

THE RIVER OF SIN.

This is an age when sin is minimized, when its very existence is denied often; when the pulpits even, are hesitant, dubious, and muddy, when they touch upon the theme at all. It is needed therefore, that sin be emphasized in all its terrible reality and ghastly horrors by the Church, press and pulpit. The following words on sin, by the Rev. Dr. W. E. Munsey are so terribly true and eloquently spoken, that we reproduce it here.

Sin is an immense river, running through the secret channels from hell's seething ocean til it broke out upon this world in the Garden of Eden. There at the foot of the tree of knowledge of good and evil as its source, a noisy spring bubbling with the escape of baneful gases, in whose tenebrous depths a serpent lives. Ever enlarging, this river flows all around the world. Onward it sweeps. Upon its banks no flowers grow, no foliage waves, but perpetual desolation pitches its pavilions upon sterile strand, relieved here and there by bald and scoriac rocks upon which weeping spirits sit and curse the day that they were born. In all the universe there is no river so wide, so deep, so swift as this. Its floods are black, its waves are towering, and it goes surging and roaring on to the bottomless lake, everlasting lightnings penciling every billowy crest with angry fire, and hell's terrific thunders bounding from bank to bank and bursting with awful crash and strewing dread ruin all around. Surely such a river might roll on forever unvisited by mortal man. But, oh, alas! climax of all wonders! quintessence of all marvels! its shores are lined from source to mouth with human wretches. They crowd to gain its edges, all sexes, all conditions, all classes. The mother decks her daughter's brow, and side by side they leap into the boisterous flood. Into its boiling current the young maiden runs laughing, and passes from sight in a moment; the old man following, his hoary locks streaming in the wind like the shredded canvas of a storm-ridden ship reeling upon the foamy summit of a stupendous wave that washes heaven, but to be hurled the next moment by the driving blast in the raging vortex below, and be swallowed up forever. Between every human being and this fearful river there is a bleeding body and a bloody cross, and angels hovering overhead shouting, "Stop!" "In the name of God, pause but for a moment." But disregarding the angelic warning and, trampling upon both body and cross with gory feet, they spring far out into the murky tide, and join their fellows, until every wave is freighted with human souls, and all together carried downward and in one eternal roar poured over the boundaries of human probation into Acheron's fiery sea, forced downward by the plunging floods to perdition's deepest dungeons, to rise far out from shore upon flaming waves unquenchable, to scream forever with unmitigated, and ceaseless woe. Rivers never run more truly to the ocean than the river of sin runs to hell, and there at last, if never before, sin will find the sinner out by infliction of its ultimate penalty, eternal death! Two more dreadful

words were never joined together—eternal death. Each term is rendered inexpressibly awful by the associated meaning of the other. It is the death of the soul eternally. It is separation from God, the source of life, forever. It is separation from heaven, angels and sainted ones forever. It is separation from all that is beautiful and good forever. It is separation from all intellectual, social and moral pursuits, which seem to accord with man's nature and destiny as an immortal being, and as the offspring of God, and it is separation forever. It is companionship with Satan, demons, and the damned, in hell forever. It is bitter memories, tormenting remorse, and agonizing despair forever. It is to be wicked without the hope or power of repentance, to be miserable without mitigation, to be both forever. It is the utter subversion and destruction of the unity and harmony of man's nature, and the total failure of his life in the accomplishment of anything worthy of him, and both forever. It is aggregation of all sorrow, pains, woes and horrors, mixed in one fearful beverage to be drunken forever. It is to be lost in hell or lost in outer darkness beyond the circle of universal being forever. Oh, that we could get rid of that little word, with a significance as high, wide, and deep as God, that little word, forever. My hearers, it is death, and death forever.—Sel.

AN OCTOGENARIAN NEW YEAR CALLER

Of late years the Observer has come to look as a matter of course, for the New Year's call of George G. Gray—83 years old last July. There will come a New Year when he will not call, but it is hoped that that year is still long in the future. Indeed so hale in appearance, so fresh in his memory, so youthful in spirit, so keen of sight and hearing and all the blessed faculties common to normal man is he, there seems no good reason why he may not turn the century mark. The Observer sincerely trusts that he shall. Mr. Gray was married 59 years ago on Jan. 1, but his wife died one year before their diamond wedding day. He is still an active man and worked a full day almost every day last year. A remarkable feat for a man of his years was the framing of a large, modern produce storehouse, and he worked along to its completion, even shingling to the lofty peak of the building. He also lathed five or six houses and cared for a fine vegetable garden.

Mr. Gray attributes his well preserved body and mind to a blessing of God, his acknowledged Master, in whose steps he has endeavored to follow closely since his early youth. His presence among us is a living benediction; an example of faith and unfeigned piety. "The Village Patriarch"—long he has lived; long may he live!—Carleton Observer.

Brother Gray has filled the office of deacon for many years, first in the Free Christian Baptist Church, and for the last 30 years in the Hartland Reformed Baptist Church. The editor of the Observer puts it none too strongly in his personal reference to Brother Gray.—Ed.

MONCTON ANNUAL CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

The Annual Christmas entertainment of the Reformed Baptist Church at Moncton was held on New Year's Eve. The Church was packed and a splendid program was given by the children, assisted by the choir of young people of the Church. Much credit is due the choir for their help, also the organist, Mrs. W. A. MacCallum as the music was a very pleasing feature of the evening. After the programme was carried out Deacon W. D. Blakney came to the platform and asked the pastor, Rev. S. A. Baker, the teacher of the adult Bible Class, to come forward, Mr. Blakney then on behalf of the class, presented him with the sum of twenty-five dollars as a token of their love and appreciation of his efforts among them as a teacher.

Mrs. Baker was then called to the platform and an address was read by Mrs. Manford Hicks from Class Mizpah. Mrs. Hicks then presented Mrs. Baker with several pieces of beautiful French Ivory as a gift from her girls with their love and best wishes for a Happy New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker were taken by surprise and with difficulty tried to thank the dear people who are so thoughtful of their pastor and his wife. Mr. Baker then had the pleasure of reading an address of appreciation for the faithful services of our organist, Mrs. W. A. MacCallum, during the year and presented her with an electric toaster and a sum of money. Mrs. MacCallum was completely taken by surprise, but thanked the friends for remembering her.

The classes were well remembered by their teachers and about fifty Christmas stockings were given to the junior members of the school by the pastor and teachers of these classes.

At the close of the evening's entertainment the committee who were in charge of the treat. Mr. Blakney, Mr. Steeves, Mr. Tuck and Mr. Archie MacCallum, distributed over two hundred and seventy-five bags of candy and nuts.

All declared it a very pleasant and enjoyable evening and the committee felt well repaid for any effort they had made to make the occasion successful. The Supt., Brother Moses Somers, presided as the Chairman of the evening.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1. Thou shalt have no more Gods but me,
2. Before no idol bend thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain.
4. Dare not the Sabbath day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Hate not, that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Steal not, for thou of God art seen.
9. Make not a sinful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbor's do not covet.

"It sometimes takes courage to insist that you are right, but a lot more to admit that you are wrong."

"One thing that made so good the bread that mother used to make was the appetite the boys had."