

The Home Mission Journal.

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WHOLE No. 140

Lov. ble Christianity

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D. D.

There is no line of eulogy in the Bible that is more to be coveted than this single line, "the disciple whom Jesus loved." The original possessor of this precious encomium was John the evangelist, and the inspired wondrous books of holy Scripture. There is a very false conception of him in many minds, as if he were a mild, effeminate person, lacking in all the robust qualities of an athletic manhood. On the contrary, he was peculiarly bold and energetic and outspoken—one of two "sons of thunder." He was a man of flaming zeal for his Master's glory and of red-hot hatred for every thing false and wicked. And yet he was the author of those three marvellous love letters which have the effusive sweetness of the pressed honeycomb. There seems to have been a peculiar inner sympathy between Jesus Christ and this favorite disciple; he penetrated more fully into his Master's mission, understood more deeply his Master's character, and partook more of his Master's spirit than any other of the twelve. He was the planet that rode nearest to the sun. That "leaning on the breast of Jesus" at the paschal supper had a meaning in it; it meant that John's heart drew so strongly to Christ's heart that their outward embrace was as natural as the kiss of a husband and a wife.

John might have sat for that portrait which Paul afterwards painted when he described the Christian character as possessing "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are honest," and then adds a finishing touch "whatsoever things are lovely and are of good report." This word "lovely" does not occur elsewhere in the New Testament. It signifies that which wins admiration and approval. We might paraphrase the expression, and render it—"be lovable; so live as to win converts to your Master." Every Christian is, or ought to be, a representative of Jesus Christ before the world. He has been well styled "the world's Bible"—and is about the only Bible that thousands ever look at. It should be the aim of every follower of Christ to be a living epistle, not only legible but attractive to all who study him. Is this always so? Is the religion of every good man and good woman truly lovable? We fear not. Some men's piety has quite too much of the flavor of the "old Adam" still lingering about it. Others sour their religion with the acidity of censoriousness, and their conversation sets everyone's teeth on edge. After an hour's talk with them you find yourself almost insensibly prejudiced against some of the best people of your acquaintance. A fly has been dropped by these censorious dyspeptics into very pot of fragrant ointment, and a smirch has been left by their uncharitable tongues on the fairest characters. There is quite too much lemon and too little sugar in the composition of such people to make them agreeable to anybody. Only half converted themselves, they convert no one else.

Somewhat akin to these are a class of knotty and crabbed Christians whom everybody respects, and almost nobody loves. In my early ministry I had a most conscientious and godly-minded officer in my church, who rigidly practised whatsoever things were true and whatsoever things were just and whatsoever things were honorable. He was honest to a farthing, and devout to the very core. I never knew him to do a wrong deed, and I scarcely ever knew him to do a pleasant one. There was a deal of good, solid, and most excellent meat in him but no one liked to prick his fingers in coming at it. The rugged old chestnut burr Christian might have been a great power in the church; but even the children in the street were afraid to speak to him; and so he went sturdily on his way to heaven, praying and working and growling as he went, reminding me constantly of his famous countryman, Thomas Carlyle. If there had been a few drops of the Epistle of St. John distilled into him, he would have made a grand specimen of a Christian, and probably he has become sweeter and mellowed by this time in the warm atmosphere of Heaven. That good man did more than make a mistake; he committed a sin by destroying a large part of his influence

for winning others to Christ. As a soldier has no right to wet his powder before going into battle, so no Christian has a right to make his religion offensive when he might make it attractive. His personal influence is a trust and a talent which he is bound to use for his Master. "He is wise that winneth souls," and no one of us is likely to win anybody until we have won both their respect and their affections. Influence is never to be gained by compromising with other people's sins, or conniving at their wrongdoings; trimmers and time-servers are only repaid with contempt. The price of permanent love is fidelity to the right of an unselfish aim to do good to others.

A lovable Christian, therefore, is one who hits the golden mean between easy, good-natured laxity on the one hand and stern or uncharitable moroseness on the other. He is sound and yet sweet; he is all the sweeter for living much in the sunshine of Christ's countenance. He never incurs suspicion or contempt by compromising with sinful prejudices, nor does he repel people by doing a righteous act in a churlish or bigoted fashion. The blessed Jesus is our model here as in everything else. Was not His sinless and ineffable majesty of holiness that awed His followers at the same time that His gentle benignity inspired their deepest loyalty and affection? If Jesus were now upon earth the most wretched outcasts would be drawn to Him; and the lowliest beggar-child would be glad to climb upon His knee and to kiss that sad, sweet countenance of purity and love. There would be nothing in this derogatory to His dignity as the Son of God. Christ Jesus was love incarnate. By as much as He abhorred sin, He loved sinners, and sought to save the guiltiest. He never spurned the vilest from His presence. When hard-hearted Pharisees scoffed at Him for eating with publicans and sinners, His reply was that He came into the world for that very purpose—to seek and to win and to save those who were lost. Let us copy Christ. Let us learn from Him how to combine the most unbending sense of justice, purity, and loyalty to God with the lovable attractions of a sunny face, and kind words, and cordial courtesy, and unselfish sympathy with the most sinful as well as the most suffering.

Who are the best loved people in the community? I answer unhesitatingly they are the unselfish. They are those who have drunk deepest of the spirit of Jesus Christ. They are those who have most effectually cut that cursed cancer of self out of their hearts, and filled its place with that love that "seeketh not its own." This beautiful grace sometimes blooms out in the most unexpected places. It was illustrated by the poor lad in the coal mine when a fatal accident occurred, and a man came down to relieve the sufferers, and the brave boy said to him, "Don't mind me; Joe Brown is a little lower down, and he's a most gone; save him first!" There are enough "Joe Browns" who are lower down in poverty and ignorance, in weakness and in want than we are, and Christianity's first duty is to save them. It was to save sinners from sinking into the deeper pit of hell that Jesus died on Calvary. He who stoops the lowest to rescue lost souls will have the highest place in heaven. Will it not be those unselfish spirits who will have John's place up there on the Saviour's bosom and will be "the disciple whom Jesus loves?"

How delightful this Bible looks to me when I see the blood of Christ sprinkled upon it! Every leaf would have flashed with Sinai's lightnings, and every verse would have rolled with the thunders of Horeb, if it had not been for Calvary's Cross.

Now as you look you see on every page your Saviour's name. He loved you and gave Himself for you, and now you who are sprinkled with that blood, and have by faith rested in Him, can take that precious word and find it to be green pastures and still waters to your soul.—Spurgeon.

The Teacher.

By Henry Harvey Stuart.

O you to whom the tender child is sent
The way to wisdom and success to learn,
Your grand and noble calling do not scorn,
Your work shall be revealed in after years;
Not wasted are your bitter toil and tears;
Of due reward you may be confident.

When every act is brought before the light;
And motives, hitherto unseen, made clear;
When wrong at last gives place unto the right;
Then will the value of your work appear.
Then, by the God of Wisdom, justified,
You shall with Him in endless peace abide.

Christian Heroism

Some years ago English missionaries at Uganda, in Central Africa, were murdered by savages that they had gone thither to save, and a score of young men who had believed the gospel which they had preached were burned at the stake in the public square. The whole Christian world shivered at these deeds of barbarity and blood, and the brethren in England, who had planted and sustained the mission, were apprehensive lest this might put an end to their beneficent work in the heart of the dark continent. They called a meeting in London to which came many Christian students of Oxford and Cambridge. Before that large congregation of devoted men and women, they told with trembling hearts all that sad story of martyrdom. Then they ventured to ask if there were any young men present who would volunteer to take the places of those murdered missionaries. And now their weak faith was rebuked, and their breath was fairly taken away, when a hundred young men sprang to their feet, each one saying, "Send me." The more exacting and perilous the duty to which real believers are summoned by their King, the more mightily are they moved to do it.—Galusha Anderson, D. D.

In His Name.

The story is told of a dying soldier who was assisted by one of his comrades, to whom in return was given a letter of introduction to the father of the dying man. When the war ended, this letter was carried to the father, who was a prominent judge in the city of Detroit. The clerks refused to allow the man to enter the office, and though he persisted in remaining, they tried to discourage his waiting. At last the father came out of his office and was passing by hurriedly, when the letter was thrust into his hands. It contained these words:

"Dear Father:

"The bearer of this note helped me in my dying hours. Please help him for Charlie's sake."

That was enough. The name of his son opened the father's home and his purse and commanded every bit of his influence. So if we pray in Jesus' name, God will hear us.

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D. D.

The Home Mission Journal

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Cruising for the Cross.

By Rev. C. A. S. Dwight.

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CHAPTER VIII.

It was not difficult for Henton to obtain permission to hold gospel meetings on board the transport. This was made the more easy from the fact the Colonel in command, an officer of the old type, was a man of strong religious convictions, just as much a centurion of the Cross as he was a soldier of the United States Army. Rousing indeed were the choruses in which the soldier boys joined at these gospel meetings. The songs seemed to echo back almost from the old Rock of Gibraltar itself—for among the troops were many members of the Army Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, and among the sailors attached to the crew were not a few Floating Endeavorers. And when the beautiful church pennant floated from the main masthead of the yacht, as many of the soldiers as could obtain liberty were brought aboard the *Glad Tidings* in its capacious launch. That they enjoyed those gatherings for prayer and praise and exhortation was evidenced by the tears that ran down the faces of the bronzed infantrymen, as one hymn after another, familiar from childhood days, touched their sensibilities to the quick.

Henton soon discovered that there were some sick soldiers on board the transport, and asked permission to visit them. The poor fellows were glad indeed to have a man so kindly as was John Henton visit them, and to hear him tell them in simple, earnest accents of the grace and power of the Great Physician who can heal the infirmities of men today as well as he could in Galilee of old. More than one fervent prayer did John Henton offer there in that sick-bay, and when he rose from his knees, the tears rolled down the faces of men who had always been regarded by their comrades as hard and brutal. It was the union of the gospel of divine grace and the gospel of human sympathy that softened those rough natures. More than one "God bless you, sir!" followed Henton as he left the sick-bay. Grace Henton also visited the sick soldiers. She wrote letters home for some and read to others, seeming to the home-sick sufferers like an angel of light and messenger of mercy sent directly from heaven itself.

Finally the troop-ship steamed away and the yacht followed in its wake for a half day or so, until their courses diverged. Adieus were waved from the after-decks of the transport and from the bridge of the yacht, as the two vessels parted company.

Not many days after, the *Glad Tidings* dropped anchor in the picturesque roadstead of Malta, the ancient Melita, the island upon which the brave apostle Paul while being transported in chains to Rome was wrecked—the Roman corn ship on which the centurion and his prisoners were embarked having been shattered on an outlying ledge. Henton's soul thrilled as he thought of the history that since Paul's times centered in that rocky isle—of the Knights of St. John and wonderful deeds of that heroic and danger-daring Order.

It happened to be the Easter season when the *Glad Tidings* arrived, and it was interesting to the Americans to observe how the Maltese and the Greeks, who were so numerous in the port, observed the day. A Russian man-of-war was anchored near them, and at earliest dawn on Easter Sabbath they could hear the sailors and officers saluting one another with a formula

which they were told meant, "The Lord is risen!" the answer in each instance being, "The Lord is risen indeed!" The night before, over the waters from the city, floated the solemn strains of the "Song of the Resurrection"—the hymn sung by the pilgrims on Good Friday at Jerusalem—followed on Easter morn by the triumphant notes of "Christ is Risen!" It seemed strange to Americans to observe how the crowds in the streets, composed in many cases of rough-looking people, seemed to feel that Easter somehow had a meaning for them and joined heartily in the festivities, if not in the more religious parts, of the celebration.

John and Grace took many rambles and drives about Malta and the suburbs, visiting St. Paul's Bay, the traditional scene of the shipwreck of the apostle, the account of which John, opening his New Testament, read aloud with a fresh interest.

So a week passed pleasantly away, affording a few incidental opportunities to do good among the mixed population of Malta, in spite of the difficulties presented by the many languages spoken.

One evening as Henton came down to the quay, Grace having gone back earlier to the yacht, he noticed a squally look in the air, and found some difficulty in getting safely into his launch, which was beating against the sides of the quay. It was hard work getting back to the yacht, for the sea, in accordance with its treacherous character, was rising steadily all the while. At last gaining the deck of the yacht, Captain Henton at once took council with the first officer, who shook his head ominously.

"I don't like the looks of the sky—this Levantine weather is tricky," he said. "You can't tell what it's going to do next!"

"We must make things shipshape for the night," replied Henton.

That night Captain Henton slept not a wink. The storm increased, and the vessels in the crowded harbor were constantly tossing and tugging at their anchors. Towards morning another anchor was let go, for a luckless lugger near them had gone ashore in the night, and presumably the whole crew had been drowned. The harbor of Malta—a fine one for most winds is utterly unprotected if the wind blows in from a certain quarter. Running below for a bit of food in the early morning, Henton found Grace already very anxious. Snatching a hasty breakfast, John said:

"Let us have morning prayers!"

"What, now?" said Grace.

"Why, yes," replied Henton. "Prayer and pro- vender hinder no man's journey!"

So out came Henton's well worn little New Testament, which, strangely, happened to open to the words, "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil."

A singular appropriateness seemed to attach to those words just then and there—how appropriate was soon to be proved.

Kneeling as best he could in the rocking cabin, Henton poured out a hasty but heartfelt prayer that the day might not bring disaster to any. Then he ran on deck.

The scene from the bridge of the yacht was thrilling, yet disconcerting. Even the big ships about them were tumbling and tugging impatiently at their anchors. Some were driving ashore, for when once a vessel began to drift, it seemed as though nothing could stop it. A few steamers anchored farther out, and able to maneuver better, put on all steam and managed to work their way out to sea, clear of the lee shore. Henton soon decided to give orders to do the same thing—or at least to start the engines to ease up the strain on the hawsers. But alas! hardly had the screw turned a dozen times when with a crash the engines came to a stop. The cause of the trouble was soon learned. The break was not a serious in itself, but it could not be repaired in the storm, and the *Glad Tidings* was in one instant degraded to the helpless condition of a sailing-vessel—and seemed hardly better fitted to battle with the storm than was the poor lugger that had been wrecked in the night.

The best men are the ones who have come out of the toughest struggles.

To our Readers.

Dear Brethren and Sisters:

Most earnestly do I ask you all who are getting the paper to read this statement and weigh well what is here said. I am now laid up again with this terrible asthma, that has gradually worn out my strength, so that I am unfit for any kind of work, and even writing is a burden to me now. I was in hopes all along that I should be able to attend the associations and meet with many of you there. But it is plain that I shall have to close up the paper soon, probably with the December issues of the present year. I have greatly enjoyed the work of publishing it, as it has kept me in touch with my brethren, but this I am no longer able to do. I feel that I am nearing the immortal shore, having passed my seventy-eighth year, and must now look upon my work and pilgrimage here as nearing its close.

As I can not go and see you, dear friends, I will have to employ some one to go in my stead to collect from each subscriber what will be due up to the close of this year. And dear friend, look at the date marked on your paper, and you will be able to tell how much you will have to pay the agent when he comes. I do hope that many who are in arrears will send in payments at once, and relieve me of the financial pressure that compels a halt, and makes it necessary for me to close up the paper. There would be no trouble if each subscriber would make his payment every year, but in many cases these are not made for two and even a three years. Some, after promising to send the amount in a few days, have allowed months, and even a year to pass before remitting.

Now dear friends I do not want this financial load upon me any longer. I am looking forward to the rest that remains for the children of God. All is bright over there, but down here there is much perplexity and anxiety. Yet in Him I have peace, for I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day. In Him I stand complete, perfect and pure. In myself I am guilty, sinful, condemned and lost, but He has gone to the end of the law for righteousness for me, and for all who will accept Him as Redeemer, Saviour and Sovereign. Why should doubts and fears prevail, since God hath made Christ unto us, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification and redemption?

Sin will assert itself, and we cannot battle with it alone, but God giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Beneath my hope of the future there are four massive foundations. If Satan accuses me of transgression, I answer, it is Christ that died; if death alarms me, I answer, yea rather, he is risen again, and because He lives I shall live also. He is even at the right hand of God, having all power in heaven and on earth, and as I need a special friend in heaven to care for me while I am in my pilgrim state, I know that He there maketh intercession for me. Then I exclaim, "Bless the Lord O, my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name."

IN CONCLUSION.

During the past six years in managing the HOME MISSION JOURNAL I have found the rank and file of our Baptist constituency in a large majority to be an upright, kindly and generous lot of people. With a few, however, there has been a different disposition. Some excuses concerning irregularity and other matters have been urged. Well, whose fault is it? We mail it as regularly as possible to every subscriber; possibly through some oversight in the post office delays have happened. But there is one thing all can do; they can let us know when it is not coming, giving full and correct addresses, and we can have it attended to at once. To one and all who have shared with us these burdens and labors we extend our heartfelt gratitude, trusting that in some measure the Kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ has been extended thereby, and that in the blissful future before us we may rejoice together over the harvest gathered in.

THE MANAGER.

The Bible was never so much in the minds of the people as today.—Dr. Alexander Blackburn.

Some of Dr. Gifford's Gems

Lot's wife got salted for having her feet one way and her face another. She is the patron saint of some churches.

The Bible is the literature of the Spirit. The Bible should be studied as a unit.

We have the Gospel according to Matthew or Mark. The personality of a man colors the white light of the gospel. The teacher's personality is the scholar's gospel. When the teacher is absent the class scatters.

The Jordan River empties into the Sea of Galilee and Galilee pours itself into the Jordan again. The Old Testament imparts all its fullness to Christ and Christ again conveys His fullness to the New Testament.

When God made a helpmate for Adam in the sleep in the morning Adam took her into the home, but when he made the Sunday School out of the ribs of the church as a helpmate the church kept her out of the home for years.

The New Testament is the unfolding of the Old and is best understood by one who has followed the process by systematic study. The Bible is to be taken and taught as a unit and in its entirety. It is an organism in which one spirit is throbbing. The Spirit is inwrought in all the fibres of the Scripture.

THE SAVINGS OF OTHERS

To impart what does you good is a principle of the Gospel.—Dr. A. S. Hobart.

The maintaining of the spiritual is the reason for our existence.—Dr. A. H. Strong.

The Christian religion is a set of experiences which men have had.—Dr. A. S. Hobart.

We don't lay so much stress on water as some do who use less of it.—Dr. P. S. Henson.

We did not call ourselves Baptists. But they flung it at us and it stuck.—Dr. P. S. Henson.

When we have kept most closely to the New Testament model we have prospered most.—Dr. Strong.

I was preaching at a country school house and made no charge. My congregation began to leave me. One brother suggested that I take a collection. I did it. My congregation came back. They appreciated what they paid for.—Dr. C. D. Case.

We are working at the Bible. We should work with the Bible.—Dr. Alexander Blackburn.

Some of us must go and some must stay, but the will of God must be done.—Randall T. Capen.

Hotchkiss: "In obedience I find satisfaction."

W. R. Hotchkiss: "Your brother's need is a sight draft on your supply."

J. Campbell White: "The more a man loves the more power he has to love."

John W. Baer: "Be careful about geographic limitations for your missionary heart."

W. G. Puddefoot: "You can do more good by good living than by good preaching."

White: "Keep close to the Man of Sorrows if you wish to reach a sorrowing world."

White: "Have we any right to do less than we can to get the Gospel to the world?"

Edward Judson: "Let us not read always with too much interest the Book of Numbers."

Pres. McKenzie: "We believe in the redeemableness of man because the Redeemer is God."

R. B. Speer: "The only question now is, 'Will the people of the world have Christianity or no religion?'"

Pres. C. C. Hall: "Count nothing worthy of your ministry which falls below the full apostolic presentation of God in Christ."

C. C. Hall: "The evangelization of the world depends not only on actual missionary service but on the proper view of the ministry at home."

Edward Judson: "The missionary spirit is the disposition which leads a man to place himself voluntarily at a point where social currents converge and rush against him."

Notice.

The New Brunswick Southern Association will meet with the Third Springfield church, Bellisle Station, King's Co., commencing on Thursday, July 7th, at 10 a. m. Delegates from St. John will take I. C. R. morning train to Norton; thence by Central Railway to Bellisle Station, arriving about 9.30 a. m. Usual travelling arrangements will be made.

Delegates to the Southern Association will please send in their names to Bro. Martin, W. Freeze, Bellisle Station, Kings Co., who will arrange for their entertainment.

J. H. HUGHES, Moderator.

CHRIS. A. LAUBMAN, Clerk.

Religious News.

God is blessing us in the work. On Sunday, March 20th, we baptized 3 candidates. On March 27th, 8 were baptized, April 10th, 2 were baptized, April 17th, 1 baptized, April 24th, 3 baptized, May 1st, 1 baptized, May 22nd 2 baptized. We received also 6 by letter and 4 on experience. On April 17th 22 were received into the church during the morning service. Others have been received since the above date.

W. R. ROBINSON.

This section of the Cordwell PENOBSCUIS, N. B. Baptist church has been enjoying a season of refreshing from on high. Last Sunday the past-r, Rev. W. Camp, baptized seven young ladies and received them into the church. Rev. Mr. Beatty who held special services in the F. B. church at Penobscuis and who is now laboring with our pastor at South Branch, was present and addressed the newly received members. Mr. Beatty is a man of sweet Christian spirit and an earnest and forceful speaker. He purposes spending a few weeks with the Collina Baptist church beginning with the first Sunday in July.

W. CAMP.

Just returned from my vacation, enjoyed my four weeks of rural walks and country sights very much. The Deacons took charge of the prayer meetings rendering valuable service to the church and profit to themselves. Sackville Church is blest with Deacons of fine talent, noble spirit and rich Christian experience. Bro. Robert Colpitts of Rochester, 1904, was the pulpit supply whose efforts were very much appreciated. We praise God that such young men are growing up in our provinces. He will always find a welcome at Sackville Baptist church. We now turn aside to prepare for the coming of our Brethren and Sisters of N. B. E. Association, Baptized six, May 15th.

E. B. M.

On Sunday afternoon, June 18th we again visited the baptismal waters, when a noble young man publicly put on Christ. That evening he was received into the church in the presence of a large congregation, and at the after-meeting which followed gave a clear and beautiful testimony to saving grace.

C. W. TOWNSEND.

It has been said that every man has not the education, nor the opportunity, nor the power to study all the evidences of Christianity; but every man may, if he will, be himself an evidence of Christianity. He may be a living epistle of his Lord, known and read of all men.

Exposition of Ephesians.

By Alvah S. Hobart.

In chapter one Paul has set forth in remarkable fullness and clearness the riches of spiritual blessings to be found "in Christ." He now turns to consider the question which has been in mind from the first, namely: the allaying of race feeling in the church. Jewish converts were liable to feel their superiority over Gentile converts, and Gentile converts were liable to a feeling of anger, or a feeling of inferiority. This matter was common then in all the churches of mixed membership. But the same danger is as common today as then, only it has changed names. Then it was friction between races, now it is between "grades of society." Then it was because of former conditions in matters of worship, now it is because of former conditions in matters of education and wealth.

The Pauline remedy is given as the panacea for all this feeling of estrangement between Christians.—This chapter may be called "The Peacemaker" chapter. Let us follow its thought. First, he reminds the Gentiles that they had been dead in trespasses and sin (v. 1) but God "quickened" them—that is, made them alive. But at once he takes away any possible sting in his words by adding, But we were all by nature children of wrath (v. 3) but God for His great love, and in His rich mercy quickened us "together" in Christ (v. 4). And now follows a series of statements showing how impartially God has dealt with all believers. In every great blessing they have been without any distinction ranked "together." Quickened "together;" raised up "together" (v. 5); made to sit "together;" all are saved by grace; all through faith; and for all it is his gift (v. 8); we are all his workmanship; expected to walk in the same good work (v. 10); have access to God in the same way (v. 18). Thus he shows how like a common lot of dependents all Christians gather "together" in one company around Christ, as children dependant on one mother. So much of his thought while it has been addressed to all yet has a more specific bearing on the Jewish converts who needed humbling. Now he speaks more specifically to those who need encouragement. Remember, he says, how ye were without hope, or covenant, or God that you knew anything about, and then recall how that in "Christ" you who were so far apart from God's people have been brought near "together" in Him (v. 13). The old wall of partition that used to shut out the Gentiles from the temple at Jerusalem has no further use (v. 14). You are become fellow citizens, and more than that you are members of the family of God (v. 19). And you are builded as a part of it into the great house that God is building for His own habitation.

The lesson for us is that a true Christian faith welcomes all true Christians to its fellowship. In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, bond nor free, male nor female, but all one in Him. The cultivation and application of this thought will settle the question of classes in the church. Nothing else will.

A true gentleman shows his nature in the lowest society, or the meanest work; and the true and the true Christian cannot be hid—in the workshop, in the home circle, in the roughest company, men take notice of him, that he has been with Jesus.

Married.

BROOKS McAFFERTY.—At the Baptist parsonage, Benson, June 11th, by pastor W. Camp, Mr. Seymour Brooks, of Penobscot, to Miss Ida McAfferty of Dixie, in the parish of Havelock.

CRAWFORD CORNEY.—At the home of the bride, June 8th, by Pastor C. P. Wilson, Tripp Crawford, of Underhill, Northumberland Co., N. B., to Ethel Corney of the same place.

FISHER SMITH.—At the residence of C. Smith, Maysville, on April 9th, 1904, by the Rev. W. R. Robinson, August Blanchard to Carrie Scott.

RICE KELLY.—At the home of the bride, Gibson, on April 14th, 1904, by the Rev. W. R. Robinson, Wm. A. Rice to Amanda J. Kelly.

BLANCHARD SCOTT.—At the Baptist parsonage, Gibson, on June 9th, 1904, by the Rev. W. R. Robinson, August Blanchard to Carrie Scott.

STAFFORD CHARTERS.—At the Baptist parsonage, Gibson, on June 15th, 1904, by the Rev. W. R. Robinson, Samuel Stafford to Annie L. Charters.

BARRETT CLARKE.—At the Baptist parsonage, Gibson, April 25th, 1904, by the Rev. W. R. Robinson, Dea. T. E. Barrett to Mrs. Annie G. Clarke.

DOW FERRO.—At the residence of J. Dow, Canterbury, N. B., June 13th, by Pastor C. N. Barton, John W. Dow to Mrs. Margaret Ferro both of Canterbury N. B.

DICKINSON MOWBRAY.—At the residence of Moses Dickinson, Springfield, Cal. Co., N. B., May 25th, by Pastor C. N. Barr in Arbet Dickinson of Medford, N. B., to Annie Mowbray of Benton, N. B.

LAWSON JORDAN.—In the German St. church, on the 15, by Rev. G. O. Gates, Rev. George C. Lawson of Bass River, N. S., and Mary I., daughter of James Jordan, Esq., of St. John.

BISHOP BEGG.—At the pastorate of the German St. church on the 16, by Rev. G. O. Gates, James Bishop of Moncton and Miss Agnes Begg of St. John Co., N. B.

NASON McDONALD.—On June 17, at the home of officiating minister W. H. Smith, Samuel W. Nason was married to Sadie McDonald both of Cloverdale, N. B.

CORCORAN COX.—At the Narrows, N. B., June 16th, 1904, by Rev. F. N. Atkinson, W. Burnham Corcoran and Susie May Cox, both of the parish of Johnstone.

Died.

McVICAR.—At the Range, Queens County on the 10th inst. Mrs. Maggie McVicar aged 57 years.

LEIGHTON.—At Benton, N. B., June 2nd, 1904, Walter aged 21 years of Consumption, son of Frederic and Mary Leighton. Before his death he surrendered to Jesus Christ, and died trusting in the Redeemer.

DOW.—At Canterbury, June 1st, Sarah A. wife of Enoch Dow aged 73 years, leaving a husband, eight sons, two daughters to mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother. She professed faith in Christ and united with the 2nd Canterbury Baptist church. Fifty years ago Elier Outhouse was the pastor. Her death was the death of the righteous.

FEELING.—In Benton, N. B., May 30th, 1904, Elmer Feeling aged 26 years, leaving a widowed mother, three sisters, two brothers. His death was caused by a fall while working the tannery owned by S. Arcsott & Co. Nearly a year he was as helpless as an infant. Overtwo years ago he united with the Baptist church, Benton. His last words were "The Lord is my shepherd."

KEARNEY.—Mrs. Mary Kearney, aged 88 years, died suddenly on Friday night at the home of her son, Elias Kearney, East Florenceville. The deceased was a daughter of Roger Tompkins one of the first settlers in this parish. She leaves one son, one brother, Geo. W. Tompkins of Victoria Co., and one sister, Mrs. Nelson Boyer of East Florenceville. The funeral which was largely attended was in the Baptist meeting house of East Florenceville on Sunday afternoon, May 29, Rev. W. H. Smith officiating. Four nephews of the deceased were the pall bearers.

URQUHART.—Died at Kars, Kings Co., on the 16th inst. William Seymour Urquhart aged 64 years. Bro. Urquhart was a member of the Baptist church in this place, he has been a great sufferer for some time past, with asthma and heart disease, and in his death the church and community have sustained a great loss, he was a useful citizen who was ever ready to lend assistance and help to the afflicted and needy, his funeral was largely attended by the relatives of the deceased and also a large number of neighbors who sympathize deeply with his family in their bereavement, the occasion was improved by the Rev. E. K. Ganong who delivered an appropriate sermon.

KING.—Fell asleep in Jesus, at St. Marys, Kent Co. N. B., May 8th, aged 49. Mrs. N. B. King. Deceased was the daughter of Rev. M. Normandy, of precious memory. Among the faithful band of Christian workers she always stood in the front rank. To the church, the Sunday school, and especially to the bereaved husband, now in poor health, a former pastor extends his heartfelt sympathy.

KEIRSTEAD.—At her home in Collins, June 11th, Elizabeth, widow of the late Deacon Keirstead passed into her rest in the 91st year of her age. Last October Mr. and Mrs. Keirstead celebrated the 72nd anniversary of their marriage day. Since then both have passed over the river. Mrs. Keirstead was a lady very highly esteemed by the entire community—and greatly loved by her friends. During a long Christian life she was loyal and true to her Master, and passed triumphantly into glory in full confidence of meeting her Saviour and dwelling with her loved ones already at home with God. Her pastor, Rev. W. Camp, preached her funeral sermon on the 13th to a large congregation.

THORNE.—At Johnston, Queen's County June 5th, Thos. G. Thorne, aged 62 years. Wife, two sons and five daughters survive him. Deceased was a member of Coles Island Baptist church of which he was deacon and from which he held license to preach. Funeral services were conducted by the writer David Patterson.

TURNER.—At Harvey, Albert Co., N. B., on June 2nd, Mrs. Mary S. Turner, after a short illness, in her 82nd year. Our dear Sister, was one of the oldest members of the first Harvey church, also the oldest and a charter member of the W. B. M. U. She was a sincere Christian and a willing worker in all departments of the Lord's work and died trusting wholly in her Saviour, and was like a shock of corn fully ripe and gathered home. Her funeral sermon was preached by the pastor Rev. Adolphus F. Brown from the words "I know that my Redeemer liveth, etc." to a large congregation of sympathizing friends. The memory of the just is blessed.

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 hopefully 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 began 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 his self 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 farmhouse, tumbling about in the green grass and picking rich 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 homestead, 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 their 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.

Es of Good Courage.

He is cowardly who is habitually fearful and complaining. The soul that has once tasted of life and love should never despair, for life and love are the enduring things and will abide forever. Pessimism is not a sign of piety, though some folks seem to imagine they are never so religious as when they look about them and beyond them, and are sad, and distressed, and hopeless and fearful. Despair is no more a sign of holiness than is poverty an indication of piety; and yet there are not a few who so confound things. "He shall not fail nor be discouraged," is the prophetic word, pointing surely to him who brought the abiding hope to a heart-weary world. There is no room for despair or hopelessness—to the soul who on Jesus has leaned both for repose and inspiration. The skies are dark these days, and some folks talk as though God had left the world to its own wickedness and destruction. I cannot conceive of God so failing in his great business of world-building, or soul-saving. He who has the true vision may see the hosts of God gathered on every mountain and in every valley. If he shall not fail nor be discouraged, why shouldst thou—soul of mine?"

BAPTIST UNION.

There is more danger for the unconverted church member than for the unrepentant sinner; he may be turned to see his sin and repent; but the self-satisfied, indifferent Christian (?), whose conscience is torpid, makes no spiritual progress; he goes through certain religious forms merely as forms, and is utterly careless about them. He never troubles himself to think of his sins, and so he thinks he has no need of repentance; in church his lips are silent when they should be poured forth in confession; his eyes may be open but his conscience is asleep. As a traveler in the snow lies down on the icy ground, and he knows not that to sleep there is to die, so this church member slumbers on through life, and knows not that he has a name to live, but he is dead.