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remission of penalty but reinstates the offender in the favor of the offended—restores loving relation between them. When pardon is understood in this broader sense, as it constantly is, there is no use for the added term forgiveness." Justification includes pardon at the same time it stands for a relative change or change of relation. Regeneration is what God does for us in changing our nature, the freeing of the soul from the power of actual transgression and from the domination of sin. All these fore-mentioned terms are included in the New Birth. They suggest a different aspect of the same work of God in the human soul.

Dr. Luther Lee says, "Renegeration reverses the current of the affection, and so renews the whole soul that all the Christian graces exist . . . Regeneration is a renewal of our fallen nature by the power of the Holy Spirit, whereby the regenerate are delivered from the power of sin which reigns over all the unregenerate . . . The power of sin is broken; the principle of obedience is planted in the heart."

1. "Justification is a work done for us, but regeneration is a work done in us.

3. "Justification changes our relation to God, and restores us to His favor by a pardon, while regeneraion changes our state—our real character.

3. "Justification removes the guilt of sin which we have committed, while regeneration removes the love of sin.

4. "Justification removes the punishment we deserve, remits the penalty of the law; but regeneration plants the principle of obedience in the heart . . ."

REGENERATION DISTINCTLY MARKED

The marks of regeneration or the new birth are outstanding.

1. There is a complete change and reversal (2 Cor. 5:17-18).

2. It is marked by glorious victory as a Christian over the world (I John 3:4), and over sin (I John 3:9). In this connection, however, we have the emergency clause, "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous." (I John 2:1).

3. It is marked by a righteous life. (I John 2:29; 3:7).

4. It is marked by brotherly love. (I John 3:14).

5. It is marked by a compassionate heart. (I John 3:16-17).

6. It is marked by a recognition of the Lordship of the Lord Jesus. (I John 5:1).

7. It is marked by the witness of the Spirit. (Rom. 8:16).

THE WITNESS OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

The witness is direct and indirect. The first, "the testimony of the Spirit, is an inward impression on the soul whereby the spirit of God directly witnesses to my spirit, that I am a child of God; that Jesus Christ has loved me, and given Himself for me; and that all my sins are blotted out, and I, even I, am reconciled to God."—J. Wesley. (Rom. 8:16; I Cor. 2:12; Gal. 4:6; I John 3:24).

The second, the indirect, "This is properly the testimony of our own spirit; even the testimony of our conscience."—John Wesley. The fruit of the Spirit in our lives! (2 Cor. 2:12; Gal. 5:22-23).

(To be continued)

TO COMMEMORATE THE 60TH WEDDING ANNIVERSARY OF REV. AND MRS. C. S. HILYARD

By Leland Wilcox

In Lubec, Maine, long years ago,  
Near Quoddy tides that swiftly flow,  
Upon a smiling summer morn  
A man named Clarence Hilyard was born.

Young Hilyard, like his ancestry,  
Soon chose the life upon the sea;  
And in his sail-boat many a day  
Bore sardine freight across the Bay.

But something happened one glad day.  
Some fishermen came along that way  
To preach God's faithful, Holy Word,  
And many a sinful heart was stirred.

'Twas in that meeting Lubec town,  
That Clarence Hilyard his Saviour found;  
And, faithful to the Master's call,  
He left his freighting boat and all.

A Reformed Baptist he became,  
And, called to preach in Jesus' Name,  
He entered the Gospel ministry  
In eighteen hundred ninety-three.

At Beulah, on the old Camp Ground,  
With Christian friends all gathered 'round:  
This humble preacher was ordained  
And "Reverend" Hilyard he became.

Brother Hilyard, a "jewel in the rough,"  
Preached sermons aimed at sin's rebuff;  
But with the power of the Holy Ghost,  
"Salvation to the uttermost."

Some of his sermons we recall,  
From Sinai's Mount to Israel's fall:  
"Art thou that Daniel?" and others still  
With peace on earth to men good will.

He labored faithfully many years,  
Seeking the lost with toil and tears;  
And now, his work is nearly done,  
The crown of life will soon be won.

'Tho he has gone so far away,  
And lives in other lands today,  
Still we will long remember him  
By the kindly name of "Uncle Sim!"

Well past their diamond wedding day,  
And 'tho their home has burned away  
And Sister Hilyard has long been ill,  
These saints of God are faithful still.

"God bless them!" we sincerely pray,  
Until that glorious crowning day,  
Safe in the Kingdom of God's Son,  
Their Lord shall say to them, "Well done."

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone—today He is the centerpiece of the human race and the Leader of the column of progress. All the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that one solitary Life!—Phillips Brooks.

OBITUARY

Death occurred at Black's Harbour on Wednesday, April 8th, of Charlotte, wife of Maxwell Wilcox, aged 60. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Patterson, of Lubec, Maine, and had lived in Black's Harbour for about 43 years.

Surviving are her husband, two sons, three daughters, two sisters, six grand-children and several nieces and nephews.

The funeral was held in the Reformed Baptist Church at Black's Harbour. Service was conducted by Rev. W. L. Fernley.

Donald Wilson sang: "When I Take My Vacation in Heaven" and "Beyond the Sunset." The choir sang, "Shall We Gather at the River."

Interment was made in the cemetery at Black's Harbour.

To the sorrowing ones we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS  
WHAT RESTED MOTHER

It was such a busy, busy morning! Every one seemed to want mother for everything at once, and she was trying to look after a lot of things and talk to two or three people at the same time. Then the telephone rang, and she had to answer it. As she stood there talking, the little boy came softly in. It was time for him to go school, but he whispered smilingly, "I want to kiss you before I go."

Mother turned for the good-bye kiss, and the lady who was taking down a report of a meeting at the other end of the line did not know that anything was happening. But something had happened, for mother turned back feeling rested and happy and with the worried wrinkle gone from her forehead. How easy to work when she had such a loving helper? And the whole day was easier—for just a little boy's goodbye kiss.—L. P. McAvoy.

A YOUNG MISSIONARY . . .

I was talking with a little girl today—a little girl of about eight years. Her hair is light, very light—not golden, but just the color of moonlight—all soft and cool. Her eyes are as the desert skies, and as bright as their stars; and in them linger always seriousness and mischievousness, or a struggling blend of both—reflections of rare good sense.

Her voice is like her hair, and more so; calm, and at times plaintive, full of feeling; her laugh is frequent, and it sounds like the first song of a little bird, and with it come the teasing eyes.

This morning, after our pleasantries of greeting were over, she became serious again in a moment.

"I am going to be a missionary," she said. "I'm going to go on a boat across the ocean, and there I'm going to teach the poor heathen children about Jesus. I'm going to tell them, oh, so many things! I'll tell them about the Garden of Eden, and about Joseph and his dreams, and about Daniel. I'll tell their mothers how to cook good food (here for a moment, my little girl looked very important), and I'll teach them how to sew their clothes; and I'll show them how to care for their children—I could do it now!"

She stopped suddenly, and looked far up the hill toward her home. The plaintiveness soon crept from her voice. "But that will be so long," she said. "I'm only in the third grade, and it will be such a long, long time before I can be a missionary—a real one. Oh, I wish I were big! But I have two little sisters and two brothers to look after every day—and Mother says that I am really a missionary now, because I help her so much." And she smiled.—Selected.

AN INDIAN'S DISCOVERY

An old Indian chief was told of the Saviour, but he said, "The Jesus road is good, but I've followed the old Indian road all my life, and I will follow it to the end." A year later he was on the border of death; as he sought a pathway through the darkness, he said to the missionary, "Can I turn to Jesus now? My road stops here. It has no path through the valley."—Selected.