

The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 147

"Of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

By Rev. B. Franklin Rattav,
beyond our human vision
There are regions more sublime
Than any yet discovered
Along the shores of time
There are mountains bathed in glory
That no poet can describe,
And valleys decked in splendor,
Where spirits pure abide.
There the Rose of Sharon blossoms,
And blossoms ne'er to die;
And the Lily of the valley
G greets the Angel passer-by.
It is the "Better Country,"
The heavenly and divine,
Where God takes little children—
Those darling ones of thine.
'Tis the "Home of Many Mansions,"
Where all is peace and love,
And there the dear departed
Are safe with God above.

Philadelphia.

Eternity of Hell.

W. H. GODFREY.

The duration of hell is not a matter of philosophical investigation nor dogmatic exercise, but like all other problems evolved in revealed truth, it is to be settled by the *ipse dixit* of Jehovah. When God speaks, all human theories evanesce forever, all speculative cavil, and controversy are hushed in the silence of eternity. As God has not given an uncertain utterance, or left an ambiguous revelation appertaining to this transcendently important subject, we have only to appeal to the infallible word and settle the matter beyond the possibility of controversy:

"And if thy hand may cause thee to backslide, cut it off; it is good for thee to enter into life maimed, rather than having two hands to go away into hell, into the fire that cannot be quenched. And if thy foot may cause thee to backslide, cut it off; it is good for thee to enter into life lame rather than having two feet to be cast into hell.

And if thine eye may cause thee to backslide cast it from thee; it is good for thee to enter into the kingdom of God having one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell, where the worm does not have an end and the fire is not quenched. (Mark 9: 43, 48.)

These plain clear, and unmistakable utterances of our Savior settle the question of hell's eternity beyond the possibility of cavil, unless some one by the very inspiration of the devil should have the diabolical audacity to flatly contradict Him.

Foreseeing the unscrupulous evasions of the No-hellites, He here used words so free from ambiguity that they can only be perverted and misconstrued by downright lying. The No-hellites dwell much on "hades," whittling it down to the little point of nothing, and making it only mean the grave, thus grossly perverting and misrepresenting. Hades is a compound word from *Alpha*, "not" when used as a prefix, and *eidoo*, to see. Hence, it literally means the unseen world, and generally includes both heaven and Hell. Luke 16: 23, "He lifted up his eyes

in hell, being in torment," has this word. In this history of the rich man and Lazarus, they are both recognized in hades, the former tormented in the flaming fires, and the latter enjoying unmingled bliss in Abraham's bosom, which is the name of the intermediate paradise into which all the Old Testament saints were gathered there to await the fulfillment of the Abrahamic covenant by which they were saved, in the atonement which our Saviour perfected on Calvary, after which he descended into hades, proclaiming his victory in hell (1 Peter 3: 19); crossing the intervening chasm, (5: 21); impassable by all finite beings, enters that intermediate paradise; meets the saved thief as he promised on the cross the same day (Luke 23: 5); spends the Sabbath with the jubilant hosts of Old Testament saints; abolishes that Paradise, leads them up with him (Eph 4: 8-4 10); receives his body from the sepulchre.

This mighty host of the souls saved during the first four thousand years tarry with Him the forty days intervening between His resurrection and ascension, and then ascend with Him into heaven, (24th Psalm.) Himself, "the first fruits of them that slept," triumphantly leading the way, leaving the pearly gates open wide to all the New Testament saints subsequently dying and sweeping triumphantly into glory, "washed in the blood of the Lamb."

Though in this chapter Dives and Lazarus both go into hades, which simply means the unseen world, you see the former is in the dismal region of Tartarus (2 Peter 2: 4) wrapped in devouring flames, while the latter is safe and happy in Abraham's bosom. We also find this word "hades" in Acts 22: 7 and 31: "Forseeing he spoke concerning the resurrection of Christ, that he was not left in hades (A. V., hell,) nor did his flesh see corruption," thus certifying that our Savior's human soul was in hades while his body lay in the sepulchre. While "hades" thus occurs in a few passages where the A. V. translates it "hell," the word occurring in those three verses above quoted, Mark 9: 43, 45 and 47, as well as other passages in the New Testament, is not "hades," but "*gehenna*" which has no other meaning except "hell," the dictionary giving but one definition, i. e., hell, the place of punishment in "hades" or "the world of the dead."

Hence, you see it is impossible to switch off on the word hades, N. T., and sheol, O. T., which is the same; because our Savior in those strong and unambiguous declarations in reference to the hell of the wicked, does not use the word "hades" at all but "*gehenna*," which has no other meaning but hell. Consequently, there is no room for dodging unless we have the diabolical audacity to contradict Jesus.

The word translated "die" in this passage is *teleuta*, from *telos*, the end. Therefore it means never to have an end, sweeping forever from the field of controversy the possibility that the existence and the duration of the hell-tortures will ever have an end. In these three passages Jesus defines hell to be the fire which can never be quenched. As the Greek language is so much stronger and clearer than the English, I am utterly incompetent to translate the words of the Savior with all the force and unequivocal certainty of the original.

When I read in the inspired Greek the very

words that the Savior spoke, their force, precision, clearness, and unequivocal and invariable certainty rise before me in a mountain high as heaven, deep as hell and broad as the universe, till I am appalled and astounded to contemplate the Satanic chicanery, impudent affrontery, and demoniacal audacity, with which the devil has inspired and emboldened his preachers to stand in the pulpit and falsify the pain and unequivocal declaration of Him who cannot lie nor be mistaken. Hence you see these words of our Savior forever settle the question of hell's eternity. When God says a thing once, it is settled forever. —From No Hellism.

Christianity means more than the saying of the creeds and attendance at church. Someone has truly said that "Christianity if it means anything means sixteen ounces to the pound, three feet to the yard, a just weight and a just measure. It means honesty in all our dealings, a seven-days-in-the-week religion, purity in conversation, a broad charity toward our fellow man's failings, unflinching integrity, sympathy, and humanity.

Some people seem to think that the more sincere the Christian the more sour and stern his behaviour. The people who hold this caricature of religion speak of holy things as they do of death—with hushed voices and sad faces.

We do not believe that God is any more pleased with a melancholy Christian than with a heaten who cuts and mutilates his body. Our religion should not be one of sighs and moans, but of smiles and happy song and thanksgiving.

There are folks who seem to have just enough religion to make them miserable. They are constantly harping upon what one has to give up to become a Christian; they do not seem to think of what he gets. We are not called upon to give up anything that is good or pure or innocent in this world. A man may lead a godly life without forsaking his athletic sports, or any harmless recreation. He need not hide the brightness and cheeriness of youth under a sad and gloomy manner. He must give up some things, but they are only those that injure him and dishonour alike both God and himself, and are unworthy of a true man.

It is not the books we lend people that will alone form their character, but it is the example we set before them which will make or mar their lives in the future. Our life story affects others, will do them good or harm, according to the pattern that it sets forth. In a certain cemetery a small, white stone marks the grave of a little girl and on the stone these words are: "A little child of whom her playmates said, 'It was easier to be good when she was with us.'" The parent, the teacher, the loving friend may pass away, but the strength of example remains and is remembered.

Want is a hopeful sign. Moral progress is always made by those who are in want, and not by those who are satisfied. One of the best evidences of good health is for one to be hungry—to be in want of food at meal times. A healthy Christian is one with an appetite—with spiritual hunger—hungering and thirsting after righteousness. A

The Home Mission Journal

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As we have decided to stop publishing the paper at the close of this year, and as many of our subscribers are asking us to give the whole of the story, "Cruising for the Cross," before the paper stops, we shall have to give it more space in the remaining issues than we have heretofore, consequently there will be less other reading matter than usual.

Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER XV.

John Henton and his sister loved to be on deck as the staunch and spacious yacht, which seemed almost alive with the poetry of motion, ploughed its way onward through the broad billows that rolled grandly up in stately succession from the latitude of the Cape. John Henton was a true sailor, and while he utilized steam as occasion required it, he felt that in the tapering masts, graceful spars, snowy canvas and noble contour of a square-rigged ship or bark it is to be found the finest type of marine architecture; and on such a craft, which draws its motive power from the winds of heaven, is to be found the most romantic and exhilarating style of sea life. Henton loved to study and speculate on the precise amount of "draw" of each sail, the proper slant to be given each yard, and the many questions which continually come up concerning the handling of a man-sparred ship.

It was a glorious sensation to look abroad over the vast expanse of heaving sea, while the yacht now dipped boldly downward and again rose as if shooting skyward as it met the mighty movement of the sea.

"How grand are the works of the Creator!" was a thought that at least coming again and again to the minds of the young Americans, as their faces were famished by the refreshing breezes that blew with increasing force the farther south the craft, now under press of canvas alone, worked its way. "How like a chip on the eternal surge seems this yacht of ours!" exclaimed Grace, after standing watch one day on the bridge with her brother.

"Yes," replied John, "and yet these vast waves are but as so many globules of mercury rolling in the palm of the great Creator!"

And then, when at times refuge was taken in the deck-house from the dashing spray that came flying over the bows, as though in silvery protest at its temerity in disputing the opposition of the surges, Captain Hardy would be invited in, and to the great delight of his American hosts would spin yarn after yarn, detailing his adventures, which had been many and exciting, as a skipper in the East India trade.

At last the *Glad Tidings*, beating up now close hauled against the wind, after much tacking to and fro, succeeded in creeping by that frowning Cape of Good Hope which has seemed to many a luckless seaman to be the head of the Cape of Terrors. Many a ship alas! was dismasted and torn by the raging seas has never passed that forbidding old headland, but has foundered somewhere off in the yeasty, yearning seas, inattentive in their greed for prey.

When the *Glad Tidings* dropped anchor in Table Bay, off Cape Town, it found that spacious harbor crowded with vessels, chiefly English men-of-war and troop ships. Here, thought Henton, is a fine opportunity for Christian work? He had not been long at Cape Town, before—by means of the same kindly, tactful methods which he had

previously pursued—he succeeded in obtaining access to the cabins and decks of most of the ships about him. Sometimes, indeed, his request for a chance to do gospel work was met by a rough response from some old sea dog; but generally John Henton was cordially received by the officers—whether naval, military or mercantile—for most leaders of men well understand the usefulness of efforts looking to the elevation of seamen and soldiers. Then too, there were several chaplains attached to the ships or regiments, and while a few of these put official red tape before efficiency in Christian labor, the majority cordially welcomed religious help from any quarter, and some of them became fast friends of Henton, whom he met afterwards at other parts of the world to their mutual joy.

Strange feelings overcame Henton, as he gazed away northwards from the heights of Cape Town and thought of the two competing European civilizations in Africa at that time—Boer and British—and also as he reflected that back of those more civilized settlements in South Africa there stretched the great plains and jungles of the Dark Continent, where millions and millions of degraded human beings dragged out a weary existence, with no joys above those purely animal, and with the dread fear ever before them of massacre by a stronger tribe or of deportation into hopeless slavery. "God direct the issue of the coming years," prayed Henton, "so that the issue may mean a new and Christian Africa."

After a stay of some months in Cape Town during which time the engines of the *Glad Tidings* were thoroughly looked over and weakened parts replaced, and a good supply of provisions laid in, the prow of the ship was headed again in the direction of the Indian Ocean, this time passing Mauritius without stopping. The course was laid almost directly for Bombay, which was reached without incident—other than those ceaselessly interesting changes of cloud or climate, or those numberless little happenings which to a true sailor lend interest to a sea voyage.

There at Bombay the *Glad Tidings* was again in touch with the mercantile marine of all nations, and many and glorious were the gospel meetings held on the yacht—and occasionally on some large steamer lying near by at anchor. Henton well realized that the sailors frequenting those ports were missionaries for good or evil wherever they went. The heathen were not likely to be converted by rum soaked, blear-eyed representatives of England or America—simply because they came from so-called Christian lands.

John Henton did his best, therefore, to redeem the men of the sea, whose actions for good or bad are conspicuous before the eyes of all natives in all ports visited, that they might become messengers of a holier faith, rather than debauched sowers of the seeds of corruption, vice and decay.

The arrival of the *Glad Tidings* at Bombay realized a dream which long had charmed the imagination of Grace Henton—to visit India, which more perhaps than any other country in the world is the land of weird romance and metely historic suggestions—the home of subtle magic, unholy necromancy, and uncanny arts, as well as of hybrid faiths, extravagant conceits, debasing superstitions, and cruelties and intrigues innumerable. John and Grace had read many books on India—for the *Glad Tidings*, among its other articles of equipment, carried a well-stocked library, which was at the disposal of all on board—and they were quite familiar with the faiths and philosophies of the Hindus. They had dreamed with the Buddhist of "The Road" they had travelled in thought the painful path of the fakir and the ascetic, only to remind themselves the next moment that the only true road for all mankind is that trod centuries ago by Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Their curiosity was aroused to see for themselves the motly Indian life. At Calcutta accordingly they left the yacht for a few weeks' tour amid Indian scenes, taking care to visit on the way many missionary stations where their coming brought much joy, and whence they in turn took away increased inspiration for Christian service. Of course the Hentons saw many wonderful old palaces and temples and all manner of sights quaint, queer, ludicrous, pathetic and fearful. And equally as a matter of course they were disillusioned of many of their presupposed ideas regarding fairy-like India. When once they came face to face with heathenism at home, on its native heath—heathenism un-

mitigated by an apologist, heathenism bald and bold and beastly, they realized as never before the worth of the gospel of Jesus Christ, which is the sole redeeming agency capable of making out of a naturally corrupt human nature a humanity decently civilized and socially developed. Interested as they were in all the sights and sounds that greeted them in India, the Hentons could not but feel a deep repugnance to the paganism which was so much out before them in all its sordidness and squalor, were still.

"The heathen in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone."

It was a great relief to turn from such near contact with dreary, weary paganism to the mission halls, where gospel meetings were being carried on for the riff-raff of sailors of all nationalities who are cast up in Bombay like drift-wood on a beach.

Henton, and some of the members of his crew on whom he particularly relied for help in religious work mingled with the Jackies ashore as much as possible, giving to one a Bible, to another a tract in his own language, whatever that might be, and to a third, a bit of timely counsel. In some instances Henton was the means of righting the wrongs of seamen who had been duped by boarding-house keepers or other land-sharks or maltreated by their officers. Such victims of rapacity ashore or brutality afloat found most unexpectedly a powerful backer in John Henton, who possessed both the money and the influence to bring their persecutors to justice, co-operating as he did in each port visited, with the United States and British consuls in efforts to defend the rights of seamen.

It was an unpleasant surprise to Captain Henton, on one of these tours of mission work in Bombay, to meet two of his own men tumbling unsteadily out of a low dram-shop—one was a rough ex-man-o'-war's-man, Mike Bailey, who had served a term of enlistment in the British Navy and the other was Lascar, nicknamed "Hoggy." As soon as the two tipsy sailors caught sight of Captain Henton they tried in a half-stupid way to avoid him. But before they could sink away Bill Saunders blocked their path while Captain Henton demanded in stern tones, "What are you doing here, men? What do you mean by bringing disgrace on the *Glad Tidings* by this sort of low conduct?"

The ex-man-o'-war's man gave a sly grin by way of reply to this reproof, while defiance blazed in the eyes of the dark-faced Lascar.

"Saunders, see that these men get back to the ship at once!" commanded Henton, "No more shore leave for them in Bombay?" he added as the two sailors reeled away, half-led, half-borne along by Saunders and two others of the crew who happened to come along at that moment. But as the Lascar turned away, he shook his fist at his young captain in a way that boded no good to him or to his yacht.

The next day after Captain Henton's encounter with his two drunken sailors on the streets of Bombay, Bill Saunders, the boat swain's mate, approached the captain as he stood on the quarter-deck, and touching his cap said "Cap'n may I have a word with you?"

"Certainly," said Henton, leading the way into his private cabin.

"Cap'n," began Saunders again, "I think it's right to tell you that that Lascar is not a trustworthy hand and I advise you to ship him right here in Bombay."

"Why, Saunders, what has he been up to? I know he has been on a carouse, but do you know anything else out of the way that he has done?"

"No, Cap'n, but I don't like the looks of him. He's a sly dog, and I think he would be better out of the ship than in it!"

"Well, Saunders, I thank you for your warning," replied Henton, "but I don't want to cast any man off, if there's a chance of reforming him. Let us see if we can't convert him, instead of shipping him! I will have a talk with both men. Send them both to me to the mast in turn."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said Saunders. "It's as you say of course!" But as he went out, having had more experience of the world than his young captain, he shook his head in silent protest against the excessive good-nature, as he considered it, of the master of the yacht.

Captain Henton's interview with the Lascar

and Bailey was not very satisfactory. Bailey took the words of the captain's speech while the Lascar's smile, despite the fact that he had just seen as he heard Henton say that if he repeated his offence, he would be left behind at some port further on. Henton had already on several occasions spoken kindly and explicitly to both men regarding their souls' salvation and he had just caused to feel that his kindness and forbearance had been abused. In firm tones he told the men that they must mend their ways or leave the ship. With that he dismissed the culprits, who slunk away to the fore-castle forthwith, where the boatswain's mate, looking in a few moments later he found them muttering together, their conversation being punctuated with explosive oaths. Saunders said nothing of this at the time to any one, except to the gray-haired boatswain, who agreed with his mate that it would be well closely to watch the men from that time on.

From Boubey the *Glad Tidings* ran down without incident to Ceylon, where at Colombo many opportunities of working with the men of the sea were offered, and a number of earnest sailor evangelists were found laboring for their fellow-seamen in the intervals of their work aboard their ships. Henton sincerely admired the simplicity and wholeheartedness of these men. It but illustrated afresh to his mind a fact of which he had already become thoroughly convinced, that when a sailor is converted at all, he is converted all over from keelson to truck.

From Colombo it was a slow and uneventful run over to the west coast of the Malay Peninsula, to the mouth of the Strait of Malacca, but as the *Glad Tidings* worked its way cautiously down the narrow Strait toward Singapore the interest of John and Grace increased. With much interest they scanned with their binoculars now the coast of Sumatra and again that of the Malay Peninsula, as the yacht beat over toward one or other shore. Grace had often read of the Straits Settlements, and it seemed like a dream actually to be in that neighborhood.

When the *Glad Tidings* anchored in the roadstead at Singapore it seemed as though it had at last turned the corner toward home. For all intents and purposes half of its world-wide cruise was over. Singapore itself seemed to be a strange clearing-house for all the odds and ends of stray humanity. In that port some opportunities were afforded to pay hurried visits to the big tea-steamers that were hastily coaling up—boats especially designed for rushing cargoes of tea through from Canton to England by way of the Suez Canal. When there was not time to converse with their crews, Henton put aboard the big craft small libraries of the books and tracts which would afford attractive reading for the men for days to come. Tramp steamers too were in port that were not in a hurry, and on these gospel meetings were held to the crews with sailors from the town, were gathered in the spacious mid-ship cabin of the *Glad Tidings* for religious services.

Henton thought that he would improve the opportunity while so out part of the world to increase his knowledge of geography by cruising among the Dutch East Indies. It was dangerous sailing in those comparatively uncharted and unlighted regions, and as Henton passed the bridge during those anxious hours by day or night he felt anew the force of what he had often heard as a common place of Christian exhortation, that all voyagers through this world need the Bible as a chart. As he strode back and forth on the bridge while the barkentine was coasting along the treacherous shores of Sumatra, Java and New Guinea, the words of the hymn, "Jesus Saviour, Pilot Me!" frequently came to mind, and one particularly dark night, when Henton was not sure of the cross currents in a difficult part of the Torres Strait, it cheered him to hear floating out of cabin the port holes the words of this hymn, sung by a number of the crew off duty who had exceptionally fine voices, while Grace accompanied on the organ.

Now it is our aim to portray character in a way that is true to fact, and it cannot be supposed that John Henton, who had his faults though a sincere Christian, was always wise in what he did. He had the same need of prayerful dependance on a higher directing wisdom that other men have. He had his infirmities and limitations even as others. This trip among the Dutch East Indies and on to the New Guinea coast, was not a nec-

essary part of his work cruising for the Cross, since Henton could hope to accomplish little Christian work in those regions. But he felt impelled for the sake of curiosity, despite Grace's mild protest, to take the yacht around that way. If he had prayed a little more over the matter it would have been better—but in this instance Henton followed inclination rather than a carefully reasoned and prayer-tested program.

(To be continued.)

Religious News.

ST. MARY'S AND BUCTOUCHE. To-day I have reluctantly laid down the work on this field to resume my studies at college. As I look back over

the past four months of hard work, my heart goes out in humble gratitude to God, that there has been such a marked spiritual growth in this place. After six weeks of special services I am glad to report eleven additions by baptism; while three others are awaiting baptism at Buctouche, and more, we trust will follow at some later date. The St. Mary's and Dundas churches have been greatly improved this summer by some repairs and fresh coats of paint both outside and within. The former house has been further beautified by the addition of an organ, kindly presented to the young people by Bro. John Hyslop. It has been more gratifying to me also as it would be to any pastor, to have the hearty sympathy and co-operation of a people of which any denomination or country may well be proud.

I trust that some faithful servant of God may be sent this way to keep alive the Baptist interest here and in adjoining places, where a promising future is in store for us.

FRED A. BOWER

We have been holding special **NEW MARYLAND.** meetings during the past week with the New Maryland Church. On account of the farmers being busy putting in their crops the attendance has been but small, but we have heard the voice of one in testimony who has been silent for a long time. And on Friday eve one young lady requested prayers that she might become a Christian. We expect to continue the meetings next week and trust more will start on the Christian life.

C. W. SABLES.

MILL COVE. There is a group of churches on the Mill Cove field would **QUEBENS CO., N. B.** be glad to have some of God's servants to call and break the Bread of Life to them with a view of settling among them for a time at least. Hoping that God the father will direct the right man this we are hoping for the showers of blessings. I am sorry to say that the churches are in a low state spiritually and in need of a man of God to come in and help them back again to their old standing in Christ.

I am yours truly,

A MEMBER OF CHRIST'S CHURCH.

At Lower Ludlow last Sabbath three were baptized.

The ceiling has been strongly underpinned. The inside will be completely finished this fall. Bro. Howlett has endeared himself to the people, and nobly aided us in the work for the Master. We worked together harmoniously and joyously for eleven weeks and now he has returned to Acadia. Forty-one has been added to the churches by baptism and seven by letter. God has greatly strengthened our hands in reaching precious souls especially in winning

men as 26 of the 41 were men. We give God all the glory.

C. P. WILSON.

TOBIQUE

Since our last report we have spent some time with Bro. Miles on Sison Ridge

and Plaster Rock and Tobique River, three more candidates were baptized at Linton Corner during our visit. The Union between the Baptists and Free Baptists will be a fine thing for Tobique River. We visited Landsdown a section of the Peel Church and baptized two candidates at that place, they with three others will join the Peel Church. We have been working at Bristol and East Florenceville of late; two have been received into the Bristol Church with a prospect of others coming soon.

A. H. HAYWARD.

NASHWAAK.

On Sunday, Sept. 26th large congregations gathered at the Baptist church to extend

their congratulations and unite with the Nashwaak Baptist church in the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the organization of the church. The service began at 11 o'clock when the Rev. J. A. Cahill of Jacksontown, Carleton Co., preached an able and interesting sermon from the words found in John 13th chapter, last part of the first verse, on the eternal and unchangeable love of God—Having loved his own which were in the world he loved them unto the end. In the afternoon the Pastor stated that the Rev. Dr. Manning of St. John who was expected to speak on Missions, had sent his regrets at not being able to be present, and Rev. Mr. Cahill again preached from the words found in Matthew 6: 33—Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His Righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you. At the close of the sermon the pastor Rev. C. W. Sables presented a partial sketch of the history of the church, after which Deacon Christopher Manzer led the congregation in prayer of thanksgiving and praise for past blessings. The pastor stated that only three of the former pastors were now living; Rev. John Williams of Cumberland Bay, Rev. H. B. Sloat, of Wilton, N. S. and Rev. F. B. Seeley, also that the church has sent out three preachers; Rev. Dr. Goodspeed the late W. D. Manzer and Rev. Mr. Cay, now a preacher for the Reformed Baptists. The pastor also stated that he had received letters from H. B. Sloat and Rev. F. B. Seeley, former pastors, expressing their regret at not being able to be present and sending greetings to the church. J. H. McDonald of Fredericton, preached an able and practical discourse from the text, Psalm 73, 17th verse, on the influence and power of the sanctuary on the church of God after which a social service was conducted by the pastor. Miss Viola Howland of Springfield, presided at the organ and a male quartette from Fredericton rendered valuable assistance in making the services a success. On Monday evening the Rev. W. R. Robinson, the popular pastor at Gibson and Marysville was with us and preached a very practical and helpful sermon on the text, Malachi 4th chapter, and verse:—Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings. Messages of congratulations were brought from the churches at Fredericton, Gibson and Marysville by their pastors, Rev. J. H. McDonald and Rev. W. R. Robinson.

C. W. SABLES,

Many a family has a Bible upon the center table merely for ornament, and makes no effort to discover the treasure it contains; just as the gold lay undiscovered in our Western lands, and men walked and slept upon the dazzling treasure without knowing of its existence.

The Cupful and the Fountain.

A saying of Jesus, which is far too lightly passed over by most of the commentators on the Fourth Gospel, is His declaration to the woman of Samaria: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a fountain of water springing up unto eternal life" (John 4: 15). The thought is perfectly clear. The one who takes from the Master a sip or a cupful of the living water will find that a fountain of it is opened in his own inner life. Jesus is thinking of the spring, fresh and sparkling and limpid that is ever flowing in Jacob's well, or of such a fountain as the Palestine Exploration Society has recently discovered in the rock beneath the Temple at Jerusalem, and He says "He who comes into such relationship with me that he takes even a cup from my hand will find that he has received into his heart a perennial spring like the one that supplies Jacob's well."

If we leave the figurative expression altogether what does this great saying of Jesus mean but this: The man who takes what Christ offers to bestow does not merely receive a gift that can be weighed and measured and valued, like a cup of water that quenches a momentary thirst, or a jewel or a coin, but he receives the very source and origin of the things he seeks, so that he himself becomes a new center and fountain of the very blessings that he has received?

That statement answers precisely to Christian experience. You can never tell what one is receiving when he takes the gift of Christ. You see the boy or girl exercising faith in the Master and you say that is not a great thing, it is an easy thing to do, and it can hardly be possible that it has any large significance. Years afterward you meet the lad or maiden, having become a sweet, strong effective personality, and listen to the confessor: "It all began when I came into personal relationship with Christ years ago. I took a cupful of the living water, and a fountain sprang up in my soul."

That is why the usefulness, the efficiency, the real power and character of so many Christians are utterly disproportionate to anything that they appear to have received from Christ or from the Bible, or from the church. They do not know a great deal; perhaps they could not explain intelligently a single verse in the doctrinal part of St. Paul's writings; their theological ideas are exceedingly hazy; but they have received that which has hazzered all their powers, given their vision a new focus and imparted to them an impulse that abides.

David Brainerd, spitting blood upon the snows, marked by death, he preached among the New Jersey Indians, could not have given them a great deal of knowledge. But Brainerd believed that if he brought an Indian to Christ, the Master would enter that human heart; and the cupful the ignorant savage took would become a fountain. David Livingstone could not have given the African tribes among whom he sojourned much instruction in the Gospel, but one of the most wonderful things about our recent knowledge of Africa is that wherever an explorer has crossed the trail of David Livingstone he has crossed a line of light, as distinct as the path of a great searchlight thrown upon the darkness of the waters.

And that is why in the work of Christian missions we are sending out what cannot be weighed or valued. Men look upon such a company as the Baptists of the North sent to the foreign field last week, and they say: "What does that amount to—a few men and women, a few Bibles

and tracts and hymn books? When you think of China and India and Africa, what they really are, and the hosts of heathenism, this missionary enterprise is the most fantastic that ever entered the brain of man." Yes, it certainly would be so if these men and women, and these Bibles and hymn books were the whole of it. But the man in the street with his easy criticism or supercilious sneer overlooks the fact that these servants of Christ will bring the Oriental into personal relationship with the Master, and though the pagan only takes from Christ a cupful of the living water, in taking that a fountain will be opened in his own soul. The missionary bears with him not only a message or a book; he bears with him the promise and potency of spiritual life.

Married.

DUFFY-DAWSON—At the home of Mr. Richard Dawson, bride's father, on Sept. 25 by Rev. Henry S. Erb, Mr. Everett Duffy of Dawsonville, Ga., to Miss Joseph Dawson of the same place.

BRUCE-THOMPSON—At St. Stephen, N. B., by Rev. W. C. Goucher, B. A., David Wiley, Bruce of Methuen Mass, to Miss Carrie Barker Thompson, of St. Stephen.

LEWIS-ALBRIGHT—At the residence of the bride's parents, Mackinac, Mich., on Sept. 16, October 5th, by Rev. C. N. Barton, Byron Brewer of Fredricktown, N. B., to Nelly V. Albright, of Mackinac, Mich., N. B.

NELSON-McGRATH—At the home of the bride's parents, Knoxford, Cal., on Sept. 12th, by Rev. P. S. Freeman, Howard B. Nelson to Adelle G. McGrath.

KIRKPATRICK LEWIS—At the residence of the bride's parents, Benton, N. B., Sept. 7th, by Rev. C. N. Barton, Frank A. Kirkpatrick of Portage, Maine, to Laura M. Lewis of Benton, N. B.

GODSON-McPIERSON—At the residence of the bride's parents, Benton, N. B., Sept. 28th, by Rev. C. N. Barton, Percy C. Godson, to Gertrude McPieson, both of Benton, N. B.

FOND HOVEY—At the home of the bride, Oct. 12th, by Rev. C. Wilson, Claude Fond, of Ludlow to Amy Hovey, daughter of deacon Alfred Hovey of Ludlow.

HILLMAN-LEWENTIS—At the residence of the bride's parents, Grand View, York Co., N. B., by Rev. C. N. Barton, Betsy Hillman of Medley, N. B., to Lillian F. Lewentis of Grand View, York Co., N. B.

HUMPHREYS-COLEY—Married at the residence of the bride's father, Oct. 5th, by Rev. E. C. Corey, Mr. Dalton Humphreys to Miss Mabel, eldest daughter of J. A. Coley, all of New Canada, Queens Co., N. B.

BRIGGS LEWIS—At the residence of Oral Nevers, (deceased), Sept. 28th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, Nicholas Briggs of Sussex, Ridge, Victoria Co., N. B., to E. J. Lewis, of Petticoat, N. B.

BAILY-McDONALD—At the residence of John McDonald, Upper Newcastle, Sept. 27, by Rev. M. P. King, John D. Baily, to Miss Amy McDonald, all of Upper Newcastle, Q. Co.

COLE-ON-ESTY—At the home of the officiating clergyman, St. John Street, Woodstock, N. B., Mr. Kenneth Colson of William Mass, to Miss Laura Esty of Woodstock, N. B.

FOWLER FLOYD—At the home of the bride's parents, Central Norton, N. B., Oct. 5th, by Rev. Allan Spalding, Mr. Elisha E. Fowler, son of deacon John Fowler, to Miss S. May Floyd, daughter of Mr. James A. Floyd, both of Central Norton.

TAYLOR-McCOLLON—At the residence of the bride's parents, Upper Brighton, C. Co., Oct. 5th, by Rev. A. H. Hayward, assisted by Rev. J. H. Anderson and R. W. Deane, Miss Cora Taylor, of Lowell Mass, to Miss Cora E. eldest daughter of J. E. McCollon, Esq., Upper Brighton.

KELLY-ERB—On Sept. 28 at the residence of the bride's parents, Calgary, Alta., by Rev. J. W. Litch, B. A., Arthur Crawley Kelly of the Dominion lands office, Calgary, and only son of Rev. E. W. Kelly to Lottie Elzma Erb only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George N. Erb, late of St. John.

McKENZIE-McCUT—At the home of the bride's sister Campbellton, Sept. 21st, by Rev. J. W. Keirstad, B. A., George G. McKenzie, to Mrs. Mary L. Mott both of Campbellton.

CRONKHITE-PATTERSON—At Middle Southampton, York Co., on the 20th inst., by Rev. J. J. Barnes,

Mr. Richard L. CronkHITE and Miss Mable Annie Patterson, second daughter of Stephen Patterson both of Middle Southampton.

FAIRLEY-WOOLAN—At the home of the bride's grandfather, M. Charles Woolan, Long Point, Kings Co., Sept. 28th, by Rev. S. J. Perry, William J. Earle and Lena Maud Coggan, both of Springfield K. Co.

SANDERS-FOLKINS—At Portland Me., on September 18th, by Rev. J. Lewis Malvern, D. D., Charles Freeman Sanderson and Harriet Ann Folkins, daughter of Mrs. M. A. and the late Geo. A. Folkins, formerly of New Brunswick.

Died.

KILLEN—At Robinson Settlement, Oct. 8, Joseph Killen aged 79 years; he was a standing member of the Pentecostal Baptist church. A widow and one son survive him.

DARRAH—At his home in Smithtown, Kings Co., N. B., Oct. 1st, 1904 Mr. Wm. H. Darrah, in the 61st year of his age. The deceased was a sufferer for some months in cancer which ended his earthly life. Mr. Darrah was a much respected citizen of his community which was amply shown by the large concourse of people that assembled at the home of the widow and her mother. A widow, three adopted daughters remain to mourn the loss of a loving husband and father. Rev. Allen Spalding, of Hampton Village conducted the funeral services.

JACKSON—At the "Kennedy" House, St. Martins, N. B., September 17th, early, widow of Epps Jackson, aged 93 years and six months. In the death of our dear sister there has passed away one of the oldest inhabitants of St. Martins. For some time past her health has been feeble with failing faculties, and her end came very peacefully. She had been most faithfully attended by her unmarried daughter, Miss Joanna Jackson, who occupies an important position in the well known hotel conducted by Mr. Joseph Kennedy. For years she has resided with this daughter. Our departed sister was piously trained. Her mother was one of the earliest members of the St. Martins church, and a most devoted Christian. Though this religious influence did not bear fruit in her own private life, she was baptized in Everett, Mass., when she was 80 years of age. Upon returning to St. Martins in 1831 she united with the church here of which she continued a consistent member until called to join the church triumphant above. She leaves three daughters and one son to mourn the loss of a good mother.

STEEVES—On Tuesday Sept. 20th, Joseph H. Steeves passed into rest at the home of his daughter Mrs. Harriet Steeves, Salem, Albert County, aged seventy-two years. Mr. Steeves was born in Salem and spent his early life in his native place. On July 3, 1830, Mr. Steeves was married to Mary Brown. They were blessed with three daughters. The sons are: Fred, who lives on the homestead; Rev. Omer, pastor of the Baptist church, Newcastle; Rev. C. L. Brown, pastor of the Baptist church, Ballis; and Fred, merchant in Dover, N. H. The daughters are Mrs. Warren Steeves, Mrs. B. Sharp and Mrs. Warren Joseph. Mr. Steeves was baptized by the late John S. Lyvine. For many years he was a faithful and consistent member of the First Baptist church. He was a man of retiring and quiet disposition. His services were few but he would enter most readily into any noble occupation, proving himself to be a most enjoyable companion. He was a man who feared God and walked before His family as a true child of God, ordering a light both his conduct and conversation. This was an ideal home—a home where God's Word was honored, a home where God's Word was honored, a home where God's Sabbath was strictly kept. No wonder that from such a home should come men and women who would carry the Cause of God into their homes and become workers, true and noble in the church of Christ. As a strong Christian man in the community Mr. Steeves will be greatly missed. He was loved and respected by all his neighbors and friends. He was faithful in his attendance at his church services and loyal in his support of the cause of God. This was the first break in the family. While attending a picnic at Salem, he suffered a slight stroke. This was followed by another in a few weeks, which terminated this sweet Christian life. From the scenes of suffering, he passed into the glory of his Saviour. "Peace be to his rest; he doth not sleep, he hath awakened from the dream of life" his death was but the opening of the chrysalis to let the winged creature out. Having finished his course and having kept the faith, he passed in triumph to the glory of his Saviour, who loved him and gave himself for him. The funeral service was conducted by Rev. W. Camp of Sussex, a former pastor and strong friend of the deceased. The funeral sermon was preached to the presence of a large congregation from 1 Tim. 4: 8. Rev. Frank Walker, in his present spoke of pleasant remembrances of the departed and offered prayer. All the members of the family were present to pay the last tribute of respect to one dearly beloved and deeply mourned. May God bless the widow in her sad affliction and gracious sustain the sons and daughters in their sad bereavement.

When two at a burden lift each is twice as strong
When two can sing together, blither is the song.