

King's Highway

THE ORGAN OF THE Reformed Baptists of Canada.

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY At 1/4 Germain Street, St. John, N. B., BY A COMMITTEE OF THE ALLIANCE.

Rev. G. W. McDonald, A. Kinney, W. B. Wiggins, B. N. Goodspeed, Rev. S. A. Baker, Committee.

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The following persons, as well as all ministers of the denomination, are authorized to receive subscriptions for THE HIGHWAY:

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ST. JOHN, N. B., AUG. 30TH, 1895.

GRAND MANAN.

Feeling greatly the need of relaxation, we took our little ones, on the 20th, and started for a week's visit to Grand Manan, where we landed safely that evening about 5 o'clock. We were warmly greeted by all whom we met, but particularly by the brethren and sisters of the churches.

On Tuesday evening we met with a number of brethren and sisters in the North Head church. An hour was spent in testimony and prayer, which we enjoyed very much.

On Friday evening, not being able to get to Seal Cove, we met again at the North Head church. Quite a large number gathered in, and we spoke for a half hour, after which we enjoyed the testimonies of the brethren and sisters who are standing true to God in this place.

On Saturday we drove to Seal Cove, making a number of calls on the way. On Sunday morning we were greeted by a well filled house, and enjoyed much the preaching of the Word as the memories of the past struggles and glorious victories flashed through our minds. I dare not speak of these scenes in particular, lest I should seem boastful, but glancing back over the past five years, to me, at least, I can see that God had accomplished much, goes to show what

a few men and women who trust God can accomplish.

After taking dinner at the home of Brother and Sister C. B. Harvey, we started on our way to North Head. While passing through Woodward's Cove we met a number who were expecting that we would preach, although there was no definite arrangement, so we stopped and entered the hall kindly opened by Mr. Fraser and enjoyed a good free time talking of the things that pertain to life and godliness.

Again at North Head we were greeted with a full house. After preaching we enjoyed a blessed season around the table of the Lord. I know of no truer or more generous hearted people than those to be found on Grand Manan. We are glad indeed to find so many in spite of heavy trials proving true to God.

S. A. BAKER.

"A HOLINESS COLLEGE."

REV. E. F. WALKER.

At Wilmore, a beautiful little village in "the blue grass region," of Kentucky, on the line of the Cincinnati Southern railroad, a little less than one hundred miles south of Cincinnati, is Asbury College—an educational institution that ought to be of very special interest to all lovers of Bible holiness. There is no other college like it in all the land, if, indeed, in all the world.

This school was founded in 1890—just one hundred years after the founding of Bethel Academy by Bishop Asbury, but four miles distant.

Rev. J. W. Hughes, a Southern Methodist and radical holiness advocate, with heart big enough to embrace true Christians of all denominations, conceived that higher education and holiness were compatible, and ought to be joined together practically. Hence the school.

At its head, as president, stands its founder, seconded by his estimable wife (who has charge of its home department) and a goodly corps of professors and instructors—all professedly in the experience of holiness.

The college motto is: "Industry—Thoroughness—Salvation," and its life accords with its motto. Wesley's advice to his preachers—"Never be employed—never be triflingly unemployed," is well taken here. The exhibitions of the training of its students certainly indicate thoroughness. Best of all, the work of salvation goes continuously on.

There are three courses of study—scientific, classical and theological—while all through the college course runs as paramount the teaching of full salvation from sin, and the two works of justification and sanctification go on together.

The college, though young, is rapidly growing. The scholastic year just closed witnessed something less than two hundred students within its halls (males slightly predominating). Of these, two young women and three young men were graduated, three of whom had earned the degree of "B. A.," and the other two "B. S."

A noteworthy feature of the institution is that it is devoted particularly to the help of those who are preparing for the work of the ministry. There is now being erected a commodious building for the free use of such young men, where those who so desire may board themselves. This is a work of faith (as indeed the whole enterprise is) on the part of Brother Hughes, and may furnish a first-class investment for any who have some of the Lord's funds uninvested, as the money to meet the expense of the building is not yet

all in sight. "A word to the wise," etc.

It was my privilege to spend four days, during the latter part of May, at the year's closing exercises of Asbury College. I never before attended so good a college commencement, all in all. The music was a most excellent feature; the orations of the young women and young men were simply magnificent; while all through, the spirit of godly contentment, sweet good-will, joyful salvation and deep devotion pervaded. The Prince of Peace presided. Five times was I called to preach on the blessed theme of holiness, while faculty and students together shouted the praises of the uttermost Saviour, and the Spirit of the Lord wrought mightily unto salvation.

This institution can hardly be commended too highly for its spirit and work; and to all who would have themselves or their children educated under the standard of holiness—"polished as with sapphire" (Lam. 4, 7)—and to all who have means to devote to the endowment of such a school and the help of young people preparing themselves to engage in the work of spreading Scriptural holiness over these lands, most heartily do I recommend Asbury College, Wilmore, Ky., Rev. J. W. Hughes, president.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES

Bro. Burpee Fowler has gone to attend the Moody school in Chicago. Bro. W. H. Neal of Greenwich intends to enter the ministry.

Bro. Ward S. Foster, of Grand Manan, has started out into the work. He expects to visit Mercer Settlement.

Sister F. H. Hale has gone for a short visit to Beaton. Rev. G. W. MacDonald preached at Lower Brighton Sunday, 26th. Miss Mamie Gosline, one of our missionaries, passed through the city on the 21st, on her way to Lower Brighton holiness convention.

Rev. G. W. MacDonald has gone to Presque Isle, Maine, to hold a ten days' tent meeting. Licentiate Miles Trafton and Geo. Kinney intend entering the Asbury Holiness College, which opens during the first week in September.

Bro. George MacDonald is attending the Grammar School in St. John. Rev. S. Greenlaw expects to add to his circuit the Campbell Settlement church. He will then have the pastoral care of four churches.

Miss Alice Goodspeed, our Sunday school agent, returned from Port Maitland, N. S., on the 19th, where she spent a number of weeks visiting at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Brown.

Rev. A. Kinney reports increasing interest on his circuit in Nova Scotia. Rev. H. H. Cosman held an all day holiness meeting at Forest Glen, N. S., last week.

Licentiate Bent held a field meeting at Short Beach, N. S., last week. A meeting for the promotion of scriptural holiness is to be held at Kemptville, N. S.

Read the clipping from the Witness by Rev. E. F. Walker, Holiness College, then subscribe to the educational Fund.

Mr. James Nickerson has been supplying the Reformed Baptist pulpit at Mercer Settlement at the Sunday afternoon services of late. He is well spoken of by the brethren as a devout Christian worker.

The Mercer Settlement Sabbath school held their annual picnic on the 28th. Rev. S. A. Baker being present, preached in the evening to a large congregation.

Rev. W. B. Wiggins returned from Nova Scotia on the 19th, and after making a short visit to his home at Central Norton, he went via Fredericton to attend the holiness convention at Lower Brighton and the tent meeting at Presque Isle, Maine.

DYING GRACE VS. LIVING GRACE.

REV. D. TASKER.

"The grace that saves a soul from hell, Can save from present sin."

We hear people say: "I'll get dying grace when I need it. God will give it to me when I am ready to die." Dangerous doctrine. Get sanctifying grace and you will have both living and dying grace. Many look upon dying grace or sanctifying grace as a dessert to be served after the meal of life is eaten. Something extra for extra occasions. Now there is no favor (for grace means favor) that is offered in God's word for the dying, that is not offered for the living.

"By grace ye are saved," and that means now, an instantaneous action, when the conditions are met. We are as much saved now as we can possibly be in the hour of dissolution. But we are not saved until the work of grace has been accomplished in the heart.

1st, Regeneration, the remission of our sins. 2nd, Sanctification, that act of God's grace whereby we are made holy—cleansed from the being of sin. Oh, we die hard. How few really dead people we find! I mean "dead indeed unto sin." Stick a pin in a live man and he will jump, kick and fight back. Cross the path of some of these "hope to get to heaven, waiting for dying-grace" sort of fellows and things will hum! If Christians would do a little more dying "daily" now, die to self, to ambition, to scoffs and sneers, to high places, wanting to be exalted when God wants them to be abased; die to fame as orators, exegetes, worldly applause; die to uncharitable conversation, to gossip mongering; die to wanting to finish God's imperfections in His creation, by adding on tobacco; it would be very much easier to do the final dying. James Caughery said the reason why so many people die such terrible deaths is because of the conflict between sin and grace. If some of these official board, scheming, tobacco-using time-serving preachers could be induced to die to the weed, so that the sick they kneel by, and those who have to sit by them in the pulpit and elsewhere, would not have to hold their nose, or turn away, God's cause would be very much more rapidly advanced. A brother said to me last night, "So and so came into the shop the other day with a stove-pipe hat and a cigar in his mouth. That was enough for me." That man, who is the pastor of the largest congregation, here killed himself outright by a cigar, thus finishing God's creation. O for more real dying, for dying grace which is living grace.

WORLDLY CHOIRS.

"In psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." Col. 3: 16. In the singing of hymns, "with the spirit and the understanding," God may be worshipped as in prayer, meditation, or preaching, but the way in which operatic church singers so often render these sacred songs, grinding out discordant, grating sounds, chills the spiritual heart and is a shameful libel on the hymn.

The mockery often manifested in the levity of the unconverted men and women who constitute, in part at least,

many church choirs, is painful in the extreme. There is no mode so harmonious and soul inspiring as congregational singing, when the sweet songs of Zion are sung to tunes that all can understand and join in, without the silly accompaniment of jarrine theatrical airs and screeching pipe organ strains.

In a New England town, after the choir had rendered their piece, the pastor gravely put on his spectacles and said: "Now let the people of God sing."—Sel.

EXTRACTS

From Dr. Carradine's Letter to the Methodist and Way of Life.

As I looked upon the large crowds that annually assemble here from Louisiana and Texas; as I noticed the shining faces, the bright experience, the settled conviction, and the steadfast purpose of their lives, I thought again and again, how utterly vain is the hope of that wing in our church which proposes to stop or crush out the Holiness or Second Blessing Movement. It cannot be done. It is here to stay, to grow, and to be victorious under Christ over all opposition.

I find several preachers here whose licenses have not been renewed and hence taken away because of their evangelistic work; and others have been cited to trial. But they all look very happy, and doubtless feel much more so than those who took their licenses away. My advice to them all without exception is to obey God, stick to the church, and keep sweet. A religious experience that cannot stand a little abuse and rough handling is certainly not what Paul and the disciples had. None of us have been stoned yet nor beaten with rods. May be it would help the cause along if we were. If beating should be added to abusing, may we take it like Peter took the whipping the Sanhedrim had administered to him,—go on our way rejoicing and keep on preaching that Jesus Christ can instantaneously sanctify the soul of a regenerated man in answer to consecration, faith and prayer. Hallelujah!

As I have gone from one end of the continent to the other, I have been profoundly impressed with the magnitude of the Holiness Movement. It is everywhere. And it matters not in which State or Territory I find them; they are the same misunderstood, ridiculed and opposed people, but keeping sweet, true and firm in spite of everything.

Suppose a traveller as he went around the world would find a band of people in every town and city of every nation in a kind of uniform, well drilled and speaking the same language. It would be regarded as marvellous, and would deeply impress. As wonderful a thing I am continually beholding all over the United States. In city, town and hamlet, I find a distinct people in the churches, speaking a common religious language, rejoicing in a peculiar experience which they call Sanctification, and recognizing each other, and understanding one another with a readiness that throws Free-Masonry in the shade. This common experience seems to have drawn them over denominational and sectional lines to love each other, and they seem to be drilled, armed and waiting for something to happen, whether this something is to be a sudden and general charge on the world or the beholding and reception of the Son of God as He comes in the clouds. This remarkable religious phenomenon of the latter part of the nineteenth century is enough to arouse and sober the most thoughtless. He who thinks

that this movement can be checked and this vast body of people oppressively managed needs to travel like the writer, from California to Massachusetts, and from the Lakes to the Gulf, and the sight of this great standing army, equipped and anointed for spiritual war, for Armageddon or for the Millennium, will utterly and forever drive this thought from the mind. To these people who, like their Lord, are misunderstood and unknown, I say, be patient, "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh." Don't leave your churches, stand in your places, endure abuse and keep sweet. The Saviour is coming to our relief; let Him find us at the post of duty, preaching, praying, singing and living full salvation. Somehow I feel that victory and deliverance is at hand.

While in New England I saw the difference between Come-Out-ism and Put-Out-ism. It was the difference between vinegar and sugar. The Come-out-er could not stand formality and abuse, took his case in his own hands and left. The Put-out-er was expelled, invited or otherwise forced out. It is marvellous how sweet the latter character was. I found he ran honey no matter how he was stuck.

One notable instance was pointed out to me of a gentleman who was urged to leave the church by his new pastor who knew not the worth of the man, and hated and dreaded the name of sanctification. Church letters were literally forced on him and thirty-two other members. They humbly accepted them, and the gentleman being a man of means bought a vacant church in the town, had it repaired and took possession. God's fire immediately fell on its altars, salvation flowed and today it has the largest night congregation in the city.

It is far better to be a Put-out-er than a Come-out-er! The Lord forbid that either one shall happen to us. Our work, I feel impressed, is to be in the church and not out of it. Neither do we need a new church; we have enough already and more than enough.

Correspondence

CANTERBURY, Aug. 22, 1895.

Dear Highway

Through your columns I want to thank my friends of this place for the presentation of a complete set of Dr. Adam Clark's "Commentaries on the Bible." I feel very grateful for the expression of their sympathy and kindness in bestowing this gift. I know it will be a grand help to me in the study of the Scripture. The little church is prospering in this place. I praise God for the faithfulness of the young people here. Some of our members are away, but tidings reaches us that they are doing well.

Our meetings are good. God's presence is with us. I expect the care of the Campbell Settlement Church would like to see the big tent spread in that place. I think there could be a good work done there. I have held a few meetings. The prospect seems encouraging. I mean to hold some special services there. I have plenty of work before me on this circuit. God is blessing me with health and His presence, and I hope for victory. I think there is less danger of drying up when busy. The devil comes with his insinuations, and displays his goods to people when they are idle. Lord help us to get to work. Yours under the blood, S. GREENLAW.

EASTON, Me., Aug. 26, 1895.

Dear Highway

I will write a few lines this morning for the first time, for your columns. You have been a very welcome visitor to our home for some time. How my spirit has been refreshed as I have read the testimonies for Jesus, and the many other good words said about the gospel of full salvation; also the decided stand you have taken in the Prohibition movement. I think you have a great mission for God in our land, and we intend to hold you up in our prayers to God that he may bless you greatly in your good work. I will of the privilege of spending one Sabbath at the Avondale Tent Meeting, which was a season of great refreshing to me, and I trust, to many others. I also attended one service in the Littleton Tabernacle, which I enjoyed very much. I feel the Spirit's power in my soul giving me present and complete victory. Glory to Jesus, Amen. C. A. KINNEY.

QUESTION CORNER.

Why have we not received a full report of the Avondale meeting? Why does our Bro. Editor fail to send his editorial so frequently? Why do we not receive regular reports from the Ministers and Churches? What is the matter with the Brother Minister who, when he refers to the denominational work, says "you" instead of "we." It sounds as though he was not more than half in it.

SUBSCRIPTION BOOKS.

We will send the Hand Books to the different churches next week, and hope they will be filled up and returned to the Treasurer of the Evangelistic Fund immediately. They will be acknowledged through the Highway.

Our Field Evangelist and Editor, Rev. G. W. MacDonald, and our Missionaries, Rev. W. B. Wiggins, Miss Mary Everett and Miss Mamie Gosline, ought to press the claims of the Highway and send in the money as soon as they get it.

OUR MINISTERS

Ought to keep every branch of our denominational work before their churches, viz.: 1st. THE KING'S HIGHWAY. 2nd. The Evangelistic Fund. 3rd. Our Missionary Work. 4th. Baulah Camp Ground.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

Every man who can afford to pay for the extra three or four yards of cloth used in the tops of his wife's sleeves can afford to take THE KING'S HIGHWAY. Economy in the dry goods and groceries, and not in your religious obligations.

GLEANINGS FROM ALL LANDS.

MRS. F. H. HALE.

"Think of the world's great necessity! It is computed that, living and dying, unchristianized and unevangelized, there are something like twenty millions of souls in Eastern Equatorial Africa! It seems to me, as I think of it, that I can hear their cry coming across the Dark Continent and over the deep sea, like the pitiful, earnest and entreating cry that came to Jesus long ago, 'Carerest Thou not what we perish?' And Jesus has given His answer to that question, 'I lay down my life for the sheep.' We who belong to Jesus, you and I, what answer shall we give? Shall we not follow Him in service, in sacrifice, in life and in labor? Shall we not lay down our lives day by day that we may faithfully do our part in bringing these perishing souls unto God?"—Bishop Tucker of Uganda.

We see the hand of our God in the recent establishment of an English "Protectorate," embracing not only Uganda, but that great district lying between Victoria Nyanza Lake and the Indian Ocean, a territory estimated at one million square miles. And now the British Government has decided to build a railway (800 miles) to connect the lake with the coast at Mombasa. Our God is securing to the great heart of East Africa the interest and influence and work of Christian civilization. What responsibility rests upon the church of God, in speedily giving the gospel to this entire region.

A tradition of the crucifixion of Christ is held by a tribe dwelling within a few hundred miles of the North Pole. A native near Point Barrow, Alaska, told Professor Stevenson that a man who lived a long time ago was killed and put into the ground, and a few days after rose again. He said he had it from his father, and his father from his grandfather, and he did not know how many generations it had been in the family.—Home Mission Monthly.

Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop is about to build a hospital for women in Corea at her own expense. The Congo railway is completed for sixty-five miles. Forty of the seventy-three Congregationalist churches in Japan are self-supporting.

The whole village of Marentino, Italy, has dismissed the Roman Catholic priests and placed its religious affairs in the care of the Waldensians. Sunday is now observed by the government of Corea, the offices are closed and the king does not hold his court.

It is when the soul becomes utterly passive, looking and resting on what Christ is to do, that its energies are stirred to their highest activity, and that we work most effectually, because we know that He works in us.—Andrew Murray.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The names of all persons who pay their subscription will appear in the next Highway after payment is made, with the date to which they are paid up. Mrs. Geo. Berry, Sussex, July, 1895; Mrs. Elizabeth Kilburn, St. Stephen, Sept., 1895; Joseph Sollows, Port Maitland, Dec., 1895; Mrs. Anthony Sollows, Port Maitland, February, 1895; Mrs. George Kilmapp, Boston, April, 1895; Mrs. J. C. Arnold, Woodstock, January, 1896; Mrs. E. Savage, Eastport, Me., May, 1895; Thos. Whitehouse, Brazil Lake, N. S., July, 1895; Mr. David Tuley, Woodstock, N. B., Aug., 1896; Robert Camp, Brenton, N. S., Aug., 1896; Mrs. Chas. Inman, Kildurn, July, 1895; John Moore, Burden, York Co., Dec., 1894; Eugene Savage, Marysville, Dec., 1896; LeBaron Moores, Connell, July, 1895; David Bolster, Easton, Maine, Aug., 1895; Linnin Berry, Berry's Mills, N. B., 1895; Mrs. Charles McLean, Indian Mountain, Sept., 1895; Ida Morgan, Millville, April, 1896; Mrs. J. Newton Smith, M. D., Haulton Station, June, 1895.

EVANGELISTIC FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$25 31 July 19th Semi-monthly contribution, 2 00 Mrs. D. H. Nixon, 5 00 Semi-monthly contribution, 2 00 " " 2 00 " " 2 00 Total, \$38 31 E. COSMAN, Treasurer.

STUDENTS FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$20 00 Mrs. F. H. Hale, Grafton, 5 00 Miss Alice Bayor, Woodstock, 5 00

REV. J. H. COY'S MISSION.

Mrs. I. W. Marsten, \$3 00 Joseph Magee, 2 00 Bessie Cox, 1 00

OUR MISSIONARIES.

The executive committee are ready to receive requests from communities desiring a visit from our missionaries. By sending requests we will be enabled to consult with the missionaries and make arrangements for them. The executive committee for both missionary and evangelistic work are as follows: Isaac W. Marsten, Canterbury; B. N. Goodspeed, Peniac; E. Cosman, St. John; Rev. S. A. Baker, St. John.

MARRIED.

At the Reformed Baptist parsonage, Lubec, Maine, by Rev. Z. B. Grass, Mr. Harry R. Myers, of Lubec, and Miss Sadie A. Leavitt, of St. George, N. B. On Aug. 21st, at the residence of the officiating minister, by the Rev. G. W. MacDonald, Mr. Gideon B. Priece of Moncton, and Mrs. Sarah L. Kinnie, of the same place.

At Woodstock, July 31st, by Rev. A. H. Trafton, Mr. George Newell, of Maplewood, and Mrs. Agusta Palmer of Woodstock.

DIED.

At Grand Harbor, G. M., Aug. 5th, of disease of the spine, Austin G., infant son of Sandford and Jennie Brown, aged 1 year and 5 months. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

At North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., Aug. 15th, of consumption, Ada, only daughter of Alfred Thomas, aged 12 years. At North Head, G. M., Aug. 19th, of cholera morbus, Mrs. Frederick Cronk, aged 74 years.

At Maplewood, Aug. 6, Hiram Palmer, aged 73 years, leaving a loving wife and twelve children to mourn their loss. Bro. Palmer was senior deacon of the R. B. Church, Maplewood, and was a Christian in sincerity. Although retiring in his nature, he always stood firm for the truth of the "cleansing blood." He lived the Christian life and died a happy death. He chose for his text Isaiah 12: 2.

At Millville, Baulah, aged 13 years, daughter of Bro. and Sister E. P. Cox. At Millville, Grace, aged 3 months, infant daughter of Bro. and Sister Rufus Jones. Bro. Stoerger neglected to give us dates of the above two deaths.

At Moncton, Aug. 10th, 1895, after two weeks illness of typhoid fever, Saml. Keith, aged 42 years, leaving an affectionate wife and four children to mourn their loss. A babe of 4 months preceded him two weeks to the glory land. Bro. Keith gave his heart to God in his younger days and always endeavored to live a Christian life. Of late years he had taken an advanced step in Christian experience and was a devoted Christian worker. He was superintendent of the Reformed Baptist Sunday school for over a year. Rev. G. W. MacDonald attended the funeral services on the 12th, which were very impressive. Our brother will be much missed in his home, church and city, as he was well known to a good number, he having been engaged in the milk business for Messrs. G. & M. McLeod, of Pombouquis, Kings Co. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved wife and children. May the God of all grace and comfort sustain them in their affliction.

Will the Religious Intelligence please copy.—W. We note two mistakes in the Minutes regarding committees for 1896. First, Evangelistic Committee should read: Rev. S. A. Baker, I. W. Marsten, B. N. Goodspeed, E. Cosman, Chas. Ramsdell, J. L. Belyea, and Daniel Ellison. Second, Camp Ground and Camp Meeting Committee: Revs. A. Kinney, G. W. MacDonald, S. A. Baker, E. Cosman, J. L. Belyea, and J. Kinball.

Loving is an act of grace.—Sel.

HOME MISSION REPORT.

Dear Bro. Baker. When I last reported, I was at Brazil Lake, attending the convention there. We had a good convention, as the Spirit was manifestly present, and a good number of those who attended were much helped, some being converted, some reclaimed, and others sanctified wholly. As there has been a more detailed account given of it, I will say nothing further.

I then went to Port Maitland to pack up my books, attend to some business in connection with the Alliance, and to say farewell. I had a pleasant passage across the Bay, reached my own old home to find all well, and to meet my youngest brother from Philadelphia, whom I had not seen for some time.

In St. John I supplied the pastor's place for one meeting, found mail matter inviting me to attend two more conventions, but which came too late for me to be present.

I am now on my way to attend a convention at Presque Isle. Bro. McDonald accompanies me. We take the Tabernacle with us, and expect to hold the meetings for ten days or more. Pray for us. Yours for Christ saved. W. B. W.

A LOYAL WIFE.

Rev. A. J. Jarrell says: "In 1877, I attended a great camp meeting in Georgia. I was holding an experience meeting one morning when I noticed a big-hearted farmer very restless on my left. I said to him, 'Brother, you want to talk.' I'll stop all others and hear from you now." He sprang to his feet. 'Bro. Jarrell, I do want to talk. I want to tell you what I have never told a living son before. Across that altar sits my wife. She knows nothing of the secret purpose I am going to tell. I was converted before the war, but lost all my religion in the army. I became worse than ever I had been. I came home, but my dear wife was as true as steel. I hated the Church; I hated the Bible; I was harder than a rock. Years went by, and all the time there was a gulf between me and my wife. I hated her religion, and she seemed to love me more even than she did me. No man ever had a better wife. Now I come to my secret purpose. I determined I would sweep all that Bible nonsense out of my house. Every time I would try to settle it for good, I would run right up against her pure life, and I could not get an inch further. Again and again I failed. At last I said, if I can just unsettle her I will know it is all a sham. I picked my chance. Children all out save a baby in her lap. I said: 'Wife, we have been very happy together. We used to think and feel and act just alike, and we were so happy. But it is all different now. You believe in praying and serving God; I know that is all a sham. Now let us throw that all aside, and let us be happy like we once were.' She said not a word while I was talking. When I was done she leaned forward, her eyes kindling as she spoke, like I had so often seen thugg: 'Husband, I am very sorry I have not been a better wife to you. If God spares me I will do better. I will go with you anywhere you want to go. I will work those fingers down to stumps for you; but hear me, I will divest my tracks before I will yield one inch from my Bible or my God.' Brethren, when she said that, the lightning struck me—the old time conviction. She had got her grappling hooks into me and jerked me clean on her side again. I am there to-day—happy on my way to heaven. That good wife did it."

I went back the next year to the same camp meeting. I missed him. Second day I missed him. The third day I said, 'Where is my brother White?' 'Have you not heard?' He died shouting last January, and blessing his good wife, who had saved him from ruin by her heroism.

—Selected.

ISHORT METRE.

How readest thou? Jesus said to Peter "Feed my sheep." Some seem to read it (according to their actions), "Fleece my sheep."

The Church needs a pastor not a boss.

The power of love is divine.—Sel.