

THEY CAME TO THEMSELVES

Mrs. H. C. Morrison

I was glancing through The Wesleyan Methodist the other night and read a wonderfully touching incident that holds some lessons which we all might learn. Most of us are too sparing of our bouquets to the living, but wait until the forms of our loved ones are cold in death before we realize what they were worth to us, then shower the roses upon their lifeless corpse when they cannot enjoy their fragrance nor appreciate the love that prompted them.

In this story, the mother lay dying, having given up to die. She thought the family could get along without her, as they had not indicated that she was of any special value to the home. But when they found out that she was slipping away, they began to realize their loss and what a vacuum there would be in the home when Mother was no longer its center and circumference.

With the hope that those who read this incident may be more thoughtful and considerate of their loved ones while living, I am giving this beautiful story to our readers, and as you read it, may you resolve that hereafter you will scatter seeds of kindness while the loving heart can appreciate them and know that you really love them.

Beyond the Skill of Doctors

The windows of the great house were darkened, the door bell muffled, and the pavement in front strewn with rushes, while the physician's car waited.

In the hushed chamber Mrs. Allison lay still, with closed eyes. Doctor and nurse bent over her in anxious ministrations, but the expression of the wan features never altered, and, beyond a faint monosyllable elicited with difficulty in reply to a question, no words came from the pallid lips. The watchers exchanged significant glances.

"I will be back in an hour," said the doctor, glancing at his watch.

As he stepped into the hall a waiting figure came forward to meet him.

"How is she now, doctor?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Shall we go into the next room, Mr. Allison?" said he. "I will speak with freedom there."

The two men sat down facing each other, Mr. Allison grasping the arms of the chair as if to steady himself. The lines of his strong, masterful face were drawn and drops stood on his forehead.

"May I venture to ask you a delicate question, Mr. Allison?" said the physician. "Can it be that some secret grief or anxiety is preying upon your wife's mind?"

"Secret grief—anxiety? Certainly not! My dear doctor, how could you imagine such a thing?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Allison. It occurred to me only as the remotest possibility. The facts of the case are these: The force of Mrs. Allison's disease is broken and she is absolutely without fever, yet she shows no sign of rallying. On the contrary, she constantly grows weaker. It is impossible to arouse her. There seems to be not only no physical response to the remedies employed, but she apparently lacks even the slightest interest in anything, including her recovery. Unless this condition be speedily changed—which appears altogether unlikely—I can no longer offer any hope. The patient is evidently drift-

ing away from us, while we stand powerless to hold her back.

Mr. Allison groaned aloud and laid his face in his hands. The physician rose and, after a few sympathetic expressions, left him alone.

Meanwhile in the sick room the nurse busied herself with conscientious care about her charge. There was no perceptible movement in the outlines of the quiet form lying upon the bed, and the skilled watcher had no suspicion that behind the shut eyelids and apathetic features, mind and spirit were still active.

"It isn't so hard to die after all," ran the slow current of the sick woman's thought. "It's easier than to live. One grows tired, somehow, after so many years. It seems sweet just to stop trying and—let go! I have accomplished so little of all I meant to do, but—the Lord understands! The children will miss me for a while—poor dears!—but sorrow isn't natural to young people. I'm not necessary to them as I was when they were little. It would have been dreadful to leave my babies, but now—it is different! Helen her her lover—Roger is a good man, and they will be going into a home of their own before long; and Dorothy—so beautiful and such a favorite—her friends must comfort her; and the boys—somehow they seem to have grown away from me a bit. I ought not to mind it. It must be so, I suppose, as boys grow into men. It will be hard for their father, but he is so driven at the office—especially since he went into politics—that he can't have time to mourn as he would have mourned years ago, when we were first married. How happy we were—so long ago—in the little house on Carleton street, where Helen was born. Henry has been a rising man. Any woman might be proud to be his wife! Some say I've hardly kept pace with him, but I've loved him—loved him!"

The air of the room had grown heavy and the nurse set the door ajar. A sound of suppressed voices reached the ear, and she glanced anxiously toward the bed, but the sick woman showed no signs of consciousness.

"I need not close the door," she said to herself, "she hears nothing."

Once more skill and training were at fault. That which in the nurse's ear was only an indistinct murmur, to the nerve-sense, sharpened by illness, slowly separated itself into words which made their way into consciousness. awake and alert in the weak frame, as if spoken along some invisible telephone line of the spirit.

"O Helen!" Could it be Dorothy's voice so broken and sobbing? "No hope! Did the doctor say that?"

"None, unless her condition changes—those were his words father told me." The words of water in a cave.

"But she was better yesterday!" That was Bob, the handsome young collegian, who had been summoned home when his mother's illness caused apprehension.

"So it seemed; but she does not rally—she takes no notice."

"But she can't be going—to die—and leave us! She wouldn't do such a thing—mother!"

The tones of sixteen-year-old Rupert were smitten through with incredulous horror.

"I really don't understand it," answered the older sister. "She is drifting away," the doctor

says. O Dorothy! O boys!" she said in a low, intense voice, "we haven't any of us looked after mother as we ought. We have always been so used to having her do for us. I have been miserable selfish since—since I had Roger—I didn't mean it, but I see it all now."

"You haven't been one half so selfish as I," sobbed Dorothy. "Here I have been rushing here and there, evening after evening, and she often sitting by herself! I must have been out of my mind! As if all the parties and concerts in the world were worth so much to me as mama's little finger!"

"And I've been so careless about writing her regularly." There was a break in Bob's voice. There was always something or other going on out of study hours, and I didn't realize. It was so easy to think mother wouldn't mind; and now—why, girls, I could never go back to college at all if there weren't to be any more letters from mother!"

"I haven't kissed her good-night for ever so long," said Rupert. "I'd got a fool notion that it was babyish. I always used to think I couldn't go to bed without it. I wonder if she ever missed it. I've seen her look at me sometimes when I started upstairs. What sort of a place would this be without mother? I should want to run away—or drown myself!"

The door of the sick room opened a little wider and Mr. Allison entered noiselessly.

"Is there any change?" he said.

"Apparently none, Mr. Allison. She lies all the time like this. One hardly knows whether it be sleep or stupor."

"How long?"—the strong man, choking, left the question unfinished.

"It is hard to say," answered the nurse pitifully; "but she has lost ground within the last twenty-four hours."

The husband knelt at the foot of the bed behind a screen which had been placed to shade the sick woman's face from the light, and rested his head upon the coverlet.

"My little Nellie!" he moaned, as if unconscious of any other presence in the room. "The mother of my children, spare her yet to me, O God! that I may have time to teach her how much dearer she is to me than money or lands or honors! Take her not—"

"Mr. Allison!"

It was the nurse who touched him. There was a quiver of suppressed excitement in her voice. He rose to his feet. His wife's eyes were open—the pallid features illuminated. The wasted hand moved feebly toward him across the white counterpane. He fell again on his knees and pressed the thin fingers to his lips.

"Henry—darling"—the faint, thrilling voice seemed to come from very far away—"don't grieve—any more! I am going to get well!"

Long afterward the doctor and nurse would sometimes recall together the unexpected recovery of Mrs. Allison.

"It was no cure of mine," the doctor would say. "Medicine had nothing to do with it. She was as nearly gone as she possibly could be without actually ceasing to breathe, when she simply made up her mind to live. A marvelous case!"

Not so marvelous, perhaps, good physician! Only a righting for once of the disordered sequence of this topsy-turvy world!

If the words of love and appreciation which beat so vainly at the closed bars of the coffin lid were spoken oftener into living ears, how many other weary feet might turn again from the "valley of the shadow!"

UNREALIZED VISIONS

In our last article we dealt with the problem that confronts Christian parents who are looking forward to sending their children to institutions of learning. This article will aim at stirring up our pure minds by way of remembrance.

The founders of the Reformed Baptist Denomination were men of faith. They looked beyond circumstances and temporary conditions and practised the upward look. They trusted in a God that was able to create a universe, to set man in it, and finally to care for his every need and direct his destiny. They knew God.

For them the years of the eighties and nineties were stirring days. They saw action, they felt active; and they acted. They felt themselves to be in the same situation as the followers of Martin Luther, John Knox, John Wesley and countless others. They were filled with a message; they were striving for freedom of belief and utterance, and they were fighting for a principle.

They did not take the attitude of "I am holier than thou," but they strove for the right of a spiritual possession and the privilege of utterance. They felt that they had a message and woe is me if I preach not the gospel.

Yes, they saw action and acted.

It was their firm faith in the guidance of God that led them, after they had been dis-fellowshipped and forbidden to preach, to meet at Woodstock in Mr. McLeod's store and devise ways and means to organize themselves into a body for the purpose of promoting and spreading the doctrine of Scriptural Holiness, or Sanctification as a Second Definite work of grace, subsequent to Regeneration.

It was this same optimism that led them to purchase the Beulah property along the banks of the beautiful Saint John river in order that they might have a business meeting place and a centre of doctrinal promulgation. Here they built a tabernacle, dormitories, a hotel and cottages, to care for the physical welfare of camp meeting attendants. Here they preached Holiness and sounded out the word to all who would listen. And finally it was here where so many victories were won for Christ.

Later, with the same purpose in view, they took over Riverside Camp Ground, and have been sowing the same seed in Northern Maine and New Brunswick.

For a time they confined their missionary efforts to home extension labours and to helping out various other missionary societies.

Soon the vision of an individual effort along mission lines became too strong and once more their indomitable faith was the means of establishing our present flourishing work centered at Balmoral Farm, Natal, South Africa. Their efforts have paid large dividends. Over four hundred heathen souls have been won for the Kingdom. A thousand acre farm, with its buildings and improvements, stands unencumbered with financial obligations, as a memorial to their foresight and self-sacrifice. The whole proposition, with its tangible and unseen benefits, is a fine tribute to their memory. They were men of faith.

These are a few of their accomplished visions, but there are other visions that are still in embryo form; they still wait to see the results of their fulfillment.

These men of God were not satisfied with

sounding forth the Word from a few pulpits scattered along the St. John river. They lived to spread the glad news far and wide. Their outlook was broad, they knew that the fields were already white for the harvest; but they lacked funds; they lacked men of consecration, and they lacked strength.

During the past few years conditions have changed and we as a denomination are nearly armed for the fray and the accomplishment of their vision. We have churches and parsonages free of debt. We have a ministry that is sufficient to pasture the established churches. We have a membership that is better off financially. We have ministers' salaries that are "fairly" adequate for a consecrated ministry. We have a crop of young ministers and Christian workers growing up. We have the equipment—tents—for extension work. And best of all, we still have God.

The last year has been encouraging along revival lines. Several churches have been built up, some have been revived, while others have been started and may weather their childhood if they can get the proper care. The past visions revive, the present encourage, and the future beckon on. The need of the present hour is self-consecration, self-sacrifice, and a deeper vision. This is the first of the unrealized visions.

The second vision has more to do with establishing an answer to the Christian parents' riddle, and will only be fulfilled as the first vision progresses in its fulfillment. These fathers of ours dreamed of a holiness school in New Brunswick; run by Reformed Baptists for Reformed Baptists and all others of like precious faith.

This vision is still in the stage of fancy; it seems to be beyond the reach of mortal ken.

So far, we have been satisfied to send our ministerial students to E. N. C. and Asbury. Our faith in these institutions has not been in vain, but on the contrary they have been the means of giving us some very spiritual and worthwhile men for our ministry. They surely have been a Godsend to our denomination. But after all they are far away and thus only available to our ministerial students—and even then not to all. Many of us can think of prospects who might have been on the firing line now if they could have attended a denominational school nearer home.

There is no doubt but that the Maritime Provinces and Eastern Maine need a Holiness school, no doubt but that such a school would be able to get students from among Christians of other denominations as well as from our own homes, and no doubt but that God would put it on the hearts of men with means to help establish and keep going such an institution if someone had the vision and faith to launch the proposition.

EUGENE A. M. KEIRSTEAD

MORMONISM

When Mormonism is mentioned most people think of it as a dead issue, because polygamy is about all they have known about it, and they are told that it is dead. But this was never the worst feature, and even this is held today as the ideal family! But its present teaching of many "gods" with fleshly bodies, wives in their "heaven" raising large families, of which Christ was the first baby—this is at once the chief basis of polygamy and the ruin of all true conceptions of Christian beliefs. The only cure is genuine Bible teach-

ing, taken to every home, in specially-adapted form. The Utah Gospel Mission of Cleveland, Ohio, is doing this work, from house to house, in a region 800 x 250 miles, holding special meetings and using tons of gospel printed matter.

Light on Mormonism is the oddest journal in the world in one respect—it is the only one on this subject, especially devoted to spreading the true facts about Mormonism. West and East missionary work among them, etc. A sample with publication list will be sent for stamp to any one on addressing the Utah Gospel Mission, address below. The large use of Light would stop nearly all the success of Mormonism in proselyting from Christian churches.

If Mormon "elders" come to your town, what should be done? The Utah Gospel Mission, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose secretary has given nearly forty years to gospel work for this people, will tell you, if you will send request with stamp to the Mission. Everybody should be informed on this matter.

The secretary of the Utah Gospel Mission of Cleveland has personally talked with to-wards 25,000 Mormons about their religion, and has preached to perhaps ten times as many. Three great camp-autos are used in this work the year round, in which and as pastor in Salt Lake he has spent nearly forty years, and wishes he had another forty to give. Information about the work and Mormonism will be sent on application, with stamps.

Sacrificial gospel work is none too common, and is seldom better illustrated than by the missionaries of the Utah Gospel Mission of Cleveland. These men live in great gospel autos the year round, visiting all the homes for gospel conversations, using tons of special gospel tracts, etc., and holding meetings as they can make opportunity; and all this is done without salary. Of course, very careful necessary expenses are met by friends through the Mission.

There is never a time when gospel work can not be done almost at one's door, if he is ready for it; and special calls are frequent. Mormonism keeps over 2,000 men and girls out proselyting for itself. The Utah Gospel Mission is needing several new men to begin soon, to serve at least one year, with only all expenses provided. Older and younger men have both been very effective. Most Mormons get little or no other gospel, and the need is very great. Details on application to 9277 Amesbury Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio, giving personal facts, or write for any other information concerning Mormonism. Rev. John D. Nutting, secretary, has been thirty-eight years in this work.—The Free Methodist.

"If we could shine like angels' faces while the world is throwing stones at us, it is very probable that God could use us to land more Pauls into His kingdom."—The Free Methodist.

CHRIST AS THE CENTER

As light to the sun, as the heart to the body, as weight to the hammer, as the foundation to the building, as point to the spear, as edge to the sword, as fruitfulness to the tree, so is Christ in preaching; and preaching without Christ can no more enlighten the world than the sun without light.—John Bate.