

October 30, 1913.

Missionary Correspondence.

CHAPTER XI.

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THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

"Seek ye the Lord while He may be found,
call ye upon Him while He is near."
"Be ye also ready."

A letter to Miss Ella Kinney, dated Pen-
niac, N. B., June 23rd, 1892, reads: "I receiv-
ed your letter last evening. No, I had not heard
of Norman's death. This news has taken hold
of me more than words can tell. How quickly
my mind flashed back to my last meeting with
him. It was Sunday, the 21st instant. I had
led the meeting that night and walked home in
company with Norman and Walter. At our
gate Norman remained for a few words, while
Walter went on home. The next morning, ear-
ly, Norman was to be off fishing, and I to start
for New Brunswick. There was sadness in our
parting. I had not realized that I thought so
much of him. We talked quite a while and
then agreed to correspond while I should be
away. He was in a grand place spiritually.
When the last moment came he held my hand
as if unwilling to let go. I said, 'If we should
not meet again in this world, Norman, we shall
meet in heaven, shall we not?' 'Yes,' he re-
plied, 'I hope so.' After speaking of our de-
termination to be true to God, he said 'God
bless you, Herbert.' I answered, 'Amen, the
Lord be with you.' And thus we parted, to
meet no more in this 'vale of tears.' It seems
so dreadful. With this burden of grief I went
to the Lord, saying, 'O, why is he taken away?'
The answer came so distinctly, 'Can you not
trust Me?' I could question no further."

Yes, it seemed to me as I thus prayed that
God showed me that he had been "taken away
from the evil to come." Norman was a good
boy by nature, one of those who resist not evil
done to themselves. Really, the picture in
1 Cor. 13, 4-7, closely resembles his Christian
character, as he was at that time. Such ones
as he are among those "of whom the world was
not worthy." It persecutes and fails to under-
stand them.

As was arranged, Norman had started the
next morning after our parting for the weekly
fishing trip. He was one of six who went with
my father in his vessel, the Minnie C., men-
tioned in Chapter six. Tuesday night a storm
came up, which compelled them to seek a port.
All hands were on deck to shorten sail, when
a sudden squall struck the craft, forcing the
lee rail under, and almost capsizing her. This
was in the darkness of the night, while the
shallop was being driven before the gale. As
soon as possible, the sails were lowered and the
vessel righted. The crew was then counted and
found to be one short. The missing one was
Norman. To beat back to windward against
that gale and find him amid the darkness and
raging of the waters was twice impossible. The
fury of the tempest drove the small craft rap-
idly from the scene of the tragedy, leaving the
friend and brother to Him "who hath meas-
ured the waters in the hollow of His hand,
whose eyes are upon the righteous and His ears
open unto their cry."

It was a great blow to the family and cast
a gloom over the entire village, where such
losses are extremely rare. The bereaved sister,
Ella, had not seen Norman for some months, as
she had been away from home. In my letter to
her I wished to assure her that her precious
brother was safe with Jesus, so she would not

mourn as those who have no hope of seeing
their loved ones when our Lord returns.
One of Norman's brothers, who was then
backslidden, took this death as a warning from
God, and immediately returned with a broken
and contrite heart.

Some months previous to the accident Nor-
man himself had been a prodigal. I recall con-
versations we had at that time. A certain day,
during special meetings, he gave me his word
that he would seek restoration that very even-
ing. I was sitting in the audience and when
the invitation was given looked to see Norman
arise and go to the front. Instead he only
bowed his head on the seat before him. I wait-
ed until the last moments of the invitation had
come, then went quietly and sat down beside
him. "Why don't you go out? You know you
promised," I whispered, with undisguised sur-
prise in my voice. "Oh, Herbert, it is so hard,"
he replied.

How little we really know of the true na-
ture and extent of such vital conflicts. Repre-
sentatives of three worlds are interested, and
doubtless engaged. I sometimes think, too,
that our arch adversary knows much of our
future. For so often I have noticed that se-
vere temptations or fiery trials very frequently
precede any special service for God. It is as
though the enemy of all righteousness would
do his best or his worst to prevent us from ac-
complishing good. Did Satan then know that
this weary prodigal had but a short time of
life remaining?

Knowing Norman to be strictly truthful, I
wondered that he was now ready to back down.
It seemed that he was held by some unseen and
over-mastering power. The Good Shepherd
was seeking His lost sheep, however, and just
as the evening's opportunity was about to close,
Norman went to the altar and there exchanged
weakness for strength, condemnation for peace
and sorrow for joy.

From this time he followed His Master
closely. That last Sunday evening, after reach-
ing his home, he remarked, "This day has been
the happiest and best of my life." Forty-eight
hours later he crossed the line dividing time
and eternity. Ah, I can almost hear his musi-
cal voice at this moment singing—

On the happy golden shore,
Where the faithful part no more,
Where the storms of life are o'er,
Meet me there.

A SOLEMN NOTE OF WARNING.

Permit a few words from an old fashioned
yet up to date Methodist. There are some
things so painful to me that they break my
heart and strike me with amazement. The
speed with which we are rushing to ruin all
over the land socially—the absolute certainty
of a day of reckoning in the industrial and
political world, together with the mighty apos-
tacy from the faith among the leaders in the
industrial and religious world, fill me with
awful alarm.

I could never have believed that the dear
old Methodist Church, at whose altars I was
baptized by Bishop Clark in the autumn of '68,
and to whose service I have given twenty-six
years of unceasing toil, would have ever become
the resting place of infidelity as deadly as Tom
Paine's; and those who sport their infidelity in
the face of the suffering spiritual members of
the church should be promoted, while men who
preach the doctrines of the church and are
busy in winning lost souls, are discounted and
shunned. But such is the case, and we have
arrived at that station. We are told to-day

that there is no literal hell—no blood atone-
ment—no inspired Bible—no instantaneous re-
generation and sanctification—no such thing as
depravity; God is the Father of all, and all are
the children of God—and in the midst of it all
the most of the church presses are as silent
as the grave; and the ones we have placed on
the watch tower as watchmen have opened the
gates, the church press, to the
enemy and he has taken possession of the cita-
del. I open my discipline at "the course of
study" and nearly every familiar face has been
removed or placed in the background, while
Sheldon and others of this Tom Paine infidelic
stamp smile on the undergraduates from his
professor's chair, ready to fill them with his
false "new theology."

What is the matter with our chief shep-
herds, the bishops, that they allow us to be poi-
soned with such pernicious stuff? Oh God,
who will help us anyway? I pick up my Meth-
odist Review, which preachers in study must
read by episcopal direction, and I find in the
September-October number an article from C.
Judkins, of Glenn Falls, N. Y., an article so
revolutionary and heretical, and withal so full
of the spirit of anti-Christ, that I wonder the
editor did not take his tongs and place it in
the fire instead of giving it a prominent place
in the Review.

Are real Methodists to have to put up with
such things always, and will nobody who is
considered a leader or a chief pastor raise such
a cry that those notoriety mongers and infidels
shall be checked before they rob the Methodist
temple of every vestige of its former glory and
doctrine? If not, the common people must pro-
test in such a way as to be heard. I am beyond
alarm—I am amazed! Oh, God of John Wes-
ley and our honest fathers, come to our help
and wipe out our reproach.

No doubt I shall be called a belated croaker,
but undoubtedly I love the church, her doc-
trines and institutions, better than those who
would sully her glory and destroy her faith.
Oh, this is no time to pander to doubt and in-
fidelity and lust and worldliness, while crime
of every kind is on the increase, and the church
is slowly but surely losing its grip on the cities
and the nation, and chiefly so because we have
substituted evolution for salvation, and liter-
ary essays for the gospel of the atoning blood
of Jesus shed for a lost and guilty race. Noted
wonder churches are empty, when Christ has
been dethroned and driven out of them. This
common people are eager for the old truth, but
in many places they are made to feel unwell
come by the vulgar display of the rich and the
absence of the Spirit of Jesus in the service.
But come what will, we must hold up the true
faith in the midst of the world's darkness.

The rich and proud may despise the suffer-
ings of the poor, social caste may still dig deep-
er the chasm between the people—fat, sleek,
well fed ecclesiastics may still pander to the
wishes of the purse proud; and egotistic skep-
tics may cut away at the work of God to try
smooth out all moral distinctions of men and
all supernaturalism of religion, but the fearful
day of reckoning is coming. "God shall laugh
at them." Retribution, swift and terrible,
tional and religious, is just ahead of us and
there shall be widespread repentance. In
is my only hope, I can depend upon no other

Let there be much prayer for the ark to
spared from those who would destroy it.—
J. L. Brasher, in Methodist Advocate Jour-

The Highway was issued a few days
on account of the Editor going away to
the convention.