

in this life are the gift of God. That ought to keep down our pride.

Does the reward apply to the future? Most assuredly. "The best of life is yet to be." The greatest reward awaits us. Hope lives in the future as well as in the present. Heaven is our goal. The pearly gates are ajar. The white robe hangs in the celestial wardrobe. The music of the heavenly city is wafted to earth by every breeze. A strain of the triumphant chorus comes into our hearts under the cleavage of some great sorrow. A golden trumpet is kept tuned for us, and often in some transfiguration moment we feel it touch our lips, but they are yet too earthly to bring out its sweetest notes. We are all preparing for the grand rehearsal when the redeemed of God shall sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, and the jarring notes of earth shall forever give place to the harmony of heaven. That will be the grand reward. What shall we have. Everything, everything, Amen.

An Old Pastor Visits His Friends in Colchester.

Eighteen years ago the writer removed from Great Village, Colchester county, where for about twelve years he had labored in the gospel in connection with Debert River and the Acadian Mines.

They were years of toil but of blessed fellowship. This becomes more certain with the passing of the years. Memory throws a halo around the events of other days. The times of trial fade from view, but the happy incidents of the past become more precious. This is especially true in the case of Christian workers. Those who serve in worldly things have not the same joy in companionship, nor equal satisfaction in the retrospect. We think that this finds illustration in the case of pastors who are permitted once more to revisit the scenes of former labors and to renew acquaintance with those who once labored with them in efforts for the salvation of men. Such at least were the thoughts that came to my own mind as I found myself once more amongst my friends in Great Village.

But the pleasure is tinged with sadness. "The fathers where are they?" So many have gone to their reward! And where are those young people who gave joy to their pastor's heart? Some are yet here, some have gone to serve the Master in other places, and some are now with Christ in the better land. We see vacant seats in the homes, we miss bright faces in the church; they are not here to give their smile of recognition.

Some things however do remain. Here is the stream of hallowed memories, where a goodly number found the liquid grace to rise again to service for their Saviour. Yonder, on the rising ground, is the dear little church, the birthplace of many souls; and there on the hill stands the parsonage, a sacred spot.

This was once home and graced by a presence no longer of the earth, in these halls, upon these grounds, trod merrily young feet that now lie beneath the sod. And, thank God, there still remain the faithful ones that have taken up the work that has fallen from other hands and by them the cause shall live. The membership of the church has been reduced, but by the good hand of the Lord upon them they will still be as "the nail driven in a sure place." The band of believers here deserve the sympathies and prayers of their brethren.

We had the pleasure of meeting Pastor T. A. Blackadar, one of the former pastors of the church, whose ministry was blessed to a goodly number. He and his wife were on a visit to a daughter residing in the place.

We had the further satisfaction of a visit to Debert River, an important section of this field. McCully is an honored name in the early history of this church. The pioneers were once only "two or three," but they proved the faithfulness of him who at the beginning promised to be with such when "gathered in his name." This church has had, for the most part, a steady growth. Nearly all the fathers of the olden time have passed away. In their place is a generation of young men who are taking hold of the work with a zeal that is most commendable and full of hope for the future. The prayers and counsels of their fathers will be missed. May they worthily wear their mantles.

The church at the Acadian Mines is the third in this group. Their number is small and they have suffered with others in the business depression that came upon the place. The prospects have, however, recently improved, and new courage and hope have come to the hearts of the faithful ones in that community who will continue to render a good account of themselves.

Pastor C. H. Martell, who has the care of these churches, is, as usual, abundant in labor. The people may be congratulated in having one over them in the Lord who is well qualified to instruct, and faithful in caring for the flock. Sister Martell is as ever ready for service, and worthily beloved. Her departure from Canard was greatly regretted by the sisters there. We are sure that wherever she has opportunity she will merit the approving sentence "Well done." X.

The Glory of Cana's Miracle.

BY GEORGE MATHESON, D. D., L. L. D.

"Jesus said unto her, Mine hour is not yet come. This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory."—St. John 2: 4 and 11.

How shall we reconcile these statements? Jesus felt that his hour in Cana was beneath his destiny—that he had come into the world for a higher end; and yet it is declared that the miracle manifested his glory. How explain this discrepancy? There is no discrepancy, there is a beautiful harmony. The hour was certainly inadequate to express Christ's glory. He had a far bigger work to do than the satisfying of a festive moment—a larger mission than the brightening of a social throng. But do you not see that this stooping beneath his own glory is the very thing that makes him glorious? The miracle of Cana was a sacrifice on the part of Jesus. It was a diversion from the main line. It drew him out of his road. It engaged his great powers on an obscure work—a deed of simple domestic kindness whose range would be very limited, and which the outside world would never see. To pass from his own great hour into that trivial hour, to bend from the mountain to the valley, to interest himself in what was interesting to another—this was a sacrifice. And the sacrifice was the glory. He pleased not himself. His eye was on the height, but he averted it to the plain. He put himself in the place of those who had nothing in common with him. He tried to figure the world, not as he saw it, but as I see it. He looked at the deficiency of wine from my point of view. The power to do this was the real miracle; it was this that manifested his glory.

Lord of the marriage feast, grant me this power! I have often reached great unselfishness in a cause dear to my own heart; I have toiled for it without murmuring. But if an interruption came, if another asked me to help outside my own mission, I have met the request with impatience. I need an hour of Cana—an hour of thy marriage feast. I deem my own mission to be the wine of life, my brother's mission to be only the water. Help me to see the water as wine! Help me to live one moment in my brother's soul! Help me for one hour to measure the things of life with his eyes! Doubtless, I have far surpassed the marriage feast of Cana; I have left it out of sight behind. But give me the microscope by which I may see it again! Then give me the microscope of sympathy! Put me in that light where my brother's little things will be magnified! Show me that Cana is still to him as large as Jerusalem is now to me! Remind me that yesterday Cana was as large to me as it now is to him! Send me back to my yesterday! Send me back to my surmounted hour! Send me back to the days when I spoke as a child, understood as a child, thought as a child! Send me back to the toys I have broken, to the pleasures I have outgrown, to the occupations I have become weary of; let them all live again in the interest of another; I may retrace the steps of my onward march; but the hour of retracement will be an hour of glory.

Baptist Martyr.

BY MARTIN PETROCK.

The innumerable stories of suffering on behalf of their belief have not all been recorded in the history of the Baptists. Too obscure to gain the pen of the learned, and too busy with their personal affairs to write their own autobiographies, some of the noblest fathers of our Denomination are very unfairly represented on the page of history. Such an one was Kirk Willenzoon, a native of the north of Holland, who lived at a time when of all phases of reformed thought that of the Baptists was the least tolerated. Spies were as common as policemen are now, and not so easily identified with the law. They stood, we are told on first authority, even by the bedside of the dying to give notice to the officials of a brutal Government, if men dared to leave this world "without previously receiving extreme unction and the holy wafer." One of these contemptible creatures set the law-officer upon Willenzoon. The poor Baptist, whose only crime was that he held fellowship with a persecuted band of Christians holding his view of Divine truth, made his escape. It was winter. He ran across a lake of breaking ice chased by the official. He fortunately reached the other side, and turned to see his enemy sinking into the water. With an instinct of pity he saved his pursuer from death at the risk of his own life. With what result? This same officer giving way to the cruel command of his superior rather than to any feelings of mercy, arrested the man who had saved his life. Willenzoon, faithful to his principles, was burned to death on May 16th, 1569. Has he been exalted to the Calendar of Saints? The man at whose instigation he, and thousands of others, were burned and murdered during the same year, by special messenger received "a jewelled hat and sword" from the Pope. He was to remember when he put the hat upon his head, that he was guarded with it as with a helmet of righteousness and with the shield of God's help, indicating the heavenly crown, which was

ready for all princes who support the Holy Church and the Roman Catholic Faith." Can't never found a more complete victim, nor ecclesiastical tyranny a more willing servant than in such a Pope of Romanism. But if this humble Dutch Baptist had no elaborate epitaph, he had an inheritance that could not be taken away by any Papal inquisitor, fair with the light of God in the Jerusalem built by the love of the Father.—Baptist Times.

"Fight the Good Fight of Faith"

Fight! that is the word to the young men of today. "Peace conferences" and "peace societies" are well enough in their way, but their emphasis is on the barbarity of certain modes of warfare, and mainly political. There will always be war while there is sin; for sin is war! War upon the things that ought to be by the forces of things as they are. Therefore, oh young men, fight! Punch the bag and develop a muscle, for a good muscle helps to fire the brain.

Keep the eye clean and the heart strong, by avoiding alcohol and tobacco and late hours, and by inhaling pure air, morning sunlight, and wholesome food.

Fight! with the brain. Compel its attention till the page or the tool yields up its secret, and you can go forth a master artisan, either with books or machines. The world is calling loudly for men with trained muscle, trained eye, trained mind who can not do anything; but who can do one thing, and do it so well, that employers are willing to compete for such a service.

Fight! with the soul. Drive the hammer with a prayer, and yield the pen with a hymn. Let the bag of tools be a sure witness to consecrated manhood.

Fight! so that the suggestion to labor less than sixty minutes to the hour will never be made a second time. So that the whistle to stop work will be discord compared to that music in the soul, conscious of honest labor and receiving work as a divine commission. Fight! Repel the suggestion that the Christian is a puny man with flabby flesh and jelly-fish mind.

Never be tired at election time and be ye more interested in the sinners who vote early and often, than in the saints who appear to be dead, or ought to be.

Don't argue with a man as to whether Jonah was swallowed by a whale or whether Balaam's ass made a speech; but find out if he himself swallows so much that there is little left for wife and children. Know if his speech is kind to the woman he took from her happy home, and to the little ones that play at his knee, and if these things are not as they ought to be, fight! Hit him in his moral and mental make-up so that his soul will know a Christian from a fakir.

Fight for the church! Hate the lie with an undying hatred, that says that most preachers are time-servers, and have an easy berth; that says that most members are hypocrites more or less; that the churches are only for the rich and well dressed, and are unwilling to help the poor to get higher; that only women and children go; and that the world as a whole is going to the devil. Hate and fight these malicious messengers of meanness and misery. Defend the church and God's world with a well-preserved body, a clear strong cheerful mind, an eye that flashes at impurity, and laughs at every child, an ear shut to every slander and nasty voice, and a soul so full of music, of God and love for men that your trumpet shall sound a song of joy every day you live.—Sydney Herbert Cox.

Dig Your Well Deeper.

A dry time has always been improved more or less to dig wells deeper. There is no better time to do this than in the time of drought. We know of many old wells that have been made better than new by being dug deeper in the time of drought. When the next time of drought comes they can be relied on as never before. It is a very dry time just now in the religious world, and it is a very good time for us all to dig our wells deeper. Do not be satisfied no matter what your experience has been, but dig deeper. The love of many is waxing cold. There never, perhaps, was a time when it required more alertness to keep from spiritual drowsiness and famine than now, and there is no better way to keep awake and refreshed with that living water that Jesus promised than to dig your well deeper, and then "with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." Let us all resolve to go deeper! The drier it gets around you the deeper you need to dig.—Christian Witness.

Dying is but going from where we get only the crumbs, to sit at the full table. The doctor had spoken of the importance of keeping everything serene in the death-room where a Christian woman was about to take her departure. "I do not see anything here to make us un serene," she said. "Death is but entering into wider, fuller life." Shall we not try to get true views of Christian dying?—J. R. Miller.