

ceive strength from the day of victory. He successfully with the fore she can hope to see that are without. she can muster in the ten and munitions, her st lies, after all, in her ies, without which all in vain. A victorious its drink power un- biling curse unchecked, ility unrestrained, its n-worship undisturbed, mph of hell, than which awful can be contem- of all the blood and that victory cost to vision of a Britain ices that have weaker- ad her, walking humbly using her gifts and op- the wider extension of of righteousness that us to the heart-rending this war entails.

Quiet Hour

In the Night.

But long Thy mercies dark, but oh, Thy face clouds Thy love breaks benediction on the night. Thes lose their weariness night—too tardy thought dreary burdens that s, and leaves my spirit art, unutterably kind! endless patient, with y loveliness how blind waiting pureness how ndly darknesses I creep worn to Thine enfold- thers round me like a broodings comfort my ing. What it coldly and no longer do I care. art my Father's blessing ights, and all His days. —Exchange.

Prayer.

Lord, to believe in the ne guidance. May we whatever that all our tatters of moment to t Thou art a better is good for us than we can be. Save us from u after-thought in our y who comes in to poor result of human May we commit our- our affairs into the who is able to keep us, falling, but also from he meek will He guide "Unto the upright ght in the darkness." O r, with a love like Thine, why should we ever be future will have in it or less than the wider Thy own plan of life We can never wander

beyond the realm over which Thou dost rule, and the promise of Jesus holds good everywhere. "We will come unto Him and make our abode with Him." May that promise open out to us, more and more in blessed fulfilment every day, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

The Chapel-keeper.

(S. TREVENA JACKSON.)

"Engaged in my Father's business." In the summer of 1900 we crossed the Atlantic Ocean. On reaching Liverpool, took the afternoon train for London, from there went to the very spot where the pilgrims started for the Western world. From Plymouth to the county of Cornwall, famous for its mines, pilchards, cream, pasties and Christian character. In one of those towns, blessed with the breezes from the Atlantic coast, we rested a while. On the Sabbath day everybody seemed to be flocking to church. A spirit of rest was everywhere to be found. We entered a Wesleyan chapel, in about seventy-five feet from the main street. A high iron fence with huge pillars and gates was at the entrance. It was a granite stone structure, which had stood for almost a century. Over three thousand people were present that morning at a regular service. The worship was restful, the people were wide awake; the preacher was interesting; the singing inspiring; the air was pure; and the chapel was a picture of neatness. After the benediction the people remained for a moment with bowed heads. We paused a little while, and were greeted by a man of about forty-five years of age, who, seeing we were strangers, invited us to come on the morrow and visit the chapel buildings. Early the next morning I met this courteous gentleman at the gates of the chapel. He wore a face that was frank and friendly. "When I saw you yesterday, I knew you were from the United States," he said. "I spent four years in Denver City, but I am truly Cornish. I love her aged-beaten coats and her honest, open-hearted Christian faith and her quiet way of doing things."

As we entered the chapel I asked him what was his profession? He smiled as he said, "I am the chapel-keeper. I am engaged about my Father's house." Surprise filled my soul, for on Sunday he looked like a "Prince of Zion," with his frock coat and red cap-nation. On reaching the pulpit I said, "My friend, sit down. I must talk with you. I confess never in my life did I go home from a church service more rested than yesterday morning. The air was so pure and fresh." Here he placed his right hand on my right knee and spoke: "I am the chapel-keeper under the eye of God. My position is more important to me than the ministers. I must answer to God for the correct way that I take care of His house. My work is done with the thought on the pulpit and the pew. Should I fail to give pure air to the people the preacher is shorn of his power. The study of ventilation is one of vital importance to me. I know the principle of well-airing a building. I watch the ways of the wind, I prevent drafts. At the close of each service summer and winter I open wide all ventilators, windows and doors, seeking to drive out every particle of foul air. I would no more think of heating the dead air in this chapel than of going out and dealing so much poison to young and old. My experience in America is your churches are poorly cared for, but you cannot get brains for nothing." He looked at me with an expressive face and continued: "My friend, it is as important to have good chapel-keepers as good preachers. The Christianity of a clean chapel will settle my future with God."

Before I left he took me to what he called his quiet corner. There was a small room of about ten feet square,

with a table, a green cloth over it, a few pansies in a glass basket, and a couple of books. One was a book on hygiene, with pages marked dealing with lighting, heating, ventilating and drainage. The other book dealt with good health and how to attain it. On the walls were several mottoes. One, "I would rather be a doorkeeper in the house of the Lord than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Another, "My feet shall stand in thy gates, O Jerusalem." A third, "We will not forsake the house of the Lord our God." Over the doorway were the words, "Cleanliness is next to godliness." The following rules were printed and hung on the door of the chapel-keeper's room:—

A CHAPEL-KEEPER'S RULES.

HIS WORKING MOTTOES.

"I am engaged in my Father's house."
"Cleanliness is next to godliness."
"Fresh air is godliness."
"HIS DAILY HYMN."
"I love Thy Church, O God,
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand."

THE RULES.

He must be sober, never sour or cranky with children.
He must not use tobacco in God's courts.
He must be always courteous; it is the cream of character.
He must be on time.
He must know artificial and natural ventilation.
He must air the church buildings after each service in summer and winter.
Old books and papers must never be left around.
The building must be swept once each week.
Dusting must be done with a damp duster; to remove dust is not to move it.
He must be able to see, hear and smell well.
He should have a wife who is not too religious to do a bit of church cleaning if necessary.
He must have thermometers in the different parts of the buildings.
He must flood the entire building, class rooms included, at least once a week with sunlight. This is vital to the preacher and people.
Important Note.—He must be paid well.
—"North-Western Christian Advocate."

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Our Soldier Boys.

SONS OF THE MANSE WHO HAVE ENLISTED FOR MILITARY SERVICE.

The following is a list of the ministers of the New Zealand Conference whose sons have in various capacities joined the colours:—

- Rev O. Abernethy (2).
- Rev H. Bull (1).
- Rev G. Clement (1).
- Rev P. W. Fairclough (1).
- Rev T. Fee (2).
- Rev C. Griffin (1).
- Rev J. W. Griffin (3).
- Rev S. Griffith (1).
- Rev J. D. Jory (1).
- Rev P. Knight, B.A. (1).
- Rev A. C. Lawry (2).
- Rev C. H. Laws, B.A. (1).
- Rev W. Lee (1).
- Rev J. A. Luxford (1).
- Rev G. T. Marshall (2).
- Rev A. Mitchell (1).
- Rev D. J. Murray (1).
- Rev J. J. Pendray (deceased) (1).
- Rev C. Penney (1).
- Rev W. Ready (2).
- Rev J. S. Rishworth (1).
- Rev G. W. Spence (1).
- Rev N. Turner (2).
- Rev C. E. Ward (3).
- Rev W. J. Williams (4).

In addition to the foregoing the following ministers of the Victoria and Tasmania Conference now residing in New Zealand have sons under the flag:—

- Rev S. J. Blamires (1).
 - Rev S. F. Prior (1).
- The following ministers are on active service as chaplains:—
- Rev J. A. Luxford.
 - Rev H. L. Blamires.
 - Rev A. Mitchell.
 - Rev W. Grigg.
 - Rev F. T. Read.
 - Rev W. R. Walker.
 - Rev J. R. Sullivan.

The following ministers have enlisted for service:—

- Rev A. J. Seamer.
- Rev F. B. Lawrence.
- Rev W. A. Watson.
- Rev O. Burnet.
- Rev H. H. Marshall.
- Rev P. J. Cooke.
- Rev W. S. Neal.
- Rev A. R. Gordon, M.A.
- Rev H. J. Odell.
- Rev A. A. Bensley.
- Rev F. Harris.

The following students have enlisted:—

- S. J. Mogridge.
- E. T. Olds.
- G. B. Sheridan.
- W. S. Smith.

The following home missionaries have enlisted:—

- P. B. Strongman.
- A. E. Haynes.
- J. S. Fletcher.
- R. A. E. Briggs.

SCENES FROM THE BATTLE FIELD.

The following gleanings from the English exchanges will be read with interest by all who are concerned for the religious welfare of our soldier boys:—
KEEN INTEREST IN ETERNAL THINGS.

The great opportunity of Christian service at the front is emphasised by Rev W. Rushby.

Last Sunday (November 21) I had a good day, although it was very cold, and we have little indoor accommodation; the men joined heartily in the service. Their earnest attention makes preaching an unpeakable joy. At the evening voluntary service, which I conducted six officers of one battalion were present, two remaining to the Sacramental. There is a keen interest in eternal things amongst all ranks. The moral mystery of war perplexes some. The divine purpose in it is seriously discussed, but many are concerned about more personal questions. Patriots are realising there is a bigger empire to which they are related, but that patriotism is not enough, and that failure to play the game for God and eternal things will bring a deeper condemnation than falls upon the "slacker" at home. Men in the

pride of their manhood, faced daily by death, feel that life here, so uncertain, yet so important, must have its fulfilment in an endless life, where the accident of death never threatens, nor the flower of humanity is cut off. In tent and dug-out, amid mud and rain, with no church or ritual to quicken the religious senses, and with soldiers who know not the way of Methodists, it has been my joy to hear testimony such as makes a class meeting live.

"I KNOW YOUR STMP."
Rev W. H. Small sends news of a quiet, far-reaching, spiritual work which is taking place in Rouen. Sunday after Sunday convalescent camps forement and convalescent camps come forward at the close of divine service to sign decision cards. On Sunday, November 21, thirty-three men publicly avowed their determination to follow Christ. There is a constant stream of men from the base to the front, and Mr Small keeps in touch with the men who have come under his influence. They write to him about their difficulties, asking for guidance. They write to him about their triumphs—gladdening his heart. One private from the trenches, acknowledging a letter from Mr Small, said: "I showed your letter to some of the chaps in my section, and also the card I had received from you, and one of the men said he was going to write to you." Mr Small, of course, sent to his correspondent a decision card for his friend. Encouragement comes also through hospital work. "I have been visiting a man in hospital every day for some weeks past. He said to me, 'Did you pass by my door just now?' referring to a door near his bed. 'Yes,' I replied. 'I thought you did,' he added; 'I know your step.' The path outside is of gravel, and I did not think anybody could have interpreted a step; it shows how they listen." The value of the comfort which we send to Mr Small for distribution is so great that the chaplain says that he will be able to talk about "the gospel of comforts" with perfect reverence when he gets back to ordinary life; for the love of Christian people which is revealed in these gifts accomplishes so much.

THE OPTIMIST IN THE TRENCHES.

The optimist is in the trenches. His last letter—he is in the private soldier—says:—
"I am still 'A.' Now that Christmas is approaching, the weather is rather cold, and we often think of last year; but still we can always 'keep smiling,' and carry on with our part in this big fight. When it is possible, we always manage to have a church parade on Sunday. I am sure there is nothing the boys appreciate more than a good sermon and some of the good old hymns. It is wonderful at times to see the queer places we use for a church—may be a tumble-down barn or loft. During the summer it was always in the open air. We miss Captain Brown very much, as when he was with us we could always be sure of a most joyful evening every Sunday; but now it is only now and again we can have a service. Still, our hearts are there, and often, at night, we sit round a fire and sing the hymns which gave us so much pleasure as children. If only you could see some of the faces and watch their expression, you would notice one stop singing, think a little, and then suddenly join in. And so, far away in the firing line, the singing of a hymn recalls the best associations, and men feel, as they have never felt in years of crowded life, the "old old story, of Jesus and His love."

George Barrell, Undertaker and Embalmer.

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