

National Baptist Convention Hymn.

BY REV. J. HARRY KING.  
L. M.

Almighty God of ages gone,  
God of our fathers, now with thee;  
Our Heavenly Father, 'round thy throne  
We gather now, thy face to see.

Thy people led by thine own hand  
Have passed the martyrs' flood and flame,  
And at thy own supreme command  
Have spread afar thy mighty name.

And now from mountain-side and sea,  
From plain and woodland far and wide,  
We come the militant and free,  
To swell the ages righteous tide.

We praise thee for the Nation's weal,  
Our country's freedom, light and fame,  
For all who at thy sceptre kneel,  
And all who love and fear thy name.

But grant us grace to triumph still,  
To forward in thy conquest move,  
Till all our hearts thy spirit fill,  
And all the world the Christ shall love.

A Word From the Great West.

MY DEAR MESSENGER AND VISITOR: My last message to you was from Dauphin, in March. Four weeks' work there resulted in much spiritual quickening to the young church and the conversion of a number of souls—among them some "very hard cases." Since leaving Dauphin I visited Strathclair, Portage la Prairie and Marais, (a part of Pastor Mellick's field.) In every place the Lord is putting the seal of his approval upon his own word. We give him all the glory.

The visit to Portage la Prairie was to relieve Bro. Hall for a month's trip to the coast to recuperate. He worked hard since his return from Boston and found it necessary to "ease up." The veteran and honored Maritime missionary, Bro. Isa Wallace, has been at Portage for the past two weeks.

The cause in the West is making some progress. There are some faithful men and women seeking to leaven the conglomerate lump, but what are these among so many! We are looking forward with hopeful anticipation to the great and greater meetings to begin in Winnipeg next week—our own annual Convention and the first national Baptist Congress. We are praying that the servants of the Lord may come to us "in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ."

At present the people of Manitoba are passing through a pretty trying experience. The spring months were perhaps the most favorable for seed-sowing ever known, consequently a much larger area has been put under grain than in former years—the area in Manitoba having gone beyond 2,000,000 acres. But God has, for some wise purpose, withheld the usual and essential rain, and for the past ten days the heat has been enormous, the glaring heat of a cloudless sun accompanied every day by high hot winds. The ground is parched, the crops are stunted. The pastures are bare, and in many places the water is falling. At and around our own home at Austin, there has not fallen enough rain since last October to wet through an inch of ordinary soil. The heat yesterday and for several days before reached 107° in the shade and 140° in the sun. Reports from the Territories are much better than this, but Manitoba is suffering. Where I am now writing is a beautiful and prosperous settlement, where several of the farmers go over the 10,000 bushel limit yearly, but now many of them are ploughing up their beautiful broad wheat fields. They think that even should rain come now it is too late. God is teaching us some great lesson. May we learn it rapidly and well.

There is a change this morning. The heavens are cloudy and the temperature has fallen about 50°.

D. G. MACDONALD,  
Marais, Southern Manitoba, June 26th, 1900.

God's Ability.

BY REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.

The power of God is one thing. The ability of God is another. God is all-powerful at all times, but he may not be all-able.

Last summer, while a party of us were travelling in the mountains, our train suddenly stopped in the woods, and we were compelled to wait in sweltering heat for more than five hours. The engine was full of power. Its muscles of steel were at their highest tension, and, with the steam escaping in sudden gusts with screeching noise, it seemed to be impatient to be going. But it was unable to move a car. There was power without ability. A bolt had been broken, and, until that bolt was mended and the connection between the engine and the cars restored, the power could not be utilized. Jesus Christ was omnipotence standing among the people, but on one occasion he could do no mighty works because of their unbelief. (Mark 6:5, 6.) The bolt of faith, through which his power worked, was broken.

And the Holy Spirit is today God with us, all-powerful, but he can do no mighty works unless the bolt of faith is

in place. Three little words I would have you write in letters of light upon every difficulty you meet: "God is able." And it should be our highest ambition to enable God by meeting the conditions through which his power becomes ability. "God is able" to save. The death of Christ enables him to save sinners.

Luther emphasized justification by faith, and he meant by that the justification of the sinner before God. But back of the justification of the sinner is the justification of God. "Being justified freely by his grace through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness, that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." Through the death of Christ, God can be just and the justifier of the believer. He who rejects the death of Christ as the ground of his justification breaks the bolt, and cuts off the power of God to justify at all. God's power to justify becomes ability only through our faith.

And now that the sinner has been justified before God he will be saved by the living Christ. "Reconciled to God by the death of his Son, we shall be saved by his life." "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."

A prosperous worldly man, whose Christian wife had died praying for his conversion, was lying awake in the darkness of his room, when he heard a voice from a little bed at his side, "Papa, it's so dark; take my hand." He took the little hand extended in the dark, and held it gently until the frightened child dropped asleep. Then this strong business man looked up through the darkness, and said: "Father, it is so dark; take my hand as I have taken the hand of my dear child. Give me rest of soul for Jesus' sake." Peace entered his broken heart, and he rejoiced in full salvation. The sense of helpless weakness had led him to stretch the hand of his soul up to God, and Jesus Christ crucified and risen from the dead was the hand by which God took hold and saved him in a moment. For him to have asserted his independence would, of course, have been to break the bolt through which God's power became ability to save.

While Henry Richards on the Congo preached the law and Biblical history, no one was converted; but when he began to preach Christ and him crucified, at once the sad faces of the heathen began to lighten with a new joy, and in a short time there were hundreds of happy converts. The law and Biblical history does not furnish the bolt that links us with God's power to save.

A missionary to the Indians proclaimed the death and resurrection of Jesus as the only ground of salvation, and some wild savages were soon tamed by the power of God. Their chief said to him one day, "Years ago a man came and preached to us that there was a God, and we told him we knew that before he came. We worshipped the Great Spirit whose voice is in the thunder. Another came and told us that we must not get drunk and abuse our wives, and we knew that. But you told us that God loves us, and showed his love by giving his Son to die for us. This touches our hearts. We need a God that loves us." And thus the love of God as manifested in the death of Christ, became the bolt which linked these Indians with the power of God that enabled him to "save them to the uttermost." "God is able" to succor. "In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." (Hebrews 2:18.)

The suffering of Christ on the cross enables God to save sinners from guilt, but it takes the suffering of Christ in temptation to enable him to succor them that are tempted. Many refuse to accept Christ and confess him before men because they fear that they will not be able to hold out against the temptations which they know will come. Such fear is groundless, for as you trust the dying Christ to atone for your sins, you may trust the tempted Christ that now lives to succor you in the hour of temptation. Are you tempted to do wrong that you may secure the necessities of life? Remember, that Jesus was tempted to obey the devil by turning stones into bread. He chose to suffer hunger that he might succor you in a similar temptation. Indeed, he was "in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin," in order that through his sufferings in these temptations he might be able to "succor them that are tempted."

Are you fearful lest the supply of grace and good may be exhausted? Listen again: "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." (2 Corinthians 9:8.)

A Western farmer was startled to find after a storm that the lightning had struck the cistern in his cellar, and emptied it of water. But a gurgling sound revealed the fact that the same stroke of lightning had split a rock, and opened the way to a hidden flowing stream. He was glad to remove the debris of his cistern that he might get the supply from the never-ceasing fountain. The ability of God to supply all grace is a never-failing fountain. If the shattering of earthly cisterns shall reveal to us this fountain of supply, we shall be blessed indeed. And God in his goodness sometimes demolishes earthly cisterns by lightning strokes of Providence, that we may be led by our sense of helplessness and faith to enable him to supply all our need "according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Watchman.

London to Ladysmith via Pretoria.

BY LIEUT. WINSTON L. SPENCER CHURCHILL.

Few men at the age of twenty-five have attained such remarkable prominence as Lieut. Winston Spencer Churchill. Of distinguished parentage—a son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill—he early showed inherited tendencies towards greatness; but with his own hand, he has made the bell of the world ring out his name as soldier, war correspondent and novelist. It is as a maker of books we have to deal with him now, though his personal history is very interesting and difficult to lay aside.

Hardly had his latest book, "London to Liverpool via Pretoria," issued from the publishing house before comments full of highest praise appeared in the leading journals not only of the British Empire but the United States.

William L. Alden, in his London literary letter to the New York Times Saturday Review, speaks thus of it:—"The khaki books still crowd the printing press. One worth reading, however, is the story of Mr. Churchill's personal experience in the field and as a prisoner. It beats the average historical novel out of sight with its wealth of surprising incident. Mr. Churchill's escape from Pretoria, as told by himself in this volume, is one of the most interesting stories of the sort that I have ever read, and I do not forget the famous escapes of Casanova and Orsini, not to speak of Edmund Dante's fabulous exploit. The whole book is full of interest from beginning to end, and if the rest of the khaki books could only have a share of Churchill's skill in story-telling, we need not so much regret their profusion."

Written of things passing before the author's sight, this story of the war has all the vivacity, all the intense interest of a great play. The account of the departure from England, and the sea voyage, is not made tedious. Then comes the first advance toward the front. With a thrill we read of the narrowing freedom of the line as the scene of active operations was approached; and the fight on the armored train, when Lieut. Churchill was made a prisoner—a lively scene. When he again reached the front—after his escape—it was on the banks of the Tugela River, and the story becomes wholly absorbing—the operations there being yet fresh in our minds. A simple diagram enables the reader to get at the exact situation before Spion Kop, and the story of Acton Homes and the Kop itself is told with concise clearness. The writer's view of the failure to permanently dislodge the Boers from Spion Kop after a desperate fight should be studied by everyone interested in the progress of the war.

One by one the vital positions of the besiegers were taken, and the deadly British bayonet glutted itself with Boer blood. At length the town was in sight, the relieving column was in touch with the defenders. News came to the advance guard that the way was open to the city.

With the vanguard, Lieut. Churchill galloped toward Ladysmith, and thus graphically describes it:—

"Never shall I forget that ride. The evening was deliciously cool. My horse was strong and fresh, for I had changed him at mid-day. The ground was rough with many stones, but we cared little for that. Beyond the next ridge, or the rise beyond that, or around the corner of the hill, was Ladysmith—the goal of all our hopes and ambitions during weeks of almost ceaseless fighting. Ladysmith—the centre of the world's attention, the scene of famous deeds, the cause of mighty efforts—Ladysmith was within our reach at last. We were going to be inside the town within an hour. The excitement of the moment was increased by the exhilaration of the gallop. Onward wildly, recklessly, up and down hill, over the boulders, the scrub, Hubert Gough, with his two squadrons, Mackenzie's Natal Carbineers, and the Imperial Light Horse were clear of the ridges already. We turned the shoulder of a hill, and there before us lay the tin houses and dark trees we had come so far to see and save.

"The British guns on Caesar's camp were firing steadily in spite of the twilight. What was happening? Never mind, we were nearly through the dangerous ground. Now we were all on the flat. Brigadier, staff, and troops let their horses go. We raced through the thorn bushes by Intombi Spruit.

"Suddenly there was a challenge. 'Halt! Who goes there?' 'The Ladysmith relief column' and thereat from out of trenches and rifle pits artfully concealed in the scrub a score of tattered men came running, cheering feebly, and some were crying. In the half light they looked ghastly pale and thin. A poor, white-faced officer waved his helmet to and fro and laughed foolishly, and the tall, strong Colonial Horsemen, standing up in their stirrups, raised a loud, resounding cheer, for then we knew that we had reached the Ladysmith picket line."

The book is appropriately bound in the color of khaki. Paper, 75 cents; cloth, \$1.25.

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It is an old Spanish proverb, "He who lives with wolves will soon learn to howl." He who lives with faults of his friends, and counts them over, and sorts them and weighs them and measures them, will soon have equally grave ones of his own, which his friends will be sure to see, and which will make him positively unable to cure them. There is nothing that so deteriorates character as this undue looking after faults and blemishes in others while we are blind to our own. There is only one way, after all, to reform the world; not by learning to howl at its faults, or to bark at its mistakes, but by first beginning the work of reformation with ourselves. We come back inevitably to the old truth, so often stated, "In order to make the best of others, we must first make the best of ourselves."—Sci.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.—Savitar.