

THE HOME MISSION JOURNAL

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ST. JOHN, N. B., FEBRUARY 27, 1906.

WHOLE No. 30.

Devotion.

Mrs. L. A. BROOKS.

There is a tie earth may not claim,
It hath a higher, holier name,
A purer, deeper love;
And from the wellspring of the soul
Its tides of aspirations roll,
And as the magnet seeks the pole
They ever lead above.

Devotion! who thy fires have felt,
And at thy shrine sincerely kneel,
Would turn again to earth?
Would smother in his breast the ties
Which lead him still where purer skies,
And more enduring harmonies,
And ending joys have birth.

Oh 'tis that reaching of the soul
Beyond mortality's control,
The germ of endless life,
The heart o'er tides of woe and care
To that sweet home whose precincts fair
Know naught of pain or strife.

Without that pure, refining spell,
Through what dark waters none can tell,
Our life's bark may be driven,
Without the light whose warmth arid glow
From the celestial mountains flow,
We might not through earth's mazes know
The path that leads to heaven.

"Other Things;" or, The Closing Sentences of John's Gospel.

J. W. WEDDELL.

"And there are also many other things," is the significant declaration of John xxi:25. John seems half in despair. Like a painter with his brush in his hand he is utterly unable to tell it all. But maybe to save a world!

Let us imagine some of these "other things," *i. e.*, let us find, if we may, the legitimate appendix to John's Gospel.

What are these "other things?"

1. John might have told of what he saw when he came that day to Jordan, and answered for himself the question, "Master, where dwelleth thou?" What was the daily regimen of the Christ? Men have tried to ascertain. Other men, simply great, have had it done for them, and often to their hurt; *e. g.*: Webster, Carlyle. It would not, however, have hurt the Christ, but it would have hurt us. The saints lives in part tell it. It was not his example of living that Christ would hold before men's eyes, but his atoning sacrifice. And that we have in full in these Gospels. So we say yes, John, we should have loved to go with you into the earthly resorts of Christ; but, John, we are unspeakably grateful to you for giving us what you have of the death and sufferings of Christ. By that we live.

2. John might have told us of what he heard as lying on Jesus' breast he spoke with him of the life to come and of the mysteries of that other world. How much there must have been said! The very fact that John, particularly at the last, told us so much the others omitted, proves that much was said that is not given, so that the narration of the Gospel is elliptical and brief. But he did not forget to tell us the "God so loved" of John iii:16, nor the "I am the good shepherd" of John x:11, nor the "let not your hearts be troubled" of John xiv:1, nor the "abide in me" of John xv:1, nor the "when he the spirit of truth is come" of John xvi:13, nor the "It is finished" of John xix:30.

John, we would love to have heard the other blessed divulgence. We would have rejoiced to have known other words from those divine lips, but these are spirit and life, and thank God, thank God for them!

3. John might have told us of the feelings and emotions that were stirred in his breast as he looked upon Jesus in his marvellous life and heard his wonderful words. In a modern life of Christ much space is given to the element of impression, and our modern biographies all make a great deal of the thought and sentiment of the writer. But John gives us a little of this, though he tells more than any other of the Gospel writers. He had not time; he had not space. It is Christ, not John, that he is portraying. And the portrait of the Christ he fully presents. And such impression as he declares are but to bring out conspicuously that wonderful theanthropic nature of the Christ. "We beheld his glory," he says, "the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." Grace and truth, that sums it all up. John, we would have been pleased to have known your feelings about grace and truth, but tell us the grace and truth itself. Christ is better than any impression as to Christ.

4. And, after all, it is not so much the "other things" which Christ did as the other things which Christ was and is about to do that should engage our attention, that, indeed, engaged the attention of the inspired penman, and subsequently of John himself. The "greater works than these" (John xiv:12), which were to be done after the Christ had taken his seat at God's right hand; the "things to come" (John xvii:13), *i. e.*, things of Christ that belonged to the dispensation of the Spirit. These are partly told for us in the marvellous narration of the Acts, the Gospel of the risen Christ, and partly in the Revelation, the Gospel of the victorious and glorified Christ. These are blessed "other things" for us all.

5. And, best of all, there is something for us to do to finish and fill our John's life of the Christ. Come to Jesus and learn of him for yourself.

Know this Jesus whom John sketches for us and then faints at the last breath with the burden of his message. Let your life be an added chapter, or, rather, let it be a little book, a living epistle, known and read of all men, but telling of this same Christ whom John saw and experienced. For, be assured, there is one respect in which John does not overtop or outstrip us. It is in respect of personal redemption. John, who told of the Christ, himself meekly bowed at the cross for Christ's salvation, and received the Spirit of the Christ for Christly service. If all would do that, then even the world itself would not contain the books that should be written. "Amen." Let your life say it. Amen!

DAVENPORT, IA.

Christ's Love.

When Lysander was in favor with Cyrus, that great king presented him with vast sums of money and made him large promises of more. So vast was the monarch's esteem for his subject that he told him he would be willing to melt down the very throne of massive gold on which he sat to administer justice if there were no other way to show the appreciation in which he held him. Noble generosity as this was, it does not match the greatness of the gift of Christ. It was not His throne, nor His crown, nor His kingdom merely, but Himself he gave; not simply to show His love to those who had done Him a great service worthy of such grace, but to those who had rebelled against the authority of His Father, despised His laws, and reviled His mercy.

John Ruskin says that "the oath of a thief or streetwalker is, in the eye of God, as sinless as a hawk's cry or a gnat's murmur, compared with that of the responses in the church service of the usurer and adulterer."

Giving.

Three resolutions were once passed at a missionary meeting of colored people. (1) That all should give something. (2) That all should give according to their means. (3) That all should give willingly. Among those who came forward to make their offerings was a rich old man, who put down a small silver coin. "Take that back," said the chairman; "that is according to the first, but not the second resolution." One after another came up and made their offerings; till the old man could stand no longer, and going up to the table, he threw down a dollar, saying somewhat angrily, "There, take that." "No," said the chairman, "that won't do either. It may be according to the first and second resolutions, but not the third." At last he came up with a smile and gave a much larger gift. "That is all right," said the chairman. "It is according to all the resolutions. God loveth a cheerful giver."

Judgment Day.

There is a machine in the Bank of England which receives sovereigns as a mill receives grain, for the purpose of determining wholesale whether they are of full weight. As they pass through the machinery, by turning laws, throws all that are light to one side, and all that are of full weight to another. That process is a silent but solemn parable for me. Founded as it is upon the laws of nature, it affords the most vivid similitude of the certainty which characterizes the judgment of the Great Day. There are no mistake or partialities to which the light may trust; the only hope lies in being of standard weight before going in.

A Cheerful Demeanor.

A great manufacturer who is now very wealthy tells how, many years ago, there came a time when it seemed that he would surely fail in business. One day, when a smashup appeared a certainty, he walk down the street very deeply depressed; but, meeting an acquaintance, thrust his despondency away, and greeted him cheerfully, as usual. The acquaintance said: "Say, what makes you always look so cheerful? Don't you ever have anything to trouble you at all?" "Oh, yes," said the manufacturer, "but to look blue doesn't do any good." "Well," said the other, "I tell you what I am going to do. I have got \$20,000 lying idle, and I am going to get you to invest it for me. You are so well off, so lucky in business always, and so cheerful, I am sure nothing ever fails with you, and I want you to invest this money any way you please, and I won't even ask you how you did invest it." He took this man's money; it was just the amount he needed to make his business safe. A year later he paid the \$20,000 back, with generous interest, and his own fortune was on a secure basis. It was his cheerfulness that saved him.

While over-confidence is to be avoided, confidence is to be cultivated. A proper self-confidence, founded on faith and genuine character, is a large factor in successful leadership. The presence or absence of this quality makes itself felt in all one's work. To have confidence in people and plans is one of the ways to secure cooperation and accomplishment.

Christianity imparts a new and wondrous worth to life by giving to man a true conception of two beings—God and himself, and their relations to each other. An ennobled conception of God naturally carries with it an ennobled conception of man.

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This Bible as Literature and Much More.

ROBERT STUART MACARTHUR.

XVIII

(Continued from last issue)

Remarkable Reticence.

One cannot study this book without discovering its remarkable reticence. It gives at once the impression of self-restraint, of cautious strength, of assured conviction, of absolute knowledge, and of great reserve power. It is practical in its purpose, and its methods are distinctively and emphatically practical. It deals with the greatest subjects, and it starts to the loftiest heights. But it never for a moment loses its poise, never descends its purpose never hesitates in its onward sweep. The unity of its various parts in this regard is truly marvellous. Written during a period of nearly or quite seventeen centuries, written by men differing so completely in education, in social life, and in religious attainment, it is truly wonderful that it should so completely preserve one character. Each man wrote with the utmost spontaneity, and yet all the writers were so controlled as to secure certain great ends, preserving unity in purpose with diversity of method. In this particular is clearly shown the superintending Spirit of God. Each writer wrote along his own lines, developing his own peculiarities, and yet the writings of all conducted to one great end. The purpose of the Bible is eminently practical, as opposed to what is merely theoretical or speculative. No writers of any other literature had so many temptations to indulge in speculative discussion as had the writers of the Bible; but they resolutely continue to impress practical and personal duties, and not to gratify mere curiosity. The Bible deals with the greatest of all conceivable subjects. It projects its lofty and solemn thought into eternity. It touches the deepest springs of human motives, and it appeals to the highest inspirations of human life. It has its time of solemn introspection, it has its moments of holy prospect; it discusses the miseries of man, and the mercies of God. But the practical element is never forgotten; it is always emphasized with much of pathos and argument. The most exalted doctrine is solemnly presented in its close relation to daily duty.

These affirmations are finely illustrated in all which the Bible tells us of God, in his immaculate holiness, in his infinite perfections, in his eternal existence. All these great truths are presented, not as subjects of speculation, but in their relation to the practical duties of life here and now. A similar remark applies with literality to all the revelations of heaven given in this blessed book. A door is occasionally opened in heaven to our wondering and admiring eyes, and the glory of the redeemed seems to stream through this open door. Strains from the unseen choirs beyond greet our listening ears. We often wish that the Bible had told us more of that land which is so far off and yet often seems so near. Why should the statements of the Bible regarding heaven be for the most part negative rather than positive? We may, however, be absolutely certain that there is as much of divine wisdom and love in the commandment as there would be in a fuller revelation. Why do we know so little regarding angels; beings? What is their nature? What

are their employments? Why does not the Bible gratify our speculative tendencies? The danger is that even the Church would neglect practical duty while it indulges in unwarranted speculations. The angels rebuked the disciples who saw Jesus ascend, because they stood gazing up into heaven, to the neglect of the testimony which longing hearts so much needed. A similar rebuke angels and preachers ought now to give to some Christians who neglect daily service for men, while they stand gazing up into heaven waiting for the return of the Lord. There is entire certainty that when the seal of silence is not broken in the Bible, the silence is not only silver, but gilded for all disciples of Christ.

This Principle Illustrated.

The Bible is strangely silent regarding the place of the burial of Moses. We may well be sure that there was entire wisdom in the selection of the place of that august burial. Moses did not live for himself, but for his people. He was to see the goodly land, but was not himself to enter it. Marvellous is the charm which the Bible throws upon his last view of the goodly land from Mount Pisgah. Yonder, west of the Jordan, lay that land; but a more glorious land is soon to be the home of God's servant and Israel's leader. There in the land of Moab he died. Here in some ravine by Beth-Peor he was buried; "but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." And the children of Israel wept for Moses in the plains of Moab thirty days. Legend has supplied what revelation did not furnish; tradition has told of the tears of the people and wailing of the children as they turned from the familiar scenes. It tells us how Moses died from the kiss of God. But regarding all these things the Bible is judiciously silent. No doubt undue reverence would have been given the grave of Moses had its location been definitely known.

The New Testament manifests a similar reticence in regard to Christ. We do not know with absolute certainty the day of the month, the month of the year, nor the year of the world in which Christ was born. Scholars in different ages and countries have selected almost every one of the days of the year as the day of his birth. It is almost certain that it was not the 25th of December, and it is quite certain that we are four or five years behind the proper year of his birth; so that this present year ought to be at least 1903 of the Christian era. There is a strong tendency in human nature toward giving undue honor to times and seasons. Religious festivals not appointed by God, often receive a devotion denied God's holy day. There are many who would shrink back with horror from certain acts if committed on Good Friday, which they will commit on the Lord's day without the slightest compunction of conscience.

It is deeply interesting also to observe the reticence of the Bible regarding the youth of Christ. From the time that he appears in the temple at twelve years of age, to the time when he enters upon his public ministry at thirty, there is but one hint, one glimpse, one echo, concerning the eighteen years of lowly life, of patient service, and of holy discipleship in the obscure village of Nazareth. When we contrast the reticence of the inspired gospels in this regard with the garrulous trivialities found in the so-called gospels of the infancy, we have a striking illustration of the superiority of the gospels as given by holy men inspired of God to write the history of Christ. One needs no stronger argument than the comparison between the genuine and the pseudo-gospels, as to the value of inspiration. In these pseudo-gospels we have prolonged accounts of the freaks of divine power which it is claimed Jesus manifested. We are told that he made mud images, spoke to them a word of power, and they became living boys and girls. We are told that when engaged with Joseph the carpenter, his reputed father, in erecting houses, he touched with his hand beams that were too short, and they became of the required length. One turns away with disgust from the ridiculous descriptions contained in the gospels written by men uninspired of God. The

profound silence falling upon this period of Christ's life rebukes by anticipation the tendency toward the practice of Mariolatry. There is not the slightest doubt but that in the Roman Church to day the Virgin Mary often receives a degree of homage denied the Son of God. There is not one word in Holy Scripture to justify such homage; and there are records of positive rebukes which Christ administered to his mother both before and after entering on his public ministry.

(To be Continued.)

A Promise for 1900.

"My presence will go with thee, and I will give thee rest."—Ex. 33:14.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give you rest."—We journey from the rising sun to its setting in the west, And sometimes are the blue skies bright, and sometimes days are drear. But ever stands that promise fast, our safeguard for the year.

For who would dread the darkened path, if one he loved were near?

Or, with a Pilot sure and tried the stormy waters fear: Oh! for the melting of the veil, the earth-born cares we weave. Oh! for the glimpse which faith can give of Him whom we believe.

For this let prayer go up, it means the trouble stilled, As when the sobbing babe with peace in mother's arms is filled, It may not quite forget the pain, a sob may sometimes break. But oh! the shelter of those arms—a very heaven they make!

The everlasting arms of God—they open wide for us. The everlasting peace is there—for those who shelter thus; And clinging closer for the pain, look up and see His face, B-hold the sunshine of His love, the wonders of His grace.

And since with promise or behest comes power to obey, Let us stretch out the hand of faith to grasp the word to-day, And passing through the New Year gates, step smiling towards the west, For Thy "presence shall go with us," and Thou, "wilt give us rest."

—Northwest Baptist.

Within The Lines.

Reminiscences of The Civil War.

By MRS. M. M. HUNTINGTON.

II.

Another little boy had gladdened our household, and we were trying to be busy and hopeful, trusting and believing that the end would soon come and bring peace to the country, but in the fall the blockade was so secure that comparatively few even tried to go North, and we had decided to stay and make the best of what came, cheered by some good friends who help to make life endurable; but how dreadful it was is beyond description. We could now seldom hear from our old home friends; we could never for a moment count on the success of any project; all was doubt and uncertainty. We had brought a large place two miles from the business portion of the city, containing new buildings and a large unimproved front yard, where my husband busied himself out of office hours in beautifying the grounds with shrubs, trees and flowers. Frequently he would stop and say, "Why should I do this when I do not know what another year will bring forth!" But it served to pass away the dreary hours of suspense.

The spring of 1863 was particularly trying, money had depreciated and everything to eat, drink and wear had become scarce, yet of necessities we had enough. We went without luxuries. I once paid \$60 for a pair of shoes; steak was from \$5 to \$10 per pound, and sugar \$10 per pound. But these were not the troubles that wore upon us. We had not heard from

home or friends for more than two years.

I knew full well some of my dear friends were in the Union Army, and when they commenced bringing the Union prisoners south I cannot tell you how anxious I was. Whenever I knew they were to be brought through Atlanta I would go to the station and watch them, oh so anxiously, as they filed past, scanning them closely, expecting maybe to see a dear brother's face among those grave, sad faces. How full of pity our hearts were for them, but we dared not give a word of sympathy, for we were watched as closely as they were. One dear brother died in the Union Army and was lying in his grave in Virginia two years before we heard the sad tidings.

As the tide of war drew nearer to us we felt that we should soon be in the midst of it. So far my husband had escaped the draft, exempted first by his age, then by his profession. But the bitter feeling born of dissatisfaction and defeat grew stronger and they began to put all into the ranks; the child and the old man. My husband had still no sympathy with session and felt sure that defeat must come to the South, but he endeavored to remain neutral, attending strictly to his business and mingling very little with the people. However, being an outspoken man, his sentiments were generally known among his acquaintances.

One evening he came home saying that a friend had informed him that he could not escape the draft longer than two days. He was sorely troubled and I was in despair, feeling sure that active service for him meant death, and hard as it was to think of his going alone into unseen dangers leaving me alone with my children, I counselled him to make immediate arrangements for flight. Our family then consisted of our three boys, Henry, thirteen; the second boy four, and Willie, a babe three weeks old, and Aunt Rachel, a colored servant. We were half a mile from neighbors upon whom we could call in case of an emergency, but anything seemed preferable to having my husband drafted into an unwilling service, in a cause in which he had no interest and no faith.

So making arrangements for a guide to take him to the mountains where he could procure another guide to take him through to the Union lines, he that evening took a few valuables and locked his office, never to return to it.

The next morning, May 7, dawned beautiful and bright, but brought little to cheer us except what might be called a mere accident. When my husband took up the Bible to hold our usual morning worship he opened it without reference to any particular chapter and began to read aloud. It proved to be Psalms 91, with its comforting promises. "He is my refuge and my fortress. Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night nor for the arrow that flieth by day," were words so peculiarly adapted to our situation that we were somewhat more hopeful for the future. Still with the parting our hearts were heavy and anxious.

My husband left home in his own conveyance with his guide, for whose service he paid \$100 per day, an old man who could obtain a pass only for himself. This guide was to return and take me through by the same route in about three weeks. The last guide returned safely with the horse and buggy in one week, but he refused to attempt another trip because it was attended with such great danger. Already the Confederate troops were falling back from Chattanooga. My husband sent me a note by the guide, paying him in gold to deliver it, saying he was in the woods writing, with the booming of the cannons in his ears and praying the dear Father of all to protect and keep us, for he saw we should not be able to join him.

There was much danger in crossing the mountains of southern Tennessee from bushwhackers, who had killed many refugees, and that was our fear for him. Even little four-year-old curly head dreamed that the wicked man had killed papa. How anxiously we looked for the other letter that never came. As week after week dragged by my terror increased until at last a kind friend tried to calm me by saying that it was not strange I should have no news and that was no reason for thinking my husband had been

harmful. That fretting so would so unfit me for taking care of my children and settling up affairs preparatory to joining him. His plain, practical talk was like a tonic to my mind, and from that time I never gave up.

Slowly and surely Sherman was making his famous march, and although many knew he "could never reach Atlanta," a large majority were confident he would do that and more. The road through our place was often crowded with refugees, and seeing that I must have about my arrangements, I offered every thing for sale and fortunate enough to sell the place to one who believed it secure from the "northern vandals." I received the money in gold and Bank of England notes, about one-tenth of its value as it then stood, but more than it was worth at the close of the siege, for it was subsequently a battleground and was completely demolished, and even a few hours later I could not have sold it because of disasters at the front. My husband's office furniture, instruments and library, insured for \$2,000, were sold for \$125. Once I planned to take my large Kentucky horse and comfortable rockaway, and, with my boys and Aunt Rachel, attempt to cross the country to the line. The plan failed and I disposed of all of my personal effects; some at fair prices, others of mere nominal value. Some of our household goods were sold and the rest sent to the auction house.

On June 13 we left our place and entered the family of a neighbor, Mr. Banks, who had promised my husband to take us and give us shelter until we could get away. It was a brave, kind act for him to take us under his protection when it was known that my husband was gone and we were objects of suspicion and dislike. I attempted after our removal to Mr. Banks to go daily to the auction house and attend to the disposal of the goods sent there. It was an immense establishment, covering a large area of ground, and had formerly been a cotton warehouse. It was literally stacked from floor to ceiling with a variety of articles, and auctions were held in every available place among them, and the entire building was thronged with hundreds coming and going, there were so many preparing to leave the city, but there were also purchasers, for many had unbounded confidence in the ability of their commanders.

(To be Continued.)

The Four Baptisms.

By Rev. James Vaughan, M. A., Minister of the Church of England.

In a sermon preached at Brighton in 1879, Mr. Vaughan says:

"There are four baptisms mentioned in the Bible. The baptism of water; the baptism of repentance; the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and the baptism of fire. The baptism of water is the emblem of all; but the baptism of water would be nothing without the baptism of repentance, which it was intended to express; and the baptism of repentance will be unavailing—for peace, for holiness, for heaven—unless it is accompanied by the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and the baptism of the Holy Ghost is never far separated from the baptism of fire. The four make one complete whole, and are the basis of the Christian life.

The baptism of water means two things: the one, that as the body is washed and cleansed by water, so the soul needs to be washed from its sins by the blood of Jesus Christ. And since the original and right method of the baptism of water is by immersion, it means also that as the baptized person goes down into the water, and then comes up again, so our old nature must go down and die, and be buried, and the new nature must rise and come up again by a spiritual death and a spiritual resurrection. But it is not to be regretted that, substituting what is permitted for what was instituted at the first, and changing immersion into sprinkling, we have lost the beautiful allegory, and made Paul's striking description, in the sixth chapter of the epistle to the Romans, inapplicable, if not unintelligible?

In accordance with the above view we find that the Revisers placed 'in' in the margin of the rendering of Matthew 3: 2: making that passage read: "I indeed baptize you in water unto repentance; but he that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear; he shall baptize you in the Holy Spirit and in fire." Candid scholarship at least brings the truth to the front, and we have no doubt the time will come when men will be ashamed any longer to prevent God's Word.

W. E. M.

Religious News.

The new pastor of Brussels Street Church, Rev. H. F. Waring, has inaugurated another feature in church

arrangements. Sunday at both services, four page leaflets were distributed in every pew, on which were printed church appointments for the week, including sermon and prayer subjects, committee meetings, church socials, etc. A page is devoted to congregational notes of the week. Half tone cuts of the church and pastor are surrounded by typographical invitations to attend the various services. Among other new departures in Brussels Street Church an auxiliary choir of twenty voices has been instituted and occupies a position in the main gallery opposite the regular choir. Congregational singing is becoming a feature in consequence.

Rev. J. H. Hughes supplied the pulpit of the Baptist Church on Sunday, Feb. 11th. The church is still without a pastor. This is a large field, and with pastor and church united in the Master's cause a great work could be done. Brethren pray for us, that when the Lord sends us His servant that we may be ready to receive him. Feb. 13th. WILFORD L. COREY, church clerk.

A number of the faithful ones gathered at the Bethel for conference on Saturday afternoon. An interesting meeting was held. God's presence was with the people. Pastor Gordon was pleasantly surprised by the presentation of a lovely Persian lamb cap and a call to the pastorate of this church for another year as a mark of the high esteem in which his people hold him. Mr. Gordon sent in his resignation as pastor a short time ago to take effect at the close of this year, which is near the middle of March. Our brother feels that God is directing his steps elsewhere, and trusts that another field will be open for his labors. The communion service on Sunday was largely attended. Feb. 12.

The five and a half months of our residence with this church have been very busy and very pleasant months, indeed. We are just getting hold of the ropes. Getting the work in hand. At the Cape \$300.00 have been expended in repairs on auditorium and completion of vestry, which had been started over twelve years ago. A weekly prayer meeting has been started at Lower Cape. All the services here have been well maintained. At the Hill we are planning to repair house of worship. Already we have between two and three hundred dollars in cash and pledges. The pastor is to lecture here next Wednesday evening for the benefit of the building fund. Albert and Riverside are running along smoothly. We have fine congregations, and good feeling prevails all through the church. Several have manifested a desire to become Christians, and eight have received the hand of fellowship into the church. On Monday evening, 12th inst, the people of Albert, Riverside and the Hill visited the parsonage, and after a very nice time spent together, presented us with a purse of \$68.80 and \$2.20 merchandise, which has since been increased to \$75.00. Rev. Charles Comben, Methodist, Rev. Hunter Boyd, Presbyterian and Rev. Truman Bishop, of Harvey, were present

and spoke words of cheer. We are very grateful for this act, and more particularly so when we know it will never be charged up against salary. All of our relations with this people go to prove that they know how to take care of a pastor. Previous to this we have had many expressions of love and esteem; expressions which go far to strengthen the ties which bind pastor and people together.

F. D. DAVIDSON.

This church is now under the pastoral care of Rev. I. BAPTIST CHURCH. N. Thorne, who has been acceptably for the past nine months. We have had the pleasure and satisfaction of seeing some conversions during the past few months. Pastor Thorne was assisted in special meetings by Rev. W. R. Robinson, a young man of much promise who recently came to our denomination from the Presbyterians. As a result of these services four adults made a profession of religion and followed their Lord in Christian baptism. These were Mrs. Levi Randall, Miss Maud Price and brother, and Miss Mabel Stiles. Our Board of Deacons has recently been reorganized, and E. V. Nichol, H. A. Lutz and N. B. Lutzman were appointed in addition to the old Board, Chas. Somers, D. P. Stiles and John Crandall. The Westmoreland Co. District Meeting was held with us January 16th and 17th, which resulted in a deepening of our spiritual life. Bro. John Wilbur, one of our aged members, presented the church with a communion service, which was much appreciated by the church. We presented Mr. Robinson who assisted us in special work, with a purse of \$40, and we have the money raised to purchase a new organ. A donation party surprised Pastor Thorne on Saturday night, February 17th, and presented him with a fur cap and gauntlets to match.

Boaz A. Lutz, Clerk.

Bonnell's Cor., Feb. 19th —M. & V.

Personal.

Bro. Carey N. Barton has taken a vacation of four weeks, most of which has been spent at Cumberland Bay. During his stay there Bro. Barton baptized a candidate, who united with the Second Grand Lake Church.

Rev. C. W. Townsend has also taken a brief vacation, visiting Bro. Webb at Aylesford N. S. We are glad to be able to report so favorably of our brother in connection with his work at Hillsborough.

Bro. J. H. Hughes continues his visits to pastorless churches, preaching regularly every Sabbath. Though advancing in years our brother shows no abatement in preaching talent or acceptableness with the people. May he long be spared in the good work.

Rev. F. W. Patterson who was for some time general missionary in this province and more recently labored at Sackville N. B., has gone to Minnedosa, Manitoba to take a pastorate there. We wish our brother much success in his new field.

Rev. J. Bennett Anderson continues evangelistic work at Jemseg and other parts of Cambridge, with good success. About eighty converts have put on Christ in baptism and the churches have been greatly revived.

General Missionary Young has been laboring at Cole's Island and Thornton for some weeks. Several inquirers have arisen and have come fully out and have been baptized.

Some people think God ought to have said, "Please don't," instead of "thou shalt not."

Cultivate the grace of giving. It will yield rich fruit.

Hymn's Promise Was True.

In my ward at Annapolis, Md., said an army nurse to a newspaper reporter in the winter of '63, was a soldier boy very ill with fever. Finally he would recognize no one but myself. When I came to his cot I saw that he held something crumpled very tightly in his hand. I smoothed his blanket, let his head rest on my arm and tried to get him to tell his name. But he did not speak; just looked at me blankly. With some difficulty I unclasped his hand and smoothed the scrap of paper. It was a leaflet sent out by the Christian Commission, with a copy of the hymn,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

As I read he looked at me and smiled. A wonderful happiness shone from his face. He ceased breathing a moment later. But the happy smile remained. I put the paper back and folded around it the stiffened fingers.

Great In Little Things.

A poet once wrote of his gentle wife:

"She doth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise."

The same is illustrated in this story. A gentleman was once walking behind a well-dressed girl, and thought to himself, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her clothes?" A poor old man was coming up the road with a loaded barrow, and just before he reached the girl he made two attempts to go into the yard of a small house; but the gate was heavy and would swing back before he could get through. "Wait," said the girl, springing lightly forward; "I will hold the gate open." She did so, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," thought the gentleman, "for she has a beautiful spirit."

Married.

SCOTT-WATSON—Mr. Robert T. Scott, formerly of Sumner Hill, and Miss Mary A. Watson, of Chipman, Queens Co., were united in marriage at Portland, Maine, on the 20th.

CRABBE-FILLINGS—At the Baptist parsonage, Gibson, N. B., on the 8th inst., by Rev. J. B. Champion, John J. Crabbe, of Stella Fillings, both of Wright, York Co., N. B.

Died.

JONES—Mr. Oliver Jones fell peacefully asleep in Jesus at his home in Moncton, on November 15th, in his 78th year. Mr. Jones came to Moncton when a young man, when there were but few houses there. By strict attention to business, and strictly temperance and frugal habits of life he became quite wealthy. He was kind-hearted and generous. Through his instrumentality, and largely through his means the present Baptist meeting house was erected. It has been somewhat remodelled of late, a project, however, with which he did not sympathize, preferring to have a second house built in the new section of the town. He gave largely toward the building of the Free Baptist meeting house. Mr. Jones often made liberal donations toward the Foreign Mission cause; and had he lived a few days longer without ailment he would have left a goodly sum to that object. It is said that his heirs will carry out his intention in that direction. Mr. Jones was married three times, and had some family by each wife. His third wife with her three sons and two daughters survives him. Mr. Jones was taken some years ago with paralysis from which he fully recovered; and was actively engaged in business pursuits again for some time. But of late years he gave his business matters over to his sons; and gave himself up more to reading the Scriptures and religious literature, which he seemed to greatly enjoy. Mr. Jones was a man of deep religious experience; and he loved to converse on the subject of personal religious living. The writer of this obituary has had many a sweet and uplifting conversation with him within the last few years. A second stroke of paralysis was the cause of his death. He was not able to talk much after he was taken with it; but was frequently heard to say, "Almost home. His funeral services were conducted by Rev. Messrs. Todd and Lodge, of the Methodist Church. May the God of covenant grace comfort the widow and children.

[P. S. This notice of Mr. Jones' death should have

appeared in this paper at an earlier date; but for some unknown cause it has been omitted until the present issue. Editor.]

MILLER.—At Northfield, Sunbury Co., on 28th inst., of convulsions, James Frederick, son of Andrew and Dora Miller, aged two months and ten days.

JONAH.—On January 11th Bessie, the beloved wife of Ward Jonah, of Weldon, Albert Co., N. B. This dear sister was only sick a short time, and her death was a great shock to her many friends. But the Master had come and called for, and she was prepared for the summons. She had professed faith in Christ for several years, having been baptized by the Rev. Wellington Camp on April 10th, 1887. The great esteem in which she was held, and the wide-spread sympathy felt for the bereaved husband and their relatives, was evidenced by the unusually large concourse at her funeral.

MORRELL.—On February 12th, at Springfield, Solomon Morrell passed quietly and unexpectedly to the spirit land, at the age of 67 years, leaving a wife, seven daughters, three sons, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn for him. During a revival here in 1896 he made a full surrender of himself to Christ, and was baptized into the fellowship of the Baptist Church. Ever since he has been loyal and faithful to his divine Lord. In his death a kind and loving husband, father and neighbor has been removed from our midst, and the church in this place loses a valued member. May the dear Lord comfort those who sorrow for him, and raise up others to fill the vacancy thus made in our village.

BEAMAN.—At Prosser Brook, Albert Co., N. B., on December 16th, 1899, after a long and painful illness of cancer, Jane, beloved wife of Wilford Beaman, aged 55 years, fell asleep in Christ to await the resurrection morn, leaving a husband, three sons (one in the United States), two daughters, and a large circle of relatives and friends to mourn their loss, which was her gain. By her death Second Elgin Baptist Church sustains a great loss. Her home was one where the servant of God always found a welcome. The funeral services were conducted by the pastor.

STILES.—At Moncton, on November 24th, 1899, Sarah, widow of the late Deacon Nathan Stiles, in her 78th year, leaving five sons and three daughters, forty-six grandchildren and seventeen great grandchildren. Her life has been in keeping with her profession, both in the church where she was highly esteemed for her consistent Christian character, and in the home a faithful and an affectionate mother, also a kind and thoughtful neighbor. She spent her last years with her son George and his faithful wife, where she had all the care that to his hands could bestow to make her last days happy. She had grace given her to cross the river, and her silent form was laid to rest in the cemetery on the hill near the Second Moncton Church, to wait the resurrection morn.

BRIGGS.—At Salmon Creek, Chipman, on the 9th inst., after much suffering, Elizabeth, relict of the late Ebenezer Briggs, aged 83 years. By her previous husband, the late George Chase, Esq., of Lower Cambridge, she departed leaving three sons and four daughters to revere her memory. She was for many years a member of the Lower Cambridge Church, and was upheld in her last struggle with the promises of God's Word.

LEWIS.—On January 18th, at Hillsboro, N. B., Fertha, the beloved wife of Dr. John Lewis, aged 31 years. Though not a member of the Hillsboro church, our sister had been baptized when quite young. Her death was very sudden and unexpected, and in her usual health less than a week before the end. But she was never very strong and notwithstanding all that loving skill and care could do the attack of pneumonia speedily proved fatal. She was resigned and even longed to depart and be with Christ which is far better.

BISHOP.—At Gaspereaux Forks, Chipman, N. B., on the 3rd inst., Cora, daughter of Everett and Lily Bishop, aged two years and seven months.

Somebody, writing in the *Christian Endeavor World*, suggests that rum-selling would be ended

— If no Christian voted for a rum-seller or rum-drinker.

— If no Christian patronized a paper that inserts liquor advertisements or defends the liquor business.

— If no Christian went to a church whose pastor was not an aggressive worker for temperance.

— If no Christian were cowardly about the enforcement of the temperance laws we already have.

The things suggested ought to be true of all Christians always. They are poor representatives of Christ who do otherwise.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.