## MANITOBA AND THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.

BY J. HARRY KING.

Notwithstanding all the knowledge Eastern Baptists may have of Manitoba and the great North-west, as a vast and all-important field for missionary operations, by what they have done to extend Christ's kingdom in the country, it is evident that as yet they know but comparatively little of the country and its needs.

Evident, first, from the fact, that the land is being rapidly possessed by other denominations rather than by Baptists.

Evident, second, from the fact, that in a population of about 275,000, Baptists only number 1,500 instead of at least 25,000.

Evident, third, from the fact, that Baptists have contributed only about *one-quarter* as many missionaries and *one-quarter* as much money to the cause of Christ as other denominations.

Baptists' all eyes front! and look at these important facts till you are led to double, yea, to quadruple your interest in this country by men and means.

I. *The Field.* It extends from Ontario on the east to the Rockies on the west, a distance of 1,000 miles; and from the U. S. boundary line on the south to the waters on the extreme north, a distance of about 1,200 miles.

This vast extent of country unlimited, and the richest in mineral, agricultural and all natural resources, is one day to be the home of *teeming millions*.

There are all the inducements in the country to draw the migratory of all nations into it. Hence the field presents, and will present, one of the grandest opportunities for successful and varied missionary effort in the world.

II. *Its Needs.* It needs the pure gospel of Jesus Christ, and none can supply this need as well as the Baptists. First, because they preach a pure gospel; and second, because they are able to do it. Already a foreign element is asserting itself and being felt in the line of the rum traffic. From the time of the opening up of the country till this year the territories have been under prohibition, and that with excellent results. But now license obtains throughout the land. First Manitoba went under the curse, then the Territories followed, and the fear is that in twenty-five years there will be as many breweries and wholesale liquor houses as there are towns dotting the prairie. Now is the time to determine who shall rule the land—the foreign, ungodly, and worldly element, or the native Christian and cultured element? Now is the time to determine what denomination shall occupy the land in the years to come—the unscriptural or the scriptural? And remember, Baptists to a large extent determine these things, as they at present act. Every village, town and city should have a *Baptist church*; yea, *must have*, if men are to be won by the whole truth of God. But this is impossible unless men and means from the East come to the rescue. The Baptist *backbone* of Canada would be strong enough and long enough to make a *vertibrate* Christian country of the whole North-west, if their bowels of mercy and liberality were extended to us. For the past ten years they have only been playing at missions in the North-west, while others have been possessing the land. The Maritime Baptists who have thus far given well to the work of missions in this country are making a most *lamentable mistake* that they don't devote at least $5,000 to the work. The Ontario and Quebec Baptists have planned to give not less than $5,000 this year. And this is not more than they are able to give.

The Maritime Provinces and even Ontario have been evangelized and re-evangelized, while there are vast parts of this country without the light of a Baptist church—in fact, without the light of any church. This itself is the strongest argument in favor of aggressive effort. Perhaps our greatest need is a denominational seminary, in which rising and gifted young men may be trained to supply the imperative need of missions throughout the whole land. We shall never be strong in the land till we have one. Who will supply this need?

III. *Its Difficulties.* All fields of missionary labor have difficulties peculiar to themselves; so with the North-west. A chief difficulty with which the Baptists have to contend is the migratory disposition of the people, which keeps the membership and financial strength of the churches in a fluctuating condition. People are looking for the best places; will work where they can get the most money; and, consequently, move with the tide. All this would not be hard to counteract if men and means were at hand to establish themselves and hold on in a community for a few years. But, when left to themselves, their strength and that of the denomination diminishes.

Downright Baptists are the best class of people to scatter over this country; but if left unorganized long, other denominations take the advantage of our slackness and who can blame them?

Another difficulty—and it grows out of the first mentioned—is, when late in organizing in a community, we find Catholics, Episcopalians, Presbyterians and Methodists all against us. I speak the truth when I say they fight hard, as a rule, to keep us out. These churches so called are bound to have more or less of the influential of the community in their membership, and most always a few Baptists who often cannot be induced to support a Baptist church independent from others. This leaves us to battle against all odds; in the minority, and in some instances, in poverty. The poor we have always with us, and thank God for it.

Still another difficulty, and by no means a small one, is peculiar individuals, *i. e.* "cranks" and loose Baptists. They are quite numerous in the North-west, and in some instances it would seem that they left their eastern homes, as those across the sea, chiefly because they could not get along there. These individuals, if in a young and small church, unless handled with the greatest care, will destroy its usefulness. But these difficulties amount to but very little in the face of men of God, means to carry on the work and God's blessing. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." It is often a blessing to be in the minority, for it is then we labor the hardest and trust God the most. And even cranks are a means of blessing by their enabling us to deal better with men.

IV. *The Prospect.* The prospect of the country and in our work at large was never brighter than at present. With a phenomenal harvest last year all are in comfortable circumstances and full of hope. This itself is turning the tide of emigration to our shores and will thrust an increase of work on our hands. With four or five ministers to reinforce our ranks this spring, we feel inspired and encouraged and must move forward. With an increase of contributions from the East we are bound to be sustained.

With a superintendent of missions to begin work in May, we shall of necessity strengthen the things that are, and extend our work to parts now calling for help. The whole province of Alberta has only one Baptist pastor, and that of Assiniboia but only one Baptist pastor—the writer—and a German missionary, while the province of Saskatchewan has none; hence lots of room. The question then is, shall we possess the land?

V. *Our Mission.* Our mission is not the mere establishment of ourselves as a separate people in a community. But it is that of preaching a pure gospel to the people, in the doing of which we are under obligation to establish New Testament principles, which we claim are practically in part ignored by pedobaptists.

When we are late beginning work in a community our mission, in the estimation of others, is that of proselytizing. But if this be a result of pure gospel preaching, we have but to praise God for it. When the command is forward, we dare not take a step in any other direction. When the commission is, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned," we are under lasting obligation to present those unalterable terms to men everywhere.

Regina, N. W. T., March 8.

### Souls Lost in Sight of Harbor!

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Many a splendid ship has gone to wreck on the Jersey coast within a few miles of Sandy Hook lighthouse. An hour or two more might have brought them inside the protecting harbor, but in their case, to be almost saved, was to be totally lost. There are in all our congregations some persons who are spiritually in the same danger; they are "not far from the kingdom of God," and yet they are not within the kingdom. They attend church regularly, listen to the gospel attentively, and probably intend at some future day to become followers of Christ. Yet they are in terrible danger from the very fact that they consider themselves so *near the harbor* that they can come entirely in at any moment they choose to do so. Ah, my friends, there may have been many of Noah's neighbors who were within a short distance of the ark when its door was shut, but that door *shut them out* into the devouring deluge!

You tell me that your lives are moral and reputable, that you pay your honest debts and discharge all the duties of good citizenship, that you are kind to the poor, and love to do a generous deed. All this is commendable. But are you not more kind to other people than you are to your own soul? Are you not more generous to your neighbors than you are to that Saviour who says to you, "Give Me thy heart?" The young ruler claimed that he had kept all the commandments towards his fellow-men, yet when Jesus pressed him with the command, "Follow Me!" he drew back and went off with a cloud on his brow. That poor rich man's ship seems to have gone to wreck when in full sight of the harbor. A single prompt word and deed of obedience to Christ might have saved him, but alas, he "went away sorrowful!"

Your moral conduct is worthy of commendation. It is better to be honest than knavish, better to be chaste than impure, better to be generous than stingy, better to attend God's house than to squander your Sabbath in utter neglect of all religion. It is better to be near to the kingdom of Christ than to be in the "far country" of open and reckless sin. The fewer stains on your soul to be washed out, and the fewer bad habits to be given up, the better for you. Your religion is good as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough to save your soul. Fifteen fathoms of cable will not answer in twenty fathoms of water; that anchor does not touch bottom, and therefore cannot save the vessel. That superb ship, "Windermere," that went ashore the other day in a storm, on the Deal Beach, had sailed prosperously for hundreds of miles; all that went for nothing as long as she did not reach her port, which was but a few miles away. An *almost Christian* in this world, may be an utterly *lost sinner* in the next world! "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Christ tells you that. Christ offers you full salvation on the simple condition that you trust Him, obey Him, and follow Him. You will doubtless acknowledge that you have never taken these decisive steps. Then, my friend, if your Bible is true, what hope have you that you will be saved? If you are not in the ark, you are out in the deluge when it comes.

When I ascended Mount Washington many years ago, I saw that rude cairn of stones which marked the sad spot where a poor girl died of exposure and fright. She and her father undertook to ascend the mountain without a guide, and were overtaken by the darkness when they were almost up to the "Tip-top Cabin." A few minutes more and they might have reached the warm place of shelter in safety. And so you may be found *dead* just outside of the gateway of your Father's house! If it is a terrible thing to be wrecked in full sight of a harbor, it will be infinitely more terrible to be lost when in full view of the Cross and not far from heaven! My friend, you may be saved, and saved at once if you will. Salvation is perfectly sure if you seek it in the right time and the right way. The time is *now*, and the way is to turn from the sin of trusting yourself, and trust the Lord Jesus Christ, and obey Him. There is only one harbor, and your soul is not in it yet.

### TO MY SOUL.

Were it not for scattered cloud-flakes,
Thick strewn along the west,
With evening's quivering splendor
Thine eyes would ne'er be blest.

Were it not for mist of rain, dropped
In the storm-cloud's sweeping march,
Ne'er, drawn across the heaven,
The rainbow's sun-built arch.

If never from thy heaven,
A care might cast its shade,
Then, where the crimsoned glory
God's glowing love had made?

For e'er in blinding tear-mist,
Which purest light shines through,
God hangs the irised beauty
Of love He has for you.

O soul, for sun or shadow
Pray not, but look to Him;
Work on, walk on in darkness
And trust, though eyes grow dim.

Till, standing on *life's* hill-top
Hung heaven and earth between,
Thou drop the staff of trusting,
And see as thou art seen.

H. T. DEW.

Newton Centre, March 31.

### Victory Through Surrender.

BY REV. B. FAY MILLS.

The question is frequently asked, as to whether a life of consecration is an act or an experience; whether the development of the Christian life is a growth or is instantaneous in its manifestation. The answer to these questions is that it is both; that it is an experience that is caused by an act; that it is a life which must be definitely commenced and definitely lived in order that God may develop in us His full purpose regarding our character and our joy. There are those who are always learning and never coming to the knowledge of the truth; who seem to be always hungering and never filled; always acknowledging their weakness and never receiving strength; always being defeated and never conquering. There must unquestionably be something infinitely better than this worthy of the name of Christian experience. I believe that every permanent advance in knowledge and character is caused by some definite act of surrender to God. This is true of the commencement of the Christian life and it is also true concerning that life of faith and of the conscious presence and wisdom and joy and strength of God Himself, which is the desire of many but the experience of few of the followers of the Master.

The place into which God leads us may be a very large one, with which it will take not only time but eternity to become acquainted; but the door by which we enter is a very plain one, and consists of the definite consecration of all we are and have and may become. I believe that with the experience of every Christian who knows what it is to abide in Christ and to have Christ abide in him, there has come a time when he definitely took his hands off from himself; henceforth to count himself not his own but bought with a price, and to glorify God with his body and his spirit, which are God's. Do not be getting ready to do this. Do it. Many a time we may have been moved in the congregation by the truth of God and said, "Sometime I will lead a consecrated life," but the seed has been that which fell by the wayside, and the birds of the air have come and gathered it up. Sometimes in meditation and reading of the Word, and prayer, we have been impressed that the time had come to let the whole being be utterly given up to God; but we have let the attention be diverted and the mind turned away while we have waited for a further revelation which never came, and which will never come until the act of complete consecration has been definitely accomplished. Let it be now. Without the slightest reference to any emotion or emotional impulse, but because it is our reasonable service to present the body a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable to God, let it be done now. Get alone with God immediately. Tell Him that so far as you know your own heart you do now consciously yield it entirely to Him; that you give to Him all things that you know and all things that you don't know, all that you are and have, and all that may come to you in the future; that you offer yourself to God as a sacrifice to be passed as entirely from your control as though you were an offering literally slaughtered and offered in death upon an altar.

And when you have done this, no matter whether or not there be an immediate response in the fire from heaven that shall seem to consume the sacrifice, count it done never to be undone, and that never need be done again. If God gives you an impulse, act on it. If the vision tarry, wait for it, but let it be distinctly settled in your mind once and forever that you are God's, and that, no matter what experience may come to you, you will never count yourself your own again. Let it be definite. Let it be done now.

There are conditions that we cannot know concerning the victorious Christian life until we have definitely surrendered the will to God. It seems as though by this very act, God gave to us the clearness of eyesight regarding the conditions of peace and power, and also supplied us with the necessary strength and resolution in order that we might enter into the fullness of blessing. The very first thing is to surrender unconditionally, to give to God not only what we know, but what we do not know; ignorance as well as knowledge, and poverty as well as wealth, and to do it once for all; just as it was with Abraham when he heard the call of God that called him out from his father's land that he might be a wanderer on the face of the earth, giving himself up utterly to the guidance and sustenance of his God. The place into which he was led was a place of even completer consecration, until the last thing had been surrendered and God poured upon him unlimited blessings. So will it be with every soul, who, without question, or hesitation, or condition, or limitation, definitely surrenders the will to be forever subject to the will of God. The very essence of faith is the step that leads us to take the hands forever from ourselves; trusting God for all consequences; and that very act in itself will be such a determining one as to set in motion forces that will lead us into the place of the deeper knowledge of God, into a wider fellowship with Him and into the stronghold of security, where the peace of God that passeth all understanding shall keep sentry over the heart and mind, in Christ Jesus. Let the matter of entire self-surrender be settled once for all, and now.—*Advance.*

### Our Every-Day Lives.

SUSAN TEALL PERRY.

It is very natural for us all to wish to be thought well of in the outside world. It is proper that we should be courteous and kindly in our treatment of our guests, that we should greet them with a bright and smiling face, and that we should use our best endeavors to make ourselves agreeable to them. But what a change there often is in the household after the door has closed behind the out-going guest, and we resume our every-day life at home! Children are keen observers of these changes; they know the difference between company manners and the every-day manners in the family circle. Notice in their plays of "going-a-calling," or "giving tea parties," and see the artificial manners they assume. They are learning to think that it is the proper way to be unnatural when outsiders come into the home.

While it is commendable in us to wish to make a good impression on our associates, yet it is of vital importance that we should be as attractive as possible to those with whom we spend our daily lives. We too often feel that we are privileged to show the worst side of our characters in our homes. We fret over our duties, get disconcerted over things that don't suit us, speak sharp words to our children, find fault with our help, and severely criticise the different members of the family circle. We are oftentimes very unjust, as well as unkind, in these unpleasant ways of ours, and we know it only too well, and in our repentant moments deplore it. We like to have our opinions the respected ones, and our rules the code of the household, forgetting that each member of the family has his or her own individuality, and that it is entitled to be considered and respected as much as ours.

We who are "getting along in years" can look back to our young days, and remember the difference there was in our elders' ways. There was Aunt Deborah, always so smiling and so kindly-spoken; and although she did not aid and abet us in our wrong-doing, yet she had a faculty, that was not shown in words, of winning us over to the right. How we love to think of her in these twilight reveries; and although she has been in heaven for many, many years, yet her influence for good is still with us. And Aunt Jane Maria—how stately and unbending she was, how grave her face always seemed, at the least misdemeanor of the young folks; and her words, how they used to sting sometimes! In our maturer years we throw the mantle of charity over her, and try to persuade ourselves that we misjudged her.

We are making a record each day in the hearts of those who live with us, which will never lose its power for good or evil. Although these dear ones are more to us than all the world besides, yet we, in many ways, are not nearly as careful of our treatment of them as we are of outsiders, who cannot possibly have for us that unselfish, untiring love that they have.

Every-day lives are hard ones to live. The routine of the same duties repeated day after day will naturally be commonplace if we do not put the nobler, better part of our nature into them. When the breaking of each new day wakes us from our sleep, let our first thought be a prayer to the Great Helper that He will give us grace and strength to fulfill our home duties in the sweetest and best possible way. Oh, the stinging words, the unkind acts, the petty jealousies, that will sometimes cause heart-aches among the dear ones! Oh, how they burden the soul after one of the circle has been carried over the threshold never to recross it again! Let us endeavor to be patient with, and tender towards, these dear ones, and wear our pleasantest faces when we are with them, and speak our kindest words in gentle tones in their hearing.

Precept may have some power in the way of influencing others, but it has but little weight in comparison to *example.* A daily example of a Christlike life in the home is an inestimable power for good, and its influence is handed down from one generation to another. Let the work of the household always be measured in the sunshine instead of in the shadow. Let the home loves and the home trials be the centre of our deepest and sweetest emotions. Build the home, dear friends, so it will always face the Father's house.

"Each spirit weaves the web it wears
From out life's busy loom;
And common tasks and daily cares
Make up the threads of doom."

—*Zion's Herald.*

—A writer tells us of going with a party down into a coal mine. On the side of the gangway grew a plant which was perfectly white. The visitors were astonished that there, where the coal-dust was continually flying, this little plant should be so pure and white. A miner who was with them took a handful of the black dust and threw it upon the plant; but not a particle adhered. Every atom of the dust rolled off. The visitors themselves repeated the experiment, but the coal-dust would not cling. There was a wonderful enamel on the folds of the white plant to which no finest specks could adhere. Living there amid clouds of black dust, nothing could stain the snowy whiteness. That is a picture of what every young Christian life should be. This is an evil world. You go among the ungodly continually in your daily walk and work. Unholy influences breathe about you and upon you incessantly. But it is your mission to be pure amid all this violence, undefiled, unspotted from the world. Do you ask how that is possible? Christ can keep you. If God can make a little plant so that no dust can stain its whiteness, can He not by His grace so transform your heart and life that no stain can cling to you? If He can keep a flower stainless, white as snow, amid clouds of black dust, can He not keep your heart in like purity in this world of sin?—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*

### Jews in Palestine.

There is a tendency, on the part of some, to exaggerate the number of Jews now in Palestine. There can be no better authority on that subject than our present American Consul at Jerusalem, Dr. Selah Merrill. In his recent official report on Jews and Jewish Colonies in Palestine, he reduces the estimates found in many of our American and British newspapers, by more than one-half. By applying directly to the secretaries of the several colonies and communities, Dr. Merrill has probably got much nearer the truth than the less painstaking investigators who have preceded him. According to his data, in nine cities and towns the total number of Jews is 40,353. Eleven agricultural colonies report a total of 435 families, which adds, counting five to a family, 2,000 more, so that the number of Jews in Palestine is really 42,000 or 43,000, instead of 150,000 as frequently reported. Of the families belonging to the colonies, 255 are paid so much a month by the Rothschilds, house rent, school expenses, doctors, medicines, synagogue services, and water supply, being paid for also by the Rothschilds' Fund. Jerusalem is also made attractive to the poorer classes by the fact that money is collected in other parts of the world and sent for their support. It is thus made to appear that the Jewish population of Palestine is yet considerably under fifty thousand.—*Evangelist.*

—Why should we live half-way up the hill and swathed in mists, when we might have an unclouded sky and a visible sun over our heads if we would only climb higher, and walk in the light of His face?—*Dr. MacLaren.*

—To all hearts who sorrow to-day, because their treasures have passed beyond their sight and touch, we would bring the consolation springing from that first Easter morning. The bonds of death *are* broken, death *is* swallowed up in victory. "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" They are not there; death cannot hold those whose life is hid with Christ in God. Because He lives they must live also, and in that life there is fulness of joy. Though it doth not yet appear what they shall be, we know that they, being transformed into the image of their Lord, shall be like Him, for now they see Him as He is.—*Union Signal.*

—"Artists," I say,—not artisans. "The difference?" This: the artist is he who strives to perfect his work—the artisan strives to get through it. The artist would fain finish, too; but with him is to "finish the work God has given me to do!" It is not how great a thing we do, but how well we do the thing we have to, that puts us in the noble brotherhood of artists. My Real is not my Ideal—is that my complaint? One thing at least is in my power: if I cannot realize my Ideal, I can at least *idealize my Real.* How? By trying to be perfect in it. If I am but a rain-drop in a shower, I will be at least a perfect drop; if but a leaf in a whole June, I will be at least a perfect leaf. This poor "one thing I do"—instead of repining at its lowness or its hardness, I will make it glorious by my supreme loyalty to its demand.—*W. C. Gannett.*

—Is there nothing that Christ as your Friend, your Lord, your Saviour, wants you to do that you are leaving undone to-day? Do you doubt one instant that with His high and deep love for your soul, He wants you to pray?—And do you pray? Do you doubt one instant that it is His will that you should honor and help and bless all these men about you who are His brethren?—And are you doing anything like that? Do you doubt one instant that His will is that you should make life serious and lofty?—And are you making it frivolous and low? Do you doubt one instant that He wants you to be pure in deed and word and thought?—And are you pure? Do you doubt one instant that His command is for you openly to own Him and declare that you are His servant before all the world?—And have you done it? These are the questions which make the whole matter clear. No, not in quiet lanes, nor in bright temple-courts as once He spoke, and not from blazing heavens as men seem sometimes to expect—not so does Christ speak to us. And yet He speaks! I know what He, there in His glory, He here in my heart, wants me to do to-day, and I know that I am not mistaken in my knowledge. It is no guess of mine. It is His voice that tells me.—*Phillips Brooks.*

### The Spring.

Of all seasons in the year, is the one for making radical changes in regard to health. During the winter the system becomes to a certain extent clogged with waste, and the blood loaded with impurities, owing to lack of exercise, close confinement in poorly ventilated shops and homes, and other causes. This is the cause of the dull, sluggish, tired feeling so general at this season, and which must be overcome, or the health may be entirely broken down. Hood's Sarsaparilla has attained the greatest popularity all over the country as the favorite Spring Medicine. It expels the accumulation of impurities through the bowels, kidneys, liver, lungs and skin, gives to the blood the purity and quality necessary to good health and overcomes that tired feeling.


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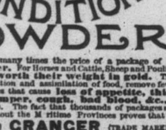

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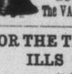

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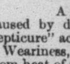

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