartee, stories old and new, and all the healthful rejuvenescence of cheerful comradeship. When we have exchanged solicitude for each other's welfare, and spoken of the outstanding features of our own parochial work, there will yet be a vast field for helpful intercourse regarding our relation to the interests of the cities and colonies to which we belong. There is a vast social and national fabric to be constructed around us, and it is a fair question to ask if, Christian men are going to leave it to the exertions of others. This is worth a good deal of our attention, and we hope there will be animated talks about it."

And then these closing words have the spirit of Christ and of progress.

"Then, once more our duty to the colored and native peoples at our doors is not adequately discharged by having less than a dozen missionaries and a few evangelists amongst them. Let us speak together of these things. There must be created an enlightened Christian conscience amongst us upon these and related points. Only let us be quite sure of this, that if we ignobly evade any proper responsibility today, our successors will suffer for it tomorrow. Now is the time to prevent the need for any 'passive resistance' campaigns fifty years hence in South Africa. We have religious liberty, only do not let us receive that as if it meant liberty to do nothing in certain great departments of public usefulness. We have religious equality. What is the use of that if we are rendering unequal service to society, and yielding indolently every possible prestige and precedence to other bodies, who manfully take up the arduous tasks we shun?"

"May we all come back from Johannesburg stronger men, with a more comprehensive grasp of our duty, and a firmer resolve to perform it, for the country and the people amongst whom we live and labor."

Evening amusements should be of such a character as will elevate the mind and help us to Christian living. Did anyone ever make a better Christian of himself by attending a dance or card party? Did you ever feel the presence of the Holy Spirit at one of these gatherings? There are a great many things that we may indulge in which, if we do not go too far, might not hurt us much, but the power of habit and the influence of associates often lead one to excess. I would rather my son would never taste liquor or tobacco in any form, simply because the habit might lead him to use it excessively. I would rather my daughter would never enter the dance hall or sit at the card table for the same reason. We are not all constituted with strong will power. My observation of the dance has been that we are almost compelled to associate with some bad people. How can it be avoided? Think of a pure young girl of sixteen dancing in a set where perhaps the vilest young man in the neighborhood is dancing. A certain call of the change demand that he should swing this sweet sixteen year old, and before she is aware of it she is in the arms of one of the devil's angels and is started down the road to perdition. It is my belief that all such things as the social dance and card party are parlors to the great drawing-room of perdition. Let us remove the temptation and not place it before our children, thinking they will be strong enough to resist it. That is like some men who vote for a saloon and then pray for their boys to keep them from drinking.

And where does card-playing, whether it is euchre, whist, board of trade, etc., lead our precious young men and women to? They all go hand-in-hand, in my estimation, and the card playing, dances and saloon are stepping stones to perdition. A man who was sentenced to be hanged was told by the jailer that his mother desired to see him, to which he replied: "She is the last woman on earth I want to see." The jailer, thinking he had misunderstood, replied: "It is your mother who wants to see you." He assured the jailer he understood and said: "She is the cause of my being here. When I was young she bought me a pack of cards and taught me how to play them, saying, 'There is no harm in it' but it led me to the crime which now costs me my life."

Religious News.

For the past few months, HAMPTON STATION, snow storms, bad roads and N. B. sickness in the Pastor's family have seriously hindered our work on this large and scattered field. But we are not altogether cast down, neither have we been forsaken. The people on all parts of the field have been exceedingly kind. Not long since the fields of Smithtown and the Station met at Dr. Smith's hall and left us richer by \$32.00. The people at Saltsprings and other parts of the field have also kindly remembered us in a practical way. For all these tokens both pastor and wife wish to express their genuine gratitude. HARRY S. ERB.

Perhaps a few words from SALISBURY, N. B. this historic church will be of interest to our readers. As is well known, we have here one of the oldest churches in this province founded over a hundred years ago by Father Crandall, in whose memory the present church was built and dedicated to the Lord two years ago last June. This church was built at a cost of Three Thousand Dollars and, although the Baptist people are neither strong nor wealthy, they have by hard work and great self-sacrifice paid all but \$150. We purpose having a roll call in the spring and try to raise that amount so that, when the next birthday of the church comes around it will be free of debt. On Feb 28th, the new baptistry was used for the first time when Bro. Sharpe was baptized into the likeness of his Savior's death and last Lord's day received the right hand of fellowship. We trust that in the near future, others will take the same step and show to the world, by this outward sign, that an inward change has taken place. Since coming on this field we have received many tokens of kindness from the people. When we first came a handsome carpet was put down in the front room for our use; last all they met at the parsonage and left us richer by many dollars worth of provisions; again,

early in the winter. Mr. Miles Wortman, one of those big hearted fellows, canvassed the field, and as a result we received a Christmas gift of a beautiful raccoon coat. We have received many other expressions of the good will of the people for which we are very thankful and trust the Lord will bless those who have given with one hand while the other hand has been kept in ignorance. We are talking of leaving here in June, and if we do, we trust this field will not be long vacant. Anyone coming here will find as kind if not kinder people than can be found anywhere in the province. H. N. DAVIES.

NASHWAAK VILLAGE. On Tuesday eve the 8th inst., notwithstanding the storm and bad roads, about 35 of the members of the church and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Richards to spend a social evening. After tea had been served the friends were called to order by Mr. Bertrand Goodspeed who read an address to the pastor, referring to the pleasant relationship that existed between pastor and people, and expressing the desire that it would be far in the future before the relationship should be severed. After which he presented the Pastor with a donation of cash and other useful articles amounting to about \$42 (forty-two dollars.) The Pastor responded in a few words, and on behalf of himself and wife, thanked the friends for the gift, also for the sentiments expressed in the address. C. W. SABLES.

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Ministerial Record.

Prof. D. M. Welton, of McMaster University, died Sunday after a lingering illness. He had been professor of Hebrew in McMaster University for 20 years. One son, Mr. H. K. Welton, barrister, Toronto, and two daughters, Mrs. Clifford Sharpe, Winnipeg, and Mrs. W. F. Parker, Wolfeville, N. S., survive. He was born at Kingston, N. S., in 1831.

Dr. Geo. C. Lorimer is still very ill, being much reduced in strength by his weeks of suffering from the intense pain of inflammatory rheumatism. He is, however, now resting a little more easily, and the pain is not so widespread as at first.

Rev. W. B. Crowell of Vergennes, Vt., has accepted the call of the church at Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

Rev. E. Le Roy Dakin, of Annapolis, N. S., has accepted the call of the Immanuel Church, Victoria, B. C.

March 17, 1904.

REV. J. H. HUGHES:
Dear Brother—I enclose one dollar for the HOME MISSION JOURNAL. Through neglect sorry I could not send it before. This pays up till July. With pleasure we enjoy reading it, there is many helpful truths beside the news from the churches. We hope your health is better. May you be spared to a longer time to preach the blessed gospel of Christ and holy doctrines as we have often listened to you. The Lord has visited our home and taken one only daughter, a mother. We want you to put her death in your little paper and oblige,
MRS. HUGH CAMERON,

Baptist Union.

Pursuant to notice of chairman Dr. McLeod the committees of the Free Baptist and Baptist bodies met recently in St. John. After an interchange of fraternal greetings and general review of the basis of union, it was decided to appoint a sub-committee to draft a working basis. This is to be submitted to a full meeting of the joint committee May 17th, at which the final report will in all probability be adopted. A very hearty and general desire was expressed that the union might be consummated harmoniously. May the Lord hasten it in his own good time. W. K. MCINTYRE, Sec'y.

Card-Playing in the Church.

There are members of other churches than those of the denomination addressed by a writer in the "Advance," who might give some consideration to his strong words. He says: If card-playing among professing Christians resulted in nothing worse than the division of sentiment, which always produces hard feelings in the church, it would stand overwhelmingly condemned. But its influence does not end here. It is not only subversive of unity in the church, but it is the uncompromising enemy of all spirituality and high thinking. Many pastors could testify to the habitual absence of some of their flock from the prayer-meetings who never fail to attend every neighborhood whist-party. But the worst indictment against this accursed evil is the brazen defiance of the law of Christian love characteristic of its devotees. Granting that church members see no danger to their own souls in card-playing, that their example may lead a weaker Christian, or even their own children, to plunge to their ruin is a thought that they stoutly and boastfully resent. And here let us lay the blame for this wide-spread evil where it belongs, not upon the young people exclusively, although they are partly responsible, but upon their elders. Nothing is more distressing to a devoted pastor than to receive into church membership a goodly number of bright, consecrated young people, only to have them initiated, possibly the very next winter, into the infernal mysteries of whist or pedro by their card-playing parents or elder friends, many of whom have been church members for thirty or more years. These are the old, hardened sinners that corrupt the youth of each succeeding generation. Gambling for a prize in a communicant's parlor is not different in principle from gambling for the drinks in a rum-seller's saloon; and the dens of infamy in our great cities will never lack for recruits so long as Christian (?) parents, and even some ministers and Sunday School teachers, help their young people down the hellward way by encouraging and apologizing for the card-playing habit.

The Home Versus The Saloon.

PROTECT the home from the saloon, or the saloon will destroy the Home.

The ballots of freemen must defend the homes of freemen.

I consider the temperance cause the foundation of all social and political reform—CORDERN.

Use your ballot as a weapon to defend your home, just as the liquor men use their ballots to defend the saloon.

Had the bullet in battle shot your noble boy you would have honored his name and decked his grave; but let the liquor traffic ruin him and sink his manhood, and earth has no compensation for the shame that would shadow his name.

The liquor traffic must be suppressed, or it will suppress the home.

To cast a saloon vote is to say to your son that he may legally become a drunkard.

Your ballot is the constitutional defence of wife, and children, and home. Dare you use to offend them, and defend the saloon?

The saloon is in politics. Why not put home there? It has a better right to be there.

The liquor traffic is in the crisis of a death-struggle for supremacy over the Canadian home.

God is silently but surely sifting the Canadian people into two classes—home-defenders and saloon-defenders; these two forces now confront each other. The victory will be won when every

free man votes for the home as against the saloon. Every wretched home is made out of a possible happy one; therefore vote for prohibition of liquor traffic.

Married.

HANSON FLEMING.—At the home of the bride, Fort Elgin, N. B., Mar. 15, by Rev. Frank P. Dresser, Henry E. Hanson of Millville, York Co., to Irene Elizabeth Fleming.

MACDONALD UPTON.—At the residence of Wm. Upton, Feb. 25th, by pastor M. P. King, Robert Mac Donald to Miss Hattie May Upton, all of Minto, Queens Co.

LOCHART-JENKINS.—At Perth Centre, Feb. 20th, by E. W. Dennings, Millidge W. Lochart, and Ida M. Jenkins, both of Burnt Land Brook, Vic. Co., N. B.

WEST-EMBELTON.—At Andover, March 9th, Geo. W. West, and Catherine Embelton, both of Limestone, Me.

MCGAGHEY SHAW.—At Petitediac, March 3, by Abram Perry, Burfield McGaghey, of Cumberland Bay, Q. Co., to Esther Shaw, of Petitediac.

PLUMIE OAGLIVE.—At Petitediac, Feb. 2, by Rev. Abram Perry, Amos C. Plume to Rena A. Oaglive.

HOOPER-TOWERS.—At the Baptist parsonage, St. George, N. B., March 13th, by Rev. M. E. Fletcher, Peter E. Hooper and Lulu Towers, both of Back Bay.

FORSYTH-MACDONALD.—At the home of C. D. Dykeman, Esq., Jemson, on the 9th March, by Rev. A. B. Macdonald, William F. Forsyth and Jessie E. Macdonald, all of Cambridge, Q. C.

COLE GRIGG.—At the parsonage, Cambridge, N. B., March 12, 1904, by pastor F. W. Atkinson, Elden Cole and May Grigg both of Coles Island.

STEEVES-STEEVES.—Married at Petitediac March 14, by Rev. E. C. Corey, Mr. Willis J. steeves, all of Violette J., eldest daughter of Ralph Steeves, all of Elgin, A. C.

Died.

A misprint was made in the death notice of our last issue. Instead of reading Deacon Charles Sully of Salt-springs, read Deacon Charles S. Allaby, etc.

FOSTER.—Alice Maud Foster, wife of William Foster of Hampton, died at her home on Feb. 26th, 1904, aged 26 years. She leaves a husband, three children, and many friends to mourn her early death.

ELLIOTT.—At Sison Ridge, Victoria Co. N. B., John Elliott son of William and Charlotte Elliott, after a lingering illness of many months, peacefully passed away. He was a native of Parrsboro, N. S., the family coming here in 1900, he was in the forty-third year of his age. Besides a father and mother he leaves six brothers and three sisters to mourn his loss. The funeral service was held at his home after which the remains were interred at the Baptist Cemetery at Lanton's Corner.

"In my infancy I was (so I believe) sprinkled in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The subject of my baptism never gave me any uneasiness or trouble. When I entered the ministry, I sprinkled many, and a few desired immersion. I gladly gave each their choice; fully persuaded in their own minds, a number were thus baptized by me, always in lake, river or ocean; never in a pool or font. The time came without solicitation or influence on the part of any, when the Holy Spirit seemed to whisper, immersion. A favorable opportunity offered. To hear His voice was to meet with unquestioning and immediate obedience, conferring not with flesh and blood. Jesus, before He became a mouth-piece of the Father, went under the water and I was to follow Jesus. I mentioned the matter to Mary Eliza; she acquiesced. I spoke to dear Bro Simpson; he seemed pleased. I went down under the water by the hands of my beloved brethren—Drs. Simpson and Mallory, and came up in the light, joy and liberty of the Holy Ghost, to be led by Him as was Jesus, as he came out of the Jordan. The Holy Dove of Peace has since rested upon my soul; my life has taken on a new complexion, my only desire, which has become the very joy of my being, is to please God and walk in the Holy Ghost. A baptism, of water and of fire is mine today, henceforth and for evermore. Hallelujah! Amen."—Rev. Stephen Merritt, New York.