## Was Christ in Early Life Divine?

BY PASTOR J. WEBB, OF SPRINGFIELD, ANNA. CO., N. S.

This is a golden age for theologians. Any one can air his opinion in these days. The time was, when one had to be very careful as to what views he put forth to the world. I am inclined to think, however, that in many instauces, people, in dropping the old faith for some-thing new, are like the silly dog that we read about, who dropped the meat in the water to seize hold of the shadow; or like the ancient Athenians, who "spend their time in othing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing." Some good folks, who seem to be very proud of their ancestry, would even go so far as to change Gen. 2: 26. and make it read as follows: "And God said, let us make man in our own image, after our likeness, and he made a monkey; and after years and years rolled by, the monkey grew to be a man." What a fairy story that would be. It might do very well for the monkey tribe but they can't get anything like that off on the good old Baptist. They can't catch old birds with such chaff as that. It may be that some good will come out of all this nonsense, still, I do think that it will not be amiss for an old-fashioned fellow to give his views now and again, just in the way of supplying a little ballast to steady the ship a bit.

There are lots of views set forth in the religious literature of the present day. Everybody can be suited now. "You pay your money and you take your choice."

I have come across several views of late in regard to the divinity of Christ. I will mention only three for the present consideration. (1) There is a theory which claims that Jesus Christ was not divine but only human. This is a bold attempt to dethrone the Son of the Most High, but one stroke of John's pen marks it as false. He says : " And the Logos was God.

(2) There is another theory that holds that Jesus Christ was not divine until he reached the age of thirty years, when the Holy Spirit came upon him in the form of dove. This theory is near akin to the one spoken of above. Isaiah points to the child Jesus and says: "His name shall be called the Mighty God." The angel of the Lord told the shepherds, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. I do not think that this theory will influence many persons wko read the Bible.

(3) A third theory claims that Christ, though divine, surrendered many of the attributes belonging to deity when he took upon himself the nature of men, them gradually restored to him after the Holy Spirit descended upon him at his baptism. This theory is related to the first one but is not so near akin as the second. While it does not, like the first, attempt to dethrone the Eternal Son of God, nor like the second, take away his divinity entirely from his early life, it does something nearly as bad; it distorts and paralyzes him so that he cannot work, or think, or know more than any other young person.

To carry out this theory, it is claimed:

1st. That the Son of God was liable to suffer at times with a defective memory as we do, and that faculties of

ist. That the Son of God was liable to suffer at times with a defective memory as we do, and that faculties of his mind were liable to be impaired like ours, through physical infirmities.

I can understand how men can be overcome by physical infirmities so as to suffer from an unsound mind, but to say that Jesus could be thus overcome is, to my mind, going very wide of the mark. Saten was always on the alert, and if it was possible for Jesus to err in judgment he would surely have taken advantage of such a weakness. If it could be proved that Jesus, the Son of God, could make a mistake through a defective memory and a weakened mind, our faith would have very little to hold on to. I am old-fashioned enough to believe that Jesus Christ is still the "Tried Rock of Ages."

Ind. This theory claims that the Eternal Word surrendered some of the divine attributes, such as omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, etc., when he took upon himself the nature of men. I fail to see how it can be truly said that the divine 'Logos surrendered such attributes, when the gospel informs us that he raised the dead, healed the sick, fed the hungry multitudes, and hushed the angry sea of Galilee into a calm. I think that it would be more in harmony with the nature of God to say that Jesus had this power from his birth than to hold that he was the Son of God without power, even in his early days. Jesus said, "No man knoweth the Father but the Son." Christ knew this when he was a child. The disciples said unto him: "Now are we sure that thou knowest all things and needest not that any man should sak thee." Jesus told Nicodemus, "No man hath ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven. It may be claimed that Jesus, only as the Logos, was omnipresent, but it will be remembered that the "Logos was made flesh," and that there were not two persons in one Christ, but rather one person in whom the two natures, viz., the human and the divine, were united, In the same sense, it is the same pers

attributes and substance are correlative terms, it is impossible to hold that the substance of God is in Christ so long as he does not possess divine attributes."

3rd. This theory claims also that Jesus, as a child, possessed only a child's knowledge and mind.

That Jesus, as a child, possessed the knowledge and mind of a child may be true, but to say that he had simply a child's knowledge and mind and no more, is to lay more than, I think, is true. If this theory is correct, how can we account for the superior knowledge that Jesus exhibited before the doctors in the temple, when he was only a child of twelve years? Jesus was only a child, mark you, and yet, strange to say, "all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

4th. This theory, in trying to hold its own, goes on to claim that there was nothing in the early life of Jesus, more than in the life of any other human being, except, of course, that he was sinless.

I ask: 'Was Jesus, in early life, simply a child, a youth, a young man, unconscious of his real self? Were there no deep thoughts in his mind, all this time, about the work—the great work that he came to do? Was he unconscious of former glory—the glory that he had with the Father, and which he left to accomplish the great work of saving a fallem world? Were there no longing desires for the time to come when he should step into the battle field, and, with his foot, stamp out forever the power of the enemy? It seems to me that as we find Jesus, at the age of twelve years, conscious of his sonship and of the nature of his Father's work, so we find him all through his life. If the child Jesus must needs be about him Eather's business, shall we expect to find the youth and the young man merely interesting himself in regard to the business and domestic affairs of this life? I cannot think that Jesus Christ ever became unconscious of the importance of the great mission that he was sent on, or eyer, for one moment, gave up his work, but rather carried it on and on until the hour

## Sights and Sounds in India.

For Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.

Christmas came on Friday. On the Monday before Christmas we came home from tour. Tuesday morning a telegram came from Madras, saying, "Henzada left with your party yesterday noon." "Henzada" is the name of steamship and who our party was I will not tell.

Thursday morning Marion came running into my study to announce the arrival of Auutie Churchill. All the naries here are brothers and sisters and our children call them uncles and aunts. We had hardly finished coming Mrs. Churchill, when Mr. Sanford appeared at the door and added another to our expectant group

As the morning wore on, the strain of joyful anticipa tion became so intense as to be almost painful, for this was the day that the S. S. Henzada was due at Bimlipatam. Although it was the day before Christmas and mber is the coldest month in the Telugu year, yet all the doors were open, and we could look out upon the ne Bay of Bengal and see the fiag-staff down on the beach. The flag-staff has too arms, one of which points to Calcutta, and the other reaches down toward Madras. This arm was the cynosure of all our eyes. No matter what other work we might be doing, our eyes were ever and anon lifted toward that particular spar. Suddenly, at about one o'clock, there fluttered in the breeze a blue flag with a white bull's eye. That little flag sent a thrill of joy to every heart in the mission bungalow. It meant that the ship was in sight. Ships come and go at Bimlipatam almost every day and we hardly notice them, but the approach of this one brings us all to our feet, and quickens each step with anwonted elasticity. Pulses throb. Hearts beat. Every face shines. Does it seem strange to anybody that we should be so glad? Let them come to India and be responsible for giving the gospel to two or three hundred thousand souls! Walk about among them! Feel the burden of their sins! Follow them through the valley of the shadow of death, until a horror of great darkness overwhelms your own soul! Let your heart be broken over them a thousand times! Then you will know how jubilant we were when that ship hove in sight, bringing over the bosom of the sea a reinforcement sent from God

There comes the ship, and Mr. Sanford and I are in a boat going out to meet it, for it must anchor off a mile or more from the land, while everybody and everything must come ashore in boats. The breakers have cast off their wonted fury and the wild surf has been tamed down to such a gentle swell that we hardly know when we are sing through it. Yet there is a deep commotion in passing through it. Yet there is a user that cannot be the waters, like the emotion of our hearts that cannot be the waters, like the emotion of our hearts that cannot be explained by any visible cause. Far away, beyond the horizon, the gales of heaven, sporting with the billows, make us feel the force of their glee in waves that splash about our boat, under a cloudless, breathless sky. Likewise there is joy this day in the presence of the angels of God over each new missionary landing on this shore, and the tide of their heavenly joy breaks in blessed billows over the threshold of our hearts. The deep sea! The unsleeping sea! The boundless sea! It is like the

boundless love of God, which has broken its way into the hearts of His children, and sent forth laborers into his harvest. The ship is drawing nearer. Its black funnel, with a ring of white around the top, signifies that it belongs to the British Indian Line. The clouds of smoke issuing from it seem to be the visible sign of the invisible power that is urging its mammoth form through the yielding ocean.

yielding ocean.

We wave our handkerchiefs, but the only response we receive is a blacker cloud of smoke poured forth like a volley of derision at our insignificance. But nothing daunted, we try again, when we get a little nearer and this time we are answered from the deck. Soon the great anchor plunges into the sea, and we are at the Henzada's side the first of all the boats that were hastening out to meet it. We exchange happy greetings with a groop looking down upon us from the rail, but are too full of joy to speak more than a word. A stairway is let down from the ship's side, when we climb up and grasp the hands of four laborers, sent from God, whose names are Harrison, Newcombe and Gullison.

It is a happy Christmas eve indeed, for now we are all together in the mission bungalow. The joy is almost too great for us to bear. When the hour for retiring comes we are simply tired out with rejoicing. The clock strikes one and two before the tide of gladness allows us to fall asleep.

Talk about a merry Christmas! To waken on Christ-

great for us to bear. When the hour for retiring comes we are simply tired out with rejoicing. The clock strikes one and two before the tide of gladness allows us to fall saleep.

Talk about a merry Christmas! To waken on Christmas morning and realize anew that God had not forgotten to be gracious, that He had yet many chosen people among the Telugus, that He had Himself chosen these new laborers, and that He had been preparing them and training them all these years, and had now sent them forth,—this shought, I sky, flashed a new light over our mission field and it seemed as if Jehovah Himself had reached down His own right hand to greet us on this festal morn! What a model Christmas? We may crown this day with the name of Christ, and call it Christmas indeed! What a fitting celebration of the birth of Him, whose advent was to be a blessing to all nations, whose death was the propitiation for the sins of the whole world, and who commanded us to preach the gospel to the ultermost part of the earth!

Sunday morning we all met in the chapel. The congregation was made up of both Hindus and native Christians. Each of the new missionaries spoke in English, and after each address the speaker's meaning was explained in Telugu. Although the service lasted for nearly three hours, nobody was tired, and all stayed to talk for half an hour after the meeting was dismissed.

After the missionaries were done speaking, liberty was given for anyone else to speak or pray. Somalingam knelt down, thanked God for their safe arrival and prayed that they might be delivered from the power of the Indian sun, and from all other dangers of an inclement elime: that they might be delivered from the power of the Indian sun, and from all other dangers of an inclement elime: that they might be delivered from the power of the Indian sun, and from all other dangers of an inclement ever since he had heard that these new missionaries were coming he had been thanking God and praying for their safe journey over the seas. Our school teacher. Somaling

Bimlipatam, India, January 1.

When The Wine and Spirit News says that a law suppressing the manufacture of liquors in Ohio would cut off over \$5,000,000 in taxes, it forgets that if the law were enforced the people would save at least \$30,000,000 spent for liquor, and certainly \$30,000,000 more which the drink evil costs to repair losses to industry and to to take care of the victims. The liquor paper forgets also the incalculable gain in happiness and prosper which would inevitably result if the prolific mother all mischief, the saloon, were destroyed.—Corner-ston

Among the various lines of temperance work in New York city there are few, if any, more useful than the lunch waggons conducted by the Church Temperance Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, of which there are five, all at prominent places. The society also intends to erect at Riverside Drive, a temperance saloon for bicycle riders, and additional saloons as fast as poss ble on roads most frequented by wheelmen, with the he of counteracting the pernicious influences of the drinking saloons. The general plan was copied by Mr. Robert Graham from a booth he saw in Belfast last summer. The cost of each will be only \$1,200, and any profit from the sale of refreshments is to be devoted to the expenses of six free ice-water fountains now being erected.—Pres-byterian:

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