

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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WHOLE No. 106

"The Coming Revival."

J. A. Maxwell.

THAT a revival of unusual intensity and extensively is coming, seems to indicate. Conferences, being held on the subject, the large place given on convention programs to the subject of Evangelism, circles of prayer being formed, the co-operation of pastors and workers in meetings, all point to a longing to see the salvation of God. It is coming, but not through new methods nor yet through a change of tactics with sinners, but by a change of spirit. We may talk about personal work and all that but there is something more fundamental than method to which there must be a turning and returning before we find ourselves in the midst of this great awakening. With some it means only a turning to truths neglected, that is if all shall share in the coming revival.

The first truth is the incalculable value of a soul. We cannot mark it down. Until we realize the divine appraisalment of a man there cannot be much enthusiasm in saving him. Where there is mental assent to the worth of a soul, but not a burdening, burning sense of it, there can be no great interest in its salvation. When we have God's mind toward men, so valuable that their redemption was worth the gift of His Son, then we have one truth needed to bring in the great awakening.

A second truth is the fact of sin, degrading and damning this being whom God has marked so high—the awful, blasting, blighting, destroying power of sin. Whatever minimizes sin, whatever makes it a mere incident stands in the way of this hoped for salvation. If we cannot preach to men of the world that they are under condemnation, that they are under the dominion of a power that will ruin their souls unless they accept the salvation of God, then our record will only prove our impotency in bringing in, as far as men do this, the expected revival. To this truth, the awful fact of sin and the fact of awful sin, there is special need of turning and returning. Those who are neglecting it, though mentally assenting to it, are helpless to effect real salvation. Those whose newly found doctrines have turned them from it are largely ciphers in the real forces for redemption. For the sake of the longed-for revival to nothing is there greater need of an awakening than to the reality and power of sin. Coupled with the worth of a soul this should place upon our hearts a burden that will command our whole energy and interest. A messenger was sent from above to discover the thing most difficult to understand on earth. He searched every sphere of human life and found many mysteries. He asked many questions. He inquired of the church its mission on earth. He was told that it was to save from sin and hell those in whose midst it lived. "Are these teeming thousands, then, all around you now saved?" he asked. "Only a very few," was the reply.

"Do you believe that these many, many precious souls are perishing in sin?" he asked again. "We profess to," was the answer. "Then I've found the thing most difficult to understand on earth. It is the unconcern, the easy going, listless life of the church in the face of this awful scene of ruin." He returned with this as earth's greatest mystery. Truly, the ways of God are not so hard to understand as the ways of man. Arotel er truth is the fatal doom of the impenitent. We may squirm and twist all we please, but the everlasting punishment of the wicked is as clearly set forth in Scripture as is the fact that God is love. To run away with the latter statement and leave behind what is just as frequently and plainly stated is to do such violence to the Word of God that any one preaching such fragmentary truth should not expect God to honor his preaching with a revival. We must declare the whole counsel of God. Personally, I have yet to see a great revival under this preaching of one-sided truth. To anything that diminishes the guilt and penalty of sin, I, for one, have never seen a great turning. Even from the con-

sciousness of a sinner to this there comes a forbidding voice.

A fourth truth to which increase attention should be given is faith in the power of the Gospel. That men are lost without Christ, that they are under guilt and condemnation outside of Him, that faith in Christ, by an appropriation of His redeeming work, will save them have always been truths of earnest acceptance when faithfully presented. If we have had a paucity of results, that is no reason why we should turn from the old Gospel to something new, but only a reason for greater faithfulness to the simple Gospel of Jesus Christ. A man bought an automobile. It was shipped to him. He put it together, fired it up, but it would not go. It was no use to him, for he could get no good results. He sent word to the firm to come and take the machine back, for it was no good to him. But instead, the seller sent a man to the purchaser to explain to him more fully the secrets and workings of the vehicle. When he found these things out he went spinning down the avenue with great delight. He got results. There was nothing wrong with the machine when he understood its secrets. There is nothing wrong with the old Gospel. If some men do not get results, instead of turning to something new they had better learn the secrets of the Gospel's power. Then results will come. In Paul's day the Gospel was the power of God unto salvation. It has not abated since one jot or tittle. Faith in that same Gospel saves today. It is faith alone. It is not the "water cure" for sinners we need to present, but the "faith cure." It has always been effective, and is today.—*McKeesport, Pa.*

Revival Thoughts.

"SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS."

At this time, when the earnest desire for a Revival is so heavily laid upon the hearts of God's people, it seems right we should inquire very closely what are the causes which are preventing the fulfillment of God's gracious and loving promise, "There shall be showers of blessing."

The promise was made to a purified Israel, but the showers were not limited to them. When the Lord was their accepted God, and they had entered into the "covenant of peace," then God promised that they "and the places round about," should receive showers of blessing. But it was necessary first of all that God's people should put themselves in a position to receive them.

Now what is this position? Surely it is this, that we Christians must most zealously put away from us all sinfulness and all that is not quite pleasing to God. Look at Lev. 26, "If we walk in My statutes, and keep My commandments and do them, then I will give you rain (3, 4) . . . and establish My covenant with you (9) . . . and I will walk among you, and will be your God and ye shall be My people" (12).

And so too, if we look in Mal. 3, we shall see that before God will pour out the very abundant blessing which He there promises, man must put himself into a position to receive it by bringing "the whole tithe into the storehouse"—by paying him what is his due, with regard to our time, our abilities and our possessions. And moreover, we have it distinctly stated in Jeremiah 3, that because of Judah's sin, "Therefore the showers have been withheld."

If, then, we Christians greatly desire a great outpouring of God the Holy Ghost upon ourselves and those "round about," is it not quite clear that we must be very zealous for the strict fulfillment of God's command? Let us thoroughly examine ourselves, and by God's grace re-

move whatever there may be in us which might hinder the showers of blessing.

Then, having put ourselves in a position to receive the fulfillment of this loving promise, let us with all earnestness and in true faith ask for it, for "Thus saith the Lord God: I will yet give this he inquired of." We have received the "former rain"—mercy drops round us are falling but now we want the promised showers "in the time of the latter rain." "Ask ye of the Lord rain in the time of the latter rain; so the Lord shall make bright clouds and give them showers of rain" (Zech. 10: 1).

H. W. H.

RESTING.

"There remaineth a Rest."

I'm resting in the shadow,
The shadow of the cross;
No earthly power can harm me—
I cannot suffer loss;
My Saviour sees me resting,
He bids me trust in him;
He knows my earnest longing—
When earthly joys grow dim.

I'm resting in the sunshine,
Of God's eternal love,
No darkness can alarm me,
For all is light above;
My Saviour sees me watching,
I know I need not fear;
He knows how much I love him,
And he is ever near.

Faith and Life

By Rev. Hugh Black.

According to the nature of a man's faith in God, so is his religion. If the conception of the divine be low and unworthy, the religion which is built on that conception can only be like it. This is to be expected, and indeed history reveals it to be a fact. We can easily see how it should work out so. If a man believes that the world is the sport of chance, there is no room for principle to be solidly built. If he believes that the world is governed by law, his life must conform to some fixed principles, if he is to be true to his faith. Then, everything will depend on what his idea of law is. If it is viewed as blind force, the relentless working out of cause and effect, his whole attitude will be different to that of the man who looks upon the law as the beneficent will of a just and gracious law-giver. Our life is bound to follow the fortunes of our faith.

Just one person may block the progress of the church. Sometimes it is the self-assertive, self-opinionated poor man; and at other times the dictatorial "indispensable" rich man. In both cases they succeed in hindering, temporarily at least, the onward movement of Christ's kingdom.

Whatever of success I have attained is due to my unflinching custom of reading my Bible and of praying every morning before I leave my room. No difficulties nor stress of business keep me from this preparing myself for the day.—*Booker T. Washington.*

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The Coming of Caroline.

BY MARY E. O. BRURIL.

CHAPTER XII.

AN old terement stands overhanging the river just where the tide creeps up, where there is a forest of shipping and the air smells of oil, tar and disagreeable fishy odors. In the day time, the adjoining streets and alleys are full of bustle; singing, swearing stevedores are loading and unloading the cargoes; great vans and wagons roll up and down; Irish apple-women are sbricking in rivalry with Italian fruit vendors. At night there is less noise—that is, of the honest bustle of trade. But there are other sounds—staggering footsteps, shrill bursts of unbecoming laughter, the tumult of angry quarreling, often with the accompaniment of a shriek, a struggle, a thud on the pavement, or oftener, maybe, a dull splash in the water, with only the outward bound waves to record the fact that a crime has been committed.

There is an evil name to the locality—hideous rumors ever lurking round Blackthorne Tenements. Foreign-looking sailors pass in and out of the doorways; bold women leer from the windows; the rattle of dice, the oaths of the gambler, and the clinking of glasses are heard until the coming of the gray dawn.

It was to one of these foul, old tenements that Mag Smith had taken little Caroline, and when the child awoke from the stupor caused by the fumes of the chloroform, her little heart was almost broken because of grief and fear.

She sat there by the window in the fourth story, looking out upon the black, oily waters below—a little figure, innocent and pure, strangely out of place in the dirty, untidy, poorly furnished room. Mag had stripped from her the dainty dimity dress, the sash and jaunty rosettes of pink ribbon, the bronze slippers with their buckled bows, these, together with the daisy-garlanded hat, had all been greedily exchanged for sundry bottles of whiskey, rum and gin. Now Caroline's tender body was clad in an ill-fitting, coarse calico frock; her little feet were bare and her silken curls all a tangle. Even the expression of the child's face seemed changed.

All the rose-tints were gone; all the sparkles from the innocent eyes; all the sweet, laughing curves of the red mouth. Pale, listless drooping like a flower, the little girl sat there, hour after hour, looking out on the moving water and the moving crowd of the street bordering the river.

Once, aroused to sudden desperation, she had leaped recklessly far out over the rotting window-sill and called for help from a couple of sailors rowing down the stream, for their honest, merry laughter and good-natured faces gave her a gleam of hope that they might help her.

The men did not hear the pitiful call—but Mag did, unfortunately, and, rushing in from the adjoining room, she seized the helpless child by the arm, drew her back; then, shaking her soundly, slapped her until there were red streaks on the little, white cheek.

"Do that again if you dare!" hissed the woman. "And if you do, when night comes, I'll pitch you down into the water!"

Thus she threatened, then paused, half-abashed at the lightning of righteous wrath flashing from the child's stern eyes.

Caroline drew herself up like a little queen as she said in low, steady tones:

"It is not I, Mag, who need to be afraid. It is you who are so cruel, so wicked, you need to

fear death! Oh, if the Captain were here, you would not dare to treat me so!"

"Pshaw! I guess the Captain passed in her checks months ago. She hasn't been bothering around here lately with her sanctimonious pavoring, at any rate," was the tough rejoinder. "As for that Mrs. Rosman of yours, we'll see how much her affection is worth. If she cares to plunk down a thousand dollars or so she can have ye; if not, you had better make up your mind to put up with my quarters; you've done it before. And it won't be long now before you can begin to earn your own living and bring in a little money for me. I've had a mind to send you out bagging when we get back to New York!" and Mag grinned maliciously, then added: "But I guess I'd wait till I hear from yer mammy, as we call her. It was a cute thing of Bill to put up the job of stealer's ye."

Bill was Mag's partner in iniquity. A thief and a gambler he was, and one of the evil characters who frequented Blackthorne Tenements. Many a policeman would have been glad to find the man whom Miss Spoker had described as "a sporty man, kinder pickpockety with a purple necktie, but he did wear the red face."

"Mrs. Rosman isn't a rich lady," said Caroline soberly, when Mag had finished her chuckle over Bill's "cuteness." "She was rich once, but she isn't now and she has to work hard. Sometimes she sits up, oh, ever so late at night writing and it makes her tired. A thousand dollars is a lot of money! Can't you make it less, Mag? I—don't really think I'm worth it," and Caroline's lips quivered as she sat there with her small hands crossed on her knee, and looked pleadingly at the woman.

The latter turned abruptly. Hardhearted as she was, there was something in the innocent gaze that she dared not meet. And the red streaks on the cheek were a reproach.

"Oh, I guess you're worth a thousand dollars, Caroline," she said with a forced laugh. "I only wish now that I'd said two thousand. Bill and I made inquiries about Mrs. Rosman before we went into this little game, and it seems she's looked on to some rich acquaintances. She can get a thousand dollars easy enough if she tries—borrow it, I mean."

And so saying, Mag went out for her usual evening dram. She locked the door behind her, for she kept Caroline a prisoner.

The little girl sat there in silence, her heart heavy with grief and longing. Suddenly her face brightened a little as a thought suggested itself.

"Perhaps if mammy does borrow the money, I can help her pay it back," she said to herself. "My patchwork quilt is almost done and Mrs. Dent thought it was so pretty; maybe she'd buy it. And then, too, I can help mammy find names for her stories, and I'll do lots of the housework so that she'll have more time to write. Oh, if I can only get back to her again—back to the nice pretty home"—and the sentence ended in a sob.

The shadows deepened in the miserable room; they seemed to take grotesque shapes unto themselves and to dance, imp like on the wall and in remote corners.

From the saloons far below there floated upward the usual nightly sounds of boisterous mirth, quarreling and cursing. It was all very lonesome and depressing, and though not generally a timid child nor a morbid one, Caroline, on this particular night was filled with terror. She crouched there in the darkness, a little shivering heap. Her vivid imagination pictured many things, possible and impossible. Suppose Mag should drink—drink—drink at the saloon and come home in furious passion and hurt her, Caroline was afraid of Mag now; afraid of the red glances in the big, black eyes; afraid of the fierce strength—of the evil demon in the woman. She had a fear, too, of the black, reckless tenements with their disreputable inmates—the noisy, quarrelsome slatterns and foul-mouthed men—afraid of the ugly, jeering children. She was afraid—yes, actually, afraid of the black shadows lurking in yonder corners of the room.

And so, trembling throughout every fiber of her little body, she sat there as hour after hour passed.

Suddenly, there was a louder noise below—a different noise! There came the tramp of many feet on the stone pavements, mingled with the sound of fife, drum and cornet. With a little cry,

Caroline ran across the room, and, scrambling up to the window, looked down.

There on the street, which led to the bridge crossing the river, was a flickering line of torches waving this way and that; now and then arose a hearty shout of "Praise the Lord!" "Hallelujah!" heard between the blasts of the little band that was doing its best to bring out the stirring strains of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

"Oh, it's the dear good Salvation Army!" Caroline exclaimed joyously, and somehow a intense relief and of security came over her as she beheld the well known uniform—that uniform which does penetrate even where that of the army is not to go. "Oh, if my Captain were only among them!" Caroline sighed. Standing on tip-toe, she peered out. But the flickering light of the torches and the wind-fluttered gas jet of the street lamp on the corner, did not make it easy to recognize any particular wearer of the dark-blue garb.

Onward then, ye faithful,
Join our happy throng
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song!

To be Continued.

Acknowledgment.

Tuesday evening Jan. 13, a large representation of the church met at the varnouse at Upper Jenseg. Tables were set and lo dded with good things. The spirit of happiness prevailed the gathering. After justice had been done to the dainties provided, the pastor and wife were made rich-er in material blessings to the amount of fifty-six dollars, thirty-seven of which were in cash. We wish to make mention for this kindness. We appreciate these gifts for the good-will they reveal. May the Master "that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraided not" enrich his people in His own way, that they may receive a hundred fold.

REV. W. J. GORDON.

Queen's County Quarterly Meeting.

The Queen's Co. Quarterly meeting convened with the Upper Gagetown Baptist church on Jan. 9th inst. 7 p. m. Pastor W. J. Gordon preached from Matt. 25:23, after which a number took part. At 10:30 Saturday morning, Pres. Colwell led devotional service, after which the business of the Quarterly was taken up. The Quarterly Conference met at 2:30. Pastor F. N. Atkinson presiding. In the evening the subject was Home and Foreign Missions. Addresses were heard from Pastors Atkinson, Mutch and Gordon, Dea. Hoben and Pres. Colwell, Sunday at 10 a. m. Devotional service led by Pastor Mutch. Quarterly sermon at 11 by Pastor Atkinson. Text I. Cor. 3:9. At 3 o'clock the Sunday school session met, quite a number of addresses were heard from different workers present. Also reports from the schools represented. At 7 in the evening Pastor W. J. Gordon preached from Psl. 39:15. The collection for Home and Foreign missions amounted to eight dollars and forty cents. After the usual vote of thanks to the church and friends. Also a vote of sympathy to Mrs. Cottle, widow of the late N. B. Cottle, the meeting closed with prayer.

W. J. GORDON.
(Sec. Pro Tem.)

WAITING FOR ANSWERS.

The apostles were told to wait for the gift of the Holy Spirit. It had been promised and prayed for; now they had nothing to do but wait. A Welsh preacher once compared most prayers "to the mischievous tricks of children in a town, who knock at their neighbors' houses, and then run away. We often knock at Mercy's door and then run away, instead of waiting for an entrance and an answer. Thus we act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered."

WHAT ARE WE SENDING UP.

A rich lady dreamed that she went to Heaven and there saw a man ion being built. "Who is that for?" she asked of the guide.

"For your gardener."

"But he lives in the finest cottage on the earth with barely room enough for his family. He might live better if he did not give away so much to the miserable poor folks."

Further on she saw a tiny cottage being built.

"And who is that for?" she asked.

"That is for you."

"But I have lived in a mansion on earth. I would not know how to live in a cottage."

The words she heard in reply were full of meaning. "The Master Builder is doing His best with the material that is being sent up."

Then she awoke, resolving to lay up treasure in Heaven.

What are we sending up? What kind of material are we building into our everyday life? Is it being sent up?

Every deed forms a part of this building of ours.

That is done in the name of the Lord.

A Neglected Grace.

By J. A. Peake.

How the hearts of God's true saints are yearning for a sweeping revival of Gospel Christianity; in every church will be found the few who e souls are exercised exceedingly because of abounding sin, and the sighing of the heart might be interpreted thus, "O that God would arouse His church to its appointed work!" But the churches go right on in the old rut, the various new" methods are not always fruitful of good results.

Let us consider and perhaps we may find some old Grace which will prove effective where modern methods have failed.

We might mention prayer as a panacea for present ills. This is surely paramount, without all else would prove futile. Again, study of the Word might be suggested, this too cannot be overestimated as an antidote to the poison of apathy and worldliness which seems to be paralyzing the energies of the church; if the church can be induced to study the Word prayerfully the result will speedily be manifested, in renewed interest, and activity in the winning of souls to Christ.

But the Grace to which I wish to refer more particularly, and which is sadly lacking in the present day church, is the grace of Godly conversation, not altogether in the wider sense in which the word is used in the New Testament, but rather in its narrower sense as used by Malachi when he says, "Then they that heard the Lord spake often one to another." Is it not appalling to think of how this precious grace has died almost completely out, is it not a distressing fact that even in His house Jesus has been displaced as the proper theme for conversation by mundane things, and even after a prayer meeting, and church service, the tenor of the conversation heard in most cases, savors not of the things of Christ? It seems that a revival of this grace in the church would be wonderful productive; when God's people commence to talk naturally one to another about the sweetness of Jesus and the glorious provisions of the Gospel, we may confidently expect to see something accomplished; not a perfunctory relating of a stale experience or the recitation of a Scripture text, but a meeting together to converse of heavenly themes. Would it not be well to substitute for some of the sociables which occupy the minds and absorb the interest of so many of our church workers, a Gospel sociable or spiritual "Conversazione," asking the Holy Spirit to be the caterer for the occasion, who will supply everything in abundance, themes for conversation, and refreshments suitable to the needs of each. What an enjoyable place it would be for those who were Christ's, what luminous flashes of heavenly thought could result from the rubbing of mind against mind,

what inspiration and quickening be produced by this inflow and outflow of so d's experience.

Those participating in such a "Feast of reason and flow of soul" would speedily begin to realize the preciousness of the possession in the salvation of Jesus Christ, and as they conversed His love would permeate their beings and ere long the talking would become acting, making the long wished for revival a glorious reality.

This is intensely practical, and furthermore it is needful, for after all is not much of the apathy and coldness experienced today due largely to the quenching of the Spirit by continual repression of the promptings of the heart to speak out naturally of the blessedness of the Christian life and the wonderful truths of God's revelation, and sometimes when the attempt is made there is such a strained unnaturalness about it that it falls upon the hearer, while on the other hand, spontaneity of utterance concerning these sublimest themes, captivates and thrills.

In the church where this Grace is prayerfully cultivated there will be no further need of special revival seasons.—*Old Bridge, N. J.*

THE RESTRAINT OF A MOTHER'S PLEDGE.

While a member of Congress, Abraham Lincoln was once criticised by a friend for his seeming rudeness in declining to test the rare wines provided by their host. The friend said to him: "There is certainly no danger of a man of your years and habits becoming addicted to the use of wine." "I meant no disrespect, John," answered Lincoln, "but I promised my precious mother, only a few days before she died, that I would never use anything intoxicating as a beverage, and I consider that promise as binding today as it was the day I gave it." "But," the friend continued, "there is a great difference between a child surrounded by a rough class of drinkers and a man in a home of refinement." "A promise is a promise forever," answered Lincoln, "and when made to a mother it is doubly binding." Blessed indeed is that mother who can follow her child, even after she has gone from the world, with a helpful restraint like that!

FROM REV. A. H. HAYWARD.

After spending three Sabbaths very pleasantly and we trust to some profit with Bro. Howard in the gracious revival at Macnacquac we came to Springfield, York county, and began work for the Master. God was pleased to manifest His saving power. Five candidates were baptized and two others restored and brought back to the Master's fold. This will greatly strengthen the little church at that place. On New Year's Eve, Bro. Clowes Reed on behalf of the friends in Springfield presented us with an address of great kindness accompanied by a present of a pair of beautiful electric seal gloves. May the Lord bless the donors and keep their hearts as warm as those gloves keep my hands. From Springfield we came to Kingsclear and Prince William and on the invitation of the pastor on the 4th inst., we began our work with Bro. Sables and have continued all this week. So far 12 young men and women have come forward and signified their desire and purpose to live a new life. The prospect seems good for an ingathering, may the Lord graciously grant it, we expect to stay here next week. A word about a superintendent of Home Missions. I have long felt this is a very desirable thing and especially as I have travelled around our mission fields to some extent for the last 8 months. The Gen. Missionary must of necessity confine his efforts to a very limited area in order to accomplish very much. Leaving all the rest of fields untouched by him, whereas the

superintendent could visit all the fields and have the supervision of all the work and come in contact with the pastors and Gen. missionary in their work. I sincerely hope such a step may be taken as I believe under God it will prove a blessing to our weak and struggling churches.

A. H. HAYWARD.

Religious News.

At the close of the service
MONCTON, N. B. Sunday morning Jan. 4th,
Pastor D Hutchinson baptized four young converts. Others are coming forward.

The good work is still moving along. At our regular prayer meeting service on Thursday evening, three promising young women were received for membership and will follow their Lord next Sabbath. The addition of more than thirty young people strengthens our social services amazingly. The people of this place are very kind and considerate. A donation on the 31st of Dec. left me better off by \$70 in cash and a number of very useful articles. The good people from the Keswick were in evidence on that occasion. As I write our dear brother, the Rev. P. R. Knight is rapidly sinking. He bears his suffering with great fortitude.

GEO. HOWARD.

It is quite a while since there has been any word from the church in St. Mary's. Here we have a community of thirty-six or forty families, part of which are Baptists—much the larger part—who have been pastorless for a long time. Many words were spoken about coming men who were to take the pastorates but no one appeared, much to the wonderment of the people. Amid the work I have been engaged in I found time to spend a few Sabbaths with the brethren there. They appreciate the word of the Lord and endeavor to do all they can to forward his work among them. As a result of their efforts one awaits baptism; others are about the door of the kingdom of heaven. May the power of the Lord be felt in the conversion of these. The people were not slow to give of their good things to the laborer as they remembered us in cash and useful necessities to the amount of thirty dollars as donation. May the Lord abundantly bless these kind friends, some of whom met in the house of Bro. Wm. West and presented us with an address of appreciation and part of the donation; on a previous occasion the first part was left at the house of Bro. E. Hicks.

C. S. STEARNS.

We closed the year pleasantly. ST. MARTIN'S, N. B. ly, and we trust profitably here. On Tuesday evening, Dec. 30th our mission band had a supper, entertainment and treat. This band has lately been re-organized, and is doing good work under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Ernest Vaughan. On the following night we had a church and congregational social. Deacon A. W. Fownes occupied the chair. A good programme was rendered in keeping with the season Deacon J. S. Titus read a brief, but interesting history of the church. Brother M. Kelly gave an eloquent address dealing with the special blessings vouchsafed to the nation and world during the year. Pastor Town, send spoke of the Great Dead of 1902, making reference to famous preachers who had recently passed away. Mrs. Ernest Vaughan gave an

amusing recitation and Mrs. A. W. Fowkes read a very pathetic story. Musical selections were given by members of the choir, Miss Margaret Smith presiding at the organ. At the close of the programme the chairman called for Mr. E. A. Titus, who suddenly made his appearance carrying upon his arm a very handsome fur coat which he proceeded to present to the pastor in a short, but most appreciative speech. Though taken by surprise the pastor responded in a ready and humorous fashion expressing his great gratitude for such a generous mark of appreciation. After refreshments had been served the meeting was again called to order by the pastor who spoke a few words from the text: "Watchman, what of the night?" (Isa. 21:11, 12). As midnight drew near, all heads were bowed in silent prayer, the silence being first broken by the sonorous tones of the bell as it rang its welcome to 1905.

We are being blessed at **HAVELOCK, N. B.** Head of Ridge, one of the stations on this field. Special services have been held for the last 3 weeks, and as one result six have been received for baptism; others are seeking and will probably see the way clearly ere long.

J. W. BROWN.

Other year of pastoral work with this church. The past year has been one of continuous service and in many ways full of the blessing of God. No large revival has come, but several have united with the church. The church property has been improved in two sections of the field, at an expense of \$400 and we have paid \$700 on an old debt at another place. In denominational work we have not been behind. During the year we have received many kindnesses from the people of each section, and at the close of the year Goshen gave us donation of \$26 and Elgin another of \$40.50, for which we gratefully thank the donors. We trust the coming year holds for us a richer spiritual blessing. To this end we ask the prayers of all our fellow-workers.

H. H. SAUNDERS.

The Union Street church has just closed a year of alternating sunshine and shadow.

SAINTE STEPHEN, the coming of new workers and the passing of older ones. Eight members, two sisters and six brethren, passed to the higher service during the year. While the church is thus being bereft, the work in the different departments moves on, younger ones coming in to carry it forward. The annual roll-call was held on Sunday evening, Dec. 28th, when 166 responded in person or by letter. It was an occasion of deep tenderness and marked spirituality. The service concluded with the observance of the Lord's Supper in which 131 participated. The annual meeting of the church, held on Friday evening, Jan. 2nd, was attended by about two hundred members and friends. Thirteen carefully written reports were rendered, covering every department of the work. The clerk's report showed that at the beginning of 1902 the membership was two hundred and fifty-three. The Sunday School report showed an enrollment of two hundred and eighty, exclusive of Home Department and Cradle Roll with an average attendance of one hundred and seventy-eight. A recapitulation of the reports revealed that the church had raised for all purposes, a sum exceeding \$2900. Each department seems to be in a vigorous and healthy condition, and the newly elected officers enter upon the work of the New Year with zeal and purpose.

The church is fortunate in having in its membership a goodly number of consecrated workers, who stand ready to give the pastor a cordial and hearty support in his efforts to do the important work demanded. In fact the relations of the pastor and people are increasingly close and effective. The usual union services were held during the Week of Prayer. While the attendance was not large the spirit of fellowship was sincere and cordial. Rich spiritual blessings seem near at hand. God grant them to all our churches during 1905.

W. C. GORTCHER.

Married.

TAYLOR-PRIOR.—At St. Paul's church, Havelock, on Jan. 7th, by the Rev. W. B. Armstrong, M. A., rector, William Bart Taylor, to Mary Janet Prior, daughter of John C. Prior, all of Havelock, N. B.

YORK TILLEY.—At Waterville, C. Co., Dec. 28, by Rev. A. W. O'Brien, Percy J. York and Anna Tilley, both of Waterville.

SQUIRES-GEE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Upper Wicklow, Car. Co., on Jan. 1, 1905, by Rev. L. A. Fenwick, Upton Squires and Miss L. Alfreeda Gee, both of Wicklow, Car. Co.

CHENEY-ROBINSON.—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Coldstream, Car. Co., N. B., on Dec. 31, by Rev. Geo. W. Foster, Mr. Geo. H. Cheney, of Lindsay, Car. Co., to Miss Myrtle A. Robinson, of Windsor, Car. Co.

McKENZIE-WATSON.—At the residence of Charlie Pitt, Greenwood, Kings Co., Jan. 7, by Rev. S. J. Perry, Robert J. McKenzie, of Greenwood and Anne K. Watson, of St. John.

PATRICK-DURN-IAN.—At the residence of the bride's father, Wm. Parnham, Lib. Settlement, Kings Co., on New Year's eve, by Rev. H. H. Ferguson, Roy Patrick, of St. John, N. B. and Miss Lydvine A. Durman, of Lib. Settlement.

SIMPSON-RANKINE.—At Lower Millstream, Kings Co., N. B., on New Year's eve, by Rev. H. H. Ferguson, Almed Simpson and Miss Matilda Rankine, both of Johnson, Kings Co., N. B.

FOSTER-SLOAT.—At the home of the bride's brother, Hedley Sloat, Dec. 24, by Rev. L. S. Parker, B. A., Burdell S. Foster, of Montserrat, Me., and Miss Bessie A. Sloat, of Tracy Mills, N. B.

SPENCER-FULTON.—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Tracy Mills, Dec. 25, by Rev. E. S. Parker, B. A., Geo. A. Spencer, of South Gardner, Me., and Miss Hazel P. Fulton, of Bridgewater, Me.

WANAMAKER-BARTON.—At the Range, Queens county, on 6th inst., by Rev. W. E. McIntyre, Harry W. Wanamaker of Newryevanok and Amy E. Barton of Waterborough, N. B.

READ-KING.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Upper Rockport, on Dec. 20th by Rev. B. H. Thence, Wm. Beauford Read and Ethel Gurtude King, both of Upper Rockport, N. B.

ARCHIBALD-GELBERG.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Jan. 8th, by the Rev. F. D. Davidson, David Archibald and Essie, fourth daughter of John Gidborne, all of Albert, Albert county, N. B.

POFFER-ROBINSON.—At the residence of the bride's father, on Jan. 7th, by the Rev. W. J. Gordon, Harvey W. Poffer of Salmon creek to Zilla Pearl Robinson of Newcastle Creek, Queens county, N. B.

CULBERSON-BELL.—At the parsonage's parent's, Jacksonville, Carleton county, N. B., on Jan. 7th, by Rev. Jos. A. Cahill, William Culbersen to Vida L. Bell.

SMITH-PRYOR.—At the parsonage's, Centreville, N. B., Jan. 10, by Rev. B. S. Freeman, Ellery B. Smith of Bridgewater, Me., to Georgia Pryor of Centreville, N. B.

HATHAWAY-KANE.—At the residence of the bride-groom, Bath, Carleton county, by Rev. C. Stirling, on New Year's Eve, Alfonso Hathaway of Bath to Lena Kane of St. James, Charlotte county.

ESTY-BARTON.—At the Range, Queens county, on the 31st of December, by Rev. F. S. Todd, Frederick Esty of Jacksonville, Carleton county, to Mary L. Barton of Waterborough, N. B.

Died.

McBURNIE.—At his home, Coldstream, Carleton county, on the evening of Jan. 11, after a few hours illness, John McBurnie peacefully passed away aged 77 years. He was a member of the Baptist church in this place for many years. A man of large hospitality and kindness of heart and will be much missed especially by those of his household. A sorrow stricken widow, two sons and two daughters, with many relatives and acquaintances mourn his departure.

HOPKINS.—At Montreal General Hospital, Dec. 29th of typhoid fever, Dr. Charles W. Hopkins aged 25 years, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hopkins Amestock Junction. Mr. Hopkins graduated from McGill last June; standing second in his class; accepted the superintendency of Montreal Maternity Hospital. He entered on his duties last autumn and was fast making a name for himself when he was suddenly taken away. He was a member of the First Baptist church, Montreal and even in his last moments his faith in Christ was strong and clear. His body was brought to Andover for interment. He leaves parents, a sister, two brothers, and a large number of friends to mourn their loss.

MENRO.—Hazen Menro, son of Ezra and Mary Madro of Penfield, died Jan. 5th, aged 2 years. Our young brother never made a public confession of the religion of Christ, but he died trusting in his Saviour who died for him on the cross. "We believe his end was peace. His funeral was conducted by his pastor, and so we laid the body of the quiet and harmless young man in its final resting place till Jesus comes. Our prayer is that the aged parents, brother and sisters may obtain eternal life through faith in God's Son. "He that hath the Son hath life."

HAKIN.—Cal. B. Hakin of Penfield departed this life Jan. 8th, after a long and distressing illness, aged 79 years. Our brother professed the religion of Christ many years ago and united with the Penfield Baptist church of which he continued a member till death. He was one of the industrious men, and had accumulated a good deal of this world's goods. He was permitted to live to a ripe old age and to retain a fresh appearance to the last. He suffered a good deal especially towards the end of his life, but now at rest and free from all pain for God has taken him. His funeral was attended by his pastor, witnessed by an immense concourse of people on Sabbath afternoon of the 11th inst. He was buried beside her who was his earthly companion 30 years ago. They rest for their labors. He leaves two sons and two daughters to mourn their loss. May God bless them with eternal life through faith in Christ.

COTTLE.—At his residence, Exmouth street, St. John, on New Year's Day, Deacon N. B. Cottle passed on to his reward. Our brother C. was born in Canning Queens county, N. B., and at the time of his death was upwards of 68 years. In early life he united with the church in Canning. Later he removed to Jemseg and for 27 years in business won the respect of the community and in the church the love of the brethren. Removing to St. John nearly twenty years ago he transferred his membership to the Brussels St. church and became one of the most faithful and active members. For many years he served the church as a deacon, discharging his duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to his brethren. Brother C. was an earnest student of the Word of God. He was familiar with the great truths that pertain to man's salvation through the redemption of Jesus. He rested with unwavering confidence on the promises of the Book, with the result that death's approach was not feared and peacefully as one falling asleep he met this "land of foes." His body was removed to Jemseg for interment and on Sunday afternoon, the 5th inst., Rev. A. B. McDonald a life-long friend preached to a very large and attentive audience a funeral sermon. The text was Prov. 23:27, a passage Bro. Cottle had long ago selected. In his departure the Brussels St. church lost a valued and respected officer and member—the widow and children a faithful husband and loving father—the community a good man whose every day life was that of a Christian.

McGREGOR.—At Somerville, Mass., on 8th inst. Rachel, beloved wife of Deacon D. S. McGregor, of 2nd Chipman church, aged 64 years. Besides her husband three sons and a daughter remain in mourning. Deceased suffered much through a life-long nervous affliction, but was ever sustained by a hope in Christ. His remains were brought to Chipman for interment.