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WHOLE No. 127

Preaching to Win Souls.

By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

"How far do your chief teachers aim at the conversion of souls?" This question, once addressed to me by that master workman, Charles H. Spurgeon, is pertinent yet it shows his estimate of the highest purpose of the Christian ministry.

Certainly, the chief aim of our Divine Master was to seek and to save the lost: His first text of which we read was the word, "Repent!" To win souls to Jesus Christ by the aid of the Holy Spirit was the main purpose of the Apostles. Paul struck the keynote when he declared that he was determined to know nothing but Jesus Christ and Him crucified, and he ceased not to warn sinners night and day with tears. The great reformation in the sixteenth century was far more than a protest against prevailing errors; it was a direct bringing of souls to the Lord Jesus Christ. When a spiritual famine prevailed in Great Britain, the Wesleys and Whitefield rose at once to the demand of the times; they addressed their fellow-countrymen as exposed to the "waste to come," and their aim was to lead souls to the Saviour. Out of these wise labors grew the mighty Methodist church, with its world-wide labors and philanthropies.

"How far do you come in this at the conversion of souls?" No minister is likely to succeed in what he undertakes with only half heart; certainly he can never do what he never attempts to do.

If your whole heart is not bent on the glorious work of converting sinners by the help of God, you will never accomplish it. You may produce many able discourses freighted with valuable thought; you may wax eloquent over social evils, and plead for reformatory measures and philanthropies; you may say many good, true, and helpful things; but if you suppose of leading immortal souls to Christ, your ministry in one vital point will miss its mark.

There is much talk about "saving the masses;" but people are not saved in the mass; they must be reached and persuaded Christward.

ONE BY ONE.

Men may go to meditation by the regiment; they must be led to Jesus individually. A single soul was audience enough for the Master at the well of Sychar, and in the "iniquity room" with Nicodemus.

Aim, therefore, to make your preaching *personal*—*Christ-centered*. You are not to be a pulpit's slave; but you may so present God's truth powerfully and lovingly that every unconverted person in your audience may be made to feel, "That he means me!" "Thou art the man," sent David's arrow into Nathan's heart. Pray God to help you face every sinner before you so fervently, that you will tell him plainly that if he does not repent of his sins and accept and obey Jesus Christ, he will be lost forever! The too common assertion that the faithful, tender and solemn presentation of the Divinely revealed retribution of sin is an attempt to "scare people into religion," is utterly preposterous. As "ambassadors for Christ," it is our bounden duty to "declare the whole counsel of God," and we have no right to conceal or to blittle any great revealed truth. If Noah had not been "moved with fear" of a predicted deluge, he never would have prepared an ark for saving himself and his household. It is a criminal cruelty to conceal from the transgressors of God's law and of God's love that "the wages of sin is death."

The Ecotblack's Story.

Going from the office one evening last week we were stopped on the second floor of the building by a wan-faced, sad-eyed boy. He says he's seventeen, but in size he doesn't look it by a half dozen years. He hadn't had enough to eat since he came into the world. Hunger is a law of his

life. Despair peeps from his sad little eyes, and premature sorrow has been cut into the cheeks which God intended should bloom with roses of youthful joy. But joy is a stranger to this young star. He lives in hell—the hell created by a drunken father. He was cursed before he was born, and the saloon led it.

"Let me give you a shine for mother's sake," he said. The appealing tone in which he spoke must have stung the heart of God. It was more than an appeal; it was a live coal of prayer from the white altar of the Eternal.

As his slender little hand moved swiftly to and fro across the shoe, he said: "Say, can't I handle a brush, Mister?"

"You are, indeed, my boy."

Seeing that he was disposed to talk, we asked: "Are your parents living?"

"Yes," he answered quickly, and a flood of bitter memories seemed to look through his eyes. "Yes, but you see, Dad—he don't live with us any more."

"Doesn't he?"

"No, we had to drive him away. He'd steal mother's hard-earned money and mine, and spend it for beer."

"Too bad, boy; too bad."

"But say, Mister, he like to get us before he went." Here his eyes sparkled as he recalled their narrow escape. "Policemen were just in time to save us."

"Save you? How?"

"Why, man, he had a big butcherknife, and was about to kill mother and me, when the cops nabbed him."

This boy is worse than fatherless. Why? Ask the saloon. While brutalizing his father it also robbed him of the money with which he could have built a home.

This boy has not an equal chance in the world with other boys. Why? The saloon makes him shine shoes, when his place is in school.

This boy goes home every night to a crushed, broken and husbandless mother. Why? Because the saloon has taken away her husband.

This brave little warrior goes forth every morning to the streets to fight the wolf for mother, himself, and five still smaller ones who are unconsiously saloon victims.

The institution which will make a thief and a murderer of a father will destroy a nation, if given time. The one remedy is: Destroy the institution.—*Kingslow Citizen*.

THE OL' TUNES.

You kin talk about yer anthems,
An' yer aris an' sich,
An' yer mad in choit singin'
That you think so awful rich;
But you orter heard us youngsters
In the times now far away,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

There was some of us sung treble
An' a few of us growled bass;
An' the tide o' song flowed smoothly
With it's complement o' grace;
There was spirit in that music,
An' a kind o' solemn sway,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

I remember oft n'standin'
In my homespun pantaloons—
On my face the bronze an' freckles
O' the suns o' youthful junes—
Thinking that no mortal minstrel
Ever chanted sich a lay
As the ol' tunes we was singin'
In the ol'-fashioned way.

The boys 'ud always lead us,
An' the girls 'ud all chime in,
Till the sweetness o' the singin'
Robbed the list'nin' soul o' sin,
An' I used to tell the parson

'Twas as good to sing as pray,
When the people sang the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

How I long ag'in to hear 'em
Pourin' forth from soul to soul,
With the treble high an' meller,
An' the bass's mighty roll;
But the times is very dif ferent,
An' the music heard today
Ain't the singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

Little screechin' by a woman,
Little squawkin' by a man,
Then the organ's twiddle-twaddle,
Jest the empty space to span,
An' ef you should even tank it,
'Tis n't proper for to say
That you want to hear the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

But I think that some bright mornin',
When the toils of life air o'er,
An' the sun o' heaven arisin'
Glads with light the happy shore—
I shall hear the angel cho us,
In the realms of endless day,
A-singin' o' the ol' tunes
In the ol'-fashioned way.

From LYRIC OF LOWLY LIFE, by Paul Laurence Dunbar. A Negro Poet. (*Chapman and Hall*.)

The Divine Comfort.

By the Bishop of Ripon.

Comfort is a word which in its common use has lost something of its original robustness. Comfort is regarded as something which calms the agitated and storm-swept heart. It is regarded as soothing rather than stimulating, but in its true meaning comfort is much more noble than the mere consoling of the troubled spirit. No doubt the mother comforts the child when she takes the little weeping one on her knees and kisses away his tears as he lies in her soft, warm, sheltering arms. There is something analogous to this in divine comfort: "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort thee." But the outlook of the divine comfort is even wider than imagery suggests. With the earthly mother pity and sympathy for the child's distress prompt her to embrace the crying child. With the divine comfort there is always the look beyond the sorrow of the passing hour. There is the desire to fortify as well as to console, to strengthen the heart as well as assuage the grief, to put the soul in the way of victory over sorrow rather than in the way of escape from it. In all the divine comfort there is a ministry of power to bear as well as consolation because of trouble. The divine Comforter binds up the broken heart, but He seeks also to make the spirit brave to endure.

There is a bracing energy about divine comfort, then, which lifts into a higher range than the mere pale negative soothing of soul which is commonly associated with the word. True comfort brings fresh courage to the soul. It stimulates, arouses invigorates, besides consoling the sorrowing heart.

"There is a brewery in Jerusalem.
"There is a distillery on Mt. Lebanon.
"There are American saloons in Damascus."
The saloon is the church's greatest foe in its foreign missionary work. The missionary goes to Christianize, while the rum shop follows in his steps to destroy his work—even to hurl the people back into worse than heathen darkness.
The barroom is the church's deadliest enemy at home. It is the spawn-shop of infidelity. It is the hot-bed of anarchism. It is the inexorable enemy of both church and home.

The Home Mission Journal.

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Rosecroft.

CHAPTER XVI.

Elsie had rung the bell but a few minutes when a crowd of men and boys came rushing into the yard, shouting excitedly to know what was the matter. Meantime, Miss Hathaway had come to, though still dazed from the chloroform, and was asking in bewildered tones what the trouble was.

"It's all right now, dear Auntie," said Elsie, as she stopped ringing. "Help has come. No, it's not fire," she replied to the crowd below. "But a burglar whom I left locked up in the closet in Aunt Diantha's room. I only hope he hasn't broken down the door."

There was a laugh and a cheer at Elsie's coolness, though in reality the girl's nerves had been strained almost to the point of collapse, and she was ready to succumb as soon as the necessity for courage and self-control should have passed. She was not aware of this herself, however, and when a burly constable, stepping forward, asked: "Which room is it, miss?" she answered in the same composed tone as before: "It's the room opposite this—overlooks the garden in the rear."

"Come on, Jim!" exclaimed the constable to a companion, and the two hurried to the rear of the house, followed by some of the men and boys. A few firemen who had come to the scene with an engine, divided their forces, some joining the constables, others keeping watch over the front of the house. Mr. Hunsdale, who had come to the rescue promptly with two dogs and a revolver, had followed the constables.

"Elsie, dear child, you're sure you're not mistaken, that it wasn't a nightmare?" asked Miss Hathaway, who, though still sick and dizzy, had regained full consciousness. "It would be terrible to have aroused the town for nothing! How could a burglar have got into my room and I not know it?"

"Well, Auntie," replied the girl, with the slightest touch of tartness in her voice. "I locked him into the closet myself, and am sure I didn't do it in a nightmare. There's Rosie!" running to the door and unlocking it. "Come in quick, Rosie, for the burglar may have escaped from the closet and he wouldn't be pleasant to meet just now!" As she spoke, she locked the door again.

"I hope it's not your wits that have broke loose, Miss Elsie," said the agitated Rosie, who, hastily dressed in a calico skirt and jacket, held a lighted candle in one hand and the detested pistol with its muzzle turned toward the ground in the other. "A pretty story it would be for the papers—how we had our yard full of constables, fire engines and dogs, at this hour of the morning, and all for a false alarm!"

Before the indignant girl could reply, there was a shout from the rear. "They've caught him, Elsie!" cried the kind voice of their friend, Mr. Wooley, who had been one of the first arrivals upon the scene. "Can you come down, you dear, brave child? They want you to identify him."

Elsie took a step forward, but to her amazement her limbs gave way under her. "Why, what's the matter?" she gasped out, toppling into a chair. "I never felt so—till this minute."

"You poor child!" said Miss Hathaway, rushing to her. She was trembling from head to foot, herself, but all her womanly solicitude was aroused at the sight of Elsie's drooping form and pallid face.

"Bring my salts from the stand near my bed, Rosie!" she exclaimed.

"There, there!" sprinkling water in Elsie's

face. "No wonder you have given out at last, after all you must have been through? You dear, brave child, and to think we fancied you were dreaming!"

"Ah, she's a brave lassie!" said Rosie, re-entering. The smell of the chloroform in Miss Hathaway's room had told its own story, and had been a great shock to the faithful servant. If she felt somewhat mortified and jealous that she had had no hand in the rescue of her mistress, she was too large-hearted to give way to such feelings. "She's a brave lassie," she repeated, "and after God it's thankful to her we ought to be!"

"It was God helped me," murmured Elsie, considerably revived by a whiff of the strong smelling-salts. "I asked him to keep me brave and cool, and he did! And Rags, dear little Rags!" as the dog jumped up and licked her face. "He waked me up from a sound sleep, barking and pulling at the bedclothes. But for him, I wouldn't have known there was a burglar in the house."

"Bravo, Rags!" said Rosie, patting the dog's head as he leaped about them, frantic with joy. "It's the fine breakfast you shall have this morning!"

"Yes, dear little fellow!" chimed in Miss Hathaway. "Oh, thank God we are safely through this dreadful night!" she went on, tears running down her pale cheeks.

"And now, Auntie, I can go down perfectly well," said Elsie, standing up with great resolution, though she still felt very weak and her limbs were still shaking.

"You are not able, child, I fear; we can have him brought up stairs," shuddering at the thought, however.

"No, no, I couldn't bear it to have him up here again! See, I can walk quite nicely."

"Wait a minute, dear, till I put on my wrapper. Then Rosie and I will help you downstairs."

Dressed in a pretty white wrapper, Elsie lay upon a capacious divan in "Aunt Grace's room," for Miss Hathaway had established herself and her niece there for the morning, thinking that a change of atmosphere might be beneficial to them both.

After identifying the burglar, Elsie had succumbed to the exhaustion that naturally followed such a strain upon her nerves. Miss Hathaway would not have liked to leave her, even if she had not been quite weak and nervous herself, and she accepted gratefully Miss Ellen Hunsdale's offer to take charge of her Sunday-school class that morning.

Rosie, whose robust nerves had soon recovered from the shock of this morning's events, had gone to Sunday school and church at Miss Hathaway's urgent request, for she was somewhat loth to leave her beloved mistress and Elsie after the experiences they had been through. After securing all the doors and windows, as was her custom, she solemnly instructed Rags to keep careful guard over the house and grounds, and to allow no tramps so much as to approach the gate. "But don't bark and disturb your ladies for nothing, Rags!" was her parting injunction, as she closed the gate behind her.

Miss Hathaway and Elsie spent a quiet, restful morning in the airy, pleasantly shaded room upstairs. What a lovely chamber it was! The tint of the walls was a most exquisite pink, with a cornice and dado of pink and white briar-roses twining amid green foliage and brown thorns. There were choice paintings and engravings, fine casts and well-stored shelves of books, while the antique furniture, an inheritance from Aunt Grace's mother, added a quaint charm to the room. Aunt Grace's portrait hung above the mantelpiece, a beautiful, most noble face—just to look into it was an inspiration. There were three other portraits in the room, two of them representing her parents, strong, benignant heads full of character, and an exquisite water-color of Diantha Hathaway when she was seven years old.

Elsie, too feverishly exhausted after the severe strain she had been through to fall asleep at once, had at length dropped into a slumber, haunted at first by gressome dreams, but by degrees becoming peaceful and profound.

When she awoke at length, the bells were

chiming for the church service at half-past ten. The sweet sounds fell upon her ears like heavenly music, and again she whispered fervent words of thankfulness to God for preserving them through those perilous hours of darkness, for allowing them to see the cheerful sunshine again, and for the blessed rest and peace of that Sabbath morning.

(To be Continued.)

Here is what God says concerning spiritism. Modern spiritism is the same as ancient witchcraft and familiar spiritism. It is the Devil trying to imitate God, to deceive souls; the spirit of error opposing God's truth. Modern spirit mediums are the same in kind as the magicians and necromancers in Moses' time. God's frown and curse rests upon the whole affair. If you believe the Bible shun spiritualism.

Spiritualism, Palmistry and Other Fads.

WHAT THE WORD OF GOD SAYS.

Ye shall not eat *anything* with the blood; neither shall ye use enchantment, nor observe times.

Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, to be defiled by them: I am the Lord your God.

And the soul that turneth after such as have familiar spirits, and after wizards, to go awhoring after them, I will even set my face against that soul, and will cut him off from among his people.

A man also or woman that hath a familiar spirit, or that is a wizard, shall surely be put to death; they shall stone them with stones; their blood shall be upon them.

When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee, thou shalt not learn to do after the abominations of those nations.

There shall not be found among you *any one* that maketh his son or his daughter to pass through the fire, or that useth divination, or an observer of times, or an enchanter, or a witch.

Or a charmer, or a consulter with familiar spirits, or a wizard, or a necromancer.

For all that do these things are an abomination unto the Lord; and because of these abominations the Lord thy God doth drive them out from before thee.

Thou shalt be perfect with the Lord thy God. For these nations, which thou shalt possess, hearkened unto observers of times, and unto diviners; but as for thee, the Lord thy God hath not suffered thee so to do.

The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren, like unto me; unto him ye shall hearken.

And when they shall say unto you, Seek unto them that have familiar spirits, and unto wizards that peep and that mutter; should not a people seek unto their God? for the living to the dead?

To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because *there is* no light in them.

And the spirit of Egypt shall fill in the midst thereof; and I will destroy the counsel thereof; and they shall seek to the idols, and to the charmers, and to them that have familiar spirits, and to the wizards.

A Rural Baptism

The "Second Sunday in June" is a great day at the old "Plain Meeting House" in West Greenwich, R. I. The congregation was also at the baptism, the people standing on the road and the brother with a camera behind them. The spot where the baptism took place is one of rare beauty and the morning reminded one of ancient days when the people gathered on the banks of the river. Bro. and Sister W. B. Wilson were present to lead the singing and the ordinance was administered by the Field Secretary, Rev. John Stewart, who had previously held evangelistic services. Many noble men and women have been given the Word by this rural church, among them and still living are one of the Judges on the Supreme Court Bench, a successful city pastor and a large number of prosperous business men—these men found the Lord there and while they

are now a tower of strength in the larger centres to which they have removed, a heroic few are still holding on amid all the discouragements of a constantly depleting population—winning the boys and girls to the Lord Jesus and sending them forth to be a blessing wherever they go. People came many miles to attend the services of the day.

The above article reminds us of the fact that we have many such weak churches in many of our back settlements that have need, and ought to be helped by our home mission board; and the stronger churches should contribute generously to this object, in as much as these weak churches are constantly losing members who go to the centres and unite with the churches there, and are active in keeping up the spiritual element among them. And in many instances they occupy prominent and useful situations; and are a tower of strength in the churches where they belong. Weak county churches are constantly feeding the city churches with their best membership. Therefore care for these weak churches.

What the Tobacco Money Came to

By Mrs. J. E. McConaughy.

There was once a lad of twelve who learned how to chew tobacco. He had a terrible time of it at first. All the old tobacco chewers can tell you how deathly sick it made them. But he determined to conquer. Others had, and he could, too. What a pity he did not put out the same energy and resolution on some noble, manly purpose—something that God would look down upon with his blessing! Well, he did persevere so well that he learned to enjoy what was at first so nauseating. Then he quickly learned to smoke, and, as a boy who did nothing by halves, he had a cigar in his mouth most of his waking hours. He grew up to be a young man and was hope fully converted, uniting with a church in New York. Then his eyes began to be opened on the subject of chewing tobacco, which was certainly opposed to the command, "Let all things be done decently and in order." He saw and felt this, and with a mighty effort he tore himself from the degrading habit. His cigar he still clung to, until one day a dear Christian brother said to him very seriously:

"Brother H—, it does not look well to see a member of the Church smoking."

There was a power in the young man's words, and he tossed the cigar into the gutter. He made a resolution which he prayed God to give him strength to keep. Thirty-five years have passed and the vow has not been broken.

Now he had begun to see what a sum he had wasted on this sinful indulgence. So every week he laid aside the same amount for the savings bank, and, as he had enough for himself and family without it, he allowed the principal and interest to remain untouched. Some years rolled on, and his little children were growing up in the pent-up walls of their city home; but they were not contented there. Every year they paid a visit to grandfather's cheery farm-house, tumbling about in the green grass and picking fruits from the orchard. Oh! how they longed for such a home; and when father came home from his voyages they would climb about his knees and beg him to get them such a home in the country. These frequent appeals set father a-thinking and looking about him. By and by the very place to suit was offered for sale. A snug little home-stead, surrounded by shade and fruit trees, two acres of fine land attached to it, a beautiful view of Long Island Sound, the school and church within walking distance, and all to be had for six thousand five hundred dollars. The cigar-money in the savings-bank was counted over and was found sufficient. The place was theirs, and the happy mother and little ones took possession with the shortest possible delay. There were countless sources of enjoyment to the cooped-up city children in their two acres all their own, and it seemed as though they could never tire of feeding the pet chickens, pigeons, and rabbits. And all this comfort and plenty would have blown away in smoke had not the husband and father, years before, turned right about face and given up his tobacco.

Before it is Too Late.

If you have a gray-haired mother
In the old home far away,
Sit down and write the letter
You put off day by day.
Don't wait until her tired steps
Reach heaven's pearly gate—
But show her that you think of her
Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message,
Or a loving word to say,
Don't wait till you forget it,
But whisper it today.
Who knows what city memories
May haunt you if you wait?
So make your loved ones happy
Before it is too late.

We live but in the present,
The future is unknown—
Tomorrow is a mystery,
Today is all our own.
The chance that fortune lends to us
May vanish while we wait
So spend your life's rich treasure
Before it is too late.

The tender words unspoken,
The letter never sent,
The long-forgotten messages,
The wealth of love unspent,
For these some hearts are breaking,
For these some loved ones wait—
So show them that you care for them
Before it is too late.

—Selected.

Thirty Reasons Why a Christian Should not Dance.

1. One cannot dance with a clear conscience before God, and therefore I should abstain.
2. All branches of the Christian church have condemned dancing as carnal and immoral, inconsistent with the Christian profession.
3. Even the sacred books of the Pagans declare it an immoral amusement.
4. Pagan moralists, like Cicero, call it "indecent and voluptuous."
5. Dancing was one great means by which Negro corrupted Rome.
6. It has a bad name for professing Christians, and it dishonors the cause.
7. The best and most devout Christians do not want to dance.
8. None but backsliders and unconverted persons are found dancing.
9. It is not a favorite amusement even with conscientious worldlings.
10. It is one of the most favorite amusements with the vile everywhere.
11. The world has no confidence in the piety of church members who dance.
12. It is a distinctive badge everywhere of worldliness and worldly conformity.
13. It destroys a professing Christian's testimony, influence and usefulness everywhere.
14. The dancing of sexes together, as in modern times, was never practiced by the virtuous in Bible times.
15. Dancing grieves and offends all faithful pastors and devout Christians.
16. It is a companion vice with drinking and many other sins.
17. It dissipates the mind, corrupts the heart, and scars the conscience.
18. The decolette dress of the dance is an immoral invention of harlots.
19. The "German" and other round dances are favorites in brothels.
20. The liberties indulged in dancing are nowhere else allowed in decent society, and under other circumstances, they furnish ground for divorce.
21. It brings virtue into close connection with vice, at late hours, and under excitement, in which virtue is well nigh powerless.
22. Men do not choose to dance with themselves, nor even with their wives and sisters.
23. Beyond thrill of music and poetry of motion, it seems to have a sex reference.
24. Indeed, it is so allied to licentiousness that

the vilest places in our cities are called "dance houses."

25. The police reports show that a very large proportion (75 per cent) of abandoned women are raised in connection with the dance.

26. I cannot dance in modern society to the glory of God, nor can anyone.

27. If Jesus Christ were here, I am sure he would not go with me to a dancing party, and I cannot ask or obtain his blessing upon it.

28. I would not like to meet death at a dance and in ball dress.

29. I would not like to be found in a ball room when the Lord comes.

30. And finally! I have no desire to dance because my soul is filled with the joy of God's salvation, and my life with the privileges of his service.—*Rev. J. E. Marvin.*

Ministerial Record.

Rev. C. W. Corey of Liverpool, N. S., is to become pastor at Strathcona, Alberta, N. W. P.

Rev. J. B. Brown has become pastor at Grenville, Quebec.

Rev. Arthur J. Bowen, late of Congo Mission, has accepted the call of the church at Watford and Calvary, Ont.

Rev. W. B. Tighe, B. A., of Stonewall, Manitoba, became pastor of the Power Street Church, Winnipeg, Nov. 1.

Rev. W. B. Bozanson has resigned at Mahone, N. S., and become pastor at North Brookfield and Caledonia, N. S.

Rev. J. C. Pilkey, Onondaga, has accepted the call of the churches at Florence and Euphemia, Ont.

Rev. Ira Smith has accepted the charge of Clifton Avenue church, Detroit, Mich.

Rev. J. Cain, who has been for six years pastor of the Grenville Baptist Church, has resigned and accepted a call from the Papineauville, N. N. Mills and St. Amede Church, Quebec.

Rev. A. S. Cross, Hartford, has accepted a unanimous call to his old field, Walsh and Pine Grove Churches, Ontario.

Rev. D. M. Mihell has become pastor of the East End Tabernacle, Montreal, Que.

Rev. Mr. Welch of Woodstock has become pastor at Lindsay, Ont.

Mr. Herbert Bryant was ordained at Maxville, Ont., Oct. 13.

Rev. Perry J. Stackhouse, has got through with his studies at Chicago University and has accepted a call to return to the Tabernacle church at Haymarket Square, where he did a good work when he was there before. We are pleased to hear of his return to his old field.

Rev. L. D. Morse of Berwick, N. S. has accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate of the church at Wolfville, N. S.

Rev. J. A. Marple has gone to Wayburn, Assa., N. W. T. to do mission work.

Religious News.

On Sunday 22nd, it was my UPPER GAGERTOWN, privilege to baptize two N. B. more happy converts and conduct them into the fellowship of the church, making in all six happy believers that have put on Christ and united with the church since the interest commenced. We are expecting others in the near future. For three weeks, missionary Hayward gave us valuable assistance in the good work, we commend him to the confidence of all our churches.

R. MITCH.

It is not often that the CAMPBELLTON, people of the Campbellton N. B. church sees a Baptist minister excepting their own pastor, but during the last month they have been especially favored. The Rev. A. J. Vining had no sooner gone away than Rev. A. H. Hayward arrived. Brother Hayward came to do special work on the Quebec side where there seems to be

an opening to plant a New Testament church, but he found the season inopportune and so spent the week with the Campbellton pastor rendering valuable service by visiting three of the missions of the church and preaching three times during the week and preaching twice in town on Sunday, 14th, thus relieving the pastor to go to Mann Settlement and administer the ordinance of baptism to two candidates who had been awaiting several months.

I. W. K.

Nov. 24
ST. STEPHEN. A visitor to the Baptist church in this place is sufficient to convince one that substantial progress is being made

in all that pertains to the Master's kingdom. Bro. W. C. Gouche is the esteemed pastor and although he has seen and his people have enjoyed fifteen years service, yet there are no indications whatever that a change in the pastoral relationship is sought for or desired. Opportunities have frequently occurred of late which meant such a change and flattering calls from some of the best churches in the Maritime Provinces, but happily for the best interests of the church and community these calls have been declined. The congregations are larger than ever, the Sabbath School's growing and the church is exerting a power for good in the town. Brother Gouche is aided in his work by a faithful band of fellow workers, men and women, who are always on duty and can be depended upon, and both pastor and people may be congratulated upon the marked progress achieved and the steady development of the interests committed particularly to their care. The St. Stephen is not only a working and praying church but it is a giving church as well and to this happy combination of essential qualifications together with strong faith in, and reliance upon Divine power, may of course be attributed its steady prosperity and growing usefulness. And surely our churches small and large may possess and employ just such gifts for the glory of God and to the furtherance of his cause. Another long pastorate is that of Rev. A. I. Paddelford, D. D., for over quarter of a century pastor of the Second Calais church, Calais, Maine. To know Dr. Paddelford is to esteem and love him, not only for his work's sake, but for his rare personal qualities. His advancing years sit lightly upon him. He is still the fervent, vigorous preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ he always was. The very best of current literature finds its way to his study. He is fully conversant with the trend of religious thought, knows what is daily taking place in the scientific, philosophical and political world around him, is ever ready to counsel with, advise and help brother ministers, attends conventions, associations, quarterly and other meetings, represents Wellington Co., on the Executive Board meeting a Waterville several times a year, is a good pastor, a faithful preacher, clear and forceful in his utterances of Divine truth, dwelling in the hearts of his people and respected and beloved by all the people. May his love long abide in strength and the arms of his hands be still made strong by the hands of the mighty God of Jacob. After all such lengthy pastorates as these are not only a blessing to the people enjoying them, but tend to gain a standing and an influence to the church whose members have the sense and grace to remain true to their pastors amid the various vicissitudes of church life and activity, rather than believing and acting as if a "change in pastors" were all that is needed to bring in a full tide of prosperity. The churches which are blessed with faithful preachers should do their very best to retain their services. My old friend and neighbor, H. F. Perry died in full armour, and has gone to his sure reward. What a glorious thing it is to labor for and with Christ Jesus here, and to do part to be with him forever there, "which is far better."

Yours faithfully,

ST. CROIX VALLEY NOV. 1903. OBSERVER.

STUDHOLM.

The pastor of late has received six into the fellowship of the church here. Special meetings are now being held and we hope to report many conversions. Our services are largely attended.

W. CAMP.

SUSSEX. Last Sunday evening the pastor gave the hand of fellowship to six persons, five of whom were baptized during November. Interest good.

OAK BAY. We have said good bye to the dear people of Jemseg, CHAR. CO., N. B. and are now settled at Oak Bay, CHAR. CO. We hope the master will direct some faithful brother to our late field of labour, also help us train His will on our new field. Please notice my change of address all that may wish to correspond with me. W. J. GORDON.

Dec. 3

Our general missionary, Bro. A. H. Hayward, has recently been laboring with Bro. Natch at Upper Georgetown and Barton, and several have professed religion. Bro. H. also made a brief visit to Campbellton, assisting Rev. J. W. Keirstead for two weeks. He has since been at Upper Kingsclear engaged in special work.

Rev. P. P. Dresser has just briefly located at Port Elgin and extends his labors to Cape Tormentine. A heavy debt encumbers the property at Port Elgin, but with some aid promised by the H. M. Board, this will likely be met in good season. Bro. D. and his people are becoming more hopeful.

Bro. H. S. Shaw has resigned at Hampton and is open for work elsewhere. We would like to see some of our vacant churches retain Bro. Shaw by inviting him to their pulpit. He is a good and worthy brother.

Rev. H. S. Erb, pastor at Hampton Station, who has resided during the summer at the old family homestead on the Bellisle, has recently moved to the Station in order to be nearer his field of laboring.

Rev. E. H. How, has closed his pastorate at Freeport, N. S., and has charge of the church at Upper Wilmott, N. S.

Notice.

Dea. Joshua D. Colwell of Jemseg, is authorized to take subscriptions and collect payments for this paper, "THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL." The manager, J. H. Hughes, is not well enough to do any canvassing for it this winter. We therefore hope that all those who are in arrears with payments for it will forward the same without delay, and that all will renew subscriptions for next year. Don't let us have any order to "discontinue" but all try and help the little paper to live and be useful.

Married.

CHAPMAN TURNER - At Johnston's Hotel, Perth Centre, Nov. 18th, by R. W. Dennings, Frederick Chapman of Woodstock, N. B., to Mary E. Turner of Antigonish, Victoria Co., N. B.

HILL McDONALD - At the Baptist parsonage, Godstow, Charlottetown, Nov. 18, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Muriel Hill to Lillian V. McDonald, both of Coverdale, East.

FISHER DICKENSON - At Carleton Place, Ont., Nov. 21, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, Robert Fisher to Gladys M. Dickenson.

SHARP McCUMBER - At the Baptist church, St. Annus, N. B., Nov. 21st, by the Rev. C. W. Towns, John Edward Sharp of Niagara Falls, N. Y., to Arvilla McCumber of St. Martins.

PAISLEY GILSON - At the residence of the bride's parents, Westfield, Kings county, N. B., on Nov. 12, by Rev. E. K. Goring, John Edward Paisley to Agnes Elizabeth Gregg, second daughter of J. W. Gregg.

DAVIS HANNAH - At the home of the bride, Jacksonville, on the 11th inst., by Rev. A. Caird, Arthur E. Davis of Hamilton, Maine.

YORK BRITTON - On the 18th inst., at the home of George L. Britton, Woodstock, by Rev. Joseph Noble Henry Kimball York, of Victoria Corner, C. Co., and Bessie L. Britton, of Lower Wakefield, C. Co.

CURRIER WILSON - At the Baptist parsonage, Upper Georgetown, N. B., Nov. 17th, by Rev. R. W. Goring, George C. Currier and Louisa H. Weston, both of Upper Georgetown.

HARVEY SULLIVAN - At the Free Baptist parsonage, Moncton, November 7, by Rev. G. W. S. Young, Stephen Harvey and Janice Sullivan, both of Moncton, N. B.

WHEELER PROCTOR - At the home of the bride, Sussex, N. B., Nov. 14, by Rev. W. Camp, Mr. William E. Leach and wife, to Mrs. Rachel Ann Proctor.

GEORGE STEELES - At the home of the bride, Chester, Albert Co., N. B., on Nov. 15, by A. A. Balfour, Mr. George Grant to Annie May Steeles, both of Albert Co., N. B.

JONES WILSON - At the residence of the bride, Upper Kingsclear, by A. A. Balfour, James Wilson of Upper Kingsclear and Co., to Angelina Wilson of Cambridge, Albert Co.

WILSON BIRD - At the home of the bride, Basford, Oct. 29th, by Rev. A. A. Balfour, Munro Wilson to Beatrice Bird, both of Albert Co., N. B.

McKAY McADAM - At Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 22nd, by Rev. Z. L. Fisher, Samuel W. McKay, Carleton, Me., and Mrs. Mable McAdam, East Florence, N. B.

DOUGLAS MCKAY - At Woodstock, N. B., Oct. 21st, by Rev. Z. L. Fisher, Walter M. Fisher and Richard McKay, both of Charlottetown, Me.

MELVIN CROSMAN - At the parsonage, Havelock, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Sept. 25th, E. Corrie Mowbray of Bay Brook to Minnie Crosmann of Moncton.

DEAN LAMIS - At the home of the bride's parents, O. B. by Rev. J. W. Brown, Elsie H. Peach, of New Carlisle, to William Lamis of Young's Cove, Queens Co., N. B.

KEIRSTEAD-YEHL - At Mt. Amos Curry's, New Carlisle, Oct. 14th, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Cythia E. Keirstead and Ethel M. Ryder.

FERRY THORNTON - At the parsonage, Havelock, Oct. 31, by Rev. J. W. Brown, Ethel M. Ferry and Helene B. Thornton, both of Havelock.

KENT GRAY-BLUMIE - At Mount Pleasant, Carleton Co., by Rev. A. J. Prosser, Ethel Kent and Sadie Campbell, both at the home of the bride on the 1st of November.

FRISBIE-PHIBBS - At the home of the bride, Keswick, on Oct. 21st, by Rev. A. D. Paul, Charles Frisbie to Bessie Shephard, both of Keswick.

Died.

HILL. It is with a feeling of deep sadness and a sense of personal bereavement that we record the death of our esteemed brother and fellow laborer, M. S. Hill of Fredericton. This event occurred at the home of the departed, Nov. 15th. For the greater part of the summer Bro. H. had been unwell, and it was quite evident to his friends that he was slowly yet surely going. His disease, thought to be cancer of the liver, was of such a nature that medical skill seemed unable to give permanent relief. For many years he had been a truly devoted member of the church, and his death was a great loss to the church and to his family. He was a man of great piety and his life was a model of Christian living. He was a member of the Baptist Church in Fredericton, and his death was a great loss to the church. His wife, formerly of South Carolina, is now sadly alone, may the God of all grace comfort and bless her.

LEWIS. At Godstow, Carleton Co., Nov. 19th, Charles J. B. Lewis, late of New Brunswick, aged 45 years. A widow, son and daughter mourn the loss of a loving husband and kind father, with many relatives and acquaintances feel that a dear friend has gone from them. But our Heavenly Father knows what is best and we bow in submission.

TITTS - At Titus Wells, Upper, N. B., on 20th inst. of usefulness of the aged, Charles Titts, in the 71st year of his age. A zealous and pious religion many years ago, and was blessed by Elder Keith. He leaves a widow, three sons and four daughters in mourning, besides five brothers and two sisters. In the department of Bro. Titts the community has lost an active business man and the Tittsville church a good supporter and friend. May God comfort the mourning ones.

TINGLEY. - On Friday, Oct. 23rd last, Julia A., daughter of Amos A., and Mary E. Tingley of Beaver Brook, Miramichi, a lovely girl of twelve summers, passed away after a very brief illness caused by heart failure. From early childhood Julia was of a devout and thoughtful nature, a regular attendant at Sunday School, which she greatly loved and a faithful student of the Bible lessons. Last June in a social service, when all who were Christians were asked to testify to it silently by standing, Julia immediately arose. On the Sunday following her death, in the presence of her own family and a large number of sympathizing friends, her body was laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery at Hopewell Hill. May God abundantly bless the sorrowing parents and family, who have the consolation that their loss is her eternal gain.