SIX WORDS

[Wisdom of the Rabbinis.]

Six little words lay claim to me each passing day;
I "ought," I "must," I "can," I "will," I "dare," I "may."
I Ought: that is the law God on my heart has written,
The mark for which my soul is with strong yearning smitten.
I Must! that is the bound set either side the way
By Nature and the world, so that I shall not stray.
I Can: that measures out the power entrusted me
Of action, knowledge, art, skill and dexterity.
I Will: no higher crown, no human head can rest,
'Tis Freedom's signet seal upon the soul impressed;
I Dare is the device which on the seal you read.
By freedom's open door a bolt for time of need.
I May among them all hovers uncertainly;
The moment must at last decide what it shall be.
I ought, I must, I can, I will, I dare, I may:
The six lay claim to me each hour of the day.
Teach me, O God! and then, then shall I know each day
That which I ought to do, must, can, will, dare and may.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVICE.

A sermon preached in Tabernacle church, St. John, Nov. 23, 1895, at a union service, by Rev. J. J. Baker, M. A.

"I thank Him that enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that He counted me faithful appointing me to His service."—I Tim. 1: 12.

Potatoes and meat are not the greatest things in the world. If we do not get beyond what we eat and wear, in our thanksgiving we are much like the cattle of the fields and the beasts of the forest, that wait upon God and receive their meat in due season. We are more than oxen. Jesus said, "Man shall not live by bread alone." Our thanksgiving should go beyond the dumb brute's self-satisfied grunt. It is possible to have an abundant supply of temporal goods and at the same time to be without gratitude; or to have a large admixture of selfishness in our thanksgiving. To eat, and forget those who have nothing to eat, can hardly be called true thanksgiving. I once heard an elderly brother in one of our Baptist churches say that he was thankful to the Lord that he hadn't been obliged to make the morning fire for "more 'n forty year. She'd always done it." Our thanksgiving ought to be something more than patting the back of our laziness. Paul found his special reason for thanksgiving in the opposite direction: 'I thank Him who appointed me to His *service*.'

Some years ago I undertook to raise the cold end of a church debt. In making appeal to a certain brother I pointed out to him the blessings of his comfortable home, his large, well-filled barns, his herds of sleek cattle and his broad acres, intimating that such abundance should make him ready to contribute liberally in return. He said: "Ye-s-s I've got these things, but I tell you I've had to work mighty hard for 'em." I need hardly say that I received nothing. Our thanksgiving should be something more than self-gratulation. If we have prospered in business while others have gone to the wall, of course it is all owing to our wise foresight and to our diligence. God, who sets one up and casts another down, has very little to do with our affairs! We congratulate ourselves inasmuch as we have *worked mighty hard!* I know, brethren, you do not thus think. Your presence here on this day is an evidence that you recognise God as the giver of every good, and that you want publicly to acknowledge that goodness. There are many things for which we ought to give thanks. We remember with others the care that the Father has had over us. Our land is among the favored nations of the earth. We do not know what it is in this Canada of ours to suffer general want. We have been kept from every pestilential scourge. We have enjoyed continued peace. International disputes have been settled in a Christian way. Christian people should praise God for these things. Let it be understood that while we give our attention to one thing this morning, we are not unmindful of these and many other things for which we owe thanks to the God of high heaven. Is not the apostle's reason which he names to the youthful Timothy a theme worthy of our consideration at this time? "I thank Him that enabled me, even Christ Jesus our Lord, for that He counted me faithful, *appointing me to His service*." We are in danger of becoming self-appointed martyrs if our burdens are very heavy. We are generally too ready to be satisfied with the easy place. I do not know how much innate laziness there is in the ordinary Christian. But, even bees won't work when they are not obliged to do so for the sake of self-preservation. The young man to whom these words were addressed is exhorted to make himself an example in all things, and to *exercise* himself unto godliness. The writer, who has wrought a hard day, says he is thankful for his appointment to service.

I. *We ought this morning to thank Jesus Christ our Lord for the privilege of personal service.*

Hitherto maybe we have under-estimated the greatness of this privilege. Have we risen up to grasp the truth that the Omnipotent has been pleased to harness Himself with your weakness and mine? Jesus says, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto the Father." To-day as we bend before Him and thank Him for all His goodness, let us praise Him especially that He girdeth us with strength and teacheth our hands to war. He makes us, weak as we are, the instruments of His further glory. That which the king with his well-trained army and and his implements of war cannot do, you *can do*, since Jesus has gone to the Father. Your equipment for this wonderful service is faith in Jesus, "He that believeth in Me." The privilege of fruitful, far-reaching, God glorifying service is not limited to your wealthy neighbor or to your talented educated friend, but to every follower of Jesus who will have the mountain removing faith. I point out to you, therefore, a reason for thanksgiving which each one may find in his own life if he will. Let us not wait till the privilege is taken from us before we fully awake to a sense of its greatness. Some months ago my roommate, during the days of theological study, was called up higher. For many months he was unable to engage in his chosen life service. He could only stand by and wait while wasting disease did its fatal work. A friend who preached his memorial sermon and who visited him during these later days, wrote me and said, among other things, "O how he does long to work." He had known the privilege of personal service for Christ, but perhaps it had never been so keenly appreciated as when the hour for that special service was gone. Thank God who has appointed you to service, but do not fail to fill the appointment. It is a bitter thing to feel that the day of our opportunity is forever gone—to mourn that "the harvest is past and the summer ended." May none of us so fail to appreciate the privilege of personal service, that when we have reached the border land we shall be obliged to make the soul-wurrying query, 'Must I go, and empty handed?'

This privilege of *personal service means personal happiness*. Only a few evenings ago I heard a young lady say that she had never known anything about real happiness until she came to engage in personal service for Christ. *How* all the differences between Christians would be adjusted; how all the ugly wrinkles in our own characters would be smoothed out; how all the world would come to bless the church of Christ if every professed follower of His would come to know real happiness through personal service. Thank God today, my brother or my sister, if this joy is yours. If not, thank Him that it may be yours, and at once seize on the prize. When I was a boy in the academy I led my classes in mathematics. I made it a point to do all my work well. I left no problem unsolved. I enjoyed the work. But when I came to the higher mathematics, with the pressure of other work, I was unable to give time to work out carefully the different theorems and to solve all the problems. I lost my delight in mathematics, and in time the subject became quite distasteful to me. The condition of delight was thorough personal work. So it is in this ministry in which you and I, as followers of the Lord Jesus, are permitted to serve.

Thank Him for the privilege of personal service, for herein lies not only happiness, but *preferment* as well. The soldier who refuses to obey instructions and who makes disturbances in the company is apt to find himself resting in the guard house. But the man who is careful to do his duty, obedient to his superiors, prompt and prudent in action, and brave in danger, is on the way to the general command of the forces. The beautiful leopard moth, chief of his tribe, does not spring at once into the light with wings of gauze and with body of elegant hues, but by stages, with patient effort, he comes into perfect being. Do not mourn that your talents are so few, but thank God that He has placed them in your hands, and that by their diligent use you may become a ruler over cities. Jesus Christ says that he that overcomes shall sit down with Him on His throne. Thank Him that you are able to labor and subdue, and become a *King*. Labor is not a curse. In service lies the path to a greater good. God never made man to be idle. He put Adam in the Garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. "The path of the just is as a shining light shining more and more unto the perfect day." Thank God to-day that your way is outward, onward and upward. There is comparatively no limit to the good that may be ours in the way of faithful service. "Grow in grace," is the last word that Peter has to say to his brethren. May we point out then to our brethren and sisters in the churches that in the work that lies at your hand you are to find a reason, not for murmuring but for thanksgiving; for in the doing of it there is great reward. In seeking to water other souls your own will be watered.

II. *We ought to thank Christ Jesus that as Baptist churches in this city, He has appointed us to service.* We surely have our place by Divine appointment. We are here. But how and why are we here? I do not know the human means used to plant you where you are. But you are where you are by the Divine purpose, or else your work is wrong and must remain so. As I come to know something of the service which these several churches, as such, have been enabled to render in the past, I think I find sufficient reason for believing that they are of God's planting. It is much to feel that we hold our place at the will of God. Believing this, you may thank God for the work which you in your several places have done, and which you could not have done anywhere else. Be thankful that your church place is not a matter of chance.

Be thankful that each one is appointed to its own service. Each church has a work to do which no other can do. There is the gathering of the children of the neighborhood into the Sunday-schools, and keeping them under religious instruction, for the purpose of leading them to Christ and making them useful Christian citizens. And in carrying out this latter purpose we think that each church does well to take hold of the Young People's Movement, so called, and thank Him for the means of training for service thus furnished. Each church has its legitimate field of operation. The borders are not as clearly marked as we think they should be. Doubtless it would be very helpful to us as Baptist churches in our work in the city if we were to adopt something like the English church parish system, for general guidance. No liberties are interfered with, but there is by this method the assurance that no district is neglected. While we are thankful for what we have, let us not close our eyes to whatever good may be ours if we are willing to take hold of it.

I believe there is a service to which, as churches in a body, Christ has appointed us. We are accustomed to thank God that we have been able through the centuries to exalt the Bible with reference to church order and doctrine, but I fear that in one thing we have drifted from the Scriptural notion of the church. It will be observed that the letters of the New Testament are written, not to the churches, but to the church in a certain city. When Paul was on his last journey to Jerusalem he sent from Miletus and called to him the elders of the church in Ephesus. And when the Christians in Jerusalem numbered many thousands they still belonged to the church at Jerusalem. It is easy to understand in such a case what would interest one would naturally interest the whole body of believers. By our system of having a number of churches, each with its own elder, we put emphasis on local interests. But unless we are very careful to consider one another's interests, to reckon the good of one the good of all, and the harm of one the harm of all; unless we are ready, heartily, to co-operate as the elders and members of the Baptist church (in a special sense) in this city, we shall fail of the service to which He has appointed us. It is not good for man to be alone. Jesus sent His disciples out by twos. He had elders appointed over the Christian churches. It is well for us to do all in our power to keep the feeling of unity that obtained among the early Christians as strong as possible. In no way can any one of our churches do a certain work that can be done by the united body presenting to God the prayer of "one heart," under the direction of the Spirit the hand in hand service, and to the world the solid front of a great body moving to victory. I thank God because I believe He has appointed us to this service, and because I believe we shall make honest effort to fill the appointment.

III. *Let us thank Jesus Christ because as a denomination He has counted us faithful, appointing us to His service.* Many of our people have no extended knowledge of the greatness of this service, consequently we do not know how to thank Him as we ought for the honored place He has given us. Surely we are not narrow and bigoted when we thank God that He has appointed us to a special service in the world. We are saying nothing about what other Christian bodies have done. We rejoice in this good as the common heritage of the church of God. But, at the same time, we think hearty thanks are due Him for the special blessings which He has conferred on the church and the world through us as a people. I am not speaking now of the evangelical activity that has generally characterized the body. I trust we are not ungrateful to-day for this good, and the honor that has thus been put upon our people. It is something that the great British and Foreign Bible Society was suggested by and organized at the call of a Baptist minister who served as its first secretary. It is a reason for thanksgiving that God has honored us in permitting us to lead in the organized foreign mission work of this century. It may be worth pointing out in passing, what may not be generally known, that we were the leaders in the very recent movement of organizing the young people for special training and service.

I have reference to the *great principles* for which as a body we have always stood. These have been held all the way along against strong opposition and often through bitter persecution. Some of these to-day are counted common heritage, but they are here at the price of Baptist blood. Thank God they are here. We stand for soul liberty—liberty of conscience—the right of the individual to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. He is his own interpreter of the Book. In practice Baptists have consistently followed their own preaching. *Write it in large capitals that they have never persecuted.* We thank God for this. Of what other great religious denomination, whose history runs back for some centuries can this be said? Some of the denominations who, in former times, persecuted the old Baptist heroes who stood for soul liberty, are glad to pay homage to them to-day. In most so-called Christian countries, and in not a few heathen, it is now pretty generally recognized that the state has no right to force anyone in religious matters. But it has cost something to secure throughout the world the general recognition of this principle. Baptists have consistently and persistently stood for this against every form of state interference, whether by Romanist or Protestant. As a consequence they have even stood for the absolute separation of church and State. Largely through their influence the doctrine of the non-interference of the State with the religious conscience of the individual found its place in the constitution of the American republic; and the very constitution itself found a suggestive model in a free and self-governing Baptist church. We give thanks for the service which He has enabled us to perform in this direction. And be it understood that through us, with emphasis, this service has been performed. Some of the other great denominations, even of our own land, have not yet clearly grasped the principle. There is a constant tendency to coquet with the State. *There is work yet for us to do.* No religious body, as such, has any right to administer funds collected from the whole body politic. Much less has any religious body the right to administer funds so collected for denominational purposes. This free Canada needs still both strong Baptist teaching and strong Baptist protest. About the last public act which the preacher of to-day performed before moving to this city was to frame a resolution to be forwarded to our federal government, protesting as unrighteous and subversive of good government the granting of public funds in aid of denominational schools. The separation of church and state is not absolute in this land and will not be until every denomination takes its hand out of the government till, and provides all its own funds to do its own work.

God has appointed us to a special service in standing for the *purity of the church*. We have contended for a regenerate church membership, that the ordinances of the church belong to those and only those who have given credible evidence of saving faith in Jesus. This has been no more popular than the other great principles for which we have stood. But we thank our Lord Jesus Christ to-day that we have rendered valuable service just here, and the lesson is being learned. Perhaps no body of Christians to-day on this continent has made such rapid growth as the Baptist body. But the acceptance of the principle has not been confined to our ranks. Other evangelical denominations try to think of the unconverted as brought into the church by ceremony, but are not far behind their teachers in seeking for their active membership an intelligent profession of faith in Christ. We are thankful for their inconsistency. It helps us to see the service we have been enabled to perform.

We have ordered invaluable service to the church universal in making our appeal always to the Law and to the Testimony. We stand by the Book. Ours is the lesson of private intelligent judgment. We have never appealed to the deliverance of council, assembly, bishop or Pope. We have pointed every man to the Word of God and asked him to read for himself. We asked only unquestioning obedience to what is found, after such research, to be the will of Christ. In this lies the unity of the great Baptist body the world over—held together by no external organization, controlled by no ecclesiastical courts. We present to the world a host of free, independent, yet united churches, knowing only "one Lord, one faith, one baptism." With no false pride do we to day render thanks to God for the service to which He has appointed us, and in all charity we would emphasize that there is much yet to be done. Whatever has been accomplished has been through our standing for these principles. Further advance will be made by *standing for them still*. The dream of some devoted souls may some day be realized. It will not come by our laying aside, for false sentiment's sake, the principles which we hold, for which the fathers have suffered, and which have so blessed the world, because they are those of the New Testament. It will be when the appeal is to the Book alone; when the New Testament model of the church, in its forms its ordinances, and its doctrines is accepted by all Christians; and the principle of entire obedience to Jesus Christ is everywhere recognised. May God hasten the glorious day.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

Dear Girls and Boys: This road runs about north-east and south-west, and on both sides is hedged with beautiful trees of thicker foliage than the most luxuriant maples. Grateful is the shade to the weary traveller and restful the green canopy to his dazzled eye.

Here, working on the road, are not only men and women but dozens of boys and girls. The men are digging up the hard old road with their pickaxes, or are pounding or rolling down the new road material that has been laid; while the women bring pots of water and the boys and girls bring, on their heads, baskets of stones and red earth.

We are about five miles north-west of Bimlipatam. Under the limbs of yonder orchard are visible the white walls and pillars of an old travellers' bungalow. On drawing near and entering we find it in a dilapidated condition. The scatched roof leaks, and in several places, there are rustic windows in the thick wall, where the rain has come through and crumbled away the white-washed mud. Black ants swarm up and down the corners inside and out, perpetually, and lively rats inhabit the roof by day and race around the sleeper's cot by night.

Taking refuge in this grotto from the glare of noon and the pestilence of night, we go forth, morning and afternoon, to the surrounding villages. The villages mentioned in my last letter were all such as I had not written about before. So this is a new region, and these villages which we are about to visit are villages of which I have hitherto told you nothing. Rising at break of day and turning our faces a little to the left of the rising sun, Appalaswamy and I hie our footsteps through the avenue of banyans, mango trees, and tamarinds, that bless our path. After a constitutional of two miles we come to a village on our left close to the road. We enter it. Here, out doors, in a pucile square, a blind-folded white ox yoked to a pole, that is hinged on a huge stump, is circling round and round the stump in a beaten path. The whole machine looks like a tanner's rude mill for grinding hemlock bark. The great stump in the centre is the mill, where seeds are poured and crushed and robbed of their oil. See! The miller has now a cocoanut shell in his hand. He has stopped the ox, opened the mill and is dipping out the oil, throwing away the crushed seeds as chaff. Before we leave the mill is again filled and the ox is treading around his beat. If you ask why the poor beast is blindfolded, they will tell you it is so that he may not get dizzy. Around this mill we preach and sing, and talk to the congregated villagers. Then, before coming away, we have informal conversations with individuals, and give gospel tracts or booklets to those who can read.

Outside the village, along the road, is a great concourse of carts and oxen. The oxen are unyoked and turned around, one on each side of the cart tongue, eating straw out of the cart. If the carts were all buggies and the oxen all ponies, we would say, "Surely there is a meeting house near, and this is where the people have hitched their horses." And indeed here is the meeting house. It is a long, low building with a verandah the whole length. Near it also, as a wing, is a newer building of the same style. The traveller goes in and makes himself at home. He brings forth his mat, spreads it out in the best place he can find and takes a nap. He goes to his cart, gets pots and kettles, rice and curry stuffs, etc., selects a spot in the front yard, erects a cook-stove, consisting of three stones the size of his fist, kindles a fire, puts on his food to cook and blows the flame until his dinner is done. This is not a church, but a hotel. There is no furniture, not even a mat. No landlord; no bills. These buildings are put up at public expense for travellers. They are called "Suthrums."

They are somewhat like the inns in Palestine, such as the one that was in Bethlehem when Joseph and Mary arrived, and which was so full that they could find no room. It must have been hard for them to be crowded out of even so lowly a shelter and be obliged to hunt for some place to cook, eat and sleep amongst the cattle. It was here that Jesus was born, and the safest and most comfortable place that Mary could find for her tender child was to wrap him in swaddling bands and lay him in a manger.

Here around us are a dozen Indian fields. In each field is one or more flocks of sheep or goats. Each flock has half a dozen men and boys who shepherd them and keep watch over them by night. Night after night they crouch under palmyra leaf umbrellas and guard their flocks.

I remember one moonlight night, when Mrs. Morse and I were driving to Chicacole. It was about midnight. Near the road a number shepherds were sitting around their sleeping flock. They sprang up startled at the rattle of approaching wheels, and stared at us affrighted, but did not desert their charge. We both spoke at once of the shepherds in the Bethlehem fields; how they sprang up startled and affrighted when "the angel of the Lord came upon them." In a voice like the flowing of waters, he poured on their amazed ears, the story of what had taken place at Bethlehem Suthram. Then as if the stars themselves had come down like dew upon the pasture, "a multitude of the heavenly host" descended and hallelujahs filled the sky and field.

I can see those shepherds now, leaving their sheep as they had never left them before in their life, and running straight over the hill to the village, to the suthram, to the manger. They themselves were born and reared amidst the flocks and would feel perfectly at home, pushing aside the cattle in order to make speedy way to the cradle of their Saviour.

At this Indian suthram we stopped to give away a few tracts to the strangers and to tell them about these travellers who found no room in the suthram of Bethlehem.

We spent four days in this region and visited nine villages. A long letter could be written about each village. Oh, that we had a good native preacher for each one!

Yours truly,
L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Oct. 7.

Washing Little Indians.

We were camped at the Hot Springs on the Lo Lo trail, made famous in Indian annals by the escape of Chief Joseph and his band of Nez Perces. Just above us was a large camp of Flatheads who were making their fall hunt. One morning we were awakened by shouts and cries. Evidently there was great excitement somewhere, and we promptly jumped up.

It was just after daylight, and cold clouds of steam were rising from the big basin-shaped pool at the foot of the granite wall from which poured a thick stream of boiling water. The pool was so large that at the lower edge the water was almost cold; the nearer you approached to the place where the hot water burst from the rock, the better chance you stood of getting boiled.

At the edge, at a point where the water was of a comfortable temperature, stood two Indians, one on the bank and the other on a stone in the water. Near by were a dozen of other Indians guarding a number of little Indian boys and girls who had nothing on and were howling and crying. When we looked out of the tent the two Indians at the pool had an Indian boy—one holding him by the feet and the other by the hands—and were gravely swinging him backward and forward through the warm water, while he yelled at every dip. As soon as they had finished with him he was set upon the bank and ran to the willow bush near by. Then the noise redoubled, for each child in the group guarded by the Indians feared that it was his turn. They all tried to escape to the bush, but their elders pursued and caught them, until the very last one had been put through the cleaning process.—*New York Sun.*

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Nearly in Despair,

and had about decided to sit up all night in my easy chair, and procure what sleep I could in that way. It then occurred to me that I had a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I took a spoonful of this preparation in a little water, and was able to lie down without coughing. In a few moments, I fell asleep, and awoke in the morning greatly refreshed and feeling much better. I took a teaspoonful of the Pectoral every night for a week, then gradually decreased the dose, and in two weeks my cough was cured."

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