

**Does the Drink Make You Strong?**

By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

May I be allowed to say that I suppose that what you do take, you profess to take for your health? I think you are mistaken. I do not believe that it is for your health. I do not believe that it does any mortal man the least good. Of course that is merely my belief.

But somebody says, "Oh, well, it gives strength to a fellow!" Does it? There is no strength in it, and it cannot give what it does not possess. The strongest people in the world do without it. For instance, horses, elephants and lions, and all sorts of things, do very well without it.

Even steam engines of a hundred horse-power do without it. I have never heard of it being necessary to apply any kind of a spirit to them in order to get them to work.

I am sure, dear friends, that alcohol does you no good; and the little strength that it appears to give you is a kind of bill that is drawn on the next two or three hours to be heavily paid for afterwards. You get excited by the spirit, and so you jump over the hedge, but when you reach the other side you lie there exhausted by the reaction. It does not do you any real or permanent good, but it may do you real harm.

But suppose that it did do you good. If, by doing what does hurt to others, you get good yourself, you are not therefore excused. I do not think that you will be much hurt by giving up the glass. At any rate, try it. A very small graveyard will be big enough to bury all the good people who die through giving up their drop of beer.

This alcohol does no good at all. It is of the utmost dregs of superstition to suppose there can be any strength in it. There is none whatever. Not only science, but common sense, must teach us that. It is arrant nonsense that wine, beer and spirits strengthen anybody.

Then what does alcohol go for? It goes to inflame the blood. It goes to create angry passions. It goes to arouse licentiousness, to awaken wrath, to degrade manhood, to ruin souls, and to fill this world with beggary and sin.

**A Clean Life.**

By Rev. G. B. Hopkins.

Cleanliness is not only next to godliness but is part of godliness. Physical cleanliness as well as moral is essential to the Christian life where possible. Of course, it was impossible to Judson in the filthy prison at Ava, and to our soldiers in the pen at Andersonville. But under ordinary circumstances it is a sin to be unclean. It is not a sin to be poor, and to wear poor clothing, but a person with a clean heart has no affinity for a nasty house, a dirty yard, or even a filthy stable for his horse, to say nothing of an unclean body. Strange to say some houses of worship are so dirty that they must furnish anything but incense to Jehovah. If your church is not clean, have it cleansed at once. At least have the outside part of your religion pure. But how many professing Christians are defiling the bodies God meant to be temples of the Holy Spirit! Lager beer increasing the waste matter in one, gin and brandy nitrating the liver, lungs and heart of another, and tobacco, various forms, polluting the mouth, blood, and very life and health of many. Not only do these defile themselves but they render the air for rods about them unfit for human habitation. And yet I have seen a young woman ride with a young man who had a cigar in his mouth! Would he have ridden with her if she had smoked the cigar? No, though if it is a nice, sweet thing, becoming a gentleman, it ought also to be the pleasure of ladies. Christian people should use their solid influence to banish tobacco in every form from civilization. A few days ago a dying man at Kalamazoo, Mich., lighted a cigarette that he might die happily. The use of cigarettes had induced the tuberculosis of which he died. The use of tobacco is not only filthy and detrimental to health, but a violation of the Golden Rule, "Keep thy mouth and lips clean. Lips—yes, do not allow them to utter an indecent word. It degrades, poisons,

kills. Keep clean by shutting your eyes and ears to unclean things. It is safe to keep away from the theatre; not that all dramas are impure, but that as a rule, the theatre is a panderer to the lusts of wicked people. The theatre and the dance furnish scenes that live to gnaw memory like gangrene. It is best for our feet to go only where other feet that follow will not be in danger.

After all, purity has its seat in the heart. If that be clean, thoughts, words and acts will be clean. A tree is more successfully grafted in some of the branches, branches from the old stock will still spring out to impair the value of the tree. If the grafting is in the roots the branches will all produce good fruit. Jesus Christ is the only one that can make our life trees wholly good. He alone cleanses from all sin. He alone makes over the life so that all its fruits are pure and sweet. He can save from all bad habits. He can so transform character that it will be always lovely.

**Married.**

**COULTER-DUPLISSIE.**—In Nashua, N. H., July 5th, by Rev. E. L. Gates, William A. Coulter and Blanch M. Duplissie, of St. Stephens, New Brunswick.

**THOMPSON BARRY.**—At the home of the bride; on the 4th July, by the Rev. F. M. Munro, Daniel Thompson of Black's Harbor, and Lena Barry of Beaver Harbor, Charlotte county.

**GIBERSON-DARRAH.**—At the residence of the bride's parents, June 29th, by Rev. J. D. Wetmore, assisted by licentiate, C. Frank Rideout, Harry E. Giberson of Bath to Christina E. Darrah of West Glassville, Car. Co.

**DAVIDSON-CALHOUN.**—At the home of the bride's parents, Dea. Wm. and Mrs. Wm. Calhoun, Albert Claude McCully Davidson, son of Rev. F. D. Davidson and Deborah Hannah Calhoun, July 4 by pastor J. W. Brown.

**KIRKPATRICK-DEWITT.**—At Woodstock on the 18th of June, by the Rev. F. Allison Currier, A. M., David Wellington Kirkpatrick, of Woodstock, and Miss Deliah Eunice DeWitt, of Oakville, N. B.

**SHIELDS-MILLER.**—On June 1st, at Woodstock, by the Rev. F. Allison Currier, Mr. H. A. Shields, of Houlton, and Mrs. Lachur Miller, of St. John.

**MCLEAN-BRITTAIN.**—At Wakefield, on the 22nd of June, by the Rev. F. Allison Currier, A. M., Mr. Charles McLean, of S. John, and Miss Helen Maud Brittain, of South Wakefield.

**SINCLAIR POWELL.**—At the Aberdeen Hotel, Woodstock, N. B., by the Rev. F. Allison Currier, Mr. William Sinclair, of Fredericton, N. B., and Miss Lena Powell, of Houlton, Me.

**GRANT-LOVE.**—At Parsonage, Fredericton, June 15th, by Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Mr. Henry Grant to Miss Jertena Love, both of Marysville.

**LIMERICK MCKENZIE.**—At residence of bride's parents, Long's Hotel, Fredericton, June 15, by Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Mr. Arthur Kerr Limerick to Miss Lillian Ethel McKenzie, both of Fredericton.

**HAYWARD-SIMMONS.**—At Free Baptist Church Fredericton, June 23, by Rev. F. Clarke Hartley, Mr. H. Bruce Hayward of Lincoln, to Miss Margaret eldest daughter of James Simmons, Fredericton.

**DUNHAM-STEEVES.**—At the residence of the bride's father, June 22nd, by Rev. W. H. Perry, Frank S. Dunham, of Havelock, Kings Co., and Ina M. Steeves, daughter of Adam Steeves, of Steeves Settlement, W. Co.

**SMITH-WOOD.**—At the Free Baptist Church, French Lake, June 22, 1904, by Rev. T. O. DeWitt, Meritt C. Smith and Miss Dora W. d.

**Died.**

**CAMPBELL.**—At Upper Brighton, Car. Co., June 20th, Frank A. aged 6 years and 5 mos. youngest son of Howe M. and Addis M. Campbell. Safe with Jesus.

**ELLIS.**—At her home, Milton, Queens Co., May 27th after a short sickness, Mrs. Nathan Ellis, aged 82 years. Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.

**FRENCHMILL.**—At Cape Tormentine, N. B., July 4th, Everett Frenchmill, aged 27 years. Deceased was a son of Millage Frenchmill. He leaves a mother, one sister and two brothers to mourn their loss.

**HARTLIN.**—At Sixteen Mile, Queens Co., June 21st, after a lingering illness, Charlotte Hartlin aged 36 years. The deceased bore the suffering with Christian fortitude and died in full assurance of a better life.

**SAUNDERS.**—At Victoria Corner, Car. Co., June 30, Alfred P. Saunders, aged 33 years, leaving a widow and four children, with a large circle of relatives to mourn his departure. May the God of all grace comfort them.

**ESTY.**—Suddenly on June 10th at his home (a k-sont wa), Frederick Estey aged 58 years. Our brother was baptized in his boyhood by the late B. N. Hughes and united with the church of which he was an honored member. In his death the church has sustained a great loss. He was quiet and modest in his manner and at all times would suffer a wrong rather than do a wrong. The universal sentiment is a good man has been taken. He leaves to mourn a widow, three sons and three daughters. May the heavenly father sustain the sad ones.

**HICKS.**—Fell asleep in Jesus, at her home Middle Sackville, N. B., Monday morning June 6th, 1904, Mrs. Elizabeth Hicks, widow of the late Thomas Hicks, aged 85 years. For more than half a century she had been a faithful and consistent member of the Baptist church, being baptized by the late Rev. Wm. A. Coleman. She leaves four sons and one daughter to mourn the loss of a devoted mother. B. Hicks of Seattle, Wash., Coleman Hicks and Milton Hicks of Presque Isle, Maine, Willard Hicks and Miss Julia Hicks at home. The funeral was largely attended. Three sons and three nephews were pall bearers.

**MCKAY.**—In the death of William McNay which occurred at Springfield June 27th, our community has lost by far its oldest citizen and our church its most venerable member. Mr. McNay was identified with the early history of Springfield and the infancy of the Baptist church here. At the funeral service which was largely attended his pastor spoke from Job 5:26, "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age like a sheaf of corn cometh in his season."

**Baby's Prayer.**

By May Field McKean.

"Twas the hour of Baby's bedtime,  
And Baby, in robe of white,  
Had reverently said "Our Father,"  
And "Now I lay me," tonight;  
And then, in lisping accents,  
The little prayer had run on,  
"God bless my papa and mamma,  
And sister, and brother John;

And, please, dear God, do make me  
A good little girl alway!"—  
The suppliant paused for a moment—  
— Her head on her bosom lay  
"I'll try to be good, dear Jesus,  
"I'll try not to make you sad;  
But O, dear Father, please love me  
Even when I am bad."

Ah! Baby, your lisping accents  
Have uttered the heart's deep cry—  
We are all of us conscious of failures,  
Though still to "be good" we try;  
And all of us need to be conscious  
E'en though our hearts may be sad,  
That God and the Saviour still loves us  
Even when we are bad.

For him "who makes a life" there is sweet peace  
And joy and rest beyond this old world's giving.