

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

VOLUME V. No. 24

ST. JOHN, N. B., DECEMBER 24, 1903.

WHOLE No. 128

It might be convenient for some of our subscribers to hand payment for "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL" to Rev. W. E. McFutire, as he visits the churches on home mission work from place to place, and any who wish to subscribe for the paper might hand their names to him. He will hand us all orders and payments. Now will not some of our subscribers try and get another name with their own for next year.

The Closing Year.

Another calendar year will soon close. But many memories of it will linger with us for days to come. Some of its occurrences will to some hearts and homes bring thoughts of gladness because of favorable providences and rich mercies, while to others there will be thoughts of sadness over bereavements and losses. Oh! how many dear ones it has hurled away from many of us during its three hundred and sixty five days of flight through time. For while it has created joy in some homes by the addition of new lives, it has left scars of sorrow and mourning in other hearts and homes by leaving empty cradles, empty chairs, lost embraces and smiling faces. Some of us it has left richer, and others poorer. Some much weaker, and perhaps not much wiser. But in taking a retrospect of its passing days we discover much to be thankful for, much to humble us, much to encourage us, and much to be done for many a praiseworthy cause. The world is yet dark, and sorrow and misery are prevalent because of sin. But we can thank our Heavenly Father, that while sin abounds, His rich and Sovereign grace does much more abound, and from this rich source we may obtain aid to battle evil within, and around us. May the incoming year record greater activity, and greater triumphs in the cause of righteousness and truth on the part of the followers of the Lamb than the one that is now expiring. We intend if spared, to continue our work with the little paper, "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL," through next year, and hope to have the patronage and help of all brethren and sisters to keep it alive, and to make it interesting and useful to our people. It is going into hundreds of families that do not feel able to take a larger or higher priced paper, and in this way it is filling a lack that is not other wise provided for. It is a pleasure, and cause of thankfulness to us that many of our friends who take the larger and higher priced papers are taking this one also, and are in this way helping us to keep it going where others do not go, and there are some who are having it sent to poor families that are not able to pay for it, and there are many such families among us. This act of kindness is as it ought to be, and now is the proper time for any of our well to do and benevolent brethren or sisters to make a poor family, or friend a new year's present of the HOME MISSION JOURNAL. It will be of new value to them twice in every month, while many presents more costly are soon used up and the recipients none the better off for them. The manager of this paper will not be able to call on subscribers for payments or renewals this winter, being laid up with asthma again. We therefore hope that each one who has been taking the paper will renew for 1904, and that any in arrears will make prompt payments, as it will take about twenty-five dollars to make the year end satisfactory.

Thankful for all the good words and payments that have come for the paper, we wish all our friends a cheerful Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

Unsettling a Pastor.

Some pastors are born unsettled. They have a chronic desire for change, and one might almost wonder if they will find heaven satisfactory unless they can change mansions frequently. Such pastors are no sooner settled in a field than they begin to look about them for another. The main work to which they devote themselves is the search for pastures new. Fortunately these incorrigible peripatetics are in an insignificant minority, and do not need to be seriously considered in this discussion.

If it be true that the majority of pastors are not temperamentally dissatisfied and restless, why is it that changes are so constant, and that such large numbers are engaged in a hunt for other fields of labor? That this is the case seems beyond question. The pastorate of ten years forms a notable exception to the general rule. In the city of Chicago but two Baptist pastors of English speaking churches look back over a continuous term of service covering a decade of years. We do not recall the precise length of the average pastorate in our denomination, but according to statisticians, it is something less than three years. It is not certain that the best results would be secured if the average could be made thirty years instead of three; but all will agree that the present state of affairs is far from ideal.

When we seek for an explanation of this unfortunate condition, we find it in no one thing. The causes of ministerial restlessness are legion, and only such as are out-standing can be considered here. Among these, the natural tendency to idealize the unknown holds a prominent place. The pastor at Brownsville attends the meeting of his association held with Ridgeway Church. He admires the beautiful church-house, notes the zeal and efficiency of the sister who serves refreshments, contrasts the large choir with his own, and goes home feeling that if he were pastor at Ridgeway his sky would have no cloud. But he has seen the dress parade and not the everyday campaign. The casual visitor cannot know the inner life of a church. We all put on our best clothes for company, and hide our rags in the closet. If the brother ever becomes pastor at Ridgeway he will find difficulties which do not lie upon the surface, and trials as real as those which he has borne at Brownsville. It may be a good plan to exchange loads occasionally, but let no one deceive himself by supposing that a change of field will furnish escape from trial. One can never see the inside of things distinctly from the outside. The next lot to one's own may seem to afford more luxuriant pasturage than the one where he is grazing, but the chances are when he jumps the fence he shall find as large a percentage of weeds to the acre as in the field he just left.

Difficulties! That is a word which explains a vast deal of ministerial restlessness. They are not, in the main, fanciful, but all too real. They are not, necessarily, quarrels between individuals or factions, although these are by no means uncommon. The form varies; the fact is universal: one church it might be the parsimony of the well to do. In another it is the unsavory reputation of a leading member. A third is struggling with the problem of maintaining itself in a community in which the character of the population is rapidly changing for the worse. Some churches have a rare and most disheartening combination of all these with other difficulties thrown in for good measure. No man who is afraid of hard work and lots of it ought to be in the ministry. It is no place for those who seek to go to heaven on "flowery beds of ease." The quest for an easy place will be endless and unsuccessful. It is the business of the pastor to grapple with difficulties and overcome them.

While all this is true, the church has it in its power to minister largely to the content or dis-

content of its pastor. By its attitude and treatment it can tie the pastor with strongest cords, or create in his heart a longing to depart. It may discourage the pastor, without intending to in the least, by being careless when it ought to be careful. This carelessness frequently finds illustration in the conduct of the financial affairs of the church, and especially in the matter of the pastor's salary. Few Baptist ministers receive more than enough for a bare support. Few have any source of income besides their salary. When the salary goes unpaid for a month, two months, six months, what is the pastor to do? He may be able to borrow, but he ought not to be compelled to do this. He may be forced to propitiate his creditors, and then his standing in the community suffers. One thing is sure to happen: the pastor's heart grows heavy, his spirits depressed, his buoyancy and courage ebb, and he wonders if this treatment betokens a desire on the part of the church to "freeze him out." The church that fails to pay its pastor that which is due him, promptly and regularly, is employing one of the surest agencies for unsettling him.

Probably there is nothing in the experience of the Christian pastor more discouraging than the exhibition, on the part of his people, of indifference to the cause of Christ. Lack of a sense of responsibility, that most common and most dangerous of heresies, is at the root of most pastoral changes. A faithful few will be found in every church; men and women who support the prayer-meeting, are seen at the evening as well as the morning service, and can be depended upon at all times and in all places. But great numbers of church members seem to feel that having joined the church they have done their duty. They ride but never pull at the load. They expect to be saved, but seem to care not a bit if the rest of the world is lost. They expect to be fed but have no part in feeding others. Duty is a word unknown to their vocabulary and without illustration in their lives. It is this class that takes the heart out of the pastor, and leads him to wonder if he cannot find a church where a larger proportion of the members realize that discipleship means service.

"The Baptists of Los Angeles, Cal., are considering an aggressive forward movement for the proposed building of a magnificent tabernacle in the heart of the city. It is to be modeled something after the great tabernacle in Salt Lake City, with a seating capacity of 5,000 persons and an estimated cost of \$750,000, which includes also office buildings with 300 offices fronting on two streets, with the tabernacle between. This movement is fostered by the Temple church, of which Robert J. Burdette is now pastor, and has his earnest endorsement. Should it find consummation, as there is reason to believe it will, the Baptists of the Pacific coast will have outdone anything which the Baptists of the Middle West have yet thought of attempting."—*The Standard*.

The Infidel Master and the Faithful Servant: Obeying God

There was an infidel employer of labor who late one Saturday evening ordered all his men to come early next morning to unload a ship. "I cannot work on the Lord's day," said one young man. "You know our rules," said the infidel master. "Yes," replied the Christian youth, "and I have my old mother to support, but I cannot work on the Lord's day." "Well, step up to the desk, and the cashier will settle with you." Three weeks passed and the young man tramped early and late in search of work, but found none. A Banker one day happened to mention to this employer that he was looking for a cashier. He immediately named the young man whom he had discharged, adding, "A man who could lose his place for his conscience sake will make a trustworthy cashier." "The king's heart is in the Lord's hand, and he turneth it whithersoever He will." If you obey God first, He will look after you first, and send His help very likely by the hand of the man you disobeyed.

The Home Mission Journal

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CHAPTER XVII.

But where was Aunt Diantha? Elsie and Rosie had prevailed upon her to take a cup of the steaming hot beef tea, which the faithful servant had brought up for her "dear little ladies," and to lie down upon a second lounge, amid soft cushions and pillows. Then Elsie had drifted off into the sleep that gradually became profound and dreamless, and from which she did not awaken till just now.

She raised her head and looked about her. Aunt Diantha was no longer upon the lounge, but, dressed in a tea gown of the delicate lavender shade she loved, was lying back in a reclining chair near the window. Her little Bible lay open upon her lap; evidently she had been reading in the blessed book and after a time had drifted off again into the sleep she so much needed. She looked very pale, yet the half smile upon her sweet mouth showed that her slumbers were restful. Tears rose in Elsie's eyes as she gazed at her.

"She looks like a sleeping angel, but how white and worn! The shock of that sudden walking was not much for her. Strange that the ruffian did not rouse her, climbing through her window, but God was watching over her, dear little Aunt Diantha! So tragic as she is, the very sight of his horrid face might have prostrated her, even if he had done her no other harm. It was danger enough, giving her that chloroform!" And what shall we do nights now!—"The sudden thought coming into her head that she had been too tired and dazed to reflect upon before.

As if made conscious in some subtle way that Elsie was awake, Aunt Diantha opened her eyes just then and looked toward her niece.

"You are awake, darling! I hope you feel refreshed. You were sleeping like a baby when I got up at eight o'clock."

"Oh yes, I've had a beautiful sleep, and feel quite like myself again, only a little languid and lazy. But Aunt dear, I'm afraid you haven't rested as you ought."

"Oh yes, I had two hours' sleep at least on the lounge, and have been taking naps in this chair from time to time since I got up. But what are you reflecting upon so deeply?" for Elsie was absorbed in thought again.

"I was thinking, Aunt, what we should do nights now; it really seems as if we needed a man round to protect us. I was wondering what you would think of asking Rosie's cousin, Andrew Beaton, to come here and keep guard nights. You know he's a very decent man, strong and brave, too, and there's that little room off the kitchen—"

"That might have been a good arrangement, my child," as Elsie paused, "if we had seen the necessity for it earlier. But Rosie told me the other day that Andrew had found a situation as gardener in Sheriton, and was to take the place immediately. But I have another plan in my head, one Dr. Noble proposed to me a week ago."

"And what plan is that, Aunt?"

"Why, as you know already, our church has offered Mr. Adams, the young minister who was here helping Dr. Noble last winter, the position of pastor's assistant, and he has accepted. I am so glad, for really our good pastor has been over-taxed with work, and especially since we started that little mission in Cherry Valley, four miles away. We've all been anxious about him, as you know, for though there are so many willing workers in the church, there is not one who can relieve and help him like a regular pastor's assistant. Mr. Adams will preach at the mission

every Sunday, and take charge of the weekly evening meeting there besides. When he will help Dr. Noble in making calls, visiting the sick, and his right hand in short, assisting him in more ways than we can think of. He is such a noble young Christian, full of enthusiasm, yet so deferential in his ways to our pastor and other elderly members of the church. Dr. Noble knew his family well, and says his parents, they have both passed away during the last few years, were such splendid Christian people, that it was through their training, as well as his own disposition, that Norman Adams grew up to be such a thorough gentleman. Yet there's nothing offensive about him; he's as manly and robust as he is refined, and he won the hearts of the roughest Irish boys in Cherry Valley last winter. Squire Remington says he would be responsible for his whole salary, if necessary, rather than have our pastor fail to secure such an assistant. But it won't be necessary, for as you know, Elsie, the rest of us are just as anxious as the good Squire that our faithful pastor should not be broken down through overwork. And now for Dr. Noble's proposition to me."

She paused and looked wistfully at Elsie, as if anxious for the effect of her communication upon the young girl.

"Dear little Aunt, why do you look so anxiously at me? Anything you want seems right to me, always. Does Dr. Noble wish Mr. Adams to come to us?"

In spite of the brave face she put on, Elsie felt considerably dismayed at the thought of a stranger coming into their home life. But she struggled against the feeling, and Miss Hathaway, relieved that her niece anticipated the proposition and seemed so cheerful over it, went on more confidently:

"Yes, that's just what Dr. Noble proposed, that he should have a room with or without board in our house. He has always felt anxious because we have had no man on the premises, and what happened this morning will, I'm sure, make him urge Mr. Adams' coming to us, as he did not before."

"You did not like the idea, Aunt?"

"Well, I confess, I shrank from the idea of a stranger, and one of the masculine persuasion, coming into our quiet home life. But I have that large, spare room, and the little alcove opening off the parlor, which he could use for a study, and altogether I suppose we could hardly do a more sensible thing than to take Mr. Adams as a boarder. If we look on the practical side of the arrangement, the seven dollars a week he would pay us would be quite an item for people of our limited means, but I am thinking more of other things. What a blessing you, coming has been to me, my treasure, and now to have this bright, noble young man in the house, may I mean added joy and comfort!"

"What a blessing to him, Aunt, you ought to say. Such a joy and comfort as it's been to me to live with you and Rosie in this little 'cottage-paradise.' I hope Mr. Adams will appreciate his blessings and understand how fortunate he is to be mothered by my Aunt Diantha! What do you suppose Rosie will say to the arrangement?"

"Oh, I just mentioned the subject to her this morning, and rather to my surprise, she was delighted! She begged me to take him as a boarder, 'the poor, dear lad, with no mother to care for him,' and thinks it will do us all good to have such a beautiful young Christian minister in the house. She went on to say how she would manage with the work, so that I need have scarcely a bit of extra care on his account. That can hardly be possible, of course, though fortunately I'm not one of the worrying sort. So Rosie favors the arrangement decidedly, you see, and now it's my Elsie feels the same way—"

She had come to her side as she spoke, and now she leant down to kiss her. The young girl threw her arms around Miss Hathaway's neck as she replied:

"Dearest Aunt, as I said before, I want whatever you do, and really begin to feel quite happy at the thought of Mr. Adams' coming. You must let me help you in any extra work it makes. And now do send word to Dr. Noble as quickly as possible, for fear somebody else should secure our boarder."

"I will speak to Dr. Noble when he calls this afternoon. He was so distressed when he heard of our adventure last night, and sent word that

he was coming to make us a pastoral visit."

"Dear, kind old man!" said Elsie.

"Mr. Adams expects to come to Berwick Saturday. Meantime, our young friend, Mr. Carew, is coming to spend the week with us, as I told you already. He will take his dinner in New York, as usual, but we'll give him as nice a breakfast and supper every day as even his capable landlady could prepare. You see, pussy, with a smile, "we are likely to be provided with masculine protection for some time to come."

(To be Continued.)

Liquor Leaks.

"Liquor leaks, did you say? What are they? The bits I send for my drinks, I suppose. But you need not think they will ever sink this ship," said Charlie. Carolan walked across the shop with an air. "Is that all?" and he spat out in front of his shop mate.

"How much did your last drink cost you, Charley?"

"Ten cents," replied Charley, deliberately.

"Did you get the right change?"

Charley took a handful of change out of his pocket. "I so nearly did that he had got a dollar changed, and he looks a rather blank when he saw that thirty-five cents were missing."

"How did you know? Did you steal it?"

"They do say that you drinkink fellows seldom get the right change from your honest (?) bartenders; but that is not the worst leak."

"What is it?" defiantly.

"The time you spend in drinking, in being booze, and in getting over it."

"I was only half an hour late this morning, and that time wasn't all taken up in drinking."

"You are always here promptly at other times," said Sammy blandly, "and your half hour is worth more than ten cents."

"Yes, I shall get docked fifty on it," I suppose; but what is that compared with Jim Ryan across the street there? He's been in that saloon all the morning, and his team standing there doing nothing."

"Yes, and his farm at home is needing him. Probably his farm runs behind as much from this loss of time as from all the money he pays for his drinks."

"Oh, yes, and more," said Charley. "The fact is, his farm is mortgaged, and he'll soon lose it. If I had a farm—"

"You have a trade, Charley, which is better than his farm."

"How much did you get docked for time off last week?"

"Six dollars."

"And the drinks cost six more."

"How did you know?" said Charley, hotly.

"I didn't know only that it is the general rule. The time the drinker wastes on account of the drink averages as much as it cost. At first it is less, at last it is more; until the poor fellow gets so he does not work at all. You haven't got quite half way yet, —only two days out of six, not counting the naps."

"Oh, for pity's sake! Well, I'll stop right away. I can't afford to lose time like that. And the cool way you talk it makes a man's face stare him in the face. I never heard that rule before about the time spent averaging as much as the drinks. That makes a damn loss right along. I'll quit!"

Meekness is a conquering grace. It is the *raisonnement* of the drummer, the successful politician, and even the book agent, for force and self-assertion no longer carry their old-time power. The farmer who is quiet and gentle and firm of hand will train the steers and break the colts of the farm, better than his neighbor who swaggers and swears with a loud voice and heavy blows. The child yields to confidence and love in the discipline of the home life, while those methods of repression and fear, which still linger, like winter snows, among so many homes, fail to win the love of the heart or the obedience of the will. For children are as hungry for kindness as they are for cookies and buns, and only by such gentle and just ways of parental care can they be won to habits of purity and trust.

Reaching for the Masses

By D. H. Canfield

An experience of more than thirty five years in the two fold work of preacher and physician enables one to speak with somewhat of assurance as to the habits of thinking and the characteristics of men in general and of the family in particular. No one comes nearer the inner court of individual and family life, than the physician: next to him, possibly, the pastor.

How to reach the masses is the problem which engages the attention of Christian people of every name. Some of the methods adopted are by no means complimentary to the intelligence of those who are sought to be reached.

Assuming that the ultimate object is to benefit and save the masses, the most efficient are those suggested by the Master Himself, and exemplified in the practices of the early church.

That the Christian worker is to exercise sound common-sense in the accomplishment of his mission, is plainly indicated in several places in the Gospel. In sending forth the twelve apostles, the Master said to them, "Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves; be ye therefore as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." The call of those Galilean fishermen is suggestive of the same thought—"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." "Henceforth ye shall catch men." The careful study of individual peculiarities, and the prudent, tactful application of legitimate methods to attract and interest the public, is to be commended. But let us never forget that the Gospel of Christ is not only "the power of God unto salvation to him that believeth," but has the power to draw and hold intelligent, thinking men, unparalleled among the forces of attraction.

When the Christian church adopts the tactics of the play house—even though modified by the misleading adjective "sacred"—the result generally is to repel the intelligent, self respecting portion of the community; and, although a curious multitude may be attracted by such methods, they are rarely, if ever, held and benefited by them.

In the world of amusement and entertainment, there is an increasing demand for something new and sterling; and an army of experts is constantly employed to supply this demand. It is a marked compliment to the efficiency of the Gospel of Christ, that for nineteen centuries, it has held the very front rank as a power to attract and hold the attention of men, and its power was never more universally recognized than to-day. There is a dignity in the Divine methods of reaching and saving men, that appeals to the intelligence of the public. The invitation is, "Come, and let us reason together," saith the Lord.

I do not recall a single instance where mere amusement was utilized by the Master or His immediate followers, to attract the people, and I am convinced from personal observation, that the custom of inducing the public to attend a meeting, by extraordinary attraction, and to suddenly introduce so-called evangelistic services—especially those methods which call for a division of the congregation—is, to say the least, unwise, and sometimes positively harmful. Persons are apt to feel that, having been led to attend an entertainment, an unfair advantage has been taken, and they will take good care that it is not repeated.

Among the things that differentiates the Divine from human methods, is the absence of all craftiness or guile in dealing with the souls of men. As the apostle says, "Seeing we have this ministry, even as we obtained mercy, we faint not; but we have renounced all things of darkness, not walking in craftiness, nor handling the word of God deceitfully; but by the manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."

Carleton and Victoria Quarterly

The above named Quarterly met with the Baptist Church at Peel, Car. Co., 3 p. m., Tuesday December 8. The opening session was begun by devotional exercises led by the secretary in

which service the important truth "The Spirit's infilling," was made our meditation. Possibly nothing needs special mention of the church and Home Mission Reports which filled the remaining part of the session. At 7.30 we again met in session held in the interests of missions. Pastor Fash gave a map exercise on the Tenuin Mission Field. The outlining of the divisions of the field and a word respecting the twenty one missionaries was made the more interesting and instructive by introductory remarks on the historic development of the Maritime Baptist Foreign missionary interests which led to the choosing of the Tenuin Field. Rev. C. N. Barton then pleased his hearers with an address on "The North West as a Mission Field." In clear terms he presented the vastness of the field and its work and the obligations of Baptists to take part in such work.

On Wednesday morning after devotional exercises a paper was read by Rev. Z. L. Fash on the subject of Christian Benevolence. The paper which was a clear and concise presentation of the subject evoked a helpful discussion which was made the more lively by Pastor Cahill asking the reader if the principle of giving a tenth was taught in the New Testament. At 3 p. m. we again met and were inspired by a sermon preached by Rev. Chas. Stirling from the words, "What think ye of Christ?" This was followed by a conference on Sunday Work conducted by the secretary which was closed by the Quarterly passing a resolution expressing its desire to fall in line with the New Brunswick Baptist Sunday School Convention. At 7.30 the house was filled and the hearers much interested as Rev. Jos. A. Cahill delivered a stirring address on the subject, "Lord's Day Observance." May it suffice to say that the address was one that only such a man as "Cahill" can give. All the (6) pastors with a fair delegation of the lay brethren were present. This fact together with the carefully prepared papers and addresses made the quarterly occasion one of blessing.

W. H. SMITH, Sec'y

Thanks

On Tuesday Dec. 1st, there was a donation party met at Bro. John Tucker's, Seaside Hotel, Cape Tormentine. Vocal and instrumental music was the order of the evening. After a good supper Mr. G. C. Lewis was called to the chair, who, in a very few well chosen words presented the undersigned with a small roll of bills. At the time my heart was too full for words; I wish therefore to take this opportunity of expressing my sincere and heartfelt thanks. May the Lord bless them.

FRANK P. DRESSER.

Mr. J. W. Spurden, who has been Superintendent of the Fredericton Baptist Sunday school twenty-five years, was presented with a gold watch bearing the following inscription: "Presented to J. W. Spurden, 25 years S. S. Superintendent, 10 years chorister, Fredericton Baptist Church Dec. 1903."

Notice.

The next session of the Queens County Quarterly meeting will convene with the First Cambridge Baptist church, McDonald's Corner, beginning Friday evening Jan. 8th 1904, and continuing Saturday and the Sabbath. The programme will be arranged at the Quarterly meeting by the committee.

J. COOMBS, Secretary.

Dec. 10th, 1903.

Religious News.

It is a pleasure to report that **WHITSEYVILLE, NOR. Co., N. B.** that has been so long in building in this place, has been finished since I came here. It was a red letter day with us on the 13th of Nov. when the meeting house opened for public worship. Rev. Milton Addison came to our help, and preached the dedicatory sermon at 11 a. m. to a large and attentive audience. It was a splendid discourse founded on Psa. 122-1. The pastor preached at 3 p. m., and Bro Addison again at 7 p. m. to a full house. These sermons were much enjoyed by the people who was so fortunate as to hear them. The collections and pledges during the day amounted to one hundred dollars, which clears off the debt of the building. Praise the Lord. On Lord's day, 6th inst., we had in the evening at Littleton after preaching, a refreshing after meeting. The Holy Spirit's power was richly manifested. The outlook on this field is encouraging. All our services are well attended.

I. N. THORNE.

This village is a suburb of **LEWISVILLE, N. B.** the city of Moncton. The Moncton Baptist Church has a strong branch here. This place can boast of a live, up-to-date S. S. Some of the leading workers invited us to conduct a series of special services here. The weather was very stormy but we enjoyed some good meetings, six or seven notes spoke in the services and others expressed a desire to be saved. Pastor Hutchinson was with us one evening and gave valuable assistance. Rev. R. M. Bynon, a citizen of this place was home for a few days and also gave us hearty cooperation. We hope that good work may go on after the closing service. Bro. Trites handed us a nice sum of money made up by the friends round about. For all these blessings we thank God, and the kind friends who worked so faithfully. Bro. Linkletter introduced many new hymns which proved to be a great blessing.

GEO. H. BEAMAN.

On the 13th of last Sept. I left the Cumberland Bay field, and on the 20th commenced my labours here.

I am sorry to hear that they have not yet found one to take my place. Any brother going there would find many kind and truly Christian people. I forget them not, and I pray God to lead some brother to them. When I came to this field it had been pastorless for seven months. There was not a prayer meeting or Sunday school held on any part of the field, but I found willing workers ready. Today we have Sunday school and prayer meeting at Port Elgin and Bayside. The congregations are growing larger and God's blessing are attending the efforts put forth. Last Wednesday Miss Jessie Tingley followed the command of her Saviour and was buried with him in baptism, at Lily Lake, Great Shemogue. In the near future we expect to hold special meetings. Brethren when you read this, will you kindly get down on your knees at once, and pray the Dear Lord to bless us and give us souls for our hire. To God be all the glory. Amen.

FRANK P. DRESSER.

On the 29th ult. Pastor MacDonald baptized Chang Wong, a very intelligent Chinaman. Mr. MacDonald preached an elo-

quent and instructive sermon on the occasion from Matthew, 13: 10, to a crowded house. At the closing of his sermon he said: "This evening there shall be led down in the baptismal waters, to be planted in the likeness of our Saviour's death and raised again to the likeness of his resurrection a man who in his childhood and youth was accustomed to bow down to idols and worship the spirit of his ancestors, a custom which is the Gibraltar of Chinese beliefs. As he came to study the classics of Confucius, a knowledge of which is the sole passport to civil service and public employment in his country, his faith in idolatry began to weaken; but until his arrival in this country about three years ago he knew nothing of our God and of Jesus Christ our Lord, beside the name. For about two years he studied the life of our Lord in our Sunday School, reading the gospel story from the English and Chinese texts. His purpose in entering the Sunday School was to acquire a knowledge of our language, in which he made creditable progress, but as the weeks went by he became more and more interested in the Christ and his teachings. Some of the teachings of Christianity at first staggered him. For instance, he could not believe it possible to love one's neighbor as himself, especially if the term neighbor included the roughies that entered his shop, placed the bottle to his lips and tried to make him drink. But the greatest difficulty of all was with the resurrection—that seemed entirely impossible to him. One by one he examined the proofs with the thoroughness of a scholar, which he found were ample to satisfy both his mind and heart. A few weeks later he came to believe in Christ as a personal Saviour. Barrier after barrier was broken down and he was free. Last Friday he came to the pastor saying he feared he could not be baptized today. Was his faith weakening? No; he had been talking with a friend of his who attended no Sunday school, and hoped his friend could join him ere long. It was the history of Christianity repeating itself—Andrew seeking out his brother Simon to bring him to Christ. Will not our Lord say—"The men of China shall rise in judgment with this generation and shall condemn it, especially those who sin against the greater light." * * * Word was received in Fredericton on the 8th October last that Rev. F. DeMille Crawley, then and now in London, England, on furlough from Maulmein, Burma, had had a stroke of paralysis on the 10th Sept. The news was heard with deep regret by the church; and it was, on motion, ordered that the Pastor and Clerk send a letter expressive of sympathy and love of the church for our former pastor and his family. A letter was duly forwarded and on Nov. 30 a return from Mr. Crawley himself came to hand to Pastor Mac Donald, stating our letter was "most welcome," and had "awakened in both Mrs. Crawley and myself the liveliest sentiments of pleasure and grateful appreciation." * * * "I am thankful to be able to report favorably as to prospects of recovery and I move every day now to another room, and remain up six or seven hours. The paralysis was due to the imperfect action of my heart, a trouble dating back to Fredericton days. It is fortunately not a case of cerebral hemorrhage, but of embolism, and with the best of care by day and night may hope that Dame Nature will do her work and that the process of absorption of the clot in the brain will go on, if slowly yet surely, and that we may at a date not too remote have the joy of turning our faces homeward again to our post and work in Burma. Our hearts are there and we long to be back. Please assure the dear Fredericton friends, one and all, of my deep gratitude for their most kind remembrance of their former pastor and his wife. Their message has given me immense comfort and cheer, a tonic more effective and strengthening than any administered by the physician."—Clerk.

I wish in this way to thank the friends of my congregation and others both for my-

SUSSEX.
self and Mrs. Camp who a few evenings ago come to the parsonage and presented her with a beautiful and costly sewing machine, and the pastor with a baptizing suit and a pair of mitts. The mitts were from a gentleman and his wife and were accompanied by a very kind and friendly letter. For their expressions of good will we wish to express our gratitude.

W. CAMP.

Ministerial Record

Rev. C. H. Martell, who has resigned his position as pastor of the Baptist Church at Great Village, N. S., has received a call to Yarmouth, which he will probably accept.

Calvary Baptist Church, North Sydney, has called Rev. G. W. Schurman. He has accepted and will enter upon his duties the first of January.

Rev. B. N. Nobles has declined the call to the Liverpool, N. S., Baptist church.

Rev. G. W. Schurman has removed from Manchester, Mass., to North Sydney having received a call to the pastorate of the church in that place. Thus one good man goes and another comes. We are glad to welcome Bro. Schurman back to his native land.

Rev. H. S. Shaw has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Westchester, N. S., and has removed with his family, from Hampton, N. B., to that place. During his ministry in New Brunswick Mr. Shaw has made many friends whose good wishes and prayers will follow him to his new field of labor.

Married.

ROBERT GILBERT.—At the home of the officiating minister, Turtle Creek, Nov. 21st, by Pastor F. B. Seelye, John M. Robb, of Middlesex, West. Co., to Blanche Gilbert, of Nixon Settlement, Albert, Co.

ELLIOTT ROUSE.—At Corn Hill, York Co., by Rev. Abner Perry, George Elliott and Mabel E. Rouse, both of Havelock, N. Co.

DAY GALLUP.—At the home of the bride, at Somerville, C. Co., Allen Day, of Hartland, and Mrs. Gertrude Gallup, of the 2nd inst., by Rev. A. J. Trosier.

CASE GERRISH.—At the parsonage, Wilson's Beach, Campbell, on Nov. 12th, by Rev. O. N. Mott, Harry E. Case and Emma E. Gerrish, both of Lubec, Me.

HAYWARD NICKERSON.—At the residence of George Erb, 34 Britain street, St. John, by Rev. C. T. Phillips, A. J. Hayward of Amherst, N. S., and Ella May Nickerson of Everett, Mass., formerly of Annapolis, N. B.

DONALD MENZIES.—At the residence of the bride's mother, Whiteville on Nov. 11th, by Pastor Thome Catbush, St. John, Donald of Upper Backville to A. Maud Menzies, all of Northumberland Co., N. B.

KIRKPATRICK-SIMOTT.—At Thome's Corner on 19th, 17 November, by I. N. Thorne, Walter S. Kirkpatrick, to Rose Etta Simott, all of Petersville, Queens County, N. B.

TAYLOR-THOMPSON.—At the parsonage, W. S. Beach, Campbell, on the 7th inst., by Rev. O. N. Mott, Warren H. Taylor and Maudie Thompson, both of Eastport, Maine.

BARTON-NIGHTINGALE.—At the residence of Elias Nightingale, November 25th, by Rev. M. P. King, William W. Barton of the Range, to Maud M. Nightingale of Newcastle, Queens County.

NEWMAN KERN.—At the residence of Mr. Stephen Carlisle, Douglas, York Co., Oct. 28th, by Rev. H. A. Bonnell, Henry Newman to Miss Maud Kern, both of Douglas.

OWEN HOLMES.—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mark Hill, Nov. 7th, by Rev. A. M. McNinch, Frank M. Owen, of Lubec, Me., to Florence Holmes, of Mark Hill, Grand Manan.

CORBELL YOUNG.—At Woodstock, on the 31st inst., by Rev. F. Allison Currier, A. M., Wm. G. Corbell, of Milimocket, Me., to Miss Jennie Young, of Wodgden, Me.

CLARK CLOWES.—At the residence of the bride's father, Grafton, C. Co., by Rev. F. A. Currier, A. M., on the 27th ult., Mr. S. A. Clark, of Hartfield, to Miss Emma J. Clowes.

MARSH BAILEY.—At the Free Baptist parsonage, Hoyt Station, S. Co., on the 27th Oct., by Rev. Geo. W. Foster, Mr. Clifford W. Marsh to Miss Munnie E. Bailey, both of Central Blissville, S. Co., N. B.

WILLIAMS BATHURST.—At the minister's residence Oct. 14th, by Rev. John Henderson, George Williams of the Parish of Douglas, of York Co., and Alice Bathurst of same place.

PARKER KENNEDY.—At the home of the bride, Petersville, Oct. 20th, by S. J. Perry, Fred H. Parker, of Hamster, to Miss Amelia E. Kennedy, of Petersville, Q. Co.

PUSLEY McCRAE.—At the residence of the bride's father, Shannon, Queens Co., Oct. 21st., by Rev. C. B. Lewis, Ruth, fourth daughter of James McCrae, to Dr. Herbert J. Pusley, of Woodstock, N. B.

CHAIRMAN FULLERTON.—At the home of the bride, Marysville, on Sept. 22nd, by Rev. A. D. Paul, Joseph Chapman to Anne Laura Fullerton both of Marysville.

Obit.

DAVIS.—At Bayside, West Co., Nov. 20th, Stephen Davis, aged 82 years. He leaves a widow, one son and daughter, besides grand children, and great grand children to mourn the loss of one who was beloved by them all. Our Brother joined the Bayside church years ago, and for several years has filled the office of deacon. At our last conference meeting (Oct. 31st) he told us, it was possible that he might never meet us again; he then spoke of God's love to him, and the power of the Blood of Christ to save all who would come unto Him. Last Saturday he was feeling poorly, but able to get around. At 11 p. m. he got out of bed for the last time, resting in His sleep, only to wake at twelve in the presence of his Saviour. The family have the sympathy of the community. May the Lord bless them.

CORNEY.—At the City Hospital, Boston, Mass., during operation for dangerous lung trouble, on 3rd inst., Hurd Ernest, eldest son of City Clerk of Havelock, aged 25 years. Father, mother, four brothers and five sisters are left suddenly in mourning, together with a large circle of friends. He departed his home of late employed on steamer Calvin Austin, and had for the last six years been away from N. B. He was a member of Havelock church, having been baptized by Elder I. Wallace nine years ago. His remains were brought to Havelock, Rev. W. E. McIntyre preaching on the occasion from 1 Thess. 4: 13.

WILLIAMSON.—Stella, beloved daughter of G. M. Williamson, Esq. of Second Falls, N. B., departed this life December 11th, at the 15th year of her age. Our young sister had been ailing since last spring. She suffered very little pain and was bright and cheerful to the end, when she passed peacefully away trusting in Jesus.

NILES.—Suddenly at Centreville, Carleton County, December 11th, of apoplexy, William Henry Niles, in the 75th year of his age. Bro. Niles has been for the past few years afflicted with failing sight. This deprived him of the privilege of actively engaging in the duties of life. He was a quiet, consistent Christian. A widow, six sons and five daughters are left to mourn their loss.

SPENCER.—At the residence of Mrs. Hurd Peters, St. John, on the 10th inst. at the advanced age of nearly 92 years, Evalina, widow of the late Rev. Jas. Spencer. Sister Spencer was for many years a devoted member of the German Street church. To the last her interest in the work of the church was continued. Her faith was triumphant even in the approach of death. The funeral service was held in German Street house of worship and was conducted by her pastor, Rev. G. O. Gates.

BOONE.—At the residence of her son, Nathan Boone Cardigan, York Co., Hilda Boone, aged 80 years and 5 months. She was converted in her youthful days and always lived a Christian life. She was baptized at Kossack where she was brought up, she was always ready to give her testimony in Conference or any other service. In the presence of her Lord and saviour, she was a true Christian and passed peacefully away to her home boy-and-the-River. He leaves one son, his wife, 3 grandchildren and many friends to mourn her loss.

Ripened Character

Character is a growth. It is like fruit—it requires time to ripen. Different kinds of fruits come to ripeness at different seasons; some in the early summer, some later, and some only in the autumn. It is so with Christian lives—they ripen at different seasons. There are those who seem to grow into sweetness in early years, then those reach their best in the mid years, and many who only in the autumn of old age come into mellow ripeness.—J. R. Miller, D. D.

Accident does very little toward the production of any great result in life. Though sometimes what is called "a happy hit" may be made by a bold venture, the common highway of steady industry and the application is the only safe road to travel.—Samuel Smiles.