

Foreign Mission Board

W. B. M. U.

"We are laborers together with God."

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PRAYER TOPIC FOR AUGUST.

For our Conventions. That the Holy Spirit's presence may be manifest at every session and wisdom from on high be given to plan for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

Notes by the Way.

A trip up the St. John River! Who has not heard of the scenic beauty of that route? When the writer started from St. John on the morning of Thursday, Aug. 14, it was not the first time that he had enjoyed a trip up "the Rhine of America," but the enjoyment was not the less because the charm of novelty was lacking.

At the mouth of the Jemseg the usual exciting change was made from the large steamer to the little row-boat, and a few minutes rowing brought us to the landing-place. Leaving here a rather bulky valise, the wheel was called once more into service, and Upper Jemseg, as it is locally called, was soon reached. This is a prosperous farming community, situated in one of the most beautiful spots in New Brunswick, where Grand Lake narrows down into Jemseg River. The community, too, is entirely a Baptist one, there being only the one church in the place. This church, of which Lower Jemseg is a branch, together with Lower Cambridge, is ministered to by Rev. J. W. Gordon, who is now on his third year of service on this field. Of the pastor and equally of the pastor's wife many words of commendation and appreciation were heard by the writer, who was himself privileged to enjoy their hospitality during his brief visit. On Thursday evening a garden party was held at one of the comfortable homes, and the proceeds of the evening, amounting to about \$40.00, were handed over to Pastor Gordon as an expression of good will and appreciation. They have also granted him a month's vacation, which he is now improving by taking a trip to the west.

Returning to Lower Jemseg on Friday I found my plans disarranged by the fact that the mail driver had not been able to take my valise through to McDonald's Corner where I hoped to spend Sunday. One of the heaviest showers ever experienced also reached the place shortly after my arrival, and so any further progress that night was out of the question. In the morning by the exercise of a little ingenuity the valise was strapped to the handle-bars and a journey of five miles over the hills brought me to

MCDONALD'S CORNER.

Here I found that services had been arranged for at The Narrows in the morning, and at the Corner in the evening. Sunday proved a pleasant day, with fair congregations. This field has been without pastoral care since the resignation of Rev. R. Barry Smith last spring. Since then they have listened to a variety of preachers, and when no other service is announced the veteran A. B. McDonald steps into the breach. It was one of the privileges accorded me to meet and talk with this faithful servant of God, vigorous and active in spite of his years, and interested in all that pertains to the welfare of the church of Christ.

Tuesday morning McDonald's Corner was left behind, and Central and Lower Cambridge were visited before night fell. From there I crossed to McDonald's Point, where there is a small Baptist church, cared for at present by Rev. E. K. Genong. From there I passed through Wickham, and thence to Kars, on the Belleisle, a part of Pastor Field's extensive territory (I was going to say circuit, but that is not a Baptist word).

Throughout all my trip through this section of the province one thing constantly amazed me,—that these delightful spots are so little known or so little visited by tourists. After travelling over the greater part of the Maritime Provinces I dare assert that in beauty and attractiveness there is no spot in these provinces that surpasses the lake district of New Brunswick. As I came to Jemseg and the Grand Lake I thought that here was certainly as beautiful a place as could be found. Later I found the Washademoak not less beautiful, and if such a thing were possible the Belleisle seemed even more ideally lovely. But why should I thus waste words? To those who have visited these places, they are unnecessary, to others, unintelligible.

A night was spent at Kars, and on Thursday I took the boat for St. John once more, and on Friday reached here, where a few days' rest will be enjoyed.

R. J. COLPITTS.

Petitcodiac, Aug. 23.

Notes From Newton Centre.

Among the noted Baptists who have been preaching in Boston during the summer, are Dr. P. S. Henson who has been supplying at Dudley street, and Dr. O. P. Gifford, the vacation preacher at the First church. St. John has made its contribution to the Tremont Temple supply in the person of Rev. H. P. Waring, M. A., and the writer understands that his sermons were considered among the best enjoyed in the Temple this summer.

MR. S. C. FREEMAN, D. D.

made a call here Monday on his way from his church in Shirley, Mass., to the Convention in Vermont. After a visit to his home in South Brookfield, Queens Co., N. S., Mr. Freeman expects to sail for India to join our noble band of missionaries there.

OF THE WEATHER

here nothing more emphatic need be said than that those who have gone to the beaches most certainly have found it more uncomfortable than the people who either from choice or necessity have remained in their homes all the summer. There has been no hot weather thus far while there have been days when it was uncomfortably cool. If the price of coal goes up or even keeps up, the coming of cold weather will bring untold suffering.

TWO OF BOSTON'S PECULIARITIES

were wittily mentioned in last week's "Watchman." It said that the city's squares were three-cornered and its elevated railroad ran through the subway.

MT. AUBURN CEMETERY

contains a tombstone on which is a rather remarkable alliterative inscription. The name is Pierpont and the descriptive words are: "Poet, Patriot, Preacher, Philosopher, Philanthropist."

HARVARD

leads the Universities of the United States in numbers. The relative attendance at the leading schools has been given as follows:

Harvard, 5576; Columbia, 4422; Michigan, 3812; Chicago, 3727; California, 3540; Minnesota, 3536; Cornell, 3216; Wisconsin, 2812; Yale, 2680; Pennsylvania, 2520.

A. F. N.

Aug. 20, 1902.

Social Unrest.

Dr. Emil G. Hirsch, of the University of Chicago, made a profound impression at Atlantic City the other Sunday, as he spoke of social unrest. He attributed the existence of it, which all more or less recognize, to the dehumanizing influence of industrial organization, and to the general absence of the spirit of fraternity in the affairs of life. His remedy was the formation of such fraternity with the "principles and qualities which are made sacramental by duty," and thus secure a bond as wide as the globe and as indivisible as the sea.

We presume there are comparatively few who are so optimistic over present social conditions as not to recognize, to a greater or less degree, that unrest which was the text of Professor Hirsch's address. The great stratum of mankind made up of the laboring man is not satisfied with the present status. He says that while in theory all men are equal, in fact they are not. He says that the burdens too much are his, the benefits too generally another's. He says that where the inequality might be removed there is too often a disposition to let it remain.

Who shall say that his contention and his protest are not, in some measure, justified by conditions as they are? Who shall say that the doing of the same thing day after day, day after day, with no change, and no cessation forced on the laboring man by the organization made possible by machinery is not a legitimate ground of discontent with his lot? Who shall say that the vision of privileges and pleasures, as far from him as heaven from hades, is not fair cause for discontent? The writer has always felt that there was just reason for the sullen scowl he once saw on the faces of two Irish laborers, as together we fronted the Vanderbilt mansions in New York, was justified, though just where the basis for the justification lay neither they nor he could tell. Who can say that the position of unconcealed superiority assumed toward labor by capital is not fairly a cause of complaint, and so of unrest? Not God himself assumes toward mankind the position the capitalist sometimes takes. "Come, let us reason together," God says. "There is nothing to arbitrate," President Baer says. "Return on our conditions, or stay out until you starve." Men feel that this is unjust, and they know it is unjust. They know that all production is the joint result of the combination of capital and labor. They know that the former is more absolutely helpless alone than the latter; and they ask why in the partnership each should not have fair consideration.

These are only some of the elements entering into this

social unrest discussed by Professor Hirsch, and discerned by everybody who has his eyes open. It will not down either. Defeat will not destroy its efforts. The miners may be forced back on the operators' terms, but whatever of right underlies their protest will live. The point of attack will shift. Already there are signs of this. The first step in the formation of a labor party has been taken by one of the labor unions of Philadelphia. A labor party means labor legislation, and what, that generated by discontent, might mean the National Assembly that ushered in the French Revolution may give hint. The wise man seeth the storm approaching and seeks shelter, the fool rushes on to his doom. It will not do for any one to be too defiant of others. No man liveth to himself. Let us be considerate of others as well as of ourselves. There will be no other ultimate cure for the social unrest that afflicts us. —Commonwealth.

The True Success.

"What is worth doing at all is worth doing well," is an old and trite saying, and is the modern adaptation of that still older saying of the wise man, "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Thoroughness is a virtue none too common. To push a matter to completion, be it great or small, means success. Genius, it has been said, is only an infinite capacity for taking pains. In these days of strenuous life and keen competition, one who never "does things by halves," and never leaves his work unfinished, is sure of being sought after. For examples of this quality we need not go outside of the Bible. The life of our Lord himself furnishes abundant illustration. Our great example was a pattern in this as in everything else. The Perfect Man was perfect in all his work. Like his Father, he could look upon what had been done, and pronounce it very good. When he made the water wine, was it not the best wine? When on two separate occasions the fishermen were in despair at the little they had caught, the command to let down the net was followed by a great draught of fishes, so that in the one case their net broke, and in the other they were not able to draw it in. When he twice fed a multitude of hungry people, do we not read that they did all eat and were filled, and several basketsful were left over? And when a great tempest arose, and the trembling disciples implored his aid in their peril, and he rebuked the winds and the sea, it is said the wind ceased, and there was a great calm; not even a ripple or a ground swell remained to tell of the violence of the storm.

He said he had come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly, and whether it applied to the life which now is, to which we cling so fondly, or the life which is to come, he made good the statement. Truly in him was life. When they came to healing of the body or of the mind, we read they were loosed from their infirmities, they were cleansed from their disease; clothed, and in their right mind, they were restored to anxious friends; and even after death had done its deadly work the life-blood began anew to course full and fresh and free through the old channels in perfect wholeness. The language used to describe these miracles shows the thoroughness of the work wrought by the virtue that came out of him, and the word that went forth from his lips. As his great mission was to draw all men unto himself as the Saviour of the world, his salvation is "to the uttermost," and until the end of time; and in the agony of those last moments on the cross, as he thought of the purpose of his life in coming to dwell among us, he regarded it as well done, for he set on it the seal of his approval when he uttered that last exclamation, "It is finished."—The Christian Guardian.

Rheumatism

No other disease makes one feel so old.

It stiffens the joints, produces lameness, and makes every motion painful.

It is sometimes so bad as wholly to disable, and it should never be neglected.

M. J. McDonald, Trenton, Ont., had it after a severe attack of the grip; Mrs. Hattie Turner, Bolivar, Mo., had it so severely she could not lift anything and could scarcely get up or down stairs; W. H. Shepard, Sandy Hook, Conn., was laid up with it, was cold even in July, and could not dress himself.

According to testimonials voluntarily given, these sufferers were permanently relieved, as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

which corrects the acidity of the blood, on which rheumatism depends, and builds up the whole system.