

ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE CHURCHES.

(Continued from last week.)

Seal Cove Church—We are thankful to say in making our yearly report that it still finds us in fellowship with our heavenly father. The church is still trusting in Him who doeth all things well. Though some have faltered, we are believing God will in his own good time bring them to see their need of returning to their house, and to their God. Our pastor held some special meetings the past winter which was beneficial and one conversion.

Mrs. C. B. HARVEY, Clerk.

Lower Brighton Church—Although our church book shows a membership of fifty it will be noticed that nineteen of these are non-resident, so that the working membership is in reality small. Some special meetings were held during the month of May, by our pastor assisted by Rev. G. B. MacDonald. Many seemed under deep conviction but as yet have not yielded. We are not discouraged, for we believe that there has been seed sown during the past year by the earnest faithful work of our pastor which shall certainly bring forth fruit for we have the promise that, "Thy word shall not return unto my word."

Mrs. B. W. BROWN, Clerk.

Westchester N. S. Church—The Reformed Baptist church of Westchester Station was organized on June 17th, 1903, by Revs. M. S. Trafton and S. Greenlaw, membership 22 when first organized, at the present time we number 35. Rev. Z. B. Grass has been our pastor for the last year, we appreciate his work amongst us very highly, we know that God through him has been blessing us in the past year; the spiritual state of our church is good, good interest is taken in the meetings and according to God's blessed word brotherly, and sisterly love exists among the members, every thing is going along smoothly and we are fully trusting in Jesus and believing that in due season "we shall reap if we faint not" we believe that some are seeking Jesus. Now we have been holding our meeting in a hall owned by one of our members, but by the help of God, we are building a church and expect if God's will to have it ready to dedicate about September. The church has given Rev. Z. B. Grass a call for the coming year, as he has been our pastor for the past year and God has blessed his labours. May God help him and us to be true to Jesus. We purpose to stand by him and help to hold up his hands, that the name of Jesus may be glorified. We have not got a woman's missionary society started here yet, but hope to have in the near future. We ask an interest in your prayers that we may be stronger in faith and live this year to do the will of God better than we have ever done before. This report was read to and adopted by the church.

Mrs. JAMES D. TEED, clerk.

Geary Church—In laying before you the spiritual state of the church have to say it is not enjoying what it might but some are still holding on to the Lord and trusting in His promise not to leave or forsake those who trust in him. We had to suspend meetings during the winter as only a few members were at home, and the severe cold weather. But we are holding meetings on Sabbath afternoon, as the Free Baptists hold service in the morning and evening. We have a Sunday school which is very well attended which we hope may be a source of good. Labor is needed. Pray for us.

FRANKLIN CARR, Clerk

Brazil Lake Church—On account of the rough weather and terrible state of the roads, our people being very much scattered, some living four miles from the church, the interest is not as good as we would like to see it. Our pastor has been faithful in meeting his appointments when the weather would permit. And when we do get together our meetings are spiritual, and sometimes powerful. Our pastor assisted by Brother Kierstead and A. W. Morrell, held a few meetings which were some strength to the church, but the weather was so rough the meetings were not continued long, yet we are looking forward for victory.

Mrs. G. S. CROSBY, Clerk.

Royalton church—The spiritual condition of the church is not at all what we would like to see it, but we hope and pray for better things. There are a few faith-

ful ones who believe in the future increased prosperity of the church.

Mrs. T. ALMON JONES, clerk.

NOTE—Since this letter was written Rev. I. F. Kierstead has been doing faithful work with this church and they have been much helped and encouraged.—Ed.

Marysville church—The closing year has been one of varied experience. Death has visited the homes of two of our Brothers, and claimed dear ones. Our pastor suffered from a severe sickness which laid him by through February and greatly hindered his plans for especial work. The cotton Mill running part time made it hard for us financially. Taking it all through it has been a hard year for pastors and people. But we believe the Lord Himself has been with us, and blessed us in our souls. Our beloved pastor and his faithful wife have stood by the work and we greatly appreciate their faithful services.

Yours in Christ,

ALICE A. ESTABROOKS, clerk.

Victoria Corner Church—As a church we are few in number but we are holding on to God and doing his will, we have not seen the events that we desired to see this year, but we praise the Lord for one precious soul added to our number, and for his wonderful love to us and his people. There never was any more happy exciting among us than at present. We have been wonderfully kept true to the doctrine of holiness as taught at first, for which we praise God, and trust him for the future. We esteem our pastor very "highly in love for his work sake," he has proved himself a worthy man of God. To God be praise and honor for ever.

OVERFLOWING HEARTS.

The Bible has a great deal to say about filling believers with good things, spiritual things, the things which pertain to salvation and heaven. Thus we are told that "the disciples were filled with joy and the Holy Ghost." Paul prayed that the Ephesians might be "filled with all the fulness of God." In almost numberless instances the sacred word speaks of persons filled with the Holy Ghost, and it contains many prayers that God may fill his people with joy and peace.

To be filled with the Spirit of God is to be in the condition of unbounded blessing. God is all in all. His fulness means completeness in all good, and of his fulness means completeness in all good, and of his fulness have all we received. Jesus said, "He shall be in you as a well of water." A well is not like a cistern which can give forth only what is poured in. A well is fountain. Its water is not stagnant. There is life and motion in its supply. Draw what you will, and the fulness still remains. So with the Spirit in the heart. It is a perennial fountain of love, peace, testimony, praise and benediction. What the divine fulness enters the soul, that soul overflows with life and power.

The late Mr. Moody was once conducting a meeting in New York. His subject was the power of the Spirit. In his discourse he made use of a very forcible illustration. He poured into a tumbler from a large pitcher on the table a small quantity of water, then he filled it to the brim, and afterwards filled it so that it ran overflowing a pool of water on the platform. In this way, said the speaker, are our souls filled with the Spirit, and if we keep under the fountain we shall be constantly filled with the Spirit.

And those who are filled with the Spirit are as generous and beneficent as such a filling implies. After Pentecost the Spirit-filled disciples poured out their substance like water overflowing from a fountain, distributing to every one that had need. Bring a full orb of Pentecost on Christendom today and you would never hear of a church debt or of an empty missionary treasury or a Christian school embarrassed for want of funds. People with hearts aglow with Christ's love always crowd to the altar of sacrifice and with joy and gladness cause the treasuries to overflow. And this fulness of material offerings carries with it a fulness of saving power. "Real revivals cost something—they cost humiliation and strong crying and tears. Ministers and people must get groans on them. They must have eyes to weep over the outlying desolations."

Never before in American history was a general and powerful revival so much needed. It is a crisis period in the history of our nation. It is a time when the ruling body is deciding whether it is worth while to obey God or whether cash

and carnality are not enough. Such a crisis means peril. The very life of the republic is at stake. The nation has ever long prospered in defiance of God. America will be no exception. Our times are in his hand, and if we forget him he will find a way to awaken our memory. Churches, schools, homes and offices filled with Spirit-filled Americans would mean a nation that can wisely and graciously share in ruling the world.—Michigan Christian Advocate.

The great Africa explorer, Sir Henry M. Stanley, who died recently, once told the story of his conversion by Livingstone in these words: "I went to Africa as prejudiced against religion as the worst infidel in London. To a reporter like myself, who had only to deal with wars, mass meetings and political gatherings, sentimental matters were quite out of my province. But there came to me a long time for reflection. I was out there away from a worldly world. I saw this solitary old man there, and I asked myself: 'Why does he stop here in such a place? What is it that inspires him?'"

"For months after we met I found myself listening to him, wondering at the old man caring out the words, 'Leave all and follow Me.' But little by little, seeing his piety, his gentleness, his zeal, his earnestness, and how he went quietly about his business, I was converted by him, although he had not tried in any way to do it."—Sel.

A CLEAN HEART.

Charles G. Finney maintained that a perfect choice of God was essentially a perfect life. This is what James is exhorting to when he says, "Cleanse your hands ye sinners, and purify your hearts, ye double minded." A pure heart and a double mind do not go together. A strictly clean heart is something more than a conscience purged from the consciousness of past sins; it must also be "purged from dead works to serve the living God." To obtain a clean heart it requires an act on our part and an act on God's part. Illumination and power are from Him; choice and action are with us. The Lord never pulled a pipe out of any man's mouth nor slipped the rings from any woman's fingers. What He does do is to give us convictions of right and wrong and power through the Holy Spirit to act on our convictions but the actual doing of the thing He leaves to us.—Sel.

Christian perfection is a spiritual constellation made up of these gracious stars,—perfect repentance, perfect faith, perfect humility, perfect meekness, perfect self-denial, perfect resignation, perfect hope, perfect charity, for our visible enemies as well as for our earthly relation, and above all perfect love for our invisible God through the explicit knowledge of our mediator Jesus Christ, and as this last star is always accompanied by all the others, as Jupiter is by satellites, we frequently use as St. John, the phrase, "Perfect Love," instead of the word "Perfection," understanding by it the pure love of God shed abroad in the established heart of believers by the Holy Ghost, which is abundantly given them under the fulness of this Christian dispensation.—J. Fletcher.

LET THE PASTOR PREPARE HIMSELF.

It is perfectly foolish for a pastor to begin exhorting his people to get ready for the revival until he himself is ready. For no man can speak with effectiveness on such matters unless he speak with unction. Uction may be defined as the spoken word plus God. All the difference in the world between true and melting exhorting and scolding lies in that word "unction;" the one is of man, the other is man plus God. Our Saviour said, "First cast the beam out of thine own eye; and then shalt thou see clearly to cast the mote out of thy brother's eye."—Selected.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

A CHILD'S GRIEF.

He was only five years old, and when his mother died so much grief was felt by the older members of the family that they did not realize how forlorn the little fellow was. They thought he was too young to feel his loss very keenly. He did not cry. He wandered about with a white, frightened face, terrified by the sorrow and solemnity of death. He touched the cold white hands, and longed to kiss the silent lips, but he was afraid. He whispered her name, and for the first time in his life there was no loving response. He could not understand death, but he understood his own appalling sense of loneliness. He watched the funeral ceremonies in awed silence. The older children wept. He wondered at all the strange people and things. When he saw her lowered into the grave, he felt he must fling himself in with her, but again he was afraid. His father's face was white and drawn and stern. He wondered whether his father was angry with his mother because she had died. He felt angry and impatient himself at times. She had never done anything so strange before. To lie so still and dull without a word for any one was not like her.

He fell asleep in the garden after the strangers all went away, and had a bad dream. He waked with a start, and ran into the house, calling: "Mamma, mamma!" She had always been his comfort when he waked in the night from a bad dream. His sister caught him by the shoulder as he rushed through the hall. "Hush! hush!" she said in a sharp, strained voice. She could not forgive him for forgetting so soon that his mother was dead. He stood still a moment, dazed by her tearstained face. Then he remembered, and walked soberly back to the garden more like a man of fifty than a baby of five. He sat and pondered. He must know something more about the thing called death. He must ask some one. He wondered vaguely why his mother had not told him about it. Perhaps his father could. He stole softly into the room, and sat quite still close to his father, who was so sorrow-stricken that he failed to notice the child. He waited for a word, and then the thought came to him, perhaps it was all a mistake, and mother was upstairs. The fancy became a certainty as he stole out of the room, closing the door softly, and with a joyous shout of reaction against the stifling weight of sorrow which filled the house, rushed up the stairs with a laugh on his lip.

Thirteen-year-old Mildred, red-eyed and pale, met him with an indignant, "You cruel boy! How can you laugh and shout when mother has just been buried?" His heart fell, but he could not be convinced until he had sought everywhere. He crept from room to room looking under tables and beds, and behind chairs and doors. He could not find her. It must be true. The night was falling. He stood silently by each older member of the family looking with eager, wistful eyes into each sad face—but he found no one to question him, and he did not know how to ask for what he wanted, and there was no one to understand his dreadful loneliness, his utter need of love and comfort.

It was ten o'clock. The oldest sister roused herself sufficiently to send the children to bed, and went upstairs to help the youngest undress. The little lad could not be found. The house was searched, the garden, the road; the neighbors joined in the search in vain, until a woman who understood the heart of a child said: "You'll find him with his mother. Where else should a baby be at night?"

They found him asleep on her grave. Men and women do not often die of broken hearts—life has taught them endurance; but there are children so tender and sensitive they, failing to find comfort and tenderness in the hour of extreme need, wither like broken flowers. Perhaps it was a deep cold, taken while sleeping unprotected in the night air. He faded away, and when it was too late the others realized how selfish they had been in their grief—and that the child they thought too young to feel his loss suffered most poignantly of all.—Home and Farm.

BEULAH, July 11th.

Dear Eva,—I was very glad to receive

your letter. This is Saturday and I feel sad to think the meetings are so nearly through. We have had lovely preaching and I have been helped a great deal. How I wish you could have been here. I feel sure you would have received this beautiful experience. Someway or other we don't seem to write so much on these lines as we used to. Let us renew it again. I am writing this letter in the most soothing place you could imagine. Feeling tired and hot after dinner I brought my paper down here on the shore among a shady clump of trees and am sitting on an old stump and have a shingle under my paper. As I write a little brook near is gurgling and everything is lovely. Your folks are up on the hill this afternoon. There is quite a crowd of folks here on the grounds and we expect more tonight. I suppose you don't know yet that George is thinking of leaving you and going to school? There is not much news here. I go to meeting generally morning and night with little services in between. I am enjoying them thoroughly and only wish they could last longer, bye-bye.

My address will be Hartland, N. B.

Your loving friend,

CARRIE BAKER.

P. S.—Pray for me earnestly and I will for you.

HARTLAND, Aug. 23rd.

Dear Eva,—I received your letter the other day and was very glad to hear from you, not quite so good tidings did it contain, as I had hoped and prayed for. But never the less I was glad to hear that it was as well with you as it is. This has been quite a busy day. I was at meeting this morning and Sunday School this afternoon and expect to go this evening. How I wish I could help and comfort you Eva when you feel so weak. I have been through it all. I have had a blessed walk with Jesus this last week, but do not think that Satan was absent if anything he was constantly tempting me but Jesus was mightier than he. Oh I want to go deeper. Don't forget I am praying for you my dear friend. No doubt you think I am changed writing this way, but I am not changed toward you. We are all quite well. Papa has a hard day Sunday. He has to preach three times every Sunday. I don't wonder you are rather down hearted dear Eva, where you have no preacher to get help from. But if you read your Bible carefully and pray unceasingly surely you would not get discouraged. Try it and see. I wish we could meet for one hour. I should love to have one of our old talks, (though to be sure our old chats were not as religious as they might have been). We had a lovely time at Riverside and I was greatly helped. How I wish you could have some of my privileges no doubt you would improve the opportunity's to more advantage than I have. No special news to tell you. Love to all. Cheer up. Hoping to hear good news from you soon I am

Your loving friend,

CARRIE BAKER.

A FORE TASTE OF HEAVEN.

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he met one of his wealthy members, who stopped the preacher and said:

"Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told us all about heaven; but you never told where heaven is."

"Ah!" said the pastor, "I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is ill in bed with a fever, two little children are ill in the other bed; and she has not got a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five shillings' worth of things, and send them up to her, and then go up there and say: 'My sister, I have brought you these provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour'; then ask for a Bible, and get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get through—I'll pay the bill."

The next morning he said: "Pastor, I saw heaven and spent fifteen minutes in heaven."—Sel.

Sucking at the end of an old pipe stem, as he goes by we think of the words, "Lord, by this time be stinketh."