

A PECULIAR DREAM

(Of a Minister.)

I sat down in my armchair wearied with my work. My toil had been severe and protracted. Many were seeking the salvation of their souls, and many had found what they sought. The church wore an aspect of thrift; and prosperity and joy, and hope and courage, were the prevailing sentiments on every hand. As for myself, I was joyous in my work; my brethren were united, my sermons and exhortations were evidently telling on my hearers, my church was crowded with listeners. The whole community was more or less moved with the prevailing excitement and as the work went on I had been led into exhaustive labors for its promotion.

Tired with my work, I soon lost myself in a half forgetful state, though I seemed fully aware of my place and surroundings. Suddenly a stranger entered the room without preliminary "tap" or "come in." I saw in his face benignity and weight of character. But though he was passably well attired, he carried about his person measures, chemical agents and instruments which gave him a very strange appearance.

The stranger came towards me, and extending his hand, said "How is your zeal?" I supposed when he began the question, the query was to be for my health, but was pleased to hear the final word; for I was quite well pleased with my zeal—and doubted not the stranger would smile when he should know its proportions.

Instantly I conceived of it as a physical quantity; and putting my hand into my bosom brought it forth, and presented it to him for inspection. He took it, and placing it in his scales, weighed it carefully. I heard him say, "One hundred pounds." I could scarcely suppress an audible note of satisfaction. But I caught his earnest look as he noted down the weight, and saw at once that he had drawn no final conclusion; but was intent on pushing his investigations.

He broke the mass to atoms, put in in a crucible, and put the crucible in the fire. When the mass was thoroughly fused, he took it out and set it down to cool. It congealed in cooling, and when turned out on the hearth exhibited a series of layers, or strata, which all, at the touch of a hammer, fell apart, and were severally tested and weighed; the stranger making minute notes as the process went on. When he had finished, he presented the note to me, and gave me a look mingled with sorrow and compassion and without a word, except "May God save you," he left the room.

I opened the note and read as follows:

Analysis of the zeal of Junius, a candidate for a crown of glory.

Weight in mass, 100 pounds. Of this analysis there proves to be:

Bigotry	10
Personal ambition	23
Love of praise	19
Pride of denomination	15
Pride of talent	14
Love of authority	12
Love of God, pure	4
Love of man	3

100

I had become troubled at the peculiar manner of the stranger, and especially at his parting look and words; but when I looked at the figures, my heart sank as lead within me. I made a mental effort to dispute the correctness of

the record, but I was suddenly started into a more honest mood, by an audible sigh, almost a groan, from the stranger (who had paused in the hall), and by a sudden darkness falling upon me, by which the record became at once obscured and almost illegible. I suddenly cried out, "Lord save me," and knelt down at my chair, with the paper in my hands, and my eyes fixed upon it. At once it became a mirror and I saw my heart reflected in it. The record was true; I saw it, felt it, deplored it, besought God to save me from myself with many tears; and at length with a loud and irrepressible cry of anguish, I awoke. I had prayed in years gone by to be saved from hell; but my cry now to be saved from myself was immeasurably more fervent and distressful.

Nor did I rest or pause until the refining fire came down and went through my heart, searching, probing, melting, burning, filling all the chambers with light, and hallowing up my whole heart to God. That light and love are in my heart today; and when the trials and tears of my pilgrimage are at an end, I expect to kneel in heaven at the feet of the divine Alchemist and bless him for the revelation of that day that showed me where I stood, and turned my feet into a better path.

That day was the crisis of my history; and if there shall prove to have been in later years some depth and earnestness in my conviction, and searching and saving pungency in my words, I doubt not eternity will show their connection with the visit of this Searcher of hearts, at whose coming I was weighed in the balance and found wanting.—*Selected.*

HAVE THEY BEEN CONVERTED?

Any work or movement that is worthy of confidence ought to invite and stand the test of close inspection. The inspection may be conducted in a friendly or in a critical spirit, but the result will be practically the same if the inquiry is candid.

This should apply to the work of professional evangelists, otherwise how can we know to what extent we may co-operate with them in their avowed purpose of making converts? The simple test set by Jesus ought not to be offensive when applied to them, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The inquiry need not be, "Do they have converts?" for every new propaganda has its "converts," so that is no real test. But should we press the inquiry concerning "converts" and ask in all seriousness "Have they been converted?" the truth would prove to be the determining factor in judging the character of the work done. This test St. Paul applied to his own work when he wrote: "Ye are our epistles, read and known of all men."

In order to produce converts who have really been converted, there must be these accompaniments: deep, pungent conviction because of sin, sincere repentance, saving faith in Jesus Christ, justification in the sight of God, regeneration of the heart and life, adoption into the family of God, and the witness of the Spirit that the work is done. Where these results follow we may know that the work is of God.

Some of the evidences of conversion are: ardent love for God, delight in his people, attendance upon his ordinances, confidence in his promises, abhorrence of self, renunciation of the world, submission to the authority of Christ, and uniform obedience to his word. Where these evidences abound we may be reasonably sure that the work will stand the scrutiny of the judgment day. *Wesleyan Methodist.*

Ministers and Churches.

We are glad to note the practical interest taken in the Balmoral Farm Fund by our people at Beals. Contributions from Brother and Sister Herbert Woodward and Brother and Sister Esten L. Beals came at the last moment as we went to press on the 15th. We appreciate not only their gifts, but also their words of encouragement in the work.

Don't forget the First District quarterly meeting at Hartland, Dec. 9-12.

Brother F. W. Foster returns home to-day (30th) and will assist Rev. Z. M. Miller at Island Falls, beginning Dec. 12th, after which he is to assist Rev. S. H. Clarke in Nova Scotia.

Rev. T. W. Moses, of Weymouth, N. S., wishes to express his gratitude to the members of his church and congregation for the donation of a generous supply of vegetables brought to his home for the winter. Praise God for the tokens of his love through a kind-hearted people.

Rev. Fred Wright, of New Brunswick, who has been visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Wright, of Stevensville, Me., returned home a few days ago.—*Fort Fairfield Review.*

Brother George B. Thomas has placed an organ in the North Head parsonage for the convenience of Pastor H. C. and Mrs. Mullen, which they appreciate very much.

Brother and Sister H. S. Mullen would like to make up a list of engagements for the winter after the holiday season. Several pastors have spoken to them, but definite dates have not been arranged. Please write them at once and arrange dates. Address H. S. Mullen, care of D. F. Knight, Westmorland street, Fredericton, N. B.

Rev. H. C. Archer preaches regularly at Perth alternate Sunday afternoons, also attends the weekly prayer meetings at that place when weather and roads permit.

Sister I. F. Kierstead went to Boston on the 23rd inst. to visit friends. She was accompanied by her son Karl.

PRESENTATION AND ADDRESS.

Among the many beautiful and useful presents given Mr. B. A. Whetmore and bride, was one from the Reformed Baptist Church and congregation, of Cedar Lake, with the following address:

To Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Whetmore.

Dear Brother and Sister,—Upon this festive occasion which has caused two hearts to beat as one, we, the pastor and members of the Reformed Baptist Church and congregation of Cedar Lake wish to place among the many tangible proofs of true friendship our little souvenir, and trust that all down through your walk in this life, which we pray may be many years of happiness, you will look upon this as but a slight token of our good will and fellowship toward you both. And we trust that your home coming and life among us will bring an ever-increasing fellowship for each other, and that our church home may be a place where you will find a welcome both congenial and helpful. We can use no better words to express our wish than those of the poet:

We wish the boon—'tis rare,
The choicest Heaven bestows,
A friend thy every joy to share
And soften all thy woes.
Signed on behalf of the church,
S. H. Clark, Pastor.

October 6, 1915.